

The day wasn't too warm. Tai hadn't really picked it specifically for that; the pleasant weather was just a bonus. He walked with his jacket tied around his waist and a backpack on one shoulder, crossing the street and heading out toward the wilderness. He'd been feeling needy lately, and with little else to occupy him, he may as well do something about it.

Birds flitted overhead as he walked, settling in the trees and on telephone wires. He reached the end of the cul-de-sac where the bus had dropped him off and then he circled around the barrier indicating it was off limits to vehicles. From there, a gravel path meandered down a small hill and then disappeared into a vague, wandering line through scrub and squat trees until it hit a taller, thicker forest maybe a half mile away. Tai followed the gravel, shoes crunching, and then continued on as the path sunk into the soft detritus of an old forest.

Eventually, even that path wasn't really a path anymore. It spread between the trees simply because nothing else could grow besides clumps of ferns and bushes where the branches of the tall cedars and pines thinned. Tai still wandered along through the trees, picking his way around large rocks, fallen logs and decaying stumps. He climbed a short hill, then back down the other side and around a swathe of blackberry bushes and salal, toward the low sound of water.

What he was looking for was a creature. Not really an animal, not as far as he could tell, but also not really anything close to human. The creatures didn't talk, or at least didn't respond to English, nor did they seem to pick up much on body language. Tai wasn't even sure they were sapient, not that it mattered. What mattered was what they *did*.

And what they did was lay eggs.

The trees dwindled as Tai made his way closer to the sound of the small creek, and the soft ground grew darker with moisture and less spongy, more rocky. He stepped over a wad of roots and climbed down closer to the water, still a good six feet from the stream bed.

So, he'd found the water. Now all he needed to do was find one of those alien jellyfish.

The creek went for miles, probably ending up in another river at one end, and no doubt coming from the mountains or a lake or something at the other, so if one of those things wasn't nearby, he doubted he'd find it at all. He resigned himself to a long search, and started by following the creek toward its origin. The water being skinny enough to jump across helped a little; if some half-dead bush or fallen tree blocked his path, he could just skip over to the other side instead of climbing back up and around, though he still had to scramble up the bank occasionally when more lively foliage draped into his path and obscured an easy way forward.

He'd climbed up the squat ridge where the water eroded away in winter, then hung onto a tree branch so he could scoot back down on the other side of a layer of blackberry bushes clinging to the side of the oak. The branch, however, didn't like the extra pressure, cracking and then snapping and

throwing Tai's balance off. His foot caught, and he slid down, smacking his knee and hip and coming to a halt just above the water line.

Rubbing his leg, he grumbled and flicked the stick away, mumbling "fucker" under his breath.

Then again, he probably shouldn't be too mad. He might have missed the shape on the other side of the water if he'd been standing. It looked sort of like what might result from a jellyfish fucking an octopus; it was pretty big, and a little translucent. It blended into the moss and leaves with its sort of blueish-green coloration and its vaguely shiny skin.

"Huh," he said. "That was easier than I thought."

He got up and dusted his hands off, picked up his backpack, and took a run up to jump the water. The creature didn't move, though Tai didn't really expect it to. However they managed to get from one place to another, they probably did it slow, like starfish, which meant he didn't need to worry much about scaring it off.

He swung his bag down in a practiced motion, unzipping it and pulling out his rolled up towels. One he spread on the ground a few feet away from the gelatinous body. He knelt alongside his backpack and took off his shirt and binder- the latter with slight hesitation. But he didn't have to pay attention to that right now. Instead, he tucked his second towel around himself and finished undressing, stuffing his clothes into his bag and leaving it next to him as he sat down and faced the creature.

He'd done this before, once. Let one of these creatures fuck him and then shove its eggs into his womb. That first time had been a surprise in more ways than one, but the mess of it had left him honestly wanting to try again, wanting to have it happen a bit more on his terms. Not that he could control much but coming back in the first place. This time, though, he wanted it.

So here he was, clad in only a towel, sitting on the bank of a creek and waiting for what was probably an alien to fuck him and stuff him full of its eggs. It was crazy, of course. What idiot would knowingly get himself knocked up by some random octopus-jellyfish?

Tai, that's who.

He didn't know how long it would take for the creature to get curious, or if it even would at all, so Tai lay down, crossing his leg over his other knee and using his bag as a pillow. The ground was a little cool, but the towels helped protect from it some, and the sun was still warm despite being only mottled along the ground where it managed to pierce the canopy. Really, more than a couple hours of waiting, or getting to the point where he got hungry was about what Tai was willing to give. Not that he didn't want to wait for as long as it took, but he also didn't want it to get dark before the creature decided to explore.

Tai hummed to himself and tapped the rhythm of the song on his stomach, closing his eyes. He could have brought a book, probably, or his old mp3 player or something, just to keep himself busy. He could, he supposed, also mess with his phone, but it was already low on battery and he didn't want it to die in case he needed to call an Uber or something. So he lay and tried to imagine himself onstage or with a band, though that was unlikely; he liked music, but his singing and playing left a lot to be desired.

Just as he was about to turn on his side, he felt a tentative, lukewarm touch on his foot. It surprised him, and he forced himself not to kick it away as he sat up and glanced down to see what it was. And what it was, was a tentacle. The finger-sized appendage was smooth and translucent, the color of watered-down blue jell-o but less shiny. It tapped his foot, then slid over it, feeling its way halfway up his shin before it seemed unable to climb higher, and then worked its way down to the ground again. But it didn't give up- it inched along the towel, its tip searching this way and that as it edged closer to Tai. He still wondered how it found what it was looking for, but figured it was just warmth or maybe a smell somehow, since that was how most other animals picked homes or whichever.

He followed the line of it with his eyes, spotting another two tentacles coming after it. They slithered outward from the body that Tai could see in the undergrowth, near but not in the water. It sat on the bank, its color darker under the shade of the leaves, and its body gently moving like it was breathing, in, and out.

The first tentacle perused Tai's thigh as the two- no, three? others came closer. Tai carefully moved his other leg, unbending it and moving so that he sat with them spread in a V, around the first and now second tentacles.

"Four, huh?" he said to himself, looking back to the pulsing creature. Two of the appendages led back and under what looked like a gelatinous skirt low on the main body, closest to Tai. The others seemed to come from different sections of it, or maybe the other side. He almost wanted to get up and go examine it, but the new tentacle distracted him by sliding along his inner thigh.

The two tentacles explored him individually, one slinking its way over his hip outside the towel, the other prodding gently underneath, between the fold of his leg and torso. He loosened his grip on the towel slightly, allowing the first tentacle a bit more room to snake beneath it while the additional limbs followed suit.

Tai squirmed, the tip of one easing against him, teasing, prodding carefully against his dampening folds. Whether it was the warmth or the closed space or the dampness, he didn't know, but the first entered him, wiggling its way inside.

One of the others followed after a moment, sliding in alongside its counterpart. The remaining ones explored a moment more, but then one slipped down next to the others and after a short deliberation, joined them. The last explored further; Tai finally leaned back on his elbows, cocking his knees to spread himself wider, and that allowed it a tentative probe at Tai's ass.

"Nnh," he mumbled, reaching for it. It pressed into him and he bore down against the pinch- it wasn't bad because it was small, but unlubed, it wasn't the best sensation. He tried to grasp it as it forced its way in, but by the time he got a grip, he didn't have the leverage to tug it back out. It snaked deeper, the flesh between it and its brethren in his slit rubbed deliciously with their movement. Tai let go, lifting himself up with his toes, and groaned.

At first, it felt like some small, finger-sized toy to Tai, soft and malleable but strong, with a slight mind of its own. Three of them were no trouble, not even stretching him, and the fourth in his ass wiggled deeper without help, squirming against his insides.

"Wow," he breathed, letting his head fall back. "That's like... fuck, two more of you an' I'd be set." He bucked against the wriggling appendages inside him, watching as more and more of their length slithered into him, filling him, sliding against his walls and tensing against his muscles.

He flexed, squeezing his hips just a little, and they jostled, stuffing him even fuller, enough that he caught a breath. It felt damn good; he rocked his hips against them and they pushed back against the sensation, making him tingle. "Mmn."

They wormed around in him, sliding against each other, further in, until Tai felt like he couldn't fit any more. He rolled his hips, trying anyway, trying to get them to fuck him, to make him come, but they stayed where they were. Their barely-warm bodies pulsed; a rush of heat slathered Tai's insides with a gurgle, and Tai shuddered. They'd come in him, slicked him up for the next part.

He didn't even bother glancing down- he knew what was next. He felt more than saw the other, larger tentacle grope its way forward, a brush of it against the side of his foot and the slip of it against the others and his slit, coating itself in his fluid and its own come.

The thing was maybe three times as big as the smaller tentacles, its tip tapered instead of rounded, and a slight bulge several inches below that. Tai, not wanting it to get the wrong idea of where it should go, reached under his propped-up leg to keep it away from his ass and the tentacle that was already there. It didn't fight at all, instead sliding forward to press itself between the other three appendages. They guided it forward and Tai felt the whole of its tip slip in, and then one more slip a few moments later when the small bulge tied them together.

Now all he had to do was-

His fingers brushed the tentacles as he withdrew his hand, passing over another, larger shape. Was that an egg? Tai tilted his head, pushing himself up a little, and in that same moment, felt the stretch. It took him a second to process what was going on; four of the smaller tentacles, one larger one, each and all of them getting ready for their next task. He could see the lumps already having begun to travel down the length of the larger tentacle, a couple feet from him. But then there was another-

The head of the second large tentacle, having felt its way toward Tai and pressed against his slit, pushed its way in alongside the first. Tai gasped, face pinching, and cocked his knees wider without thinking, lifting his hips half to help and half to get away from the sensation.

"What-" he started, but was interrupted by the pop of the head passing around the first tentacle's small bulge, the smaller tentacles retreating somewhat and flattened by the girth of the two ovipositors. "- the fuck-"

Tai's abdominals twitched as he curled up on himself. *God*, this was-... Wordlessly, mouth hanging, he breathed. The second tentacle slid against the first, slicked with silvery come and Tai's dampness, pushing it deeper. Tai's knees shook. The tentacle curled, then straightened and wiggled. The creature's come oozed, dripping, the first tentacle feeling like its tip would force its way even deeper than Tai could handle... the second tentacle wiggled again, forcing itself in behind the first, its bulge passing beyond Tai's lips, and he came.

*Jesus Christ.*

He hadn't even had to touch himself and already he felt well-fucked. Blearily, he rode out his orgasm, hips grinding onto the two ovipositors stuffed inside him, the small tentacles still surrounding them. He'd never been this full in his *life*, and there were still eggs coming!

He blinked, trying to focus on the tentacles, the eggs that he'd seen slowly making their way toward him.

There were not one, but two sets of eggs traveling down the tentacles toward him, and the first of one tentacle's eggs was just inches from his slit. "Uh," he said, dazedly. How was all that supposed to fit? How was *one* creature doing that?

*What if it was two?*

Tai let himself fall to his back again, the slight pressure of an egg now fully against his entrance and his mind quickly sobering with realization. What was he supposed to do now? They were stuck in him! What if they couldn't get the eggs in?

*What if they could?*

The pressure increased, and Tai forced himself back up so he could watch the eggs. Each of them only looked about as big as his fist, and the first was already trying to slip into him. He couldn't quite focus enough to study the creature those few feet away, but it didn't really matter. Now, it was all about what was right in front of him.

Tentatively, he bore down. The first egg pushed forward, but it didn't get far, his entrance too stuffed with tentacle for it to fit. Another was already coming up behind it, not to mention the other

set of eggs alongside the first, but that one didn't quite make it. Again, Tai bore down, and again the egg moved forward, but nothing. Slowly, the gaps between the eggs started to lessen, and soon each tentacle was a long, evenly lumpy line. The second tentacle still had a bit of empty space between Tai and its eggs, the room taken up by the first tentacle and the start of its clutch.

And then came a push, and the first egg, forced on by its siblings, breached Tai and slipped in a rush into his entrance. The small tentacles withdrew to give it space, and then curled and pushed against the body of the larger, forcing the egg toward its tip.

But as they did that, the other tentacle tried its hand at competing with the first. Each of them pulsed with a rhythm that Tai couldn't quite get, too busy being overwhelmed. He sank back down to lay, knees spread wide around the mass of eggs and tentacles between his legs, and closed his eyes. The first egg started *something*, and quickly after it came a second; Tai couldn't tell which was which without looking, and instead just felt the way the first egg slid deep within him, followed by the second, and then the slight stretch as one tentacle drew back a hair and forced the broad end of the egg against his cervix.

*Slip.*

It slid deep inside him, followed moments later by a second slipping sensation, the eggs pushed beyond his cervix with the help of the ovipositors' quick thrusts, and then, with yet more pressure, he felt the shape of another egg fill him, followed closely by a second.

Each small thrust tugged at him, each egg filling him more than the tentacles that had lodged inside him. The appendage in his ass thrust with the passing of each egg, drawing out to give it space and sliding back in, slick with its silvery fluid, the flesh between it and the other tentacles flickering with sensation.

It wasn't quite an even rhythm. One egg sometimes slid in faster than another, or didn't slide in at all, the tentacles mindlessly shoving them forward. But eventually, one pushed at the right time, the other pushing after, and each helping the others' eggs forward.

Tai opened his eyes eventually, tilting his head against his chest to see his belly already beginning to expand with the weight of the clutches as they settled in his womb. He followed the lines of the tentacles; each was distended with their eggs from where they pressed against him to the creatures themselves. Not only that, but Tai hadn't been counting. How many eggs had already disappeared into him?

He let one knee fall, got an elbow underneath himself and turned on his side with his other leg still angled to keep him spread. The shift forced the eggs into him, *slip, slip*, making room for more, and the tentacles obliged, one egg pressing and pushing in to fill Tai while another followed behind, forced by the creature and its other broodmates.

*Thrust... thrust...* the smaller tentacles worked the eggs to the tips of the ovipositors, and then- *thrust, thrust-* they slipped inside him, his womb stretching to accommodate and his belly round with spawn.

*Thrust, slip, thrust, thrust, slip-*

Tai shook. He gripped his towel, gripped his belly. Felt the shape of an egg beneath his hand.

*Thrust... slip, thrust...*

Tai came, knees shaking, belly clenching against the fullness within. His muscles spasmed and two more eggs pushed their way in. He tried to breathe but everything fuzzed white, exploded behind his eyes, and each little movement caused another shockwave. Sweating, openmouthed and panting, Tai cried out in his mind for two seconds' relief from the sensation, dropping his knees and squeezing them shut.

In those moments, too overstimulated and distracted, Tai failed to notice the tentacles exploring the warmth of the back of his neck and head. They slithered along, attracted by who knew what, and paused momentarily as Tai breathed against the ground, and against them.

The creatures continued to push, but with the sudden weight of Tai's legs pushing back against them, the eggs didn't manage to slide forward. Tai kept breathing, shuddering, and reached to readjust the towel he'd let go of, trying to drape it over himself without moving much, and without opening his eyes, so the spots behind them would go away.

For a brief moment, his mind registered the scent of kelp. And then he felt lukewarm, rubbery shapes on his tongue, slightly salty and algae-ish, and he jerked back, blinking. The two smaller tentacles curled, one slipping just under his tongue, the other next to his teeth on the inside of his cheek. The third and largest tentacle- barely larger than the other two- had curled around one of the others, and it snaked higher, its tip brushing Tai's lips.

The surprise had him scrabbling up, trying to get sitting, but as he opened his legs, the creatures pushed their eggs, and two slipped into him. He curled into himself, reflexively biting at the two tentacles invading his mouth, but their flesh was thick and rubbery and his quick bite did nothing more than make one wiggle while the larger of the tentacles prodded at his lips to gain entry.

"Hn-mm," Tai mumbled, curling his lips around the tentacles worming their way into his mouth. They weren't slimy, but they didn't have much texture to them, which let them poke and stretch beyond his teeth; his effort didn't help, nor did a shaky grip on them to try and tug them free. Drawing his head back didn't help either- he got distracted by the simultaneous entry of two more eggs into his womb and their replacement with yet more- and the large tentacle still probed, its task eased by the spaces left between the two other tentacles. Honestly, Tai wasn't sure which was worse, the tentacles staying in his mouth, or what might happen if he tried to bite them.

He didn't have to find out about the latter. The tentacles working their eggs into him kept up their pace, filling him with them one after another and his belly slowly showing the signs of their clutches within. No longer did Tai have only some belly fat to deal with; his stomach lay in front of him, impregnated with the creatures' spawn, rounded so that the towel was already having trouble covering it.

Two eggs slipped into his womb, then two more almost immediately, and Tai couldn't help but groan.

And then the tentacles in his mouth pressed deeper. He felt them pulse, and suddenly his mouth filled with hot, silvery slime, sticky and weirdly sweet-salty. Tai nearly choked, but closed his mouth around the tentacles as best he could and swallowed, a dribble of the come dripping to the ground. He coughed once, and then again, trying to clear the thick taste from his tongue, but his open mouth was all the last tentacle needed.

Its tip slipped in, lubricated by its own come, and pushed deeper, past Tai's teeth and further. The small bulge on the tentacle, too, slipped easily past Tai's lips despite the pressure he put on it, and when he tried to tilt his head away, he found it stuck, just like the rest of him. Trying to pull on it only caused it to thrust further in, helped into place by the smaller appendages alongside it. Breathing through his nose, he turned more onto his side, legs cocked wide.

*Slip, slip.*

*Thrust, thrust.*

His belly grew, full and heavy of what must be a couple dozen eggs. He hadn't kept track, not at all, but the creature- no, it had to be *creatures*- in the underbrush kept going. Their long tentacles still held the shapes of more eggs, and Tai couldn't tell if the number was dwindling, or even if the creatures had gotten smaller.

He followed the tentacle in his mouth with his eyes, down over his shoulder and to the water where it disappeared into the burbling river.

*Huh*, he thought in a daze, as four more eggs filled him, jostling the multitude of others in his womb, *so they do live in water.*

And then he saw more.

These oval shapes were smaller, closer to the size of chicken eggs. Of course they were; the tentacles were smaller, so maybe it was a smaller creature. Younger, maybe? Or just... smaller.



Tai forced himself to breathe, to pay attention to the tentacle in his mouth rather than the ones working the rest of him, but it was so hard to concentrate against the feeling of those eggs, the thrusting of the ovipositors against his cervix and the wiggle of the smaller appendages. Thankfully, he could at least still breathe at all; the tentacles in his mouth hadn't decided to try and delve any deeper, keeping Tai from gagging around them.

He shuddered as more eggs slipped into him, the outer shape of his belly shifting and ballooning as they clamored to fill whatever space they could manage with their oval shapes.

An egg pressed against his mouth. He crossed his eyes to look at it, reflexively pursing his lips against the feeling. The smaller tentacles retreated on either side of the larger, and then it pressed again as the smaller creature tried to impregnate him just like the others. For a brief moment, he wondered if the eggs would stay in him, or what would happen if they did.

Tai opened his mouth.

The egg slipped in past his lips and teeth and he felt the shape of it within the ovipositor, similar to the bulge at its base. He pressed his tongue up under it, but the smaller tentacles took over, curling under it and pushing it to the tip. The sensation was like choking for a moment; Tai breathed half a breath, then the egg hit the back of his mouth and he swallowed, its rubbery shape deforming, sliding out of the tip and down his throat. He swallowed again reflexively, but the egg was already gone, squeezed down and down into his belly.

And then it was just eggs.

His womb expanded with each new oval thrust into it, belly long-stretched into roundness and continuing to grow. *Slip, slip*, went each set of eggs, with each *thrust, thrust* of the two fat tentacles working inside him.

*Thrust, thrust*. The smaller tentacles wiggled in and out, and brought Tai to the edge of orgasm.

*Slip, slip*, went the eggs. The tentacle in his ass tickled just the right spot, and Tai saw stars.

He breathed around the tentacles in his mouth, clamping his lips and teeth over them as he came, trying to stop them from choking him as his body convulsed. He managed, barely, and breathed through his nose until he thought he could handle it.

He opened his mouth, and an egg pushed onto his tongue. To the back of his throat. He swallowed the rubbery mass, and another took its place.

This one he could force into a rhythm. Another egg. It sat heavy on his tongue. He bit down and swallowed. Breathed. Opened his mouth. The oval passed his lips, and the smaller tentacles pushed it forward.

The larger creatures had slowed; only a few eggs remained for each, their tentacles half-full and no other ovals appearing. Tai's belly, swollen and heavy, pushed out of him like someone had stitched a beach ball to his torso. It strained against the shapes of the eggs cloistered within, and now grew even more as he gulped down yet another clutch, his stomach expanding around them.

He opened his mouth as two more eggs slid into his womb. The smaller egg squelched out as the tentacles pushed it forward, but this time he didn't bite down. Another of the eggs eased beyond his lips. For a moment, he panicked, unable to swallow with the mass holding his mouth open around it. But then the second egg moved just a little more, and he managed to purse his lips around it, pressing with his tongue and finally swallowing the first.

Again, he let the egg be pushed, and another quickly followed. As soon as he could, he closed his mouth around it as well as he was able, which not only allowed him to swallow again, but let it move and another take its place.

Soon, Tai found himself able to swallow each egg after only a half-second's pause, just enough to allow him a quick breath in between.

He felt massive. Not that he was fully paying attention, but he thought he could barely move. It could just be the exhaustion of being worked by... how many was it? Nine tentacles? Dozens of eggs? Or it could be that he couldn't see his feet anymore, under the roundness of his belly.

His stomach, too, felt overfull. It squeezed around the brood within; Tai didn't know what would happen to those eggs, but he was sure he'd find out.

He gulped down four more in quick succession, as another two were deposited in his womb. Feeling a little sick and lightheaded, he swallowed two more anyway.

Slowly, the pressure of new eggs dwindled. One slipped into him, and after several seconds' pause, another. Tai struggled with more of the slick, rubbery spawn stretching his jaw and managed to down another five. The large clutch in his womb expanded. Three more ovals joined the ones sloshing in his stomach.

Another slip, and then with one final thrust, one tentacle's last egg breached him and settled among the clutches. Tai couldn't hum his pleasure at it; instead, he forced himself to swallow three more times, his throat squeezing the spawn rhythmically downward to meet the rest of more than a dozen and a half eggs roiling in his gut. Its job done, the first tentacle tried to ease its way out, but it was trapped by the second and its remaining eggs.

*Thrust, slip.* Tai swallowed, then swallowed again.

A large egg eased into Tai, and then the smaller tentacles wiggled it against his cervix. His stomach gurgled as three more small spawn squeezed their way into it. He swallowed two more while the larger tentacles sat still within him, one last egg resting at his entrance. Quickly, he glanced down at the smaller tentacle in his mouth and counted each as he swallowed. Five more.

Four.

Three.

Tai gulped them down, his stomach straining, squeezed by the eggs he'd swallowed and the ones pushed into his womb. The last small oval touched the back of his throat, and then it was gone, leaving the empty tentacle resting against Tai's teeth. It retreated quicker than the others, wiggling and pulling back out with a pop, unwinding itself from the smaller tentacle it clung to.

Those smaller ones then curled under Tai's tongue, around it, touching the top of his mouth, and then sliding further back. He schooled his gag reflex as they wormed their way to the back of his mouth, and then that same hot, sticky fluid pulsed from them, coating the back of his throat. He swallowed, then again as each squirm shot more come into his mouth.

One last gush, and a final swallow, and the tentacles seemed satisfied with their seed as it, too, disappeared into Tai's stretched stomach. They drew back and Tai opened his mouth, their slivery-coated lengths plopping to the ground and withdrawing as Tai caught his breath, wincing against the feeling of fullness everywhere and the final press of an egg into the ovipositor still lodged against his cervix.

The tentacles thrust, pushing the egg against his opening and depositing it among the rest. Finally finished, the second fat tentacle decided to tug itself away. It did so slowly, its bulge trapping it for a moment and stretching Tai before it finally popped free; the first tentacle gushed out in nearly the same instant. With little else to do, they retreated, leaving their smaller counterparts to do the rest.

Still in Tai's ass, the lone appendage wound its way deeper. Meanwhile, the others took the route of the larger ones, pressing to the very back of Tai's canal. One after another, they prodded their way inside, forcing their slithery bodies past the dozens of eggs, squirming between them until it felt like Tai was pregnant with not only the eggs but one of the creatures itself.

His belly gurgled as the tentacles tensed, spurts of their come filling the spaces not taken up by the eggs. Each gush felt as if it was another whole shape on its own, the creatures' seed coating Tai's insides and oozing among their spawn, filling Tai to the brim, his massive belly straining with the slight, final expansion.

Tai had little choice but to stay where he was, with the tentacles still firmly squirmed beyond his cervix and their massive clutches pinning him under their weight. The heat of their come slowly ebbed, and with it, they began to move among the eggs again, as if they were turning them, pushing

them to be fertilized. Tai, dazed and exhausted as he was, still managed to watch one tentacle as it pressed against the outer wall of his womb, its slithery body sliding along and then disappearing among the shapes of the eggs within.

One by one, the sated tentacles plopped free and retreated, the one in Tai's ass leaving a trail of sticky fluid in its wake and Tai unable to stop the dribble of come as he lay there on his side. He felt as if he could barely breathe, every free space in his body stuffed with those three creatures' spawn.

The mass within him had finally settled, his belly distended beyond a normal- or human at all- pregnancy. Tai ached, shivering with sensation, feeling full and dizzy and sick. He didn't know how many of the creatures' offspring now nestled inside him, but it was far more than he'd have thought his body could manage. His lungs felt small and tight; he could barely get a full breath if he tried, his organs displaced and his stomach feeling like it had been forced up under his ribs. It, too, sat heavy with the twenty or more eggs shoved down his throat.

Aside from all of that, though, he felt sated. Tiny twinges of electricity still jolted through him, the tail ends of orgasm still lingering despite the exhaustion. He lay, barely covered by his skewed towel, not that it could have covered his girth completely anyway, and rubbed the side of his belly, pressing with his knuckles to feel the eggs within.

"Mmn," he mumbled to himself, running the heels of his hands as far as he could reach downward, his fingertips only barely managing to grasp beneath and far from touching each other.

His main problem now, besides getting dressed, was getting home. He had planned, of course, but he hadn't planned for *this*. Tai tugged his backpack closer, dragging his old clothes from it and adding his extras to the pile.

Pants were the hardest. Trying to sit up made him feel a bit sick, so he used one hand and turned to put one foot through his boxers and the sweatpants he'd brought, then wiggled his way into them. Reluctantly, he packed his binder away with his jeans, though he was tempted to try and stuff himself into it; he doubted it would be anywhere near comfortable with the way he would have to roll it up, definitely unable to stretch the tight material over his belly. With a bit more adjusting, and a quick rest, he managed to at least pull his shirt on, though even this one, the largest he had, barely managed to cover him. As it was, his girth hung a few inches from beneath the hem. But at least he was dressed, even if he was still laying in the middle of a riverbank on a come-stained towel.

One step at a time.

He pushed his arm underneath himself, moving his knee to do the same, and breathed in, then out, and rolled onto his front so he could get all fours on the ground. The clutches, now victims of gravity, sloshed together, making and filling new and old spaces. Tai's belly hung, huge and oval, brushing the ground as he adjusted to the sensation.

"Fucking christ," he mumbled to himself, slowly moving his hips side to side and allowing the eggs to properly settle. This way, too, he felt less sick, the smaller brood contained in his stomach having eased slightly.

He moved one knee like he was going to crawl, then put one hand on it to lever himself into straightening up, grabbing his bag and towel with the other. Again, the eggs jostled for new positions as they dragged Tai's belly lower. He set his foot flat in front of him and braced against his knee, then heaved himself to stand and nearly fell over before he kicked his other leg out and stopped.

"Ngh. Fuck." Tai backed up enough to lean against the short bank, stuffing the dirty towel in among the rest of his clothes and zipping his bag. That done, he paused to catch his breath and look around. Back the way he'd come, the bank dipped down and gave a bit of an easier walking path, and then it was maybe a ten minute walk to the nearest bus stop.

He glanced up. The sun was low in the sky, but it would still be a few hours before dark. He could try to take the bus home, but at this size and with no help, he'd draw more stares and questions than he was ready to deal with. He *could* try and stick around a while and wait for dark, but a bus ride even then seemed out of the question. Walking home would take him until dark anyway with how drained he was, and imagining the couple miles just made his back hurt.

Taking his phone from the front pouch of his bag, he put it in his pocket instead, then slung his bag over his shoulders and stood up, reflexively supporting his heavy belly with both hands as he began the slow trek back to the road.



