

Twenty minutes of walking- or rather, ten minutes' walking and ten minutes' finding places to lean or sit to cope with his new huge weight and the sick feeling at the back of his throat- saw Tai out of the trees and in the cul-de-sac he'd started from. Once he reached the barrier blocking cars from driving into the end of the street he gratefully leaned on it, belly given some support by his bent legs. He pulled out his phone to reserve an Uber, massaging his new curve and tugging his shirt down as far as it would stretch, and then waited.

He'd selected what he thought was a larger car, or at least one he didn't have to bend too far to get into; he got a text that simply said [I'm here,] and when it pulled up and he opened the door, the driver- the app said he was named Aaron- had already paused to reach and push the front seat all the way forward. It still took some effort, Tai hanging onto the edge of the door as he lowered himself to sit and slide the rest of the way in, but he managed.

The seatbelt was a completely different issue. He pulled it out completely and tried to thread it under his belly, but it wouldn't reach, and the moment he let it slack, it stuck tighter and tighter.

"Uh..." Aaron said, turning around. "I don't... have an extender." He paused, then reached to grab the center seat's belt. With the strap pulled out all the way, he laced it through Tai's seatbelt and clipped it down, then cinched it tighter. "We're not going that far."

"...Thanks," Tai said, resolving to give the guy a five-star for letting him stay with the shoddy belt.

Aaron did try and make small talk briefly, asking how Tai was doing and whether he was out for errands. He gleaned over the pregnancy entirely, though he kept glancing back with a weirdly worried expression on his face. Probably he thought Tai shouldn't even be walking with how far along he looked, but he at least kept that opinion to himself. Eventually, though, he quieted and finished off the drive in silence, pulling into the parking lot of the motel three blocks from Tai's house as Tai unclipped the seatbelt kludge.

Before he got out, door half-open, Aaron looked at him in the rearview mirror with a pinched mouth. "Look, I know it's none of my business, but you *are* okay, right?"

Tai didn't want to deal with this. He felt awful and just wanted to go inside, so he returned the look flatly, and caught the way Aaron's glance flicked to the motel and back.

Oh. It did look kind of weird, didn't it? Him going from an okay neighborhood to one with a streetside motel where plastic lawn chairs sat outside the room doors, not to mention the pregnancy and- dare he say- his attitude. He was still adjusting to the weight and tightness, and with the addition of the eggs in his stomach he felt pale and clammy and probably looked it. Beyond his pregnancy, the whole situation looked kind of shady.

"I'm fine," he replied, sliding to the edge of the seat and getting ready to heft himself up. "Just... avoiding my mom."

There. Succinct and mostly true, considering he most definitely did not want to go home and put up with the metric fuckton of shit that would come with his parents' realization. No sexual abuse, no weird boyfriend issues.

"Um... right," Aaron said. He still looked doubtful, but Tai pulled himself to his feet anyway. He leaned back in to grab his bag, then went to shut the door. Before he did, Aaron spoke up again. "Wait!"

Tai paused.

Aaron put the car in park and turned around in his seat, hanging onto his headrest. "I know it's none of my business."

"...Yeah, you said that already."

"I know! I just... I know maybe it feels creepy and weird and I get it so you can avoid me if you want. But if you... if you *need* anything. A ride, or whatever. You have my number from the app."

He stayed where he was, not really pleading- in fact, Tai couldn't get a good reading of *what* his face was doing. Mostly he just looked concerned, or like he expected to get slapped.

"Uh..."

"I'll leave you alone," Aaron said, before Tai could add anything else. He turned back around and put the car in drive. "Good luck, okay?"

"...Okay?" Tai offered, and shut the door, backing up a step.

He watched the car leave the driveway, turning left, and pulled out his phone once it was gone to leave his five-star review.

Tai hadn't reserved a room, but in this motel he didn't need to. He just went to the desk where a lady sat playing Solitaire, and she took the five minutes to check him in, give him a room keycard, and tell him the pool was in the squat building behind the office. That done, she halfheartedly asked if he wanted an escort, but he shook his head, breathing through his nose. Ugh, his stomach hurt.

The motel was sort of L-shaped, and Tai's room was at the top of the long bar. He waddled across the parking lot, one hand wrung into his shirt and supporting a marginal amount of weight while the other kept his backpack from sliding from his shoulder. The Uber ride had helped; only now was

he beginning to feel the weight of those clutches on his knees and ankles, his back easing into a constant burn.

What he should do, he thought as he opened the door and slung his bag down onto the bed, was get some food. Maybe try a grocery delivery and stock the minifridge as much as he could. But he didn't feel hungry at all, he just felt sick. His swollen stomach, filled to the brim with eggs, protested even the thought, roiling and clenching around the shapes within.

Tai sat on the edge of the bed, massaging his overloaded belly as best he could and taking yet another breather before unpacking his meagre bag. He felt like he should lay down, but also like he shouldn't, like any movement would make him dizzy. His stomach squeezed again, unpleasantly.

Thankfully the bathroom was only about four steps away. He forced himself up, rubbing his chest, patting gently up and down to try and settle the feeling, and leaned against the skinny counter in front of the sink, the slight coolness on his hands welcome.

"Ugh," he mumbled, swallowing. And then again.

And then, almost like a hiccup, Tai tried a breath, his abdomen jolted, and he turned- thankful that the toilet lid was up- to vomit half a dozen eggs into the bowl.

Everything tasted like bile and old breakfast, and slimy-salty algae, as it splashed into the water. And now that it had started, Tai's body was bound and determined to purge the mass of slippery eggs that it couldn't hope to fully digest. With his belly in the way, he couldn't kneel down either, and so stood leaned over with his hands rested on the cistern, head hung as far as he could manage.

They came up en masse, slick and shiny with the remains of Tai's breakfast and the silvery coat of come that had accompanied them in. Strings of it hung from Tai's mouth as he gagged, wracked with tremors of muscle rejecting what had been implanted. He spared half a thought to flushing them only so that the pipes wouldn't clog on however many were left, the translucent ovals pushed along with the water before another several of their siblings joined them.

Somehow, still, Tai felt a little sad in the back of his mind. Sure, it sucked, feeling sick, throwing up chicken egg-sized masses in gobs. But he had wondered what would happen otherwise, perhaps if the smaller creature had managed to impregnate him properly, to deposit its eggs in his womb and they'd survived among the larger ones.

Surely now, though, they'd die in their shells.

Tai flushed them, and upchucked several more. He let them sit for a moment as he caught a couple breaths, his mouth tasting vile and the bathroom and himself a mess of splashed water and gross. But aside from that and the sudden sick chill, he did feel marginally better. His stomach still

clenched, but not as badly, and the oblong look to his belly had shrunk visibly, though he was still massive.

He wiped his mouth, but it wasn't two minutes before the feeling washed over him again. He'd stayed where he was, unsure if it was actually over and not wanting to deal with a mess outside the confines of the linoleum bathroom, so when his abdomen squeezed again, he was ready.

Everything about it was unpleasant. Tai didn't bother counting the eggs as they dropped from his mouth, trails of saliva and other fluids dangling after, their little ovoid bodies greenish-blue under the water before they disappeared down the pipes. His throat felt abused and raw, his lungs aching, his belly pinched. The weight of the clutches nestled in his womb dragged at him, hurting his back and legs and shoulders. He felt clammy and pale and shaky, all of his energy sapped from the eggs' expulsion.

But finally, and with a good dozen more splashes, the remaining eggs came up, and just like that, were gone.

Tai stood there for several long moments, spitting and breathing and feeling... honestly pretty okay. Now that the eggs- he figured they had numbered somewhere in the upper 20s or 30s- were out of his system, he didn't feel as sick. The residual effect was there, but a little bit of cheap hotel mouthwash cleared the taste from his teeth. Tai didn't bother fully cleaning the water up and instead draped a couple towels along the floor to cover it, and finally made his way back to the bed.

He just... needed to sleep. The rest he could deal with later.

All in all, there wasn't much *to* deal with.

Food, sure, but the motel had a continental breakfast and Tai's room had a microwave. He wasn't that great of a cook anyhow, so most of the groceries he got ended up being things like premade salad kits, Easy Mac, TV dinners and the like, which he supplemented with delivery chinese or pizza which lasted a few days on its own.

He'd already planned on being a shut-in, since being out in public alone while massively pregnant tended to turn heads and he didn't want any part of that experience. The most he had to leave his room for was his restlessness, which he eased in quick walks around the block. The pool, too, was underused- Tai never saw but a person or two at breakfast, and never saw anyone head to the building that housed the pool. So he risked it a few times, and when he spent the better part of an hour just floating to keep some of the eggs' weight off his joints without anyone showing up, he frequented it almost every day.

There *was* one thing Tai occasionally thought of when he let his mind wander. The text near the top of his Recent list, identifiable by its entry under a non-local number rather than a name like the rest

of the contacts in Tai's phone. The one that read, [I'm here.] Attached to a name- Aaron- and a face- one that looked worried and upset at Tai's situation. Attached to a person that said he could talk anytime.

Tai wondered whether Aaron was still worried, if he was being honest. He could imagine the guy checking his phone every so often, *expecting* some sort of message from the unlisted number. Not obsessing, to be fair. Just... concerned. He almost wanted to see how long it would take to get a response if he did send something.

Nearly a week into his stay and taking full advantage of the empty pool, Tai floated, paddling himself around in circles. He thought about the number. And then he pushed himself to the other end of the pool, the shallow end with wide steps, and got out of the water, his shirt clinging to his skin, taut across his belly, and shorts dripping. He swaddled himself in two towels and padded damply back to his room.

Tai picked up his phone and flicked through the messages.

He put it back down.

Snorting at himself, he picked it up again and tapped on the number, and stared at the single text.

[hey], he typed. Pressed send.

He waited about thirty seconds before flinging his phone back down on the bed and going to the bathroom to clean up. He'd managed to get some quick shopping done to add to his pregnancy wardrobe, finding that 4XL men's shirts did a good enough job covering his belly and sweatpants in a slightly smaller size did the same for the rest of him.

The eggs had begun to twitch within him already, their rubbery bodies shifting with the movements of the contained spawn. It was almost like they were slowly waking up, pushing and pressing every so often, but not strongly, and easily quieted with Tai rubbing at them. He came back out of the bathroom doing just that, pressing the heel of his hand in a slow motion down the side of his belly.

His phone blinked blue at him- a message- and when he opened it, the unnamed number stood on the screen.

[Who is this?]

Tai blinked and lowered himself to the bed, then thought better and lay down, adjusting a couple pillows. He almost frowned too, but then realized it had been a week, and the guy would have taken a bunch of other rides since then, and texted some of them, too.

He hesitated, then sent back, [u dropped me off at the motel. yknow u said i could text]

It took a few moments for his phone to buzz again. [Oh! You, right, are you doing okay?]

[fine. bored i guess]

[So you... just wanna talk? About what?]

Tai paused. First off, he'd never gotten return texts so quickly. There were still a few moments in between, but those were shorter compared to most other conversations he'd had. So either Aaron was just as bored, or he was way too excited.

[i dunno], he typed back. [not much to say]

[Oh well that's okay, I don't have much either. I'm just taking a break to get coffee]

[break from driving?]

[Yeah, I finished my classes for the day so I'm just working as much as I can]

So he was in college? He looked a bit old to be taking classes, but then again, Tai guessed college didn't have to be a straight-out-of-high-school deal. [makes sense]

[Did you need something? I could stop by with a coffee, haha]

What? Obviously he wasn't serious, was he? Tai's mouth pinched, and so did his stomach; he rubbed down under his navel, texting back with one thumb. [nah im good. just figured id say i was fine]

[Should I add you to my contacts in case you need anything else?]

[if u want?]

[As who, 'The Motel Person' or 'The One Who Is Fine'?]

Tai paused. He would almost rather one of those things, but even if he did give his name, it wasn't like that would cause any more damage than the guy having his phone number. He tended to stay away from Facebook and Twitter. He let the silence drag out, laying in bed, waiting for the eggs to settle before responding.

[its Tai]

[That's easy to remember. If you forgot, my name's Aaron. Thanks for letting me know you're okay]

[sure]

And with that, Tai lay his phone face down so he could properly arrange as many pillows around himself as he could.

Maybe it was the peppy way Aaron had answered him. Maybe it was Tai's own guilt or worry or hesitation. Whatever made him do it, he texted Aaron again the next day, and the days following. It was always just a quick [hey, hows it goin] and a few more lines of small talk, but it also sort of let Tai know there was someone out there, a sort of vague face that might be a little concerned.

He also had to think about what to do when the clutches decided to be born. Every day, their movements got stronger and Tai's belly eased slightly larger as the creatures within grew. Thankfully they didn't grow as much as *human* babies would- at the end of that, Tai would have been as big as a house. Instead his belly only grew by a few inches, ballooning out and weighing itself down over the waistband of his sweatpants. Most every time Tai got up, he reflexively had a hand, or sometimes both, helping support his girth, pulling up against it.

Laying down was the most comfortable aside from when Tai went to float in the small pool. In both places, the eggs were free to shift as they liked, and if Tai was honest, he much preferred the pool. He spent more time there, in a couple-hour stretches, letting the eggs jostle and shiver underneath the taut skin of his belly. The creatures inside squirmed and wiggled, and sometimes Tai would feel- even see- several eggs move distinctly, crowding into a different formation and altering the shape of his belly because of it.

It happened less so when he was laying on his side in bed, though the eggs felt like they *wanted* to slosh around as much as they liked, and sometimes it was even hard to keep his balance while they moved and he was standing.

But now... what was he going to do? The days kept ticking down, leaving him less and less time to plan. How was he going to birth them? Should he just go and sit by the creek for however long? Stay in the motel and then figure out how to move them somewhere else once they were out? Just leave them...?

The last option made him rub his belly protectively, remembering the clutch he'd thrown up. He'd had no choice in that matter, but he still felt bad about it. Even if they did manage to get free of the pipes, it wasn't as if they'd had their couple weeks inside him, nor would they just get left alone and dumped into the ocean.

They weren't his babies, but it felt *wrong* to just... abandon them any more than at least getting them to water.

But there he was left with a dilemma. He didn't know when it was going to happen, so all he had to go off of was when labor actually began. Taking the bus while in labor was a terrible idea, as terrible

as trying to walk the whole way. Tai didn't want to risk being seen, let alone the *eggs* being seen because surely someone would call a hospital or ambulance if he started having contractions, no matter how much he tried to bottle up the pain. And if they saw what was inside him? He wouldn't be anyone anonymous anymore.

...He could call an Uber. A very specific Uber, and just have to trust the guy not to do anything stupid.

Tai hated trusting people.

[hey], he texted, near the end of his second week at the motel, [how long do u think itd take to get here? not now but like ever]

Half an hour passed before he got a reply from Aaron. [Depends on how far away I am, or if I'm driving]

[less than an hour though]

[Probably. Why, is something wrong?]

[no], Tai typed, again feeling slightly guilty. [just trying to plan stuff]

The reply took a bit to come back. [For your situation?]

Tai outright laughed at that. Aaron was at least trying to be subtle about it. Maybe he thought someone would spy on them, or try and read Tai's messages or something, as if he was worried Tai had put him in his phone as 'Cousin Barb' to cover up an affair like a bad movie.

He chuckled as he replied. [somethin like that but i gotta do specific stuff]

[I'll try my best to be quick?]

[just dont ask questions alright]

Another long wait. Tai rubbed his belly as the eggs shifted.

[I'll try that too]

Tai paused. A small well of guilt pooled in his chest. [look it sounds bad but its not. sorry. its better just to not worry about it]

[Just let me know when you need help]

Tai put his phone down and massaged his belly with both hands. He hated owing people, and he was going to owe Aaron *big*.

Tuesday morning, Tai woke up early. He didn't know why he had, but instead of his usual slow crawl toward wakefulness, he just opened his eyes and saw low light edging its way through the curtains across the window. The eggs moved every once in a while, wiggling in their rubbery shells, and Tai spent a while pressing at them with his fingers and palms, pushing at the stretched expanse and occasionally catching the shapes of the eggs as they bumped together and realigned.

He didn't feel at all like getting up, tired despite his sleep and without much to do anyway. Levering himself up, he got onto all fours with his belly dragging against the mattress and balanced so he could move the pillows he'd been bracing it with and flop onto his other side.

Drowsily, he grabbed his phone and tapped at it a little, pulling up Candy Crush and poking at a few levels. His eyes felt heavy; he *wanted* to sleep, but his mind remained awake as the sky lightened further. And the more the sky lightened, the more *aware* Tai became.

The eggs moved sluggishly in their shells, not the jostling of the past week but a slow, deliberate crawl inside him, like they were *waiting*.

His suspicion was confirmed when he focused, and felt the weight of the clutches deeper within him, hanging low and ready. His hips twinged, not full blown contractions yet, but the slow work of muscles toward dilation.

He breathed out, then took a couple more breaths. Okay. He didn't really have a plan, per se, but bringing Aaron into the mix was all he had. So he swiped Candy Crush closed and brought up a text.

[hey, u busy?]

He put his phone in his pocket and finally got up. There wasn't really anything for him to pack; he'd kept everything in his backpack just so he wouldn't leave it behind. His phone charger was the only thing he had to reach for and shove into a pocket before the room was clear of his things.

Besides that, he could grab some breakfast food and then check out- there wouldn't be any reason for him to come back after this was over and done with. So that was what he did, heading into the section of the motel that housed the pool entrance and a small nook where tables and chairs had been laid out. He grabbed a couple muffins and bagels, and some fruit that he could pack away for later. One last muffin he took with him to eat while he went to the office to check out.

As the desk clerk- a man this time- finished messing with the computer, Tai's phone buzzed.

[Just got out of class. Why?]

Here, Tai paused. He didn't want to sound too urgent, but he also didn't want to wait too long, until it was too late. And his contractions were already slowly increasing in intensity.

[could u pick me up from the motel? ill still pay u]

[Right now? I think so. Where do you need to go?]

[u know where u picked me up before? sorta near the lake, i gotta go there]

[I can get there if you give me directions. And the address for the motel. I think I remember but it'll take maybe half an hour]

[k], Tai sent, then added another text with the motel's address. He glanced at the man over the counter, but their business was finished, so Tai just waddled over to a small cluster of chairs to wait, nervously tapping the edge of his phone case.

He got restless not too long after that, however, wanting to bounce his knee but unable, leaning to plug in his phone, playing yet another round of Bejeweled, and trying not to let on that the eggs in his belly were slowly being squeezed. The minutes ticked by, and the more they slipped away, the less time Tai had to get to where he needed to be. As it was, he was going to have a hell of a time trying to explain why he needed to go into the middle of nowhere, once Aaron actually showed up. If he was in labor for too long, suspicion would begin.

That little creep of worry edged alongside the antsiness already suffusing Tai's limbs; against better judgment, he stood and gathered his backpack and charger and went outside.

No Aaron yet. Tai scanned the parking lot, confirming it after a couple once-overs, then paused as another slow squeeze started. He kept his knees together as best he could, not that it would help much, and checked his phone for something to do aside from breathing.

Several trucks passed on the road, red and white and silver cars intermingled. Tai watched them for a little while, pushing his knuckles into the side of his belly, then dropping his hand down beneath it to pull up. Worse. Always worse.

Finally, a silver-blue car slowed and turned into the parking lot. Tai's phone buzzed against his hip a moment later, then buzzed again as the car turned around and rolled down its window.

"Hey, um-" Aaron started, and paused, frowning. "Are you alright?"

"M'fine," Tai said, almost reaching for the front door, but changing to the back instead. Once again, Aaron reached to pull the front seat forward as Tai tried to maneuver into the car.

"You just look-"

"I know, didn't sleep much, but I got stuff to do."

Again, a pause. Tai filled the hesitant silence with putting together the two belts like they'd done before and trying to ignore the sensation burning through his hips. Another half hour to his dropoff, and then *more* time in walking... if he could even walk at that point. He shook the thought away, focusing, and adjusted. Aaron looked on worriedly, but then Tai stopped moving, and he seemed to give in, turning back around.

"If you're sure."

He finally put the car in motion and headed back the way he'd come, but not before glancing back at Tai in the rearview mirror.

"Hey, could you pull up directions just in case?"

"...Yeah, sure."

Tai made sure to turn on the navigator and the voice, leaving the volume high so Aaron could hear it. He didn't want to start reading it himself, in case he got to the point that he *couldn't* talk, holding his breath or however it happened. He didn't want Aaron to start asking questions.

There was, however, only so much he could do. Maybe because the eggs were smaller, or because there were more of them, or because it was the fate of all somewhat thought-out plans- whatever it was, the contractions were taking far less time than Tai was expecting. Already, he didn't want to be in the car and strapped down, he wanted to be out and standing. His body wanted the eggs *out*.

He leaned as far back as he could, resting his head between the headrest and the window, and tried to cross his legs at the ankle despite the closeness of the back seat. God, his hips hurt, and his back was getting in on the action now too, even while he sat there. He did notice that Aaron kept looking back at him, but he tried to ignore it. They'd be out of the city and into the suburbs soon enough, and then Tai could deal with it.

His body *squeezed*. Tai held his breath against it, and then as it subsided, he moved so he could lean forward over his belly, subtly cupping his hands over it and massaging.

"You're not alright," Aaron said, and it was only then that Tai realized the breath he'd let out had been a low moan between his gritted teeth.

"Am so," he mumbled, but Aaron shook his head and quickly glanced to make sure he could pull over. He turned into a grocery store parking lot and immediately found a place. Tai, half-distracted, but worried overall, balked.

"What are you doing? C'mon, I can't do this-"

"Do what?! What are you even doing?" Aaron shot back, turning around.

Tai pushed his face against the back of the passenger chair, another contraction pressing in around him. "Nnh, just... please-"

Silence. Tai doubted he'd convinced him with that non-argument, and it was confirmed when Aaron put the car in reverse. "I'm taking you to the hospit-"

"No," Tai spat, looking up, face clammy and pale, gripping his firm belly. "You don't get it, alright? Keep your nose outta other peoples' shit! I'll get out *here* an' it'll be your fault!"

Aaron's mouth shut. It was clear on his face that he wanted to keep protesting.

"I need... to go *there*," Tai ground out. "I'm *fine*, an' if you go anywhere else, I'll say it was kidnapping."

The slivers of what Tai could see on Aaron's face were sadness, if he had to put a name to it. Like he was regretting putting up his services but without anger behind it. He reversed, and when he turned into traffic again, he followed the navigator's directions.

By that point, the squeezing was nearly constant, a low thrum of pain that heightened every so often. Tai wanted desperately to tell Aaron to just pull over, we're doing this here, but he kept his knees firmly shut under his massive, straining belly, and breathed around the contractions. Aaron drove stonily on, still glancing back through the mirror but his jaw set tight around any other objections he had.

He'd turned onto a road that followed a small offshoot of the creek, heavy undergrowth on the opposite bank and a near-vertical bank of bushes and moss held together only by the trees that grew next to the road before it dipped into the creek bed proper. The road wound back and forth for another mile before it connected to another, bigger intersection, which in turn led to the suburb Tai had originally been to. Tai had leaned back again, the motion of the car only helping to drive the eggs lower in him. They felt thick and heavy- thick and heavy and *right there*-

"Nngh, fuck-" Tai breathed, and shifted, trying to clamp his knees together, to hold himself against the sensation and the need to push. He shuddered, clinging to the seatbelt and his shirt. "I can't-"

But he *had* to; he turned his knees, pressing back against the seat and bracing his feet, and he felt the stretch of the eggs inside him, the heaviness pooling between his legs as he bore down into it..

"What-" Aaron started, but Tai interrupted, raising a hand to push against the car door and keep him in the seat, his brood waiting.

"Stop- s- stop, I gotta." Blearily, he looked out the window as Aaron slowed. They were out in the open. This wasn't really a main road, but it was popular enough that even now a couple cars were lined up behind them, and they brushed past as Aaron rolled to a stop on a car-sized turn out.

"There-" Tai added. "Closest to th- the water. Nnh, ow, ow..."

Aaron stopped the car, not bothering with his flashers, and turned around. Tai glanced up at him just then and realized that he couldn't *not* explain. He couldn't get out of the car by himself, and by the look on Aaron's face, he knew about half of what was going on- after all, pregnancy came to an end about the same for most humans. The surprise would just be the product.

"I gotta get out," he said between his teeth as another contraction pushed at the eggs trying to slip free. "The water..."

Aaron hesitated, but then unclasped his seatbelt and got out of the car, hurrying around to Tai's door so he could open it, though he had to be careful with less than a foot of space between him and the short dropoff to the creek. Another hesitation- Tai breathed through yet another contraction- and he leaned to free Tai as well, offering a hand and then taking Tai's arm when he didn't reach for it.

But the moment that Tai tried to turn, he knew it wasn't going to work. He shook, and shook his head. "I can't, it- it's right there-"

"But I- you can't just-" Aaron floundered.

"I'm *gonna*!" Tai snapped involuntarily. He at least managed to do an easier maneuver, leaning away from the door and sticking both his legs out at the same time.

"Wait! Hang on!" Aaron took out his keys and opened the trunk of the car as Tai adjusted, trying to keep from pushing again despite everything telling him to. He didn't even look up until Aaron came back, letting a wadded-up blanket fall free and shaking it. "I can, um-" There wasn't enough space between the car and the creek for him to try and help or to even lay the blanket down, which left him standing awkwardly and holding it half-furled.

"Just... just hold it up. People ain't gotta- uff. Hnnh. See this shit. An' just shut up about it already."

He at least did what he was told when Tai stopped talking, resting one hand on the roof of the car, then thinking better of it and shutting the trunk over the middle so he could drape the rest higher and lower, and hang onto the other corner.

While he worked, Tai tried to shimmy out of his pants. It was easier than if it had been jeans, the sweatpants already a bit too big. He also, for the sake of Aaron's car seats, tried to get his massive shirt under his ass at the edge of the seat, which sort of worked and sort of didn't. Then again, he didn't really need to, because he was going to have to get up, as much as he could.

He kicked his pants vaguely out of the way and lined his feet up where the ground curved sharply downward. Hands on either side of his hips, he tugged himself forward, and then waited for yet another contraction to subside before sliding out and squatting, knees bent and elbows braced on the seat.

It didn't even take that much. One halfhearted push and two eggs gushed from him, a little fluid dribbling free to aid their lubrication, and then the angle of the ground had them rolling over the edge and into the underbrush before they bounced into the river and disappeared.

Another quickly followed, and then three more bounced down the bank with a solid push from Tai. The eggs were only about the size of big oranges, and still rubbery; they popped free easier than Tai had honestly expected. Breathing around another contraction, he pushed, and the seconds he counted in his head saw the advent of three more eggs, one after another.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he remembered Aaron. And he thought, for a moment, he heard him say, "Oh my god, what the fuck," which was honestly fair. But anything else, he didn't bother paying attention to, and Aaron kept out of the way, still holding the blanket to block Tai's birthing from passing cars.

Two more eggs plopped onto the ground and rolled away.

Tai adjusted, legs already shaking and tired, and arms cramping. An egg slipped free on its own, but then Tai closed his legs against the oncoming brood and groaned through the pressure. "I gotta... I can't sit like-"

He tried turning himself over, pushing himself up, but he had to bend his knees again, and that opened the way for another contraction to grip him. He tucked his chin to his chest and pushed; four eggs plopped to the ground, and he moved one with his heel so it would roll away.

Aaron leaned down, which Tai wasn't expecting, and offered him an arm. Tai took it, bracing so he could turn over properly and get his knees under him. He had to pause again while a couple contractions distracted him from it, but then he was on all fours, hands still braced against the edge of the seat and belly hanging to brush the ground with the brood still remaining inside. Thankfully,

too, he could pull his pants back over for something to kneel on, and with the pressure now taken off his legs, he could simply drown himself on monotony.

With his legs on the edge of the drop and his back arched, the eggs could simply drop and roll into the underbrush. He thought he heard Aaron talking, either to himself or to Tai, but Tai didn't bother replying. The contractions were at least rhythmic- each one rose so Tai could catch his breath and hold it, pushing as his muscles shoved, and the slick eggs worked their way from his womb to his birth canal with nothing but his dilated cervix to keep them at bay. Each push, each count to ten, forced no fewer than two eggs free, each one's translucent, rubbery shell distending Tai's lips before it popped out. A good, long push kept them coming, three, then two gushing out and rolling away, the subtle splash of them bouncing into the water the only indicator of where they'd ended up.

Aaron did his duty, though Tai couldn't bother to tell what that expression on his face was. He glanced up at the guy, seeing some form of horror mixed with confusion and maybe even amazement before he had to duck his head again and hold his breath and force another three of the brood free.

It was a little unnerving, being watched. But at the same time, Tai almost wondered if the blanket was hiding as much of Aaron from him as it was hiding him from the rest of the world. And really, aside from the pain of the contractions, which he was almost getting used to, this wasn't *bad*. It wasn't as if anything was getting stuck, or he had to deal with giant, weird baby heads or shoulders or any of that. It was just the feeling of fullness and the slip of eggs, very nearly the reverse of their implantation altogether.

Tai slid one hand down the side of his belly and beneath it, then followed with his other. Cheek and shoulders rested on the edge of the car seat, he breathed, held it, and birthed another set of eggs. Rubbing under his belly, he pushed with one hand, readjusting the remaining brood, while the other hand stroked.

Fuck, if he could just... have the feeling...

He pushed long and hard, and five eggs dropped into the water. Another two joined them upon the next contraction, and then Tai brushed his fingers down over his thigh and between his legs. He slid his fingers around the outside of his lips, then slipped them inside- he didn't get very far before encountering the slick, rubbery shell of yet another of the brood, and hummed to himself. Tai felt as the egg descended, another of its broodmates behind it, and withdrew his fingers to spread his lips and let it and the others drop away. He was sensitive, warm and wet, and suddenly needy. He slid his fingers higher, circling his clit, and then dipping back into himself for more fluid, slicking his lips and clit, and... God.

The tension ebbed; it still existed, but it was nearly overridden with the fullness of the eggs and the slick of fluid and the feeling of Tai's fingers as he massaged his clit, imagining himself with yet

another brood, being filled with clutch after clutch, used and ravaged by those creatures, carrying their spawn and birthing them, just so he'd have more of them to impregnate him.

He came quickly, forehead pushed against the seat, back arched, eggs pushing and popping free even during the height of it. Three gushed out all on their own, the sound of their disappearance into the bushes masked by Tai's low, shuddering moan.

His belly had long since lost the girth to drag the ground. Tai couldn't fully enjoy the afterglow of orgasm, either, not when he still had so many eggs still roiling inside him. But with each push, more dropped away, and his distended belly continued to lose its massive roundness.

It still took a good deal of effort. The contractions kept up their rhythm, and Tai kept up his routine, breathing, holding, pushing. Sets of eggs in twos and threes, and once, a mass of seven, stretched his tender lips and plopped away. He was tired already, too, and getting moreso, not to mention the chill that had started to creep over him with the proximity of cool water and bare skin.

Five more eggs.

Tai's belly lost its roundness, the weight of the eggs so slight now compared to that morning. He pushed another six of the brood out, their accompanying splashes muted in the quiet afternoon.

Running his hand over his nearly-flat belly, Tai felt the remaining bump, and flattened his palm over it. When he pushed and the eggs descended, it smoothed under his fingers, and then as the last two of the double clutches slid from him, the remaining fluid gushing alongside, the shape disappeared completely.

He stayed where he was, though, breathing, letting his body slowly realize it had nothing more to deal with. The contractions faded, and once again, Tai became aware that he'd been watched the whole time.

Turning his head, he looked up at Aaron, whose expression had morphed from worried, horrified fascination to something more like outright confusion. "Don't tell anyone," was all he could think to say after all that.

Aaron didn't seem to have much to say either. He blinked, then absently opened the trunk of the car again to take the blanket out of it, and let it settle around Tai.

"I mean..." he began. "I... I guess, but- how the *hell* did you find a silphea, and how the *fuck* did you let it lay eggs in you?"

Tai stared. He figured it was his turn *to* stare, after Aaron had watched him give birth to two clutches of alien eggs and then had the audacity to give the creatures a *name* and start asking him questions. Clutching the blanket around himself, he turned to sit on the ground and look up at

Aaron, who still seemed more bewildered than anything, though there was a glint of interested fascination in the way he sort of kind of smiled and how he leaned to look at where the eggs had dropped into the water over the edge of the bank.

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Those eggs," Aaron elaborated. "Those looked like they came from a silphea, like, a jellyfish looking thing, that-"

"They have a *name*?"

"Well... all species have names, I just didn't know they were around here, or like, anywhere."

"Are they aliens?" Tai hazarded. Aaron paused.

"I don't think so? I think they're just a kind of animal, but I haven't exactly researched them or anything."

"Then how the fuck do you know what they're called? How did you know they *exist*?"

Aaron hesitated again. "I... well..."

"No, you know what, fuck it. Whatever." Tai grabbed his pants, keeping the blanket wrapped over him as he pulled them back on and cinched the drawstrings as tight as he could. "Just take me back outta here an' I'll go to an ATM and get some cash."

"You don't want to talk about it?"

"No, I don't wanna fucking talk about it, okay? I'm done. I'll get your money, and then I'll leave you the hell alone."

"Look, I-..." Aaron sighed. "Never mind. I'll take you back." Tai glared at him. "I'm not trying to kidnap you. I can't show you in public, but I do want to show you."

Tai opened his mouth. "You better not try an' do anything, or I swear to fuck I'll bite your dick off."

Aaron snorted. "Noted, um. Yeah, so... come on, I'll help you in."

