

SOMETHING BORROWED

COMMISSIONED BY ALEC TONNERRE



Chapter One: The Fam

Father. Daughter. Flat screen TV. Sunken living room. Fish tank.

A can of Budweiser sweats on the coffee table next to a bottle of smart water.

“He told me from the beginning he wanted six kids,” Renee said, “but I guess I never really took the idea seriously...”

“Catch the ball!” Sam shouted at the television. “Can you believe this guy? He gets paid a million dollars a year to catch passes, and he drops it...”

“I mean, six kids? Do you have any idea what that’ll do to my body? And forget making partner at the law firm.”

“It’s crazy... six kids...” Sam murmured, “Oh, come on! How was that holding?”

Renee picked up the controller and muted the game. “I really need to talk about this, Dad.”

“What’ve we been doing?” Sam said, his eyes still glued to the action on the flat screen.

The screen went blank as Renee punched the off button.

Sam’s mouth dropped open, and he stared at the blank screen like a junkie staring at an empty kit. “You turned my game off.”

“Yeah, I did.”

“Oh, shit,” Sam said, wrenching his eyes away from the screen, straining to put his full attention on his daughter. “This must be serious. Oh, shit. You have cancer. You’ve been trying to build up to tell me—”

“I’m not dying. I’m getting married.”

“Dying might be easier.

“Stop,” Renee said, tapping him. “I was telling you how I don’t want six kids, but I kinda let Ian think I was okay with it.”

Sam took a sip of his beer. “I got married the same age as you. 25. You know how that turned out.” He held up his right hand, free of a wedding ring.

“Yo! Yo! Yo!” Renee’s brother, Jay called out as he walked into the room dressed in a Kangal Hat and an oversized Pittsburgh Penguins hockey jersey. “What’s the shizzle?”

“Jay, we’re having a conversation?” Renee said.

“Sick,” Jay said, jumping onto the couch and putting his feet up on the table. “I love me some good conversating, right?”

“Well, you probably don’t want any part of this one, since we’re talking about my wedding and—”

“Oh! Man! I can’t wait! Your bridesmaids are some fine ass bitches! Jay’s gonna be all up in that horny ass, bridesmaid pussy.” Jumping back up, he mimed fucking a girl, thrusting his hips, tongue sticking out and started to freestyle:

“Unh. Unh. Wedding day will be
Time for Jay to pound that fine pussy...”

“Jay, I love you, but get the fuck out of here,” Renee said.

Jay laughed as he swaggered out of the room still rapping:

“Oh, no, the bride is not happy
All of her friends would rather be with me”

“I can’t even believe we come from the same gene pool,” Renee said.
“God. He’s such an asshole. Do I have to invite him to my wedding?”

Sam grabbed the controller and turned the game back on. “Oh, honey. Boys will be boys.”

No shit, Renee thought, watching as her father obsessed on the stupid football game again. Was this what her marriage was going to be like, she wondered? Her sitting on the couch feeling ignored while Ian drooled over the TV?

Sam, for his part, was counting down the days to the wedding. Ian and Renee had moved in with him so they could save up for a house, and his life had become so much more complicated with all of these people around. He was looking forward to Renee and her fiancé moving out, and then he could focus his attention back on trying to get Jay to grow up and get his own place.

It wasn't that he didn't love his kids. He did. He just preferred them in small doses.

Chapter Two: Nano Day

Bali? Punta Cana? Cancun? Sam smiled as he flipped back and forth between the websites, skimming over the all-inclusive resort packages. He finally clicked on Punta Cana. He'd heard good things, and the flight wasn't too long. The weather was consistently amazing. Decision made, he printed out the front page of the resort website. He couldn't wait. He would tell them right now. Ian and Renee, in service of their money savings goals, had been talking about a budget honeymoon— a couple days at a bed and breakfast in Amish Country, but Sam wanted them to have something special, get the marriage off to a great start. He was sure they were going to flip.

He found them in the living room, sitting together, wedding planning materials scattered everywhere. Renee was buzzing about the color of the napkins, while Ian had a strained, deer in the headlights look in his eyes, obviously struggling to fake an interest. Sam chuckled. "Hey kids," he announced in a loud voice as he entered, holding the printout behind his back.

"Daddy," Renee said, looking a little perturbed to have her wedding planning frenzy interrupted.

"Sam the man," Ian said, with a desperate, save me look on his face.

"You know what they say, right?" Sam said looking over all the magazines and books and brochures Renee had laid out. "If your relationship can survive the wedding planning, you just might make it."

Sam chuckled and received an angry glare from Renee in response.

"How was the wedding planning for you and Mom?" Renee asked.

"I told her I didn't care, and she could do whatever she wanted," Sam said. "And we know how that turned out."

"See?" Renee said to Ian who just kind of slumped a little deeper in his chair.

"Anyway, I have a surprise for you two love birds," Sam said. "Dunh, dunh da dah! Drumroll!"

Ian started to tap his hands on the table.

"I guess that'll do," Sam said. "Ta da!" He lay the printout on the table between them. "An all-inclusive week in Punta Cana! My wedding gift to you!"

"Bro!" Ian said. "That's incredible."

"Daddy! You shouldn't have," Renee said, getting up and giving him a hug. She loved the beach.

“Nothing is too good for my baby,” he said. “Besides, you two can get to work on making me some grandkids, right? I mean, you better get started now if you want to have six kids before you dry up.” Sam paused, waiting for the laugh.

Renee just stared at him. Ian, knowing full well this was a landmine subject for Renee, looked away.

“Ow,” Sam said.

The awkward silence was broken, however, as the TV suddenly came to life. They all looked, wondering who had turned it on.

The image of a woman in a nursery appeared, a background of cribs and rainbows. She wore a semi-transparent plastic mask that obscured her features. Beneath her, a line of text read Equality Ploughshares. The image was fuzzy, buzzing with static, and the woman spoke, her voice was distorted:

“Over the next few months,” she declared, “one third of all men will find themselves pregnant. Men have left us no choice. They have brought the world to the brink of financial and environmental collapse, and as a result—”

The images jerked to the side, faded into static. The screen went blank.

“What the fuck was that?” Ian said.

Renee shook her head. “Weird?”

Sam, trying to salvage his failed joke and not really taking the odd announcement seriously, said, “maybe Ian is going to have six babies.”

“You know, I’ve been having morning sickness,” Ian said.

“And craving chocolate covered pickles, right?”

“Yeah, now that you mentioned it.”

The men laughed. Renee didn't think it was all that cute, making fun of what women went through when they were pregnant. Men. She decided to change the subject. "Thanks, again, for the honeymoon."

"Sure thing."

"Maybe we should get back to the wedding planning?"

"You read my mind," Ian said.

An hour or so later, all their phones went off. There had been a big announcement from the White House. The Equal Ploughshares were real. Sam had gone back upstairs to his office, and between calls, he jumped online and started reading. A nano-virus had been released. The government was saying it was real. Men would find themselves pregnant. There was a picture of what looked like a woman with a huge belly, though the CDC website identified him as a man they were calling Subject One. Sam stared at the screen, still refusing to believe it. How was it even possible? Men didn't have the plumbing.

Well, he assured himself, even if it was real, it couldn't happen to him. *I'm way too old to have a baby*, he thought, and then laughed, adding, *and way too male*.

The whole thing was crazy. Women had babies. Not men. He was sure he had nothing to worry about.

Chapter Three

Sam. Couch. Flat Screen. The Great War. Sam's all-time favorite film.

Sirens wailed, and Captain Grant crouched in the trench as red and white flares drifted down across the sky behind him. "We're gonna take that bunker, men, or we're going to die trying!"

Sam scooped up another spoonful of Rocky Road from the paper Haagan Dazs container. The ice cream had gotten a little mushy, just the way he liked it. He never usually ate empty carbs, stuff with added sugar, but he'd been hungry as hell lately. Whatever. He'd run an extra couple miles to burn it off.

Captain Grant stared across the open field between enemy lines. The grim, merciless faces of the German army stared back. "Who's with me?"

No one answered. The eyes of his men were full of fear. Sam leaned forward. This was his favorite—

The screen filled with static. "Fuck!" Sam screamed as the image of a masked woman filled the screen, and the words Equality Ploughshares began to run along the bottom of the screen. "You fucking miserable bitches!"

This time, the woman was in what looked like a doctor's examination room. Standing next to her was what appeared to be an embarrassed pregnant woman, but superimposed behind "her" stood the image of a burly, bearded man wearing a flannel shirt and a hard hat.

Renee, drawn by Sam's shouting, came to the room and saw Sam, sitting on the couch, still munching down on ice cream as he stared at the screen. She noticed there were two empty containers of Haagan Dazs on the table and tilted her head to the side. Dad? Eating ice cream?

"Meet Harry Pilsner," the masked figure who'd labeled EP Woman said.

"He's an mpreggo?" Sam said, stunned at the difference.

"Say hello to the audience, Harry."

"Hi," Harry said, not looking at the camera. His voice was high, soft, like a teen girl.

Sam winced. The poor bastard.

“In addition to blessing a man with his own fertile womb,” EP Woman said, rubbing her hand over Harry’s huge, round belly, “the nano-virus brings about other changes as it makes him a more perfect mommy machine.” EP Woman held her hand over Harry’s head. “Harry’s height and bulk would have made it that much harder for him to get enough calories to feed his babies, so he has been sculpted to a delightful and functional 4’ 10.”

Babies? Plural? Sam thought, digging down, scooping up another bite of Rocky Road.

The camera now zoomed in on his face. “As his body repurposed to his new destiny as a mommy, his face has also resculpted, reflecting his fertile body and maternal nature— the plump lips, big eyes a little nose. All of these features reveal his newly blossomed fecundity. His babies will love looking at his pretty face when they are born, and any traditional male who sees him will be drawn to protect him.”

“Naturally,” EP Woman continued, now gesturing toward Harry’s small but firm breasts. “Our expectant mother has popped out his own pair of breasts, and he will produce plenty of milk to feed his little darlings. Are you excited to breastfeed your babies someday, Harry?”

“I guess so,” Harry whispered, turning an even deeper shade of red.

Sam absently rubbed his chest, which had been aching so much lately and seemed to have started aching even more as he looked at Harry and his perky breasts, as EP Woman chortled over him breastfeeding someday.

Renee glanced at her dad’s chest. There was tenting. His nipples now poked up and out. She looked again at the empty ice cream containers, the one still in his hand, a little ice cream oozing from the corners of his lips.

Shit. Dad?

The screen shook and filled with static as the streaming service tried to block the signal. "Harry is a very changed little man," EP woman continued. "Not only does he have radiant skin..."

Sam scooped up the last little bit of ice cream from the container, popped it in his mouth and then eagerly licked the spoon.

"... but he likes men now, don't you, sweetie?"

Harry covered his face and ran off camera.

The screen went black. Sam, becoming aware of Renee, looked back at her. "Can you believe this bullshit?" He said.

Renee squinted at her father's profile. Was his nose smaller and a little ski slopey? "It's crazy," she said.

"Poor fucker," Sam said. "I'm glad I'm not one of those mpreggos."

"Maybe it's not so bad?" Renee said, her heart going out to Daddy.

"Not so bad?" Sam said, once more putting a hand gingerly to his chest. "It's the worst."

That night, as Renee and Ian were getting undressed, the door to the bedroom swung open. "Goodnight, guys," Sam said, his voice suddenly hoarse.

"Bro," Ian, shirtless, said, turning to face Sam said.

Renee saw Sam's eyes go wide as he scanned Ian's muscular body, lingered on his hard, flat abs, a little smile on his face as he whispered, "bro."

"Goodnight, Daddy," Renee snapped.

Chapter 4

Renee walked Sam to the car, one hand on the small of his back. “Five years,” Sam said, looking up at her. “I have to carry these babies for five fucking years?”

Renee didn’t answer. She didn’t know what to say, but looked down at her little Daddy, still shocked at how much he’d changed, his firm little breasts swelling out the top of the tank top he’d borrowed from her. They jiggled with every step. It was so insane seeing her father’s breasts jiggle and below that the rounded shape of his baby bump.

She opened the door from him, and as he climbed into the car, she couldn’t help but glance, again, at his pert, rounded rear. He had an ass like a girl who did 100 squats a day, and Renee couldn’t help but feel jealous, especially since her shorts rode up on his ass cheeks, practically having been turned them into booty shorts by his big butt.

Renee climbed into the driver’s seat. Looking over, she saw Sam’s tank had ridden up a little on his baby bump, gel from the ultra-sound glistening on his belly. She fished a tissue from her purse and wiped his belly.

“Jesus,” Sam said. “Let me do it.”

“I got it,” Renee said, easily brushing Sam’s little hands away and finishing her task. Renee saw the pain and embarrassment in his big, pretty eyes. He had such long, curly lashes, and his whole face had changed just like the MP Woman had said. He looked like a young woman now. A very pretty, young woman with full, kissable lips and a round little chin.

Sam pulled out the picture from his ultrasound, two tiny little babies floating in his womb. “How am I supposed to do this?” He whispered. “I’m a man.”

“We’ll help you,” Renee said. “We’ll get you through this.” She started the car, then, wanting to cheer Daddy up, an idea hit her. “Hey, let’s swing through the drive through. I’m sure you’re having cravings.”

Food. The thought of it instantly changed Sam’s mood. He clapped and started bouncing in his seat, breasts jiggling as his nipples popped. “Oh, my God,” Sam gushed in his little girl voice. “I could eat a horse!” His nipples weren’t the only thing popping, as Renee noticed and then glanced away, embarrassed, to see the tenting in his pants. The nurse had pulled her aside at one point and cautioned her that with his body drenched in pregnancy hormones and his cravings, this would happen.

As she pulled into traffic, pulling down the sunshade against the glare of the low, morning sun, she couldn’t help but think she wasn’t sure Daddy could eat a horse, but she was sure he was eating like a horse. All those calories, though, had gone to only three places: his boobs, his babies and his butt.

She thought again of that firm, plump ass of his, and once more felt the burn of jealousy. She was going to have to work on that, she decided. It made no sense for her to feel jealous of her FATHER’S hot ass, did it?

“I want two bacon cheeseburgers,” Sam was saying. “Fries. Cheese fries. A milk shake...”

They were in Sam’s Escalade. He couldn’t drive anymore. His feet wouldn’t reach the peddles. A hula girl hung from the rearview mirror, swaying back and forth as they drove, each bump in the road sending tremors through Sam’s budding breasts.

No, Renee told herself. I shouldn’t feel jealous of Daddy,
I should feel sorry for him.

Chapter Five

“You’ve got to get ready,” Renee called, knocking on Sam’s door. “We’ll be late.”

‘I’m not going!’ Sam answered, voice wet with sobs. “I’m hideous!”

Again? Renee sighed. She pushed the door open, and Sam stood there, his enormous belly jutting out, his hands pressed into the small of his back. He wore nothing but a thong, the thin straps of the waistband stretched over his soft, round hips. The curtains were pulled, the room lit only by a couple table lamps, and there were clothes scattered over the bed and the floor, even the top of the dresser, which looked like it had been ransacked, all the drawers pulled out and left half open.

“What’s going on?”

“Nothing fits anymore,” Sam said, wiping his tears.

“Well, that’s not really a surprise,” Renee said, grabbing his belly and giving it a squeeze. “You’re big as a house.”

“I’m not leaving the house until this is over,” Sam said with finality, sitting down on the edge of his bed. “The firm already agreed to let me work from home, and I can have groceries delivered. It’ll be a cinch.”

“You’re not going to leave the house for five years?” Renee said, sitting next to him. He’d become more and more like a petulant teen-ager, and he was always coming up with these huge, dramatic and impractical schemes.

“Just a little over four years now,” Sam said.

Renee knew he would forget all about his latest scheme soon enough, but in the meantime, there was another, more pressing hormonal minefield to cross. “You can Howard Hughes starting Monday,” Renee said, “but this weekend is the Johnson’s wedding.”

Sam's face scrunched up in disgust. "I never liked the Johnsons."

"We share a fence," Renee said. "You know you can't be rude."

"Fine!" Sam huffed. "What am I supposed to wear? A thong and a tank top? That'll be even more rude than not showing up at all!"

Renee pulled out her smart pad. "These days, there are a lot of cute outfits for mpreggos."

"I do not approve of that term," Sam reminded her.

Renee let it pass, instead waking up her screen and showing the article she'd saved: Guy Gowns The Latest Rage. There was a picture of Tom Holland in a dress, flowers in his hair, in attendance at Kim Kardashian's latest wedding.

"Is he wearing makeup?" Sam said, shaking his head as he looked at Holland in his tight, mid-thigh pink dress.

"No," Renee said, admiring how pretty Holland looked. "He's just always blushing since he's running hot all the time."

"You want me to wear a dress?" Sam said, appalled.

"It's the style for— for men in the family way," Renee said, now pulling up the website for a new store called "Bun Brothers." Row and rows of peggos in dresses appeared.

Sam looked over the dresses. All small. All tight. All dresses.

"Let's pick one out. We can have it delivered express." She'd already decided on the perfect dress for Daddy. It was just a matter of talking him into it. "You know, I'm going to have to have my wedding dress altered. They're going to have to let it out at the waist and hips. Being around all these pregnant men has made me gain sympathy weight." Renee pointed to one of the dresses. It wasn't the perfect dress she'd picked out. She was

using the strategy of offering a few choices for Daddy to reject before roping him in. “You’d look great in that.”

“I’m not wearing a dress,” Sam said. “I’m still a man.”

“Ian,” Renee called. “I need your help getting Daddy into his dress.”

‘It’s too small,” Sam said, struggling to get the dress over his hips.

Ian popped into the room. “What seems to be the trouble?”

“It’s just a little tight,” Renee said.

“A little?!” Sam squeaked.

“Let me see what I can do,” Ian said. “I’ve had a little practice getting this one into too small dresses lately,” he said, jerking a thumb at Renee.

“Hey!” Renee said.

“I see the problem. You’re trying to go feet first. You need to go headfirst.”

“I don’t see...

“Step out of the dress,” Ian said, his voice firm with authority.

Sam gulped and did what he’d been told, wiggling the dress back down off his hips and stepping out of it. He wore a thong and a short slip; he didn’t really have a choice once he’d allowed Renee to bully him into the dress, and one of the slender straps slipped off his soft, round shoulder.

Ian, stepping close, adjusted the strap, his eyes dropping to Sam’s firm little breasts. Sam tilted his head back, batting his long, curly lashes blushing. “Lift your arms.”

Sam lifted his arms above his head. Ian slipped the dress over his arms and then carefully draped it over his body, the skirt bunching at his hips. Ian put a strong hand on one of Sam’s hips and squeezed, while he pulled the

skirt down over Sam's wide, maternal hips. His hand darted between Sam's thighs, and he cupped the soft flesh on the upper, inner thigh and gave it a squeeze, before pulling the dress the rest of the way down. He put both his hands on Sam's hips now, then let them trail gently down to his legs, running his fingers over Sam's soft, bare legs.

Sam felt weak in the knees, dizzy, and he covered Ian's hands with his own, squeezed.

Renee, who'd turned to the bedroom mirror to check her hair and makeup, missed the whole thing. As she turned to face them, Ian got up, cleared his throat and Sam turned away, plucking at the hem of his dress, adjusting the straps on his shoulders.

"You look great," Renee said. "Doesn't he?"

"You cut a fine jib, sir," Ian said, trying to seem nonchalant.

Sam giggled and went to the mirror, checking his own hair. It had been growing like crazy, and he now had a shoulder length bob framing his pretty face. "I feel like an idiot," he said, but it was a lie, or a partial lie. He did feel ridiculous wearing a dress, like he was admitting he wasn't much of a man anymore, but the look in Ian's eyes? It made Sam feel— pretty?

"Do you, Danielle, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to love honor and obey..."

Sam's eyes filled with tears. The wedding was at Sacred Heart, one of the oldest churches in the city, and the light from the stained-glass windows cut across the room, while candles flickered on the altar. Renee handed Sam a tissue and put her arm around her father, holding him as he wept, his head against her shoulder

Chapter Six

“Renee?” Sam called. “Renee?” He was making small, frustrated noises as he struggled to reach a glass on the middle shelf, his belly pressing against the counter, his small arms too short to reach.

Ian came around, pausing at the sight of Sam stretching, his plump, round ass out, the floss of his thong disappearing between his generous cheeks. He looked so small and helpless. So cute? Ian shook his head, confused at what he was feeling. “She’s in Tucson for that conference, remember?” He said, bounding into the room as if he’d just walked in.

“Oh,” Sam said in a small voice, turning. He leaned back against the counter, propped his hands on the edge, thrusting his breasts out. “I forgot. My brain is just— I can’t remember anything!”

“What’s the trouble?”

Sam turned back around and reached up, making a pretty little straining sound. “I can’t seem to reach that stupid glass!” He said, looking back over his shoulder, batting his eyes. Ian came up behind Sam, letting his body press against the little man as he reached over him and plucked the glass down. Sam couldn’t help himself as he arched his back and pivoted his hips, pressing his soft rear against Ian’s groin.

Ian handed Sam the glass and then lingered, staring down into the man’s soft, feminine face. Sam tilted his head back and met Ian’s eyes. His plump, wet lips parted, and he sighed.

“Okay, bro,” Ian said, breaking it off, confused and a little scared at what he was feeling. “Mission accomplished.” He retreated, thinking, “That wasn’t weird. I am not into Sam. There’s no way.”

Sam clutched the glass between his breasts as he watched Ian retreat, admiring his broad shoulders, that hard, strong looking ass of his. “I’m into him at all,” Sam told himself. ‘It’s just– I’m hormonal.’”

Renee, during a break between sessions at the conference, headed to the hotel gift shop. It was silly, she knew, but she figured she’d pick up another wedding magazine or two, not that she already had, like, a hundred of them. Still. It was her special day, and she was always looking for new ideas. She stared at the magazine rack, shaking her head. There seemed to be nothing but wedding magazines for mpreggos.

“Miss?” She called to a passing clerk. “Miss? Where are all the wedding magazines? I mean, for women?”

“First of all,” the girl said, resting her hands on her pregnant belly. “I’m a guy, and my name is Ahmed.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” Renee said, embarrassed at her mistake as she glanced at the young man’s name tag, which clearly read, Ahmed. ‘It’s just, I didn’t, you–’

‘It happens all the time,’ Ahmed said, rolling his eyes. “Secondly, it seems we preggos are crazy about weddings and the industry is geared up to meet the new demand. It drives me crazy,” he continued, his voice growing more and more shrill, “all these giggling preggos coming in here and drooling over doves and flower arrangements. I mean, yeah, yeah, yeah, you’re pregnant, at least be a man about it!”

Renee’s mouth dropped open. She had no idea what to say. Other customers had stopped shopping. They were all staring. Renee noticed one woman with her phone out, recording the whole thing, smirking.

Ahmed stopped, a shocked look on his face. “I’m so sorry,” he said.

“Maybe you need something to eat?” Renee offered, remembering her father got this way sometimes.

“Yeah,” Ahmed said, putting his hand to his forehead, looking like he was about to faint. “Something to eat. Sardines and yogurt.” He smiled as he looked down at his belly. “These guys are always hungry!” He waddled away.

Renee looked back at the rack of wedding magazines. There was one called “Baby Bros” and there was what looked for all the world like a bright, happy young woman smiling on the cover, clutching a bouquet of flowers under her chin, only Renee knew it was actually a guy. One of the teasers read, “Million Dollar Receptions on a Budget.” Oh, what the hell, she thought, grabbing the magazine and heading to the register. It would have to do.

That night Sam sat on his bed, legs tucked under him as he ran a brush through his long, silky hair. He gave it 100 strokes per night. If he didn’t, he’d get tangles, and besides, it kept it shiny. He wore a negligee, with a hole cut out that allowed his belly to poke through. Beside him, his bedtime reading awaited: *What to Expect When You’re a Man That’s Expecting*.

Sam had been looking down as he brushed, and a shadow appeared stretching across the bedroom floor. Looking up, Sam saw Ian standing at the door. Their eyes met.

Chapter 7

Renee checked the markets. They were rebounding after a bad start to the day, triggered by reports of a labor shortage. A lot of mpreggos had married and dropped out of the workforce. As she approached Dada’s

room, she heard the shower running, paused at the door, thinking to come back, but it really couldn't wait. She walked through the shadowy bedroom, opened the bathroom door. Sam had a huge, modern bathroom with a walk-in shower. She saw him in there through the moisture dappled glass, his body like a cursive S, with the swell of his belly, the curve of his back and the dramatic flair of his ass. She stifled a giggle as she watched him trying to maneuver, moving awkwardly around like a zeppelin, trying to position his belly under the stream from the shower. As he did, he pressed his ass against the glass, the flesh flattening until it looked like a pair of croissants.

Renee snapped out of her reverie, went to the shower and opened the door. Sam squealed, his hands flying to cover his breasts, the gold engagement ring on his finger flashing. Once he realized it was Renee, he sighed with relief. "You scared me to death." Renee looked at the ring. It had been hers once, now resized to fit her Dada's tiny finger. She rubbed Sam's belly, and he cooed, eyes going soft.

"There's something I need to tell you. It can't wait."

"Is something wrong? Is it Ian?" Dada said in the breathy, feminine manner he adopted. He sounded like a 1950s movie starlet and had mastered the batting eyelashes to boot.

"Just meet me in the bedroom."

Sam came out of the bedroom wrapped a tiny silk robe that came down to the tops of his thighs, spread open in the middle by his belly. He had a towel in his hand and was dabbing at his long, wet hair, his gestures small and feminine. Renee wondered if she'd been modelling his body language on Marilyn Monroe. "What is it?" Sam said. He had sparkling droplets of water clinging to his soft breasts.

“I know it’s been a little rough between us since Ian,” she paused to find the right words, “did what he did. I want you to know, I’m over it, and to show you how much I’m over it, I want you and Ian to take that honeymoon package you bought for us. I want you and Ian to have a dream honeymoon, get your new lives off to a great start.”

Sam’s eyes filled with tears. “Hormones,” he said, waving his little hand like he could blow the tears away. “So, you don’t hate me anymore?”

“I never hated you,” Renee said, giving her beach ball of a father a big hug. “I did kind of hate that my own father stole my fiancé, though.”

“I never meant for it to happen,” Sam said, “It was...”

“Never going to work out between me and Ian,” Renee said. “My career is taking off, and I don’t want a baby right now, and Ian wants a bunch of babies...” She rubbed Sam’s belly. “You’re kinda perfect for each other.”

Sam hugged her again, then covered his mouth with both hands. “I’m so excited! I can’t wait for Ian to get home from work so I can tell him the big news!”

Chapter 8

“Hold still,” Renee said as she pulled the garter belt up over Sam’s hips.

“Your fingers are tickling me,” Sam giggled.

Having gotten the belt over Sam’s hips and nestled under the curve of his belly, Renee rotated it now so the stays dangled down the middle of his thighs. “Let’s get your stockings on.”

While she went to find the stockings, though, Sam once again waddled over to the mirror, checking his hair, his wedding outfit. “I should have gone with White 1122 instead of Ivory,” Sam said.

“Dada,” Sam said, his stockings dangling from her hands. “You look gorgeous, like a Sumerian fertility goddess.”

“Really?” Sam said.

Renee knew he just needed assurances. He’d become so insecure since his change. “Ian is going to lose his mind when he sees you. Trust me.”

They got Sam into the rest of his outfit. Renee thought maybe the whole mpreggo body positive thing was a little too much, but it had been super important to Sam that he look what was now becoming the traditional mpreggo boy-bride look: a thong, a veil, a garter belt and tights. Mpreggos typically didn’t wear shoes to their weddings, owing the fact that they were now, “barefoot and pregnant.” It had also become a thing to get their done in in elaborate updos, and Sam’s long, silky hair was piled on his head now in a tower of curls and braids, woven through with sparkling beads and delicate silvery chins, two thick curly strands dangling next to his smooth, blushing cheeks.

“You’re stunning,” Renee said.

Sam giggled, feeling relieved. It was his big day, and there would be so many pictures, and he was worried what the other Mpreggos would think.

Renee went out to join the wedding party as the service would be starting soon. A tent had been set up in case of rain, but the day couldn’t have been more perfect with a bright, clear sky, a gentle breeze and temps in the mid-70s. “Hey, sis,” Jay called out in his now high, soft voice as he waddled up to her in his short, aqua dress, his hands resting on his swollen belly.

“Jayjay,” Renee said, giving her brother a hug, then cupping his chin, tilting his head back and saying, “you look so pretty!”

“Thanks,” Jay said as he looked past her at the line of groomsmen in their tuxes. “Ian’s friends are all so... studly,” Jay whispered, biting his lip.

“Yes, they are,” Renee said, still loving it that her formerly obnoxious and womanizing brother had become obsessed with men since his change.

One of the men, seeing Jay staring at him, smiled and started to walk over.

“Omigod,” Jay said. “Greg’s coming over here! These boys just won’t leave me alone.”

“Like you don’t love it,” Renee said. Jay just smiled and toyed with his hair.

“Renee,” Greg said. “Jayjay”

“Hold on a second,” Greg said, eyeing Jay suspiciously. “Are you concealing something under your dress?”

“No,” Jay said, giggling, raising his round little shoulders.

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to perform an inspection,” Greg said, giving Renee a wink. Greg circled around behind Jay, grabbing the hem of his dress and pulling it up over his hips. Jay squealed and giggled, waving his little hands. “Stop it!” The groomsmen watched, chuckling, as did the party of mpreggo brosmails.

“Just as I thought!” Greg said. “You were hiding something.”

“Was not!” Jay squealed, pretending like he was trying to tug his dress down, but actually thrusting his hips back and wiggling his booty.

“Was so,” Greg said. “You were hiding the hottest ass this side of Hoboken!” With that, Greg gave him a big slap on his bouncy ass, and Jay wrapped his arms around his belly and swooned, even as Renee noticed his nipples standing at attention, poking furiously at the thin material of his silk dress.

The organist played a flourish, announcing for the guests to take their seats. Greg gave Jay a kiss on the cheek and said, "I'll be, uh, seeing you later."

"Ohhhhh, my," Renee said, hooking her elbow around Ian's and walking with him to the seating area. "I wonder what he means by that?"

"Boys are so annoying!" Jay protested, looking up at his sister. "How's my hair?"

"Cute," Renee assured the diminutive, little thing her brother had become. "You're so cute! Just a helpless little thing." Jay giggled. It almost wasn't fun, Renee thought, making her passive aggressive comments. Jay thought her put downs were compliments. He was changed. He'd even given up video games in favor of knitting.

Once she'd helped Jay to his seat, she went to the back just as Sam arrived, veil covering his eyes, clutching a bouquet of pink roses in his hands. His cheeks were flush as he stood on his tip toes, trying to see.

"There are so many people here!"

"Full house," Renee said.

Once everyone had settled in, the organist began to play, "Here Comes the Bride." Renee took Sam's hand and led him down the aisle. It was so strange, she mused, how much he'd changed, the world had changed. He'd been so strong, so confident, such a man, and now here he was all small and soft, his pregnant belly and firm breasts exposed, his outfit celebrating in front of all of his friends and former co-workers what he'd become: a mommy machine.

Ian stood at the altar, looking handsome in his tux, watching adoringly as his bride came down the aisle. He had that look on his face; he positively adored Sam. It was clear. Renee felt a small pang as she

remembered what they'd once had together, but she'd been honest when she'd told Dada that she'd come to realize things would never have worked between them.

For Sam, the whole wedding and reception was just a blur. The first kiss, walking down the aisle, bird seed raining down... dancing with Renee, who'd then passed him off to Ian, and the two of them, slow dancing in the middle of the dance floor, gazing into each other's eyes... cutting the cake, feeding each other, Sam, of course, making a point to smear some of the frosting on Ian's face while everyone laughed...

He'd gotten together with the other mpreggos at one point, them rubbing their bellies together, talking about their babies, all the hopes and dreams they had for their little bundles of joy... "You're so lucky, Ian is so great... I really am... how are things with you and Mike?"

And then, somehow, it had all been over as Ian had picked him up and carried him to the limo, and they'd climbed in as the car pulled away from the curb and merged into traffic, racing to the airport. Sam had begun crying, and Ian had pulled him in and held him. "I never thought I could be so happy," Sam whispered through the tears.

Ian kissed him on the head.

Renee watched it all, especially taking note as Jay snuck off not once, not twice, but three times... on each occasion re-emerging, flush, wide eyed, smiling... he came and sat down next to Renee after the first time, grabbing a random drink from the table and bolting it down. "Is it hot in here?" Jay asked.

"You're such a little slut," Renee said.

Jay shrugged. "I'm hormonal."

Chapter 9

A sultry breeze tossed the curtains. Ian had opened the doors to the deck outside their bungalow, the black sand beach stretching out to an azure sea, the gentle sound of the rolling waves. Sam was cuddled up against Ian, who was rubbing Sam's belly. On the screen, Cooking for Baby, two mpreggos in a studio kitchen wearing aprons over their thong and tank top outfits.

"This all looks so great," Todd said, his hands at the small of his back. "I just have to wonder, though, about morning sickness? A lot of foods just don't seem to settle well."

"He's obviously reading from a cue card," Ian grouched.

"Hush," Sam said. "It's hard for us to remember anything. You know that." He focused on the show. He was always looking for tips on the best diet for his babies.

"That is a great point," Lou said as he placed a steaming tray of freshly baked muffins on the counter, tilting the tray at an angle so the camera could get a good picture. The audience oooooed. "All my recipes are carefully planned to be mpreggo friendly. They not only taste great, but they will not make your morning sickness worse!"

The audience applauded. The camera swept across the room, showing a crowd of mpreggos, stopping to linger on the freckled face of one particularly pretty man, with plump lips and big, bright eyes.

"He's really pretty," Sam said.

"Not my type," Ian answered, cupping Sam's breast and giving it a squeeze.

"Good answer," Sam cooed.

There was a knock on the door. "Speaking of food," Ian said, untangling himself from Sam and going to the door, opening it to reveal a young woman in a black outfit, a cart loaded with food. With so many men pregnant and dropping out of the workforce, the hotel was staffed almost entirely by women now. "The manager sends her regards," the server said. "Complimentary mimosas for the newlyweds, including virgin mimosas for the expectant mother."

While Ian dealt with the staff, Sam rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom, quickly brushing out his hair, gargling some mouthwash. With a third of all the men in the world now preggos and also chasing Trad men, the competition to land and keep a male was more fierce than ever, and as much as Sam trusted Ian, he just felt he needed to do everything he could to keep himself as pretty as he could.

"Breakfast is going to get cold," Ian called.

"I'll just be a sec," Sam said, shaking out his hair, running his hands through it to give it an extra sexy, mussy look. Ian had pushed the cart onto the deck. Sam joined him, and they lifted their sweaty glasses. "Mrs. Sinclair," Ian said. Sam had decided to take Ian's name.

"Mr. Sinclair," Sam said as their glasses clinked.

Later, they headed to the beach, Ian loaded down with towels, a cooler, while Sam waddled along next to him. All around them, similar scenes played out as tall, strong men doted over the frail little mpreggos. The lifeguards were mostly all leggy, athletic young women, but there was one Trad male, and Sam couldn't help but glance at the young man's strong, lean body when he was sure Ian wasn't looking. "I'm going to jump in the water," Ian said after he'd gotten done rubbing lotion onto Sam's back and

then taking extra-long to smear the coconut oil across his belly and breasts.

“You wanna come with?”

“I’m just going to work on my tan,” Sam said, settling in, pulling out an mpreggo magazine. As Ian jogged toward the water, Sam couldn’t help but call out, “Don’t go too deep! Be careful!”

Ian just waved, like, yeah yeah.

Sam smiled, amused at himself. He just seemed to worry all the time anymore, but it was all part, he’d learned, of his maternal instincts.

“Newlyweds?” A soft voice asked.

Sam looked to see another mpreggo laying out a little over to the right. He had long, thick curly blonde hair. Obviously, a dye job, Sam thought, smiling and holding out his ring. “Day One!” He sang.

The other mpreggo held out his own ring. “Me, too!”

They shared a triumphant smile, each one proud for the world to know he’d captured himself a good man.

Chapter 10

“Wake up, sleepy head,” Ian said as he came into the bedroom with a tray of food, and a steaming cup of herbal tea.

“What’s this?” Sam said, rubbing his eyes.

“Happy Anniversary!” Ian said, placing the tray across Sam’s lap while leaning in to give him a quick kiss.

“You remembered!” Sam said.

“Of course, not that you haven’t been dropping little reminders for the last three weeks.”

“I can’t tell you how many anniversaries I forgot back when I was a Trad,” Sam said, picking up a piece of bacon and nibbling. “Yum! So good.”

Ian sat on the edge of the bed, picked up Sam’s leg and began massaging his calf. “I wonder if you should take a break from that walking club,” Ian said, feeling working the knots out of Sam’s leg.

“Oh, it’s so fun to get together with the other mpreggos, though,” Sam said, “and the doctor says exercise is good for our babies.”

“Renee and Jayjay are coming over for dinner tonight.”

“Oh, fun!” Sam said, scooping up some of the scrambled eggs. “You want some?”

“I want some, but you should finish eating first.”

Sam heard Renee’s car pull into the driveway and waddled to the front window as he heard the doors clunk closed. “Why do I have to do all the housekeeping?” Jay whined. He’d dyed his hair platinum blonde, mostly because his boyfriend had pressured him into it. Like Sam, he wore the standard outfit for a preggo these days— a thong and a tank top.

“You’re not going to just sit around the house all day eating bons bons and mooching off me,” Renee said. “You don’t like the terms, find your own place.”

They got to the door and knocked. Sam answered, the two of them dropping their argument, smiling. “Dada! Congratulations!” Renee said giving him a hug, followed by Jay, the bellies of the two men pressing together as they embraced.

They gathered on the back deck, Jay and Sam talking about their pregnancies while Renee helped Ian at the grill. The air filled with the savory odor of broiling steaks, the tart edge of the hickory Ian had added to the fire to give the steaks that extra, smokey flavor.

After they'd eaten the four of them sat together, watching the sunset. 'It's hard to believe it's been a whole year,' Renee said. 'And you're still getting along?'

'It just gets better every day,' Ian said.

Sam nodded. 'We never go to bed angry. I wish I'd learned that with your mother. How is she by the way?'

'She's the same,' Renee said. 'She's been going to Lamaze with Jayjay. She's going to be his birth partner.'

'Really?'

Jay nodded. 'We've actually been getting really close since— this— happened. I even joined her book club.'

'Jay has become the daughter she never had,' Renee said.

'Shut up.'

'You shut up.'

'And what about you?' Sam asked, not wanting the two of them to get going. 'Any romance in your life these days?'

'Who has the time?' Renee said. 'I'm crazy busy at work ever since Jeff got pregnant, and they made me department head. Besides, I'm not really in a rush to — you know.' She glanced at Sam's belly and made a round shape over her own.

'Take your time,' Ian said. 'I'm sure when you're ready, the right Trad will come along. When he does, I just hope you will be as happy as your Dada and I.'

'Oh,' Sam said, getting misty.

'Let's drink to that,' Renee said, picking up her glass. The others followed. 'To the loving couple,' Renee said, 'on their first of many, many happy anniversaries!'

“Here! Here!”

Sam sipped his sparkling water, gazing lovingly into Ian’s eyes. It was all so strange to find himself pregnant, married to a man. When he’d first discovered he’d gotten the nano-virus and was becoming one of them, one of the mpreggos, it had felt like the end of the world. He’d thought it was the worst thing that had ever happened to him.

He felt one of his babies kick and put a hand to his belly. It had turned out to be one of the best things. Of course, the relationship was great. Ian was so caring, always doting over him, but more than anything else, Ian was an incredible lover, and Sam was having the best sex of his life.

He and Ian exchanged another glance. They agreed. Sam yawned. “Wow,” he said. “I’m exhausted. You guys keep going. I’m heading up to bed.”

“Oh, we should go,” Renee said. “I have work in the morning.”

“Yeah,” Jay said. “It’s been so fun, and congrats again.”

“Are you sure?” Ian said, getting up and shepherding them toward the door. “I could light up the tiki torches.”

“Oh, don’t think of it,” Jay said.

“Honey,” Ian said, enjoying the sight of Sam’s big, beautiful butt as Sam started climbing the stairs.

“Yes.”

“I’ll be *up* in a minute.”

The End