



# Max and Bauer: An Mpreg Romance (Oops, Babies Book 1)

**Author:** Sarah Havan

**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Bauer is on the prowl for an omega in heat. Instead, he meets Max, an alpha whose scent calls to him. Max is hesitant to hook up with him at first but can't resist the urge. They spend a wild weekend with each other, and Bauer knows they're meant to be together. Against all odds, they're fated alphas.

Max is unsure about being in a relationship with another alpha but doesn't mind having him around, especially when it comes to work on his farm. But when they get a big surprise, Bauer is way more enthusiastic about it than he is. He's a pregnant alpha and knows his dad, a staunch believer that alphas retain a strong dominant role, would kill him if he ever found out.

Bauer is thrilled to become a dad but not so thrilled the exciting news has to be kept quiet for the time being. As long as they can be together and start a family, he's willing to go along with Max's wishes, but Max's domineering father might hamper any true happiness they can achieve. If they can navigate the obstacles life throws at them, they might get a chance at a happy ending.

\*this non-shifter Mpreg romance book is low angst

\*contains an m/m alpha/alpha pair

**Total Pages (Source):** 35

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:18 am*

I HAD MOVED TO THE DC AREA A FEW WEEKS EARLIER—was going to finally live my dream. When I was younger, I had a lot of people laugh at me when I told them what I wanted to do, but I eventually got to a point where I said fuck it and took my chance. The chance paid off, and I had finished my first modeling gig that day, so I decided to head out for the evening to celebrate.

The bar was dark and packed—the air thick with hormones. I held a cold beer in my hand and watched the crowd. The tables were all full. A bunch of omegas sat at one, giggling and pointing to various alphas. At another table, a couple sat close and whispered things in each other's ears. A few couples held each other and swayed to the music and the sounds of people shouting, trying to be heard over the music that buzzed all around.

It was a gay alpha and omega bar. If you wanted to get with a beta, you had to go elsewhere. Being with a beta wasn't as satisfying, at least for me. You didn't form a knot with them like you did with an omega, and that's what I was on the prowl for—an omega in heat because I really wanted to knot someone.

Through the smell of stale beer, fried foods, and sweat, I could pick up a faint scent of something sweet. The exact scent I was looking for. Now, I just had to find the one giving off the scent because my cock swelled by simply inhaling that tasty smell.

A large blond alpha walked up next to me. "Looking to pound some omega ass?"

I nodded. Like he said, I was there to pound some omega ass, but I wasn't one for all that alpha-posturing talk.

“Nineteen, dude,” he said.

“Yep, nineteen.” That was the age they let the omegas into the bar with. They still couldn’t drink, but a lot of omegas needed someone’s knot during their heat, so the younger ones were able to come in.

“I like them young like that. Horny little bastards.” He was right about that. Between nineteen and twenty-two were omegas’ most fertile years, so their heats came on strong.

I shrugged. I didn’t really have an age preference. I usually stuck to omegas around my age. Sometimes even ones many years older than my twenty-five years. That scent caught my attention again. I took in a deep breath of something sweet and musky.

“Later.” I raised my drink and went in search of the one whose pheromones called out to me.

Squeezing through some gyrating bodies and around a couple of tables, there was an alpha sitting at the end of the bar. I walked in close and took a sniff. The smell definitely came from where he sat. Maybe there was an omega there that had gotten up and left. The guy on the bar stool turned, staring at me with their nose scrunched up.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

I rubbed the back of my neck. “Was there an omega here very recently?”

He shook his head. “Just me, dude.”

“Okay,” I said, noticing the sharp cut of his jaw, his plump bottom lip, and his five-o-

clock shadow.

He raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“Oh, sorry, nothing. Mind if I sit?” I asked, pointing to the stool next to him.

“Go ahead.”

I sat down and couldn’t help but stare. His light brown hair was trimmed short, and it was hard to tell with the lighting in the bar, but his eyes looked to be a grayish blue. He was gorgeous. The T-shirt he wore hugged him just enough for me to see how toned his body was. I wanted to reach out and touch his pecs.

“Can I buy you a drink?” I asked.

He raised his glass. He appeared to be drinking soda.

“Tell me your name then.” I didn’t know what came over me, but I wanted to know more about him.

“Max. You?” he asked, barely looking at me.

“Bauer. You live around here?”

He bit his bottom lip and nodded. “Yeah.”

“Okay, good.” I scooted my stool in a bit closer.

“Good, why? Are you trying to pick me up?” He finally looked at me dead on. His eyes met mine. They sure were blue.

“To be honest, I was drawn here by someone’s scent, and I’m beginning to think it was yours.” I drew in a deep breath—my cock swelled.

He furrowed his brow. “Like an omega?”

“Not an omega, you.”

“I don’t give off a scent.”

“There’s something about you.”

He glanced at me and bit the corner of his lip. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” I stood, and he turned toward me, and I stepped in between his legs.

He gulped.

“Are you here for a hookup or to find your mate?” I asked, leaning in. Hell, he’d work just fine in place of an omega. I wanted to knot someone, but the urge to be in him overrode that.

“I just wanted to go out for the night, but ....” He rubbed the back of his neck.

“But you’re open to hooking up?” I asked.

He gave a small nod. “We’re both alphas.”

“Makes no difference.” I put my hand on his waist.

He let out the slightest of gasps. “I think it does.”

I pulled him forward, and he slid off the stool. We stood chest to chest. He put his hands on my biceps and took a sharp inhale.

“See, you feel something.”

“I don’t know.”

I cupped his face in my palm. “You don’t?”

He swallowed, and I leaned in, my lips hovering over his. He gasped and gripped my biceps tighter.

“May I?” I whispered against his mouth.

He nodded, and I brushed my lips over his.

Max

I DIDN’T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING. This guy was an alpha, and I was letting him kiss me. Worst part being I was enjoying it. His mouth overtook mine, and he swept his tongue inside, cupping the back of my head. He held my waist, pulling me closer, his firm chest against mine. He was hard angles and muscles, his hands so large. I had never been with anyone like him before. All of the guys I had slept with, hell kissed, were omegas, and they were, for the most part, small and soft, but this guy was all thick muscles, and dear God, his chest—it was so broad, along with his shoulders.

He moaned into the kiss, and I kissed him back, wrapping my arms around him, taking in every second with him. It was nothing like I had ever experienced before, and I wanted more. He walked me backward across the bar and backed me up to the wall, pressing his hips to mine, grinding against me, his giant cock straining in his

jeans. I gasped as he moved his hips, and my dick stiffened. He pressed harder, and a gasp escaped from my mouth. Then my brain kicked in.

“Wait. Wait, no, stop.”

“What’s wrong?” he whispered in my ear, his warm breath sending prickles down my arms.

“This isn’t right.” I went out that evening to relax a bit, maybe happen upon an omega in heat after I had a long day at the farm, but yet, there I was with an alpha.

“This is what everyone comes here for, isn’t it?”

“But we’re both alphas,” I said, sounding like a broken record.

He furrowed his brow. “So?”

“It’s not natural.” I shook my head and tried to will the want I had for him to go away.

“Says who?” He nipped at my neck.

I gulped. “Nature.”

“I beg to differ,” he said, grinding on me.

I let out a sharp breath.

“See. You like.” His dark eyes bore into me. I tried not to let them draw me in, and his cheekbones were like someone chiseled them from marble.

I gulped and closed my eyes as he moved on me, contemplating if I should tell him to stop or listen to my body. My thighs trembled, and my core tightened. I put my palms flat against the wall, gasping as my chest heaved.

“Damn,” he whispered in my ear, his warm breath tickling my skin. He wrapped his arm around my waist, pressing us closer together, and I cried out, my hips moving with his as if they had a mind of their own. He trailed his hand down to my ass, squeezing it and moaning, nipping little kisses under my jaw.

I grabbed his biceps, panting, trying not to come in the middle of a bar. Sure, we were in a dark corner, but we were getting off in public.

“Should we take this somewhere else?” he asked with both his hands on my ass, thrusting his hips against me.

I gulped and looked up at him. He stood a few inches taller than me. His hair was dark brown and tousled.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

He took my hand, leading me to the back door. We slipped outside, and as the door closed behind us, we were kissing once again. I couldn’t get enough of him. It was like I couldn’t control myself. Even though I was hesitant, my heart raced, and my body tingled. Standing next to the back door, near a few parked cars and a dumpster, our mouths devoured each other. He moaned, which was sexy as hell. As his tongue explored my mouth, he began unbuckling my jeans. I couldn’t even think to say no because my body said yes. I shook as he skated his hand down into my underwear and made a squeaking sound as he found what he was looking for. He grasped the back of my neck with his big hand, and I yelped when he began to palm my cock.

I pulled away from the kiss and swallowed. “This isn’t right.”



“This,” he said, clasping my length in his hand.

My mouth dropped open, and I grabbed his shoulders. His strokes were so firm, and it was incredible. He growled and wrapped his arm around my waist, picking me up off the ground and walking me over to the brick wall. He was strong as hell to lift me like that.

“Yes?” He massaged my balls and gave me a devilish grin.

I squeezed my eyes shut and nodded. Maybe it was wrong, the two of us, but it felt so right. He stroked me with a more substantial grip, and I whimpered. I fucking whimpered like some horny omega. “Wait. Oh, God, wait.”

“I want you.”

I swallowed, and as his finger found my hole, lightly brushing it, I gasped. The sounds coming out of me were ones I had never heard myself make before.

He tickled my opening, and I closed my eyes. I was trying to resist. Normally, I was all for one-night stands, but ours was moving awfully quick. There was usually some hanging out and conversation beforehand. Plus, factor in the fact that he was an alpha, but I had a sinking feeling in my gut I was going to lose the fight.

He slid the tip of his finger in, and I jumped up onto my toes.

“Say you want me.”

“I ... I ....”

There was a light pressure, but then everything was all tingly. “Oh, oh.”

“Say you want me.” He pushed his finger in a bit more. I let out a deep exhale. It was an odd sensation, yet everything in me was electric. He stared into my eyes, and I gulped.

“No,” I finally said.

Slowly, he slid his finger out. “Okay.”

He pulled his hand out of my pants and lightly slapped my cheek, kissing me on the forehead. He walked away from me a few steps and stood there with his arms crossed, staring. Probably knowing somehow I’d buckle. He held his hand out. “Come with me.”

I looked at it for a moment, leaning against the wall, panting. Did I dare take it? He locked eyes with me, and I swear they sparkled under the floodlights over the back door. With his dark hair blowing around in the breeze, perfect lips, and his tanned skin like he had spent a lot of time in the sun—I couldn’t say no. I took his hand, and he led me across the parking lot.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:18 am*

HE STOPPED IN FRONT OF A GRAY SUV. “Get in the truck.”

I went over to the passenger side. “Where we going?”

“The back of the truck,” he said, slapping the rear window.

“You want me to climb in there?” I asked, thinking how it might’ve been a dumb decision on my part if I did. He could’ve been a serial killer and wanted me as his next victim. I was sure I could take him on if I had to, but if he had a weapon hidden in there, that was a different story.

He stepped in close to me, cupping my face in his hand. “Yes, now. I can’t wait any longer.”

“I don’t know.” My dick was very much erect, and his touch alone made me quiver like I didn’t know was possible, but it all seemed pretty suspicious.

His lips crashed to mine as he rocked his hips against me. I could’ve refused him, but I didn’t want to. He wrapped one arm around my waist and opened the back of the SUV with his other hand. Grabbing the back of my thighs, he lifted me and slid me backward. Well, I got in the truck. He shoved on my chest, and I scooted back some, and he climbed in beside me.

The door closed, and I wasn’t sure if I was scared or turned-on. He straddled me and pushed my shoulders down, and began undoing my jeans. He pulled them and my underwear down to my upper thighs. Unzipping his jeans, he sprung himself free and leaned forward over me. His dick was massive and dripping. He tugged up my T-

shirt, and I lay there in a confused daze. I wasn't exactly sure what was happening. An alpha was undressing me, and I was in awe of his cock.

He growled and lifted my arms above my head, and I kept them there as he took off my shirt.

He grabbed my hips and rolled me over.

Oh, God. He was going to make me bottom. I pushed up my torso, but he shoved me back down and grazed his length between my cheeks. Growling, I pulled myself forward with my forearms and got on my knees. I wasn't a bottom. I needed to get out of there, but he was quicker and wrapped his arm around my waist, holding me to his chest. He shoved me back down, and I flipped over. He snarled his lip and grabbed my wrists, pinning them above my head. We were two alphas fighting essentially for the alpha role.

"I want to be in you," he said, his hungry eyes boring into me.

I gulped, breathing heavily.

With his knees, he separated my thighs and lay on top of me, his cock weighing down on mine. His eyes locked on me, and he let go of my hands, gliding down my body, his face landing between my legs. He took the tip of my dick in his mouth and sucked on it like a lollipop.

Welp, I was officially his.

He took more of my length in his mouth, hollowing his cheeks. I panted and grabbed his hair, throwing my head back. My cock slid down his throat, and my body trembled. My balls tightened. He slowly pulled off of my hardness, sliding his tongue into the wet slit of my glans.

“Yeah, there we go,” he said with a crooked smile.

My chest heaved. I yearned for him. His muscles, his massive cock, his smirk. I wanted it all. I had never had anybody turn me on so much before.

“May I have the pleasure of fucking you?”

I nodded, and he rolled me to my stomach. With firm hands, he spread my legs and pressed himself to my entrance. I let out a strangled breath as he tried to breach my hole. He gripped my hips, grunting, attempting to enter me.

“Damn, you’re so tight.”

He held me firmer and applied more force. My body shook as the pressure took over. He growled, letting go of my hips. He put his palms on my ass and spread my cheeks.

I let out a cry as he strained to stretch my hole so he could gain entrance.

“Try blowing out a few breaths.”

I let go a few quick exhales, but it was hard to concentrate on breathing when he was working so hard to cram his dick inside me. “I don’t think this is gonna work.”

“I’m going to move your hips a bit.” He grabbed my hips and then my waist, pulling me in a tad closer, causing my ass to go higher and my back to arch. He was at my exit again, holding himself in one hand and gripping the inside of my cheek with the other, pulling as he rammed himself in.

My hole gave way and began to burn as he slowly got his tip in.

“There we go.”

He pushed in more, and I cried out as his head penetrated me. It didn't feel right. I began breathing erratically. It was such an odd sensation and stung at the same time, and it became more uncomfortable as he pushed in with more force. Trembling, I threw back my head, trying to accept him into me, but my exit was so damn virginal, and his cock was impossibly large. He growled, gripping my hips tighter and thrusting. I screamed as it felt like someone had just stabbed me up the ass.

“I swear, you're tighter than an omega.”

I panted, only part of him was in me.

“You ready for this?”

I wasn't, but I wanted it. He lay down on me, hooked his arms under my shoulders, and shoved in with all his might. A burn ripped through me, and I screamed. He put his hand over my mouth.

“Shh, they can hear us. Unless you want them to.” I shook my head, and he rocked his hips. The burning feeling grew, pulsed through me, and he drove in some more. I yelled against his palm. He groaned and kept going. I put my hands flat on the truck and pushed up my chest, bending my back against him. He growled and grabbed my throat, leaning in close to my ear.

I let out a strangled breath and screamed into his palm.

I blinked and my arms wobbled. He kissed my cheek and rocked his hips, stretching me open as he eased in more. Jesus Christ, it stung. It was such an uncomfortable intrusion. His balls slapped my ass and dizziness took over for a moment. My ass was on fire.

“Oh, fuck,” he mumbled.

He was right on the oh fuck, but not in a good way. Oh fuck, whatever he did hurt like a son of a bitch. I breathed deeply against his hand.

I had an alpha in me, an alpha cock all the way in my ass. He began to move his hips, and it brought about a new wave of discomfort.

“You feel just like an omega. I should’ve been fucking alphas this whole time.” He picked up his speed and fucked me.

Tears built in the corner of my eyes. I was an alpha, but that didn’t mean my tear ducts didn’t work.

He growled and thrust, and it felt like my ass was leaking. The more he moved, the more my ass leaked. Maybe he made me bleed, and I’d bleed out and be dead by the time he was done. He lay down on my back, and I screamed as he sank deeper.

“Hey, it’s okay.”

I shook my head.

“It hurt that much?”

I nodded.

He kissed my temple. “You poor thing.”

I gulped, and he moved in me. I yelled against his hand, and when he slowed down a bit, tilting his hips some, I gasped.

“That’s my alpha.”

My breathing was shaky, and I blew out a long breath, relaxing a bit. His length rubbed me inside. He pulled out and pushed back in, making me cry out. It stung, but when he dove back in, he hit that spot again. Goddamn it, it felt incredible. Moaning, he clamped his hand down on my shoulder, and his grip over my mouth became firmer. There was a weird feeling in me.

“Get ready. I’m about to knot you.”

I whipped my head around to look over my shoulder at him, bugging my eyes.

“I guess when you’re meant to be with an alpha, you can knot them.”

I widened my eyes at him.

“Hey, listen, I can’t make it go back down. Okay?”

I let out a whimper and nodded as that odd sensation in me became a throb and then a terrible pressure.

“Shit. Shit.” He pushed down my head, holding it there with his palm.

I screamed, and he reached his one hand around and covered my mouth again.

“Oh, fuck. Fuck,” he mumbled.

I had an alpha’s massive knot in me with my pants around my thighs in the back of a truck in a parking lot. Not exactly the sexing up an omega in heat I had planned.

He began to move in me, and I hollered. I was an alpha, I shouldn’t have been experiencing that, yet there I was, being knotted.



“Fuck, I’m going to breed you.” He grunted and released in me—a warmth that filled me inside. He kept pumping and releasing. I didn’t know one person could have so much come. At the rate he was filling me up, I was convinced it’d start leaking out of my ears.

“Oh, shit.”

I sniffled.

“I’m going to make you so pregnant.” He wrapped one arm around my waist and kept the other on my mouth and pummeled me. I wailed and writhed around, then he angled his hips, and I was speechless. My muscles grew taut, and my body shook. This incredible sensation built in me as he kept hitting the one spot, and I went into convulsions. My muscles spasmed, and I curved my spine, pressing the heels of my hands into the SUV floor, thrashing around as jets of ecstasy built in me. I screamed as everything was so constricted, and I shivered as my body seized, and then, it all exploded. I bucked my hips, and he held me tighter delivering more of what I wanted. I shoved up my ass and rode his knot like a mother fucker, experiencing the most intense orgasm I had ever felt.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:18 am*

HE DROVE UP THE LONG DIRT DRIVE TO MY HOUSE. My favorite place to be. I loved my little bungalow, my life, the farm, the life I built for myself, the one my father despised. He always said, We have an image to uphold. I did not abide.

“Let me walk you to the door.” Bauer turned to get out of the truck.

“No thanks,” I said, knowing if I let him, there was a chance I couldn’t resist him. And I was so distracted by what had occurred that evening, I forgot about my pickup truck. I made a mental note to return to the bar the following day to get it.

“At least give me your number so I can call and check on you.”

I chewed the corner of my lip, thinking. If I did that, it’d almost seem like we were dating.

“I’m trying to be a good guy here. You might want me to bring you some sort of sore ass ointment.”

I scrunched up my nose. “Do they make that?”

“See, you might need me.” He held out his hand

“Fine.” I gave him my phone, and he typed in his number, giving it back.

I bit the corner of my lip and texted him. “Now you have my number. I’ll text if I need that ointment.”

I got out and waved, fighting off the urge to kiss him goodnight. Once inside, I collapsed on the couch. The shower called out to me because I smelled like bar, beer, sweat, and sex, but I was so damn exhausted. All I did was bottom for the first time, but I needed a nap. My limbs were wobbly, my ass was sore, my breathing was still deep, and I was flushed. I touched my cheek and then my forehead. Yep, was definitely warm. Before I could even hop in the shower, I was out.

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I woke up a while later, sweating and moaning, gyrating my hips. My cock was rock hard, and I kept arching my back, gripping at the couch cushions. I had the wet dream to end all wet dreams. Bauer was deep in me and kept saying he was going to breed me, and it most obviously turned me on because of the state I woke up in.

I got in the shower, and it didn't help one bit. I jerked off a good couple of times, but I was still hard. My boner and I went and climbed into bed, hoping to sleep it off, but no such luck. It was probably about four in the morning when someone pounded on my front door. Without a doubt, I knew who it was. Reluctantly, I got out of bed and slogged across the house.

Bauer shoved his way into the foyer as I opened the door and cupped my face with his hand, closing the door behind him. His lips collided against mine, and everything in me tingled. He parted my lips with his tongue and lashed in deep, embracing me with his arm, pulling me to him. His cock rubbed mine through our bottoms, and I gasped. My erection had yet to go down. His hardness on mine felt fantastic, but I didn't want to have a repeat of the evening we had. I put my palm on his chest and shoved him back.

"No. Nope. Not again," I said, taking in the sexy alpha in front of me, how he looked so hot in his gray sweats and white T-shirt, how his hair was all messed up from sleep.

“I can’t stop thinking about it. I’ve had an erection since I dropped you off earlier.”

I shook my head and crossed my arms over my chest.

He glanced down, staring at my groin. “You want me, too.”

“I’m still wrapping my head around what happened at the bar.”

He stepped in close and placed his palm on my cheek. “We mated.”

“Stop calling it that,” I said through gritted teeth.

“That’s what you call it when you knot someone. It’s because you’re mating. You don’t always have to get the omega pregnant, but it’s still mating.”

“Okay, yeah, but there’s no omega in this equation.”

“Maybe not, but there’s you.” He pinched my chin.

I swallowed. “Nope.”

“Okay, fine. Mind if I hang out a bit?”

“Go ahead, but the sex isn’t happening.”

He plopped down on my couch, and I sat on the loveseat, turning on the TV. With him so close, it made me hornier. Everything in me vibrated. My cock leaked pre-cum, and I twisted my hips and tilted them up and down. He cleared his throat and adjusted himself. We both began breathing heavily. Something in me besides my core tightened, and I quivered as sweat beaded down my forehead. I bowed my back, biting my lip, holding in my moan.

We went through three episodes of some crime drama, and I got hornier and hotter. My insides cramped, and my vision blurred. I didn't know what in the hell was happening to me.

I whispered Bauer's name, and he came over to the loveseat and shoved me down to the cushions, tugging on my pajama pants and underwear. He took them all the way off of me, and I writhed around, whimpering, my head dizzy and my face so hot. He put his hands on the inside of my thighs, pushed them apart, and then petted my hole.

"Fuck, you're wet."

"Please, yes, no, yes."

He took hold of his cock and guided it to my hole. He pressed against me, and with a bit of force, his glans entered me. He moved back my legs, holding them behind my knees.

"No, stop," I whispered.

"Fuck, yeah, okay."

"I just can't." My vision began to blur, and my head rolled to the side.

"Shit, are you all right?"

I let out a staggered breath. "Bauer."

"I've never seen this in an alpha." He put his palm on my cheek.

I only heard the edges of what he said. Moaning, I moved my hips—my cock stiffened, and my body quaked. I was orgasming, but no ejaculation came out.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:18 am*

I COULDN'T STOP FUCKING HIM. I had never had such a wild urge before. I was in a hardcore rut. His smell drove me crazy, and the way I felt inside him was beyond amazing. It was like my cock was meant to be in him, and the longer I was with him, the more my cock and knot became engorged.

He cried out as my erection demanded space but still bucked his hips, panting and shaking as my dick forced itself against his soft inner tissues as he orgasmed. Sweat dripped down his forehead, and he clawed at my back.

“Bauer,” he rasped.

“I’m going to make this good for you. Okay? Hang in there with me.” I scooped my arms over his shoulders and pulled him up so he straddled me. He laid his head on my shoulder, and I held him tight and slowly pushed in farther. I moved my hands to his hips, moving them in rhythm with my thrusts.

“There we go. Okay. Feel that? Yeah, it’s good. Right?”

He winced, and as a deep groan came from him, he held me tighter. I might’ve been getting somewhere, so I held firmly to his hips and rocked into his depths, causing his mouth to drop open. I grunted and fucked him hard, moving my hands to his shoulders, pressing down on them, and I got the reaction I was hoping for.

His eyes bugged. “Oh, God. Oh. Oh.”

I scraped my teeth over his neck and drove in with more vigor, and he bellowed and dragged his nails along my back. One second, it’d sound like he was in pain, and then

the next, he was moaning like the horny little thing I knew he was. I drew him closer to me and pumped in him, so warm and wet. My cock throbbed, and my balls tingled. He gasped and clung to me—his hole constricting around me.

I groaned and sucked on his lower neck. He tasted so sweet that I had to sink my teeth in a bit. As I broke his skin, he screamed and threw his head back, digging his nails into my shoulders. I sunk them in more, tasting his blood.

“Shitty ass motherfuckers,” he yelled.

I was making him mine.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

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I scraped my teeth over his neck and drove in with more vigor, and he bellowed and dragged his nails along my back. One second, it’d sound like he was in pain, and then



the next, he was moaning like the horny little thing I knew he was. I drew him closer to me and pumped in him, so warm and wet. My cock throbbed, and my balls tingled. He gasped and clung to me—his hole constricting around me.

I groaned and sucked on his lower neck. He tasted so sweet that I had to sink my teeth in a bit. As I broke his skin, he screamed and threw his head back, digging his nails into my shoulders. I sunk them in more, tasting his blood.

“Shitty ass motherfuckers,” he yelled.

I was making him mine.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

HE FUCKING MARKED ME LIKE I WAS SOME DAMN OMEGA, but yet there I was twitching on his lap—everything, my hips, hole, my core, my cock—all twitching away, and it was all so sensitive. My body was sore, aching, my hole burned, and it felt like my insides were pulverized, but yet it was all buzzing with arousal, and the fact that he marked me wasn't something I dwelled on too much because I wanted him to keep pounding me, so I ignored my throbbing neck because a swell of pleasure was building deep in me.

My whole body clenched up. I shook and sputtered out sounds as everything in me tightened. The sounds I made. I almost couldn't believe it was me. Gasps, moans, screams, and a whole bunch of other odd guttural noises escaped my lips, making me sound like the horniest thing in existence, and then he flicked a tongue over my nipple. I whimpered, and he flicked it again. I sounded so pathetic, but God, it felt so good. He clasped his mouth over my small bud and began sucking on it, making me cry out and buck my hips.

I rode his cock, bending my back as my chest tingled and buzzed, gasping in arousal as he tugged on my erect peak with his teeth. He held my hips firmer, ramming into me, his length growing as he released. His knot swelled more. I cried out. It was so overwhelming because everything in me was on edge but wouldn't let go, but then my body finally released from its sensitive state and went wild. I gripped his shoulders, trembling as ecstasy blasted through me. My hole clenched so firmly on him. He growled and kept driving in, pumping his hips, and biting my nipples, chest, and shoulder. I had no words or sounds.

Spots flashed in my vision, and bliss pulsed through me as my body convulsed. I began gasping for breath because the pleasure wouldn't stop, and I screamed out his

name, pushing off his shoulders, not knowing what to do with all of my sensitivity. He grabbed onto my shoulders, and I screamed, throwing my head back, come arcing out of me, coating his chest, and then it kept going, but it was the kind of orgasming where I didn't just release. It was the kind where it was a full-body experience, from head to toe. I yowled and hugged him, trembling and panting rapidly.

"Shh, catch your breath." He tightly embraced me and stood. He glanced around the house and saw the hall that led to the bedrooms. Finding my room, he climbed onto the bed and lay me on my back. He was still engorged inside me. Brushing my wet hair off my forehead, he kissed the tip of my nose.

I gasped as I tightened more around him.

"You're okay. Really feel it."

I squeezed my eyes shut and mewled, twisting my hips, a deep tremor taking over. Crying out, I clawed at the bed, bowing my back, lifting my head off the mattress, screaming, and pleasure exploded throughout every essence of my being.

"Jesus." He exhaled, sinking in deeper, filling me with his release.

I finally calmed down some, still twitching a bit, experiencing zaps of ecstasy, but the throb in my neck returned, so I tried to ignore all the potential bliss. On the one hand, I wanted him to keep fucking me, but on the other hand, I wanted the evening to be over because he claimed me. I was perturbed and horny.

When his swelling went down and he pulled out, I put my hand on his chest. "Okay, you have to go."

"I don't think we're done yet," he said, licking his lips. God, it was so damn sexy.

I swallowed. Perhaps he was right, but I needed time to think, which I couldn't do with him there because we'd just end up fucking again. "It's been hours. Almost the whole day."

"We can take a break if that's what you need." He gave me a smile.

I growled. "You fucking marked me. You just don't go and do that."

"Look, I'm sorry. I'll go, okay?" He climbed off the bed, his cock still erect and leaking.

"Good," I said with a nod, trying to keep my eyes off his dick.

He scrunched his nose. "Good."

"Like now."

"Okay. Okay. I'm going."

After he left, I threw myself onto my bed atop the wrinkled wet sheets. I couldn't take the moisture against my back, so I got up to grab clean ones. As I pulled the wet ones off the bed, I studied them some. They were so wet it looked like somebody spilled a gallon of something on them. I ran my finger across the moisture. Some of it was kind of thick and sticky, and it wasn't the come. Holy hell, it must've been what was seeping from me. It was slick. Somehow, I produced slick and tons of it.

"Crap," I said under my breath. It was all because of Bauer. For some reason, I was meant to be with an alpha.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

I KNOCKED AND WAITED A MINUTE BUT DIDN'T GET AN ANSWER. Glancing over my shoulder, I jiggled the doorknob, but, of course, it was locked. Muffled moans came from inside. He needed me. I felt it deep down. Not just in my cock. My gut, something. His sweet scent was so thick and calling to me I considered ramming the door in with my shoulder, but I took a more civilized and somewhat illegal approach. Pulling my bank card from my wallet, I slid it in his door crack, angled it properly, applied the right amount of pressure, and wiggled it until the lock finally popped. I turned the knob and slipped inside.

“Max,” I called, stepping into the living room. I wanted to make sure he knew I was there and that it wasn't some sneak attack. His moans came from the bedroom, so I went to the back of the house, his scent getting thicker the closer I got. When I got to his room, I found him face down on the floor, moaning, with his ass pooched up in the air. His arms lay limply at his sides.

“Hey.” I kneeled down next to him, with my cock growing larger.

“You need to fuck me,” he said.

I rubbed his back. “That bad?”

“Yes, please,” he said, gyrating his hips.

I unzipped my pants, pulling them down around my ankles, and dropped to my knees between his legs. It didn't feel like I had time to get fully naked. I grabbed his hips, centered myself between his cheeks, and slid in. He bellowed as I breached him. My hardness was enveloped in heat. He was burning up inside and out. I moved in him,

and at first, he was pretty unresponsive. I pulled his hips up a bit more and drove in faster—my thighs already quivering. He felt so damn awesome.

I pumped with more force, grunting, and my body shook. My knot was already beginning to form. My cock swelled as my knot got bigger, and he became tighter around me. Smoothing my hands down his back, I gasped and winced as it continued to grow. There was so much pressure.

“Max,” I cried out. I moved my hips to hopefully alleviate some of the pressure.

He livened up as I demanded more room inside. He thrashed his head around and made a deep guttural sound. By the time I finished swelling, he had put his hands flat on the floor and pushed his chest off the ground.

“Bauer,” he rasped. “Too much pressure.”

I leaned forward and put my hands on his shoulders.

“Ah. Ah,” he screamed as my dick burrowed deeper into him.

I rocked my hips slowly at first, and as he whimpered, I put my forearms on the floor next to his head and thrust faster.

He groaned with his eyes squeezed shut, sweat beads rolling down the side of his face.

“I’ll try to make it better.”

I grabbed his wrists and pulled his arms over his head, pinning them to the ground. Rolling my hips up and down, I tried different angles until I found the spot that would make him go wild. When his eyes popped open, I stayed exactly where I was deep in

him and continued pressing into that spot. His breathing picked up, and he began to writhe underneath me. He gasped and threw his head back as I kissed and nipped at his neck. Warm liquid seeped from his exit, and he started panting fast. His hole began to constrict around me, and I pounded him with all I had. Soon he was consumed with an orgasm.

## Page 8

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## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

MY LIMBS COULDN'T MOVE. I WAS THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED and very worried about my peaches. If they weren't harvested soon, they'd go bad, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get out of bed. Needless to say, I also missed my online class. So, I stayed there for hours, possibly days (I seemed to have lost all concept of time) until someone knocked on the front door. I forced myself to get up and trudged across the house.

I opened the front door a crack, peeping out. Bauer stood there. "What are you doing here?"

"Came to check on you. Make sure you're doing all right after our time together."

"Please tell me you aren't here for more sex." My body shivered at the thought. I had enough sex to last a lifetime.

"While I would love that. No," he said with a finger point.

I gave him the once over. He looked perfectly put together and rested, unlike me. "Okay."

"You look spent." He ruffled my hair like I was a little kid.

"I feel it. What did you do to me?" I had some wild times with omegas, but they never left me feeling as drained.

"Can I come in? Got doughnuts." He held up a white paper bag and a cup of coffee.

“I suppose. I’ll have you know a lot of my peaches are probably going bad because of you. My blackberries too. You’re probably also at fault for the soon-to-be death of my cucumbers.”

His mouth dropped open. He appeared truly shocked. “Oh, no.”

“And the list goes on. I can’t miss a day of work, and now I’ve missed ... I don’t even know how many.”

“Hey, man, I will help you out any way I can,” he said, stepping into my living room.

If he was offering, I’d take it. “Will you go pick my peaches for me?”

“Yeah, totally.” He handed me the bag and coffee and slid his hands into the back pockets of his jeans, nodding.

“You don’t have to go to work or something?”

“I don’t have anything today. My next gig is in a couple days.”

“Are you a musician?” I collapsed onto the couch, peeping into the bag of doughnuts.

He sat down next to me. “No, model.”

“Really?” I asked, taking a deep inhale. He smelled of the woods and clean laundry. It was an enticing scent.

He quirked up an eyebrow. “Am I not good enough looking?”

“No, it’s just not your everyday career. I think you’re the first model I’ve met.”

“I’m not a runway model or anything. I do print work, and you can do that kind of modeling anywhere.”

“What’s print work?”

“Magazines, advertisements, things like that.”

“Oh, okay. That’s pretty cool.” It was much more exciting than growing produce.

“Now, explain to me how to pick the peaches, the whatever else, and cucumbers, too.”

I gave him the run down, and he stood.

“Aye, aye, Captain,” he said with a salute.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

I HAD NEVER THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT FARMING BEFORE. Well, never at all. But it was a lot of work. I toiled away in the hot late summer sun and finished everything he had requested. After I placed a couple of bushels of peaches on Max's kitchen table, I went to check on him. He was passed out on the couch. I let him sleep and ordered some food. He finally woke up a few hours later.

"Hey there," I said when he blinked his eyes open."

He licked his lips, such a sexy little gesture. "You're still here."

"Wanted to make sure you're still doing okay. There's food in the fridge. Want me to heat it up?" I asked, leaning my shoulder against the door frame.

"I'll do it later. Thanks."

"Next time we have sex, I'll be gentler."

He scrunched up his nose. "Next time?"

"Yes." I grew hard just thinking about it.

"Bauer, we're both alphas."

"You've mentioned that once or twice or a thousand times. I don't care. I like you." Did I know him well or really know anything about him? No, not really, but there was just something about him.

“You only like me because it turns out I’m really easy,” he said, pouting.

“I think you were just in your rut. Both of us were. But I don’t like you just for the sex.” Even though it was the most phenomenal sex I had ever had.

“What is it about me that you have learned over the past several days that makes you like me?” He scratched above his eyebrow with his thumb.

“First off, you’re hot as fuck, you’re nineteen, and you’re kind of grouchy. I like that. And the fact that you’re a farmer is adorable.” I could imagine him sweating in the sun, wearing nothing but overalls and some big boots.

He fixed his eyebrows together. “I am not adorable.”

“You’re totally adorable. An adorable, hot as fuck alpha that I like and want to get to know better.”

He grumbled.

“Get some more sleep. I’ll come and check on you again tomorrow.” I went over to him and kissed his forehead.

“That won’t be necessary.”

“The next day, then.”

“How about next week?”

“Fine, but I’m texting every day.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

“YOU DOING OKAY? YOU DON’T LOOK TOO HOT,” Bauer said as he got out of his car.

He’d been stopping by a couple of times a week and kept ordering me dinner even when he wasn’t there. I kept insisting it was too much, he didn’t have to, but I actually didn’t mind. I liked the food and kind of enjoyed having him around.

I put my hand on my abdomen. “I haven’t been feeling great. Caught a bug or something.”

“That sucks.” He sauntered over to me and cupped my face. He pouted and kissed me on the forehead. He’d been very kissy-touchy with me. I was always torn if I should tell him to stop. While his kisses warmed me inside, part of me kept thinking how it wasn’t right. We both needed omegas, not each other. And maybe it was the thought of us together or whatever bug I had, but I puffed my cheeks and ran for the house. I reached the bathroom just in time to hurl in the toilet. As I vomited into the porcelain throne, I began to think, what if barfing was my reaction to omegas? My body so badly wanted to be with an alpha that the mere thought of being with an omega made me puke.

Perhaps being with Bauer did something to me, rewired my brain, made me only want alphas. I was pretty sure I liked omegas before. I was quite sexually active. Granted, I had never been in a long-term relationship with one, but I always chalked that up to still being young. I upchucked some more.

“Yeah, dude, that sounds bad,” Bauer said from out in the hall.



I dry heaved, making sure there was no more and stood. I rinsed my mouth and brushed my teeth before I went back out.

“Want me to pick you something up? Some medicine? Some soup?” As much as I tried not to like him because he was an alpha, he was awfully sweet and considerate.

“Some soup does sound good, but you have to stop doing all this stuff for me.”

“Why? Wait, let me guess. Because we’re both alphas.” He was already getting to know me pretty well. I’m quite sure I bought up our alphaness every time I saw him.

“My dad ....” I already was a great disappointment to my dad. Being a farmer wasn’t worthy of someone born to a social status such as I was, but I didn’t care about that crap. Even though I was working on a degree in agricultural studies, it didn’t matter to him. The fact that I was doing my coursework online made it worse. I was the son of one of the best attorneys east of the Mississippi, which to him meant I needed to have a career and lifestyle worthy of being his child, something in finance, politics, business, or even a lawyer like him. None of which I became, and to be in a relationship with an alpha on top of my farmerness, well, he’d probably disown me.

“Wants in on this?” Bauer pointed his thumbs at himself.

“No,” I laughed.

He guided me over to the couch.

“He has a certain idea of how I should be,” I said, plopping down.

He sat down next to me. “Being an awesome grower of nutritious food?”

“If it was only that easy.”

“He doesn’t approve?” he asked, squeezing my knee.

“Nope, and he wants me to be ... more alpha. He wants a son that he can proudly show off. He needs it to be seen that I’m the dominant one in the relationship.”

“He wants a big old macho alpha.”

“Essentially, yes, and if he sees I’m with you ....”

“A gay dude.” He nudged me with his elbow.

I gazed into his big, beautiful eyes. “You’re bigger than me. More dominant.”

“Nobody is going to know I’m the top, and besides, little dudes can be tops, too.”

“Being the submissive one is for those inferior, weaker, not as dominant.”

He ran his fingers down the back of my neck. “That’s why you didn’t want to bottom at first.”

“And in a way, it kind of makes me feel that way,” I said, even though I enjoyed him sitting so close, lightly touching me.

“I would never make you feel inferior. You’re just as dominant as me. Probably more. Who cares how you like to be fucked?”

I let out a long exhale. “My dad. It’s all about image. Me being a farmer is bad enough already.”

“Farmers, in a way, are the backbone of our society. Without you guys, most of us wouldn’t have food.” He threw his arm over my shoulder.

I nuzzled into him. “Try telling him that, though.”

“We’ll take this nice and slow, okay?”

“I don’t know.”

“I know you like me.”

“Eh.”

He pulled his arm from my shoulder and sat up straight. “Oh, come on. I mean, look at me.”

“Okay, you got me there,” I said, checking him out.

“I’ll be your little secret for now. How’s that?”

I nodded.

He smirked. “Even though I’m anything but little.”

“Not helping,” I said as my eyes went right for his groin.

“Huge many would say. I think you’d agree. The girth of my cock ....”

I pointed toward the front door. “Go home, Bauer.”

“I’ll be back tomorrow afternoon. Have a job this morning.”

“Yeah?” I raised an eyebrow, admiring the handsome man sitting next to me.

“Yep. Modeling with some small household appliances.”

“That sounds sexy as fuck.”

“You know it.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

IT HAD BEEN ALMOST THREE WEEKS SINCE WE'D BEEN TOGETHER. I so badly wanted to sleep with him again, but he hadn't been feeling well, and I knew I'd have to take it slow with him. He was so hesitant about the possibility of us—I didn't want to scare him away. We were out picking some apples in his orchard, and he put his palm on a tree trunk, blowing out a breath.

I placed my bushel down and went over to him. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just um, yeah," he said, nodding.

I rubbed his back. "Sure?"

"Yeah." He blew out a breath and licked his luscious lips. His cheeks were flushed, and God I had it bad for him.

"How 'bout we break for some lunch?"

"Okay."

I plucked his cowboy hat from his head and plopped it on mine. He wore it whenever he was out working, said it kept the sun out of his face. But despite wearing it, his cheeks were flushed, so I figured he could use a bit of cooling off. He walked back, holding his stomach.

"You sure you're okay?"

He nodded. "Yeah."

We went inside, and I put the bushel of apples on the kitchen counter.

“Sit. I’ll make you some lunch.”

He sat down at the kitchen table, and I gave him a light kiss on the lips. He gasped, so I pressed harder, separating his lips with my tongue. Cupping my hands behind his head, I straddled him on the chair. He wrapped his arms around my waist, kissing me back, his growing hardness pressing against me. We gasped and moaned into our kiss—our chests rose and fell together. It was like we became one, and he had to feel how in synch we were. Even if he would not admit it, his cock was giving it all away.

I slowed our kiss and put my forehead on his as we both panted. “How about that sandwich now?”

He gulped and nodded. “Okay.”

I made us some awesome sandwiches, and as I took a big ass bite of mine, my phone buzzed. “Oh, shit.”

“What?” Max asked, putting down his sandwich.

“My cousin’s husband is in labor.”

“Oh, wow.”

“I told them I would help out.”

“Of course, yes, go.”

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There was so much horrible screaming. It sounded like a horror movie. I gulped and took in the worried expressions of the twins, Madison and Michael. “Having babies is a lot of work.”

“Is Daddy hurting Dad?” Madison asked with a severe expression.

“No, sweetie. Dad just has babies coming out of him, and it sounds like it might be the most painful thing in the world.”

“They come out of his tummy?”

“Sure.”

“Do they have to rip him open, the babies?” Michael asked.

“In a way.” The doorbell rang. Thank God. I ran across the living room, answering the door with Madison and Michael at my heels.

“Hey, I’m Hank, the neighbor. I believe I’m on kid-watching duty.”

I let him in. He was short, round, and exuberated happiness.

“All of them?” I asked.

“Yeah, we’ll be fine,” he said with a smile.

“I’m Bauer. Theo’s cousin.”

“I’ve heard about you.”

“Hopefully, good things.”

“Only good things. I’ll keep an eye on these ones if you want to see if they need any help in there.”

“Ank, Ank.” A couple of the quads came running toward him.

“Okay, thanks,” I said, secretly wanting to stay in the safety of the living room.

I gulped and went down the hall, walking into the bedroom. I tried to go back out when I saw Garver naked on the bed screaming, his face bright red, dripping with sweat, and Theo holding his leg back. Garver’s dad held his other leg, and there, God, there was his hole, so stretched and swollen, bright pink and protruding as the top of the baby’s head lingered there. Dear lord. The midwife kneeled at the foot of the bed, encouraging him to push.

“Here, hold them.” Garver’s other dad handed me a baby. It was purple and wrinkly and most obviously just came out of Garver. Dear God, I held something that came out of his body, out of his sacred parts that I had no business seeing or knowing about, but yet there I was. Garver cried and screamed, holding his thighs so tight, trying his darndest to get that baby out as I held another one of the babies he had already given birth to.

It seemed it was now my duty to look after the baby I held as everyone got ready for the next one. My head felt a bit dizzy, and I didn’t know where to look, but Garver’s wails drew me back as his hole stretched more. Holy shit. I gulped and sat down on a rocking chair, leaning back; I didn’t want to drop the baby because I really thought I was going to pass out for a minute there.

Giving birth was not for the weak. It was grueling. Garver screamed and pushed as the top of the baby’s head strained at his exit for far too long. I was so glad I was an alpha because if I was an omega, I would’ve been like no thanks, I’m not the one having the kids.



I texted Max later that evening.

Bauer: I think I'm officially traumatized.

Max: Did your cousin's husband have the baby?

Bauer: Yes, three of them, but I can't talk about it beyond that.

Max: Why?

Bauer: He was naked, Max, and screaming, and I saw ... saw ... I have to go sit down.

Max: Sounds like you had a great time.

Bauer: Smartass.

A COUPLE MORE WEEKS PASSED, and Max was still barfing. Instead of going to the doctor, he kind of lived with it. We continued to get closer. We had made out a hell of a lot more, and he even let me blow him, and then he reciprocated. It was the best damn blow job I had ever received. In the past couple of weeks, there had also been a lot of hand jobs and so much humping.

“What if it's something that's going to kill you?” I sat next to him on the couch, walking my fingers across his shoulder and poking the side of his nose. It was so damn cute.

“I've been looking online, and I might be lactose intolerant or allergic to gluten. Supposedly gluten bloats you, and I have been very bloated.”

“Let me see.”

He lifted his shirt, showing me his slightly distended stomach.

“Oh, you are. I can help you with a new diet. I know all about that stuff.”

“Being a model and all?”

“Well, yeah.” I shrugged. While the modeling industry was becoming more inclusive, it was still much easier to get work if you were nice and trim. “Hopefully, you’re not allergic to me.”

He scoffed. “I’m sure it’s not you.”

“Prove it to me,” I said, running my palm over his hair.

He quirked up an eyebrow. “How?”

“I’ll show you how.” I pulled on his pants, bringing him to me, cupping his bulge in my hand.

His eyes widened.

“I’m going to make love to you,” I whispered in his ear.

“But we’re not in love.”

I wrapped my arm around his waist. “Maybe not yet, but give it time. This will be the start.”

“You can’t just decide you’re in love,” he said with a huff.

“We’re fated, Max. The love always comes.”

He shook his head. “No, that’s you.”

“No, it’s just an excuse.”

“Okay, then,” he said with a gulp.

I guided him to the bedroom, pushed him onto the bed, straddling him and peeling off his shirt. Smoothing my hands up his abdomen to his chest, I brushed my thumbs over his nipples. He hissed.

“No nipples?”

“They’re just really sore.”

“Maybe I can make them feel better.” I kissed his one and then the other, and my cock swelled in my jeans.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

BAUER WAS OVER AGAIN BECAUSE HE BASICALLY NOW lived at my house even though he had a perfectly nice apartment. He gave me little kisses all over my face.

I pushed him away. “You’re like a puppy.”

“A puppy who can’t get enough of you.”

“You might be growing on me.”

“I know I sure do make things on you grow.” He cupped between my legs in his palm.

“That’s not the only thing. I think I’m just getting more bloated. We’ve tried everything, and nothing helped.” I took all sorts of fiber to make sure my system wasn’t stopped up. I watched what I ate. I cut back on the gluten. I hadn’t had a bakery item in forever.

“How long has this been going on?”

“A couple months.”

“How long after we had sex did you start bloating?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know, a few weeks.”

“Did I give you some kind of sexually transmitted disease?” he asked, scratching the

side of his head.

“I don’t think STDs bloat you, and besides, you had just gotten tested,” I pointed out.

He sighed. “Then what?”

“Gluten? Dairy? That would suck because I love granola and milk.”

“Still barfing?”

“Not quite as much since I’ve cut back on the gluten. I had all the symptoms. Still have some. Nausea, fatigue, bloating, vomiting, headaches, but I think if I keep at it, it’ll get better.”

“Well, maybe you’re getting better. I don’t know why you don’t just see a doctor.”  
Bauer grabbed my laptop since I still had it out because my course had just ended. He did a few online searches.

He looked from the computer screen to me. “It does say muscle aches are a sign of the symptoms of gluten intolerance.”

“Pectorals?” I asked, pressing on my chest with my fingertips.

“They are muscles. We might have to start working on those muscles.”

I punched his shoulder. “Hey, asshole, but yeah. Soon I’m going to have man boobs.”

“I can’t date somebody with man boobs,” he said with a laugh.

“So shallow.”

“Dad bod.”

“It’s considered sexy.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Not fitting into your jeans is sexy?”

“My jeans still fit, shithead, but that reminds me, I have to go buy new dress pants. I hope my dad doesn’t notice. I have to attend a fundraiser in a couple of weeks.”

“Do you have a plus one?” He closed the laptop and put it on the coffee table.

“I was going to bring this guy I was seeing.”

He smiled and sat up straight. “Me?”

“Nope.”

“Oh.” His face fell.

I laughed. “Bauer, I’m joking. Be my plus one?”

“Sure you want me there?”

“I am, but to my dad, just friends,” I said, my chest constricting a bit. I didn’t want to put Bauer in such a position, but my father didn’t leave me much choice.

“Okay, friend I have sex with that’s falling for me but doesn’t want to admit it.”

I crossed my arms over my chest. “I can easily uninvite you.”

“Friends, fine,” he said, holding his hands in the air like he was surrendering. “This

friend suggests seeing a doctor.”

“Maybe after the fundraiser.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

BAUER WAS OVER AGAIN BECAUSE HE BASICALLY NOW lived at my house even though he had a perfectly nice apartment. He gave me little kisses all over my face.

I pushed him away. “You’re like a puppy.”

“A puppy who can’t get enough of you.”

“You might be growing on me.”

“I know I sure do make things on you grow.” He cupped between my legs in his palm.

“That’s not the only thing. I think I’m just getting more bloated. We’ve tried everything, and nothing helped.” I took all sorts of fiber to make sure my system wasn’t stopped up. I watched what I ate. I cut back on the gluten. I hadn’t had a bakery item in forever.

“How long has this been going on?”

“A couple months.”

“How long after we had sex did you start bloating?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know, a few weeks.”

“Did I give you some kind of sexually transmitted disease?” he asked, scratching the



side of his head.

“I don’t think STDs bloat you, and besides, you had just gotten tested,” I pointed out.

He sighed. “Then what?”

“Gluten? Dairy? That would suck because I love granola and milk.”

“Still barfing?”

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

MAX MIGHT'VE PUT ON A FEW POUNDS, well, more than a few, but he was still as handsome as ever. He had only gotten his suit taken out a couple days before, but I worried the buttons were going to pop off his jacket.

“You didn’t tell me this was at a museum,” I said as we walked up the stone steps.

He smiled as we entered the large building. “Oh, yeah, natural history at its best.”

“Well, that is super cool. The dinosaurs are my favorite.” When I arrived in DC, one of the first things I did was hit up all the museums and monuments.

“You sound like you’re five.”

“I never let my inner child die.” The place was full of people in suits and evening gowns, all mingling and drinking. But I didn’t care much about them—I just stared at the giant elephant that stood in the middle of the rotunda.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had one,” Max said.

I nudged him with my elbow. “I think you have an inner crotchety old dude.”

“That sounds accurate. My dad’s over there.” He told me his other dad moved away when he was young and never saw him again after that. He barely remembered him.

I smoothed down the front of my suit and pulled my shoulders back, trying to look like the mature man I was but feeling like a small child in trouble inside.

“Hey, Dad,” Max said as we approached his father, a tall, broad-shouldered man with salt and pepper hair and a perfectly fitted three-piece suit.

“Maximus, good to see you,” he said with a nod.

“This is my friend, Bauer.”

His dad huffed, but that was about it.

Max made a clicking sound with his tongue. “Well, really nice talking to you.”

“Make sure your face is seen,” his dad said, already turning to walk away, so eager to dismiss his son.

“I’ll see what I can do,” Max said, practically deflating.

“I mean it, Maximus,” he said sternly, snapping back in our direction.

“Yeah, gotcha.”

As we walked away from his dad, I so badly wanted to squeeze Max’s hand, hold him, something, because his dad was a prick.

“Hey, forget your dad,” I whispered.

“It’s hard to because he loves to remind me it was my trust fund, which he created, that bought me my farm.”

“What a jackass. When did you buy your farm?” I asked as someone held out a tray of hors d’oeuvres to us. I plucked up a couple.

“Last year.”

“Who buys a farm at eighteen?” I asked, handing Max what looked like shrimp wrapped in a little croissant.

He took my offering. “Me.”

“I mean, it’s awesome. You have so much drive and initiative. I’m just now trying to figure out what I really want to do in my life, and you’re already thriving.” I popped the hors d’oeuvre into my mouth. “Oh, Jesus, this thing is delicious.”

“If only he saw it that way,” he said, handing me back the little shrimp wrap.

I took it from him and ate it, looking for the waiter again. “I don’t care what he thinks. You need to learn that you’re awesome, and it doesn’t matter what he thinks.”

“You gonna start giving me lessons?” he asked.

“Yes, starting right now.” I took his elbow and led him across the rotunda, around the swarms of people, and to another waiter.

“What’s the first lesson?” he asked as I snagged the snack from the waiter’s tray. The waiter caught me sneaking his goods and turned, offering us the tray of deliciousness.

I took a couple and handed them to Max and then took a couple for myself. “You’re the sexiest damn farmer around.”

“That’s not a lesson.” He popped one of the hors d’oeuvres into his mouth, and his eyes widened.

“Good, right? But your sexiness is the truth.”

“An opinion,” he said, swallowing and taking a bite of the next one.

“Nope, I’m a model. I know hotness.”

“Well, strut your stuff because here comes a photographer.”

We posed for a few different photographers, and he introduced me to several people. Most were high-profile political types, and it was the bougiest I had ever felt.

“Maximus Vespone and his man-friend Bauer Ridge,” he said later in the evening.

“You know people are going to put two and two together.”

“Yeah, and I’m sure that’s why my dad was so darn pleasant to you.”

“Yeah, he’s a real sweetie,” I said, recalling his dad’s dour expression.

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*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

MAX BIT THE CORNER OF HIS LIP AND RAISED AN EYEBROW. “Want to sneak away?”

“Really?” I asked. While I enjoyed all of the snacks—it wasn’t exactly the most exciting event to be at.

He scrubbed his palm over his face. “I can’t stand being here anymore.”

“Ditch the fundraiser?” I asked, looking for a waiter, figuring we could get some hors d’oeuvres to go.

“Maybe just find somewhere to hide.”

I took his hand, and we ran out of the rotunda with me giggling like some kid, and him shaking his head, trying not to smile.

We stumbled into a bathroom, locking the door behind us, clawing at each other’s clothes. He ripped off my jacket, and I pulled off his as he began to unbuckle my belt. I spun him around, and he put his hands on the vanity as I dropped my drawers. I reached around and undid his pants, pulling them and his underwear down.

He gasped as I ran a finger between his cheeks. I eased in, and he felt like heaven. I held his hips and dove in more as he grabbed the edge of the sink and barfed into it. It was quite the sound.

I rubbed his back. “Oh, baby.”



He chucked up some more. As I was pulling out of him, he shook his head.

“Sure?” I asked because he seemed pretty sick.

He dry heaved some and nodded. I gripped his hips but didn’t move in him because, well, he just barfed. And he wasn’t done. A new wave of vomit spewed from him.

“Jesus, Max.”

He panted and grabbed a hand towel, wiping his mouth. “I don’t think I should’ve eaten so many of those shrimp things.”

“Let’s get you out of here.”

“We’re not done yet.”

“Really?”

“Are you disgusted?”

“Well ....”

His face fell.

“Let’s just rinse out the sink some, then,” I suggested. We ran the faucet, and he gargled with water, then we were at it again. He put his palms on the mirror and arched his back. I snaked my hands under his shirt, up his torso, and flicked his nipples. He gasped as I found his spot deep in him. As I concentrated on pushing into the spot he liked, he cried out, his chest heaving.

“I’m too loud. Oh, God, they’re going to hear us.”

I grabbed one of the rolled-up hand towels on the counter. “Open up.”

He opened, and I put the towel in his mouth. He bit down, and I grabbed the towel, holding one end in each hand, and fucked him. I tried not to pound him too hard, because he did have an upset stomach. He stood up on his toes as he tightened around me, gripping the edge of the vanity and screaming against the towel I held.

“That’s my alpha. Scream for me.”

He hollered as his body shook, and as his eyes rolled into the back of his head, I thrust hard, grunting as I released. “I kinda like holding this. It feels like I’m holding the reins of a horse. I rode you good, didn’t I?”

His mouth dropped open, and he let out a stuttered breath, warm liquid seeping from him.

“Oh, hell, Max. You like that, me riding you so hard, now you’re coming on me, feel it. Ride it out.”

I pulled on the towel more, and he groaned, reaching back, grabbing my ass, and digging his nails in. “Feels so good, doesn’t it?”

He gasped and moaned, squeezing my cock so tight in his hole. I began to swell again and rode him until I was once again releasing, and he was panting. He didn’t release anything. For some reason, he never had a lot of come, but I kept pleasuring him until some liquid finally bubbled out of his tip.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

“HENRIETTA,” I SAID, REACHING UNDER ONE OF MY CHICKENS. “Good girl.” I put her egg in my basket and moved on to the next chicken.

“Hey, sexy,” I heard from behind me, making me jump about fifty feet.

I backed out of the chicken coop. “Scare the crap out of me, why don’t ya?”

“Crap’s not quite my thing, but riding you like my little horsey kind of is. Remember the fundraiser?”

“No, I completely forgot.” I adjusted my cowboy hat, thinking how I’d have to change to my winter hat soon. It was the beginning of January, and finally getting a bit cold.

“How I held that towel like it was your reins,” Bauer said, smiling wistfully.

I buttoned up my flannel and picked up my basket of eggs. “You have a wild imagination.”

“I’m pretty sure I heard you neigh.”

“You wish.”

“Need a hand?”

“Actually, that’d be great.” I gave him my basket.

“Still dying?” he asked, taking it from me.

I scoffed. “I’m not dying.”

“You’ve pretty much been sick since I met you.”

“I have not.” Sure, maybe a time or two, like when I caught that bug or ate that shrimp, but the other stuff was just bloating from gluten or something.

“You have. Let me pull it up on my phone.”

“Pull up what?” I asked as we began walking back to the house.

“I started keeping a log.”

My eyebrows shot up. “You what?”

“So we can tell the doctor the symptoms you’ve had for months after you collapse one day soon.” He was so sweet but had no real reason to be concerned.

I sighed. “Bauer, I’m fine.”

“Then why do you need my assistance?” he asked, the tip of his nose a bit red. All he wore was a Henley and jeans. The Henley looked incredible on him, tight and showing off his muscles, but he wasn’t exactly dressed for cold weather.

“I’ll just do it.”

“You wish. What’s next on the list? You look adorable, by the way, farmer boy.”

I glanced down at the overalls I had on under my flannel and large black muck boots

and snarled at him. “Not everybody can be a model.”

“Nope, only me because I’m special and super-hot. Now tell me what to do.”

“Thanks, your hotness.”

“Look at you, giving me a cute little nickname.”

“Isn’t it time for you to go home?”

“Nope to the nope. I just got here.”

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Our relationship had grown into something comfortable. It was still technically secret, but we were together all the time.

“Okay, nothing is working.” I put my palm on my bloated gut. Despite Bauer’s pleas, I had yet to visit a doctor, but I would have to because I could no longer deny that I wasn’t perfectly fine. It had been several months already.

“Yeah, look at these.” He poked at my chest. It had some noticeable swelling or fat. I had man boobs. The kind overweight men got.

I slapped his hand away. We sat on my bed, both of us just in our underwear.

He smiled. “They’re oddly attractive.”

“I thought you were making fun of them.”

“No, you look sexy.”

“And is this sexy?” I glanced down at what used to be my six pack. Now it was like a dough fest.

“Maybe we should take you to a specialist,” he chewed the corner of his lip, studying me.

“You know what they’re going to tell me? Stop eating gluten.” I sighed and ran my palm over my hair. “But you might be right.”

“Dude, it’s most obviously something.”

“Yeah. Maybe I have some sort of malfunction with my metabolism.”

“It almost looks like you’re pregnant.”

“Don’t you wish? Then you can live out a perfect alpha life.”

“Hey, you’re my mate. I don’t need an omega for a perfect life.”

I nodded and glanced down. “It’s not big enough to be a baby bump.”

“Do you think?” he asked.

I drew my head back, staring at him. “Think what?”

“That you are. That you’re pregnant.” His eyes were wide, and he smiled like he thought the possibility of such a thing was great.

“You’re on crack. I’m an alpha. It’s impossible.”

He rubbed his thumb over the spot where he bit me. “We mated.”

“We were both in ruts,” I pointed out.

“About how long ago was that?”

“Four months, give or take. Why does that matter?”

“Let me check something.” He grabbed his phone. “Your morning sickness would be almost over by now.”

I vigorously shook my head. “I don’t have morning sickness.”

“Think about it. It all adds up,” he said softly.

“Bauer, no,” I said firmly.

“I’m going to go buy you a test.”

“What? No. It’d be a waste of money.”

“Max, let me.”

“Fine,” I said. The tugging in my gut told me he might’ve been on to something and that I had been in denial for a long time.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

I KNOCKED ON THE BATHROOM DOOR. He had been in there a while. “Max.”

“Go away.”

“But you went in there for a reason,” I said through the door.

“And now you can gloat and say I told you so.”

My mouth dropped to the floor. “Holy shit, what?”

“It says I’m pregnant, Bauer.”

“Open this door,” I said, knocking.

A second later, he unlocked it and opened it a crack, sticking his face through the gap.

“Are you serious?” I asked.

He frowned. “I took both of them.”

“You’re for real.”

“Jesus, Bauer. No, I’m fucking with you.”

“Are you?” I asked because he was so adamant there was no way he could be pregnant.



He flung the door open. “Look at the damn tests.”

I walked over and glanced down at them. “They both say pregnant.”

He nodded—his eyes brimmed with wetness.

“Holy shit, you’re pregnant. Like really pregnant.”

He sniffled.

“This is wow.” I took hold of his shoulders and stared at him in awe. “Max, holy shit, you’re going to have my baby. You’re going to have a baby.”

“I’m going to have a baby,” he said, his tears spilling over.

He shook his head and wiped at his eyes with the side of his hand.

“No, no, this is good,” I said. I was going to be a father. He was too. We were going to be dads together.

“How is this good? I’m supposed to be an alpha,” he whispered.

“You’re a pregnant alpha.”

He let out a sob. “I can’t be an alpha if I’m pregnant.”

“Now, apparently, you can.”

“Am I an omega? Have I always been an omega? Oh, God, that’s why I bottomed for you.” He sat down on the edge of the tub and covered his face with his hands.

I kneeled on the floor in front of him. “Not all omegas are bottoms.”

“Well, it seems this one is because I really like it. Okay? I love having your dick in my ass.”

I laughed. He was angry about admitting he liked it. It was adorable.

“It’s not funny,” he said with a snuffle.

“We’re going to be dads, Max.” I rubbed my palms up and down his muscular thighs.

“How? Oh God, how did this happen?”

“Maybe on your sub-gender, you’re intersex.”

He stared straight at me with his lips smashed together. “Intersex?”

“You were probably assigned alpha as your sub-gender at birth, but maybe in your case, it’s alpha and omega. I think you might be an intersex alpha.”

“You fucking mated me, like for real,” he shouted.

I smiled. I knew he was my alpha. “I did, didn’t I?”

“What are we going to do?”

“Have a baby.” I put my hands on his shoulders.

He gulped. “Can we?”

“Why the hell not, and don’t give me the, we’re both alphas shit. Do you want to

have this baby with me?" I asked, my heart thrumming.

"No, of course not. This is insane."

"It is a bit out of the ordinary."

"This is the farthest thing ever from ordinary. Bauer, I'm fucking pregnant." He started taking deep inhales.

"Yeah, you are, sweetie." I hugged him to my chest as he made sounds similar to a dying goose. His breathing became quicker, and he looked up at me with wide eyes, gasping for breath.

"Hey, Max, breathe. Okay? Breathe."

He blew out one fast breath after another.

"Nice and slow."

He exhaled slower.

"There you go. Nice and slow. Let's go in the living room and sit down." I put my palm on his stomach. "Then this is a for real baby bump."

"Oh, Jesus Christ. Why couldn't you have gotten pregnant?"

"Because this top don't bottom."

"Bauer, I'm pregnant."

"Indeed, you are. We should probably finally make you a doctor's appointment then."

“What? Oh, God, no.” He shot up to his feet.

“No?” I asked.

“No,” he said, pacing back and forth across the bathroom.

“I can’t let everyone know about this.”

“You can’t?”

He shook his head. “I’m not ready to give up my alpha card that quick.”

“This doesn’t make you any less of an alpha,” I said.

“Have you ever known a pregnant alpha before?”

I bit the corner of my lip and tried to think if I did. “No.”

“Exactly. Also, my father would have a shit fit,” he said, throwing his hands up in the air as he paced.

“Okay, I guess we’ll hide it from some people. Can I tell my family?” I asked, crossing my fingers.

“They live across the country, right?”

“Yeah. So nobody besides my dads will know?”

“Nobody. I’ll become a hermit.” He stopped pacing and crossed his arms over his chest.

“And when it’s time for the baby to be born?” I asked.

He started pacing again. “We’ll have a home birth.”

“Like here, in your house?”

“Yes.”

“Does like ... how?” It sounded kind of scary to me. Sure, Garver had a home birth, but he had a midwife and tons of people there with him.

“I don’t know, but I’m not going to the hospital to be some freak show,” he said, his volume going up a couple levels.

“They also have birthing centers.”

He turned toward me and snarled. “Say the full name.”

“Of what?”

“You know what I mean.”

“Oh,” I said as it clicked. “Omega Birthing Centers.”

“I will look like a gigantic pregnant beast amongst all those adorable little omegas and their round tummies and cute little bodies.” Sure, he wasn’t small, but I knew he’d look great pregnant. He already did, and he didn’t even have much of a belly yet.

“I feel we should have a doctor at least check you out,” I said with a wince, hoping not to make him mad.

He didn't say anything.

"How about a midwife? They can probably discreetly come here, and no one will ever know."

"Can they be trusted?"

"I'm sure." I threw my arms around him, drawing him to me and petting the back of his head. My sweet pregnant alpha.

I got an alpha pregnant. I was going to be a father. We were going to be fathers. Maximus Edlong Vespone was going to have a baby. The baby I helped him create. For hours, all I did was stare at Max. He lay curled up with his head on my lap. As he cried, I stroked his hair, and when he stopped crying, I rubbed his back. He stared off into nothing, his eyes red, tear stains on his cheeks. Despite him being so upset, I was in awe, amazed, ecstatic, but I knew it would take him some time to come to grips with the whole situation.

"Hey, want me to make you something to eat? Or do you need crackers and ginger ale or something," I asked.

"That's if you have an upset stomach, not pregnant."

"Well, we at least now know that you're not allergic to gluten."

He rolled to his back and gazed up at me. I put my hand on his cheek and smiled.

"Do you really want to have a baby?"

"I would love to, but the question is, do you?"

He let out a long exhale. “I don’t know.”

“Whatever your decision, I’ll support you.”

“Okay.” He rolled back to his side and curled up again, his hands over his abdomen.

A few minutes later, he rolled to his back again, staring up at me. “A baby.”

“Yes, a baby.”

“And you want to have this baby with me?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

He nodded. “Okay.”

It sounded like he was saying okay to having the baby, but I wasn’t for sure, but it did sound like a step in the right direction. Well, the right direction for me, at least because I thought the idea of starting a family with him was phenomenal. He fell asleep on my lap, and I pulled out my phone and began searching for midwives. I wanted to text my cousin and ask him about the midwife he and Garver used, but then it wouldn’t take a genius to figure out why I was asking, so instead, I got some numbers online, called around, and found one that did house visits. Lucky for us, the midwife had an appointment cancelation, so they were able to come by the following day.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

I WAS PREGNANT. I KEPT RUBBING MY STOMACH—not bloating, baby. Dear God, I'd have to give birth. The thought was frightening. Bauer said a midwife would be arriving shortly. He called one for me the day before. I felt like I was going to vomit.

The doorbell rang, and I thought I was going to pass out.

“I'll get it,” Bauer said.

I stood in the living room, trying to remember how to breathe, and heard Bauer greet the midwife. They appeared from the foyer seconds later.

“Hey, baby,” Bauer said. “Breathe.”

I blew out a breath.

“This is Charles Everett. He's a midwife.” Charles was tall, thin, and balding.

“Midwife is a confusing term. It actually refers to the one having the baby, not the one providing prenatal care. Even though half the people having babies these days are not beta women, the title has stayed the same. Maybe mid-husband was too much of a mouthful. Excuse me, I'm carrying on. Shall we get started?” He held out his hand, and I stared at it thinking how I was in the group of people who were not betas having a baby. I essentially was in the omega half of those people. Decades ago, almost a century now probably, it was mostly beta women having children, and then the great disease came. Many of them lost their ability to be with child, and a good deal of the children born were omegas, so the omega population grew. Now, like Charles said,



they made up half of the people having babies.

I gulped, blew out a breath, and nodded, still staring at his hand.

“Where would you like to do the exam?” he asked with a smile, giving my shoulder a squeeze.

I pointed to my side because, most apparently, I forgot how to speak.

“Back in the bedroom,” Bauer said. “This way.” He put his hand on the small of my back and encouraged me to move.

The three of us went down the hall together.

“Right in here.” Bauer guided us into my room. I should’ve been the one doing that. It was my house, after all, but I was pretty useless at that moment.

“Sit, get comfy,” Charles said with a warm smile.

I sat on the edge of the bed, and Bauer pulled out a chair for Charles. He set his bag down, moved the chair to face me, and sat.

“So, you’re pregnant,” he said, his voice calm, almost soothing.

I nodded and blew out a shaky breath. “It seems that way.”

He smiled. “Taken by surprise, huh?”

“Definitely.” Surprise was an understatement.

“Not unheard of. Rare, but not unheard of.”

“Really?” I asked because I had never heard about a pregnant alpha ever before in my life.

“I did some research.”

“Does this make me an omega?” I put my hand on my stomach.

“I’d say you’re both. Judging from what I see here, you definitely have the size and stature of an alpha, and when I do my exam, we can assess it a bit more. Just because you’re pregnant doesn’t make you stop being an alpha.”

“Okay,” I whispered.

“I’m going to ask some questions, take a bit of blood if that’s okay, and then do a pelvic and internal exam.”

“Blood?” That sounded like a non-discreet direction I didn’t want to go.

“We want to make sure you don’t have any infections.”

That didn’t sound good. “Infections?”

“They can be passed on to the baby.”

“Okay. I don’t want people to know, though.”

“Medical records are confidential.”

I nodded, and he began the question portion of the appointment. He asked about us mating, when I more than likely conceived, and any symptoms I had. He then took my blood pressure and my blood. I stared at the vial of it in his hand.

“Now, I would like to do a physical exam. If that’s all right.”

Bauer squeezed my hand.

“Okay.”

“Would you like me to step out of the room so you can take off your clothes?”

I spun my finger, and he turned around.

“I have a paper gown if you would like.”

“Um, you have to see all my parts, right?”

“Correct. I would also like to examine your breasts.” My breasts because I had them. I kept telling myself it was just fat, man boobs, but the way they were shaped, that’s what they were.

“So, I guess a gown would be pointless.”

“All right then.”

Bauer helped me pull off my clothes because my hands were shaking.

Charles turned back around. “Just lay on back. I’m going to start by checking you over.”

I exhaled and lay down. He scanned me with his eyes and then climbed onto the bed. He touched and rubbed my shoulders, neck, under my jaw, and moved down to my chest.

“Breast development has begun. Are they sore?” he asked.

I glanced down at them. “Very much.”

“Especially if you start out with none. It’s almost like you go through the breast development phase of puberty, and then they’re working on getting ready for the baby, so they’ll be tender.” He smashed his fingertips around on them and then pinched my nipple between his fingers.

I hissed as some guy I had never met fondled my newly grown chest. It was all so bizarre.

“They’re looking great.” He moved on to my stomach. He pressed in his palms and smooshed it around some. “I’m feeling that baby.”

“You can feel my baby? My actual baby?” My heart sped up because it was all becoming more real to me.

He grinned from ear to ear. “Sure can. Now I’m going to continue the physical exam. I’m going to touch your genitals. Okay?”

I gulped and nodded.

“Your penis would be considered normal for being an alpha.”

“Normal, thanks.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that.” He then groped my balls. “And one testicle.”

“I was told the other one was undescended.” My dad claimed he didn’t want me to go through the pain of a surgery when I was younger to bring it down.

“Was an ultrasound done to determine that?” Charles asked.

“I haven’t the faintest idea. That’s just what my doctor and dad told me.” It was weird having a conversation with my junk in someone’s hand.

“I suspect you don’t have another one.”

“Because then I wouldn’t have been able to get pregnant.”

“Correct. Now I would like to do a pelvic exam.”

“What’s that?”

“I will take some samples and then do an internal exam to essentially make sure everything’s in proper working order,” he said so matter-of-factly.

“Down there?” I asked, even though I already knew where he meant. The exam already felt so invasive, and now he wanted to check inside me.

He nodded. “Correct.”

“Oh, God,” I said, my chest heaving. Bauer put his hand on my shoulder, helping calm me some.

“I’m a trained professional. We’re trained to do care that reaches beyond babies to the ones having them, too.”

“I know. It’s just ....”

“It’s all a bit overwhelming.”

I nodded.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

I SAW CHARLES OUT, AND MAX GOT DRESSED. I went back to the room, and he sat on the edge of the bed holding his stomach, which my eyes went directly to. His swollen belly, his soft chest, all because he was with child. It was incredible.

“Come here,” he said.

I went over to him, thinking we’d have a touching moment, feeling his belly, but when I got close, he punched me in the arm.

I rubbed my bicep. “Ow.”

“Remember that pain and think how it was so little compared to what I will have to go through.”

“June thirteenth,” I said, smiling, my heart so light and happy.

“I knew I was pregnant. The test said so, but now ... I have fallopian tubes, Bauer.” He looked at me with wide eyes.

“And a uterus and an ovary.” I poked at his side.

He slapped my hand away. “Stop.”

“And a cervix and breasts,” I said, rubbing my fingertips gingerly on the side of his chest.

He shoved me, but he did have a hint of a smile on his face. “Shut up.”

“And I love them very much.”

“My cervix is very lovable.”

“The most lovable cervix around. Max, you giving birth at home, there’s no epidural, no pain meds.” I gulped, the screams of Garver still fresh in my mind.

His mouth dropped open. “Should I change my mind?”

“I’m not going for that, trying to change your mind. Just want to make sure you’re aware.” I didn’t want to scare him too much with all that I heard and saw, the stretching, the sweating, the excruciating pain, the horrificness of it all. Dear God, he was going to have to go through that. I would have to make sure to be super sweet with him until it was time.

“Just thinking about me being in some room screaming, a person coming out of me, and all these other people there. It’s just ....” He shook his head and licked his lips.

“We’ll have a wonderful peaceful home birth. Just me and you.” I forced a smile, knowing it wouldn’t be peaceful—that it’d be painful and awful, and I swallowed down some vomit.

“Thank you, Bauer. Now I have to go do my work for the day.”

“What? No.” He couldn’t go out there doing hard labor. He was pregnant.

“Dude, the eggs need to be collected, and I have to—”

I shot up to my feet. “I’ll do it.”

“You don’t know what to do. I’m going out there.”



“I did it just the other day, and if you insist on being outside with me, make sure to bring a chair.”

“You are overreacting to this pregnancy thing.”

“You’re four months pregnant. Take it easy.”

“I still have five months to go.”

“Just let me do this for you,” I said, cupping his face in my palm.

He sighed. “Fine.”

I held out my hand and pulled him to his feet.

I didn’t know how before we couldn’t see he was pregnant. Looking at him, it was now so obvious. His chest, his little bump, his vomiting, his fatigue. He was pregnant with my baby.

I put my hand on his stomach and smiled.

“I never wanted this,” he said with a frown.

“It’s going to be good, Max. I know you just found out a whole shitload of stuff about yourself that you never knew before, and you probably still have some things to deal with, but I’m letting you know it’s all good. You, this baby, us.”

“I have my doubts,” he said with a sigh.

I rubbed his belly. “I don’t.”

“How?” He tipped his head to the side, staring into my eyes.

“Because I’ve spent my whole life being stupidly optimistic.”

“Okay.”

“Now, let’s go out to those chickens.”

We slipped on our boots and winter coats, and Max led me outside.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

MY LEGS WERE HOOKED OVER HIS FOREARMS, and he eased in. I hissed as he entered me, but my core was already tightening. As he pushed in more, I began to pant and wince.

“I’ll make you so wet. Now that I know you can actually get wet.” He put both his hands on my shoulder blades and reclined me some. Leaning over, he cupped his mouth over my small breast. They were sore, but once he began to suckle on my nipple, I gasped and wanted more.

I screamed so loud. It felt incredible. He worked my small hard bud between his lips, tugging on it, and he took more of my chest in his mouth, sucking with more force.

“Fuck, Max.”

My chest heaved, and I whimpered as my muscles constricted. “Oh. Oh.”

He drove in faster, sweat glistening on his forehead and across his broad chest. His jaw clenched as he concentrated, angling his hips so he’d massage my spot just right. It was awesome when he hit my prostate, and then he found somewhere else, that spot deeper in me, rubbing against the backside of the tender tissue of what I now knew was my birthing canal. Before, I had no explanation for the deep internal orgasms I was capable of experiencing, but now I knew why. I would’ve shuddered thinking about it when I first found out I was pregnant, repulsed at myself for what I had become, but I was slowly coming to grips with my new body, and when I orgasmed like that, I didn’t mind so much. I curled my toes and curved my spine, screaming his name.

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“I should move in here with you,” Bauer said as we panted and came down from our highs.

We had climbed onto the bed and curled up next to each other. “Say what?”

“You need someone to help you.”

“You do help me.”

“You need someone here all the time, though. You’re carrying my baby. Let me make it easier for you.”

“This is getting serious, fast.” I rolled to my back, staring at the ceiling.

He grabbed my shoulder and rolled me back to my side. “I’m not saying let’s get married or anything. Unless you want to. I’m just saying, me living here as a more permanent stable boy.”

“I don’t know. Wait, you want to marry me?” I stared at his expression. All seriousness. No hint of the goofy grin he’d get when he messed with me.

“I would love to marry you, Max.”

“Really?” I asked. We had known each other only a handful of months, really.

“Don’t you feel it?” he asked softly.

“I don’t know what I feel.”

“When you’re ready, I’ll be there down on one knee with a ring in my hand.” He kissed my cheek and pulled the blanket over me.

I knew he was my alpha, and we were starting a family together, but until he mentioned it, marriage had never crossed my mind.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

I WAS SIX MONTHS PREGNANT, BUT LUCKILY NOT VERY LARGE YET. Charles said it was probably because of my size. The baby had more room to stretch out, but all my clothes were officially too tight.

“I can’t work like this.” I pulled at the T-shirt that rode up over the bottom of my stomach.

“I’ll run to the mall for you. There’s a pregnant clothing store there,” Bauer said, always so eager to do anything and everything for me.

“Do you honestly think they’re going to have clothes that fit a six-foot-two alpha?”

“There are some tall beta ladies and omega dudes out there, so I’m sure they have to have something,” he said, slipping on a T-shirt.

I shook my head and gulped. “What am I going to do, Bauer?”

“I’ll find you something to wear.”

“Not that. This.” I motioned to my stomach. “Everything.”

“You’re going to give birth, and we’re going to be a family.” He was so positive and sure about everything, whereas I, on the other hand, was most definitely not.

“What kind of family would we make? I’m supposed to be an alpha. I’m not supposed to be in this position,” I said, sniffing, trying to blink the warmth from my eyes. “Goddammit.” I rubbed my eyes with the heel of my hand.

“Hey, come here.”

Bauer came across the room and embraced me, pulling me to his chest.

“I’m not crying on purpose,” I said as he squeezed me in his arms.

“It’s okay if you are.”

“I’m not.”

“Hormones,” he said.

I nodded. “How is anybody supposed to take me seriously now?”

“They’d be stupid not to. I’d say they’d take you more seriously. You’re a force to be reckoned with, a pregnant alpha.”

“But am I really an alpha?” I asked because I was and I wasn’t.

“You’re an alpha, Max. You have been and always will be.” He held me out by the shoulders.

“But I’m also an omega,” I said with a sigh.

“Maybe you’re both, and that makes you extra special.”

“Jesus, Bauer, I’m not a child.” But maybe he was right. Charles said the same thing. I just had to fully come to grips with it.

“You’re extra special,” he said, tickling my belly. “Who’s my extra special boy?”

“Get out of here.”

“Never. Well, maybe for a bit. Let me go see what I can find you at the preggo store.”



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I WRAPPED MY ARM AROUND HIS WAIST and led him over to the bed. He began to scoot back.

“Let me help you.” I climbed onto the bed and scooped him up in my arms, then inched across the mattress on my knees, placing him down on the pillows.

He bit the corner of his lip, blinking at me, so unsure of himself in a bra and panties, but he looked so fuckable. His nipples were erect under the fabric of the gray cotton bra he had on, and his stomach was round and developing a line down the middle. And those underwear on him with those polka dots, dear Lord. I gulped and adjusted myself, soaking him in with my eyes. Gone were his pectoral muscles, now small swells of bosom. He put his arms across his chest, and I shook my head. I had seen him so many times naked. I didn’t know why now he was so shy about being in front of me in a bra, but I guess it was like he said—he still had a lot to process about his new life. I got between his legs, kissing his belly.

I kissed the soft fabric of his bra and took his breast in my mouth.

He let out a stuttered breath. I bit his nipple through the fabric and touched between his legs, feeling his length strain against the thin panties. I rubbed my hands over his abdomen and then his length, and he bucked his hips, whispering my name. I pushed back the cup of his bra and lashed my tongue at his nipple and slid my hand down his undies.

“Please wear the bra and panties every day.”

He bit the corner of his lip. “Maybe.”

“I think you should take some time to get to know your new body.”

“I didn’t do a body swap,” he said, breathing heavily. God, I loved turning him on.

“Yes, but now you have this growing chest, this belly. Maybe you should touch it.”

He pouted. “I want you to.”

“It might help you become more comfortable with ....”

“My breasts.”

“Please touch them, yourself.” I gulped, praying he would, knowing it’d be hot as fuck to watch.

He cupped his breasts in his hands, and I nodded, encouraging him to go on. He massaged them some in his palms and then pulled back the other cup of his bra so both breasts were hanging out and began to play with his nipples. He hissed.

“Be gentle with yourself. Explore your whole body.”

He tweaked his one nipple and ran his other hand over his baby bump. He slid it back up and tugged on his hard peak, then pushed his hand into his underwear.

“Oh, fuck,” I whispered.

As he began to stroke himself and pinch his rosy bud, he started to breathe heavier and arched his back. It was so damn arousing. He gasped and shook as he touched himself with more vigor. He let go and took both his breasts in his hands, pinching his nipples and bucking his hips.

I kneeled between his legs, and he nodded. I tickled his hole with my fingertip, wetness already seeping out.

He gripped my biceps, and as I slid a finger in, his mouth dropped open. I eased in another, leaning over him and putting my mouth on his breast, sucking and pulling on his luscious nipple. I cupped his other breast in my palm as I scissored my fingers open inside him.

“Oh. Oh,” he said as I twisted them. I kissed over his belly and down to his cock, tugging down the front of his panties, setting it free. I took him in my mouth, hollowing my cheeks, and pressed in a third finger. Right when he was on edge, I pulled my fingers out, giving him a devilish grin.

He panted and moaned. “Bauer.”

I got down between his legs, moved his undies aside, diving my face between his cheeks.

He gasped and mewled as I licked his sensitive rim and dove my tongue inside. He bowed his back, gripping the sheets, and I glanced up, seeing him in that bra with his breasts hanging out, his nipples so erect, and those boyfriend briefs, I couldn’t resist anymore. I got on my knees, pushed his panties out of the way, and plunged into his depths.

He was still so tight, and I moaned as I bottomed out. Putting both my hands on either side of his head, I rocked my hips and crashed my lips to his. He moaned and gasped as I moved, and when I grabbed his ass, tilting his hips a certain way, finding the right angle, he cried out. There it was. I drove hard into his spot until he was a shaking mess, then I pulled out a bit and reangled my hips, hitting his prostate. I moved back and forth between the two spots, and he was rendered speechless. As he dealt with all the sensations, I unhooked his bra, pulled it off him, and feasted on his

tasty nipples.

My balls tightened as he screamed, digging his fingers into my back as his body spasmed. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to hold it so he could finish. He kept trembling and tightening around me. I took his whole breast in my mouth, and he flexed his back, throwing his head into the pillows. This was it, what I now lived for. Bringing him ultimate pleasure.

He panted and gasped, whimpering, and when I moved my hips and began to release, he scrunched up his face, dropping his mouth open. We came together in a screaming fit of passion.

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MY STOMACH WAS GETTING LARGE AND IN THE WAY. “Dammit.”

“Let me get that for you.” Bauer ran to my side and picked up the pen I dropped.

“Soon, I won’t be able to bend anymore. This is getting more than annoying.” I cradled my stomach in my hands.

“Only a couple months to go.” He put his hands on either side of my belly and kissed it.

I frowned. “Two long months.”

“But my God, look at you. I can’t wait to get you pregnant all over again.”

“Oh, hell no,” he said, his eyes wide.

“This time, we’ll know. I’ll know I’m impregnating you for real, and we’ll know you’re pregnant from the start.” He nodded with a huge grin on his face.

“Did you not hear me when I said this was getting more than annoying?”

He kissed the tip of my nose. “I’m sorry if I was insensitive.”

“Okay, when’s the but coming?”

“But ....” He shook his head and laughed. “You getting pregnant again will be your choice.”

“As it should be.”

“You hungry? What about you, little one?” he asked my belly

“Always. I really want a hot dog.”

He gave me a big toothy smile. “Mine?”

“No, perv.” I laughed and shoved his shoulder. “Like with ketchup and mustard and horse radish and pickles, so many pickles.”

“The man who likes to eat farm fresh and organic wants a hot dog?”

“I don’t care right now. I want a hot dog.” My stomach grumbled, demanding one.

“Okay. Okay, I will get you as many hot dogs as you want. Oh, and Charles was asking about you.”

I gulped. “Oh, no.”

“Don’t worry. It was just the two of us. No one heard.”

“Okay, good,” I said, but my heart was still beating fast.

“I told him you were doing great, but he would like to check your blood pressure.”

I chewed on the corner of my lip.

“Lots of pregnant people get high blood pressure, and it’s not good for you when giving birth.”

“Really?” I asked.

“Yeah, like it can kill you.”

“Well, I guess we don’t want that.”

“Most definitely not.”

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I sat on the couch, bouncing my knee and holding the underside of my belly.

“You okay?” Bauer asked.

“Nervous, so nervous.” I blew out a breath, trying my best to stay calm because I knew my blood pressure was probably sky high at the moment from nerves.

“If you have high blood pressure, I’m sure he can do something for it.”

“It’s not that. I’m just so pregnant now ....”

“He’s not going to tell anybody,” Bauer said so sweetly.

“He’s a midwife, and he’s coming to my house.”

“You’ll be okay. I promise,” he said as the doorbell rang. “Want me to let him in?”

“Please. I don’t want to risk anyone else seeing me. Plus, getting up might be too much effort.”

Bauer let Charles in, and they came into the living room, smiling and laughing about

something.

“Looking great, Max,” Charles said, placing his messenger bag on the coffee table.

I held onto the arm of the couch and attempted to stand.

“Sit. Sit.” He waved his hand at me.

“You sure?”

“Yes, unless you want me to do a more extensive exam?”

“Just a quick one, please.”

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I checked out just fine. He didn’t measure or listen to anything because I was trying to keep things vague, I guess you could say. The less stuff recorded about my pregnancy, the better. I was happy we were having a baby, but I knew if my dad found out, he’d have a coronary. I didn’t know why he’d be looking at my medical records, but things could get leaked, so I wanted to be safe. Charles said my stomach looked to be on track size-wise. That’s all he did was look at it. He said since I could feel the baby moving, I was just fine.

After Charles left, I finished up some classwork, and Bauer tidied up around the house.

“Hey, Bauer,” I said later that evening as he put on his coat to leave.

“Yes?”



“Maybe you should move in here.” I figured I’d finally take him up on his offer.

His face lit up. “Really? You mean it?”

“It makes sense. We’re fated, you’re the father of this baby, and you come every day to help me out. I know it’s like you basically live here already, but maybe when you go back to your place sometimes ....”

“I can stop doing that,” he said quickly.

“And live with me?” I asked.

He knelt on the floor in front of me. “Of course, yes.”

“I miss you when you’re gone,” I said, threading my fingers through his thick hair.

“I miss you, too. I’ve missed you since that first night we were together.”

“But ....” I let out a long exhale.

“There’s always a but, and if I have to stay secret, so be it.”

“You don’t. I want people to know we’re together.”

“You do?” He put his hands on my thighs and smiled up at me.

“Yeah, I want people to know who the man I’m falling in love with is.”

“But your pregnancy.”

“That’s the thing ....” I didn’t want to keep putting him in such a position, but I was a

coward and couldn't stand up to my dad.

"But no one can know you're pregnant. You're my not pregnant boyfriend." He threw his arms around my hips and lay his head in my lap.

"I don't think we've ever said that aloud, boyfriend." That and the fact that I said I was falling in love with him.

"Is me proposing right now too quick?" He quirked up an eyebrow and smiled.

We needed to do it one thing at a time. "Probably."

"Tomorrow then."

"Maybe a little longer."

"When you officially say I love you, I will propose. You did say you were falling in love with me."

"Okay, but what if it's years?" I asked, stroking his hair.

"I know you can't resist me. You know you love me. You practically admitted it."

"Hmm."

"That counts." He straightened up and took my hand. "Max, make me the luckiest man in the world and marry me."

"Bauer ...."

"Okay. Fine, too soon. Live in boyfriend."

“There are many advantages to us officially living together now.”

“There are?” He cocked his head to the side.

I started to unbutton my flannel.

He kissed my neck and began unzipping my jeans. “Oh, yes, there are.”

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

MAX STOOD THERE IN HIS PATERNITY OVERALLS OPEN at the sides because he couldn't close them anymore, his cowboy hat on his head. He only had a few more weeks until his due date. "I can't go to the farmer's market anymore."

"Why not?" I asked. It was getting close, so that alone was a good reason.

"Before, when I wore my overalls with a flannel around my waist, you couldn't tell I was really pregnant, maybe just thick, but now ...."

"You look adorable." I just wanted to gobble him up all the time. He was irresistible.

He pouted. "I don't care. I'm not going."

"Nobody's going to care, baby."

"Nobody besides your dads know that I'm pregnant. I'm not ready for others to know."

"Well ...." I bit my lip and winced.

"Who did you tell?" His face flushed, and he bore his eyes into me.

"No one, but Theo and Garver might've surmised you were with child."

"What? When? How? They haven't even met me."

"I guess the way I talk about you. How you've been feeling, all you've been eating

....”

“Bauer, I trusted you,” he said, balling his fists.

“I didn’t confirm anything.”

“But did you say no?”

“Well ....” I bobbed my head from side to side.

“That’s just as bad,” he growled through his gritted teeth.

“It’s just my cousin, and your dad won’t be at the farmer’s market.”

“But still, word will get back to him.”

My poor alpha wouldn’t admit it, but his dad ruled over his life. “Are you going to live your whole life in hiding?”

“Possibly.” He sucked on his lower lip.

My sweet thing. “Baby.”

“Don’t baby me. I’m the pregnant alpha.”

“You are, and I’m the one who got an alpha pregnant. This doesn’t just affect you, Max.”

“But your whole life didn’t change. Who you thought you were. What damn sub-gender you are.”

“But my life did change when I met you.” It got five thousand times better. “I thought we were happy.”

“I did think so. I am, but in the world we created for ourselves, here,” he said, pointing to the ground.

“You’re living in a protective bubble.”

“Is that so bad? And besides, I’ve been going out.”

“Only because people couldn’t tell you were pregnant yet. I want people to know I’m going to be a dad.”

He furrowed his brow and pressed his lips together. “You need to leave.”

“I can’t. I have to take care of you.” Especially with him getting all worked up.

“That’s the thing. I shouldn’t need taking care of. I’m pregnant, and all of a sudden, I’m the one who needs to be kept and watched after.”

“It’s not like. You know that already. You’re just all worked up, hormones.”

From the scowl on his face, I knew I had said the wrong thing.

“It’s not always hormones. It’s how I feel,” he yelled.

“No farmer’s market for you today, then.”

“You think I’m saying this so I can get out of going?” he asked, his chest heaving.

“Um ....” Sometimes, I just didn’t know. His moods were hard to read.

He threw his hands in the air. “Unbelievable.”

“Max ....” I went in for a hug.

He stepped backward. “No, please, just leave me alone.”

“Come on, baby.”

“I’m serious, Bauer.” He glared at me.

It was time to give him some space. “Okay. Okay, I’ll come back later.”

“No, just go.”

“I’ll leave, but I’m taking your pickup and payment processing thing, and I’m going to sell your produce.” He wouldn’t go, but I would. I couldn’t leave him hanging like that, all that wasted profit.

“Stop.”

“No, you don’t sell this stuff—it’ll go bad. I’m leaving before you can say anything else.” I grabbed his keys and ran out the front door.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

MY HEART THUMPED SO HARD IN MY CHEST. I did everything in my power not to knock out his dad.

“Hey, come here,” I waved Max toward me. I wanted to throw my arms around him, but I figured I’d give him some space to process what just happened and whether he wanted me to touch him or not.

Max sucked on his lower lip and blinked back tears, waddling over.

“I’m sorry about earlier,” I said, hugging him to me. “About right now.”

He hugged me back. “You didn’t do anything.”

“I still need to say I’m sorry, and not because you’re a pregnant alpha or more emotional or lesser than me.”

“Bauer, I ... I think ... I’m glad you came back.” He put his head on my shoulder.

I rubbed his back. “You thought I’d leave you?”

“I tried to kick you out,” he said softly.

I let out a light laugh. “Is that what that was?”

He nodded.

“But are you okay? Right now? With your dad?”



“I don’t know. I feel like I’m going to—” His vomit splattered all over me.

I took him inside and cleaned him up, and afterward, we cuddled on the couch together. He was still a bit upset, but I knew he would be okay. He stood up for himself, put his dad in his place, and I couldn’t have been prouder of my alpha.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

HOLY FUCK. I WAS GAGGED AND WORE A HORSE brIDLE, and if I was correct, got edged, and now I was acting like a goddamn pony, but every nerve ending in me was on high alert. He was riding me like a horse, basically, and it was so stimulating. He slammed his cock into me, and I screamed against the gag. I was so full of his dick, and my muscles were clamoring for all of him. My body seized in contractions, so close, so close, and he began thrusting his hips harder.

“Look at my fucking sexy pony. Neigh for your alpha.”

I tossed my head back and made the best sound I could with the bar gag in my mouth. Drool dripped from me, rolled down my chin, and over my chest. He snapped the reins and kept driving in. I arched my back and pushed up on my arms to my fingertips, and then I was off the ground. He held me up with the reins and fucked me faster. He struck my ass again, and it stung like a son of a bitch. I screamed and wanted more. Bucking my hips up, he spanked me once more, pulling tightly on my reins. At least he got over his fear of spanking a pregnant person.

I yelped as my muscles seized so much, squeezing around him, everything in me tense, my core quivering, and then bolts of electricity shot through me as my body spasmed, my toes curled, and my back arched. I trembled and screamed as my body contorted and writhed as pleasure consumed me. He kept driving into me, grunting and slamming in so deep, stretching me to my max, delivering non-stop ecstasy as he fucked me like he never had before. He roared as he pumped, tugging on the reins, and I was speechless as I shook, clawing at the bed as I rode the endless waves of bliss.

My muscles stayed taut as I continued to tremble while he pounded me, and I knew I

loved him so much. Not just because he gave me immense pleasure or that I was the submissive one and fucking loved being his pony, horse, whichever one—he was my everything. My reason for breathing, for having a baby, for finding joy, for starting a new happy life. It was all because of him. I shook my head and got up on my knees, grabbing the headboard. He yanked on the reins, pulling my head back, and kept banging me.

Sweat dripped from everywhere. My drool now created puddles on the bed, and he might've bruised my pelvis. It was all so wild and aggressive, but I didn't want him to stop. My muscles clamped around him, and my whole body seized as I thrashed about like an angry horse with my muscles pulsing in pleasure. Finally, he howled and shuddered in release, and tears poured down my face.

“Hey. Hey. I'm so sorry.” He petted my hair and then scratched under my chin.

I shook my head, panting.

He unbuckled the trainer and pulled the bar out of my mouth. “Did I hurt you?”

I nodded.

“Should I never do that again?”

I shook my head.

“But you're crying.”

I gulped and nodded.

“You okay?” He hugged his arms around my chest and kissed the side of my face.

“It hurt so bad. I’m probably going to be bruised.”

“Oh, baby,” he said, kissing up my tears.

“But fuck, did I want more,” I said between bated breaths.

“I made you cry,” he whispered.

“That’s not why I was crying.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m happy in love.”

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“MAYBE I SHOULD CHANGE.” He glanced down at the getup he wore. It was a knit fabric with pleats in the front so there’d be room for his stomach and tied in the back.

“You look great. You’re due in a couple weeks. No one is expecting you to be ....” I had to be careful with my words. I didn’t want to make him cry.

“I look like I weigh five hundred pounds and think I’m going to barf.”

“If you’re not ready, we don’t have to go. Also, please don’t aim it at me again.” The last time was absolutely disgusting, but I never told him that because I knew he’d feel even worse about yakking all over me than he already did.

He frowned. “I said I was sorry.”

“We can reschedule.”

“No, let’s do it. When would we reschedule anyway?”

“After you have the baby?” There really wasn’t any other time. We were going to be dads very soon.

“Nope, let’s go.”

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“So, this is the ever-elusive Max,” Theo said, letting us into their house of chaos.

“Sure is. Max, this is my cousin Theo.” They suggested they’d come to our house, but Max insisted we go over there. Once he had his mind set on something, there was no changing it.

“Nice to meet you,” he said, throwing his arms around Max. Theo was a hugger.

Garver smiled. “I’m so happy to finally meet you. Every time we see Bauer, you’re all he ever talks about.”

“Sorry it took so long,” Max said with a wince.

“We totally understand,” Garver said, leading us inside.

Max’s eyes went wide when he saw all of the kids. I told him how many they had, but seeing them all in person was a bit different. The twins ran in circles after each other, the quads were everywhere, climbing on the furniture, eating cereal from a pile on the floor, and one was clung to Theo’s leg. The fourth wasn’t in sight. That was never a good thing. The triplets were all in their bouncy seats.

We had a wonderful meal and talked well into the night. Well, Max only made it so far. He passed out on the couch. Theo and Garver said he was great, and I was very lucky to have found him. I couldn’t have agreed more.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

I GROWLED AND GRIPPED MY HANDS AROUND THE STEERING WHEEL. DC traffic was a bitch. There was a storm coming I wanted to beat, and while Max still had a few days before his due date, we knew due dates were a guesstimate, really, and we also forgot one major thing. Someone at my shoot started talking me up, and I told them about my pregnant partner and how it was almost time. They asked if we took any birthing classes, and I went, “Oh, crap.”

After the shoot ended, I wanted to rush home because while it was too late to take a class, we could at least look up information beforehand. Something about patterned breathing was mentioned in my conversation, so I really needed to read up on that. Raindrops began splattering down on my windshield, and thunder rumbled behind me. By the time I had gotten home, the wind had picked up, and the trees all swayed to the side, looking like they were going to snap.

“Oh, thank God,” Max said when I walked in the door.

“Are you all right?” I asked, so worried it was time.

“Um ... yeah. There’s a tornado warning.”

Since we lived a bit further out, we had a lot of flat land around us, all the farms. We didn’t get many tornadoes, but when they did pop up, they liked to come our way.

“Shit. You should be in the basement.”

“Same with you.”

“Go down. I’ll grab a few things.”

“Okay.”

As I collected flashlights, battery packs for the phones, and some snacks, the tornado sirens started blaring. I booked it down to the basement. Poor Max had just made it to the bottom of the stairs. He still held the railing, trying to catch his breath.

“Sorry, I don’t have a finished basement,” he said as we snuzzled into a little interior cubby hole.

“You have nothing to be sorry about, but maybe I’ll look into that. I can become a handy dad.”

“You don’t have to finish the basement.”

“We can make it the playroom.”

“That could be nice.” He sat between my legs, leaning against me, and I had my arms around him, holding his stomach in my hands. The storm raged outside. Rain plopped down in huge drops, and the gutters clunked around as the wind whooshed.

A couple of hours passed, and I dozed off but sprung awake when I heard Max breathing heavily.

“Oh, my God, are you okay?”

He had his hands on his belly with his eyes closed, blowing out breaths.

“Max?” I asked, my heart thrumming fast.



He gulped and exhaled. “I think I might be in labor.”

“Holy shit fuck.” I held him under the armpits and tried to stand.

“No, no,” he said, waving me down. “I’m okay for now.”

“When did it begin?” I asked. We had to start getting things ready.

“A couple hours ago, I think?”

“Why didn’t you wake me?”

“Because I’m fine right now, Bauer, and it’s still storming pretty bad. We’re safest down here for the time being.”

“What can I do?” I asked, hugging my arms around him.

“Hold me.” He squeezed my hand.

“That’s it?”

“Yep.”

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“The brunt of the storm seems to be over. Let’s go back upstairs. Can you make it?”

Max gripped my arm and blew out a breath and another.

“After this contraction. Nice and calm and breathe.”

He exhaled and gripped my arm tighter, and made a little mewl sound.

“Breathe, breathe, Max.”

He blew out a series of quick breaths.

“Slow down there. Try the ... uh ... hee-hee-hoo.” Before I had fallen asleep, he told me a bit about patterned breathing.

He said it along with me. We repeated it a few times before he loosened his grip on my arm.

“Let’s go now. You have about six minutes until the next one.”

I helped him upstairs and to the bedroom. He sat down on the edge of the bed and cradled his stomach, wrinkling his nose up.

“Again? Already?”

He whimpered and nodded.

“That’s a change of pace. We have to make sure we’re prepared.”

He whined and leaned forward.

“Sorry, sorry, breathe, Max.”

He rocked back and forth, breathing through his contraction, and I ran around, making sure all of our supplies were in order. For some reason, I looked up how to deliver a baby at home but not how to get your partner through it. Lucky for me, he was the smart one and had already researched it. The lights began to flicker. Max

moaned.

“Crap, I thought the storm was over.” There was a loud buzz and a snapping sound, and we were in darkness.

We only had a few hours before the sun came up, so hopefully, the baby would wait until then to be born. Those hours were hell for him. The contractions kept coming faster and getting stronger. He rocked back and forth on the bed, moaning, sweat rolling down his face. I climbed onto the bed behind him and rubbed my thumbs into his lower back. He groaned and began quickly exhaling.

“You’re doing so good, baby, so good.” We had read that first births could take twelve to twenty-four hours, and his was going to be one definitely going past the twelve hours.

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MY STOMACH SEIZED SO TIGHT. It was like a vise grip of pain. “I can’t take it. Bauer. I want pain medicine. I want an epidural. Ow. Ow.”

“Breathe, breathe, breathe.” His eyes were wide as he massaged my shoulders.

I screamed instead.

Bauer got in front of me and put his hands on my knees. “Do you think it’s too late to get one?”

“My labor is lasting forever. I think we’ll have time. I don’t have to push yet.”

“It’s been about twelve hours,” he said, panting.

“I want one now,” I yelled.

“When this contraction is over, out to the truck.” He pointed to the bedroom door and sprung to his feet.

I nodded and groaned, rocking back and forth. My stomach was so hard, and it was like someone or something was crushing it in their giant hand. As it wound down, I sniveled and watched Bauer darting back and forth. He was grabbing random things and throwing them into a garbage bag.

I gripped the edge of the bed and stood up. He ran over, grabbed my arm, and put a hand on my lower back.

“Careful. Careful.”

I nodded and cupped my stomach in my hands.

“This way.” He guided me out of the room and to the front door. He kept his hand on my back and picked up the bag he had packed from near the door. He threw it over his shoulder and then his mouth dropped open. “One sec. I forgot something.”

I winced as my abdomen began to tighten again. I bent forward, embracing my stomach and gasping, which then turned to screaming. “Hurry the fuck up.”

“Sorry. Sorry.” He ran back with an armful of stuff and dropped it into the garbage bag.

We went out to the garage. A tree had gotten blown over and laid atop the SUV. “Oh, no.”

“Okay, we got this.” He held his hands out in front of me. “Stay here. We’ll use the pickup.” He ran over to the garage and grabbed the door, grunting as he struggled to pull it up. He yanked on it a good few times, and it moved a couple inches. Then he went to the left side, put his hands under the edge, and pulled, doing the same on the other side. Slowly it went up. As he worked the door, I began breathing fast as another contraction rolled in.

“Breathe,” I told myself. I blew out one deep breath after another. I exhaled and whimpered as he finally got the door up and backed out in the pickup. By the time he ran over to me, another one hit. I stared at him with wide eyes.

“Max, don’t panic. Breathe. You were doing all right in the house.”

“Hoo-hoo-hoo,” I said as it tapered off. “That’s because they weren’t as bad, you

jackass.”

“Oh, sweetie. Let’s get you in the truck. It really hurts, doesn’t it?”

I nodded, and he ran over to the passenger door, opening it. He held my elbow as I climbed in. He hopped in the driver’s side and peeled back down the driveway. Trees and fields flew past us as he raced down the street. Houses here and there. Debris covered the road, branches, a trampoline, leaves, and a part of a fence.

“Okay. Okay. Should we call the hospital?” he asked, glancing over at me with wide eyes.

I had my hand on my stomach, focusing on slow breaths. “I don’t know.”

“Where’s my phone? Where’s my phone?” He let go of the steering wheel and began patting himself.

“Bauer, hands on the wheel. I want to be alive when the baby is born.”

He blew out a breath and grabbed the wheel. “This is like in a movie, and they’re like, ‘It’s happening,’ and a whacky ride to the hospital ensues.”

“Bauer ....” I said through my teeth as my stomach tightened. I threw back my head.  
“Ah.”

“Okay. Okay. I’ll shut up.”

“Hoo-hoo.”

“Oh, crap, another one? Hee-hee-hoo. Breathe, Max.”

“Hoo-hoo-hoo.”

“Are we supposed to say a hee-hee in there? Am I doing it right?”

I shook my head. My contractions were at the just blowing, no panting point. I blew out one long exhale after another.”

“Oh, shit.” Bauer slammed on the brakes, and the truck fishtailed. We both screamed as it went left, then right, and then left, and then screamed as the brakes screeched. We slammed to a stop right before the fallen tree in the road.

“Oh-oh-oh,” I yelled. “Oh-oh-oh.” We almost got in a fricking car crash on the way to the hospital. Unbelievable.

“Holy crap.” Bauer turned off the ignition and looked at me with his eyes bugging out. “Are you okay?”

“Ow. Ow.”

“Oh, shit, hoo. Shit-hoo-shit-hoo. We could’ve died. Breathe. Breathe. You, and well me.”

I clamped my hand on his forearm.

He stared at me—his eyes wild. “Blow out. Blow out.”

“They ... won’t ... God.” I closed my eyes and blew out a long breath. I wanted to say my contractions wouldn’t stop, but I was interrupted by my hardening stomach and more horrible pain.

“Okay, breathe. Let me check you out.” He patted me down as I labored through the

agony. “Oh. Oh. Oh, no.”

I did a long exhale and stared at him, feeling something weird in me.

He pointed to my seat, specifically between my legs. There was a large wet spot.

“Your water broke. Stay calm. We’re going to stay calm. More like I’m going to stay calm.”

I gulped, and so badly wanted to shake his shoulders and tell him to get it together, but another contraction hit me. It was so strong. I grabbed the dashboard, gripping it as tight as I could, and screamed.

“Max. Max. Oh, God. Oh, Jesus. Breathe, baby. Breathe.” He blew out long steady breaths.

I followed along. After a few more rounds of breathing, I glanced around. The tree was directly in front of the truck. We really did almost hit it. It blocked the whole road and was giant. There was no way we could move it, and it was so tall that we’d have to drive all the way off the road and into the field to get around it, but what other option did we have?

My stomach cramped again. “Oh.” I cried and started my breathing.

“Oh, baby. We have to try to go around this. Okay?”

I nodded and blew out a long breath, wincing. It was so bad.

He backed up the truck and turned left off the road. The truck bounced along, going over the shoulder and lumpy earth.



I whimpered because it was making my contraction worse.

“I am so sorry.” The truck bumped and jerked around, going over what was possibly the lumpiest, supposedly flat land ever. We made it to the end of the tree, all its roots ripped up from the ground. They reached menacingly at us as we drove around them. He started driving back to the road, and then we weren’t moving.

I let out a series of quick breaths. The truck wheels spun, but we went nowhere.

“Mother fuckers,” Bauer yelled, pounding the steering wheel with his fist. He hit the gas again, and nothing. He put it in reverse and tried rocking us back and forth, but we were stuck. He sucked on his bottom lip. Blinking his eyes, he looked up at the roof of the truck.

I let out a deep exhale and cradled my stomach in my arms—hot tears rolled down my face.

Bauer undid his seat belt and turned toward me, cupping my face in his palm. “Oh, baby. I’m so sorry this is happening. I’m going to call 9-1-1.”

He reached into his one pocket and then the other. “Shitty ass mother fuckers. I really did forget my phone.”

I groaned and leaned my head back onto the headrest, squeezing my eyes shut, wishing away the pain and that we’d be magically transported to the hospital.

He put his hand on my belly. “Max, breathe.”

“Ow. Ow.”

“Breathe, okay, baby? Please? Hoo-hoo.”

I responded with, “Hoo-hoo.”

“You have to keep breathing. Don’t stop. I’m going to see if I can go for help.”

I slapped my hand on his forearm and shook my head.

“I saw a couple of houses a bit back, across the fields. I’m going to see if they can get an ambulance here.”

“Don’t leave me.”

“Max, I don’t think anybody is going to be driving this way any time soon.”

The tears started again.

“Let’s get you more comfortable. Maybe we should move you to the bed of the truck to be on the safe side.”

He meant for when I had to give birth, out there in a truck in the middle of a field.

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“ARE YOU COMFORTABLE?” Bauer asked, kneeling by my side.

I shook my head. I was in excruciating pain. Of course, I wasn’t comfortable.

His mouth dropped open. “Should I sit you up more?”

“No,” I said, my voice wavering as my stomach cramped. I was in the back of a truck on the side of the road, giving birth. No matter what position I’d be in, it wouldn’t matter to me because the whole situation sucked, and it was such intense pain I didn’t want to move. Supposedly, on your back was the worst position to give birth in, but the doctor did say I had birthing hips, and billions of people had given birth on their back, so it’d work at the moment.

“What if I held you?”

I shook my head. Anybody touching me then sounded so unappealing. I screamed as I bore down. My body shook like wild as I tried to work our baby down my birth canal. A breeze blew, but it was warm and did nothing for my sweaty body. Wet droplets rolled down my forehead as I concentrated on pushing. When the contraction passed, I fell back, breathing heavily, and rolling my head to the side, taking in my mate, who sat there with his eyes wide and mouth hanging open.

He blinked and licked his lips. “I’m going to get between your legs. Okay?”

I nodded, my chest heaving, as I took in the fields to either side of us. Crickets rang out, and the grass rustled in the wind, but I was the main one making all the sounds. I could’ve sworn I heard the echoes of my screams.

“I have to take off your pants.” As he reached for the waist of my pants, I gripped his wrist and cried out.

He put his other hand on my hardened stomach as I grabbed my thighs and pushed. The pain was more than anything I had imagined. It was all-consuming. I pushed through the misery and whimpered as it subsided, knowing it would be back in merely seconds. Bauer worked off my pants and underwear, and I closed my eyes and cried.

“Shh, I’m here for you.”

I cried harder because I was naked from the waist down, outside, giving birth. “Oh. Oh.”

He put his palm on my stomach. “I feel it. Push, Max, push.”

I sobbed as I pushed. Even though the circumstances were pretty bad, I still had him. The man who had been by my side the whole time. The man who loved me no matter what. He put his hands on the inside of my thighs and spread my legs as I pulled them back.

“Shh, look at you.”

I let out a scream as I continued to bear down, and then it finally passed.

“Hey, you’re strong and brave. Look at you. You sure you’re okay like this?”

I nodded and groaned as my stomach tightened again.

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GIVING BIRTH WAS HELL. All the things you watched and read said if you were calm and breathed through it, it would be a beautiful and relaxing experience. Talk about a bunch of bullshit. It was like someone was slicing me open with a soldering iron while continually stabbing me in the stomach with a hot knife.

I began to bawl as the baby crowned. It was such immense pain.

“I can’t. I can’t.” I just wanted it to stop.

“You’re so close. The head, it’s right there. The very top of it.”

“Oh, God. Oh, God.” I groaned as another wave of torture hit me. Screaming, I bore down as I tore open, agony shooting through me as I was boiling to death in the back of the damn truck. Letting out a wail, I pushed as a bunch of birds flew overhead, squawking. My bra was dripping wet, along with the rest of me. The sleeping bag below was pooling with sweat and other juices that leaked from my body.

“More, baby. More, baby, Max.”

I whimpered and gasped as I had to push again. Crying out, I continued to bear down. The damn baby didn’t want to exit my body. When the contraction ended, I shook my head. “It’s not working. It’s not working.”

“It is, sugar. It’s a slow process, but the baby is coming.”

“Oh, God, no,” I yelled as I had to push again. I kept screaming and pushing, and after about ten more minutes, I felt even worse pain, which was almost unimaginable

because it was already awful enough, but it leveled up.

I wailed and pushed as the baby ripped me in two.

“Keep pushing,” Bauer shouted.

I focused—blinking sweat out of my eyes.

“Push, Max, push.”

Bearing down, I bit my lip, groaning and straining, and then a wave of agony that almost made me pass out washed over me. Then there was a rush of relief.

Bauer cheered. “Our baby. Our baby. The head is out.”

Breathing heavily, another contraction consumed me, and I had to push again.

“Here comes baby,” Bauer yelled.

With one more push, I got a weird slimy feeling, and Bauer wooted. Our baby was born. Bauer held up the baby and placed them on my chest. I put my hand on their wet purple back and closed my eyes, still shaking, my whole bottom region throbbing. Bauer tied off the umbilical cord on both ends and then cut it with a small pair of scissors he had.

“Wow, just wow.” He held up the cord. “I’m in awe of you.”

I smiled but didn’t have a lot of words because I was exhausted.

“Our baby.” Bauer gently stroked the baby’s head. “What should we name him?”

I looked down at our little guy and remembered a conversation we had earlier.  
“Lincoln.”

He smiled from ear to ear. “Our baby, Lincoln.”

Lincoln was smacking his little lips. “I guess I should feed him.”

“Yeah, looks like a hungry little guy.”

I pulled the baby near my chest and held his head in one hand and my breast in the other. I gulped. I was about to feed a little person that just came out of me with my own body. I drew the baby closer, and he opened wide. I guided my nipple into his mouth, and he latched on. He began tugging on my breast right away. I hissed at the sting and his fervor.

“Look at that.,” Bauer said, watching the baby and me.

I grimaced at the discomfort—not just at the baby eating but the fact that I was sweaty and cold at the same time. The sun was so hot, and I was sitting in a wet puddle of goo, and my stomach was beginning to cramp again for some reason.

“Oh,” I said as my abdomen tightened. “Oh.”

“Holy shit, the placenta.”

I licked my lips and nodded, blowing out a breath. I didn’t know you had contractions when the placenta came out.

Bauer breathed along with me as our baby gulped down what my body had to offer. The food he would depend on during his first months.

“Should I take the baby?” he asked.

“I think it should come out in a push or two.”

“Will you feel pressure like with the baby?”

“I don’t think so. I honestly don’t know.” I winced because the contractions were just as bad as they were with the regular labor.

I held firmly to Lincoln as an awful pressure washed over me. Welp, it turned out that delivering placenta was just like having a baby. Milk leaked from my other breast, soaking my already wet bra as Lincoln gobbled down. I pushed and pushed and began to feel a bit lightheaded.

“Max, sugar.”

I cried out as my stomach hardened. I blew out a breath and bore down, shaking so badly as pain seared through me.

“Holy shit, you need water before you pass out.”

I licked my parched lips. “Bauer.”

“I have to find you water.”

I bawled as I bore down, gripping my thigh so tight, blinking my eyes. “No.”

“I have to. You and the baby will be safe here. I don’t know what will happen if you pass out and can’t push out the placenta.

Tears rolled down my cheeks. I knew he was right, but I also knew it meant he had to



leave me.

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I FELT BETWEEN MY LEGS TO SEE IF THE DAMN PLACENTA HAD come out yet. Nothing was there, so I stuck a couple of fingers into my hole, and holy hell—it wasn't the placenta. Holy shit. I was giving birth to a second baby, and my stomach was gripped with another contraction. Lincoln began to doze off, and I tried to keep my screams to a minimum as I pushed so I wouldn't wake or scare him. Curling my chin in, I held him in one arm and gripped the inside of my thigh with my other hand. Bearing down with all I had, I was still totally in shock that I had to do such a thing—to give birth to Lincoln's twin.

As the labor pain passed, I panted, unlatched Lincoln, and moved him to the bed of the truck beside me. When my stomach was gripped in agony again, I was able to use a bit more force, grabbing both of my thighs and curling in over myself. As the bout continued, it began to burn more. It was excruciating. The baby was crowning.

“Oh, no. Oh, no,” I said to myself. I was by myself. I tried not to push, but my body wouldn't let me stop. It knew the baby needed to be born. I cried, wanting Bauer to be there, to be back with the water as black spots appeared before my eyes, and to be there as our second baby was born. I bore down, regripping my thighs, which I tried to open more to my sides, and leaned in over myself as much as I could. I worked the baby out as my hole opened to its maximum.

Pain burned through me as the baby's head slowly appeared. Screaming, I kept pushing, and knowing it was almost time, I put my hands between my legs. I strained more, crying as my exit tore open, and I felt the top of the baby's head with my fingers. Panting and gasping, I pushed again, and my body shook as more of the baby's head filled my hands. My breathing was erratic, and I whimpered because it hurt like a son of a bitch, and I kept straining my muscles, that horrific burn carrying

on. I bellowed and bore down more, holding onto the little person coming out of me.

It was like it was happening in slow motion. Every time I pushed the baby only eased out in small increments. Lincoln was fast asleep beside me as I shook and delivered the baby myself. I forced down on my muscles, screaming now so the whole county could probably hear as my exit stretched to let the baby pass. Then, time caught up with itself, and the baby's head popped out into my hands.

I pushed a couple more times to deliver the baby's body. When they were out, I gently put them down on the bed of the truck between my thighs and lay back, gasping for breath—my vision wobbly and my head so dizzy. The baby cried as my chest heaved, gulping, trying to breathe.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

THE PARAMEDICS PUT AN IV IN MAX'S ARM, HOOKING HIM UP to some fluids, and his head bobbed to the side. The ambulance arrived minutes after Max gave birth to the third baby. Luckily, there were no other babies in there. But hell, three was surprising enough.

"It's almost time." The medic put his palm on Max's stomach. It was still almost as big as before he'd given birth. His legs were spread wide, hanging off the stretcher, and he scrunched his nose because he was still having small contractions, sweat dripping down his face. The ambulance sped along the street as he moaned and pushed the placenta out. A bunch of liquid and blood spewed forth with it.

He fell back, his chest heaving, panting. The thing was gigantic and globby and disgusting.

"You are a super alpha, Maximus Vespone," I said, so proud of my mate.

He nodded, breathing heavily, his eyes dropping shut. The paramedic put some white towels over his chest and put the newest of the babies between his breasts.

"Congrats, Dad. We have one big placenta. Identical triplets," the paramedic said with a smile. "We're going to give the first two babies some extra fluid because, like Max, they're a bit dehydrated, but besides that, everyone is looking great. You two did an amazing job."

"He delivered the second baby by himself. I had to go off and find him some water. He was basically unconscious and had a baby alone," I said, still in awe that he did such a thing.

The paramedic's eyes widened. "Wow."

"Yeah," I said with pride.

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:19 am*

HAVING TRIPLETS WAS BEYOND EXHAUSTING. Along with trying to run a farm, and school was starting again in about a week—I didn't know how I was going to do it. If I didn't have Bauer, it would've been impossible. I lay on the floor with the babies. Even though they were only two months old, I was convinced Fields was already trying to roll.

Bauer came in the backdoor wearing a flannel and a cowboy hat. He looked incredibly sexy. I kind of wanted to devour him right there.

“Hey, my babies. Finished with the peaches, and my dads called.”

“How they doing?” I asked, putting Colin on my chest. The other two kicked their legs and sucked on their binkies.

“Great. They had an idea.” He took off his hat and put it on the coat rack near the door.

I had gotten to know his dads quite well since we had the babies. They were both great. “What's that?”

“Move out here to help us with the babies.”

“No, I don't want them to uproot their lives.”

“They wouldn't. They said family is their life. They're retired and looking for a new adventure.” His parents had him later in life, so they were already a bit older.

I smiled. “Well, I’d love that.”

“And since we’d have extra help ....” He tapped his fingertip on his chin.

I raised an eyebrow and stared at my sexy mate. “What?”

“I think you’re going into heat again.”

“It’s too early,” I said, shaking my head.

He took a big inhale. “I can smell it.”

“I did want to jump your bones just now when you walked in.”

“Can we have all the babies in the world?” He grinned and clapped his hands, practically bouncing on his toes.

“Maybe not that many, but ....”

His face lit up. “Oh, my God, rip your clothes off now.”

“We have to put the babies to sleep first.” Maybe it was because I was going into heat again, but more babies sounded like a wonderful idea.

“Hear that, you guys, you’re going to be big brothers,” Bauer said, doing a little dance, thrusting his hips.

“I don’t even know how that works. They’re only two months old, and I’m breastfeeding.”

“Trust me, I’m going to make you so pregnant.” He growled and got on his hands and knees, crawling toward me, then Colin farted. We burst out laughing.

When I first got pregnant, I kind of thought it was the end of the world. I was no longer an alpha. My life would never be the same. Sure, it would never be, but now I couldn't imagine it any other way. I was an alpha who could get pregnant. The doctor at the hospital confirmed that I was intersex. He said intersex alphas weren't actually all that rare. We usually didn't see them with child that often, though, because they were generally the ones getting their omega mates pregnant, and I just happened to be one who was in love with another alpha.

We were an unusual pair, family, but I loved everything about us. I was still very much an alpha, just one who could, as Bauer would say, have buttloads of children.