



AN EQUAL SHARE

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Prologue

It almost seemed the same, life in the suburbs. Look in any direction and you saw an expectant mother. Did it seem like there were more than usual? Maybe, but the suburbs had always been about kids, cars and manicured lawns, Rows of neat, bright, houses with black shingled roofs. Everyone expected it to just go on and on as it always had: Moms rushing from play dates to little league games, swim lessons to dance classes, forever driving and driving their children.

That was before they'd heard of the Equal Ploughshares, the mpreg splice, that was before so many men found themselves—

I'm getting ahead of myself.

Yes, it did still look the same, if you didn't know the secret of so many of those expectant moms with their hands at the smalls of their backs, their swollen bellies. If you didn't know.

Chapter One

“Bonnie, you mentioned the overall numbers from last quarter were up 2%, but let’s see a breakdown of those numbers by division.” Alec, sitting at the head of the conference table, tensed his fingers. “I want to get more granular.”

Bonnie starred, deer in the headlights. “I don’t have those numbers at my fingertips since I was focused on—”

“Let me stop you right there,” Alec said. Everyone at the conference table tensed up. They knew what was coming.

“Information, Bonnie, has never moved as freely and easily as it does now. Never so freely.” He pulled his cellphone out of his coat pocket. “I can get up to the millisecond data on what’s going on in the stock market right now on MY PHONE!” He looked around the room, making eye contact with everyone. This was what Alec liked to think of as a teachable moment. “Now, you were about to tell me why is it that when I can find out the weather in Zanzibar in less than five seconds on MY PHONE— you can’t provide me with data which is just as available to you on your phone. Please remember before you complete your thought that there is only one thing worse than an employee who comes to a meeting unprepared. And that is—?”

“One who makes excuses,” Bonnie said.

“So, tell me, why don’t you have the information I requested?”

“Because I’m unprepared.”

“Correct. You were unprepared. You have disappointed me. Do you like the way you feel right now?”

“No,” Bonnie whispered, dropping her eyes.

“Then I suggest in the future, Bonnie, my dear, you come to meetings prepared. Sit.”

The meeting over, Alec strode back to his corner office. At 6’ 3”, he towered over the staff, always maintaining a warm but frosty demeanor, much like his own father had done when he was a child. Alec considered himself the father to all his employees, though he wasn’t that old. As such, sometimes he had to spank them for their own good, as he’d done with Bonnie.

“Any messages?” Alec asked his secretary as he went into his office.

“Not from anyone that matters,” Kelly said with a smirk.

Alec chuckled. He ‘d decorated his office with pictures of himself climbing Mount Fuji, hiking in the Sahara, running the local Tough Mudder. Naturally, he’d also included the obligatory photos of him shaking hands with the mayor, a senator, and even a former president. Of course, his wife, too, and not just because it was expected. He’d married a thoroughbred—tall, athletic, she’d played volleyball in college, and she was beautiful. Jackie was an elite female. Alec liked people to know he’d landed a winner.

The day ending, Alec headed out. “So,” Kelly said. “What are your big plans for this weekend? Launching yourself into outer space and chopping the moon in half?”

Alec laughed. Kelly, like all straight women, had a thing for him. How could she not? “Oh, I have a much greater challenge ahead of me,” Alec said. “Jackie wants us to have a quiet weekend together and so something she calls, ‘relax.’”

“You? Relax?”

“Wish me luck, and if I don’t show up for work on Monday, you’ll know what happened.”

Chapter Two

When he pulled his Jaguar into the driveway that evening, Alec's neighbor, Nick, and his daughter, Dana, were out front shooting hoops. Well, Nick was actually coaching Dana. She was dribbling, her back to him, as he aggressively checked her with his body. "Come on!" Nick said. "Don't let me push you around! You need to be more aggressive!"

Dana was flustered, annoyed. She turned and just tossed a jump shot toward the hoop, which Nick slapped away, the ball thudding to the driveway and bouncing over the fence. "This is why you're not a starter!" Nick bellowed.

"I'm doing my best!" Dana shouted back.

Alec grabbed the basketball, which had come bouncing over onto his driveway and tossed it back to Nick. "Nick. Dana." he said, heading into the house. He'd been watching this for years as Nick had relentlessly pushed Dana into sports. Some of the neighbors thought he was too hard on her, but, Alec figured, it was impossible to argue with results. Dana had gone to the local university on a full scholarship to play basketball. Was she happy? As far as Alec was concerned, the answer to that question was irrelevant. The job of a parent was to make their kids successful.

The next morning, Alec and Jackie had been lazing on the couch, watching tennis— they were both champions down at the club— when the television had gone all fuzzy, then black. Alec grabbed the controller, but before he could even push a button, the screen came back to life, but it wasn't tennis. Instead, the image of a woman in a nursery appeared, a background of cribs and rainbows. She wore a semi-transparent plastic

mask that obscured her features. Beneath her, a line of text read Equality Ploughshares. The image was fuzzy, buzzing with static, and the woman spoke, her voice was distorted:

“Over the next few months,” she declared, “one third of all men will find themselves pregnant,”

Alec laughed. Jackie laughed. “Is this some kind of joke?”

“Probably a commercial for some new series,” Jackie said.

“Men have left us no choice. They have brought the world to the brink of financial and environmental collapse, and as a result—”

The images jerked to the side, faded into static, and was replaced by the tennis match. “That was weird as hell,” Alec said.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Jackie said, teasing. “I think you’d make a great mommy.”

Alec just shook his head. An hour or so passed, and they’d both pretty much forgotten about the whole thing, when the tennis match was again interrupted, this time with a screen announcing, “Special Report.”

“We come to you from the White House, where the president is set to address the nation...”

“I think it has to be a prank, right?” Nick said as he sipped on a beer.

Alec, Nick, and a few other neighborhood men had gathered on Alec’s deck, standing in a circle around the firepit, drinking beer. Paul, who lived at the end of the block, had his phone out, was reading. “It’s all over the CDC website,” he said, shaking his head in disbelief. “Symptoms. They say guys who get infected with the nano-virus, the ones vulnerable to it, will get smaller, and we, they, will have wider hips, for having the babies...”

“Smaller?” Alec said.

“Yeah. It says the guys will end up, like, 5 feet tall. Oh, shit.”

“What?” Nick said.

“Five years? It says the men will carry the babies for 5 years!” Paul’s voice was rising; he was clearly freaking out.

“Relax,” Brian from two doors down said. “It probably won’t even affect any of us.”

Alec looked around at the faces of the men, lit up by the flickering flames. “They said 30%,” he said. “That means, odds are, three of us are about to find ourselves—” he didn’t want to say the word, and instead made a round shape in front of his flat stomach.

“I just hope it’s not me,” Paul said. “I just hope it’s not me.”

Tension built over the next few days, every guy stressing over whether he could be one of *them*, the group already being referred to as the mpregs. It still didn’t seem real, a lot of men holding onto the idea that it was a prank or some sort, or that the Equality Ploughshares were just nuts.

Around the neighborhood, at work, everyone was watching for signs of changes in themselves and others. Men almost hoped to see the changes in another guy on the grounds that if someone else changed, that meant there was one less “opening” in that 30% number.

Alec had been out front, trimming the bushes, his bare chest glistening with sweat, when Nick had wandered over. “Bro,” Nick said, and they fist bumped. Alec noticed Nick touch his chest and wince. “Any changes so far?” Alec said, curious. His chest had been aching, too.

“Nah,” Nick said. “I think it’s probably all bullshit. Oh, shit. Here comes Milo.”

“Prick.”

Milo was the neighborhood clown. He'd been the class clown in high school and had never grown up, but he ran the best plumbing business in town, so everyone put up with him. "Hey, bitches," Milo said as he came up to them. "Anyone else suddenly have the urge to take up knitting? Haaaa." He had one of those gassy laughs, like air being let out of a balloon.

"Milo," Alec said, accepting the fist bump.

"Hey," Nick said. "I got a slow leak on my backyard spigot. You take care of that for me?"

Milo frowned and put his hands on his belly. He was portly, to be polite, and actually had a belly as big as a pregnant woman. "Nick, how can you even ask that of a man in my condition?"

"If you do end up pregnant, no one will be able to—"

Nick's voice trailed off as his eyes locked onto Kent Jansen, who had come jogging along. Jansen was a cross-fitter, with a hard, muscular body now glistening. All three men stared, heads swiveling as he ran past them. They tracked his broad, bulging shoulders and then, as he ran past, dropping to his muscular glutes. Alec swallowed. He was suddenly so thirsty. Nick's hand went to his throat, and he wondered, why is my heart racing?

Once Kent had disappeared, the men all snapped out of it. "So," Alec said, shaking his head, retreating into denial. "Anyone catch the game last night?"

Everyone else noticed the changes in Alec that he either didn't see or refused to acknowledge. Bonnie, the woman who he'd berated so recently, passed him in the hall and stopped him, grinning. "Mr. Goode," she'd said, with an amused and excited air. "Your skin looks great. You're glowing."

“Um, yeah, thanks,” Alec said, continuing on his way, wondering why Bonnie and another woman had started chuckling. He’d have to put her in her place, he decided, rubbing his aching, sensitive chest as he made his way into his office.

Kelly looked at him curiously. “Your chest ache?”

“Yeah,” he said. “I must have pulled a muscle at the gym.”

Kelly raised an eyebrow but let it pass.

Back in his office, Alec took a couple of aspirin and downed them with a shot of scotch. He sat, putting his hand gingerly over his belly. He’d been having cramps. It felt like something was clawing at his guts from the inside. The thought was there, lingering in the shadows, like a big cat ready to pounce: you’re one of them. You’re a prego. But, no. He refused to believe it. It was just something he ate, he told himself.

Jackie watched her husband struggling to pull his pants up over his rounding, widening hips, his swelling ass. She didn’t want to believe it either, but it was becoming impossible to deny. She thought back to their love making the night before. When Alec had pulled his shirt off, she’d had to hide her shock at the sight of his wide, bumpy areolas, his plump nipples, growing hard, erect, rising from his puffy chest. As they lay together, his skin had been so soft. Curious, she’d put her hand on his soft chest, and he’d hissed and immediately pushed it away. “Don’t.”

Alec finally got his pants up over his hips. He saw Jackie watching. “Gonna have to work out a little harder,” he said.

“Or get some new pants,” Jackie said. It was odd to think her husband, the man she’d married, was going to be pregnant soon. She still loved him, and she would have to help him through this. She decided she had to say something. She got up and went to Alec. “Honey,” she said, looking him

directly in the eyes, as they were now the same height. "I think you're one of them."

"That's ridiculous," Alec said.

"Your hips?" Jackie said. "And you're getting smaller. She touched his smooth, soft cheek. "When was the last time you shaved?"

"I gotta get to work," Alec said, refusing to see, to accept what was happening to him.

The changes kept coming. Everyone at work could see them, but it was a thing you just didn't talk about. Bonnie struggled not to laugh each time Alec walked into a meeting now, with that big, plump ass and the widening, maternal hips. They changed his walk, put a little swivel in it, and his top buttons strained against his swelling chest which had the sweet, rounded shape of a tween girl now. He sat, and Bonnie exchanged a glance with her frenemy, Amy. They shared a grin. Alec's face was changing, too, and in all the most pleasing ways. It had softened, and he had long, curly lashes, his lips getting plumper, his nose turning into a cute little ski slope.

"Hit me," Alec said, putting a hand to his throat, coughing. His voice was changing, too, becoming buzzier, higher, more feminine. He lay a hand gingerly across his belly.

The men, the ones who hadn't changed, looked at him now with a mixture of disgust and pity. When the meeting ended, Alec called to Mike, another executive from accounting. "Bro," he said, wincing again at the sound of his voice. "We still on for golf this Saturday?"

"Bro," Mike said, looking guilty. "Yeah, you know, the thing is, something came up. I'm not going to be able to make it."

"Oh, come on," Alec said, suddenly shrill, angry, his voice rising even higher. "I was totally looking forward to kicking your ass!"

“Sorry, er, man,” Mike said, and then he put a hand on Alec’s round, little shoulder. “Maybe you should take it easy? You know, in your condition?”

“What are you even talking about?”

“Gotta jet,” Mike said, walking away.

“Some of the girls are getting together for brunch,” Bonnie taunted. “You wanna come with?”

Alec glared at her, but he felt tears welling up in his eyes and turned away.

Alec hurried back to his office, ran past Kelly without a word, and then, hyperventilating, he started to cry. He hated crying, hadn’t allowed himself to cry since he’d been a child, but he’d found himself becoming more and more emotional. The tear storm passed, and he wiped the tears from his cheeks, then winced as another cramp hit him in the belly.

Sitting down, he opened the Garrison file on his computer, meaning to get some work done. He needed to produce, to prove his worth, but he couldn’t focus. He was so worried, so anxious.

It had been happening more and more. He was being cut out of the herd, excluded from the men. He could feel himself losing his place, his position. The old man didn’t invite him up to the Friday afternoon Smokers anymore. He turned back to the computer, but he couldn’t work as the image blurred, his tears flowing.

Chapter Three

The guys gathered on Alec's back porch. They were the same guys, at least in name. Nick and Brian, like Alec, looked more like teen girls than men, with their small breasts, wide hips and pretty faces. Pete, alone, was unchanged, and the other men hated him a little as he stood there, tall and lean, with his broad shoulders, his flat chest and straight hips. Nick now had a big, round belly.

"Triplets?" Alec said, spitting his beer out.

Nick nodded. His wife had finally talked him into going to the gynecologist. He showed them the ultrasound.

"Wow," Alec said, overcome with emotion as he looked at the tiny little babies forming in Nick's womb. He'd never really given half a shit about these ultrasound pictures before, though he'd always faked the proper enthusiasm. Now, though? It was like he felt something move inside him, his chest seemed to swell in response to the sight of those little people. "They're so beautiful," he gasped, surprising himself.

He looked down at his own rounded belly, the bottom poking out from under his t-shirt. He wasn't nearly as big as Nick, yet. Different men were progressing at slightly different rates. Is there a baby in there? He wondered, setting his beer down. He blushed at the thought.

"So," Brian said, bored with all the baby talk. "Anyone catch the game last night?"

The other men glared at him and shook their heads.

"How's your wife taking it?" Brian asked.

Nick shrugged. "I don't know. I don't think she even knows, but my daughter? She's loving it."

What if I am— you know?” Alec asked Jackie that night as he climbed into bed.

Jackie could sense how insecure he was feeling, how scared. She’d never seen him like this, and while part of her was disappointed in how emotional and needy he was becoming, he was also still the man she’d married, and he was, she had no doubt, carrying a child. “I’ll be there for you,” she said, rubbing her hand over her husband’s round, swollen belly.

“Really?” Alec said.

“Of course. I love you.”

Alec fought the urge to cry. He didn’t want his wife to see him cry. “I didn’t want this,” he said. “I don’t want to have a baby.”

Alec found himself laying on an examination table as the nurse smeared jelly across his tummy. Jackie was at his side, holding his hand. The doctor, Mary Patel, took the ultrasound and began to run it over his belly, and he stared at the blue screen as the image began to form.

“Congratulations,” Dr. Patel said with a chagrined smile. “You’re pregnant. Twins.”

“Twins?” Alec gasped.

“It’s part of the nanotech the EP released,” Dr. Patel explained. “Most mpreg men are finding themselves carrying twins or even triplets. I’ll let you two have some time alone.”

“Congrats,” the nurse, a cute, young blonde said as she wiped the jelly from Alec’s belly. “I’m so happy for the two of you.” She sounded sincere, but Alec could see that amused smirk in her eyes, the one he’d seen in the

eyes of so many women. They took pleasure in the idea of men getting pregnant, having babies. She patted Alec on the arm and left.

Alec couldn't hold back the tears this time. "I'm pregnant?" He said as Jackie hugged him.

"With twins!" Jackie said, trying to stay positive. "I think this could be the best thing that ever happened for us."

Alec couldn't hear her. He was staring at the ultrasound, the image of the babies, HIS babies, the babies growing inside him. He was going to be a mother. What would his father think of him now?

Chapter Four

The sign above the tent read, “Welcome Man Mommies!” in square letters that were made to look like they’d been carved of steel. In smaller letters, Pop Up Maternity Shop. With some many mpreggies around, it had become a thing, these pop-up shops specializing in clothes for the expectant man. Of course, the clothes became available online as soon as men started showing and popping, but the thing was none of the guys had any idea how to size the clothes for their new shapes.

Nick and Alec, hands at the small of their backs, waddled along behind their wives, each of them wearing what had fast become a standard “look” for the stylish suburban preggo: Nick wore a pair of his wife spans—his thighs had become jiggy, as well as one of his old New York Giants football jersey, now stretched across his belly. A lot of guys, as an act of defiance, had begun wearing short tops, leaving their bellies exposed, saying to the world I don’t care if I have a couple babies in my stomach, I am still a man. Nick, though, couldn’t get over the shame of it, especially with his daughter, Dana, now giving him shit daily about his condition.

Alec had embraced the styles of the peggos, which had been popularized by Esquire Magazine, who’d started a new publication called Esquire for the Man Mom. He wore a tank top with an American Flag on it, and he’d tied it up, so it now lay on top of his swollen tummy, plus a pair of Jackie’s short shorts that revealed just about every inch of his long, shapely legs. “My wife has been driving me crazy trying to get me to go shopping with her for maternity clothes,” Nick said, continuing their conversation.

‘Mine, too. I really couldn’t get my ahead around it, but, well, I’d really like some clothes that actually fit,” Alec said. Both men looked around at

the other mpreg's, all of them tiny, pretty, with huge, swollen bellies. Once they'd gotten inside the tent, Jackie and Melinda, Nick's wife, were all excited, grabbing tops and shorts for their tiny little husbands to try on. Nick and Alec just went along with it, letting their wives pick their clothes, bully them into agreeing to this top and those shorts. There was no changing room, and given the men had all come here in part to try things on and learn their sizes, the pop up had sheets that the wives could hold up while their husband's changed. "I don't know," Alec said.

"Well, I do," Jackie said, laughing, guiding Alec toward the changing area, then holding up the sheet. Alec struggled out his tank top and her shorts. He wore a pair of her boy shorts for underwear, stretched nearly to the breaking point by his wider hips and plump rear end. She smirked as she glanced down at the crotch. Alec's junk had shrunk, like all the peggos until it was so tiny that, when he was naked, she couldn't even see it buried in his public hair. The end result was that he had only the tiniest bulge in his shorts and could easily have been mistaken for an actual woman.

"Well?" Alec said after he wiggled and tugged his way into a pair of little, cotton shorts and a crop top that read Iron Man across his breasts.

"You look so handsome," Jackie said, though he actually looked cute, pretty, adorable. She knew those words were triggers for him now as he tried to desperately cling to his lost manhood. She was pleased with the look. She'd been following the trends for pregnant men, too, and it was important to her that her husband be stylish. Everyone in the suburbs was so judgy and gossipy. If he had to be a pegggo, he could at least be well dressed.

"I'm not wearing that," Nick said, pushing away the crop top Melinda was holding out to him. "Do you know how much shit Dana will give me?"

“All the guys are—”

“I don’t care,” Nick screeched, his high pitched-voice shrill, like nails on a chalkboard. His cheeks flushed, he stomped one tiny foot, looking and sounding like a petulant little girl.

“You’re making a scene,” Melinda scolded him, using the exact tone she would use with a child.

Alec gave Jackie a look, and the thought passed between them unsaid: I’m glad we’re not like them.

Alec looked down the line of men trying on clothes. A few couples down, one had let himself get bullied into putting on a thong. As soon as he’d gotten it on, the strap planted firmly between his ass cheeks, his wife shouted “oops!” and dropped the sheet, giving everyone a glimpse of her blushing little man in his thong, throwing his hands over his ass cheeks.

“You’d look great in a thong,” Jackie had snickered.

“Don’t even think about it.”

Alec stood in the front yard, hose in hand, spot watering some patches of grass that looked a little brown. He’d always prided himself on having the best lawn on the block. It was part of being a husband, a man, and he needed that validation more than ever. He was shirtless, barefooted, wearing nothing but a pair of the shorts they’d gotten at the pop up. Well, the shorts and one of the thongs Jackie had somehow talked him into buying. Every few minutes, he tugged at the floss, trying to get it out of the deepest crevices of his ass crack. He didn’t know if he’d ever get used to it, but with his tight, tight shorts, it just looked better. No panty lines.

Alec enjoyed the feeling of the sun on his skin, and going shirtless was a part of preggo culture, all of the men refusing to be embarrassed by their small breasts, their bellies.

Jackie didn't like it at first. Hell, she'd tried to get him to wear a bra. "It's not proper," she said. "Besides, you could get stretch marks."

"There are fat dad trads with bigger boobs than me," Alec had answered. Trad had become shorthand for "traditional male." He'd been busy pulling his hair back into a ponytail, getting ready to go out and work on the lawn. His hair grew so fast, he'd given up on keeping it short and, besides, once again the need to conform out in the suburbs had won out. Once the movie stars who'd been caught by the virus started wearing their hair long, it had been all over. Tom Holland had gotten it going, showing up at a movie premiere wearing a spaghetti strap top, with his long, thick hair tumbling down over his slender, round little shoulders. The media had gorged on the story, Instagram had lit up. Everyone called him "brave."

Suddenly, the world saw a preggo with short hair as a coward, a man with no self-confidence.

All the preggos in the neighborhood and at work had started wearing their hair long, so Alec did, too. What choice did he have?

"I just, you know, worry what the neighborhood kids are seeing."

"Men go shirtless," Alec had said, then, softening his tone, he stepped close to Jackie, putting his arms around her, letting his soft belly press against her stone hard abs. Tilting his head back, he batted his eyes and said, "I need your support."

"Of course," Jackie said, pulling his head in to rest against her chest. "You know I support you."

Alec smiled. He was learning new ways to win arguments now that he was so small and pretty.

Kent came jogging by, waved and gave Alec a smile. Alec smiled and waved back, feeling all warm and thirsty, wishing he'd listened to Jackie as his nipples got hard. He draped an arm across his chest, unable to stop staring at Kent, with those muscular legs, that powerful looking ass. Alec had found himself looking at men more and more, even fantasizing about them.

"Alec!"

He was so lost in his appreciation of Kent's hard body he didn't even hear Nick approaching and jumped, spinning, accidentally splashing Nick with the hose. Nick yelped as the water splashed onto his shirt, which now clung, semi-transparent to his breasts.

"Oh, shit," Alec said. "I'm so sorry!" He noticed Nick's puffy eyes, realized he'd been crying. "Are you okay?" It was a sincere question. They'd all been crying a lot since they'd gotten pregnant, and half the time for no reason.

"No... Dana? I can't believe she would do this...." Nick gasped, hyperventilating, holding his phone toward Alec. The screen was blank.

Alec shook his head. "Come on," he said. "Let's talk in the back."

It was a Tik Tok video, the wandering camera zeroed in on Dana's grinning face. She spun it around, and there was Nick in a pair of spunks, one of his over-sized jerseys. The camera spun, jerked, and then there was a scream as Alec could see Dana yank Nick's jersey up, the camera panning up over his belly and right to his firm little breasts, milk dripping from his fat nipples, and then it lurched up to his pretty face, big eyes wide in shock and shame. Dana's laughter, Nick huffing, "What the hell?" Then

the camera turned to Dana's face as she ran from the room laughing, "My Dad's boobs are leaking!"

"It's, er, not so bad," Alec lied. They'd both sat down on the porch. "I mean, maybe no one will see it..." His voice trailed off as he saw it had already gotten 42000 views. "Or know it's you?" His voice trailed off again as he saw Dana had not only identified Nick in the post but had also hash tagged him. 'Okay," Alec said. "It's pretty bad."

The porch door slid open. "You boys want something to drink?" Jackie called.

"I can get it," Alec said, actually wanting to give Nick a moment. He planted both hands on the armrests of the Adirondack chair and groaned as he struggled to stand.

"Oh, don't get up," Jackie said. Sitting, standing, even laying down had become daily struggles for her husband. Like everything associated with his change, it confused her because she empathized, but she also found it somehow amusing. "I'll get you some tea." Both men were off alcohol, of course. They knew it wasn't good for their babies.

Alec collapsed back onto his chair with a sigh of relief and returned his attention to Nick. "You wanna talk about it?" He asked. Alec had found himself becoming more nurturing and sensitive. The websites explained that when a person became pregnant, his or her brain actually changed, rewiring itself, the caring and nurturing parts expanding to prepare him for motherhood. The guy he'd been wanted to just laugh this whole thing off and start talking about football or tell Nick to man the fuck up and discipline his daughter, but those were just echoes now in his pretty little head. He wasn't that guy anymore.

Nick started to talk. Part of him wanted to laugh it all off, too, or just refuse to even discuss it, but his brain had changed, too. Jackie, glasses of tea in her hands, paused at the door, inside the house, as she watched Nick talking, waving his little hands around. Alec leaned toward him, nodding empathetically, his long, black hair shining in the sunlight. "Oh," Jackie said to herself. "They're so cute now."

Once she'd delivered the tea, giving little Alec a kiss on top of his head, she'd gone back inside, grabbed her smart pad and finished reading the article she'd been perusing from Elle Magazine. The title had caught her eye: "What to do when your mpreg starts liking men. And, he will." Not only were the preggos carrying babies, but they were all finding themselves attracted to men. As much as Jackie didn't want to believe that Alec, her Alec, wanted a man now, she'd seen hints, like the way he kept checking out Chris Pine's ass when they'd decided to re-watch Wonder Woman. She'd even tested him at one point, during a romantic scene with Pine and Gal Gadot. "She's really gorgeous," Jackie had said.

"She's okay," Alec had said, sounding like a jealous girl, his eyes lovingly focused on Chris Pine's lips.

Their husbands liked guys. A whole lot of wives were struggling to accept that. Jackie was no exception.

As much as she still loved and cared for the pretty, helpless little thing Alec had become, she was a woman, and she had needs he could no longer fulfill. They were going to have to have a talk.

The article suggested a threesome. Jackie raised an eyebrow. Would Alec ever go for that?

Chapter Five

Alec waddled into the conference room, one hand on his belly, the other at the small of his back. Bonnie and Amy exchanged an amused look, while most of the men averted their eyes. As he came around the table, Bonnie got up and pulled back Alec's chair for him. "Let me get that for you."

The chair was on wheels, and it was really hard for Alec to get himself sit down in it with his belly, so, mommy-brained and not registering what Bonnie was doing, he smiled and said, "thanks," in his pretty little voice as he braced one arm against the back of the chair and lowered himself into it. It was only after he sat and looked at his team, seeing the surprised and curious looks on their faces, that he realized he'd just allowed himself to be treated like a woman in front of them.

Burning with shame, angry at Bonnie, he hid his emotions behind a bright smile. "Hit me," he said, as he always did at the start of a meeting. Mike got up and started a slide show. Thump. Thump. The babies were really kicking today. He put both his hands over his belly, trying to pay attention, but Mike seemed like he was 1000 miles away, voice distorted, not making any sense. Alec was thinking about the nursery, what color to paint the walls. Of course, it was years away, but he wanted everything to be perfect for his babies when they came, and he couldn't stop thinking about all the things he wanted to do for them. All his free time anymore was spent looking at baby clothes, reading mommy books, making wish lists on Amazon full of cribs and bassinets.

Oh, yeah, he remembered as his mind flitted from topic to topic, he needed to make sure all the cabinet doors in the kitchen were baby-proofed, too, and... hmmmnnnn... he'd never noticed what pretty eyes

Mike had before— they were green with specks of gold, and Alec thought, I bet we'd make beautiful babies together as he twisted his hair, letting his eyes drop to the bulge in Mike's pants.

Thump. Thump. One of the babies was kicking him in the kidney, and now Alec needed to pee. He needed to pee a lot more these days. "Keep going," he said, "I'll be right back."

Bonnie got up and opened the door for him. "Let me get that for you, hon."

Later, Alec went by Bonnie's cubicle. He'd decided he needed to talk to her about her behavior, remind her that, *preggo* or not, he was still her boss. He came around the corner and walked right into her cubicle. It was an old power play. He never waited outside or greeted first. "Bonnie," he said, trying to sound stern, serious.

Bonnie stood. Alec tilted his head back so he could maintain eye contact. She was now taller than him. All the women in the office were taller than him. "Miss— ter Goode," Bonnie said, grinning.

"Take a seat," Alec said. "I need to clarify some things."

"Let me get a chair for you," Bonnie said.

"I'll stand."

"Oh."

Bonnie sat, now looking up at Alec. "So, at the meeting today—"

"Before you start," Bonnie said. "I just have to show you this. We just had pictures done for easter. Aren't they adorable?" She plucked a framed photo from her desk and handed it to Alec.

"I don't have time—" Alec started to say, but then he glanced at the picture: Her two kids. A boy and a girl. One looked about five, the other three. Her daughter was wearing a bonnet and a lacy dress, and her son

was dressed in a suit, his hair slicked back just like a little man, both of them smiling.

All other thoughts fled from Alec's mind as he adored those beautiful children. "They're so cute," he said, putting a hand to his chest, his mouth dropping open.

"Thanks so much," Bonnie said, loving it as Alec got all maternal.

"Oh, my God," Alec continued to gush as he sat, admiring the children with their bright, youthful skin, sparkling eyes. "What are their names? How old are they?"

Bonnie knew the people all around in the other cubicles were listening. Once Alec had gotten done gushing about her kids, she asked him about his babies. "Do you know if you're having boys? Girls?"

"One of each!" Alec gushed, wrapping his arms around his belly and looking down lovingly. "Which, I think is so exciting because..." he gushed on excitedly, like any expectant mother, while Bonnie nodded and smiled, offering him some mothering tips and talking about her own pregnancies.

As the conversation wound down, Alec winced as the babies kicked some more, and he needed to pee again. "They are kicking like crazy today!" He confided. He decided he really liked Bonnie. They'd totally bonded in a way he'd never experienced before. Jackie had never had a child. He leaned forward and whispered. "I have to pee. I pee so much now."

"Been there, done that," Bonnie said, offering her arm. Alec took it and let her help him up.

'Oh, you said you wanted to talk to me about something?'

Alec's mouth dropped open. "Oh, yeah," he said, but his brain had gone all fuzzy again, and he really needed to pee. "Um, it was... I was..." he couldn't remember why he'd come.

Bonnie saw it in his eyes and patted him on the arm. "Mommy brain," she said. "It's okay hon. We forget things."

Alec smiled and rolled his eyes. "I feel like such an airhead."

He waddled off. Bonnie sat, feeling triumphant. She wondered what the Old Man would think when he found out one of his key executives had mommy brain and was lucky if he could remember his own name. The best part was, she wouldn't even have to tell The Old Man. Everyone had been listening. People had made excuses to crowd near the cubicle, and their office was worse than middle school for gossip.

Chapter Six

“Hey, sis,” Brad said as he climbed out of his car.

“Hey,” Dana said, giving him a hug. ‘How are things at State?’

“Intense. Man, classes are way harder than high school. You’ll find out. So, where we taking the parental units for their anniversary?”

“Oh, Funicelli’s. It’s they’re favorite. They’ll be so surprised you came home for this. Only, there is something you need to see. Come on.” She led him around back.

“What’s this?” Brad said, confused.

“There’s been a few changes.”

The two of them crept up to the window outside the living room. Brad could hear a woman talking. “Okay, girls,” she said. “And squat... and squat...”

Brad looked through the window. There was a pregnant woman in a pair of tiny little shorts doing squats, her long, blonde hair piled on top of her head in a messy bun. On the wide screen, a room full of pregnant women was squatting along as a smiling trainer led the class, some kind of exercise video for expectant mothers, Brad realized. “Who is she?” Brad asked, thinking, the woman was pregnant as hell. She had a huge belly, perky little breasts bouncing with each squat.

“You don’t recognize her?” Dana said.

Brad shook his head. “Should I?”

Dana put her hand on Brad’s shoulder. “That’s Dad.”

Brad did a double take. “Fuck. No way.”

“I’m afraid so,” Dana said, snapping a picture with her phone that captured Brad’s shocked face as well as her preggo father, mid-squat.

“Dad’s pregnant?”

“With triplets,” Dana said. Nicki, her annoying father, had been desperately hiding his condition from his only son. “He’s been trending for weeks,” Dana said as she uploaded the photo to Instagram. “You really need to get on social media.”

“You sure this doesn’t bother you?” Alec said as he came into the living room wearing only a thong. “It’s just that I’m so hot all the time carrying these little nuggets around.”

Jackie was curled up on the couch, smart pad in hand. She smiled. “You do you,” she said. “You were always lounging around in your underwear before. Why should things be any different?”

It was true that Alec had always been one to hang around the house in his undies. Now, he just had another reason. He climbed onto the couch and nuzzled up to Jackie. “What’re you reading?”

“I was just looking at these pics the EP has been loading up,” she said, shrinking the screen, thinking Alec wouldn’t want to see them.

“It’s fine,” Alec said. “I look at them all the time.”

Jackie maximized the screen again. The EP had been taking pictures and videos of pregnant men and relentlessly posting them online. Guys with their shirts riding on top of their bellies, or their thongs riding up over their low-rise shorts. They especially loved to catch guys in public with their breasts leaking, dark stains on their tight little tank tops. Jackie and Alec joked about the men. “He’s got nice boobies,” Alec said. “Look at the cleft in his ass.”

“Whoa! That’s not a leak, those are geysers.”

Then they both froze. There was a picture of a preggo wearing a crop top that read “Hot Mom,” and the guy’s nipples were hard, impressively tenting his shirt. He was also wearing a pair of black silk short shorts. The photo had cut off just above the mouth, so you couldn’t see the whole face, but his dark hair poured down over his slender shoulders. Alec had that exact outfit. Jackie had bought the shirt for him, pestered him until he’d finally agreed to wear it. “Oh, shit,” Alec said, blushing. “I think that’s me?”

Nick, Alec and Brian were hanging around on his front lawn, chit chatting. As usual, they were topless, wearing tiny shorts. A group of tween girls road past on their bikes, giggling at the sight of the pregnant men.

“Just when I think I’m over the morning sickness,” Alec said. “Boom! It’s right back again.”

The other men nodded. “Did you eat soft cheese?” Nick asked. “That always sets me off.”

“I’m off the cheese,” Alec said. “Though I have been craaaving peanut butter cups like crazy.”

“It’s been pistachio ice cream and pickles for me,” Nick said.

The men had made a habit to gather each evening, maybe because it just happened to be the time of day Kent went running. As they talked, they kept glancing down the street, eager for him to appear.

“What’s that?” Alec said as he felt his breasts tense.

‘It sounds like a baby crying,” Nick said, crossing his arms over his chest. “Oh, boy. I’m about to erupt.”

“Me, too,” Brian said, crossing his arms as well, trying to hold the milk in.

All three men had found they reacted powerfully to the sound of a baby crying, their breasts often starting to leak even as they were overcome with a powerful urge to locate the baby, check on it, hold it.

“Where’s it even coming from?” Alec said as his nipples ached. The three men looked around, following the sound, tracking it back and up to Nick’s house. Dana had her head poked out a second story window, her phone out, laughing.

“Dana!” Nick shouted.

All three men popped off at once. Milk oozed from Alec and Mike but squirted out of Nick’s breasts like he’d shot off a water gun. The men sighed. “Hand me the towel,” Brian said.

“When I’m done,” Alec answered as he wiped off his soft, bouncy chest. He’d brought the “nursing towel” as a precaution. All it took was one mom out for a walk, pushing a stroller to set their boobs off. It happened a lot.

‘Oh, shit,” Brian said. “Here comes Kent. Hurry up and clean off your tits, bro!”

All three men panicked. No one wanted Kent to see them with milk all over his tits and belly. Not one of them, though, had come to accept exactly why.

Chapter Seven

“No, no, no...” Dana said. “Hold your arm out to the side, bend your hand up at the wrist, and then let your arm kind of wave as you walk.”

Nick very much wanted to bend Dana over his knee and give her a spanking, but she was so much bigger and stronger than him now, he knew she could easily kick his ass. She’d been wearing him down for weeks... walking up while he was talking to his wife and resting her arm on his head... calling him Nicki in front of the guys, or shortie, or cutie, or the one he hated the most “Princess Preggy”... constantly taunting him with her favorite morning greeting: “wanna arm wrestle, small fry?” She’d bullied him into starting the pregnancy workouts only to post videos of him doing Kegels with the message, “Daddy wants a tight twat.”

She loved to come up behind him when he was talking to his wife or friends, shout, “Coming in for a rub!” And she’d yank his shirt up and rub his tummy, then slap him on his bouncy ass.

“Honey, it’s okay,” Jackie said. “It’s a side effect of the nanotechnology. You like men now. It’s not your fault.”

“That is such bullshit,” Alec said, blushing. “I mean, I know, I read it happens to some guys, but not me.” He rested his hands on his swollen belly, the babies were kicking a lot again, and then, in his squeaky teen girl voice, he insisted, “I’m all man.”

“You sure about that?” Jackie said, turning her smart pad to face him. “I’m sorry I have to do this, but it’s time you faced the truth. I logged into your Google account.”

“I can’t believe you—” Alec froze as she saw she’d gone into his Google Drive. There were three folders in there, now prominently displayed on the screen. One was labeled thick. The other long. The third weird. Jackie tapped on the folder labeled Big, and rows upon rows of dick picks appeared, all of them really meaty cocks. Alec covered his eyes. He’d become obsessed with dick picks, and the fact that his wife knew about it was like a knife to his heart.

“I was just curious... I mean, it’s not like... I don’t...”

Jackie patted him on the hand. “Honey, I’m telling you, I understand. It’s not your fault.” She pointed to one particularly otherworldly cock. “That looks like Odin’s penis,” she said. “I bet he could really stretch you out.”

Alec felt his slit clench at the thought, but shook his head, “I wouldn’t be interested in that.”

“Better,” Dana said as she watched her father walking, arm out to the side, swinging, his hand dangling, like a very feminine woman. She had her phone ready, but he wasn’t quite good enough yet for the video.

Nick felt like a fool not only because of how Dana had made him walk, but because she’d forced him to wear a maternity dress that read “Mommy Machine” with the number 3 on it to denote the fact he was carrying triplets, plus she’d done his hair and made him wear makeup, hoop earrings in the ears she’d forced him to let her pierce.

She’d been dressing him up and taking pictures for weeks: It had started with Raggedy Ann, big red circles on his cheeks, fake freckles on his nose. She’d done whole Disney series, making him buy wigs, and he’d been Ariel, Jasmine, Rapunzel, Belle, Cinderella, Snow White... And then she

taunted him for days. “Look, Nicki!” She would say, showing him the image of him as Jasmine. “Over ten thousand views and 342 Likes! You’re such a popular little princess!”

Each time, Nick wilted with shame, felt himself growing more timid, shy. When Dana had been young, she’d started on a princess phase, like most girls do, but Nick had wanted her to be a tough, aggressive athlete and he’d stifled those years as best he could. Now, she was taking it out on him by turning him into the princess he never let her pretend to be. It was one of many parenting decisions he’d come to regret. Well, he would do better with his new babies.

Jackie next opened up Alec’s browser history. “You’ve been Facebook stalking Trent,” Jackie said, as she pulled up a photo of the hot, college kid who’d been doing yard work next door during the summer. Then, she opened up his history, and he dropped his head, knowing he’d been looking at pictures of hot guys, searching for Chris Pine, bare chested, Hugh Jackman, bare chested, just about every hot actor ever, bare chested.

Alec started to cry. “Why are you doing this?” He asked. “You don’t have to humiliate me.”

“I’m not doing it to humiliate you,” Jackie said, hugging her soft little husband. “I’m doing it to help you.”

“Put your on hand on your hip, Nicki,” Dana said, pleased with how Dad’s walk was coming along, but thinking it needed to be just a little more

feminine. “And a little more sway in your hips.” Nick shook his head, finding some last embers of defiance smoldering within him. “I’m not doing that,” he said, barring his glossy red lips, tossing his hair. ‘I’m done!’

“Don’t you dare quit on me!” Dana shouted, using what had been one of Nick’s favorite lines back when he’d coached her in basketball, when she’d gotten fed up, had enough. “Put your hand on your hip now and walk, missy!”

Nick tensed, obviously scared and he did as he was told, once more walking across the room, and Dana nodded. All the years he’d yelled at her, bullied her, it was sweet payback now. He looked cute. He was ready. She got her phone out. “Now show me that pretty smile!”

Nick smiled, his biggest, brightest smile.

Dana let the video roll. Oh, yeah. This one just might get the most views ever.

“Help me?” Alec said.

“You have needs,” Jackie said. “And you need to let yourself feel what you feel, explore those needs. I want to guide you through that.”

“What does that mean?”

“There’s a guy who likes to run in our neighborhood. Maybe you’ve seen him. His name is Kent.”

“Kent?” Alec said, voice hoarse, heart fluttering as he felt that clenching again.

“He’s up for a threesome.”

Alec and Jackie were giggling together as they made their way down the dildo aisle at Le Chic, a sex shop over on the “bad” side of town. There was

other preggos there, most with wives or girlfriends, a few with Trads, all of them pretending not to see each other. Well, all but one. There was one guy there – a preggo– wearing a spiked dog collar, hair up and frosted green and pink, thick, slutty eyeshadows and mascara around his eyes. He wore a ripped crop top and Daisy Dukes. He ran up to a huge dildo and squeezed it, eyes wide. “Oh, yeah!” He squealed. “That would fill me up, good.”

“You like that one, baby?” The guy with him said, putting his arm around his preggo.

“I need it!” the preggo said, grabbing it and trying to pull it off the glass case. It was attached with a suction cup. The man grabbed it and pulled it off with a pop, and the two turned and went looking for more toys, nuzzling against each other.

“They’re so cute together!” Alec said, admiring how much the other pregnant man had embraced his new sexuality.

“Not as cute as us,” Jackie said, giving his ass a squeeze.

“Oh,” Alec said, tilting his head back and accepting a kiss.

“You ready for The Dominator?” Jackie said, pointing to another elephant sized dildo.

Alec’s hand went to his chest, his eyes went wide. “Um, maybe not quite that big?”

Jackie laughed and they continued shopping. As they filled up their basket, Alec wondered. “Do we really need all this?”

“It’s best to be prepared,” she said. “Getting off as a– with a vagina, can be a little more complicated.”

A vagina. Alec had never liked to say that word, but he had one now. As part of their transformation, the preggos had all formed a birch canal and a

vagina beneath their tiny little packages. It was for the babies, but it also, much to Alec's surprise, had other— needs it wanted filled. The Equality Ploughshares didn't just want the transformed men to carry babies, experience motherhood, they wanted those men to also need to get fucked by other men in the worst way. Part of their twisted sense of justice, Alec supposed, and also a threat to the Trads, a way to get them in line.

The Equality Ploughshares had let it be known they had more nanotech they could release at any time if men didn't start doing more to show their respect for women.

When they got to the register, Alec squeezed Jackie's arm and said, "Can I have my wallet?" His tight little outfits had no pockets, so Jackie carried his wallet and phone in her purse.

"I'll take of it," Jackie said, giving Alec a wink. "Think of all this as an early anniversary gift."

Nick had caught the glances from Tommy. A college kid, kind of on the thin side, but cute, he'd been hanging around with Dana, but every time Nick came in the room, his eyes turned right to Nick, drinking him in. The two of them, Dana and Tommy, had been in the kitchen. Nick came in and went to the refrigerator, making a point to bend over and dilly dally, giving Tommy a nice, long view of his backside. Then, he'd looked back over his shoulder and smiled. "I am soooo thirsty," he'd said with a giggle, giving Tommy a wink. Dana was off to the side and notice the wink.

Chapter 8

Their three, oil-slicked bodies shone like gold in the flickering candlelight. The air smelled of sex and vanilla. Alec's hair fell across his face as he got onto his hands and knees. He looked up at Jackie, who stood in front of him wearing a strap-on, while Kent put his hands on Alec's soft hips. Music played softly in the background. Jackie and Kent entered him at the same time, Jackie slipping her dildo between his wet lips, while Kent gently penetrated him from behind. Alec arched his back and moaned, pushing himself back against the feeling of that hard rod pressing into his vagina, stretching him. His plump, wet lips wrapped eagerly around Kent's throbbing member. It was so much more than he'd ever experienced as a man, so his new sex so sensitive, so soft and hot.

He ran his tongue along the ridges of Jackie's dildo, taking it in deep, slobber on his chin. Jackie and Kent found a rhythm, thrusting in, pulling out, thrusting in, pulling out... Alec's breasts swayed, his nipples hard as diamonds, as he moaned... "unh... unh... unh..." Jackie buried her hands in Alec's hair, massaged his scalp with her fingernails while Kent had his hands firmly planted on Alec's soft hips... He felt a tension building, a ball of heat deep inside him...

It hit all at once, all over his body, he felt like he was made of nothing but light, every cell in his body... alive... and then again and again... Alec's body rocked by a wave of female orgasms...

Dana had her phone out, ready to make her latest video, another in her series of "Cop a feel" shots, where she would run in and squeeze Nick's tits, or slap him on the ass. What made them so funny and so popular was

that Nick always screamed and squealed like a little girl. She could hear the sound of his workout video, and silently opened the door to the rec room, but where was Daddy? Then, she saw a hand drape itself over the top of the couch, a leg wearing a striped, knee length sock popped up in the air and someone moaned. What the hell? Dana thought. Was Daddy getting himself off? She snuck up to the couch, then jumped up, but this time she was the one who screamed. “Tommy?”

Tommy, who was on top of Nick, looked back over his shoulder and smiled. Nick grinned and looked right at Dana. “I stole your boyfriend, you little bitch.” Blonde bangs lay half over his eyes. He was wearing the Rapunzel wig she’d made him buy, the long, golden hair falling over the side of the couch like a golden stream.

“Tommy? Dad?” Dana said, horrified.

“We’re moving in together,” Nick said, voice oozing sass. “And I’m using my severance to pay Tommy’s way through college.”

“Hey, what can I say?” Tommy said. “I’ve always had a thing for Rapunzel. Sorry you found out this way, babe.”

“Oh, my God!” Dana said, staring at Nick. “I hate you!” She turned and ran from the room.

Nick and Tommy went back to kissing.

Alec lay between Kent and Jackie, the two of them nuzzling up against him, their arms draped over his belly. “Did you get off?” Jackie asked. An extremely satisfied looking Alec grinned and held up three fingers.

“Three times?” Jackie and Kent said in unison.

“Maybe four,” Alec admitted. “I may have lost count.”

“I’m jealous!” Jackie said.

“You deserve it,” Kent said, “you hot little preggo.”

They were going to be a throuple. Alec could tell. They just clicked together. After they’d gotten off, he’d watched while Jackie and Kent took care of business, and it had been so hot. He couldn’t wait to see where all this was going. They were all drifting off to sleep, basking in the afterglow of the best sex they’d ever had, when Alec’s Mommy brain kicked in. “I think we need more pillows for the bed,” he said, drowsy.

“You always hated them,” Jackie managed to say through a yawn.

“I know,” Alec managed. “I know.”

He drifted off to sleep. So much had changed. His whole world had been turned upside down. Hell, the whole world had been turned upside down. It had seemed so awful, and yet now, in the arms of his lovers and partners, his beautiful babies growing inside him? He wouldn’t trade it for anything.

The End