

Chapter Twenty-Four

April 28th, 2021

“Can you *not* kill us on the way to the hospital?” Andy asked with a little bit of a nervous laugh. He trusted Alexis with his life, but she was putting that to the test. “I’d like to be *alive* to meet my son.”

Alexis was driving like if Andy wasn’t there in time to witness his son’s birth, the world would stop. She laughed, shaking her head with glee. “Are you fucking kidding me, boss? I’ve always wanted an excuse to drive like a bat out of hell on American streets, and now that we’ve got one, you’re gonna try and take that away from me? No fucking way. Come and get me mister lawman!”

“You ready for this, boss?” Melody asked him. “Ready to become a father?”

“Not in the fucking least,” Andy said, glancing out the window again. “But it’s not like that’s up to me anymore. The kid’s coming. I think it’s a little too late to put him back in the box. Besides, haven’t you heard? ‘America Needs Children!’” The slogan had been gaining traction across television, print and film, and Andy had grown a little sick of hearing it. In fact, the studio had asked if there was any way they could incorporate it into the “Neon Stonehenge” movie they were making, and Maya had told him the *other* studio had made a similar request about the “Fatal Alliances” script. “Shit... I should... I should call the house, I should call Phil, I should—”

“I’m *certain* the house already knows, boss,” Lexi said with a grin. “They probably had to figure out who could go with Niko to the hospital without her feeling like she was being smothered to death, and you know how everyone in the house is going to want to hold the first new addition.”

“Calling Phil’s not a bad idea though,” Melody said to him. “It’ll clear your head while we’re driving. You can’t do anything until we get to the hospital anyway.”

“Which hospital are we going to anyway?” Lexi asked.

“The text Ash sent says San Ramon Regional Medical Center,” Melody said, as she watched Lexi type it into the Tesla’s navigation system. “Looks like we’re about an hour out, and we’re going to come in from the north.”

“Just get us there, Lexi,” Andy said. “If I’m not there for his birth, Niko’s never going to stop giving me shit about it.”

Lexi grinned, rolling her eyes. “She’s gonna be in labor for at least a few hours, boss. You’re not missing anything except a lot of grunting and her growling ‘You did this to me!’ every now and again. Call Phil. Tell him what we saw over at Valhalla Shores.”

“You’re right, you’re right...” He pulled out his phone and tapped Phil’s number off his speed dial, hearing it ring only a couple of times before Linda answered the phone.

“Hey Andy, what’s up?” she asked him.

“I was calling to give you both a status report on the thing.”

“The thing we agreed not to talk about over the phone? That thing?” Her voice sounded at least a little bit amused.

“Oh. Shit. Yeah, you’re right. Sorry, I’m a bit scrambled at the moment. Well, I did get in to see LP at least, so I guess I’ll save the rest for the next time I see you guys.”

“You could probably come over now,” Linda told him. “Phil’s in the lab here at the house right now, but I bet he could carve out a chunk of time to talk to you.”

“Yeah, that’s a thing I *can’t* do,” Andy said with a chuckle. “Niko went into labor a few minutes ago and they’re taking her to the hospital, so we’re on our way there now.”

“Oh. Ha. Yeah, I imagine that’s not the kind of thing you’d want to wait on,” Linda said on the other end of the line. “Wait, *who* took her to the hospital?”

“Aisling and some of the others, I imagine,” Andy said, hearing a shift in tones in Linda’s voice. “Why, Linda, what’s up?”

“What hospital?”

“San Ramon Regional Medical Center,” Andy told her. “You’re closer than we are. I imagine you’re only fifteen or twenty minutes away from it, while we’re almost an hour out. Why, Linda?”

“Well, a couple of things, Andy, that Phil, uh, may have conveniently ‘forgotten’ to tell you, for his own amusement,” Linda said with a bit of a laugh. “So you can’t take Lexi and Melody with you into the hospital, not while Niko’s in labor. Do you know *which* others are with Niko right now?”

“I’m texting Ash to ask her as we speak, Linda,” Melody said.

“Good. Ash is fine to be there, but you need to tell all the other girls to get out, at least until after the kid’s born. None of your partners have ever given birth before, have they?”

“No,” Andy said, “I’m pretty sure that would’ve come up.”

“Damn. That would’ve really helped out some right now. Oh well. Alright, I’m going to send Violet over to be your bodyguard until your kid’s actually out of the oven, at which point Melody and Lexi can come into the building, but they need to stay a hundred feet from you until that happens once you’re at the hospital and approaching Niko.”

“Linda, what the hell is going on?”

“You’ve got a team over twenty, Andy, so Phil was *supposed* to tell you the extra rules about childbirth at lunch, but he got so concerned with... the other thing... that he forgot to go over them with you. I think he assumed Niko’s boy wouldn’t dare show up early.”

“Sounds like Piper, Fiona and Ash are the three who went in with Niko,” Melody said.

“Okay, you need to send a message suggesting that Piper and Fiona excuse themselves from Niko’s presence until the baby’s born.”

“Not Ash?” Andy asked.

“Ash’s already *plenty* pregnant, Andy,” Linda said with a giggle. “That’s not true for Piper or Fi, though, is it?”

“Not unless either of them just found out about it today,” Andy said. “Why, what difference does it make?”

“While you’ve got a member of your Team in labor, Andy, any other member within about a hundred feet of her is going to have the uncontrollable urge to make you get her pregnant,” Linda said with a soft laugh. “Phil’s going to be disappointed that I told you in advance, but it’s only right that you know about it going in. Again, if you had like an eight- or twelve-person team, this wouldn’t be a concern, because the intensity’s a lot less for smaller teams, but...”

“But we ended up with large families, and that brings its own collection of oddities,” Andy said. “So how strong an urge are we talking?”

“It depends on how strong the labor pains are,” Linda said. “But it could get quite intense. But if a woman’s given birth before or is already pregnant, then we guess the nanobots don’t take that as a signal they need to flare the woman up some. And knowing how extra you and your family are, I think it’s only fair that you at least warn the two of them.”

“I’m telling them right now,” Melody said, “via text. But it seems like they think you’re full of shit and fucking with us, Linda.”

All three of the people in the car could hear Linda snort in amusement over the speakerphone. “Right. Sure. Yes. Definitely. That’s absolutely the thing I’m doing here. There is no possible way this is going to come back and bite you in the ass. You have fun with that.”

“Assuming you *aren’t* lying, Linda, when does it pass?” Andy asked her.

“As soon as Niko’s given birth, the moment will have passed and the Heat Signal will have shut down, at least until Ash is in labor.”

“It won’t affect Violet?”

“BigTits’ll be fine,” Linda chuckled. “In fact, anybody who’s *not* imprinted onto you won’t notice a damn thing. But your partners are going to be unable to fight the siren’s call.”

“Melody, please tell Fi and Piper that I do *not* think Linda is fucking with them, and if they choose to ignore her advice, they do so at their own peril,” Andy laughed, rolling his eyes.

“I think it was Piper who typed it, but the message just came back – ‘Bring it on.’ So I guess we’ll find out for ourselves.”

“Just be quick about it and it won’t keep you busy for too long, Andy,” Linda said. “Once the nanobots detect recent sperm, it’ll cool off their brains. I know you’ve gotten quite adept at dishing out a dosing if you need to, so just make sure you’re quick about it, and you’ll be fine. Besides, if they suddenly stop, then you know the baby’s out and you need to get your ass into the room.”

“Oh, he’s got to be in the room when the kid gets here, or Niko is going to be busting his balls from now until all eternity,” Lexi said. “I was told to shoot anyone who gets in the way.”

“I’m sure she didn’t—”

“Anyone. In. The. Way.”

“Well, then we’ll let you keep the building secure from the outside,” Linda said. “It’s all generally over much faster than people expect anyway. It used to be the first birth’s labor was half a day to a day, and then down to eight to ten hours for later children, but it looks like the nanobots are helping with that too, and labor’s down to 8 hours tops, thank Christ for that.”

“I’ll keep you posted,” Andy said. “Anything else Phil forgot to tell me?”

“Nothing that you didn’t already know, I imagine, from reading up about the serum as part of Oversight,” Linda said. “Niko won’t need a dose of your cum for three weeks post birth, give or take, while her body is recovering, recalibrating and adapting to providing milk for your child. She’ll have a little bit of warning when the cravings are going to start up again, but when she feels those cravings start to set back in again, you tell her to take them seriously and not put it off, otherwise it’ll creep up on her like a motherfucker.”

“The serum going to have any long-lasting effects on her body post giving birth?”

“Oh yeah,” Linda replied. “She’s going to recover way faster than you expect, and she’s... well, no polite way of saying this... she’s gonna have a tighter pussy after giving birth, not looser. That’s going to throw you, even with me telling you about it in advance. And if (or, let’s be honest, when) she decides she’s ready for another kid, her body’s going to have total control of when that happens. It’s trippy, but she’ll be able to simply *decide* when she wants to get knocked up or not. No need for birth control. It’s wild, but we’ve been seeing it for a couple of months now. There may be some other nanobot tweaks that’ll be unique to her, but you’re not going to know what those are until you’re in the thick of it. Just don’t expect whatever happens with her to also happen with your other partners who give birth the exact same way. I’ve told you the commonalities, but the rest of it? It’s one massive fucking crap shoot, and you’re just going to have to play it where it lies. You’ve been following the advisory rules for the last few weeks?”

“Absolutely,” Andy said. “I thought it was a little weird being instructed for my partner to

only blow me for the last month of pregnancy, but then I thought about it, and you're right, the risk of contamination's just too much to put the doctors in jeopardy. Keeping them safe needs to be the highest priority. Everything else is safe to touch?"

"Yep, although the doctors need to be more worried about that than you," Linda said. "You're familiar with all the other stuff in the document, right?"

"I was a little tripped out by the idea that my son's semen isn't toxic to my partner's skin, but I suppose that makes sense," Andy said. "The nanobots know and identify family."

"And it's *just* external skin, so still be careful and have partners wash their hands very carefully if they accidentally come in contact with it," Linda said. "Not that that isn't just good advice when dealing with newborns anyway. If it gets into someone's eyes or internal flesh, that person's going to get some severe damage, so caution is your friend. Boys don't produce sperm until puberty, so we're a good ten years away from knowing exactly how different your son's going to be because of the nanobots, but we want you to use safety as your top watch word. Male children still seem incredibly rare, so I need you to be conscientious of what you're doing and what your kid's up to."

"We'll keep tabs on him, I promise you," Andy said. "We'll stay in the hospital for a few days after my son's born, but I suspect we'll be back again soon enough once Ash is ready to let go."

"Ash has been ready to have those two girls out of her for months now, Andy," Lexi joked.

"Oh, believe me, I know," Andy chuckled. "I keep telling her she looks beautiful even while she's pregnant, but she keeps telling *me* she looks like she's a cartoon character that swallowed a bowling ball."

"Well, she is eating for *three* Andy," Linda said to him. "I think having Ash giving birth in a few weeks is going to be trickier than you think, because Niko will probably be the only person you can safely bring into the room with you."

"Christ," Andy grumbled, "okay. I'll try and figure it out."

"Don't worry," Linda said with a giggle. "It can't be all that much harder than when our parents did it, can it?"

"You're telling me I have to worry about partners losing their minds and yet, somehow, you don't think that's trickier than what my parents had to deal with?"

"Fair point," Linda said. "Call if you need any more help."

Then she hung up.

"You're sure you can't get them to go along with Linda's suggestion, Melody?"

"Boss, you've known Fiona a lot longer than I have," Melody said with a grin. "Do you really think she's going to be told what to do?"

Andy sighed, leaning back, shaking his head. "Not a chance. But I'll have to do what I have to, to keep her safe." The rest of the drive to the hospital, Melody was checking in with the hospital, informing them about Andy's impending arrival, and the nurses there said they had set aside the room next to the delivery room for Andy and his partners, which only seemed to reinforce the idea that a couple of his partners were expected to have trouble focusing.

He had to wonder how much adapting hospitals were doing with all of the new medical... quirks that were affecting people. He expected there had to be more than a handful of changes, but there were so many things going on that Andy couldn't keep track of them all.

When they arrived at the hospital, Violet met them at the entrance, a big grin on her face. Master Sergeant Violet 'Big Tits' McGuinness was part of Phil's security detail and one of his

partners, but she was a big-hearted softie who had a warm sense of humor. “This is as far as you go, ladies,” Violet said to them. “I’ll keep your boy safe from here on out until after Niko’s gotten her kid out.”

“You best, BT, or I’ll have your hide,” Lexi said to her with a smile, as Melody gave Andy a big hug. “Go get ’em boss.”

“Yeah,” Melody said to him. “Don’t let ’em dictate when they’re gonna get knocked up.”

“You think I want to argue with them?” Andy said, shaking his head with a wry grin. “I’m gonna go with the flow as best I can and hope nobody kills me before I see my son for the first time.”

Andy and Violet entered the hospital and Andy stopped to check in at reception, although his nostrils flared a bit as his head looked around the room. “That’s weird,” he muttered to himself.

“What’s that?” Violet asked him.

“I can *smell* Piper,” he said quietly. She had a certain kind of earthy scent to her, but one tinged by that coconut lavender body wash she always used, mixed with her favorite perfume. It was something he’d smelled on her every once in a while, but certainly not at such a distance. She was floors away from him right now, but he knew her exact location by scent alone. “That’s never happened before. We... we need to get to her soon.” He wondered for a moment if this was how Piper felt all the time, being able to track him by his individual odor. Then his voice took on a certain snarl he’d never heard in it before. “I have to knock my bitch up, so everyone knows she’s fucking mine...” Andy slapped his hand over his mouth, looking at Violet, who just giggled a little. “I... I don’t know why I said that, but we need to go.”

“It might be tied to that special bond you and Piper share because of how long she went between priming and imprinting,” Violet said as they moved over towards the elevator. She reached out and pushed the button. They needed to get to the 5th floor. “Do you smell any of your other partners?”

“No,” Andy said, scowling a bit, unable to sit still, pacing back and forth like a wolf ready to pounce. “This is taking too fucking long.” He turned and stepped over towards the stairwell, as Violet quickly had to shift to stay behind him, as he started running up the stairs. As he was running up, he could smell Piper running down and they met on the third-floor landing, practically colliding into each other, Andy turning to shove Piper with a strength he didn’t know he had against the wall, as she whimpered, her hands clinging to him.

“Breed me, Andy,” Piper said in-between frenzied kisses, their lips pressing against each other’s every so often, but the two of them just as content to lick and sniff at each other. The Olympian volleyball player was far more fit than he was, and yet, he seemed to be able to push and shove her without resistance, his taller partner whimpering and moaning. “It’s like I’m back in Covington’s den, but I can *think* clearly enough to tell you this time about just how badly I need to be *fucked*, to be *filled*, to be *knocked up* and proudly swollen with your fucking child.” She was nuzzled against his body, her hands reaching down to try and rip his pants open. “I’m your wife, Andy, but right now I just feel like a fucking bitch in heat, *your* bitch in heat, *your* slut with an itchy pussy that’s confused why it isn’t full of *your* fucking cum right fucking now...”

He’d seen Piper like this before, not just the first time they met, but when she’d also decided she wanted to try and go as long as she could between dosing sessions, just to test her limits. But it wasn’t *her* demeanor he was concerned with – it was *his own*.

Andy didn’t feel much like himself – he felt carnal, primal, bestial. In his mind, he wanted to talk to Piper, to make sure she was okay with this moment, to try and talk her down or

at least clarify what they were about to do, considering Piper had, at least up until recently, been talking about doing the next Olympics. But it seemed like baby fever had been infecting his entire household, and for the last month or two, the Olympics had seemed like less and less of a priority for her. So rational Andy wanted to stop and have a conversation about whether this was a thing she really wanted to do...

...but it seemed like Rational Andy was on lunch break.

Caveman Andy was in the driver's seat for the time being.

He yanked her away from the wall and shoved her down onto the landing, watching her spill onto her ass before she started turning over even before his hands could reach her. They both clearly had the same thing in mind, he realized, as she moved onto her hands and knees, reaching behind her to yank her yoga pants and panties down to her knees before her fingertips spread her swollen pussylips wide for him, showing off just how wet she was as she started to whimper.

"Don't make your bitch wait, Andy," Piper whined. "She needs to be made whole. She needs to be *claimed*. She needs to be *fucking bred, you bastard...*"

The primitive half of Andy's brain was making all the decisions, as he moved to get in behind her, fishing out his cock before he lined it up and sunk it right into Piper's eager waiting snatch, hungry groans escaping from both in parallel.

Andy certainly enjoyed doggy style as much as the next man, but he could feel his body taking it to a whole new level at this moment, his hips whipping back and forth in quick, fevered thrusts, snapping his torso back and forth against hers more furiously than he'd thought himself capable of, as Violet leaned against the stairwell door to prevent anyone from opening it, as they both saw Fiona walking slowly down the stairs, a broad smile on her lips.

He felt like he couldn't divide his concentration, so he kept on slamming harder and harder into Piper's hips, feeling his balls already working to provide a load that would sate both the nanobots inside of her and her own need for sexual release, that orgasm just around the corner.

Fiona slinked down the stairs a little bit and reached down to pull Piper's hands off the ground, lifting her up so that Andy could see it as the two women's faces grew closer and closer. "C'mon, husband of ours, she's made it abundantly clear what she wants. Your wife wants to be a mother. She wants to bear your child. She wants you to fucking *breed her*, Andy, so what the *fuck* are you waiting for?" With that, Fiona began to kiss Piper, knowing that seeing any of his two partners kissing was an immense turn on for him, and it was the final push Andy needed.

His hips thrust forward and sank his cock hilt deep inside of Piper's pussy as his balls drew up and let loose a mighty load, almost like his body was working overtime to produce an excess of what he normally did, and he felt like the orgasm that left his body dead was set on being as potent as possible.

A moment or two later, he could feel the fog clearing in his own mind, and he laughed. He *had* to laugh, because of the insanity of it all, as he felt like he could think a bit more clearly again, still feeling Piper's pussy clenching and spasming lightly around his cock deliciously.

"You okay, Piper?"

"I think you came inside my fucking *skull*, Andy, you beautiful motherfucker" Piper laughed, just as winded and exhausted as he sounded. "*Fuck*, that felt so fucking *good*, though. I wasn't expecting you to go all 'Andy strong, smash woman!' on me, though... I definitely don't want that all the time, but it was... well, it was *hot*. Where the hell did *that* come from?"

"Yeah, uh, I wasn't expecting that either," Andy said with a nervous laugh. "Weirdly

enough, while we were standing for the elevator, I, uh, I could *smell* you...”

“You *whatnow?*?”

“You know how you can smell me from a distance? Well, for a minute or two, I, uh, I could smell you and smell that you were in heat...”

Fiona laughed a little, stroking Piper’s face as Andy moved to pull up Piper’s panties and pants before tucking his cock away. “Well, at least we know it doesn’t affect all non-pregnant partners now,” Fiona said.

“No no,” Violet said with a shit-eating grin. “It does. It really does.”

“Oh. *Oh.*”

“Congratulations?”

“I mean... I knew I was a few days late, but I just thought it was the stress from Niko and Piper’s due dates...” Fi said.

“Wait,” Andy said. “I know I’m not the sharpest stick in the bundle but—”

Violet smiled at him like he was a small child asking a rather basic question. “But the only way Fi wouldn’t be ready to pin you against a wall right now is either she was pregnant before and either gave birth or had a miscarriage—”

“Which you know I haven’t—”

“Orrrr... if she already *has* a bundle in the oven right *now*,” Violet said with a giggle.

Andy had to chuckle a bit at that, leaning over to kiss Fiona’s lips tenderly. “You’re going to be an *amazing* mother, Fi,” he said to her.

“Don’t you talk like you’re going to be anywhere but right there beside me, Mister Rook,” Fi said, her face blushing a little bit. “I’d stopped taking my pills late last year, but I didn’t think it would happen quite so soon...”

Piper giggled a little bit, reaching up and grabbing Andy’s neck to pull him down so she could kiss him hard, keeping his lips locked against hers for a long moment before they parted. “Well, I can’t speak for *you*, Fi, but *I’m* pretty certain I’m getting pregnant from *that*... tell Caveman Andy he doesn’t need to paint *every corner* of my cunt with his fucking cum...” She started giggling again. “Not that it wasn’t hot as *fuck*. God, I’m still fucking shaking from it.”

“C’mon, let’s get up to Niko,” Fiona said, helping Andy and Piper back up to their feet. “She wants you there for this.”

“You know *no* man has ever wanted to be in the room when his wife is giving birth, right?” Andy asked with a laugh as they started to walk up the rest of the stairs. “She’s just going to be mad at me the whole time.”

“Nah,” Fiona replied with a laugh. “But I’m am sure she’ll remind you that you did this to her at least a few times for good measure.”

“Like you did to the rest of us, apparently,” Piper giggled, seemingly a little fuck-drunk from a few moments ago. “God, I feel all squishy inside...”

When they got to the room, Andy couldn’t help but chuckle, seeing the doctor and nurses giving him a wink when they entered, Ash rolling her eyes with a grin wide enough to wrap around the back of her head. “All done making sure everyone you’re married to in the room is pregnant?” she asked him.

“Didn’t take as long as you might have thought,” Piper laughed, poking Fiona.

Ash tilted her head then narrowed her eyes to Fiona. “Why didn’t you *tell* anyone, Fi?”

“I didn’t *know*, Ash!” Fi laughed back. “It was news to me too!”

“Hey!” Niko said from her place in the center of the room, her legs up in stirrups, a blanket tarped over her while a doctor was keeping an eye on her dilation. “Woman in fucking

labor here, okay? Get my fucking husband over here to hold my fucking hand.”

“I’m here, Niko, I’m here,” Andy said as he moved over to the empty chair that was next to the bed, offering her his hand, which she immediately grabbed and started to crush. “Sorry I was running late.”

“No no,” Niko laughed, sounding a little exhausted. “Sorry he’s coming early. I think he just couldn’t wait to fucking meet you.”

“How bad’s the pain?”

“I’m shitting a bowling ball,” Niko bitterly laughed as she rolled her eyes. “How the fuck do you think it is?”

“Except she’s on drugs to help manage the pain,” Aisling added.

“Not enough, if you ask me. I’ve yet to say even one thing semi-ridiculous.”

“She’ll be *fine*,” Ash grinned. “And you’ve got plenty of time. Doctors want to give her another hour or two to continue dilating before they’re gonna make a go at getting the kid out.”

“Can’t they just take him out *now* Andy?” Niko whimpered. “I just... I want to hold him... I want to know he’s real...”

“Just another hour or two Mrs. Rook,” the lead doctor said. “And then you’ll be ready.”

“Fuuuuuuck,” she groaned. “I’m gonna go out of my fucking mind...”

For the next half hour or so, they tried to keep Niko’s mind off her body, especially as Fiona relayed the events of the stairwell to Ash and Niko, the others in the room only chuckling a little bit, as if this was a story they’d heard before, just with different players.

Half an hour later, there was a knock at the door, and Violet went to go open it, only to reveal Nicolette standing outside, dressed in sweatpants and a very baggy sweatshirt, a slightly pained look in her eyes, a large duffel bag in one hand. “M-M-M-Master?” Nicolette said, her words incredibly shaky. “I j-j-just came to bring some things, but...”

“Shit, how did you get past Melody and Alexis?” Violet said to her before looking over to Andy. “You need to get her into the next room and take care of her.”

“She’s a fucking ninja,” Fiona giggled. “I’ll bet she didn’t even see they were standing guard and just breezed on past them. Nowhere in those sweatpants to hide a smoke bomb.”

Niko smiled up at him, pulling him down, kissing his lips. “I’ll be fine. Just don’t take too long, babe. And it’ll be fine.”

“Nicolette, are you—”

“Get fucking over here, Master,” Nicolette said, tossing the bag of clothes down in the room, her voice turning guttural and wanton.

Andy moved over as quick as he could and stepped out with Violet following quick behind him. The room next door had a single bed in it, and basically looked like it was made up to handle exactly this kind of thing, as Nicolette ignored the bed and shoved Andy into a chair off to the side of it that Andy suspected was for whoever was on guard duty. “Nicolette, are you—”

“Master, I’ve been trying to find a way to tell you for months now, but I can’t fucking think anymore, so you’ve gonna fuck a child into me...” Nicolette said as she pulled out his cock, yanking down her sweatpants, revealing she wasn’t wearing any panties, which was standard for the blonde. Andy wasn’t immediately hard, so she gave him a hard kiss and a few rough tugs, looking at him imploringly as her other hand smoothed all over his face nervously. “I don’t wanna be your wife, Andy; I just wanna be your baby momma. I just wanna be a good little bred bitch for you... I’m so fucking scared you’ll say no...”

“I won’t say no,” Andy told her, as he felt her pushing her cunt down onto his cock, straddling his lap. Nicolette was known for enjoying rough sex, wild and primal, with him

yanking on her hair or slapping her ass, but in this moment, he could see the most vulnerable look in her eyes, her body taking the active hand, doing everything possible to keep her ass bouncing in his lap.

“Good. Good good fucking good give it to me please Master please please please give me your fucking baby!”

Andy didn't last long, because Nicolette kept whimpering into his ear, her breath hot on his skin, and when his body yielded, vacating his balls inside of her, she let loose the most erotic moan he'd ever heard from her, like she'd felt her soul being completed.

After they'd both cooled off a little, she giggled a little, nuzzling his cheek, stroking his hair. “I know you need to get back in and check on Mistress Niko, Master, but thank you... thank you for not telling me no...” Andy could see a single tear running down her cheek, so he wiped it away with his thumb. “I was so scared you were going to tell me I'm just the hired help...”

“Nic,” Andy smiled. “I'm just glad that you *really* wanted this before you were a bit out of your mind. Although we're definitely going to have to revisit the conversation about you being ‘just staff,’ at some point soon. How long have you felt this way?”

“A few months now? Maybe more? Maybe even as far back as the wedding,” Nicolette told him, her fingers intertwining with his for a moment. “I don't want to be your wife, Andy. I said that before and I meant it. But I do want to be a mother. And I do want it to be *your* child. And... and I was worried that telling you that...” She looked away for a moment before looking back at him. “Well, let's just say I was afraid you might tell me to pair with someone else, and I'd have to get very angry with you, because I'm not leaving this household by hell or highwater.”

“I did tell you that you could come to me and tell me anything, Nicolette. You and everyone else on staff.”

“We get that, Andy, but... some of us are still working out how *we* feel about everything. And when I heard that Mistress Niko was going into labor, well, I *knew* I had to talk to you... because I've... well, like a lot of young girls, I want to be a mother, so I hope you're okay with what we just did... because it certainly feels like it's definitely going to take.”

“And you're okay with this?” Andy asked her. “You really wanted to bear a child from me before you walked into the hospital?”

“I did, I do, I still fucking do, Master,” Nicolette told him, kissing him again and again. “So, thank you. Thank you thank you thank you. I'll bear you a good child, I promise. No, *us* a good child. Now, let's go see about your son.”

They cleaned themselves up and headed back into the delivery room, where about twenty minutes later, the big show started. Niko was only in labor for about an hour past that before their son popped free and into the world.

After doing all the standard newborn things, the doctors handed him to Niko, and he looked absolutely perfect, all tiny and frail, eager to carve his place in the world nonetheless.

“Have you decided on a name?” the doctor asked them.

“Matthew T'ael Rook,” Niko told her.

“I keep meaning to ask you, Neeks,” Ash said with a grin. “What's ‘T'ael’ mean anyway?”

“It's an ancient Lakota word,” Niko said, sticking out her tongue at Aisling. “It means ‘first!’”

“You little bitch,” Aisling giggled. “He's your son, not some bloody YouTube comment.”

“It's still a fine, proud, upstanding name,” Niko said. “And it's only his middle name.”

Hell, I can't even *remember* most of your middle names, so let my son have a bit of fun with his."

"Not *your* son," Andy said, reaching down to brush a fingertip across his son's forehead. "*Our* son. All of ours. We're a family, and that means every one of you... Violet and doctors aside... is this boy's mother now and is going to be part of his life forever."

"Speaking of which," Niko said. "Would you like to hold him, Andy?"

Andy took the small baby from his wife's arms and cradled him in his own, and in that moment, Andrew Ian Rook's entire world fundamentally shifted, like tectonic plates making way for a new volcano to spring forth into being.

He'd heard tales about how fathers could feel the universe pivot around them when they held their first newborn child in their arms, but Andy had always written it off as sentimental nonsense, and something that would never apply to him. And yet... here he stood now, a choir of vengeful angels with flaming swords at the ready behind him, his legion of wrathful forces to strike down with no mercy those who might oppose his son's path in life.

This child was born of his own flesh and blood. This child carried part of Andy's soul with him, and the boy would have an army of Valkyries seeing to his upbringing while Andy himself would do his best to keep his head above water and to set a good example. He would impart all the wisdom he'd gained, especially over the last few years, and try and raise his son to be a great man, worthy of the name of Andy's late brother, who'd always been Andy's hero.

Two years ago, Andy had been a semi-struggling fantasy author working a day job writing marketing copy for movies that nobody wanted to watch on Netflix while his brother Matty was running a successful business and raising his son with his beautiful wife. Andy had been convinced that Matty was going to carry on the family name and that Andy would just die alone and unwed eventually, a quiet little life without much legacy beyond his writing. He couldn't have planned for this, for any of this, but he swore to himself in that moment that if he could keep this child safe and raise him to be even half the man his namesake was, then Andy's survival would be justified and earned.

He felt Ash and Fi's arms around either side of him as Piper reached down and wiped tears from his eyes that he hadn't even realized he'd been crying, somewhere between being reminded of the loss of his brother and yet, somehow seeing a bit of the old Matty's comforting smile in the eager innocent eyes of Andy's newborn son.

Matt reached out and closed his tiny fingers around one of Andy's thumbs, and in that singular moment, Andy knew he could've written a thousand pages trying to explain all the feelings searing through his veins, when it truly boiled down to one solitary word...

...joy.