

HERBERT S. TUTTLETON

**A SERIES OF EROTIC FICTION FOR
THE MIDWESTERN SUBURBAN READER**



**MPREG-4
AUDIO**

**DEDICATED TO
COREY LUBOWICH**

Foreword

Hello again, it's your esteemed American author Herbert S. Tuttleton. I want you to know that your return visit to the series is a welcome and surprising...surprise. Some people may look back on these works and say "He was really drawing from personal experience," or "I hate him with a passion, his brilliance transcends this world," or "Jesus Christ, this guy was either on drugs or is certified insane." But know that none of these are true. Hopefully. Let me bring/drag you in/down again into the world of erotic fantasy with a tantalizing tale that will leave you full emotionally and sexually.

No man can say that he has brought a child into the world. It is impossible for him to know the sacrifice and joy of bringing another human being into the world from his own body. That right is reserved for women. Men are traditionally the providers, the career professionals, the ones who get paid 33 cents more on the dollar, and the ones who die earlier than their spouses because they deserved it. But what if, by some magic, men were capable of carrying a child? They would swell with each trimester, craving strange and unusual foods.

Many special fetish groups have fantasized about a pregnant man, including many stories about Sonic the Hedgehog. Like...there's a lot of pregnant Sonic stuff. It doesn't make sense, though! That puts him out twice! He's gotta run fast, but now he's got this additional weight, and running that fast probably isn't good for the baby. Will the baby be delivered by Dr. Robotnik? Like he's the only PhD I see on that show. Everyone else is an automaton or doesn't have opposable thumbs. It does explain the cravings for chili cheese dogs, though. You know, on that "other" Sonic show that didn't air on Saturday mornings? Did you know there were two completely, tonally different Sonic animated shows? I don't understand how that's not a licensing problem.

That is what I broach in this short story. Not the Sonic stuff, that was just my screed. No, I mean men—pregnant men—having to bridge the gap of being a career professional while going through all the changes, emotions, and perception of others. It is truly a test of strength and willpower for a woman to be nine months pregnant and hold down a nine-to-five. Could a man survive it? That question and more is about to be answered, whether you asked for it or not.

Because man, this is a real niche sexual fantasy and he is *not* Sonic.

MPREG-4 Audio

Jesus. I have to get this PowerPoint presentation done before Friday. You'd think that Johanassen's Outdoor Tile & Deck could wait until after Labor Day weekend to hold a client meeting, but I guess patios wait for no man. I'm stressed out, and when I get stressed out, I eat fast food. That's a problem for me, but this sales deck isn't going to make itself, and it sure isn't going to get made on an empty stomach.

"Grant, make sure you get that presentation done this week. Johanassen's is a big client." My boss, Sharon, is probably under more pressure than me as she catches me at the elevator.

"I know, don't worry. I'm almost done with the outline and after that, it'll be easy," I reassured her. The elevator doors close and my office melts away. Speaking of melting, I hear there's new Cheesy Tots at Burger King.

That's my guilty pleasure: Burger King. Where else can you get onion rings, chicken fries, or burgers *and* hot dogs under the same roof? Nowhere. That's why they're the King! My Calvin Klein black dress shoes clack against the soap-slippery lobby tile. I'm third in line, so I have time to decide. Will it be the Mushroom and Swiss King, or a sensible Chicken Parm sandwich?

"Hey man," a shadowy figure enters my peripheral vision. Startled, I shuffle back a few clacks. "Yes, can I help you?" The man standing in front of me looks like he can beat me up ten times over. His black FOX racing shirt is stained with sweat from his collar. His tattoos look foreboding, though I can see he has a Marvin the Martian tattoo on his neck, which I smile at. His face is stone, looking at me with intent eyes.

"You like music?" he asks.

"Yes, um yes, I am a fan, I do partake," I'm fumbling. He knows it. Oh God, is he going to give me one of his shitty rap albums that he made himself and burned onto a CD, *a goddamn obsolete jewel case with no disc art on it with "Dope \$hit" scrawled in black Sharpie across the disc?*

"Here you go." He hands me an iTunes download card. Strange, maybe he actually was an organized rapper and took the minute amount of effort to put his stuff on the iTunes Store.

"Well, this is a pleasant-" as I look up, he's gone. As if he was never there to begin with. But I have the proof: this iTunes download card.

"What can I get for you today, sir?" The Burger King lady shook me from my confusion.

"I think I'll have...the Chili Cheese dog, large onion rings, and a large Coke."

"Have it your way," she says. And I shall.

The rest of the day, I couldn't help but wonder what was on this iTunes card. I flipped it around countless times and ran my fingers around the edges. Something was special about this card. It was so special, I couldn't focus on the Marketing numbers for Johanassen's presentation. I was fixated on this card.

Promptly at five o'clock, I ducked out of my cubicle.

“Grant! How’s the sales deck coming on the Johanassen presentation?” Damn, caught at the last second.

“It’s going great! I finished the outline, and I’m starting on the design tomorrow!” A bold-faced lie. But I had time; it was only Tuesday. I could make up for it tomorrow and no one would be the wiser.

As soon as I got home, I flung my messenger bag and coat to the side of the entrance to my one-bedroom apartment. I took out my wallet and pulled the iTunes card from the sleeve. I was ready to unravel this mystery and find out what this mysterious man was all about. I sat down at my PC and opened iTunes. I put in the code on the back of the card and waited as iTunes found my prize.

Ed Sheeran’s “Small Bump” was available for download. That was it.

“What the fuck is this?” I muttered under my breath. This guy was pulling an elaborate prank on me; it wasn’t even *his stuff*. Why was he peddling a B-side from Ed Sheeran? I thought the rabbit hole ran deeper, so I downloaded the track and listened.

“You’re just a small bump unborn, in four months you’re brought to life /
You might be left with my hair, but you’ll have your mother’s eyes /
I’ll hold your body in my han-”

What the shit is this. This is dumb as hell.

I tossed the earbuds onto my desk in disgust. I had hoped for something to distract me from this fucking sales deck, but I guess my life isn’t that interesting. I don’t know why, but I was awash in emotions. I began cursing God and questioning if my career was all I had to look forward to in life. That I would die with no greater purpose, and on my tombstone it would read, “Well, at least he did a decent PowerPoint for Johanassen’s.” Also, is Ed Sheeran a good artist? Like, he’s a good songwriter, but do you think his vocal quality matches? Are we too saturated with his presence? He was in *Game of Thrones*, for crying out loud. I began to tear up at my bleak future and Ed Sheeran’s career and then I started laughing. The room began to spin and I felt my vision narrow, until everything was black.

I woke up the next morning in my bed. Somehow, I’d made it to the safe confines of my down comforter and memory foam pillows. I felt my mouth water, but not in the savory “look at that burger” way. More like “I have four seconds before I ralph all over my down comforter.”

I sprinted to the bathroom just in time; my frame drooped into the bowl and expelled my stomach’s contents. I guess all those emotions from last night really screwed with my guts. I wandered back into my bedroom to look at my alarm clock: 9:15 AM! I was already late for work!

I hurriedly brushed my teeth and splashed water on my face, completely foregoing the shower. I got my button-down shirt on, socks, then pants - the pants were a problem. How did my waist go from a 32 to a 34 overnight? I couldn’t fit into any of my normal Express slacks! I tried sucking in my gut, but nothing would shrink that extra inch. In fact, looking at my stomach, it was more round than fat; protruding with a sharp jut.

I dug deep into my closet and found a pair of khakis that I never wear because who wears khakis, also I got them at a Peebles and they were too big for me. But today, they fit like a glove. I got my keys and headed out the door.

I slinked in while Sharon was in her meeting with another client. I sat down at my desk and began working on the sales deck for Johanassen's furiously, trying to make up for my hour-and-a-half tardiness.

"Grant!" Looks like I wasn't so lucky. "Get in my office!"

"Are you trying to kill me?" Sharon was exaggerating. "You're an hour late and we have a presentation next Friday with a new client! Get your head on straight! Also, what are those?"

She indicated to my Peebles khakis.

"It's laundry day tonight, so this is all I could find."

"Jesus Grant, get it together. You've really let yourself go."

Was she saying I was fat? My God, the nerve of this woman. I could mention a handful of times when Sharon got drunk on Jim Beam Devil's Cut and started hitting on me. She owes me, though she doesn't remember. Do you think that's why she cares so much about my appearance? Am I beholden to her standards? Why are there so many questions right now? I'll show her, I'll show her right now!

"Blah-Why are you sooooo mean?" I spurted out between sobs. "I'm trying my best! I'm doing all the things, and no one else is doing things, so why is this so haaaard?"

What the hell was wrong with me?

"Okay," Sharon lowered her tone and stared at me like a mental patient. "Why don't you take lunch and just finish the PowerPoint presentation."

I ran out of her office like a manic penguin, flippers flapping all over the place. I needed a safe haven, I needed a place of quiet, I needed to shove my face full of Whoppers.

Back at Burger King, I quickly scoured the restaurant for the man who gave me the iTunes download card. Perhaps he could shed some light on what was happening. But the effort was in vain, and he was nowhere to be found.

"Can I help you sir?"

"I wish. Can I have The Rodeo KING, twelve-piece Chicken Fries King Size meal, with four Ranch packets and 5 BBQ packets, Fries for the meal, but I would also like a large Onion Rings, and just give me two Hershey's Sundae pies, please."

"Jesus" muttered the hostess, whose nametag read "Pratty".

"What's that Pratty?"

"Nothing. That'll be \$23.46"

"You were rude to me, but your prices are always very fair here. Thank you."

I snatched my tray(s) from the counter and took them back to a plastic booth usually reserved for a family of four. I poured my 32 oz. Coke from the fountain and looked at my feast. I was simultaneously disgusted with myself and also pleased. My mouth began to water in the "look at that burger" savory way.

I started with the Chicken Fries. I dunked each Chicken Fry into the Ranch packet, then the BBQ. Eventually it became two Chicken Fries at a time until they were gone. Next, the regular fries were christened with my Ranch/BBQ combo. I still had some packets left over, so to experiment, I took one Hershey's Sundae Pie and slathered a whole BBQ sauce packet over it. What was I doing? No one in their right mind would do this. I slammed the pie into my face, fitting as much as I could into my flesh pockets.

A mother shielded her young son's eyes at my disgusting table manners. I looked at the mother with a thousand-yard stare, and somehow she understood what I was going through—though I didn't even know what I was going through.

Now for the piece-de-resistance: The Rodeo King is a towering two quarter-pound patties, two slices of American cheese, three half strips of bacon, Onion Rings, BBQ sauce and mayonnaise. It is Burger King's answer to "I want to die, but I am a coward and assisted suicide is illegal. Will you help me?" The only problem: there aren't enough onion rings or Hershey's Sundae Pie on it.

I mashed everything together between the flimsy sesame bun. It barely held as I opened my maw and masticated all over that Rodeo King. The VFW Vets that usually drink coffee all day at the Burger King have left because of me and have taken up residence at the combination Dunkin' Donuts Baskin Robbins. They are uncomfortable in their new surroundings and everything smells like sickly-sweet glaze. I'm glad they aren't here, I don't like looking at their flappy skin faces. I am uncomfortable in my own body. I don't know what's happening to me.

I wiped my mouth with twelve napkins and discarded the chaff. Everyone looked at me like I was some fat cow, here to eat and then mosey back to the farm to get milked. Well, they could GET FUCKED! I am a Junior Sales Member, and I have a PowerPoint presentation to finish for Johansen's Outdoor Tile & Deck! I'm going places!

Back in my cubicle, I stared at a blank slide. I was uninspired. I tried adding some cute ClipArt to make things pop, but the "WOW!" explosion sticker seemed a bit too enthusiastic. I decided that I needed music to work. I just needed that one jam and this presentation is as good as done. I opened iTunes and went to my playlists: "EDM for Working," "EDM for Banging," "EDM for Crying," "All Carly Rae Jepsen," "Death Metal," and "Lil Uzi Vert vs. Lil Yachty." None of these moved me. To be honest, I wanted a song that was pop, but had a mellow feel to it, and it was from a well-known artist that everyone seems to like, and he has a thin tenor voice to him, and maybe he is British, and he's Ed Sheeran, and yeah, I want to listen to Ed Sheeran, specifically that weird "Small Bump" song that I listened to.

I went to my purchases and downloaded Ed Sheeran's "Small Bump" on my work computer. I put my earbuds in and was submerged in the world of Ed Sheeran. God, did this song speak to me.

"I'll whisper quietly, I'll give you nothing but truth /
I'll hold you tightly, I'll give you nothing but truth /
If you're not inside me, I'll put my future in you

You are my one and only
You can wrap your fingers round my-"

Oh God, my pants were so tight. My bump was bursting the button on my Peebles khakis. I felt the bulge swell and grow. I couldn't even keep my shirt tucked in. I secretly undid the button to my pants and pulled my shirt out. It was the perfect dressing to hide that my pants were undone. But my stomach wasn't done growing; it pushed against the zipper of the poorly-crafted khakis and each tooth of the zipper gave way to my growing gut. The bottom three teeth held, and I rubbed my swollen stummy. It was so round, and felt sexy being as large as a Hyundai Sonata.

"What the hell are you doing?" My private moment was interrupted by Kristi Newman, a junior sales member that worked for "Team Bung-Wong": an idiotic combination of the team leads' last names - Bob Bungeroth and James Lipschitz-Wong. The name was stupid, and their work was consistently atrocious.

"Uhh, working on a sales deck for Johanassen's," I rattled off.
"Well, it looks like you're on the Wikipedia page for Ed Sheeran" Kristi pointed at the screen, and sure enough I had five tabs open to Ed Sheeran's Wikipedia, what the song "Small Bump" means, and "Small Bump" lyrics from AZlyrics.com.

"Just get the hell out of here, Kristi."
"Fine. You look really fat."

Before I could turn and scream-cry at her, she was gone. All for the better, I needed to get out of here and get to the bottom of what's happening to me. I quickly emailed Sharon that I felt sick and was working from home the rest of the day, then gathered my things and slinked toward the elevator holding my pants up.

"Grant!" How does she always catch me? Sharon marched straight at me.
"You had better actually be sick, because this is very unprofessional."

The fear of being caught had caused me to break out into a cold sweat, which helped my case.

"Oh yeah, I think I, ugh, came down with something." Some sweat had pooled on the top of my tummy and was slowly wetting my shirt.

"Jesus Christ, you look terrible." Sharon was always quick to the point. "Fucking go to the gym or something. Moo moo!"

Was everyone out to attack my weight today? I was seething with anger behind my plastered smile. Those whirling emotions from last night started to flare up.

“Sure,” I eked out. As soon as Sharon turned her back, I was gone. Thank God the elevator was empty on the way down. I rubbed my tummy to calm it after all this stress. And at that moment, I felt a little kick. Just the tiniest kick on the right side of my belly. Could it be? Could I be pregnant? I lifted up my shirt to gaze upon the gestating life inside me. It was beautiful. I felt motherly, which is weird because I’m a guy, but I finally got what mothers feel. A glow washed over my face. Then a squatty businessman got on at Floor 8 and caught me rubbing my exposed, bulbous stomach. I quickly covered myself and stood in the corner.

“I shop at Peebles,” said the businessman.

“Excuse me?” I was honestly surprised he said anything.

“Peebles. Clothes don’t fit? Peebles has clothes for the short and fat. It’s like the Kohl’s for the misshapen.”

“Oh,” those emotions were bubbling inside me. I couldn’t contain them, the lid had been lifted and I was about to boil over on this businessman.

“YOU ARE SQUATTY!” I screamed. “I DO NOT HAVE A PEEBLES BODY, I WILL NEVER HAVE A PEEBLES BODY! MY UNBORN CHILD WILL NOT HAVE A NEED FOR PEEBLES!”

“Anger is the first step to acceptance,” the squatty man said calmly. “Have a good day.”

The elevator opened out to the lobby and the squatty businessman disappeared into the crowd. Then he reappeared in the crowd, because he has a Peebles body.

Driving in my car, theories swam in my mind: was it possible? Is this an Arnold Schwarzenegger *Junior* situation? Or is this a...nope, you know what, there was only one major motion picture about a pregnant man. I needed to get home, I needed to get on WebMD.com and self-diagnose, I needed to listen to my Ed Sheeran. But first, I had to make a pit stop at the Burger King drive-thru.

My impulses were in full overdrive; I got the two chili dogs, every variation of the Whopper, three chocolate Oreo shakes and one plain vanilla shake, then a Fruit Loops milkshake because I’m a goddamn monster, 36 chicken nuggets, 48 Chicken Fries, five large Onion Rings, two large Fries, as many BBQ and Ranch packets as they would allow, and a whole goddamn Oreo Cheesecake. Ten bags in total, I made my way home blasting Ed Sheeran’s “Small Bump” the entire way.

I’ll spare you the details of the feast that I gorged on when I got home, but I had to go to the bathroom twelve times during the course of the meal. With each bite, my belly grew wider and jutted out further, weighing on my bladder. I couldn’t see my penis anymore. By the eleventh pee trip, it was just guesswork.

Fruit Loops shake drizzled down my chest onto my birth-basket. I had listened to “Small Bump” at least 60 times on repeat. It looked like I was in my third trimester, and I felt my baby becoming stronger from all the Burger King.

How would it physically happen? Would my urethra widen and the baby would come out of my penis? God, what would that do to my penis? It would be reduced to a child crawl tunnel that you see at a Daycare. Daycare, my God! I would have to put little Burter in daycare as I provide for him doing PowerPoint presentations for shitty clients.

The PowerPoint presentation! I had totally forgotten about it over the course of the day, and the deadline was in two days! But I couldn't be bothered by that now, I was about to give birth! This is a life-changing event, and a miracle of science!

My breasts grew tender and swollen; I had just shaved them in preparation for breastfeeding my newborn. I primed my nipples by squeezing on them and then at the base of my breasts, getting the milk flowing. Nothing had come out yet, but it was still too early in the pregnancy. I knew that my baby would take to my nipples, something just spoke to me that it would:

“And you can lie with me /
With your tiny feet
When you're half asleep /
I'll leave you be
Right in front of me /
For a couple weeks /
So I can keep you safe”

God Ed, you just get to me sometimes for the 78th time. My curves were vivacious as my stomach slid over my pelvis, and I felt a surge of horniness. I rubbed my belly with my two hands in a circular motion and occasionally reached up and squeezed my tender breasts. I pushed them together as best I could, they were still developing. I went to the toilet to jerk my penis, wherever it was.

After fumbling around for what seemed like five minutes, I had my first contraction. And this was no Braxton Hicks contraction mild cramping shit, this was full on labor pains. It was sharp, and I felt it shake my whole body. I got out my cell phone and timed the contractions - still too far apart, but the baby was coming. I tried to fall asleep, sleeping on my side and rubbing my soon-to-be child. The thought of bringing a life into the world filled me with so much happiness. I felt like I had a purpose.

The next morning, I woke up bright and early, refreshed and with a mother's glow. I had a Fully Loaded Croissan'wich from Burger King and went to Peebles before work.

“Oh, you have a Peebles body!” the saleswoman admonished. “We have just the thing for you!” I had never felt so beautiful in my life. The saleswoman knew just what I was looking for: black slacks with a FlexBand™ elastic waist to adjust to my changing body, and a turquoise XL Polo shirt for the young professional.

“These clothes fit great, how kind you have been to me, and you have very competitive prices,” I said at the register.

“Well thank you sir! Thank you for shopping at Peebles! The Kohl's for the Misshapen,” the squatly lady beamed and smiled.

New clothes, new attitude, new baby on the way. I was ready for work.

“Holy fucking shit, what the hell is wrong with you?” Sharon caught me before I could make it into my cubicle. “First off, what the hell are you wearing? Secondly, you have really let yourself go, and third: where the hell is the presentation?”

Oh God, the presentation! I had to get out of this and get back to my cubicle so I could slap something together and deem it passable. A contraction just hit and I winced with pain.

“Oh, I have it-huff-on my laptop.”

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

The contractions were getting closer together.

“Yeah, let me just get it-hah-on the work computer and give it a once-overrrrrreeee!”

“Okay, you’re really starting to freak me out. Just get me the presentation.”

I had done it. I waddled to my cubicle and sat down. The sweat began to pour from me. I got out my cell phone and timed the contractions. That last one had been 5 minutes ago, and each one lasted a full minute, and have been that way for an hour. Oh boy, and did this one hit!

“I think I’m going into labor! Oh God, I’m going to have this baby right here in the office,” my mind raced with what to do next. Finally, I admitted it was time to tell the truth.

I busted into Sharon’s office, a sweaty mess. She had just picked up the phone and glared at me like I had just killed her fourth Lhasa Apso, Misty.

“Sharon, I need to go to the hospital,” I blurted out.

“Oh God, are you having a heart attack? I knew you were out of shape,” she stood up.

“No, Sharon. I’m having a baby!”

Her eyes hardened to disbelief. “No Grant, you’re not. You’ve been eating like shit and you’re probably having a heart attack.”

“The contractions are getting closer!” I screamed and collapsed on the floor in a sweaty mess. “Call an ambulance!”

By now, my yelling had attracted Kristi from Bung-Wong: “Ugh, what is fatty doing on the floor?”

“Just shut up and call 911 for this maniac. I think he’s having a heart attack.”

“I’M NOT FAT, I’M PREGNANT!” I screamed before the pain overtook me and I passed out.

I woke up in a hospital bed, dressed in a gown. I looked down at my swollen belly. It was so huge, it must be close to bursting. Just then, an older bespectacled doctor came into the room and sat down next to my bed. He looked at me with kind eyes.

“Hello, I’m Dr. Kupernick,” he said. “Looks like you’ve had quite a stressful day.”

“Oh doctor, don’t worry. I just want to make sure I’m ready to have my baby. You can give me an epidural, I don’t want a natural birth.”

“Epidural? Son, you’re not going to have a baby.” His words shattered my entire world.

“What do you mean? I’m pregnant.”

“No son, I’m afraid you’re not.” He leaned forward and took off his glasses. He looked deep into my eyes and made sure I listened to the next piece of news very carefully. “You have impacted bowels. Your co-workers tell me you’ve been eating a bunch of Burger King, and now you’re backed up beyond belief. I’m surprised you haven’t had septic shock yet. You’ve done irreparable harm to your body. Believe me when I tell you you will never be the same again.”

My eyes welled with tears. “No doctor, there must be some mistake. I feel it, I feel the baby inside me!”

“What you feel is about eighteen pounds of shit. Look, I’m sorry you thought you were having a baby, but...it’s medically impossible. What do you think this is, the movie *Junior*, starring Arnold Schwarzenegger and 1990s Danny DeVito?”

“Well, yes.” I sputtered. The tears had made two little rivers down my cheeks; streams that began to erode my dreams of being a mother. Instead I just had a bunch of shit to unpack. Amidst the tears, I choked out “Don’t forget about Emma Thompson. She was doing movies way back then. What a phenomenal actress. Love me some Emma T.”

“Here, take these two shit pills and you’ll be back to normal.” The doctor took out a prescription container and placed the two shit pills in my hand. He closed my hand over the shit pills compassionately and looked me in the eyes again.

“I’m terribly sorry for your loss.” He held me for a moment before walking out of the room.

I played Ed Sheeran’s “Small Bump” all the way home. But this time, the words had a different meaning for me. I had lost this little miracle that would enter into the world, and strangely enough, Ed Sheeran wrote “Small Bump” for a good friend who had a miscarriage. It was all becoming so clear to me as I drove through the night.

I stopped at the Burger King and prepared to have my last meal before the end. The Burger King lady, by this time, knows exactly what I want to order. Unfortunately, all I’ll have is a Chicken Garden Salad. I need the roughage to pass this massive shit. From behind me, I hear a familiar voice.

“Hey man, do you like music?” Oh my God, it’s the guy with the Marvin the Martian neck tattoo.

“Hey! You! What the hell is up with this Ed Sheeran song?!” I spin around and shout.

The man looks like a deer caught in the headlights, wide-eyed and frozen. As I approach him, he sprints for the exit. I ran after him as he crosses the street. He turns around to stare at me one last time before a bus drives in between us. When the bus passes, he's vanished into thin air like a mysterious vampire. Oh no, wait, I see him running down the sidewalk. Eh, he's too far for me to catch him, especially in my condition.

At home, I put on Ed Sheeran's "Small Bump" through my speaker system. Ed's words travel throughout the house, but the only place they need to be heard is the bathroom. I sit on the toilet, caressing my distended stomach one more time. There's no life inside, and my tits are filled with fat, not milk. I had taken the shit pills thirty minutes prior, and now it's time to expel all the Burger King.

Oh God, it's coming! What I thought were contractions was actually my small intestine trying to pass all this garbage. My anus dilated three to five centimeters, and out it came. I clenched the sides of the toilet seat and panted as everything moved through me. I focused on the music as my labor continued:

“You're just a small bump unborn, in four months you're brought to life
You might be left with my hair, but you'll have your mother's eyes
I'll hold your body in my hands, be as gentle as I can
But for now you're scan of my unmade plans,
A small bump in four months you're brought to life
A small bump in four months you'll open your eyes
I'll whisper quietly, I'll give you nothing but truth
I'll hold you tightly, I'll give you nothing but truth
If you're not inside me, I'll put my future in you
You are my one and only
You can wrap your fingers round my thumb and hold me tight
Oh, you are my one and only
You can wrap your fingers round my thumb and hold me tight
And you'll be alright
Oh, you're just a small bump unknown, you'll grow into your skin
With a smile like hers and a dimple beneath your chin
Finger nails the size of a half grain of rice
And eyelids closed to be soon opened wide
A small bump, in four months you'll open your eyes
And I'll hold you tightly, I'll tell you nothing but truth
And I'll hold you tightly, I'll give you nothing but truth
If you're not inside me, I'll put my future in you
You are my one and only
You can wrap your fingers round my thumb and hold me tight
Oh, you are my one and only
You can wrap your fingers round my thumb and hold me tight
And you'll be alright
And you can lie with me
With your tiny feet
When you're half asleep
I'll leave you be
Right in front of me
For a couple weeks
So I can keep you safe
'Cause you are my one and only
You can wrap your fingers round my thumb and hold me tight
You are my one and only
You can wrap your fingers round my thumb and hold me tight
And you'll be alright
'Cause you were just a small bump unborn for four months then torn from life
Maybe you were needed up there but we're still unaware as why.”

So beautiful. By the time the song had ended, I had defecated all that I could. I carefully got up off the toilet and looked at the contents. I began to weep. I had known what it was like to carry a child and to give birth, but to not have a child of my own in the end.

I wrapped my arms around the base of the toilet and cried “My Son! MY SON!” I stayed there the entire night as Ed Sheeran played on repeat and lulled me to sleep.

The next morning, I flushed my mondo dump and got ready. The Peebles clothes still fit, thanks FlexBand™! I made my way up the elevator and to Sharon’s office.

“Sharon, I’m sorry I took so long getting it to you, but here’s the Johanassen’s Outdoor Tile & Deck presentation. I made all the changes you wanted.” I handed Sharon the USB drive with the presentation on it.

“Thanks, Grant. I’m sorry about your situation and I want to apologize for yelling at you. You know I care about my team, and I want the best for you.” Sharon looked at me like I was her fourth Lhasa Apso, Misty. We both held a mutual respect for each other.

Then, something jabbed into my leg. I reached into my right pocket and pulled out the iTunes download card that started it all.

“You know, I have something else for you,” I said with a widening grin. “Consider it a present for all I’ve put you through.” I handed her the card.

“Oh great! An iTunes gift card!” Sharon flipped the card over and put in the code to her iTunes. Now it was time for the wheel to turn, and another to bear the burden. Now she would know how I felt, now I understood why I was obsessed with this song. It was a curse; a curse that must be passed on. A curse that must be-

“Ick, Ed Sheeran? Gross.” Sharon promptly threw the card in the trash.

“D-Don’t you want to listen to the song? It’s very powerful.”

“No, I fucking hate Ed Sheeran. Get the hell out of my office.”

The End

About the Author



Herbert S. Tuttleton is a maniac. He has me locked up in his wine cellar. Please, if you're reading this, I'm the guy who typed out all his weird, crazy sex stories. This is the only place he won't look, because no one reads the author's biography. But if you did, my God, the depraved things this lunatic has done. Shit, he's coming back. Just act natural.

Herbert S. Tuttleton loves to cook. He once gave Chef Wolfgang Puck his secret family recipe to make pasta and hot dogs. The secret ingredient is lowering your standards. Herbert S. Tuttleton has been known to make unscheduled and unwanted stops at his favorite neighborhood chain restaurants, like The Olive Garden, Outback Steakhouse, Denny's, and The Golden Corral during his book tour. Due to the sensitivity of Herbert S. Tuttleton's grey teeth, he cannot have any drink or food that is not within the temperature range of 54 to 55 degrees Fahrenheit.

Okay, he's gone. You see what I'm talking about? This dude is *terrifying*. Did you read his last erotic fiction story? Of course you did, you're here. Fucking Male Impregnation via an Ed Sheeran song? And it's not even Ed Sheeran's top stuff, it's like a B-side that no one's even heard of, but *Holy Christ*, is everyone going to get it stuck in their heads now. He even left an entire page that's just the lyrics of the song! It's like he went to AZlyrics.com and just printed the page out and put it in his book! This guy is a *published author*, and he put maybe like fifteen minutes worth of work into this. Shit shit, okay, play it cool.

Herbert S. Tuttleton is of supreme intellect. No one can surpass his cunning and use of the pen to create masterworks that would make Chaucer squeal while coming. Herbert S. Tuttleton is so smart, that he figured out what you're doing, Jerry. He knows that no one will come for you...he knows that you love your wife, Caroline...so you wouldn't want anything bad to happen to her...Jerry must be punished now for his little boy tricks. Say goodbye, Jerry.

I'm sick of this, CALL THE PDF;EWOEIRTU[0T789EUOWCIQ4TURNQI