

Summary: In a fantasy world, Ryo is having Dee's baby... And Bikky is the only one around to help!

Categories: [Fake](#) Characters: Bikky, Dee, Ryo

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Warnings: AU, Brain-Insane, Complete, Fantasy, Yaoi

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Pairing: Dee/Ryo

Notes #1: Ehm, I don't know where this idea came from, but it just kept bugging me so I wrote it down to get rid of the annoying plot bunny. I really wanted to write a Fake-mpreg fic and since I don't like the charas simply getting pregnant without explanation, I created a fantasy world for the boys. It's pretty similar to the world I created for the GW boys in "The Claim" and "On the Run" and it's inspired by Xenobia's excellent "Wyndrah Series".

Notes #2: Bear in mind that I don't have children, that I didn't even see a birth with my own eyes and everything I know about it I learned from others or books. So, if there are things that just don't fit... take it as the AU it is, okie?

1. [Chapter 1](#) by KatiKat

Chapter 1 by KatiKat

The late afternoon sun was shining through the open window, bathing the sparsely furnished white room in an orange glow. On the large bed that dominated the room lay a dark-skinned young boy, his unusual light blond hair tied in a ponytail at the neck. He was clad in a simple white sleeveless shirt and knee-long white trousers. He was lying on his belly, his bent legs kicking in the air, nose buried in a scroll he had to read through for the classes he had the next day.

"Bikky! The dinner is ready!" The bright, happy voice echoed through the small white house.

The blond boy lifted his slanted eyes. "Coming!" he hollered back, then sat up on the bed, rumpling the bed covers even more than they already were. He swung his legs over the side of the bed, his bare feet hitting the pleasantly cool tiles with a quiet smack. He lifted his arms over his head, stretching his muscles and letting his joints pop back into place. Then he stood up and headed for the door.

Passing by the open window, he looked out of it. He had always loved the place where they lived. Their small house stood on a hill and overlooked a deep valley, where on both banks of the river, the town of York stretched from South-East to North-West. It was one of the largest towns of the Amrica kingdom and the seat of the King's summer residence, which sat on the opposite hill on the other side of the river. The town was always busy and never asleep. Even now, when he could hear the bells of the many churches in the valley marking the eighth hour of the evening, new ships were arriving in the port and others leaving it again. And since tonight was the Night of Lights, crowds were heading to the Main square to watch the Dance of Fire which would end with a great firework show. He would so like to go too, but...

He couldn't just leave his Bearer. Ryo was nearing his time and since his husband - who was a member of the royal town's guard - had to work tonight, Bikky didn't want to leave him alone. He still couldn't get used to the idea that he would have a sibling soon. He had never been around small children before and now he would have to live with one. Bikky didn't know how he felt about it.

The blond boy tore his eyes from the magnificent view of the valley and headed for the doorway

again. He passed through the white curtain that replaced the door and allowed the warm wind to circulate through the small building. He really liked living in a place where the summer never ended, but sometimes the heat was just too much. The curtains allowed even the gentlest breeze to pass through but unfortunately, thanks to the lack of doors he knew everything about the love life of his Bearer. He wasn't embarrassed by it since sex was a natural and common thing among the N'Yorkers, but some things he really didn't have to know.

He walked into the corridor, heading for the stairs that led to the ground floor and the kitchen, dining room and sitting room. Their house was small but really pretty since Ryo and Dee, Bikky's Bearer's husband and the Sire of the blond boy's future sibling, were both members of the royal town's guard and earned good money.

His bare feet slapped against the cool tiles as he walked down the white corridor. Passing a small mirror that hang on the wall he stopped and looked at his reflection. Dark skin, fair hair, slanted eyes... The hair he inherited from Ryo, but the rest... his Bearer had never told him who his father was. When Bikky asked, Ryo just smiled dreamily and his eyes got a far-away look. In the end, Bikky decided that it didn't matter who his father had been. What was important was that obviously he had made Ryo really happy even in the short time they spent together.

Bikky almost snorted. Short time... for a N'Yorker short time could span over centuries since N'Yorkers lived even millennia. Maybe that's why there were so few criminal acts in their society. The long-lived creatures just didn't deem such thing worthy risking their incredibly long life span. Their long lives were also the reason why children didn't call their parents by the titles "Bearer" and "Sire" or as the Humans did "Mother" and "Father". With seven, eight or more generations being alive at once, the titles could get pretty complicated. Calling the grand-Bearer of the Bearer of the Bearer by his title would be a real tongue twister. He himself found it cool that one day his children would call him by name. But he was a Sire so he had no idea how the Bearers, the ones who were closest to their children, felt about it.

The blond boy slowly descended the spiral stairs. He heard the contented humming of his Bearer coming from the kitchen. But when he reached the ground floor the happy sound was cut short by a loud gasp and the sound of glass crashing to the floor. Bikky started to run and pushing through the bamboo curtain covering the doorway he burst into the kitchen.

The Bearer stood by the kitchen table, clutching the marble desk, the knuckles on his hands as white as the thigh long, long-sleeved white tunic and loose white pants he was wearing. Around his bare feet Ryo's favorite blue glass bowl lay in shards. The Bearer's face was contorted in pain, eyes tightly shut, beads of sweat running down his temples. He was biting his lower lip, as if trying not to cry out.

"Ryo...?" Bikky asked uncertainly, feeling of dread sinking in his stomach. His Bearer couldn't be... It was not... "Is it... is it the baby?"

The blond Bearer opened his eyes and even through the pain he smiled a little at his son. "Yes... he is... coming." He choked a bit at the last word as another contraction seized his lower body.

Bikky's eyes grew large. He blanched. "No. Nononono! It's too soon!" he protested, lifting his hands and shaking them.

"Bikky..."

The dark skinned boy continued his litany, as if he had not even heard his Bearer speak. "It's too soon! And Dee is not here! So you see... you have to wait. He has to help you with the birth. He knows what to do."

"Bikky..." Ryo tried to speak again, his voice strained, but gentle. "The baby is coming."

"No, it isn't!" Bikky protested again stubbornly.

"Yes, it is! And if you don't want me to have it here amongst broken glass on the kitchen floor, you had to better help me to the sitting room!"

It was as if the gentle order snapped Bikky back to his body for he blinked at his Bearer, then at the shards on the floor. "Oh... Oh!" He turned back into the corridor and reached through the doorway right next to the kitchen, from where he retrieved a broom and quickly but thoroughly swept the blue shards to one side. Then he propped the broom against the kitchen sink and turned to his Bearer whom another contraction seized, forcing him to hunch over and curl one of his arms around his protruding belly.

"R... Ryo...?" Bikky stepped closer.

"Help me... to the sitting room," Ryo stuttered through his clenched teeth and stretched out his arm to his son.

Bikky caught hold of the proffered arm, wincing as his Bearer squeezed his hand so hard that he could feel the joints grind together, then laid his other arm around Ryo's shoulders, thanking the gods that at sixteen he was just as tall as his Bearer. "Shouldn't we move you to your bedroom?"

As they made their slow way to the sitting room, the gasping Ryo shook his head. "N... no. I don't think we'll make it that far. You should know... N'Yorkers' births are really... fast!" The last word ended with a soft wail.

Bikky swallowed hard. "Good... good to know," he answered nervously, making his Bearer bark out a short laugh.

The walk down the corridor and through the doorway to the sitting room took them a small eternity. Finally, they reached their destination, but when the dark skinned boy wanted to let his Bearer sit on the couch standing in the middle of the open, airy room, Ryo shook his head. "No... on the pillows," he gasped out and pointed to the pile of pillows in front of the fireplace where only yesterday evening he and Dee spent a little quality time together.

They wobbled in the direction of the fireplace. "You'll have to... help me out of... the pants..." Ryo stuttered again, his breath short and face flushed.

Bikky didn't say anything but when he let go of his Bearer and crouched on the carpeted floor by the fireplace to tug down Ryo's pants he felt himself grow bright red. Not that he was embarrassed about sex or even seeing his father naked - it would not be the first time since N'Yorkers were rather sensual beings and their house had no doors safe for the main door - but some things he really didn't have to know!

The dark skinned boy tugged down the pants and to his surprise, he found them wet. He must have made a sound because Ryo laughed a bit, panting loudly. "My water broke," he informed his son and even though he was in pain, he seemed to enjoy the embarrassed flush that deepened on the boy's cheeks.

But then the Bearer's knees wobbled, Bikky threw the pants quickly to the side and helped Ryo lower himself slowly onto the soft pillows. The pregnant male lay down on his back, moaning quietly as the contractions came more and more quickly now. It would be soon.

Ryo bent his knees and spread his legs wide, then lifted his gown. "You have to... check... if I'm open... enough," he said to his son, then screamed as the most painful contraction up till now tore through his body. He threw his head back and screamed again, until the pain lessened.

Bikky knelt at his father's legs, completely at loss as what to do. "Check how?" he asked, embarrassment forgotten in face of his Bearer's pain.

The pregnant male panted again. "You have to... make sure that... the opening is wide... enough for the... baby to pass through. If it's not... you'll have to... cut it..."

"Cut it?" Bikky squeaked in horror.

"Yes... Better a clean cut then... to be torn open!" The Bearer looked at his son, his face red from exertion, eyes glassy and full of pain. "Am I... open?"

Heart still clenched in horror, Bikky moved between his father's spread legs, bent down and pushed his soft sex aside. The small opening was spreading before his eyes, growing larger by the second. His Bearer didn't lie when he said that the births were fast by the N'Yorkers.

He straightened and looked Ryo in the eyes. "You're opening quickly."

The Bearer sighed out in relief before gasping for breath again. "G... good because... I can feel... the baby... moving!" he stammered, his hands tracing circular pattern on his belly.

Bikky blinked in shock, the reality finally dropping like a ton of bricks on his shoulders. He will help bring his sibling into the world. The weight of responsibility made him feel ice cold inside. Hearing his Bearer cry in pain, seeing him twist his hands in the pillows, he realized that everything would depend on him. Ryo could scarcely concentrate on anything more than the contractions that ran through his body like a seizure. And where was Dee? He should be here, helping his husband, not Bikky.

With that thought he threw himself towards the mirror-like device, standing in the corner of the sitting room. Fixing Dee's image firmly in his mind, he touched the crystal, sitting in the middle of the small table, on which an empty glass oval stood - and felt himself being rejected. Bikky frowned but another pain filled cry from his Bearer firmed his resolve to get in contact with Dee. He touched the device again and this time the image of the dark haired guard appeared in the glass.

"What...?" asked the Sire, but seeing Bikky he snapped. "Not now!" And switched the device on his side off.

"Dumbass!" Bikky yelled and touched the device for the third time. This time, when the image of the annoyed guard appeared, the boy didn't even let him speak. "Ryo is having the baby!"

The guard rolled his eyes. "Of course he is. He has been for month now!" With that the man reached to touch the crystal on his armband and switch the communicator off.

"No, you idiot! He is having the baby NOW!" Bikky jumped in, hitting the desk of the device with his fists in anger.

"What...?" Dee whispered, then blanched. "But... but... it's too soon!"

Aggravated, Bikky frowned at him. "Tell it to the baby, not me!"

Before either of them could say more, a wailing cry came from the pile of pillows in front of the fireplace. "Bikky! Bikky!" cried out the Bearer, arching his back. "The baby...!"

The dark skinned boy turned to his Bearer, then back to Dee. "Come back. Now!" With that he touched the crystal in the middle of the desk and switched the device off. The shocked image of

the soon-to-be-parent disappeared.

Bikky rushed back to the Bearer and dropped between his spread legs that were trembling from strain. "What should I do?" he asked nervously and when Ryo didn't answer, too lost in a haze of pain so great that it robbed him of speech, he asked again, raising his voice. "What should I do, Ryo? Tell me! I can't help you if I don't know what to do!"

It took a moment before the Bearer was able to gather his strength and answer his son desperate plea. "Just... help the baby... out. Don't pull... just... hold... it...!" The last word turned into a wail again. Ryo threw his head back, the veins on his neck bulging from strain. He screamed, tears running down his face as he sobbed in pain.

The dark skinned boy licked his lips nervously, then bent down. His father was now fully open. Bikky took hold of his calves and pushed them further apart and closer to his body. Finding the position still not good enough, carefully he lifted Ryo's lower body and slipped another pillow under him. Bikky was feeling hot now and sweat was running down his face. He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. Come on... Come on... he thought, as his Bearer screamed again. And then...

"I can see it!" Bikky cried out excitedly, seeing the child's head appear at opening. "You have to push now all you can!" He leaned closer, pressed his palm against Ryo's protruding stomach, the other at the opening. "Push, please, Ryo. Push!"

Red in his face, the Bearer did as he was asked, crying out as he bore down with all his might once, twice... until his sight started to blacken at the edges and little stars dance in front of his eyes. Then he felt the small life leave his body...

Bikky laughed out loud as the baby slipped out into his hands, took a lung full of air and started to wail, dissatisfied with the cruel world that forced him out of his Bearer's safe womb. The dark skinned boy couldn't stop laughing as the stained child that was still connected to his Bearer through the umbilical cord cried and cried, his little face red from strain.

"He is beautiful, Ryo!" Bikky said, showing the small bundle in his arms to his Bearer.

Ryo lay there panting, his white tunic sweat soaked. With a groan he lifted his arms and his older son laid his younger brother carefully on his father's still swollen stomach. Ryo closed his arms around the babe gently and the child quieted almost immediately. With infinite care the Bearer touched the sticky bush of dark hair on the top of his little son's head. Ryo's muscles flexed as the afterbirth left his body but he hardly noticed for all his attention concentrated on his baby.

"He really is beautiful..." Ryo croaked out, his voice hoarse from screaming. He blinked and more tears left his eyes.

Bikky wanted to say something when he heard the sound of hooves hitting the pavement. He raised his eyebrows. Dee had to fly to get here in such a short time.

The front door burst open and Dee, his dark blue uniform stained with sweat, rushed in, looking around wildly. Spotting them by the fireplace he quickly headed towards them, and unbuckling his sword which he dropped to the floor, he fell to his knees next to his husband. Seeing the little rosy bundle lying on Ryo's chest, he swallowed painfully, his dark eyes filling with tears. He raised his hand, tore off his leather glove, then reached out and touched petal soft skin on his son's back with his finger. The child squirmed, then quieted down again, as if recognizing his Sire. Dee's smile was blinding as he turned to look at Ryo.

"Thank you," he croaked, his voice thick with emotions. He leaned closer and kissed his husband's forehead, then caressed the sweat soaked blond hair. "You did it all alone!"

Bikky snorted. "What about me? I'm nobody, am I?" he complained, but the new parents didn't seem to hear him. They looked into each other's eyes and with an expression of awe kept touching the new life they created together. Bikky rolled his eyes. "As if they haven't seen a child before," he said with fake disgust for his heart quivered with joy over the baby he helped to bring to the world.

The dark skinned boy sat there a moment longer, watching the trio that radiated a perfect happiness. Then, with a sigh, he got up. There were a lot of things that needed to be done. The umbilical cord had to be cut, the child bathed, the mess cleaned, the healer called to check out the baby... and it looked like everything would be dumped on his shoulders again. Thank the gods that now he would have a younger sibling that he would be able to bully around.

That brought a smile on Bikky's face and he started to whistle happily.

The End

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