

Summary: Charlie gets turned back, but there are unexpected complications.

Categories: [Numb3rs](#) Characters: Alan Epps, Charlie Epps, Charlie/ Don, Don Epps, Ensemble

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Previous Warnings Apply

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 3573 Read: 178 Published: 07/10/2011 Updated: 07/10/2011

Story Notes:

Notes: Incest. I wondered how I could top my genderfuck crack!fic and thought, hmm mpreg! This was written for [info]eppescest using prompt 47: Mpreg? Any takers? and is a sequel to said genderfuck crack!fic, Biological Experiment Gone Wrong.

Feedback: Would be greatly appreciated.

Disclaimer: Not mine.

Written: January 25, 2007

1. [Chapter 1](#) by spikeluv

Chapter 1 by spikeluv

Three months after the day Charlie had walked into the lab where Professor Phil Phister had been conducting an experiment and been turned into a woman - three months, two weeks, five days and four hours, but who was counting? - he was turned back. The first thing he did was look down and feel for his breasts, which were no longer there, thank you god! The second thing he did was give Professor Phister yet another piece of his mind, only flinching once when his voice came out a little deeper than he'd gotten used to. The third thing he did was run to the nearest restroom and close himself inside one of the stalls so he could check and make sure everything else had been returned to its rightful place.

Charlie shoved his slacks down, much easier to do now that his hips were smaller, and touched himself through the silk panties he'd worn to work that morning. He stroked his newly returned penis, cupped his balls in his hand. Charlie leaned against the side of the stall, weak with relief, until he was interrupted by Larry's worried, "Charles?"

"Yeah, Larry, I'll be right out." Charlie did himself back up and exited the stall.

"Is everything all right?"

Charlie blushed. "Yeah, that, uh, that's what I was checking myself."

Larry's eyes went round. "Oh. Okay. Well, since you're not threatening to take Phil's life, I presume you found everything to be in order?" He gestured with his hand.

"Oh! Yeah. Everything's good." Charlie grinned and pulled his slipping pants back up, and Larry grinned back. "I, uh, I don't have any more classes this afternoon, so I think I'm going to go home and get out of these." He indicated his sagging slacks.

"Yes," Larry said, sounding sad. "I'm going to miss seeing your wardrobe choices."

"Funny, Larry."

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When Charlie got to Don's apartment, there was a bag of clothes by the door and the shower was running. Charlie hadn't expected to see Don for hours, and was suddenly filled with excitement as he thought about showing off his newly returned equipment to Don. He poked his head into the bathroom. He could see Don through the steam covered shower doors, arms raised as he

rinsed the shampoo out of his hair. "Don?"

"Hey, Charlie. What are you doing here?"

"I needed to change my clothes. What are you doing home so early?" Charlie leaned against the doorframe, watched Don soap up.

"We had to dig through a dumpster for some evidence that got tossed. Terry refused to let me back in the office until I'd showered."

Charlie grinned, imagining that scene. "Those your clothes in the bag out there?"

"Yeah. Oh, hey, listen, I think I might have ruined that tie you gave me, unless the cleaner can get those stains out."

"Not the blue one with the silver stripes?"

"Yeah, that one. Sorry. I didn't expect to go dumpster diving today, or I wouldn't have worn a suit."

Charlie felt a twinge of disappointment; he loved Don in that tie. "No, that's all right, not your fault. Anyway, I'm glad you're home. I need your help with something."

"What's that?"

"I'll tell you when you get out."

Charlie stripped off his clothes and tossed them toward the chair, then he got the lube and a foil packet out of the drawer and set them on top of the bedside table. He fluffed the pillows, checked his hair in the mirror and gave it a little fluff as well, then arranged himself on the bed. He shivered at the first contact of the cool comforter against his skin, then shimmied around until he was comfortable, relaxing as the heat from his body warmed the bedding.

Charlie closed his eyes and listened to Don finishing up in the bathroom. He imagined Don's reaction to seeing Charlie like this, imagined Don touching him, and his body responded. Charlie lifted a hand to his chest, rubbed his thumb over his nipple. The small bud was at once familiar and strange, but the touch felt good. He brought his other hand up, stroked and rolled both nipples to hard nubs, reveled in the sparks of desire that flashed through him, in the heat that coiled low in his belly. Charlie reached down and curled his fingers around his stiffening cock, slid his hand up the shaft in a long, slow stroke. He opened his eyes at Don's shocked gasp.

"Charlie?"

"Don." Charlie's hand continued to move, slow and easy, just enough pressure to feel good without allowing the pleasure to build too high.

Don gestured. "You're"

Charlie moaned. "Yeah, I am."

Don moved closer to the bed, trailed his fingers along the inside of Charlie's thigh. "Is this what you needed my help with?"

Charlie whimpered as Don's fingers moved closer to his balls. "I just figured we should make sure that everything's in good working order."

"Sounds like a plan," Don said, and cupped Charlie's balls.

Charlie's grip tightened on his cock. He couldn't hide the tremble at Don's touch, nor stop himself from spreading his legs even further in silent invitation. "Donny."

Don pushed Charlie's hand away as he climbed onto the bed. He stretched out beside Charlie, curled one arm beneath Charlie's head as he leaned in to kiss him. Charlie shivered as Don's other hand moved over his body, refamiliarizing himself with the hard planes and sharp angles that hadn't been there that morning.

Charlie was like a live wire. Every place Don touched, he left sparks jumping and shooting in his wake. He gently stroked Charlie's nipple, stared at it as if he'd never seen it before, then leaned down and licked it. That small touch had Charlie arching off the bed.

Don shifted away from Charlie, slid down his body, fingers and tongue leaving trails of fire behind them. He buried his face in Charlie's groin, sniffed, and even that sent little shockwaves of pleasure coursing through Charlie.

"Donny, please!"

Don turned his face and flicked the tip of his tongue over Charlie's dick, and Charlie hissed in a breath. Don licked all along his shaft before curling his tongue around the head. He cupped his fingers beneath Charlie's balls as he took the head in his mouth and suckled, poking the tip of his tongue into his slit, then pressing it against the sweet spot beneath the ridge.

Don lifted his head and looked up at Charlie. "I've missed this." He sucked on the shaft, worked his tongue over it. "The way you smell, the way you taste." He flicked his tongue over the head once more, lapping up the tiny drop of pre-come that had formed. "The way your cock feels in my mouth." Don took the head of Charlie's prick back into his mouth, suckled, then relax his throat and took Charlie in as far as he could.

Charlie could only groan as his cock slid down Don's throat, his mind crying me too, me too, me too! He pushed his fingers into Don's wet hair and tried to force his orgasm back down, but it was too late. It had been too long since he'd had this, and he was too far gone. Don pulled back, bobbed his head so that Charlie's dick slid over his tongue, bumped the roof of his mouth.

Charlie thrust once, cried out as every muscle in his body tightened in preparation, and then flooded Don's mouth with his release.

Limp as a wet noodle, Charlie found it difficult to think, much less make his body respond to his commands. He couldn't move, couldn't speak, but he could feel Don's lips as he kissed his way back up Charlie's body, could hear the murmured, love you, Charlie, love you.

"Love you, too," Charlie tried to say, but based on Don's grin it didn't quite come out that way.

"You okay?"

Charlie thought, I am so much better than okay, but he just said, "Uhh." When Don's grin widened, Charlie figured Don understood everything he hadn't been able to put into words.

Don dropped a kiss on Charlie's nose, said, "I need to get cleaned up, get back to the office."

Charlie managed to grab Don before he could roll away. "What about you?" he asked, sliding his hand down Don's body until he held his soft cock. For a heart stopping moment Charlie thought that Don hadn't gotten hard during their lovemaking, until he realized that Don's cock was sticky with come.

Don shrugged, flushed a little as understanding crossed Charlie's face. "I guess I really missed that."

Charlie gave a pleased little laugh. He hadn't realized how much he'd been worried that Don would miss the soft curves of hips and breasts. He pulled Don to him in a tight hug and just held on.

Don finally broke their hug and slid off the bed. Charlie said, "How long are you going to be gone?"

"I don't know." Charlie watched the muscles in Don's ass as he crossed the bedroom to the bathroom. "Depends on what kind of leads Terry and David got out of that notebook I found."

Charlie waited for Don to wipe off his stomach and come back out to the bedroom before he said, "Hurry back, okay?" At Don's questioning look, he gave Don his most innocent look and said, "We still have to make sure my prostate works."

Don tripped over Charlie's shoes, recovered and snagged his cell phone off the bureau. "Maybe I'll just call in and see if they need me."

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Three months after Charlie got turned back - two months, three weeks, four days and eight hours, but who was counting? - Charlie found out that he was pregnant. But that's not when it started. It started about four weeks before when Don had been kissing Charlie's belly and mentioned that he liked it better when it wasn't so flat. Charlie had sat up, dislodging Don, and sounding just like a big old girl, asked, "You think I'm getting fat?"

It had taken Don three days, a bouquet of flowers, a lemon meringue pie, five blow jobs and ten times tracing 'I love you' across Charlie's belly to convince Charlie that he didn't think that Charlie was getting fat. Not long after that Charlie started throwing up in the morning.

By day three Don had started to freak out, and after five days of Charlie turning green at the smell of bacon cooking, or Don dipping his toast in the egg yolk, or even when Don was merely pouring milk on his cereal, Don made an appointment with Dr. Schiller. Schiller had been Charlie's primary care physician since their family doctor had retired six years ago, and the doctor that Charlie had visited during the three months when he'd been a woman, just to make sure that Professor Phister's stupid machine hadn't harmed him physically. Aside from the whole being turned into a woman bit, that is.

After Charlie listed his symptoms, Dr. Schiller laughed and said, "Well, Charlie, if you were a woman I'd say you were pregnant."

There was a long heavy silence which Charlie finally broke. "That's not even funny, Doc." He and Don had been careful, of course they had, and plus, Charlie had all his male bits back, so there was no way he could be pregnant.

"No, given your recent history, I guess it's not. Why don't we start with a urine test, just to be sure?"

"You've got to be kidding me."

It turned out that Dr. Schiller was not kidding. After the pregnancy test came back positive, they took blood and scheduled an ultrasound for the next week so they could see what Charlie looked like internally. All the way home Charlie thought up more and more inventive ways of killing Professor Phister. It beat thinking about how he was going to tell Don he was pregnant.

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Three days later Don found Charlie in the garage. He was sitting on the low stool, looking up at one of the blackboards, covered with equations that made no sense to him.

“Hey.”

For a brief second Charlie’s heart stopped, and then it started pounding. He looked over his shoulder at Don, then twirled the stool around to face him. “Hey. Close your case, or just taking a break?”

Charlie had only seen Don once since his doctor’s appointment. They’d had just enough time for Charlie to assure Don that he wasn’t seriously ill, and for Don to eat heated up leftovers before he fell into an exhausted sleep on the couch. Charlie had taken Don’s shoes off and covered him with the afghan before going to bed himself. When Charlie got up the next morning Don had already gone back to the office.

“Closed it, finally.” He jerked his chin toward the blackboard. “What are you working on?”

“Nothing.”

Don raised his eyebrows. “If it’s confidential, you can just say so, I won’t get mad.”

“No, it’s not, it’s nothing. It doesn’t make any sense. I can’t get it to make sense!” Charlie grabbed the eraser as he rose from the stool, rubbed it across the board in long sweeping strokes.

Don stepped closer, but he didn’t try to stop Charlie’s frantic erasing. “Charlie, come on, what’s wrong, buddy?”

“Nothing.” Charlie slammed the eraser back down so hard that chalk dust billowed out of it.

Don kept his voice low, but he couldn’t keep the worry out of it. “This doesn’t seem like nothing. You’re not sick, right?”

Charlie shook his head. He wasn’t sick, not the way Don meant, but his stomach was churning with nausea. He hadn’t been able to think of anything else for the last three days, and he still didn’t know how he was going to tell Don.

“Okay. That’s good.” Don squeezed Charlie’s shoulder, slid his hand down over Charlie’s back. “But you haven’t told me everything, have you?”

Charlie shook his head again.

“Charlie, please”

Charlie turned and crushed himself up against Don. Everything felt so out of control, and he was afraid of what was going to happen to him, to them, and he really need a hug, especially as it might be the last one he got from Don. Not that Don was the kind of guy to leave a girl in the lurch. Not that Charlie was a girl. “Hold me, okay? Just hold me.”

Don’s arms went around him, held him tight. Charlie felt Don’s lips in his hair. “Charlie, please, you’re scaring me.”

Charlie pulled back enough to say, “Let’s go sit down,” and led Don over to the couch. They sat, Charlie tucked under Don’s arm. Charlie reached for Don’s other hand, placed it on his stomach.

“Remember how I’ve gained a little bit of weight?”

“Oh, Charlie, not this again. You are not fat, I swear, god, please, just”

Charlie just stared at Don until he broke off. The normality of it somehow made him feel better. “No, I . . . that’s not what this is about.” He squeezed Don’s hand. “So, I’ve put on a little bit of weight, and I’ve been throwing up. In the morning.” He waited for the lightbulb to go on, but Don was just staring at him. “Sick, in the morning.” When Don still didn’t get it, Charlie huffed, “Morning sickness, Don! For god’s sake, I’m pregnant!”

Don didn’t move, though his skin went a little pale and his eyes went a little wild. Charlie was afraid he might have given Don a heart attack. “Don, are you okay? I’m sorry. I did not mean to tell you like that. Don? Donny?”

“You’re pregnant?” Charlie nodded. “You can’t be pregnant.” Charlie nodded again, because it was true, he couldn’t. Even though he apparently was.

“Except that I am. Dr. Schiller did a pregnancy test. And I did, too, just to double check, because those things can be wrong, right?”

“How many have you done?”

“Three. You have to do them in the morning”

Don gave him a weak smile. “So, every day since you found out?” Charlie nodded. “Are you convinced yet?” Charlie shook his head so hard his curls flew about his face, which made Don’s smile more real, and brought a little bit of color back to his face.

“Dr. Schiller had the nerve to say I was glowing, though.”

Don laughed.

“It’s not funny.”

“No, but now that you don’t have that worry line between your eyes, you do kind of glow a little bit.”

Charlie tried to punch him, but Don grabbed his hands. When Charlie stopped trying to free himself, Don lifted Charlie’s hands to his lips, placed a kiss on the knuckles of both. “So, what’s next?”

“Well, first you tell me that you’re not going to leave me.”

“Jesus, Charlie! Where would you even get an idea like that?”

Charlie stuck his chin out mulishly and waited. Don dropped Charlie’s hands, framed his face and pulled him in until their noses touched. “I’m not going to leave you, you ass. I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Charlie said, and started to cry. He swiped at his eyes angrily. “Sorry, my hormones are all over the place.”

“Christ, I never thought I’d hear you say that,” Don said, and Charlie started crying harder. “Oh, geez, Charlie, no, don’t.”

“I can’t . . . help it!”

“No, I know. Come here, buddy.” Don pulled Charlie against him, wrapped him up and held on tight, which was just what Charlie needed.

When the tears finally subsided, Charlie apologized again, then he said, “I have an ultrasound next week. Dr. Schiller wants to take a look at my insides, make sure everything’s all right.”

“We should have done that before,” Don said. “Made sure that stupid machine worked properly.”

“I thought we did all the testing we needed to,” Charlie said, which made Don chuckle. “Will you come with me? To the doctor’s?”

“Of course, Charlie! Is this . . . the pregnancy, is it safe? For you, I mean?”

“I don’t know. Dr. Schiller doesn’t even know how it’s possible. The only thing he could surmise was that I was pregnant before Professor Phister changed me back, and somehow the machine compensated for it. But he won’t know until he does the ultrasound, and it looks like I need to read over the professor’s notes on this machine, as well, to see if this result was intentional.”



“If it hadn’t happened . . . Jesus, Charlie, we might never have known.”

“Maybe that would have been better.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, Don, if Dr. Schiller says everything looks okay, the baby’s healthy, and I’m healthy, what are we going to do? Are we, are we gonna keep it?”

“I just assumed . . . Don’t you want to?”

“It would be a really big change. Not to mention, everyone will know.” Charlie rubbed his stomach. “What are we going to tell people? I mean, who are we going to tell them the father is, an  ?”

“Charlie, Charlie, please, don’t, you’re getting all worked up.” Don kissed the side of Charlie’s head, rubbed his back. “Is that what you’ve been doing for the last three days, worrying about this? Well that stops, right now, all right? We’ll go to the doctor and see what he has to say, and then we’ll figure this out, okay?” He bounced his shoulder to give Charlie a nudge. “Huh?”

Charlie nodded, wiggled a little bit to get closer to Don. Telling Don hadn’t changed anything, they still had some big decisions to make within the next couple of weeks, but sharing the burden had taken a huge weight off his chest and he felt like he could finally breathe again. For the first time since he’d found out he was pregnant, Charlie allowed himself to relax.

The stress he’d been under the last few days finally took its toll and, as Don held him, Charlie drifted off to sleep. His last thought before Morpheus pulled him under was whether it was a girl or a boy, and who the baby would look like. Would it have Charlie’s hair and Don’s smile, or Don’s eyes and Charlie’s nose?

The End

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