

Summary: Well, it's MPREG. I saw this challenge on the MPREG list, so I just HAD to give it a try. Obviously, someone male is pregnant, and gives birth. Wanna find out more? Read the story!

Categories: [Dukes of Hazzard](#) Characters: Bo Duke, Boss Jefferson Davis "J.D." Hogg, Cooter Davenport, Daisy Duke, Deputy Enos Strate, Flash, Luke Duke, Original Character(s), Sheriff Rosco P. Coltrane, The Balladeer, Uncle Jesse

Genres: Other

Warnings: Brain-Insane

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: No Word count: 839 Read: 243 Published: 01/14/2016 Updated: 01/14/2016

Story Notes:

No slash in this piece. It wasn't easy to get the main character preggos, but I did it. I just don't see Bo/Luke as a couple. So if you are looking for slash MPREG, keep on looking, as it's not in this piece.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Beth C

Chapter 1 by Beth C

Bo Duke stared out the window and sighed heavily. He watched with great longing as his cousin Luke fine tuned the engine of the General Lee. It had been too long since he had last worked on his beloved car and he very much wanted to again.

That same car that he could no longer drive. It seemed over the past few months, he had been wanting to do more and more and was denied each time. He was told specifically not to go tooling around Hazzard inviting trouble. He was told to 'stay off his feet' and to 'get more rest' as it would be beneficial to his health.

He sighed again and moved slowly away from the window to sit back in his Uncle Jesse's overstuffed armchair. His back was bothering him again.

As was practically every other part of his dang body, he mentally grouched. He no longer felt like his body was his own, it was as if his consciousness had taken over someone else's body. There was no way this was happening to him, no way. Yet no matter how many times he mentally denied it, the fact remained every time he woke up.

He was stuck. He was not normal. He was pregnant.

He rested one hand on his abnormally large stomach while using the other one to adjust the pillows behind him to take some of the pressure off his back. The baby inside must have sensed his touch as it kicked the spot where his hand lay. Bo tapped at the small hand or foot and got another kick in return.

That small gesture caused him to smile in spite of his melancholy mood. It wasn't that he was against having kids of his own, he was more against the fact of him being the one to carry the child to term.

That was supposed to be the woman's job. Not the man's job. Yet here he was, almost 9 months now. This stranger would be arriving soon and he didn't want to even think about that. Things were strange enough in Hazzard already and the fact of the first male pregnancy was something that Bo avoided letting out to the general public.

Only a few people knew about his condition. Luke did, of course, as did Uncle Jesse and his cousin Daisy. His doctor, Doc Appleby, was the only other person who knew, and was sworn by doctor/patient confidentiality not to tell anyone.

The media circus was one Bo was going to great lengths to avoid. It just wasn't something he was even slightly willing to entertain. Once the baby was born, he would just use the story that he had unwillingly knocked up some girl and after the birth she decided that she wasn't ready to be a mother and had dropped the baby off at the Duke farm in the middle of the night.

A simple paternity test would prove him to be the father, and no one would be the wiser. He would be able to raise the child as any other single father would, with the loving support of his family.

He had never once entertained the notion of giving the baby up for adoption, as Dukes stuck together, no matter what. This was his child, and he was going to raise it. Raise it to be a Duke, whether it be a boy or girl. Secretly he hoped for a son, as he was already familiar with the male mindset, but if it was a girl, well, there was always Daisy to help him.

He ran both hands now over his stomach. The first three months had been normal, there hadn't been any indication to anyone that he had even been pregnant. It wasn't until the fourth month that he had realized that something was wrong with his body. From then on it was a nightmare of shocking surprises that were best left in the past. His stomach had grown past the normal 'beer' belly size and into a size that he would describe as 'bizarre' and definitely 'unmanly' as he constantly glanced at his reflection in the mirror every morning.

He could no longer wear his jeans and boots, he was forced into sweats or overalls. The latter looking much better on his Uncle than on him. He couldn't wait for this ordeal to be over so he could resume his normal life again.

Still, it was definitely something extraordinary that was happening to him. Maybe someday he would sit down and tell his child the long and fascinating tale of how this had happened to him.

Grinning at that thought, Bo ran his hand over his stomach again. "You'd like to hear that, wouldn't you?" he spoke softly to his unborn child. "About how daddy ended up with you?"

A double kick signaled a response that Bo took to mean, 'sure.' He smiled and thought back to that week almost 9 months ago now that had changed his life forever.

~To be continued~

End Notes:

Author's Note: I decided to go against the 'balladeer' version as I like to get inside the character's minds. I might rewrite this later after it's done and insert him where appropriate.

I hope this wasn't a bad start, but I wanted to set things up. The next few chapters will go on and explain how Bo got this way and him finding out. Look for them!

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