

Summary:

Like any good scientist, House goes about solving Chase's mystery the proper way.

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Post 2x07 - Hunting.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by lopaka tanu

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Title: Scientific Method

Author: Lopaka Tanu

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Author's Note: Post 2x07 Hunting.

Step 1: Define Question.

As his staff scrambled to clear out after yet another wrong differential diagnosis session, House examined the conference room. The usual junk and supplies were about, a few books that were borrowed from other departments, the coffee mugs with still steaming liquid. Only three things were different.

One, a black purse, was just big enough to hold a change of underwear, lipstick, a roll of condoms, spermicide, and KY Warming Gel. Cameron had grown smart, she was now carrying her wallet on her instead of trusting her purse to remain safe. Unfortunately, she was still naive enough to leave it just laying around. Bored already, he dropped the bag and set upon the second.

This one, a tan bag half the size of the purse, contained a digital camera, a pack of condoms, and an egg of 'silly puddy'. Frowning, House pulled the 'silly puddy' container out. He was about to open it when he felt a gel inside it shift. That lead to him examining the manufacturer's stamp. Carefully, he placed it back inside the tan bag. Foreman with Dick-Lick, heaven help whatever girl he slept up with.

Last, but not least, House picked up the black messenger bag of his most whipped employee.

The first thing he noticed when he pulled open the flap and unzipped it, were the dark blue bikini briefs. This would be surprising in Foreman's bag, but only confirmed his suspicions with Chase. Next, were the obligatory lubricant, package of edible body paint, and licorice ropes.

Two conclusions could be drawn from this. His ducks were having one on him, or they were each planning on getting lucky tonight. Given the fact they all looked excited before he put the fear of House in to them, he was betting the latter.

House was about to forgo finishing his inspection when something flashy beneath a second pair of bikini's in Chase's bag caught his eye. It was a silver case with a caduceus on it. Taking it, a couple twenties, and a sucker from the bag, House plopped down in Chase's still warm chair. While he sucked on the candy, he examined the box for a latch. He found it on the back and flipped it open.

Inside were hypodermic needles and vials of a clear solution.

Picking one out, House held it up to the light. "Why is Little Robbie Chase taking steroids?" Turning it over, House examined the label. "Dr. James Wilson. Hmm." However, the dosage was the interesting bit. At just above normal for a person of Chase's physic, testosterone wasn't good for much. That meant one of two things. Either the drug was a supplement, or it was a replacement. Both were more intriguing than a girl with LUPUS.

Closing the container, he put it back in the bottom of Chase's bag. Each item he took out of it was put back in the order he had removed them. Even though it was hard for him, he put the two twenties back too. The bag was placed back where he found it. To make things less conspicuous, he replaced the others' bags too.

"It seems we have a mystery afoot!"

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Step 2: Gather Information.

It was late and the records room was supposed to be locked. A copy of Cuddy's key assured that the time and hospital policy would not be a hinderance. A fifty to the night janitor assured him a highly qualified look out. Cameron's missing underwear assured him complete silence.

Limping in to the room, flashlight between his teeth, House did a quick scan over the cabinets. Having never stepped a foot inside, he didn't know the lay out. This was what he had minions for, normally. Since one of his minions was the case, he had to do this by himself.

He quickly located the right employee cabinet and tracked the C's in the first drawer. There weren't many, and his Chase was the only Chase employeed. A slight problem made him wince. Chase's medical file was thin. Too thin. Someone had tampered with imperical evidence!

A drawn breath, the lights came on, and panick set in.

Closing the file cabinet, House turned slowly to face his arch nemisis. "Greetings, Dr. Cuddy."

"House." Voice scratchy from lack of sleep, she tugged on the sweater she wore over her night gown. If she could distract him from looking at her face, she could keep him under control.

"Which one were you spying on this time?"

"Cameron. Something she's said bothered me. I really think she's a brunette." Walking up to Cuddy, he made sure to keep his attention on her chest. "You can let me look, or you can check

for yourself. See if her rug matches the drapes. If the latter, I can sit in as a consultant."

"Get out of my hospital. The specter of death is scary enough without you hanging around at night." She waited until he slipped by her before smacking him on the ass. "Don't let me catch you in here again."

"You're no fun!" Pretending to sulk, he hid Chase's file under his arm. He had a feeling he knew where the rest of it was.

~\*~\*~

Breaking in to Wilson's office was easier done than said. Finding the patient files were also a snap...of a lock. And that was all there was, his cancer patient files. Unfortunately, that meant the dastardly Jimmy had his confidential files with him. Cursing slightly, House sealed up Wilson's cabinet with a padlock. Teach him to keep things from House!

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Step 3: Gather Resources.

"I need a urine sample." Smiling at the sudden loss of noise from his ducklings, House limped in to the conference room. He was met with a pair of startled eyes, Cameron, a pair of amused eyes, Chase, and a pair that said he knew where this shit was going, Foreman. Holding up three sample containers, House walked along the table. He deposited one in front of each of his employees.

"What's this about, House?" Tugging on her impeccably kept hair, Cameron refused to meet his stare.

"Drug testing, my pretties. I've heard rumors from the corner crack head that someone here's been naughty." House tapped his cane twice on the floor. Looking at his watch, he sighed. "You have ten minutes, use the bathroom at the end of the hall. The one who gets back last has to... I dunno, but I'll come up with something devilishly evil. Now, mush!"

"Man, you can't do this!" Foreman rose, ignoring the cup in front of him.

"On the contrary, I can do anything I want. I've drawn up a contract which you signed, I paid the tariff. So, legally, I own your black ass!" He wiggled his eyebrows, daring the Neurologist to say something.

"This is bullshit. I don't do drugs, I've never done drugs!" Snatching the cup, Foreman stomped out of the room.

"Careful, or I'll have you out picking cotton swabs!" When he finished yelling at the door, House looked to his two remaining ducklings. "Something you two need to tell me?"

"Nope, not a thing." Taking his cup, Chase strolled past House. He paused at the door to look back at Cameron. With a snort, he walked out.

Still frozen on the spot, Cameron refused to look up. "Mine will come back positive."

"I know." House walked over to her and picked up her cup. He drew back and tossed it in to the trash can. "Test over. Congratulations, you passed!" With that, he turned back towards his office and walked inside.

A second later, a very angry Wilson stormed in to House's office. Not waiting for the door to

close, Wilson slammed his sample cup on House's desk. "Don't ever insinuate that crap in front of my wife again! Julie's pissed at you enough already!"

"All you had to do was say yes." Using a napkin from his drawer, House put the sample container in a plastic bag. Sealing it, he wrote a reference number on it with a marker. Looking up at Wilson, he blinked in feigned surprise. "You're still here?"

Wilson snorted. "You're really unbelievable." His pissed expression disappearing, he walked out shaking his head.

Cameron waited until Wilson was gone before she entered House's office. Staring at him in concern, she came to stand in front of his desk. "What is all this really about, House?"

"I told you, I heard a rumor." He held up the sample bag for her. "If you want to keep your job, take this, collect the boys' samples, and run all three. I want it tested for everything, that includes routine infections and high levels of testosterone. I don't work well with people who aren't addicted to me alone."

She hesitated, watching the bag with suspicion. "What should I tell the others? They'll ask why I am running the tests and not someone independent." At his look, she reluctantly took the bag.

"You're ethics, or mainly the fact you actually have them. That will be all I need." Sitting back in his chair, he pulled on a set of headphones. Seeing she still wasn't budging, he waved her off. "Go, go, you've already got two boys pissed off at you, don't need three."

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Step 4: Form Hypothesis.

"Negative, negative, negative. So many negative answers, it almost makes me feel depressed." Closing the report on Foreman, House glanced up at Cameron with a hint of parental pride. "You've done excellent work. Take the rest of the day off, you earned it."

"House, it's only nine-fifteen." The happiness she had been feeling was quickly replaced by elation and a thrill she used to get from skipping school.

"Don't look the gift House in the mouth, I have morning breath." Picking up Wilson's report, House pretended to be interested in the results. He had to scan it for a minute because she was still standing there with a stupid grin on her face. "Cameron, do me a favor."

"Yes, House?" Floating, Cameron was suddenly assertive, voice husky.

"Keep this quiet from legal." The panicked look on her face had the desired effect. Unfortunately, it also had the sad fact of reminding him just which she devil resided in that department. "Go, before I change my mind."

"All right." Nodding, Cameron all but shot out of the room.

Glad she was gone, House slammed shut Wilson's file. Aside from the fact he was on anti-anxiety medication, which signaled the impending doom of his third marriage, there was nothing of interest. Dropping it on his desk, he picked up the third file. He took a moment to savor his genius. A slow inhale, followed by a slow exhale. Moment over, he pulled it open.

A second later, he slammed it shut.

Then he opened it again.

"Wait a minute, this can't be right." He was about to reach over to his phone and call Cameron back to rip her a new one when he saw the statistics. Testosterone levels were normal, but on the underside of average. "That's not right at all. Well, Shaggy, looks like we got a mystery on our hands and Fred's not sharing." If Chase was shooting up, they should be off the chart. Narrowing his eyes, he looked out through the glass wall at his ducklings.

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Step 5: Perform Experiment.

"Bah-da-da-dah, duh-duh-na!" Theme to mission impossible going through his head, House picked up Chase's messenger bag. Once again, he had scared the hell out of his team by sneaking up on them and gave them a list of near impossible tasks. Chase, the only one he was concerned about, was off on a quest for sixteen types of coffee for a taste test.

After making sure the curtains were shut in both his office and the conference room, he locked tight the doors. With a chuckle to his brilliance, he limped in to his office. Once there, he quickly dumped the contents of Chase's bag on it. Plopping down in his chair, he pulled open the top drawer in the cabinet beside him. House took out the box of vials inside and set them on his desk.

He made quick time opening Chase's medical box and replacing the vials inside with those from his drawer. Putting the vials inside his drawer, he sealed both the box and the drawer. As he was putting the contents of Chase's bag back inside, someone raddled his door. House glared at the door.

Quickly zipping it, he threw the flap over it and clicked the two snap buttons. Standing up, he grabbed the messenger bag and limped back in to the conference room. The door to his office shook again. He set Chase's bag on the conference table in its previous spot and picked up Cameron's purse. Walking to the conference room door, he unlocked it and poked his head out.

Standing there with one hand on her hip, Cameron held out her other expectantly. "Hand it over, I'm not financing any more of your porn operations."

"Spoil sport!" Still, he handed over her purse.

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#### Step 6: Collect Data.

At first, there was nothing unusual. For the first two weeks after his caper, Chase seemed fine. It was day nineteen when he got his first signal that something had changed. There was nothing major, nothing that would set the scientific community to frenzy. If House hadn't been watching, he would never have known.

Chase was flipping through a medical journal when it happened. Something caught his eye and he stopped. For a full minute, he read the article he stopped on with rapt fascination. Sixty-three and seven tenths of a second later, he cleared his throat, flipped the page, and subtly wiped at the corner of his eyes.

By the time he finished, House was almost falling out of his chair from leaning over so far. A slow smile had spread across his face as he clicked the stop watch off.

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Two days later, Chase had taken to avoiding looking people in the eyes. Any random thing could set him off. To House, it was the most wonderful gift anyone had ever given him.

Taking a sip of the coffee Chase had just given him, House spit it back in the cup. He made a great show of wiping off his tongue with Foreman's jacket. "That was awful, is that how it's supposed to taste or did you strain it through a dirty diaper just for me?"

Having frozen with his back to House, Chase's hands clenched. It wasn't until his shoulders started to shake that he knew which emotion had taken control.

Alerted by the silence, Cameron looked up from her book. She could see Chase from the front, and what she saw alarmed her. Rising from the table, she reached out for him, but was rebuked. "Chase? Are you all right?"

Without saying a word, Chase covered his face and fled the room. As he passed, House could see well flood tracks on his face.

Concern quickly turning to anger, Cameron faced House. "What the hell did you do to him?"

"Nothing." He took a sip of his coffee in order to hide his smile. When he was certain he could control it, he set the mug down. "I simply made an observation about his coffee brewing skills."

"You know, some times you're a real bastard." She started for the door, but House's cane blocked her way. "Get out of my way, I'm going after him."

"Don't bother, he's already gone to someone who can help ease his hurt little feelings." And wasn't that just so very interesting.

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With the new twist, House had to reshift the parameters of his study to include Wilson. Since his melt down two days ago, Chase had been spending an inordinate amount of time with the Oncologist. That wasn't the most interesting thing to happen, though.

"Sir, you have to take it if you want to get better." Holding out the small container with his pills, Chase's hand wavered a little.

"And I said no!" Batting Chase's hand away, the young man tried to look away. Tried, but Chase shifted his position against the bed, catching his view again. Glaring up at the doctor, he sneered. "Fuck off, you self important british asshole! You're kind don't run the world, no matter what you say. Thinking you know better than me; it's my god damned body. I'm not putting nothing I don't know where it came from in it!"

Crushing the pill cup in his fist, Chase leaned in closer over the bed. His teeth gritted, he stared at the patient unblinking. "Now listen closely, you little bastard. For the past two days all you have done is belittle and berate everything we have done trying to save your life. You've purposely made our jobs more difficult by refusing to cooperate. And now you wish to risk the health of everyone you encounter by refusing to take your medicine."

Raising his chin, the man snorted. "So what!" It was the wrong thing to say.

Chase's hand shot out and grabbed the patient by the jaw. "Well, too fucking bad! I'm not giving you a choice. You're going to take your medicine, and you are going to get better even if I have to shove it down your throat!" Hands on his shoulders tried to pry him away, but Chase shrugged them off. The patient tried vainly to push him off, yet Chase would not be denied.

Fingers finding purchase in the skin behind the man's ear, he pressed hard. When the patient cried out, he dropped the pills from the container in to his mouth. Dropping the container, he brought it up to the man's throat while his other hand held his mouth shut. He rubbed the skin over his Adam's Apple until he swallowed. Seeing it was done, Chase allowed Cameron and Foreman to pull him off the patient.

As he was dragged from the room, Chase started to shout at him. "You wanna say something now, tough guy? Come on, call me incompetent, say I'm just another illegal here to steal your fucking job! I'd like to see you save a life, you bloody ungrateful bastard!" A slap across his face finally shut him up. Chase was about to lay in to whoever had hit him when he caught sight of everyone around them, watching him.

It took several seconds for him to realize how out of control he had become. He looked to Wilson, who was shaking his smarting hand out, and his eyes glassed over. "James." Crushing the air between them, he threw his arms around the Oncologist and buried his face in Wilson's collar.

Using the hand that still had feeling, Wilson stroked Chase's back. He glared at anyone who he caught staring at them until they looked away. "It's okay, Robert, everything is all right."

"No, it's not." Shifting so he could look at Wilson's face, Chase rubbed the tears from his face. "That wasn't all right. I just attacked a patient, that is far from all right."

Cupping Chase's cheek, Wilson pressed his thumb over the younger man's mouth. "It will be okay, I promise." They continued to stare at each other for a few minutes. Sensing his lover had settled down, Wilson released his cheek. "Let's get out of here. Considering the circumstances, I'm sure they won't mind."

"All right." Letting Wilson lead him by the hand, Chase walked out.

From his perch over looking the entire ordeal, House popped back a vicodin. It had been the most exciting event to happen at the Hospital he hadn't been directly the cause of since Volger had left.

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The following day, House had simply walked in to the changing room at seven in the morning. Just as he knew he would be, Chase had come in early and was getting ready to make his rounds. Despite making a scene the previous day, the younger man still had patients. Stepping up to Chase, House held up his hand, displaying the rubber hose, wetnap, vial, and needle.

Seeing this, Chase lowered his head. Taking off his lab coat, he raised the sleeve of his dress shirt. He didn't say a word as House tied off his arm, and scrubbed it with a wetnap. When the needle was inserted and the vial attached to draw his blood, he met House's gaze unflinching. A second wetnap applied when the hose was removed and the needle withdrawn. He grabbed his lab coat and walked out.

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Step 7: Analyze Data.

Sitting in his office, House slowly twisted a glass of scotch between his hands. The rest of his team had gone home hours ago. Without a patient, he was left ponder things on his own. There was quite a situation involving his youngest duckling. It had been one hell of a month and he still wasn't quite sure what conclusions to draw. What answers he could get from his research laid in front of him on the desk in a dark blue folder.

The blood results had taken three days with the lab he had sent them to, but they wouldn't make a mistake. They had come by currier during a discussion with Cameron on the ethics of letting a patient die in contention of saving their lives if they refused treatment. That had almost ended in a brawl between her and Chase, the younger doctor refusing to accept her view that it was morally wrong. When she had called him a hypocrite, Chase had stormed out, his fists clenched, almost knocking the currier over.

They had spent the rest of the two hours remaining before clock out time making bets about where Chase was and what he was doing. When he came back five minutes before their shifts officially ended, his clothes rumpled and suspicious bruises starting to form, House had earned fifty dollars. Wilson popping in to check on Chase and asking if he needed a ride home had cost Foreman and Cameron twice that.

In that time, he had played the package off with a nonchalant shrug every time it was brought up. When they had forgotten about it and left, he had taken his sweet time in opening it and laying the folder out. That had been four hours, ten cds, and an entire pizza ago. House still wasn't quite sure why he hadn't simply opened it to confirm his theories.

By the time midnight rolled around, House was on his way home and the results still lay on his desk untouched.

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#### Step 8: Draw Conclusions.

When House awoke the following morning, he knew it wasn't because his alarm clock had gone off, internal or external. This was confirmed by a loud pounding on his front door. He started to reach over for his phone so he could call the cops. He was halfway through nine-one-one when the front door opened and angry stomps entered his apartment. Only one person had a key.

Putting the phone down, he picked up his cane from the bedside table instead. Rolling over so that he could have full swing if need be, he watched his bedroom door. He didn't have to wait long before Wilson came barging in, one cheek bright red.

"You son of a bitch." Glaring at House, Wilson saw the cane and kept his distance. "How could you do this to me, to Chase?"

Snorting, he rolled his eyes. So the cat was out of the bag. "Call it human nature. We are always curious about things..."

"Cut the bullshit, House! You did it just to be an ass." He raised his hand, pointing a rolled up folder at House. "When Julie finds out, I'm going to make sure she knows your involvement."

"You cheating on your wife with my lackey is my fault how?" If he wasn't in an immense amount of pain, House would be laughing. The look on Jimmy's face was priceless. He hadn't seen his friend so worked up about being caught since his first wife.

"You changed Chase's vials, I know you did, so don't even pretend to deny it. I couldn't figure it out until this morning when I found this!" He threw the damnable evidence at House, not wanting to get any closer to him. "Go on, read it to me, it's what you want. Tell me how fucked I am. Knowing you, it's what you were doing last night, giggling over every sick little detail."

Sighing, House pushed the rolled up folder off him. Looking at the Oncologist, he realized Wilson was shaking. He started to sit up, but the muscles in his leg flared and he had to ease back down. Wanting the confrontation to be over, House decided he would play it straight. "I



didn't read it."

"Don't give me that! Once you get something this juicy you can't wait to tear in to it." Hands on his hips, Wilson took a step towards the bed. The belligerent look House gave him made him stop before he took another one. "Are you kidding me?"

"Not this time, it's too damned early and I'm in a great deal of pain. Now, if you want to air your grievances while I'm in a position to hear them out, do so. Otherwise, get the hell out." Clutching his leg, he started to rub the aching muscle in a circle. In five minutes, it would start to throb and then, friend or no friend, Wilson would be in a world of hurt.

Wilson checked him out, watching to make sure House wasn't jerking him around. With a sigh, he looked away. "Chase is pregnant." When there was no response, Wilson snorted with disgust and walked out.

House lay there stunned until his leg forced him to take notice. After downing two vicoden, House turned on his phone and dialed work. Since he was already in the dog house and it was friday morning, he might as well take a long weekend.

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Step 9: Publish Results.

Walking through the front door on Monday, backpack slung over one shoulder, House whistled in tune with a song he had just heard on his car radio. It wasn't something he normally did, but he was feeling especially bright this morning. Life had been good over the weekend and he wondered why he didn't take more time off. The fact more people would probably die was the only thing he could think of.

No one seemed to notice him as he walked passed the information desk, nothing new there. Cuddy didn't come shrieking in like a hawk as he headed to the elevator, so either she wasn't in her office or he wasn't in deep with her. Taking the lift up, he started to whistle again, enjoying the annoying pop beat. He couldn't remember if it was from the skinny girl with the big boobs and bad face, or small boobs and pretty face. Didn't matter, they were both pretty shitty singers.

The doors opened on the third floor, letting him out. None of his crew were there to greet him, which was a definite plus. The lack of a Wilson made him a little miffed, though. Shrugging it off, he limped down the corridor to his office. His ducklings weren't there either, but a complete stranger in a cheap suit was.

Narrowing his eyes, he pushed his office door open. "You're in my seat."

Standing up, the young woman checked her clipboard. "Are you Dr. Gregory House?"

"That depends, who is he being sued by now?" He tried to smile innocently at her, but she handed over the clipboard with a pen. With a sigh, he signed his name to the receiver's line.

"Dr. House, you are here by served with a notice of intent. You are being sued on behalf of Mrs. Julie Wilson by the lawfirm of Mueller, Mueller, and Mathieu." Reaching in to her jacket's inner pocket, she pulled out a blue wad of tri-folded papers and handed it to him. "Have a nice day." Taking back her clipboard, she stepped around him and out the door.

House was still puzzling over the wad when the door to his conference room opened. Looking up, he saw a slightly pale looking Chase staring at him. "Come to spit on me too?"

"Worse." Then he was rushing to House's trash can. Dropping to his knees, he grabbed the can

just in time to catch the first heave.

Scowling, House looked away. "Well, there went a pleasant morning. Not quite sure which killed it, you or the subpoena."

Chase rubbed his mouth with his fingers to clean away the bile. "I'm not quite sure if this is real." Moaning as another wave of nausea forced him to close his eyes. "I woke this morning feeling fine. I took a shower, got dressed, and started for work." He stretched his neck, and opened his mouth, expecting more bile, but burped instead. "We didn't have time to make anything, so we stopped at Starbucks and that's when it hit."

"I don't blame you, their prices are ridiculous." Knowing the joke was lame didn't stop him from making it. Not looking directly at Chase, House handed him a couple tissues from the box on his desk. "When exactly did it hit?"

"The moment I opened my door. I took a breath, then threw up all over the parking lot and the car in the next spot." Whimpering, Chase wiped his lips and sat back. Pushing the hair out of his eyes, he glared up at House. "This is all your fault. I had everything under control with the injections."

"May be you'll consider using protection next time you sleep with a married man." That elicited a chuckle from Chase, making them both smile. Reaching out, he gave the younger man a hand up. Then he wiped his hand on Chase's jacket. "How long have you been sexually male?"

"Since I was eleven." Taking House's chair, Chase sat back and laid his head on the rest. "My father wanted a son; I'd been raised a boy and they figured it was time I started to sexually mature. So, they kick started it with Testosterone injections."

"When did you start taking birth control pills?" House caught the sad smile on Chase's face before he let it slip. "Before or after he left?"

"Before." Staring at the ceiling, Chase forced himself to remain still despite the need to squirm. He could feel House's gaze upon him and it made him uncomfortable. "My father left the day I got my first period. After that, I stopped taking them but the damage was already done. He knew then what I couldn't."

"You're sterile." Easing himself in to the visitor's chair, House rubbed his thigh before looking back to Chase. "Do you produce a seminal fluid when ejaculating?"

"I can, given enough time and that I keep to regular injections." Chase raised his head long enough to shoot House a glare before lowering it back down. "But you're correct, there are no sperm. Biologically, I can be either, reproductively, I am female."

"So," he eyed Chase for a second, "does this mean I can start calling you Robin?"

THE END.....

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