

The Mpreg Challenge

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The Mpreg Challenge

by [Hyx_Sydin](#)

Summary

All fic written for this challenge will be posted here!

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Yearning [Stargate Atlantis (McShep)]

Chapter Notes

So I ended up writing two versions of a story I wanted to tell and couldn't decide which to post, so you guys get both!

No beta, errors are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

VERSION 1:

It started with a little girl in a supermarket. He'd been waiting in line at the till when he'd seen her; she was strapped into the baby seat of a trolley at the next till over. She was absolutely adorable; dressed in a pink and denim dress with little pink shoes on her feet and a denim band unsuccessfully trying to hold back her wispy blonde ringlets. She was waving one spit covered fist in the air as she babbled at her mother, feet kicking happily. There was a tight clench in his chest as he continued to watch her until it was his turn at the till. When he was done, he glanced back but she was already gone.

The image of her stayed with him throughout the day and weeks which followed, and after a while he wasn't sure if she really had blonde hair or if his memory had become corrupted by the thoughts, the **want**, that plagued him.

It wasn't long after that encounter that he found that his eye was drawn to every child, pregnant person and happy family he came across. And then even his dreams were filled with children, his children, and his belly rounded with the life growing inside. It wasn't until John found him in the baby aisle, hands buried in a soft receiving blanket, that he realised what it all meant.

He'd made up some story about needing a blanket for his knees and obviously baby blankets were not only soft but warm as well. And John had believed him. So they bought a blue baby blanket, Rodney had wanted a pink one because in all his dreams their first child was a chubby little girl with his blonde hair and John's eyes and elfin ears, but he knew John would find that more than a little strange. Rodney had dutifully taken it to work the next day, and then foisted it onto the first woman he'd come across who he knew had children. He resolved to never think of it again, but a few days later he was back in the shop buying a new one.

He and John had never once in all the years they'd known each other ever spoken about children and whether they'd ever want them. Rodney has vague memories of wanting four kids, two boys and two girls, when he was younger and fresh from the doctor who had confirmed that he was a carrier. But then he'd discovered Science and forgotten all about it until one little girl had dredged it all up.

One of the absolute things he loved about John was the fact that he actually listened to Rodney when he spoke, no matter the topic. So Rodney resolved to speak to his husband but not before he confirmed that he could still actually get pregnant. And as he waited for the results, he wished he'd told John before because he definitely needed his support. His happy dreams were suddenly nightmares of John leaving him because he didn't want kids or Rodney losing their baby or the doctor getting it wrong and after years of trying he discovers he actually is barren.

The night he receives the go ahead from the doctor, he orders in a fancy meal with wine and waits for the perfect opportunity.

“John.” He says, hands fisted in the tablecloth. “I want to have your children.”

VERSION 2:

For a long time Rodney forgets his dreams of having kids of his own. Of how, after they'd learned he was a carrier, he'd decided he wanted four kids in total: two boys and two girls, with hopefully the eldest being a son so that he could look out for his siblings. But these dreams had been put aside as he focussed on his studies and proving his genius to those who doubted him.

Many years later, a happily married man content with his life, he is reminded of those dreams on a routine trip to the grocery store. He is standing in the checkout line while John has run off to fetch something they'd forgotten to add to their list, when he sees them. A young couple with a baby. Except she's probably better described as a toddler. But that hardly matters because if you don't look too closely, they could be a younger Rodney and John. The slightly shorter blonde blue-eyed man turns to the dark-haired man smiling, and that is when Rodney sees the roundness of his stomach and the hand he's gently rubbing across it.

There's a sudden tightness in his chest and he finds he cannot drag his eyes away from them. The little girl squeals in delight as one of her father's tickles under her chin, drawing his eyes to her, and he takes in her wide grey eyes and wispy blonde ringlets and suddenly wants so badly to hold her and bury his nose in her hair and smile at John because look at what they created together!

He manages to suppress the sob threatening to burst from his throat just in time for John to get back. He spends the rest of their time in the store very specifically not looking in their direction, John never notices.

The thing is, they've never ever discussed having kids, so he doesn't know if John even wants them. But that doesn't stop his subconscious from conjuring up dreams of them with kids, of Rodney rounded with their child, of them preparing the nursery for their first bundle of joy.

Suddenly his happy content life is no more; every work day is a repeat of the day before, their weekends of lazing about together is too quiet and feels wasteful. His fear of John's

reaction to his sudden yearning creeps into his dreams and suddenly they're filled with John refusing to have kids with him, of John demanding he be sterilised, of John leaving him.

It all comes to a head one night when he tries to stealthily climb out of bed as tears fall from his eyes, his chest near bursting as he holds his breath in order to contain his sobs. A warm hand wraps around his shoulder as John's bedside light flickers on, and suddenly Rodney's face is buried in his husband's chest as he finally let's go, frame wracked by his cries.

Later, after he's all cried out and they're curled up together and John asks him why he was crying, Rodney tells his husband about the dreams of his younger self.

Chapter End Notes

Written for the *Marriage* square on my [Trope Bingo Round 10 card](#)!

Unexpected Happiness [Battle Creek (Russ/Milt)]

Chapter Notes

I have another version of this as well, but it's quite similar to this... I'm wondering if I should post it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had started with Milt finding him in that basement and reached a climax with Milt allowing himself to be shot. Russ hadn't even waited for the the all clear from Milt's doctors before he was shoving Milt down onto his sofa and riding him quick and dirty. It's an almost fond memory; the way Milt had all but swallowed his tongue when Russ had stripped, almost flattering how quickly Milt had gotten hard. But it was the one thing they never ever spoke about; one of them would usually shove the other up against, or down onto, something, and then they'd be fucking. So really, he shouldn't be surprised.

"This is all your fucking fault!" Russ growled as he shoved something against Milt's chest and then stalked away and out of the building.

Milt stared after him ,then turned an incredulous look on the Captain, before looking down at what he'd unconsciously grabbed when Russ had let go. "Oh... Oh my God." In his hand was a home pregnancy test, a **positive** home pregnancy test.

"You should probably go after him." Captain Guzewicz said as she rested a hand on his shoulder.

Milt nodded numbly, not moving as he stared at the little plastic thing in his hand that was telling him he was going to be a father, not until the Captain actually pushed him towards the doors which led out.

There was a mantra of: "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!" going through his head as he marched out to his car, threw himself into it, and then took off like a bat out of hell. "How the fuck -" had this happened! Of course he knew how! It was his penchant for having Milt's cock buried balls deep in his ass that had led to this. But how could he let this happen! He wasn't his mother hoping to entrap a wealthy man into marrying him because he carried his son.

"Oh fuck!" He was having a kid with Milton Do-Gooder Chamberlain. The other man would probably want him to have the kid, would probably do the right thing and support him. Hell, he wouldn't be surprised if Milt actually went down onto one fucking knee and asked him to marry him because of this kid! But what the fuck did *he* want? Russ was no good with kids, he wasn't any good with people in general. It would be a terrible idea for him to have this kid.

Slamming the door of his car and then apartment did nothing to vent any of the things he was feeling, and since Rose had already been by to clean there was nothing out of place in his apartment that he could throw. So Russ settled for pacing, stopping to swear out loud and tug at his hair, before pacing some more. He was so engrossed in his own thoughts that he completely missed someone letting themselves into his apartment with the spare key.

"Russ."

He swung around and came face-to face with the very cause of all his problems. "What do you want?"

Milt tucked his hands into his trouser's pockets as he leaned against a wall, "Whatever you'll give me."

Russ scoffed because that was such a Milt thing to say; fucking martyr. "You want this kid, don't you?"

The smile which spread across Milt's face was his genuine one. "Yeah, I do. But not if it isn't something you also want Russ."

"So you'll be okay if I go for an abortion?" Russ had steeled himself before asking the question but since Milt had no warning his wince, and answer, was loud and clear.

After a moment Milt said, "I'll accept whatever decision you make Russ."

"Bullshit." Russ spat out as he stalked towards Milt. "There's no way you're just gonna stand back and let me kill your kid."

Milt didn't hide the way the words affected him but he remained firm. "I won't force you to go through something you don't want to."

Russ was so tired of this stupid, fucking, cyclical conversation. "Why the fuck not?"

There was no hesitation before Milt answered, he was being completely honest as he said, "Because I love you Russ. And I want you to be happy."

"Fucking bullshit!" Russ just managed to squeeze the words past the rock lodged in his throat. Milt loved him?!? Absolute fucking bullshit.

"How can you stand here and not believe how I feel about you?" Milt had stepped towards him and reached out a hand to grip his shoulder, he looked like he had more to say but Russ beat him to it.

"Everyone knows that confessions of love during sex means nothing."

"I..." Milt struggled with words as he cast his mind back. "I've never said it outside of sex?"

Russ shrugged, he honestly didn't know whether Milt had or not, he honestly didn't think he'd have believed Milt if he had. Milt used his grip on the other man's shoulder to pull Russ towards him, wrapping his arms securely around Russ when they were pressed together. "I

love you Russel Agnew. Whether you have this baby or not, I will always love you." Milt said it like it was a statement, and then he pressed a kiss to the side of Russ' head.

Russ was quiet a long time as the tension leaked out of him slowly, as he relaxed into Milt's hold. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad with Milt at his side, and he did actually care for the other man. So there was no panic when he said, "If we're going to do this, we're getting married."

"Done." Milt answered without a second of thought, because getting to have Russ was all he'd ever wanted. But Russ pregnant with his child? Never in his wildest dreams did he ever think he'd get that lucky.

Chapter End Notes

Written for the *Rivals to Lovers* square on my [Trope Bingo Round 10 card](#)!

Our Family [Shelter (Shaun/Zach)]

Chapter Notes

Written for the *Rare Pairs* square on my [Trope Bingo Round 10 card](#)!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Zach had a hidden calendar on which he was impatiently marking days off of. It was beginning to become difficult for him to hide his excitement, but he'd already kept quiet for just over ten weeks, nine more days should be a piece of cake, right?

Knowing he was alone for the moment, Zach allowed his excitement to show in the form of a shit-eating grin as he looked down at his still flat tummy. "Just a few more days Peanut, and then we'll tell them okay?" He laughed at himself even as he smoothed a gentle hand over his midsection.

He already had plans for after he told them, for after they celebrated is amazing news; they were going to go shopping! He'd already been window shopping and had seen some adorable outfits he just had to have and had a good idea now of just what kind of furniture they would need to get. He was just so glad that his son or daughter wouldn't have to know the same struggles he's known, glad that he was in a position to give them the kind of life he'd always wanted growing up. And it was all due to their other father, Shaun.

Zach put down the towel he had been folding in order to find the man he loved and remind him of how grateful he was to have him in his life.

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Cody bit his lip as he watched Shaun step up behind Zach and run his hands over his barely there baby bump. There's been a bell pepper on the kitchen table while they'd eaten breakfast; Shaun had gone out to buy it to show them how big the baby was at eighteen weeks of pregnancy. Zach had laughed and called him silly, but Cody had seen the way Zach had picked it up and held it when he thought no one else was around.

Cody was angry. And scared. And worried. And all he wanted to do was curl up with Zach and cry. But Zach was pregnant. Pregnant with Shaun's baby. Would they even want Cody after the baby was born? Or would they send him back to his Mom? Would they send him to Portland where she lived with Alan and their children?

He... he wasn't wanted! Not by his own Mom, and now not even by Zach and Shaun. So Cody bit his lip to distract himself from the pain in his chest and the tears in his eyes. Turning away from the sight of Shaun peppering Zach's face with kisses as his hands rested over Zach's stomach, Cody lifted his bag onto his back and walked out of the house, not caring

that he let the screen door bang close. He just wanted out and they probably wouldn't even notice he was going, they'd probably be glad.

The sob he was holding in burst out and he ran off blindly, not hearing the two worried voices call out to him.

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Shaun watch as Cody rubbed Zach's feet even as the two of them continued to watch the movie. He'd lost interest five minutes in and had since been thinking about his life and how it had turned out.

If anyone had asked him a few years ago if he saw himself as a family man, he would have said no. Not once, ever, had he thought about settling down, about getting married and having kids. Zach always talked about how that Summer, and Shaun, had changed his life but he wasn't the only one. Shaun had been happy to share his home and life with Zach and Cody, he loved them, and he'd thought that that was it; he didn't need anything else. But then they'd discovered Zach was pregnant and he'd found a new level of happiness and an even stronger love for his family.

So it was understandable that when Zach lost the baby at six weeks, it had sent him reeling. But he couldn't allow himself to fall to pieces because he had to be there for Zach and Cody, he had to be the strong one. And through helping them did he himself heal.

Shaun smiled as his eyes strayed to Zach's very pregnant midsection, it had been an amazing surprise when Zach had confessed to him that he was three months pregnant. He hadn't being angry or upset or whatever Zach was afraid he'd be feeling because he'd been kept in the dark. He was there when the doctor had explained that the first trimester was the most risky and therefore understood Zach's fears.

Neither of them could have predicted Cody's reaction though; seeing him running away from their home with his backpack, crying, had been terrifying. Luckily Shaun had caught up with him, had refused to release him from the hug he'd grabbed him into until they well back inside their home. There'd been a lot of tears that day, and for first time in years, Cody slept in there bed again.

"Shaun?"

"Hmm?" Shaun dragged his eyes up from where he'd been staring at the carpet, surprised to see that the credits were rolling.

Zach was frowning at him, "Is everything okay?"

Shaun looked between their concerned faces, heart warmed with love for his family, and nodded. "Everything is perfect."

Forgive me for any errors! ♥

To See You Again [Riddick (Riddick/Vaako)]

Chapter Notes

Written for the *Reunion* square on my [Trope Bingo Round 10 card](#)!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Their ‘formal’ parting was witnessed by every single necromonger throughout the Fleet. Every single one of them watched as Riddick, in full armor and sprawled across his throne, had beckoned the First Among to him with a crooked finger. They watched as Vaako ascended the steps up to their leader, then pause one step below Riddick, only to take that final step at a barked out: “Get the fuck up here!”

Everyone watched as Riddick stood, shoved Vaako down onto the throne and then rip off his armor until he was left only in loose black clothes. Riddick grinned then at Vaako and turned to saunter out of the Necropolis. The Necromongers watched with bated breath as Vaako called down to Commander Krone and charged him with transporting their former Lord Marshal off of his ship.

There were whispers later that Vaako showed weakness in not ordering the breeder’s death, that perhaps even he, a devout Necromonger, was not suitable for the role of Lord Marshal. But what was felt throughout the ships of the Necromonger Fleet was relief, finally they could continue the Campaign in earnest.

Their more private parting was a bit more brutal, a lot more primal, so much so that when Riddick shoved Vaako down onto the throne he was reminded of the previous night. Both as his body protested the abuse and as he remembered Riddick shoving him down onto the hard bed in the Lord Marshal’s chambers.

Vaako can admit to himself that he’d felt a frisson of fear as he realised what Riddick meant to do to him, but as they’d coupled his fear was replaced with pure pleasure. So much so that he’d initiated their second and third coupling.

Vaako made sure not to make his slight disappointment at being kicked out of the Lord Marshal’s chambers known, but had instead gone about the room dressing as he collected his clothes at a sedate pace, not showing any signs of his body's weakness after being taken so many times in one night. He'd merely nodded towards the pair of shined eyes watching him from the bed, and then made his way to his own quarters slowly.

Thoughts of Riddick plagued him all throughout the journey to the Threshold, even more so after Krone returned with the news that Riddick had died in due time. He ignored the he whispers that spoke of Krone doing what he could not; Krone alone knew of the agreement between Riddick and Vaako, and had sworn to carry out Vaako’s promise of taking Riddick to

Furia. So as they needed the Threshold, it was no longer thoughts of becoming the Holy Half-Dead Lord Marshal of his people that made him eager to finally see the Underverse, but the knowledge that he would see Riddick once more.

It was a disappointed, and furious, Vaako that stepped out of the ship he'd piloted to and from the Underverse; Riddick had not been there, which meant Krone had lied to him! So distracted was he by thoughts of his vengeance, that Vaako was unprepared for the punch that dropped him to the ground.

Within the blink of an eye he had his attacker pinned to the ground, but the blade that was meant to slash across the other person's throat did not complete its downward swing as he stared in shock. "Riddick?!?"

It was the unexpected joyous giggle that broke the moment, and when Vaako looked up his already shock widened eyes fell on a small child with curling black locks and warm hazel eyes.

Riddick knocked the blade out of his unresisting hand, then shoved at his shoulder until Vaako moved off him, eyes still glued on the little one. "You did the taking once and I end up fucking knocked up," the breeder grumbled as he stood.

Vaako could not make his brain work, he could only watch as Riddick made his way to the boy and picked him up. Riddick smoothed a hand over the black curls and the child giggled once more. "I named him Jack."

Vaako nodded distractedly as he dredged up the one memory of his life before becoming a Necromonger; his memory of tussling with his younger twin brothers, all three of them with curly black hair and hazel eyes. Vaako felt a laugh build up in his chest that he suppressed into a strange giggle at the mental image of Riddick carrying, birthing and caring for twins.

Riddick glanced from him to the boy - Jack - and said to the little one, "Don't look at me kid, he's your father."

Despite what Riddick insists, Lord Marshal Vaako, the Holy Half-Dead leader of the feared Necromonger Armada did not faint at his words.

Chapter End Notes

And thus was the reunion of Vaako and Riddick, and the introduction of Jack to his other father. They all lived happily ever after. Eventually. In the Underverse. After conquering the known universe and converting or killing all they came across. Jack was adorable, yet stoic and fierce.

End Notes

Thank you for giving this a read, I hope you enjoyed! ♥ Feedback would be loved.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!