

Drinking always seemed to be Jason's downfall. The few times he had alcohol, it always felt like his head was spinning uncontrollably. Even taking light sips made him feel giddy if he wasn't careful. Because of this, he usually drank in the comfort of his home so he wouldn't do anything stupid. There wouldn't be any worries about embarrassing himself in front of a crowd and no chance of getting into conflict. Despite this, the hare ended up at the club one Friday night. One of his friends convinced the usually reserved jackrabbit to 'loosen up' for once, which got him *wasted*. After that, a pair of hands guided him to a private room within the club.

When he woke up the next day, his head buzzed intensely, making him feel groggy as he tried to get out of bed. His body also felt sore, especially around his butt. A minute passed before he realized he was in the *wrong* bed. Vivid memories of what he had said and done on the bed came crashing moments afterward, making his face *burn* with embarrassment. The thing he had been worrying about when it came to drinking happened in full swing. He then saw a note containing a number and the name "Gabriel" on the bedside desk. At that moment, he didn't know whether he should be proud or further embarrassed about what he had done.

After that incident, Jason contemplated calling the number he had gotten for a few days. Though he remembered what had happened, the room had been dark, which meant he didn't know *what* Gabriel looked like. At the same time, he ended up *very* sick the next week, even having to stay in his bathroom for an hour, *heaving* and clutching his stomach. His belly felt like something kept rolling around inside it during that time. When it was finally over, the jackrabbit was relieved.

Of course, the hare's belly was slightly bloated during the week. While not fit, it was usually slim. After the week of sickness, the slight bloating didn't go down either. Such made Jason consider calling the doctor, but he decided against it. Instead, his mind kept wandering back to the number he'd gotten. After a while, the hare took his phone and ended up calling.

The end of the phone call left him *blushing* intensely. According to what he heard, he was bloating and getting sick due to becoming a *mother*. At first, it sounded like complete nonsense. On hearing the Arctic fox on the other end wondering if he wanted *more* pups, he almost couldn't speak properly. His being pregnant was impossible, after all. He was a guy, after all! Despite this, that thought stayed in his head the whole day, wondering if Gabriel wasn't playing some silly prank on him. He ended up adding him on his phone after the call too.

Since he felt it was a silly joke, Jason decided not to pay attention to it any longer. Of course, as his stomach softly stretched and swelled by the day, the jackrabbit felt that maybe he *was* becoming a

mother. As crazy as it sounded, he already had the morning sickness less than a week ago. His appetite had also grown considerably, adding to the growth of his increasingly gravid gut. When he took a doctor's appointment another week later, it confirmed Gabriel's words. Somehow, the hare was pregnant with a *litter* of kits. Followed by the Arctic fox messaging him again, the hare felt his face burning all the way home.

Despite his thinking that it was impossible before, reality proved stranger than fiction. *Eight* cubs were growing in his womb. He didn't even know he *had* a womb before the doctor's appointment. Jason could even swear on it, considering such would have shown up on previous visits to the doctor. The only change now was that he had met Gabriel. That meant that the hare needed to talk to the Arctic fox again. Having been invited to his house, the jackrabbit decided to visit when he had time. Such came quicker than expected when he felt movement another week later.

The ultrasounds proved he was pregnant, of course. Feeling their first kicks was another sensation entirely. He felt surprise, awe, and joy before bursting into tears that night. He spent hours feeling his bloated belly with both paws. Every kick caused his emotions to kick into overdrive. When they finally slept, he nearly fell unconscious. At this point, his substantially spawn-swollen stomach resembled someone ready to give birth to quadruplets. Since Jason was carrying *double* the amount, he knew that his greatly gravid gut would grow further in the coming weeks. Even though the usual pregnancy speed was around two months for hares, he still felt he had been growing fast. Perhaps this was due to who the litter's father was.

His stomach wasn't the only thing that grew due to the pregnancy. While Jason was a bit then, his lower half grew considerably within the past four weeks. His hips creaked bigger, preparing for the birth of the kits, and his thighs had gotten soft. The most change occurred with his formerly flat behind. Now, it wobbled and jiggled whenever he walked, especially if he wore something tight. Coupled with his flared hips and soft face, he looked and felt feminine. The jackrabbit found himself not hating the changes, though. Even if buying clothing skyrocketed in priorities.

Six weeks after getting pregnant, Jason finally visited Gabriel's house. Of course, it more resembled a *mansion* than a simple home. After taking the bus in a massive jacket and shorts, he walked off the bus pretending he was simply a plump bunny. This time, he got to see who the litter's father was, and his eyes were wide open with shock. After all, the jackrabbit wouldn't have expected an Arctic fox who was *shorter* than he was. That added to the embarrassment he felt from being pregnant in the first place.

Despite blushing furiously during their meeting, he got along well with his 'mate' though part of him attributed that to the *massive* and motherly middle he sported. His jacket off, his substantially stretched and spawn-swollen stomach was in full view. The poor shirt he wore underneath couldn't cover half of the expanse. At the same time, it felt like the kits sensed their father. The hare could feel them shifting almost immediately after he saw the Arctic fox.

It got explained during their meeting that Gabriel's bloodline was special. Regardless of gender, they were able to impregnate someone. He also kept a gentlemanly attitude while they talked. Coupled with his small stature and fluffy snow-white fur, the Arctic fox became cute in Jason's eyes. The meeting itself was nicer than he expected, and he let Gabriel rub and caress his greatly gravid gut. Since the Arctic fox *was* the father to these kits, Jason didn't find anything wrong.

Of course, that one decision ended up with the jackrabbit staying over for the *rest* of the day. What started as simple belly rubs quickly spiraled into something more. This time didn't involve any alcohol, naturally, but when Jason woke up the next day, his face burned even greater. Gabriel had a pull on him that he didn't expect.

Looking at the sleeping Arctic fox, the jackrabbit placed his paws against his baby-bloated belly. Rubbing his stomach and feeling the litter within kicking back, a soft smile crept across his face. Though unexpected, Jason believed he would enjoy the rest of his pregnancy. That brought *one* question to his mind, however.

How were the eight cubs going to come out?