

The Eden Contingency (Friends to Breeding Couple TG Preg)

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The apocalypse has occurred. The world has ended. Cade and Dylan are lone survivors in a highly advanced bunker built by Cade's uber wealthy connections. They have enough supplies to last generations . . . which is a good thing for the automatic AI system, which has determined that certain alterations must be made to the pair in order to help bring the human race back from the brink of extinction. And as the 'prime specimen' of this bunker, Cade must play the Eve to Dylan's Adam . . .

The Eden Contingency

"Dude, hurry the hell up!"

"I am hurrying!"

"The door's closing, we don't have much time!"

The enormous round steel door was already rotating to close, forming an impenetrable bunker to the outside world.

And outside world that was on *fire*.

Mushroom clouds bloomed in the distance and far behind them. The sky was a horrid yellow-green, the atmosphere choking on the poison of man's third world war. The final war, perhaps, if one was to judge by the destruction heaped upon the surface like the four horsemen emptying their cups of misery. It had happened so slowly, and yet so quickly at the same time: war, famine, climate change, mass migrations, resource shortages.

And now, finally, the nuclear exchange that would kill most of the life on earth and begin a nuclear winter that would starve the rest.

"Nearly there!" Cade cried.

"We can make it!" Dylan shouted alongside him. "Get your card out!"

Cade did so, nearly dropping it in the act. He managed to tap it on the pad just before they slipped into the closing crack, depowering the interior defences that would have shot them into red powder.

The door closed with a metallic *slam*, but that was only the beginning: both men *ran* down the metal stairway, reached the elevator, and then with another tap of Cade's scancard they were sent down deep, deep underground, in the heart of the bunker.

The two young men collapsed, panting. They were only in their early twenties, and desperate to survive. Before this great collapse, Dylan had been just a regular joe, a slightly

overweight nerd who was enjoying the college experience and looking forward to going into the field of genetics to help breed better strains of farm animals and agricultural specimens. He had plain brown hair and constantly red cheeks, but his passion and intelligence were clear. Unfortunately in this day and fallen age, passion and intelligence wasn't enough, only connections could save you. And that was where his best friend Cade came in.

Cade was rich. Ultra rich. Well, his family were anyway. They were big in the very sectors that Dylan was showing massive promise in, so when they looked to poach him once he graduated, their son Cade had met him. He was everything Dylan wasn't: tall, handsome, athletic, and with attractive blonde hair and blue eyes to boot. Thanks to a private education he was also pragmatic and capable, making decisions in the family business even from a young age. When things on the surface got worse, his family was one of many of the uber-rich who invested in bunkers to survive if a nuclear holocaust occurred. Only theirs was far more advanced than any other, complete with a functioning AI system to run the show. The intention had been for a whole cohort to survive, and Dylan hadn't made the list.

But when the nuclear fallout had rained down far sooner than expected, Cade had thrown out the plan, and slipped his friend inside.

"Th-thank you," Dylan stammered, still getting his breath back as the elevator went down.

"I wasn't gonna leave you to die, dude. But you do owe me. I'm thinking you get to be my personal cook and cleaner for the next, oh, fifty years."

Dylan snorted. It was the kind of gallow's humour he needed.

"At least we won't be—"

The doors of the elevator opened, revealing the enormous atrium of the central bunker. There was a gathering point, an entire cafeteria, a welcome zone, a gymnasium, and an overseer's office all in view.

And not a single soul in sight.

"-alone," Dylan finished, eyes wide. "There's gotta be other people here, right?"

Cade gulped, but summoned his natural leadership skills.

"*Leda*, how many other denizens made it to our bunker?"

A blue light on the nearest wall lit up, showing a simulated human face composed of little blue electronic tiles.

'Hello Cade, I am glad you made it. No others have made it to this bunker.'

"None!?" Dylan cried.

'No, Dylan. You are not on the welcome list.'

"He has my access," Cade said quickly. "Surely other people made it? What about my parents?"

'I'm sorry, Cade. No others have made it. You are the only ones present. I am also networked to the other bunker systems, and many of them are going dark. I am afraid that, in coming weeks, you may both be the only humans left on Earth.'

Cade and Dylan exchanged a horrified look. Neither knew what to say.

The world was dead, and they needed time to grieve.

Over the next three months, things got easier. Cade had never been emotionally close to his parents, but he did respect them and their business acumen and all it had given him. He held a private funeral for them, and Dylan attended. The same was true for the shared colleagues and friends they'd had, and in the end this had graduated to an entire 'Funeral for Humanity' wake, where the two got drunk on the very generous reserves of alcohol stocked in the lavish bunker bar, singing songs together and sharing stories of all that was gone. It was around this time that Leda confirmed that theirs was the only bunker in the network still operating, the others having sustained too much damage or ruined by EMP blasts. Nuclear winter was setting in, and it really did look like it was sunset for humanity.

"To the last two men on Earth!" Cade exclaimed.

"Cheers!" Dylan said, drinking from his wine with bittersweet irony.

"It's a shame you aren't a hot girl," Cade joked. "I was supposed to have a sexy harem, but the damn private flight of them got shot down. Poor things. We could have done the whole Adam and Eve thing. Eves, I guess. That was actually in the plans somewhere, I think."

Dylan rolled his eyes. "You rich kids and your weird breeding programs. Were you planning to breed a race of waiters as well?"

Cade grinned. "Nah, I've got my own servant right here. He owes me, big time."

That got a slightly more painful chuckle from Dylan. It wasn't that he was unthankful to Cade. His friend had saved his life from the very literal end of the world. But as they'd adjusted to their lonely new reality, it seemed that Cade's rich-kid mentality and socialised entitlement was starting to rear its ugly head. It had never been a problem before, when they'd had other connections and people to see outside of each other, but now they were the last people on Earth, and Dylan was bearing the brunt of it. The bunker was largely self-automated, but there were a number of duties that still required a human touch. The cleaning was aided by bots but they still missed spots, and the hydroponics area needed tender care, as did the gardening. There was literally an entire area for growing artificial meat, and even a field of farm creatures to take care of, which requires a human touch.

Cade was a leader by his own description, and because he hadn't been 'raised to work in that way,' it was increasingly falling to Dylan to do the work of 'the help.' He had protested a number of times, but it wasn't getting through to Cade, and when tensions flared, he usually backed down. As Cade often reminded him, he owed Dylan his life. On some level, this dynamic was also one of necessity: Cade had access to the higher controls of the facility, being its Overseer, and Dylan, being the nerdy genius of the pair, was very good at keeping the technical aspects of the facility running.

"I still feel like I'm doing so much of the work around here," Dylan said.

Cade just frowned. He was relaxing on a simulated beach in the holeroom, beneath the UV lights. Images of gorgeous women in bikinis teasing him were animated on the walls.

"Dylan, I get it. It's not fair. But again, you were the one that needed me to get here. You're my best friend, but if we're going to live here for the rest of our lives as the last of humanity, we need to set some boundaries. We need to set some *roles*."

Dylan grit his teeth and left. He couldn't think of much of a counterargument. Besides, Cade had all the cards, and why piss off the man who was now, whether he wanted it or not, his 'boss' for life? He just had to suck it up and get used to it.

Of course, he didn't know it yet, but everything was about to change. And it would start with a physical down in the medbay.

"Does it really have to be such a big syringe?" Dylan whined.

'I'm afraid so, Dylan,' Leda said over the come as the mechanical spider arms above the medbay bed checked him over. 'This is a highly necessary procedure to ensure your safety and flourishing, and will benefit all of humanity.'

"Yeah, all two members of it. Ouch!"

The needle jabbed in, and the grey liquid was pushed into his veins.

"What even is this stuff?"

'Nanobots, to help keep you in the most vital of health during your stay. Master Cade has also been equipped with them. He did not complain as much.'

"That's Cade all right. The tough guy."

The machine said nothing. It had already sampled his blood and DNA, quizzed him over his physical, medical, and even sexual history. Now, the female face on the screen seemed to calculate something.

'Finally, a hormonal response test. Please describe the most attractive woman you can think of. Consider her your fantasy woman.'

Dylan raised an eyebrow, but proceeded anyway. "Well, I really like girls with raven black hair, long and straight. Silky, almost. She'd be petite, and wouldn't have large breasts. Maybe B-cups, though I guess they could be bigger. She'd have a nice figure too: nice wide hips despite her petiteness. Oh, and her face would be gorgeous. Cute freckles, big, bright blue eyes, dimples when she smiles. And it would be a big smile, too. And she'd have a voice like from those old serials, the noirs and the like. All breathy and needy. Is that, uh, what you're looking for?"

'Calculating . . . yes. Indeed. Thank you, Dylan. You may go now. Rest well. There will be initial side effects.'

Dylan left, rubbing his arm. Cade was waiting outside, smirking. He had a tennis outfit on; it was a sport he often made them play since he always won due to Dylan's size and it made the more overweight man wince. Sometimes, having everything you could possibly need in this giant, luxurious bunker was actually a bad thing.

"So, before I kick your ass once again, did she ask you the weird question?"

"You mean, did she ask me to describe my perfect woman? Yeah."

Cade frowned. "Huh, weird. She asked me to describe who would be the most handsome man ever. Dumb psych tests, right?"

In the following days, both young men felt woozy. Leda explained it was the nanobots working away on their systems, but it was certainly much stronger than what either had expected. Dylan found his appetite suddenly voracious, and his muscles kept tensing in odd ways, leaving him exhausted. Cade, by contrast, was finding it hard to keep food down at all, and his body itched all over as subtle pressures made themselves known. It at least allowed Dylan to spend some time away from his friend, and to get some reading in. Leda kept in contact with them both, inquiring about any reactions they might be having.

"What do you think?" Cade spat from his luxurious Ultra King-size bed. "I feel sick as shit and weirdly bloated. My stomach keeps churning like I've got a fucking period. Which, by the way, is *not* how a guy like me should ever feel?"

'Worry not, Master Cade. The discomfort should settle as the nanobots work as intended.'

Cade just lay back. He hadn't told Dylan this, but he always had a camera that was able to spy on his friend. He brought up the display now, and looked with envy at how the other man seemed to be recovering quickly. He even looked thinner as he got up and about.

"Ugh, just my luck. How is *he* recovering quicker than I am? I'm the strong one!"

Leda said nothing.

Their exhaustion did indeed settle, and for several days it seemed as if things might return to normal. Nearly two weeks after that fateful injection, however, some further disturbances became apparent. Dylan was the first to notice changes in his body, and they were very obvious when he showered. For one, his pimples and blemishes were seemingly vanishing. For two, his gut, once quite pronounced, was diminishing at an impossibly rapid rate. This was matched by a third change, one that *definitely* made no sense: he was actually putting on muscle mass. Sure, he'd been eating more protein-based food, and yes, he'd felt a strange desire to actually hit the gym recently, but there was no way he could make gains that fast. Already, his arms were showing evidence of bicep muscles, and his pecs, having lost their 'manboob' qualities, were now hardening up and looking tough. This was matched by a rise in energy in the man, not to mention another thing that was rising.

"God, again?" he grunted as he rinsed himself in the warm shower. "Why am I getting so fucking horny lately?"

He had to take care of himself. He gripped his cock - was it larger lately? It seemed to be! - and began to stroke it. Instantly, an image of the perfect woman to pleasure himself to came to mind: that pale-skinned, raven-haired beauty he had described two weeks ago to Leda. Yes, that would do indeed.

It didn't take long for him to ejaculate to such an ideal woman, and when he did, he spent far more seed than he usually did. And a weird thought came to mind at the moment of climax, one he'd never had before, yet felt so damn hot.

"God, I want to get her pregnant," he said aloud. Even just saying it made him feel like such a man.

Cade, meanwhile, was feeling distinctly unmanly. His own athletic figure was diminishing with a similar rapidity to his friend's gains. He was losing tennis matches, struggling to bench press even half the weight he was used to. His pectoral muscles were softening, the tissue growing slowly but surely. His hips were sore, his ass was sore, and even his spine and limbs felt like there was a strange pressure on them, as if they were contracting. He had checked his height three times and found himself missing an inch. A whole inch! Leda assured him that it was a glitch, but it spooked him nonetheless.

"Goddamn injections and side effects," he grumbled to himself. "Even my v-voice sounds squeaky."

He was in the hydroponics section, having been drawn here for reasons he couldn't explain. It just felt . . . right, to be among life. Something about that word, *life*, seemed to captivate his attention lately, even as his weight loss and thinning features and softening

face made him worried. He decided to just take in the views of the cows, including the appropriately named Bessie, who was showing signs of calving.

“Lucky you,” he said, rubbing his oddly swollen left nipple slowly.

He frowned. He had no idea why he’d said that.

Something was wrong. Something was deeply fucking wrong. Both men knew it. The bodily changes were not settling, and they weren’t slowing down. In fact, just a few days after both had their strange compulsions, it was clear the changes were speeding *up*. Dylan’s body continued to shed its fat and burn calories, fuelling the growth of further muscle. Each morning he woke with some soreness, as if he’d had a massive workout, and the result was that he looked fitter than ever, and more handsome too. Somehow his jaw was becoming square, his hair less curly and more dashing, his features more manly in general. His penis was also definitely becoming more impressive, longer and thicker and certainly more prone to getting harder. His testes had also swollen a little, and were a lot more . . . productive. He knew this very much, because of how often he was expelling long jets of semen while vigorously masturbating to the idea of mating - *breeding* - his ideal woman.

But these changes were nothing compared what was happening to Cade. Dylan hadn’t even seen the man recently, because he’d withdrawn to his own private areas of the bunker and sealed them off in a panic, terrified of being seen by his friend. His body was undergoing a metamorphosis, and it was increasingly obvious that this was a *feminising* transformation. The rich heir to a dead world’s riches had gone from six feet in height to a mere five-foot-six, and yet at the same time his hair had grown at a voluminous rate. It was getting darker, now a chestnut brown, and had lost its waviness. His face was altering too: his cheekbones were prominent, his features gaining cute freckles, his blue eyes growing and becoming even brighter in tone. His lips had a female fullness to them, and his voice, much to his humiliation, was utterly androgynous.

Worse, his body was losing its alpha male aspect. His chest was sore, not with muscle grown, but with the growth of breasts. They had to be: he had womanly pink nipples with wide areolas that sat atop little A-cups. They jiggled only slightly, but jiggle *they did*. His waist had thinned, his stomach becoming flat and without prominent abs. His hips were always aching as his pelvic bones expanded. His body hair was gone but for his pubic mound, leaving his skin soft and strangely sensitive. And that was to say nothing of his manhood: to Cade’s incredible humiliation his penis and testicles were shrinking faster and faster each day. It didn’t stop his arousal, which had swelled considerably, but slipping into his thoughts often was the image of a powerful, stalwart man, much like the one he’d

described to Leda. The few times he ventured out, risking being seen by the only other occupant of the bunker, it was to bask in the fertility and wonder of the gardens and hydroponics, and the animals who bred away.

"Why can't I s-stop thinking about f-fucking breeding!?" he hissed in his softer voice. "Leda, I keep telling you, there's something wrong with me!"

'There is nothing wrong with you, Master Cade. Your biology is as expected.'

"I'm growing tits! I'm getting an hourglass figure! My face looks *pretty* instead of handsome! And look at this footage of Dylan: why is he all tall and muscly and f-fucking *dreamy*!? I keep looking at him and th-thinking things! This isn't normal! What are you doing to me?"

On the other side of the entire bunker, Dylan was asking similar questions, albeit with more fascination and less terror.

"Leda, I know you're an AI. I know you must follow certain commands, and I know some of these must be hidden. But what do you mean by 'biology as expected'? Because that's not the same as 'biology as it was.'"

Both men received the same answer.

'Calculating . . . perhaps it is time you are both told. Meet in the medical bay and I shall explain all.'

Dylan moved with confidence, Cade with timidity. Neither expected to see the other, and through unfortunate luck Cade arrived first, and so was unable to escape Dylan's gaze in time as the now-handsome and fit man entered, having adorned new clothes from the bunker's reserves just to fit his more impressive form.

"Dylan!?" Cade spat, voice going up another octave. "You're even more fucking fit in person than on video! This isn't fair!"

"Cade!?" he answered, just as incredulous. "Oh my God, you look like - you look like you're turning into a woman!"

"Why do you think I'm hiding, damn it? I'm getting smaller and more fragile. I'm even sounding a bit like a girl."

'That is well and expected, Cade,' Leda spoke. 'For you are indeed becoming female. The ideal female for your future mate, in fact, albeit with a body primed for the purpose of flourishing humanity once more.'

Both changing men turned to the screen before them, obviously confused.

"Leda, what in the ACTUAL FUCK are you talking about!?" Cade shouted. He ran his fingers through his hair. He'd chopped it only yesterday, and yet it was already down to his chin again, the roots even darker.

'Master Cade, I have a directive above all others, one the entire network of bunkers of bunkers share, and all the more crucial as ours is the only one that has survived: the rebuilding of humanity.'

"Good luck," Cade said. "We're two fucking guys."

But Dylan's mind was already putting the puzzle pieces in their place. The enormous genetic labs, the areas even Cade couldn't access, the use of nanobots, the recent changes.

"You're making us Adam and Eve," he said, his new voice deeper. It made Cade shudder. The feminising man was finding his friend's presence weird. It was hard not to look at him, at those muscles . . .

'Indeed. It is the Eden Contingency.'

A series of graphs, medical diagrams, projections, and *breeding charts* displayed on all of the screens around them, animating her speech and giving it life.

'Each bunker of the network, including this one, has been equipped with the genetic material of tens of thousands of human specimens. As genetic variation is crucial to the survival of any species, each member of this facility would do their part in procreating as necessary to help rebuild society. They would receive a shot of nanobots that overrode their own genetic material, resulting in females whose eggs would belong to tens of thousands of women, and men whose sperm was likewise genetically variable. In doing so, all issues of inbreeding would be solved, especially if some humanity survives on the surface.'

'However, due to the unforeseen event of having only two male specimens, this overriding contingency has been reprioritised. Master Cade, as the healthiest subject and the one with the most detailed health file, it is only natural that you must play the female role. You will be, as Dylan put it, the Eve to his Adam. Your role will be to produce children continuously as a woman, nursing them and raising them to be the next generation of humanity who shall rebuild.'

Cade's eyes widened and his jaw dropped. Dylan was likewise shocked.

"No way. No fucking way! You change me right back now, Leda! I'm not going to be some woman, especially a broodmare freak! I'm meant to be the one in charge!"

'It cannot be otherwise, I'm afraid. You must assist humanity's rebirth. To assist you, the nanobots have greatly increased your libido and reoriented your sexual preference. Special pheromones both of your bodies produce will make you irresistible to each other.'

The pair exchanged a look, more nervously this time. Cade had always been stealing looks at his friend, but now Dylan was doing the same. His buddy was now so sleek and petite. Even beneath his baggy clothing, it was obvious that he was becoming the remaining man's fantasy woman. His dick hardened automatically, and even more when Cade moaned under his breath, his nipples stiffening against the material of his shirt quite visibly.

"I - Leda, this isn't right," Dylan said.

“You’re goddamn right about that! I’ll burn this facility to the ground before I grow a pussy and start pushing goddamn *babies* out of it!”

‘Right or wrong factors not in my directives. I will give you time to finish your genetic transformations and come to accept your changed reality. I am sorry, Master Cade, but you must adjust to your new role: you must become the mother of all future humanity.’

With that, Leda switched off, leaving both men confused, shocked, and horrified.

And, to their shared embarrassment and shame, very horny at the sight of one another.

The pair tried everything, especially Cade, to avert their fates, but Leda had thought of everything. Databanks were now inaccessible, pass codes no longer worked, and even surgical equipment and hormone supplements were locked away in bulletproof shelves. The pair worked in concert to try to open these, only for Cade to duck away and hide: seeing Dylan’s new muscles at work was making the feminising man all hot and flustered. He simply *had* to go masturbate with his shrinking equipment, though it was the act of massaging his growing tits that really made him climax now. It disgusted him to do so, but his body needed it, all thanks to Leda’s meddling. Dylan’s own behaviour was not dissimilar; he kept feeling a need to touch his friend to comfort him, to brush his skin against hers - his! - and this left him many cold showers and dates with ‘Rosie Palms.’

“It isn’t f-fucking fair!” Cade grunted, his voice now breathy and almost sultry. “I’m meant to be the alpha male! I’m meant to be the one with a harem of hot girls flown in just to service me! Why the fuck aren’t *you* the one changing! If we have to mate - ohhhh, that s-sounds too good - then why can’t you be the girl getting knocked up!? Ugh! I can’t even think about this but I can’t stop either!”

They were in the holeroom, trying to enjoy sights from the surface to distract them. It was a bad idea, because in a fit of confidence Dylan had changed the settings to display a rather romantic night, complete with starry sky and gorgeous fields around them. It made Cade shiver, clutching his smaller body.

It had been days since Leda’s reveal of the Eden Contingency, and the changes were so very close to their end. Dylan felt utterly guilty, because the truth was that he *loved* his change. He was six-foot-two now, with wide shoulders and powerful muscles, though still with a litness of a professional athlete or male gymnast. His jaw was square, his gaze steely, his hair tousled in an almost superheroic way. And, of course, his package was massive. When he was hard, it felt like he was over nine damn inches or more! He had become the male fantasy overnight.

Cade, on the other hand, had become an altogether different kind of male fantasy. His own member was barely clinging on to existence, and he could *swear* that a tunnel was opening up within him, his organs shifting aside as a freaking *uterus* expanded into being. His hips were now absolute childbearers, and his breasts pert B-cups - not huge, but certainly not ignorable either. He'd given up on cutting his hair; it was now midnight black and hung over his shoulders, and continued to grow. His expression was beautiful - not handsome, *beautiful* - with full lips and a smaller nose and a heart-shaped face. Even when pouting in anger he looked cute, and this was matched by his movements: thanks to the nanobots altering his muscle memory, his hips swayed when he walked, and he was finding it increasingly hard to hide his figure. It was just all kinds of wrong *not* to look pretty in Dylan's presence, even as he railed against it.

"Damn it!" he exclaimed, voice now recognisably female. "What the fuck are we doing here, sitting together, looking at a simulation of the stars!?"

"I thought we were just hanging out as friends again," Dylan said, trying very hard to hide his clear erection. From his perspective, Cade was literally becoming the woman of his dreams. He couldn't stop thinking about what it would be like to put her on her back, slip inside of her pussy - if she had one yet - and fuck her pregnant. He had to remind himself Cade was not a she . . . yet.

"That's the excuse our stupid nanobot-infested brains are using!" Cade exclaimed. "But look at us! We're sitting right next to one another. I'm practically resting my head on your damn shoulder! There's a fucking plush carpet in here - when did that arrive? It's like . . . oh God, it's like we *want* to make babies here. So many . . . babies."

He swallowed. The thought of getting pregnant, of being full of life . . . of producing so many babies . . . it was intoxicating in all the worst and best of ways."

Dylan instantly recognised what his friend was indicating. He put his hand on Cade's.

"Fight it, Cade! You're not a woman."

"I'm so close, though! God, I can f-feel my dick sliding up inside of me, even now. Ohhhhhh, just getting aroused is speeding it up."

Indeed, he was on the cusp of the final change; his arousal, and their pheromones, was only making it worse.

"You can do this, Cade."

"We weren't even s-supposed to hang out together! We were gonna hide and wait this out, stop the ph-phermones. And then, oh God, I walked straight up to you and invited you to the holoroom. And you put on this fucking romantic scenery!"

His nipples were aching. Yearning to be touched. The pheromones were strong, and his mind couldn't stop focusing on Dylan's massive erection.

"Cade! I'll - I'll go."

“Don’t!”

“But if you stay, we might-”

“I know! But . . . I don’t want you to go! Fuck, this sucks! Why can’t you be the woman? Why can’t I have a big sexy cock and hot muscles to get you all big and beautiful and knocked up with my babies? I’m meant to be the boss here! You were meant to b-be my servant, keeping me in the lap of - uuhhhh - luxury! That was p-plan!”

Dylan paused. He’d come so close to willing himself to leave, and then the real truth had come tumbling down. Was this how Cade had viewed him always? Or was it just once they reached the bunker and found out it was only them?

Either way, it was enough for him to lose his guilt over their situation. His dick was rock hard and throbbing. He needed to cum, and he needed a mate. The pheromones, the libido, the changes, it had made him into a lusty alpha male. A possessiveness swept over him, and he chose not to fight it this time. He placed a firm hand on Cade’s upper arm and twisted the feminised figure to face him. Cade was breathing heavily, his thin shirt betraying his beautiful figure.

“The plan’s changed, Cade. What was it you once said to me? If we’re going to live here for the rest of our lives as the last of humanity, we need to set some boundaries. We need to set some *roles*.”

Cade’s eyes widened, realising what was happening. But he couldn’t fight it: Dylan kissed him, and in the moment their lips met, his fate was sealed. He moaned, purring sensually and helpless to his needs as Dylan began making out with him. It was enough to push his changes over the edge, before as his friend lay him down on his back and began to rip off his own clothing and Cade’s, the feminising man’s penis finally finished withdrawing.

“No! Wait, don’t - ohhhhh! Ohhhh, f-fuuuuuck! I can f-feel it! Oh God, I’ve g-got a pussy, I’ve got a - MHHHM!!”

Dylan stroked it, placing his hand under his friend’s underwear. It was enough to make Cade squeal, voice even higher-pitched now.

“Mhmm! N-no! Don’t - oh God, don’t stop! I need this! I can’t fucking believe I’m s-saying this but I need it! I’m so fucking wet already dude, I need your big fat cock inside meeeeeee!”

His words turned to a pleased whine as Dylan sucked on the new woman’s nipples. They were so damn sensitive, and both of them loved the experience. Automatically, Cade grabbed his friend’s cock, shocked at what he - *she* - was doing. She wanted nothing more than to be a man . . . except, perhaps, than to be fucked by one.

“Get this inside m-me,” she pleaded. “Get me pregnant! But don’t! Ohhhh, but do! Knock m-me up! Fuck my dripping wet pussy!”

Dylan stared into her face as he pressed his cock at her wet entrance, rubbing against it and making her squirm.

"You know, Cade, I think I can get used to this. You know, being the Adam to your Eve. That'd be a nice new name for you, right? Eve?"

"Please j-just fuuuuck meeeee!" she moaned, writhing as he groped her breasts. In the chaos they'd removed all of their clothing, their naked skin against each other. She couldn't stop looking at that life-giving dick. It was repulsive how much she desired it; her mouth was watering. Would he knock her up if she just sucked on it a little? The thought alone made her moan.

"Eve works though, right?"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "I'll b-be Eve, okay? Fuck you, man! Fuck you for doing this - and fuck me. Seriously, f-fuck me!"

"I'm as helpless as you are, Cade."

"But you aren't gonna have a big dick inside your new pu-NGGHH!!!"

He entered her, and the true dance of passion began. Cade, now mentally caught in the throes of being Eve, gasped as her slick walls were parted. They were stretched wide by the sheer girth of her friend's enhanced member, and that was enough to make her shudder and gasp, giving a low groan. After a momentary resistance, her hymen gave way, pricking her with pain that transmuted to pleasure mere seconds later. In that moment, her new female virginity was taken, and she stretched her legs yet wider to receive him.

"Fuck, fuck, you're s-so big! Why are you s-so big! Why did you g-get the big damn c-cooo-ohhhhhh!!!"

He entered yet further, sliding slowly but surely into her. Dylan himself let out several grunts of satisfaction: his new cock was so much more sensitive than the last one, and Eve's pussy was so damn tight. He'd barely had any girls in his life, and now here he was, fucking the one of his dreams. He knew that she was his friend, but given her comments and behaviour lately, and his own utter *need* to perform this act, all caution and regret was thrown to the wind.

"Still more of m-me to come, Eve. Get ready. You're so perfectly t-tight."

"More? You've g-got more? You can't be - nghh!"

He finally reached his full apex, his cock nearly brushing against her cervix. By this point, Eve had wrapped her legs subconsciously around her mate's waist. Her eyes widened.

"We can s-stop," she managed, despite her hormones going crazy. "You don't have to get me p-pregnant."

Pregnant. *Pregnant*. That very word being spoken elevated both of their already crazy-high arousal levels. Dylan's cock throbbed inside her, making her squeal a little.

"I don't know if I can stop, Eve, sorry," Dylan said. He caressed her cheek, making her whimper. She was so goddamn beautiful, and it led to him giving her a deeply passionate kiss before continuing. "I just really want to knock you up with my babies right now."

"Ohhhhhh," Eve moaned. "Why d-does that sound s-so hot?"

She began bucking her hips against him, making his hard pole slide in and out of her, and then they were back in the rhythm, him groping her sensitive tits and kissing her tender neck, all while thrusting harder and harder, deeper and deeper. Words fell away, and the new breeding pair breathed heavily, she crying out in orgasmic pleasure, her voice sensual to the highest degree.

"Oh God, knock me up! Get me pregnant! I need to g-get pregnant! I need it! I hate it so much but I need it so f-fucking bad! I need your babies inside meeeee!"

And with that, he came explosively inside of her, and her own climax arrived in that very moment too. Eve shrieked, horrified by her own cry of pleasure as her friend-turned-lover spend stream after stream of seed inside of her. There was so much of it, and it was so warm. She could feel it entering her waiting womb, and that made her bite her lip and hold Dylan tight, locking her legs around him tighter so that not a single sperm could escape.

She wanted all of his baby-making seed inside of her.

She needed all his babies, and just the thought of it made her cum again as Dylan groaned in her ear.

"Ohhhhhh, God," she managed, climaxing again. "This suuuuucks! Why m-me!?"

In the aftermath, Leda's face appeared briefly on the holoscreen. The AI said nothing, but its satisfaction was clear.

It was only two weeks later when the first symptoms began to show. Eve and Dylan had been fucking several times daily ever since, despite how much the former tried to fight it. She was already humiliated by becoming a woman, but could at least hope that her instincts were a 'one time thing.' This was definitely not the case: as Leda explained, they would be intensely vigorous and libidinous for one another for life. The new female was already struggling with her shattered ego male, what with having to sit to pee, wear bras, don herself in pretty dresses (the last of which infuriated her, as Leda had locked away her previous male clothing, but when Dylan looked at her in awe in her new outfits, her dopamine drives got going). There was also the fact that it was hard not to respond to her new name now. Dylan apologised for this; it was just something he'd said during their first time, but now it

was instinctive to respond to Eve. Just as it was instinctive to rip each other's clothes off and make love each day, ending him shooting his baby-making material deep inside her. She would always end up embarrassed by this, but there was no stopping it.

So when she threw up in the toilet the first time, right on the heels of her breasts getting fuller, her nipples darker, her stomach a little bloated and her overall body feeling tired, Eve had a horrible sensation of what was going down.

"It can't be," she muttered to herself as Dylan helped her to the medbay. "No, we need more time. I know we've been having all that awful, fucking wonderful sex, but I can still reverse this."

"Sure, sure," Dylan said, though in truth he didn't want to reverse it at all. His life was as good as it could be, given they were the last two people on Earth. Hell, this breeding thing was giving him a purpose, rather than just a long road to death. "I'm sure it's fine, Eve."

"I'm not Eve! Ugh, but don't stop calling me that either. Stupid female brain. Stupid nanobots. Leda! I need you to run a scan. I think I'm sick. I know it sounds like preggo symptoms but there is no way in hell that I'm—"

'*Congratulations, Eve and Master Dylan,*' the AI spoke. It had already given Dylan the Master status after Eve had tried to sabotage her way into the AI core controls a week ago. Their dynamic was now completely flipped. '*Your first child is on its way.*'

Eve swallowed, placing her hands to her stomach. No, it was all wrong. It couldn't be. And yet she couldn't help but feel a small halo of light around her. Stupid instincts.

"But it's too soon! Who gets symptoms just two weeks in? My damn tits are already a whole cup size bigger!"

'*That is easy to explain,*' Leda said. '*Because you are undertaking the regrowth of humanity, we need the widest possible pool of descendents to breed with any potential survivors above ground, as well as to hold enormous genetic variance between themselves. As such, your gestation period has been shortened to a mere four months, with a recovery and fecundity cycle that begins immediately after. You will be able to become impregnated and give birth up to three times a year according to this timeline.*'

Silence followed. Even Dylan was taken back, though his dick was starting to get hard at the prospect of knocking Eve up so much. He blamed the nanobots, but he wasn't about to push against those feelings either. Eve, on the other hand, was almost speechless.

"You've got to fucking kidding me," the pregnant woman said.

It seemed the future mother had a lot of work ahead of her.

Eve put Janet down to sleep. Her heart lip up at the little girl in her cot, sleeping contentedly after such a big feed. A good thing too; she was so damn full of milk these days. Another 'blessing' of Leda's, no doubt. The mother of humanity raised herself back up and grunted a little, shifting her hands to her back. Damn it, this pregnancy was a killer. Twins. Actual freaking twins. It was only her third pregnancy and she was already having twins, her huge stomach bloated and rounded and utterly jostling with new life. She could have sworn it was like the two future boys were fighting one another for space. At least Hailey, her 'eldest', was asleep.

"Not even a year old and she's going to be a big sister to three kids," Eve muttered as she waddled out of the room. "Why me? Why do I have to be so damn good at making babies? Ughhh . . . already thinking about making more. Stupid nanobots. Stupid programming. Stupid Leda."

She rubbed her large stomach, acting like the typical pregnant woman as she did so. And why shouldn't she? She was already in a maternity dress that showed off her big bump, and had a deep v-neck for easy breastfeeding, as well as to entice her mate. Right now, said cleavage seemed a bit uneven.

"Damn rightie is still so full. Why do they have to swell up so much?"

She had many years of this to go, of course. The bunker could support thousands, and the current estimation was that she would give birth to hundreds of children, especially with her nanobot-extended lifespan. Leda had already indicated that in her older age, multiples would become frequent. Until that occurred though, Eve never wanted to hear the words 'possibility of quadruplets' ever again, no matter how randy it made her mate.

"Mhmm, Dylan," she said, her voice turning sultry as she made her way down the bunker halls. He'd be working out around this time, as he often did after the kids slept. He knew she liked to watch, and it always led to . . . other things. At least that was always fun, as embarrassing as it still was. She was mostly used to pleasing him, and at times fully gave herself over to it. Multiple orgasms were at least a nice consolation prize to being constantly knocked up and stuck as a woman. But there were also times when, midway through being thrust into, she thought; *what the actual fuck is my life, seriously?*

She was jolted from her thoughts by a pressure in her tits. Her leftie was rising up equal to her rightie. Jesus, they were almost E-cups by now. So much milk. Permanent lactation was a boon for babies but made her feel like a broodmare. With another sigh, she entered the gym, finding Dylan on the bench press, pushing up iron and looking fantastically sexy as he did so. The alpha male paused his workout as she entered, noticing the way she was disrobing and revealing her perfect motherly form.

Dylan smiled. He did feel bad for his friend at times, he really did. But they were making a better world together, and would help save the human race. And besides, he knew

Eve would have been far less sympathetic if their roles had been flipped, so why not enjoy having such a gorgeous creature as his mate?

“Up for a different kind of workout?” Eve sighed.

“Don’t act like you don’t want it,” Dylan said, rising up. “You know, I was just about to head to you. I was starting to get in the mood.”

“Try *a/ways* being in the mood. My hormones are crazy. Your fault, by the way.”

“Mhmm, maybe,” Dylan said. He stroked her fertile roundness, then raised a hand over the curve of her breasts, which were slowly leaking droplets of milk. The action elicited a sensual moan from Eve which left her cheeks rosy red. “You’re looking full.”

“Ahhhh . . . you have n-no idea. Please, I need you to empty me.”

“And fill you at the same time?”

Her pussy was already moist, but his words made her *wet* beyond belief.

“Damn it, of course I do. God, I hate how much I love getting fucked by you. I need more babies, Dylan. Ugh, you have no idea how crazy this already pregnant body needs more babies. It’s not fair, but I want it so damn much!”

Dylan held her, then kissed her passionately, making her practically swoon in his arms.

“Then let’s do our part to practice making more,” he said. “After all, the survival of humanity is at stake.”

Judging from the passion that followed, extinction was no longer a concern.

The End