

A Valentine's Day Gift

For TJ

By TheSpiralledEye

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Over the past month, Alex had learned many things about this new reality he'd chosen to inhabit. Yes, it still worked on strange movie logic but that didn't always mean things went the right way. In his experience when things were good, they were magical; his hair always flawless, the light at any given moment perfectly falling to highlight his best features and so on. But when things were wrong, they were comically so. Such as awaking on Valentines day not to a lover's embrace or Davy's warm smile; but to the sound of a cat screeching. There was a slight pressure on his chest; not the weight of his breasts, he'd now gotten used to that, no, this extra weight was Socks. He opened his eyes and yelped with shock to find two giant green orbs mere inches from his face. He'd never been a cat person but apparently Alexandra had been because when he'd returned after Kwanzaa, Socks was here. The little black and white hellion meowed innocently, cocking his head to one side as if to say 'oh well if you're awake you may as well feed me'. He'd gotten quite good at reading the little creature's body language, much to his chagrin. Alex had never been a huge fan of cats but he couldn't exactly kick it out onto the streets, so with a sigh he got to his feet and dragged himself to the kitchen to fill the cat bowl. He'd learned early on it was best to appease Socks rather than attempt to discipline him; lest he want scratch marks in all of his walls.

With a yawn he stretched and looked around the apartment he had come to call home. He had to admit, he was sort of hoping his home would have magically become one of those amazingly huge, spacious apartments struggling characters could always somehow afford in movies. No such luck, though it was cleaner, even with Socks as a housemate. One look in the mirror proved it was going to be a good day; his hair looked as though it had been styled by a professional already and with just a single swipe of lipstick he was looking photo ready. It was strange; he found adopting such new routines easy. He no longer felt odd putting on makeup or wearing girly outfits, yet he still thought of himself as well...a *he*. At least on the inside. Undressed and showered, sighing in contentment as the warm water flowed down the curves of his body. He loved how inherently sensual it was to be a woman; at least compared to being a man. He adored the way water flowed effortlessly down the slope of his shoulders and across the curves of his body, easily running between and down his legs so that every crevice was cleaned without much effort on his part at all. If it wasn't a

work morning, he would have stuck his head under the steamy spray and let it soak into his afro curls. The feeling was unlike anything he'd ever experienced; the closest he could come to describing it was like a cloud soaking up the rain before turning soft against his shoulders. It was a wonderful feeling but did require several hours to dry and restyle; hardly something he had time for when he was expected in the office in less than two hours. He dried off and dressed himself in his usual business attire; no longer a boring suit every day, now he was free and encouraged to add a little flare to the way he dressed. There was something so quietly satisfying about pulling up stockings in one go without accidentally cutting into them with his nails. And while a pencil skirt and blouse may seem boring on their own, paired with his film star smile and a few pieces of golden jewellery he looked ready to take on the world.

The fact that men couldn't wear skirts or dresses was simply a crime as far as he was concerned. Never in his life had he imagined just what he was missing out on; no wonder some guys cross dressed. Skirts were just so much more practical; airy, comfortable and you didn't risk getting your dick caught in your zipper at the urinals. Being able to pee in the privacy of a cubicle now rather than the awkward silence was also a blessing.

Alex made his bed, making sure everything was smooth and neat before opening his closet and reverently grabbing out the dress he had been saving for tonight. Blue, slinky, strapless. It was the most gorgeous thing he'd found when returning and investigating what options he had. The weather was still a little cool for such a thing but he was prepared to suffer if it meant looking this amazing. He laid it down on the bed, the dark navy pair of heels that matched sitting next to them. The sight would make him smile tonight when he returned from work. He had yet to find the perfect occasion to wear the garment but today was Valentine's Day; at long last he had the perfect excuse.

A ping from his mobile lit up the screen and he eagerly opened the message, hoping for a romantic message from Davy but instead finding the name Trish lit across the screen.

'How's my baby this morning?'

Alex rolled his eyes, looking down at Socks.

'He just woke me up.'

'Well, you have work soon right, he's doing you a favour.'

'Sometimes I think you're just friends with me so you can see Socks.'

'The secret is out!'

'You're a bitch, you know that?'

'You love meeeeeeee'

Trish had been a woman he barely knew a few weeks ago; she lived in the same apartment complex as him and as Alexander, she'd simply been a neighbour he said hello to in the lobby from time to time. Coming home to find her in his apartment had been an interesting experience; apparently she was his regular cat sitter for Socks and they'd been college roommates before graduating the same year and moving to New York. After muddling his way through their first semi awkward meeting, explaining away his odd actions and jitteriness as jetlag and general holiday exhaustion, he'd managed to dig through yearbooks, social media and old texts to put together a picture of their relationship. It was honestly pretty close to the relationship he'd had with Sam back when he was her sister; but closer. Alex liked her, a lot. She spoke her mind and cut through bullshit; she took teasing well and gave it back tenfold which he could respect. He honestly felt a little guilty he never thought of being friends with her in his previous life. If his old reality's Trish was anything like this one, they would have gotten on like a house on fire.

It had only occurred to him when musing on this several weeks ago that he'd never had any female friends before this life. He'd always approached girls as prospective partners or work colleges, nothing more. It had filled him with a sort of shame; that he had likely missed out on many good connections that way without even realising he was doing it.

'I do, wish me luck for tonight.'

'I want every saucy detail! Now you are probably thinking 'oh Trish wants a lot of detail'. No. I want ALL the details, girl, every single one.'

'Even the naughty ones?'

'Especially the naughty ones.'

He laughed, heading into the kitchen to finish getting ready for the day. Socks rubbed up against his ankles as he poured himself out cereal for breakfast; clearly content and happy now that his belly was full. Alex smirked, scratching the cat behind the ears until he started to purr happily.

“You’re not fooling me.” Alex grinned, “I know you’re just waiting around to get the milk from my cereal.”

‘Are you coming to spin class this week?’

Alex winced; there were certain things about Alexandra and himself that had been similar, of that he was sure. They were similar enough that he had been able to adjust to her life surprisingly easy in a lot of ways...but not all. He tried, really he did, to enjoy things like yoga and spin class but they just weren't for me. All the women were sweating and smiling fakely as they bopped to music. It was just unsettling. He couldn't help feeling like a perv, even if he didn't want to ogle anybody's ass. It was sort of hard not to when everybody was dressed in nothing but tights and sports bras, bending their bodies all over the place. He'd quit after just a few tries much to Trish's disappointment.

‘No, too busy.’

‘Oh.’

No more messages appeared after that. Alex bit his lip, even if he wasn't a woman now he knew ending a conversation there meant problems down the line. His stomach churned and he put it out of his mind and poured himself a ginger tea to help keep the cereal down. The flu had swept through his office just last week and while he was fortunate enough to have fought off the worst symptoms he'd still been left nauseous the last few days. His phone pinged with a message from Rachel; a picture of Amelia holding a drawing of her and her new “baby sister” along with the caption ‘We keep telling her it's going to be a boy but she doesn't believe it’. Alex laughed; he had been making an effort to stay more in touch with his family since Kwanzaa, he even started calling his parents every weekend just to chat. Normally the conversation was only short and half dominated by his fathers current obsession, he'd moved on from mixing drinks and was now into chocolate making; but it was still nice. Socks meowed innocently as he ate, leaping up onto the bench the moment he finished to start lapping at the slightly sugary milk left over.

“Utterly transparent you are.”

Alex was slowly beginning to understand why people said cats demanded you earn their love in return. In a way, he could respect it, though he could respect it more if Sock's didn't insist on waking him up in such an annoying manner.

"Alright, greedy guts." Alex smiled wryly, "I'll see you after work, I'd better not come home to a hairball on the couch again."

Sock demurred, stretching out his body in a shaft of light on the kitchen rug and rolling onto his back. If Alex didn't know any better he'd suspect the cat was trying to look as innocent and adorable as possible.

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If there was one thing he liked more about his new home; it was New York itself. It was the New York you saw on the silver screen, a glittering metropolis where men walked dogs in huge groups while carriages carried happy couples through central park. The flowers were a little strange though; Alex was no botanist but he was sure there shouldn't be this many flowers so early into spring. At least not in every second window box and store front. The splash of colour did look nice though, especially since there was little graffiti on the walls. At least in the area he lived in. A New York without graffiti was practically an alien planet but, like everything, he was learning to live with it. Plus, it did make the morning commute much better.

Alex smiled at the passersby as he walked; enjoying the gentle sway of his hips and the clicking of his heels. Occasionally he watched as men's eyes glanced over to stare before quickly darting away. He smiled wider; maybe it was arrogant but he'd never felt more confident in himself than he was in this body. It felt nice to be desired, even if he had no intention of straying. Somewhere between him, a man wolf whistled and he had to fight the urge to turn around and glare. He finally understood why women found that act so irritating; there was appreciation and there was objectification. A difference which, now that he was a woman permanently, he had quickly learned to distinguish. He kept walking, paying the man no heed and trying to feed the irritation back into confidence. He reached the office with time to spare and a spring in his step. The spring air in New York was bracing, at least in this reality; it always left him excited and ready to take on the day.

The elevator pinged and the doors slid open to reveal her boss Gary. A man who, as Alexander, he had been on great terms with but now caused his cheeks to flush with embarrassment as they stood in awkward silence. One of the hard lessons he had learned when first returning to his job as a woman was that men often mistook friendliness for flirting.

He hadn't even realised what sort of vibes he'd been giving off, offering to pick up his coffee and trying to sit with him in the cafeteria every day. Apparently, the actions he took without thinking as a man to try and butter his boss up for a promotion came off as overt flirting as a woman. It had taken him an embarrassingly long time to realise why Gary was acting so strange around him or why Kyle, the office creep, had decided he was easy and continually tried to ask him out. When one of the secretaries had first pulled him over and hissed that he couldn't sit on a man's desk like that he'd gone beet red realising how it must have looked. There was a lot more to being a woman than he realised; the most subtle of body movements implied certain intentions so it seemed. He could no longer cross his arms without raising up his bust and being a 'distraction' to the men in the office; nor could he just approach a group of guys in the hallway and add himself to the conversation; at least not without garnering some strange looks. It wasn't that people treated him poorly as a woman but learning how to navigate the subtle differences and social norms was no easy task. Realising he was no longer work buddies with Bill and Jake but rather Gary's secretary Jane, whom he'd only known in passing before, took some getting used to. A loud laugh that he recognised to be Jake himself made Alex wince; he missed them if he was honest, they're Saturday catch ups at the bar had been a great way to unwind. Plus it was nice to have people who understood his dedication to work; neither Jake or Bill bothered him when he asked them not to, unlike women who seemed to chatter and text endlessly.

It wasn't all bad though. It turned out, drinking with the ladies on the weekends was twice as wild. Where men sat around in sports bars drinking beer the girls went hard; cocktails, dancing, the works. The number of times he'd drunkenly stumbled home after a wild evening of techno dance clubs and margaritas was staggering; his enjoyment of them even moreso. And what made the hangover all the more bearable the next day was waking up to a text from Davy responding to all the mushy, lovey-dovey texts drunk Alex had sent the night before between shots.

His musing distracted him until they reached the correct floor; Gary giving him an awkward smile before bee lining it to his office. Alex groaned internally; if anything his actions had slowed his chance for a promotion. Gary was probably worried if he did move him up that it might look as if he'd traded favours in exchange. It was going to be a long while before he even had a chance of a proper office now. The idea of being stuck in cubicle hell for another year was almost too much to bear.

Until it wasn't.

He reached his desk and a warm smile formed on his lips. A dozen red roses were sitting on a small vase next to his computer, a white note attached that simply said 'From Davy' in

curly black calligraphy. With a happy sigh Alex picked one up and sniffed it, letting the sweet floral scent fill his lungs. Any doubts about making the wrong decision fled in an instant as he remembered who he had done this for. Davy was worth a thousand awkward elevator rides.

They hadn't seen one another since that fateful day in the snow. Dramatic reunion and reconciliations, while beautiful, did not magically pay for new plane tickets. So after another hasty kiss, they both had to race to the airport. Though this time, they could at least ride together and cuddle a little longer before heading for the departure lounges. Alex had headed back to New York, Davy to Los Angeles. They were on opposite ends of the country and his heart ached just thinking about it. Alex had spent that entire flight fretting over whether he'd done the right thing; staying here. Long distance relationships were fraught with issues and doubts began to creep in as to whether his feelings for Davy were genuine or simply an after effect of this movie logic world. Luckily; he'd soon discovered he had nothing to worry about. Even with the time difference and long hours they managed to find time to talk. Davy mailed him food packages with snacks he'd made himself and when they had the time, they even watched movies at the same time on their laptops while on call. Alex felt closer to him than anybody in his entire life; he took another deep breath of the rose and smiled.

"You're so lucky."

He opened his eyes to find Jane standing there wearing a wistful smile.

"I wish I had somebody to send me roses on Valentines." She sighed.

"Aren't you married, Jane?" Alex raised an eyebrow.

"Yes but you could beat Harry over the head with a valentines day card and he'd still not realise what day it was." She rolled her eyes, "I love him, but the man doesn't have a romantic bone in his body."

"Not even *the* romantic bone?" Alex wiggled her eyebrows suggestively and Jane turned red.

"Alex!" She hissed, "You can't just say stuff like that."

"Oh come on, Jane. It's just a joke."

“Is the plan for tonight still on?” Jane asked, clearly eager to change the subject.

“Yup.” Alex beamed, “All booked and ready.”

Davy would be flying in that night and finally, after a long few weeks they would be together again. Alex had wracked his brain trying to think of ways to make the trip extra special. After the debacle with Christmas, he owed Davy a special time for Valentine's Day. It hadn't been easy, getting a reservation at Saki's, the best Japanese restaurant in New York, at least by most metrics. Alex had spent more time than was probably logical on their reservation website, constantly refreshing in the lead up to Valentines in the hopes that somebody would cancel their reservation last minute. Lucky for him, they had and he'd snatched up a table for two just in time. She couldn't wait to tell him; Davy was obsessed with the New York food scene and had mentioned Saki's a handful of times. Alex had carefully put away most of his pay cheque last week to ensure his man could order even the fanciest of dishes without a care in the world.

“You have to order the soba and tell me if it's better than the sushi train on 23rd.” Jane insisted, Alex just rolled his eyes.

“It's a Michelin star restaurant, I am sure their soba is the best in New York.”

“Oh I am so jealous!” Jane pouted, “I bet they have a killer margarita.”

The last line was said with purpose, a glint of mischief in her eyes that told Alex this was some sort of inside joke. One he had no clue how to respond; he had none of this reality's memories. He gave what he hoped was a convincing cheeky smile in the hopes it would do. Jane made a confused and slightly hurt face; clearly that wasn't the right way to react but thankfully, Gary's voice echoed across the hall, calling for his secretary.

“Oops! Got to go!”

He sighed in relief and waved goodbye before placing the flower back in its vase and sitting down; he had budgets to balance, he couldn't spend all day dreaming about Davy. Normally, this wouldn't be a problem. As giddy in love as he was, Alex was always quite good at separating work and play. He was focused on getting that promotion, social faux pas be damned. Today though; perhaps it was the stunning blue open sky or just the knowledge that it was Valentines but he couldn't stop her thoughts slipping to Davy. It had been so long. Not

that he would ever admit it, but Alex had been dreaming about the night in the hot tub more often than not as of late. He wondered what other places they could have sex that would somehow magically work in this universe. Perhaps he could be the first woman to have sex on the beach and not get sand everywhere, that might be nice. Perhaps when he saved up to visit Davy next he could organise a nice private beach holiday for them just in time for summer.

He tried to get back to work but Alex found himself continually opening up his emails to confirm the reservation; each time it was there, 8pm sharp for two. Yet he couldn't stop checking and each time he did, the excitement built. Normally, Alex was in the habit of working late, just a little each day added up quickly. Not today, the moment his shift ended he was out the door, a wide smile on his face full of excitement and anticipation. He was ready to make this the most memorable Valentines day either of them had ever had.

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Normally when he returned home from the office he flopped down on the couch and enjoyed no less than thirty minutes of brainless television before he had to do anything but not today. Alex still had the spring in his step from this morning, if anything his day dreaming had only made it stronger. In just a few hours Davy would be here! They would have an hour to themselves before travelling over to Saki's for the most amazing dinner of their life. With a grin wider than the Cheshire cats he skipped into the bedroom to strip off and shower ready for his date only to stop in the doorway. A lump formed in his throat as he looked down at the bed, his dress still perfectly laid out as he left it only now, right in the middle of the skirt was a great pile of cat vomit. Sock's was perched on a pillow two feet away, licking at his paw innocently. Alex's heart fell into his stomach and he rushed for the bathroom, gathering up a handful of toilet paper and gently scooping the mess off the skirt and flushing it away. He returned and groaned in dismay. He could smell the stink of cat breath from here, not to mention that acrid, sour smell of bile. Even if he somehow managed to clean the stain off in time it would take an entire bottle of perfume to hide the smell. There was no two ways about it; the dress was ruined.

His emotions were a mess; anger at Socks, frustration with the bad timing but strongest of all, blind panic. He had many other nice outfits, emphasis on the word 'nice'. He didn't want to look 'nice' tonight he wanted to look spectacular! He had it all planned out and for a moment he paced before closing his eyes and sighing deeply through his nose. Hallmark movie logic; of course everything has gone wrong at the last second; now he had to try and fix it before his big date was ruined.

“Fucking hell, nobody would watch this.” He growled, picking up his phone and shooing Socks off the bed as he dialled.

“Either something’s gone wrong or that was the shortest date ever.” Trish cut straight to the point, god he loved her for it.

“Your precious baby threw up on my dress.”

“Oh no, is he okay?”

“Trish!”

“Right, right, sorry! Ummm, emergency shopping trip? One of the perks to living in New York is that shops are open till late.”

“I’ve been saving for this dinner for ages, I don’t have enough for another dress like that without dipping into my savings.” Alex groaned, “I can’t justify that!”

“Hell yeah you can, I’ll even help.”

“You will?”

“This is for love, babe. You know I’m a hopeless romantic.’

“...Haven’t you had three boyfriends in the New Year already?”

“...I’m trying to be nice here.”

“Sorry!”

Trish just laughed, comments like that washed over her like water on a duck’s back. If there was one thing Alex had learned about Trish in the last few weeks, it was that she was anything but a hopeless romantic. Trish liked men just fine, but she would never settle down; she spent her time instead becoming heavily invested in other people’s love lives then going out and enjoying a fling.

“I’ll meet you in the lobby for Operation: Dress!” Alex announced, rushing to put his shoes back on.

“Awful name, Operation: Knock Davy For a Loop, much better.”

Alex snorted and hung up, shooting one last dirty look at Socks before flying out the door.

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“Exactly what sort of date do you think I am having?” Alex giggled as Trish held up a dress made of enough cloth to cover maybe one quarter of a person.

“A fun one with this.” She grinned before putting it back on the rack.

“Saki’s is a fancy place, I need something that is sexy but classy.” Alex mused.

They had been at it for twenty minutes already, Davy would be back at his apartment within the hour and unless he found something soon all he'd have to greet him was Socks. Trish was keeping him from falling into total despair; she was bouncing on her toes; long blonde girls dancing along behind her as she practically skipped through the shop.

“Sometimes I think all of New York’s positive energy lives inside you.” Alex sighed, grateful for her buoying presence.

“I just don’t see the point in being sad.” She shrugged, Alex desperately wished to know how she managed it but had enough on his plate.

There was a beat of silence before Trish spoke again.

“Are you sure everything is...okay with you and Davy?”

“Yeah of course, why wouldn’t it be?” He said a little too defensively.

“No I don’t mean....ah, I just have to wonder is all.” Trish bit her lip, “You’ve been different since you came back from holidays. You don’t come to yoga or spin anymore, we don’t hang out as much. I just hope Davy isn’t...encouraging you to stay away from other people is all.”

“Oh, no no no! It’s not a red flag or anything like that!” Alex waved his hands back and forth, “Davy is wonderful, in fact I know he’d love to meet you some night when we’re not having a romantic dinner. I just...did a lot of soul searching when I was back home and decided to make a few changes to my life is all.”

God he hoped that worked. Trish just raised an eyebrow.

“Life changes that mean no more spin or yoga?”

“Yes.”

Wow, that sounded really lame. He thought fast.

“I only did those things because I felt it was what successful corporate women did.” He lied, “I never liked it, I decided my New Years Resolution was to be more true to myself!”

Trish hummed in thought and Alex took the opportunity to slip into the next row, humming loudly as he continued their search. He sifted through rack after rack of dresses, trying to find something in that same lovely shade of blue but eventually giving up and searching for anything that stuck out. Many things did, but for all the wrong reasons; too bright, too skimpy, too conservative, too ruffled, too boring. How could there be so many options and not a single good one? There was a gasp from across the room and Trish’s voice suddenly called out.

“I found it!”

Alex raced around the racks and felt his breath leave him. In Trish’s arms was the most beautiful dress he had ever seen. The fabric was some sort of weaved golden material that gave it a shine without being overly flashing. It was tight and figure hugging but with a halter neck and longer skirt that would brush the bottom of his knees to stop it from being too overly revealing. Already Alex was pairing it in his mind with the dark gold strappy heels in his cupboard at home and the glittering faux diamonds in his jewellery box.

“Oh Trish...”

“It was made for you, babe.” She grinned, “Davy’ll have to put his penis in a wheelchair.”

Alex snorted, bursting into laughter at the sheer shock of such a statement. It took several minutes and just as many dirty looks from the sales clerk to get him to stop as Trish carefully held it up against him to make sure it fit.

“It’s perfect.” She nodded, “Try it on and then let’s get going before he arrives to an empty apartment.”

Alex nodded, taking deep breaths to try and stop his giggling as they made their way to the changing rooms. He hadn't even realised he was still wearing his work clothes until now, he'd been so stressed about the dress. He wished he had the gold heels with him so he could walk home wearing this stunning piece instead. Davy was going to be the envy of every man they passed on the streets with him on his arm dressed in this.

He stripped down to his underwear and immediately realised there was a problem. He had been blessed with quite the bust in this world which required some fairly strong bras. With this halter neck, his back was exposed, which meant he'd be walking around with his straps showing; talk about ruining the look. With a shrug he slipped it off; the fabric of the dress was textured enough to hide his nipples, nothing wrong with going semi-commando for a special occasion, even if his back was a little sore tomorrow it would be well worth it.

The moment he stepped into the dress he knew this was the one, it glided up his smooth legs effortlessly, immediately contouring to his body shape in the most flattering way. Despite the tightness, there was no ugly seam line where his underwear was pressed against, the slightly woven material hid it perfectly; creating the illusion he was wearing nothing but a swath of golden light. He clipped the tiny gold hoops together behind his neck and let go. His tits were cupped almost lovingly by the dress, holding them pert and firm without any sag. He turned in the mirror, admiring how well the dress hugged his curves; his ass looked stunning, his breasts even more so and the contrast between the metallic gold and his dark skin was nothing short of breathtaking. He didn't look at the price tag, this was the one; he didn't care what it cost, he looked like a million dollars. As he stepped out one glance at Trish told him she thought the same.

“What I wouldn't give to look like that.” She smiled, “You look incredible, he’s going to adore it.”

“Thanks.” He smiled, “And thank you so much for helping me not go completely insane.”

“I did it for Sock’s sake.” Thrush shrugged with a wry smile.

“Well I was considering throwing him out the window.”

“Pfffft, come on, get changed so we can head back. We should have just enough time to clean up before he gets there!”

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Alex tapped his foot and checked his phone again; he’d gotten changed and paid for the dress only to find Trish hadn’t yet returned from the bathroom. He had assumed there was a line but as the minutes ticked by he was starting to get concerned; they would be late at this rate, he really needed to beat Davy home. His phone pings and his heart gave a flutter.

‘Just landed, grabbing a cab.’

Davy. His heart soared knowing his boyfriend was so near but it also put the pressure on for them to get back as quickly as possible. Deciding not to wait any longer he headed for the bathrooms himself, pushing them open to reveal an empty room with three stalls.

“Trish?”

“In here.” Came a call from the last stall, “Sorry I uh, have an issue.”

“Are you okay?”

There was the sound of rustling paper, then the clinking of coins and plastic as a number of small objects fell to the floor and rolled under the door to rest at Alex’s feet.

“I can’t find my bloody tampons, get one one from the dispenser will you?”

“Oh.”

Alex blushed; he knew by his age, no woman should be embarrassed talking about periods of all things. But technically, he was yet to have one himself, though he was sure Alexandra would have been having them for years. He grabbed a few of the coins from the ground and walked over to the machine, willing his blush to go away. Other women wouldn't find this a big deal, he had to get over himself and...hang on, he'd been a woman for over a month now...shouldn't he have had a period as well?

The coin clinked into the slot as the realisation hit and Alex swallowed, grabbing the tampon as it rolled into the little window and passing it under the door. He hadn't learned much about periods back when he was a kid, they always split the genders up for those sorts of talks at his school; but he knew the basics. It was supposed to happen every month right? Unless a woman was pregnant. Alex's heart began to thump inside his ribcage. No that's not...surely he couldn't be. A hand subconsciously rested against the stomach; there was no bump, obviously, but all of a sudden the skin there felt so much more sensitive.

“Uh, Trish...”

“Yeah.”

“How often do you get your period?”

He silently prayed that wasn't a weird question to ask and breathed a sigh of relief when Trish answered nonchalantly.

“Usually around the 16th each month, though it obviously decided to come early this month.”

“Is it normal for them to...take longer than a month?”

This time there was a pause.

“Yeeeeees.” She said slowly, opening the stall door and walking out, “But it's sort of an individual thing. Are you okay?”

“I just realised I haven't had a period.” He said without thinking.

“Since...?”

“Uh, before Kwanzaa?”

Trish’s eyes widened.

“Oh shit. Has there been anybody besides Davy?”

“No!”

God he *hoped* not.

“Come on, there is a pharmacy not far from here.” Trish took his hand firmly, “Let’s pick something up.”

Alex’s phone pinged with another message from Davy as they hurried along.

‘Getting a cab is a nightmare, might be a bit late, sorry.’

Alex didn’t believe in God but he thanked the man in that moment.

‘That’s fine, still getting ready.’

A pregnancy scare, of course it was a fucking pregnancy scare that’s what happens in all the Valentine’s Day movies, Alex bit his lip hard enough that he tasted blood on his tongue. He dismissed the cut, knowing it would magically be healed by the time Davy and he actually met and even if it wasn’t, that was the least of his problems now. Trish didn’t hesitate to walk into the pharmacy and head straight to the women’s health section, looking over the selection of tests with the same casual attitude you would look at the make up a few aisles over.

Alex’s heart was beating so fast he felt lightheaded. Why were there so many options? Didn’t all pregnancy tests basically work the same way?

“How late are you?” Trish asked seriously and Alex froze.

He had no idea. Was that important?

“I don’t know.” He replied lamely, “Mine’s...irregular?”

That was something he'd heard women mention in the past, that was a thing right? Trish hissed in frustration and picked up a random blue and pink box and handed it to him.

"This one has early detection just in case, let's go."

Alex gripped the box so tightly it bowed at the edges, the entire payment process and trip back to the bathrooms all blurring together until he found himself sitting on the closed toilet seat with the half crumbled box in hand.

"I'll be right out here if you need me." Trish called, Alex could only make a small nervous squeak in acknowledgement.

Why did these damn tests need three whole minutes to be sure if you were pregnant? You were or you weren't just...come on. Alex's leg bounced nervously watching a little pink line appear; all it had to do was stay that way until the three minute mark and the result would be negative.

"Come on....come on..." He whispered, watching the little window like a hawk.

He wasn't sure how long it had been when he noticed a second line appear, crossing over the first. It was faint but with each beat of his heart it became stronger and more vibrant until his phone buzzed to tell him the three minutes were up. A little pink plus sign clear as day in the tiny viewing window. His free hand covered his mouth; Trish might have been saying something, he wasn't sure; the rushing of blood in his ears was too loud for him to tell. This could not be happening. In an almost trance-like state he stood and opened the door, Trish didn't even need to see the results before she swore under her breath; his face was proof enough.

"Your pill failed?"

He blinked at her, it took a moment for him to connect the dots before he sighed.

"I forgot."

Did he even have any pills? He wasn't up to date on that sort of thing but it was supposed to be taken every day right?

“You forgot?” Trish blanched, “You’re the most organised person I know, Alex! How the hell did you forget? You had a calendar app for it with reminders and everything!”

Oh, that’s what that weird red and black calendar app had been. He’d deleted it without thinking on the flight back to New York thinking it was silly to have a second calendar when the phone came with one as default.

“I just did okay.” He snapped, “I really don’t need a lecture right now I need you to help me sort. This. shit. Out!”

“How?” Trish threw her arms up before sighing, “Sorry, no you’re right this is...big. You’re stressed enough.”

“What am I going to do?” Alex wailed, “Tonight was supposed to be perfect, I can’t spring this on him, but I can’t just act like nothings changed!”

Trish bit her lip and took a deep breath.

“Okay, I am just saying this because it’s my job as your friend to give you every option okay? You could always get rid of it and just...forget this ever happened. Without telling him I mean.”

The idea was tempting and Alex hated himself for it. Without needing to think he knew Davy would want to know and be involved in this decision. They’d only been together a little over a month, this was moving way too fast; they didn’t even live in the same city. How could they possibly raise a child? The fact that he was even considering raising the child was a shock to his system.

“I think I’m going to throw up.” Alex groaned, his stomach was churning with so much emotion he couldn’t handle it.

“Hey, easy, come on.” Trish wrapped her arms around him and led him back outside to sit on a bench where he leaned over and pressed his forehead to his knees.

His breath was coming in short gasps as Trish rubbed his back in soothing circles. He wasn’t sure how long it took but eventually his breathing was under control and he was feeling slightly less nauseated. Trish gripped his shoulder strongly and forced Alex to face her.

“Okay babe, here is what you’re going to do.” She said firmly, “You’re going to go home, get changed and knock Davy’s socks off. You’re going to have a wonderful date and then, after you’ve both had a glass of wine or two to help you relax, you tell him.”

“I can’t drink I’m...” he couldn’t even say it, Trish gave him an apologetic look.

“Okay well, once he’s had a few glasses of wine.” She corrected, “And if things go south, you call me and I’ll be up at your apartment with ice cream and a shitty comedy movie on a USB, okay?”

Alex’s eyes burned and he swiped away the tears.

“Okay.”

~

Somehow, they managed to get back to his apartment before Davy. There was an hour until their reservation, just enough time to get ready. Davy sent another text complaining about traffic and asked if they could meet closer to the restaurant. He still had no idea where they were going but Alex told him a street a few blocks away and said they’d meet outside the boutique on the corner.

‘Can’t wait. I am so excited to see you.’

Alex read that last message over and over again as he walked through his apartment, new dress on its hanger over his shoulder. Socks meowed in greeting and he fought the urge to kick him. He hung the dress from the bathroom door and stripped off; maybe he was wasting precious minutes but he needed a shower; he needed something to wash the stress off his skin and hopefully help him relax a little. This was supposed to be the perfect date to reunite them after weeks apart; now Alex felt as though he were carrying a ticking time bomb. As the water flowed down his body Alex rested both palms against the small of his stomach.

A baby.

A fucking baby. What the hell had he done?

He'd never even considered having kids; it just hadn't been something he'd had reason to think about. He'd been so career focused for so long he just assumed that eventually he'd find a nice girl to hang off his arm and they'd have a child some time in his late thirties maybe. One day fantasies, nothing more. Well, one day was here early and he had no idea how to feel about it. So he did what he always did; he ignored it. Alex threw himself into getting ready, he made sure his make up was perfect, he put on his new dress and matched it to the best jewellery he had. He even managed to find some metallic eyeshadows to give his face a little shimmer to match the dress. As he stood in front of the mirror he looked like a dream; a glittering goddess come to life with a dark halo of afro hair framing his face. And yet, his eyes kept dipping to his stomach. There was no bump but if he didn't do something soon, there would be. What would he look like heavily pregnant? How would it feel? How would he feel in nine months time when that bump was gone again and a doctor handed him a tiny human? *If* that was the path he chose.

The taxi seemed to take a lifetime; and Alex couldn't help but be disappointed that the figure driving was a red haired man, rather than his mysterious wish granter from Kwanzaa. He'd almost dared to hope that this was another of his tests but ever since that last day, Alex hadn't seen him again. He'd made his choice, he chose to stay, he chose Davy; there was no going back now. He wasn't even sure if that's what he wanted.

Alex wasn't sure of a lot of things right now.

He arrived at the boutique and paid, getting out of the car and instantly spotting Davy, standing with his little mini suitcase for short trips at his side. He was standing a few doors down, dressed in a dark blue suit jacket and pants, a white dress shirt that was buttoned a little too tightly around his neck. He was clearly nervous, pulling at the tight collar and glancing about eagerly. For a moment, the pregnancy was forgotten and Alex felt his heart melt; even after today's shock, Davy was worth it. He found himself running; heels clicking on the concrete path as he ran for his love, Davy turned and Alex grinned watching his jaw drop and eyes widen. An instant later his arms were open and they were hugging. That warm, homey scent that was distinctly Davy wafted over him and Alex felt his eyes flutter closed.

He was home; and for that single moment, everything was right.

"You look...fuck I don't even have the words." Davy breathed as they pulled back, "Incredible, amazing, sexy just...wow!"

He was flustered, face slightly red as his eyes roamed over Alex's form and he found himself blushing to match. There was such genuine affection and adoration in Davy's voice, hearing those words and knowing they were for him made his heart race.

"You polish up pretty well yourself." He smiled, reaching up and unbuttoning the top two buttons of Davy's dress shirt, "But I like you more relaxed."

Davy blushed.

"I wasn't sure how fancy I should dress, I didn't want to embarrass you."

"You could never." Alex smiled, "And since you're here, we can start walking."

He looped his arm through Davy's and leaned into his side, sighing in contentment as they began to walk. He would tell him soon; but Alex wanted just a little bit more of this blissful happiness before he dumped cold water on their evening.

"Thank you for the flowers." Alex gave his arm a squeeze. "I was the envy of all the women in the office."

"You're welcome. I wanted to do all the sappy things for our first Valentine's day" He replied grinning boyishly, "So, where are we going? I don't really want to be carrying my little travel suitcase all over New York."

"Oh," Alex put a bored look on his face, "Just a little place called Saki's"

"No." Davy stopped in his tracks, mouth agape, "No way, you didn't?"

Alex grinned and watched Davy actually squeal a little in excitement.

"How?" He asked, "It's impossible to get reservations there! And on Valentines too!"

"You underestimate my abilities." Alex puffed out his chest in pride and Davy laughed.

Then, their lips were together. The sound of yelling and racing cars faded into the background, the city lights faded to darkness behind closed lids and Alex's fluttered shut.

There was just him and Davy and the taste of his warm lips against his own. A thrill passed through him; his nipples stiffening against the soft material of his new dress as his legs went weak. A perfect kiss to start their night; Alex expected nothing less from this world and he was thankful for it.

“You’re the most amazing woman.” Davy sighed against his lips as they broke apart.

Alex winced slightly internally; yes, a woman. And a woman could get pregnant. Like he had. Like a dumbass.

“But seriously, how long did you spend on their website refreshing the reservation page?” Davy chuckled as they continued their walk.

“...A long time.”

“Well, you have my eternal gratitude, I only hope my gift can live up to this.”

Alex felt dismayed.

“We said no presents!” He cried, “You let me show up empty handed after that whole thing at Christmas, Davy why?”

To his surprise Davy just smiled and shook his head.

“I know, but you were taking care of the restaurant and you’ve sort of blown it out of the water, just like I knew you would. Granted, I didn’t know just how incredible it was going to be, but I knew you’d do something present worthy.”

He lifted a small box out of his jacket pocket.

“You can open it when we get there.”

~

Saki’s was even more amazing than the pictures on their website. The whole place was decked out with bamboo screens and fish tanks full of koi. The furniture was black lacquer with red cushions and the smell of salt and seafood perfumed the air. Davy was practically

vibrating with excitement as they were led to a table by the second floor window. The table was beautifully laid with gold inlay chopsticks and a pot of green tea already steaming and on the house. Even the menu was fancy; calligraphy paper on what felt like a velvet backing.

“You know a place is fancy when even the menu is wearing a smoking jacket.” Davy joked in a quiet voice, running his hands across the velvet.

Alex had to hold back a giggle.

“Didn’t you go to places like this all the time with your father growing up? He worked in some fancy pants French place most of his life, right?”

Davy nodded.

“But it never gets old, every chef’s food tastes a little different, that’s why restaurants can change so much when they swap staff, plus I don’t know anything about Japanese cooking, I’m all European, baby.”

“Oh, so continental.” Alex raised an eyebrow teasingly as he poured them out tea.

The bitter smell of green tea hit his nose like a tonne of bricks and before he knew it his stomach was churning again. Morning sickness, it had to be, but it was eight o’clock at night! Why would they call it morning sickness if it hit you at every damn hour of the day?

“Are you okay? All the colour just went out of your face.” Davy reached across the table and took his hand.

“Yeah, I just really don’t like green tea.” He blushed.

Not yet, just a little more time.

They looked over the menu and Alex was suddenly hit with the realisation that there were loads of things pregnant women were not supposed to eat. Was sushi one of them? Or was it just the raw fish parts that were bad? Could he still eat the rolls with cooked chicken in them? Sure he could, what could possibly be in sushi rice that was bad for babies? Then again, it did taste sour compared to normal rice, did that mean it was left out or something like cheese was? To age?

“Alex?”

“H,?”

“I asked how you were?” Davy’s brow was furrowed.

“Oh sorry, I just, wow this menu sure is something huh.” He laughed awkwardly, “um, so you specialised in Western cooking right? So you don’t know anything about sushi? I don’t suppose you know why the rice tastes so unique?”

“Not really?” Davy said sadly, “There is seasoning you buy but I don’t really know what’s in it.”

He was talking more about food now. Good. Alex zoned out, nodding occasionally while scanning the menu. Perhaps he should steer clear of sushi all together, just to be safe. Noodles, that had to be fine right? Unless they had those thousand year eggs as topping, wait was that Chinese or Japanese?

He was spiralling; yet like most people in a panic was unable to stop even though he was aware it was becoming obvious to Davy something was wrong. His mind kept racing; he didn't want to eat anything that could harm the baby but if he wasn't going to go through with the pregnancy surely it wouldn't matter. So had he already decided on some level just because he was thinking about this? But he wasn't ready to be a father, crap, not father a mother. Him, a fucking mother!

A waiter came and poured out two glasses of wine; when had they ordered those? It didn't matter what he needed to calm down. Just calm down and enjoy the date then everything would be alright. If his heart would just stop pounding maybe he could focus. Without thinking he lifted the glass to his lips only to freeze the moment the strong taste of red wine touched his tongue. Without thinking and full of panic he spat it back into the glass with such urgency both Davy and a few tables in their vicinity jumped.

Davy gaped; one of the waiters sneered and Alex felt his cheeks burn in humiliation as placed the glass back on the table and grabbed the cup of green tea instead. The smell was even stronger now and made his stomach twist. Davy was looking almost scared now.

“Alex, please, tell me what’s wrong.”

"It's nothing," he insisted, hastily asking google if pregnant women could eat ramen before slamming his phone screen down on the table a little too hard.

Davy took a deep breath and closed his menu.

"Are you...breaking up with me?"

"What?"

The racing stopped, his focus fully on Davy for the first time since they sat down.

"Is that what's happening?" He asked, sounding crestfallen, "You're trying to give me one final amazing date to try and lessen the blow?"

"What, no! Davy, I swear to you that's the last thing I want."

"Then why do you look so stressed out?" He asked, "Alex, you're *shaking*."

Was he? Alex looked down to see his other hand gripping the little teacup so hard his knuckles were white, a slight tremble visible.

"Please, just talk to me. I don't want another repeat of what happened at Kwanzaa."

"...I-uh oh."

His stomach churned and he let go of the cup to cover his mouth.

"I'm going to be sick."

He really was; before Davy could say anything he was rushing across the restaurant floor to the bathroom. Luckily he made it to the toilet just in time; he'd been so busy the last few hours there wasn't much to bring up thankfully. Carefully he washed his mouth out afterwards and looked at himself in the mirror. His makeup wasn't smudged at all, of course. He looked a little flushed but other than that he was stunning as ever; at least he could take solace in that. Now he just had to deal with the disaster he'd left behind; Alex's grip on the bench increased. Poor Davy; they'd not had the smoothest start to their relationship all because of him, now he comes to visit after weeks apart and he's ruined their first proper

date. At best, he probably thought Alex was a massive drama queen, at worst he was waiting to end things himself. Alex couldn't even blame him.

A lump formed in his throat and his eyes began to sting; why did he have to ruin everything? Davy was the best thing in his life; hell he'd essentially given up his life to be with him in a way and he still couldn't get it right. He took a deep breath, maybe he should make that resolution he'd lied to Trish about, trying to be more authentic. First step was facing the music and explaining to Davy exactly what was going on. He stepped outside, fully expecting to have at least a minute to decide on the exact words to use while returning to the table but Davy was there, right outside the door looking pale. He spoke before Alex even had the chance to blink.

“Are you pregnant?”

Alex's eyes slid down to Davy's side, he'd left his phone on the table. Unlocked. It was there, in Davy's hand now, screen still showing his search about what pregnant women could eat. Just like Trish, his face was enough of an answer and Davy ran his fingers through his hair and breathed out heavily.

“I...I only just found out, right before we met up. I swear.” Alex croaked, the whole story with Socks and the new dress spilling out of him before he could stop it.

People were staring now, he was sure they were being overheard but he didn't care what they thought, what mattered was Davy. He was so pale Alex was worried he might faint but to his surprise, when he spoke Davy's voice was calm and authoritative.

“You can have ramen.” He coughed, “So long as the egg is cooked through. Let's go order.”

“What?”

“This reservation took a lot of work to get.” Davy nodded, “And leaving early won't win us any prizes, I say we order and enjoy our meal.”

“Okay.”

The meal was...odd. Not bad, the food was exquisite and they even managed to talk and catch up a bit. Neither of them brought up the baby, something Alex was grateful for. Davy

looked at the dishes with childlike wonder and he treasured every second of it. Seeing Davy so happy was wonderful, it was the best distraction he could have hoped for. It made it all the more bittersweet when the cheque came and they stood to leave, his wallet significantly lighter. The cost was worth it though, he may have ruined the start of their date but at least they got to have some semblance of the Valentines Day he had envisioned.

They entered out onto the New York streets and a bitter wind was blowing. Alex curled his arms around himself, longing to cuddle up to Davy's warm form and walk but figured he knew better.

"Shall we...go back to mine?" He said quietly, "To talk?"

"Yeah, that's a good idea."

The taxi ride was silent and awkward. All the good will had been used up at dinner so it seemed and Alex caught the driver glancing at them in the reverse mirrors every few seconds, clearly uncomfortable. Davy paid and tipped generously. And just like that Alex was unlocking his apartment and welcoming him inside. Socks greeted them with a sharp meow and Davy actually smiled.

"So this is the little culprit." He said almost fondly, scratching the cat behind the ears, "If nothing else little fella, I have you to thank for this incredible outfit."

Alex gave a huff of awkward laughter out of obligation more than anything and went to go sit down. He had no idea which way this was going to go; he longed for another distraction, another obstacle they had to cross before they talked about the elephant in the room. Davy sat on the couch slowly; Alex could practically hear the gears turning inside his mind.

"So...Kwanzaa."

"Yeah."

"I didn't even think to ask about protection."

"I forgot my pill." Alex lied, "Then I forgot about forgetting...until yesterday."

Davy hummed.

“Well, do you want kids?”

“Do you?”

Davy’s eyes lit up ever so slightly, a tiny flicker of a smile at his lips; Alex knew the answer before he’d even said it.

“Yeah, but I have to admit I wasn’t planning on having one now or...”

“With me?” Alex flinched.

“No! I mean, yes but not like that. I love you Alex but we’ve only been together a short time.”

“I know.” Alex sighed, flopping back into the couch, “I can’t believe I have screwed up this badly.”

“Hey, it takes two to tango.”

That actually did make him laugh, it was one of those stupid things said at just the right moment to break the tension. Soon they were both laughing so hard they had to lean on one another for support, even Davy was swiping tears from his eyes.

“Oh man....we fucked up huh?” Alex said finally as they got ahold of themselves.

“Yeah, fuck being the optimum word.”

Another snort of laughter before the air turned serious. Alex’s hand once again went to his stomach.

“I think I want to keep it.” He whispered.

Davy hummed, Alex could feel the deep rumble in his chest as he thought.

“Me too.”

“Really?”

Davy nodded, taking Alex's face in his hands.

“You are the smartest, most dedicated person I have ever known. Every single problem you face, you put your entire being into solving. If you decide you want to be a mother I know you will be incredible at it; and I want to be there to help and watch.”

Alex's eyes began to burn as his vision blurred. It was nice of course, to have people's eyes slide to him on the street, to watch the desire and envy there but right now, knowing that Davy saw him, really saw who he was despite all the glitz and glamour outside, meant more to him than anything. For a moment, he could see the future in his mind's eye; him and Davy together with a little child tugging at their hair and laughing. It was beautiful.

“We don't have to decide right now,” Davy added softly, kissing his forehead. “But if you want to do this I am with you, one hundred percent.”

“Thank you...”

“Besides, have you seen how cute biracial babies are? Our kid will have both sets of grandparents eating out of the palm of its chubby little hands.”

Alex giggled and leaned forward to kiss him once more. All the stress of the situation melted away in the warmth and taste of his mouth. No doubt it would return tomorrow but at least for tonight, he was finally at peace. Davy's hands came to rest on his hips, squeezing them gently as they kissed lazily. Tongues eventually pushing through lips until they were making out, it wasn't hurried like at Kwanzaa though. This was sensual and slow, Alex took his time memorising just how Davy tasted, how his hair felt as Alex gripped the back of his neck. It had been so very long; he wanted to treasure this time together, pretty soon being alone was going to be an impossibility after all. If they went through with it.

Eventually their petting started to get more heated, Alex moaned as Davy nibbled on his bottom lip and he pulled himself closer.

“Are you sure you want to keep going?” Davy breathed between kisses.

“What? It's not like I can get more pregnant.”

Davy snorted with laughter and pressed their foreheads together.

“Guess not.”

“Hey, Davy?”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

A hand cupped Alex’s cheek as Davy smiled.

“I love you too.”

Davy’s hand brushed against Alex’s lower stomach for a moment and they both looked to one another; Alex could see the apprehension likely mirroring his own in Davy’s eyes. But he also saw sureness, determination to do this right and in that moment Alex was sure that no matter what happened, Davy was going to be there to support him every step of the way and he loved him all the more. He climbed fully into his lap, pulling the man close and kissed him again. A moment later Davy was moving to his neck, kissing along his bare throat while his hands reached up to unclasp the halter neck of his desk. The top half of the outfit fluttered down his body, revealing his dark breasts, bare and ready; his nipples already semi hard as he pressed their chests together.

“Let’s not wait a month between visits every again.” Davy growled, reaching between them to cup Alex’s breasts firm enough to elicit a moan, “I don’t want to go without these for so long ever again.”

He squeezed, brushing his thumbs over the nipples and tweaking them under Alex began to make small gasps and moans with each touch. He could feel himself getting wetter, Davy was right, it really had been too long and now that his body was finally being touched again it was racing from zero to a hundred fast. His hole began to ache and sparks flew across his skin as he hugged Davy as close as possible while still allowing him space to play with his tits. Hurriedly and with shaking hands he began to undo the buttons on Davy’s dress shirt, pushing it off with the help of a shrug. Alex let his hands smooth over the broad shoulders and taugth the muscles of his boyfriends arms, loving how solid and secure they felt compared to his soft, curvy body.

Eventually he crushed them together, pressing his bare breasts to Davy's warm skin and shivering as the feeling sent bolts of anticipation and ecstasy through his body. A hand appeared on the bare skin of his hip, Davy had snakes his way under the shirt of his golden dress so that now it sat as a bunched up band of glittering fabric around his middle.

"You know, I haven't seen your bedroom yet." Davy hinted, Alex smiled and took his hand,

Wordlessly he stood, letting the dress fall to the ground with a simple shake of his hips and then lead Davy to his bedroom. His bed was bare, having ripped all the sheets off in an effort to clean them , Davy raised his eyes at the bare mattress but simply grinned.

"Guess we have to stay warm without blankets tonight."

Alex kissed his neck, deftly unbuttoning his boyfriend's pants and sliding them down to the floor before looking back up at him.

"I'm sure we can make do."

Alex felt a sense of pride swell within him watching the bulge in Davy's pants become more prominent as those words left his lips. A second later he was scooped up in those strong arms and they were both tumbling back onto the bed, kissing and laughing as they bounced slightly on the mattress. Davy pinned his hands to the mattress and started to kiss slowly down his body, nails raking down the curves of Alex's side until they reached his panties, the only thing he had left on him. In one swift move Davy pulled them down, doing the same to his own underwear before surging back up the bed to reclaim Alex's lips and swallow the moan he produced.

Alex could feel that warm member bumping against his inner thigh and shivered; he had dreamed of this. Long abandoning any shame in desiring Davy, he lifted his hips in a silent plea, pressing the tip to his throbbing pussy with a whine. Davy acquiesced, leaning back to position himself before slowly pushing his way inside. Like before, they took their time, treasuring the feeling of being joined against such a long time. Alex quivered Davy pushed deeper inside, parting his folds and causing them to burn and stretch in the most delicious of ways. Both of them shuddered when he was fully sheathed and Davy buried a hand in Alex's soft curls as his hips began to rock. They started small, his tip rubbing against the deepest part of Alex's pussy over and over again as he gasped and shivered. Soon though, neither of them could hold back and Davy was thrusting hard and with purpose. Alex

bucked his hips to meet him and found himself desperately clinging to the man, holding him close to get as much skin contact as possible.

The ache in his pussy began to grow, forcing all his muscles to tighten as Davy moved fast and harder. The pressure began to build and Alex felt himself suspended on the edge for a few long seconds before that hand in his hair gripped and pulled ever so slightly. He tumbled over the edge, cumming hard as he whispered Davy's name over and over. The sound was evidently enough to push Davy over the edge as well because a moment later Alex felt a familiar pulsing deep inside him followed by a wet sticky splash. He shivered and Davy collapsed atop him, hugging him close as they both breathed heavily.

Some indeterminate time later he pulled out, causing them both to quiver and sigh with contentment. Alex felt fully relaxed for the first time all day; filled with nothing but post coital bliss as he stretched out across the naked mattress while Davy cleaned them both up before returning to bed. The man held him close, burying his face in Alex's afro and breathing deeply.

"Are we going to sleep like this?" He mumbled, Alex hummed. "We're going to get cold."

"What happened to keeping on another warm?" He teased, Davy chuckled.

"I can only do that so many times in a single night."

"Well then, how about a little breather before round two and if you perform adequately I'll get you a blanket."

Davy actually barked with laughter, squeezing Alex tight as he giggled.

"Sounds like a deal."

~

The morning light streamed in, heating the mattress as Alex came to the next morning. They were both sticky and stank of sex. He could feel goosebumps on his skin as the chill in the spring air got to him; he never had fetched that blanket. Davy stirred a moment later, laying a kiss at the base of Alex's neck before they managed to untangle their limbs and turn to face one another.

“That wasn't how I had imagined our Valentine's Day going.” He admitted sleepily, Alex bit his lip.

“How are you feeling about...” he laid a hand on his stomach, it was obviously his imagination but Alex swore he felt more bloated there today.

“Sure as stone, love.” Davy replied, giving him a quick peck on the nose. “And as our official baby daddy, I must get up and cook you a proper breakfast!”

Alex laughed.

“Can I make a request?”

“Oh?”

“No, pants.”

Davy looked at him with mock seriousness.

“Are you asking me to be naked and cooking in the kitchen?”

“Well, if I do it, it's a stereotype.”

“God forbid.”

Alex stuck out his tongue. A loud meow alerted them both to Sock's presence, sitting on the washing basket looking very annoyed that his usual pillow had been co-opted by this new stranger at some point in the night.

“Perv.” Davy grinned, giving the cat a rough pat.

A second later he froze, smacking himself in the forehead.

“I never gave you your present!”

Alex giggled, in all the fuss he had totally forgotten about it. Davy rummaged through the clothing that had been crumpled on the floor and dug out the small wrapped box. Handing it

over with a slight blush. Alex tugged at the ribbons to reveal a long thin case; the sort of jewellery was kept in. A soft gasp escaped him as he lifted the lid; a silver chain with a small heart shaped locket sat on a bed of velvet.

“Too cliché?” Davy asked, Alex just smiled.

“I love it. Thank you.”

Davy looked relieved.

“I know it’s dumb but I had this fantasy, back when we were teenagers, about giving you this sort of thing before prom or something. Then you’d have gone with me instead of that ass.”

Alex felt warmth bloom in his chest; he wished that was what could have happened. The happy moment was interrupted by his stomach growling and he gave a huff of laughter before turning serious. Thinking about his stomach naturally led to thinking about...other things.

“So...if we are doing this, where are we going to live?” Alex asked, slowly getting up. “We can’t live on opposite seaboards if we’re raising a child.”

“I could move here, or you could come to LA?”

Alex’s stomach twisted in a way that had nothing to do with morning sickness. A finger looped under his chin and lifted his face to Davy’s.

“I know how important your work is to you,” He said softly, “For me, work is just how I get paid. If you feel like you need to stay in New York, I’ll come here.”

“Just like that?” Alex said incredulously.

“Just like that.”

He was serious. He was going to pack up and move to the opposite side of the country...for *him*. Well, him and their child.

Their child.

It was such an insane thought. As the morning went on though Alex felt himself becoming more assured of it. Davy was already making him a list of foods to help their little one grow and what to avoid while Socks tried to wind around his legs. Moving would be no easy task, it would take months for him to organise and find a new job. They had to organise doctors visits and a nurse and make a birth plan, not to mention a nursery. And yet all of it didn't seem insurmountable. So long as they were together Alex was sure he could survive anything, even the intimidating changes of pregnancy.

It may not have gone to plan but in the end Alex had gotten what he wanted; the most memorable Valentines Day either of them had ever had.