Confinement

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Summary

The aliens' best guess about the source of their powers is that they can manipulate molecular structure. Max can heal and affect electricity, Isobel can affect brain chemistry and Michael has telekinesis. Except that maybe it's not that simple or clear cut. Michael and Alex find that out the hard way when Alex's body starts to change in unexpected and alarming ways.

Notes

Tags and warnings may be added to as I write.
Chapter 1

Alex clutched at Michael's curls while he panted. His body felt alight as pleasure coursed through him. Michael covered Alex with his body, his face inches from Alex's. Michael sank into him slowly and steadily, taking care not to hurt Alex. Michael had taken so long to prepare him that Alex had worried he'd come before the main event, but now he was grateful. It barely stung and the headiness of knowing Michael was inside of him was almost too much. They'd never done this before. Alex had never done this with anyone before. When they were 18 everything had always been too urgent, too secret to do anything but fumble together in a dark hallway or get each other off quickly in a car. Alex hadn't trusted anyone else to be this vulnerable with besides Michael.

“Are you ok?” Michael asked, amber eyes studying Alex for any sign of pain.

“Yeah,” Alex breathed.

Michael's lips twitched into a half smile and his eyes shone.

“You like me inside of you?” Michael teased.

“I do, it feels good,” Alex stated. He was done with games and holding back and covering up real feelings with jokes and bullshit. When Alex has asked Michael for this, Alex had known he was ready to give Michael everything. Being apart from Michael was too hard, and Alex was sick of denying himself happiness. Alex hated every part of his life except for Michael. Alex wasn't ready to stop avoiding hostile world outside, but he was done hiding from Michael.

“Fuck,” Michael whispered, “That's so hot.”

Alex tightened his legs around Michael's waist and pulled Michael in the rest of the way. Alex was getting used to the unequal feel between his two legs, not having a foot to balance felt a little odd still. But it barely registered because Michael was buried deep inside of him and panting into his neck.

“'s too good,” Michael mumbled.

Alex stroked Michael's hair and tried to keep his hips still. His cock was trapped between them and he wanted to grind up into Michael but he knew he needed to give Michael some time if he wanted
It wasn't long before Michael was pressing kisses to Alex's neck and starting to move his hips. He kept up the slow pace of before, circling his hips and not withdrawing much before he was pushing back in. Michael propped himself up and looked down at Alex.

“You feel incredible.” Michael said it like a confession.

Michael had always been more of a talker than Alex was.

“You have no idea how beautiful you are.”

And Alex didn't mind so long as Michael kept saying things like that and looking at him like he was everything, like he mattered.

Alex cupped Michael's face with his one hand, tracing his thumb over Michael's cheekbone. Alex had never known such peace, such safety, as he did with Michael. This man who was wild and impulsive, had a quick temper and a sharp tongue, and who softened and stilled when he was with Alex. He was gentle and caring and he loved in a way that Alex didn't know people could love, with such passion and intensity and loyalty.

“I love you,” Alex said, feeling like his heart would burst.

Michael touched his forehead to Alex's.

“I love you too.”

Michael slipped a hand between them and wrapped it around Alex's cock. Alex sucked in a breath. Michael knew just what he liked by now, knew how to drive Alex crazy and how to take care of him. Alex felt lost in pleasure, completely encompassed in Michael. He raked his fingers down Michael's back and moved his hips in time with Michael's.

It wasn't long before Alex was gasping and coming between them, Michael squeezing his hand around Alex's cock and pumping into him. Alex's vision went white and his body trembled. Alex
whimpered. He swore he saw stars, galaxies, the rush of the universe.

“I got you, baby,” Michael whispered into Alex's ear, “I've got you.”

Alex sighed as his body went lax, his legs falling open. Michael thrust into Alex a few more times and came with a groan. He bit gently into Alex's shoulder as his thrusts stuttered. Alex stroked Michael's back, soothing him through it.

“Fuck,” Michael murmured, releasing Alex from between his teeth.

“I know,” Alex said breathily, “That was-”

“Just beyond anything I've ever...” Michael half finished Alex's sentence.

“Yeah,” Alex agreed, pulling Michael in for a kiss.

Alex woke to a sharp fiery pain low in his belly. It burned and throbbed and twisted. He'd only felt searing pain like this once before, when his leg had been blown off. His eyes watered, a sheer physical reaction to overwhelming agony. It was still dark outside.

“Michael,” Alex gasped, trying not to panic. There was something very wrong with him.

Michael was plastered to Alex's back, his arm over Alex, hand on Alex's chest, holding him close. Alex felt hot, feverish, and it took all of his willpower to keep himself present and not think about the burning desert sun and the dust cloud he'd breathed in. He was in Michael's trailer and he needed help now.

“Michael,” Alex said again in a stronger voice. Alex pushed back against Michael to jostle him awake. The movement sent fresh agony through Alex's stomach and he clutched at it, whimpering.

“Alex?” Michael said sleepily, “What's wrong?”
“Dunno,” Alex said through clenched teeth, “My stomach.”

Michael switched on the lamp besides his bed and Alex clenched his eyes shut at the sudden light. Michael brushed Alex’s hair off his clammy forehead.

“You're burning up,” Michael said, “I'm taking you to the ER.”

Alex just nodded.

Michael climbed over Alex to get out of the bed, trying not to jostle Alex too much. Alex did his best to breathe through the pain, trying to gather his strength to get up.

Michael dressed quickly, throwing on whatever he could find and then he was back at Alex's side.

“I'm gonna help you, ok?” Michael asked.

“Well,” Alex agreed, bracing himself to get up.

Together they got Alex sitting upright but Alex had to bite his lip to keep from crying out at the extra pressure it was putting on his stomach. Michael helped him get the sock onto his leg and then the prosthetic. Alex's hands were shaking too much to do it himself. With his prosthetic on, Alex was able to stand and it was a relief to ease the pressure on his abdomen, but his legs still trembled from the pain.

Michael searched the floor for Alex’s clothes where they'd been discarded earlier. Alex was grateful for the help, he was sure if he had to bend over he'd never get back up again. As he stood there Alex became aware of an uncomfortable feeling. His cheeks blazed as he realised what it was and that Michael would have to help him with that too. Alex was afraid that even taking a step unaided would have him sprawled on the floor.

“Michael,” Alex rasped.
Michael looked up at him immediately, one hand clutching Alex's boxers and the other a shirt.

“Yeah?” Michael asked urgently.

“I think- um,” Alex gulped, “I think your cum is leaking out of my ass and I can't go to hospital like this.”

Alex grimaced as it began to leak down the inside of his thigh.

“Ok, ok, I'll just-” Michael threw Alex's clothes onto the bed and rushed to find a cloth. He wet the cloth in the sink and wrung it out.

“Here, lean against me,” Michael said, wrapping one arm around Alex's back to steady him.

Alex hid his face in Michael's shoulder, feeling humiliated while Michael wiped him up. A few hours ago, Alex thought Michael being inside of him was the most intimate they could be. This was something he could never prepare for. He clung to Michael while Michael carefully ran the cloth between his cheeks and hoped Michael couldn't feel him shaking. Michael was being so gentle with him and Alex felt so unworthy.

“I'm sorry,” Alex said, “I should have taken care of this before we went to sleep, I didn't know- I didn't think-”

“It's ok,” Michael said softly, “We've both never done this before, and I'm not grossed out. I'm just worried. There, I think I got it all.”

Alex sighed as Michael pulled away from him. With Michael so close, somehow the pain hadn't been too bad, but as he moved away it all came rushing back. Alex rubbed at his stomach and noticed Michael staring at the cloth.

“What?” Alex asked, still feeling self-conscious.

“Nothing I was just-” Michael took a deep breath, “I'm worried this is my fault, that I hurt you. I was checking for blood.”
“Michael, this can't be your fault, you were so gentle and this pain is...” Alex closed his eyes as another wave of agony rushed through him, “it's really bad.”

“Sorry, I'm wasting time, let me help you get dressed and we'll go to the hospital,” Michael said, chucking the cloth into the sink.

Michael helped Alex with his boxers and then jeans, then Michael handed Alex one of his own shirts and Alex slipped it on. Alex felt more in control of the pain when Michael was close.

The ride to the hospital felt like an eternity while Alex wondered what the hell was wrong with him and tried to breath deeply and ignore the pain. Michael kept shooting him worried looks and Alex wished he could comfort him and tell him everything was going to be alright.

When they finally pulled up to the hospital Michael all but carried Alex inside and then everything passed in a blur. Michael was made to wait outside and Alex was poked and prodded and blood was drawn. When the doctor palpitated his stomach Alex thought he was going pass out. They hung an IV bag and gave him an injection for the pain. It didn't help much besides making Alex feel groggy.

The doctor did an ultrasound and said he couldn't find anything and that he was waiting on Alex's blood test results. Then Alex was left alone while other patients were seen to. He was cold, in pain and scared.

“Excuse me,” Alex said as a nurse passed by, “Can my- uh- friend come in?”

“We generally only allow close relatives in,” the nurse explained. She sounded sympathetic.

“Please, he's my boyfriend,” Alex said, hoping he'd read her right.

She paused briefly, then nodded and walked off towards the waiting room.

It was seconds before Michael burst in and rushed to Alex's bed.
“How are you feeling? Do they know what's wrong?” Michael asked, grabbing Alex's hand.

“Still sore,” Alex said, “They don't know anything yet.”

Michael placed his hand on Alex's stomach lightly.

“Feels better when you do that,” Alex said with a sigh. The rising panic was starting to abate.

“Yeah?” Michael asked, gently stroking Alex's stomach.

Alex closed his eyes and relaxed back onto the bed. It was as if Michael was leeching the pain out of him. Alex's squeezed Michael's hand.

“Thank you,” Alex murmured.

They stayed like that for a while and before long Alex realised he barely had any pain.

Alex opened his eyes when he heard someone approach.

“Well, you're looking better,” the doctor from before said.

“Yeah, I am, I'm not really in any pain right now,” Alex responded.

Alex saw the doctor glance at Michael, at where Michael was touching his stomach and at their held hands. Alex fought the urge to pull away. He'd made a commitment to Michael and as much as he feared how his father would react, he didn't want Michael to think Alex was ashamed of him. Alex didn't want to hide, he just didn't want to face the psychological assault that was sure to follow if his father found out. But this doctor was not his father and Roswell was a big enough town that everyone didn't know absolutely everyone by name.

“Your tests came back, nothing out of the ordinary. Since the pain is gone now and the imaging didn't show anything, I can only surmise that you had some trapped gas,” the doctor said.
“Are- are you sure?” Alex asked, shaking his head in disbelief. The pain he'd experienced had been as bad as losing his leg, he couldn't believe there wasn't anything wrong with him.

“Yes, I am,” the doctor said in a clipped tone.

“Listen, doc,” Michael said, “Is there another test you can run? Because Alex was in a lot of pain and-”

“I think you'll find,” the doctor butted in, “that there are certain activities that might increase the likelihood of air becoming trapped in the bowel.”

The doctor looked pointedly at their clasped hands again. Alex felt his cheeks flame but he squeezed Michael's hand harder. Michael looked ready to murder the doctor and the last thing Alex needed was a scene.

“Can I go then?” Alex said coldly.

“A nurse will be here soon with discharge papers, you can speak to the front desk about billing.” And with that the doctor left.

“That fucking dick,” Michael said, anger radiating off of him.

“Let's just get out of here,” Alex mumbled, still humiliated.

Michael grunted angrily but nodded his head.

They didn't speak much while Alex took care of the paperwork and gave his insurance details at the front desk. Alex tried not to worry what the wasted trip to the ER would cost him. Michael hovered awkwardly behind him, looking like he was fighting the instinct to run. Alex was sure Michael didn't have insurance at all. Alex didn't know what he'd do if Michael was in trouble and needed medical assistance. The thought sent a shiver down Alex's spine.
“I feel so stupid,” Alex said once they were driving back to Michael's place.

“You're not stupid. That doctor was stupid.” Michael's fists clenched around the steering wheel. “I fucking hate hospitals.”

Alex said nothing. Michael's anger was too big for Alex, like a physical presence that threatened him. Alex knew he should be glad that Michael was on his side, but he was too tired and beaten down to feel anything but anxious. Alex hated hospitals too, he'd spent two weeks alone in one after his amputation and months of out-patient physical therapy. The only people he spoke to during that time were medical professionals and other patients. Alex would have almost been glad to see his father he'd been so lonely. Almost.

They arrived back at Michael's trailer just past dawn. Alex felt more like he'd had a weird nightmare than had actually been to the hospital and experienced that pain. Back in the safety of Michael's home it didn't feel real.

Alex and Michael curled up in bed together, Michael lying behind Alex with his hand resting protectively on Alex's stomach. After the night they'd had, being connected in a way that transcended sex, Alex just wanted to forget what happened after.
Chapter 2

Michael held Alex close to him, afraid that if he let go, if he stopped watching, that something awful might happen. It was more than just the ordeal of waking up to Alex wracked with pain, it was something primal, a drive to look after Alex that was stronger than he'd ever felt. The way they had connected the night before, Michael supposed it was only natural. No sex had even come close for Michael and he'd avoided strong emotional attachments since Alex left for war. Michael had spent the last ten years trying to find a way back home, to whatever planet he was from. He'd never felt like he belonged. But with Alex he did. If there ever was a home for Michael on Earth, it was Alex.

Michael stroked Alex's stomach and Alex nuzzled his pillow, still asleep. Michael had considered calling Max when he'd woken up to Alex's pained whimpering. He would have, if Alex hadn't improved at the hospital. Max's powers were better for injuries than complex medical problems, but is wasn't the first time that Michael wished he had Max's powers instead of his own. Michael understood why Max had been willing to expose them all to save Liz, except that he and Alex were actually in a relationship. Michael would never tell Max that, though. Secretly, Michael was jealous of Max, that Liz knew. Michael wanted to tell Alex, but he didn't want to risk this thing between them, that had always been so fragile. Few people in Michael's life had ever accepted and loved him. It was only Max and Isobel, and even then Michael doubted that they'd feel the same way if they weren't all aliens. Growing up Michael had never known love or stability. He had a chance of that with Alex, if he allowed himself to hope. Michael wouldn't risk rejection if he didn't have to.

Michael lay beside Alex, trying to keep as close as possible until Alex woke up. He didn't sleep, had neither the will nor the urge to. He hand stayed on Alex's stomach. It felt warmer than the rest of his body. Michael kept watch while Alex slept deeply.

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It was late morning when Alex woke. He struggled to come to consciousness, the feeling of Michael's arms around him almost lulling him back to sleep. The pain from the night before a distant memory.

“You awake?” Michael asked quietly.

“Mmm,” Alex replied, turning over so he could face Michael.

Alex ran his hand through Michael's hair, sweeping the curls away from his face. Michael sighed and closed his eyes, leaning into Alex's touch.
“How are you feeling?” Michael asked, running his hand down Alex's side and over his hip.

“Good,” Alex answered, still carding his fingers through Michael's hair. He watched as Michael started to relax into the bed, the tense line of his mouth easing. “Did you get any sleep?”

Michael shrugged at the question. Alex's heart clenched at the thought of Michael being too worried about him to sleep. He kissed Michael on the forehead.

“You can sleep now, if you want?” Alex suggested quietly. It was a Sunday, neither of them had work or any other responsibilities.

“Maybe,” Michael said. He shuffled closer to Alex, pressing up against him. Michael's hand drifted to the small of Alex's back, fingertips mapping out the dimples there. Such a simple touch but Alex felt heat flare inside of him. Alex licked his lips.

Alex stopped playing with Michael's hair to run his fingertips down Michael's neck and onto his collar bone. Alex saw goosebumps form on Michael's arm.

“Do you want to sleep?” Alex asked, mindful that Michael must be tired.


Their lips met in a slow, sensuous kiss. Alex cupped Michael's face, gently taking control. It wasn't often Michael was so pliant and Alex planned to take full advantage of that. He slowly pushed Michael onto his back and lay half on top of him, his left leg between Michael's. He could feel Michael was already getting hard and Alex broke the kiss to lick Michael's neck.

Alex moved down the spot where Michael's shoulder met his neck and scraped his teeth over the sensitive spot the he knew would drive Michael crazy. He smiled against Michael's skin when Michael sucked in a sharp breath and pressed his hips up into Alex. Michael brought his hands up to cup Alex's ass and pull him even closer. Alex got the hint and started grinding his hips against Michael, giving them both delicious friction.

Alex sucked kisses into the side of Michael's neck, moving up to his jaw and along, before worrying
Michael's earlobe between his teeth. Michael massaged Alex's ass, dipping his fingers between Alex cheeks. Alex lost his rhythm, still sensitive from the night before.

"Is that ok?" Michael asked, "Are you sore?"

Alex propped himself up on his hands so he could see Michael's face.

"I'm just a little tender," Alex answered, "Over-sensitized."

"I'm sorry," Michael frowned.

"Don't be, it was so good." Alex kissed Michael and slid a hand between them, wrapping it around Michael's cock. He pumped Michael slowly, drawing his foreskin up over the head of his cock and back, rubbing his thumb over the exposed head. It wasn't long before Michael broke the kiss, panting. His eyes screwed up tight and he came with a groan, hips jerking. Alex jacked him through it until Michael became too sensitive.

"Come here," Michael said, "Wanna take care of you."

Alex straddled Michael's hips and Michael began jerking him off. Alex's balance wasn't great with his right leg ending just below his knee and he had to put his hands on Michael's chest to steady himself. He thrust into Michael's hand, biting his lip. He was close and a few thrust later he came over Michael's chest. Alex collapsed forward, heedless of the mess between them that they'd both made. They could clean up later. He tucked his head under Michael's chin and Michael wrapped his arms around him.

Alex went home that evening, with work in the morning he couldn't stay over again. Alex was used to spending time on his own, even enjoyed the solitude of the cabin that Jim Valenti had left him. For the first time he felt lonely, a little lost. Sleep that night did not come easily for him.

Over the next few days the pain in his stomach returned. Mostly it was a dull ache, but sometimes sharp pain would course through him and have him almost doubling over. He felt tired all the time, despite getting a lot of extra sleep. He could barely make himself supper at night before he was curled up in bed, sleeping for twelve hours at time and still waking up exhausted. He'd be nauseous
all morning, unable to stomach breakfast and then ravenous by the afternoon. He hadn't been able to see Michael, too tired to make it to Michael's place. Michael was working odd hours and couldn't come to Alex's which was a little ways outside town. It was one of the more miserable weeks that Alex had experienced and he was ready for it to be over.

Alex woke up on Friday morning to more pain, a twisting awful sensation low in his abdomen. His hands went to his stomach automatically, cradling his belly. He immediately noticed something was different, even through the pain. Alex pulled himself out of bed and stood before the mirror. What once was a lean six-pack, was now a definite bump. It wasn't huge, Alex almost convinced himself that he'd maybe just put on a little weight or lost a little muscle. He ran his hands over his stomach. The bump felt hard and foreign.

Alex's heart sank. He'd been trying to ignore how he'd been feeling the past week, kept telling himself it was some kind of stomach bug. With the pain and nausea, it wasn't too far fetched. After the humiliating experience at the hospital, the last thing Alex wanted was to see a doctor and be told he was blowing things out of proportion. This was different. This was scary and he couldn't pretend it wasn't.

With shaking hands Alex grabbed his phone off the table. His first instinct was to call Michael. Alex had missed Michael all week and he almost wanted Michael to tell him not to worry, that everything would be fine. Part of him felt that if he was around Michael then maybe the pain would go away again. But that was fantasy and Alex needed fact.

Alex dialed Kyle's number.
Alex lay on the examination table while Kyle palpitated his stomach. Kyle projected a calm professionalism, which only served to make Alex more nervous. When Alex had called Kyle and described his symptoms Kyle had told him to come in immediately. Alex had half expected to be told he was overreacting, but now he was sure Kyle was about to deliver some very bad news.

Alex was still in pain and Kyle pressing into his stomach only made it worse. He tried to breath deeply both to ease the pain and his anxiety. Whatever was wrong with him, Alex would get through it. After surviving his father, a lot of things paled in comparison.

Alex's mind kept drifting to Michael, the urge to have him near had not abated.

“I'm going to give you an ultrasound,” Kyle said. His voice was steady, reassuring and well practiced. It reminded Alex of the surgeon who amputated his leg. The boy that Alex had once been friends with was gone, as was the teenager who had hurt him so badly. Kyle had changed a lot. They all had.

Alex closed his eyes as Kyle squirted the ultrasound gel on to his stomach. The wand felt weird as Kyle pressed it into the lump in Alex's stomach, he could feel it on the surface but there was a disconnect, like something foreign was inside of him.

“Huh, that's weird,” Kyle muttered to himself.

“What?” Alex asked, eyes snapping open.

“The image keeps going fuzzy, like there is some sort of electrical interference,” Kyle explained with a frown. He pressed a few buttons on the machine and passed the wand over Alex's abdomen again. He paused with the wand just off of the centre of the lump. Kyle stared at the screen which periodically fuzzed over in waves like an old television.

“That can't be right,” Kyle said, glancing at Alex and then back to the screen.

“What can't be?” Alex asked, trying to decipher what was on the screen.
Kyle put the wand down and turned to Alex.

“Look, no judgement,” Kyle said, “But have you been having sex with Max?”

“Max?” Alex shook his head, “Max Evans?!”

“Yeah, like I said, I'm not judging you,” Kyle held his hands up.

“No, I have not had sex with Max Evans,” Alex hissed, “Why are you asking me this? Are you saying I have some sort of sexually transmitted disease?”

“No, not exactly,” Kyle grimaced and rubbed his face.

“Then what?” Alex asked, leaning up on his elbows so he didn't feel so vulnerable.

“This is going to sound crazy but, you're pregnant,” Kyle said matter of factly, “About three months along.”

It took Alex a second to process what Kyle had said before anger took him over.

“Fuck you, Valenti,” Alex spat, “I thought you had grown up, that I could trust you, and you make this- this- joke!”

Alex got off the table and pulled his shirt down. It stuck to the gel on his stomach and he plucked at it in frustration. He grabbed his crutch and started towards the door.

“Alex, please, I know it sounds insane, but aliens are real, they are here in Roswell,” Kyle said, stepping between Alex and the door.

“It doesn't just sound insane, it IS insane. I'm a man! And aliens aren't real.” Alex tried to get around Kyle but Kyle blocked his path.
“Please,” Kyle said again, reaching out and putting his hand on Alex arm, “Someone did this to you, your dad said the aliens are a threat, maybe this is why!”

“My father?” Alex ripped away from Kyle's grasp. He felt sick, confused, chaotic. The mere mention of his father had his fight or flight response rising.

“Alex, aliens are real, I'm not messing with you,” Kyle said earnestly, “We can work out who did this, if you just give me a list of your sexual partners-”

“Partners?” Alex scoffed, “Because I'm gay you think I have this long list of guys who I've fucked. I've only ever been with one man!”

Kyle's eyes widened.

“I'm sorry,” Kyle said, “I didn't mean-”

“Whatever,” Alex shook his head. He just needed to get away, to go home and feel safe. He needed to not hear about his father, or be told impossible things. He needed to not be in pain. He needed Michael.

“I just want to help you,” Kyle said. He attempted to put a comforting hand on Alex' s shoulder but Alex jerked away.

“You can help me by letting me go and not telling anyone about this,” Alex said, his grip tightened around his crutch, his knuckles going white.

“Of course, but Alex, we need to deal with this. The pain you're in, somehow an extra organ has grown inside of you, there's no telling what kind of damage this is doing to you. I need to run more tests and we need to figure out the next steps,” Kyle said stepping aside.

Alex felt faint.

“We don't need to figure anything out, this is impossible,” Alex scrubbed a hand over his face, “And even if it was, I couldn't be three months pregnant because I wasn't having sex three months ago. If
that's even how you can get alien pregnant, in this fantasy of yours!"

Kyle looked at Alex sadly, like he was the delusional one.

“I know it's hard to process, but I'm telling you the truth.”

Alex shook his head and left. He was ready for Kyle to grab him again and was relieved when he was able to walk out without incident.

He messaged Michael from the car, “Can you meet me at my place asap? It's important.”

Alex was still in a lot of pain and the drive back to his house was even more difficult than the drive to the hospital. His mind whirled with what had just happened. Kyle had seemed so sincere and yet he couldn't possibly be right. The idea that aliens were real, that he was somehow pregnant and that his father knew about aliens was too bizarre to be real. It couldn't be real. And yet Alex couldn't be completely sure. He had a growth in his stomach that apparently read as a fetus on an ultrasound and had only appeared in the past week. And then there was the strange glass he'd found in the creepy basement of his house... and Kyle was so sure.

Alex wasn't any closer to an answer or calmer by the time he got home. Michael had messaged him back and said he would be there soon. Alex lay on his couch with his hands on his stomach. The pain was making him tired and the feel of the lump in his stomach was still disconcerting, it didn't feel like muscle or fat, but something strange and kind of hard that went soft at the edges.

Alex heard a car pull up and hauled himself off the couch. It was both a relief and nerve wracking to see Michael getting out of his truck. Alex waited on the porch for Michael to approach, too tired and sore to make the extra walk.

“Hey, are you ok?” Michael asked when he got closer.

“I've had a strange day,” Alex shrugged.

“It's not even noon yet,” Michael said with a cautious smile.
“Do you want to come in?” Alex asked, feeling awkward.

Michael nodded and followed Alex inside. He kept shooting Alex concerned looks. Alex still didn't believe what Kyle had told him, but he swore the close proximity to Michael was easing the pain in his stomach.

“So...” Michael said as they walking into the living room, “What was so important you needed me here?”

Alex took a fortifying breath. “I have to ask you a weird question.”

“Ok,” Michael said.

“Are you an alien?” Alex asked, hearing his voice from outside his own body.

Alex watched Michael's face go carefully blank. His heart sank.

“Fuck, its true,” Alex said more to himself than anything. His mind was racing. Kyle had been telling the truth and that meant he was pregnant. There was some alien thing growing inside of him. It also meant Michael had been lying to him, keeping his true self hidden.

“Who told you?” Michael asked, voice hard.

“Who told me?” Alex narrowed his eyes, “YOU should have told me!”

“How?” Michael asked, fists clenched. “How could I have told you that?”

“I dunno, Guerin, maybe you could have brought it up between discussing our abusive childhoods and when I when I let you fuck me!” Alex's hands shook.

“Fuck you, Manes” Michael yelled. A concussive force swept through the living room, clattering the furniture and knocking things off the table. Alex felt it pass through him like an exploding bomb. His ears rang, not from sound, but from the blood pounding in his ears.
Michael took a step towards Alex. Alex flinched.

“I’m sorry,” Michael said, blood draining from his face. He took another step towards Alex, hand out.

“Don’t,” Alex said in a weak voice. A detached part of Alex's brain thought it was funny, in an unamusing way, that his boyfriend was an alien who could apparently cause bomb blasts. Funny because it didn’t make Alex think of the explosion that cost him his leg, it made him think of his father. His father whose anger had been a weapon, a force that could fill a room. He hadn’t needed to be physically violent often, had controlled Alex through fear, disappointment and disinterest and only used violence to beat him back into submission.

“Did you do this to me on purpose?” Alex asked. He couldn't look straight at Michael, his eyes could only fix on the floor or off to the side.

“Do what?” Michael responded. Alex thought he sounded genuinely confused, but he knew he couldn't trust his instincts when it came to Michael anymore. Alex had thought they'd been completely open with each other, that they had connected in a deep level. Alex had been a fool. If there was one thing his childhood had taught him it was that intimacy was dangerous. He'd thought healing meant overcoming that. He'd thought that being guarded and withdrawn was a defensive mechanism that he could let go of. He'd thought that it was required of him to let someone in to prove that he was strong and not broken. He had wanted to let Michael in.

“Make me pregnant,” Alex answered, and saying the words out loud felt ridiculous.

“What??”

Alex braced for another blast but it didn't come. He realised he was holding himself so tense that his muscles were beginning to hurt. He was waiting for another attack, ready to fight back or run if he had to. It broke his heart. This was Michael he was afraid of. The only person who had ever understood him, who had ever known all of him. They had gone through so much and somehow they'd made it back to each other. And it was a lie.

Alex lifted his shirt and showed Michael the bump.

“That wasn't there a week ago,” Michael said. He took a step closer to Alex. Alex let him.

“No,” Michael breathed, “How is that even possible?”

“You tell me,” Alex lowered his shirt again.

“I really don’t know,” Michael said. Finally, Alex could look at him, and despite knowing that he was an alien, despite the lies and deception, despite the f*cked up unreality that Alex was pregnant, Alex still wanted to trust him.

“Why don’t you start at the beginning,” Alex said.
Michael's heart pounded as he told Alex everything he knew about how they came to Roswell and being an alien, which wasn't much. Alex sat in a chair and Michael on the couch and it wasn't lost on Michael that Alex was putting distance between them. Michael had imagined telling Alex the truth so many times, had been fantasizing about it for ten years. He'd run through every reaction Alex could possibly have, from complete acceptance to it ending with Michael in military custody being tortured by Jesse Manes. Of all the permutations, Alex being pregnant and discovering Michael was an alien that way had never crossed his mind.

Michael watched Alex digest the information. Alex was hard to read, as closed off as when he'd first got back to Roswell, before the high school reunion. Michael hated it. Of all the things that could drive Alex away, all the things Michael had done, of all the things he was, alien was the most crucial part of Michael's identity. It was the only thing he had that was his and couldn't be taken away from him. It was what made him *him*. And as much as he had prepared for it, Alex reacting with suspicion and fear hurt. Alex was rejecting him just like everyone else had.

“So you don't know where you came from or why your ship crashed?” Alex asked. He sounded skeptical.

“In a nutshell,” Michael drawled

Alex heaved a big sigh and wiped his hand over his face. As unreadable as Alex's face was, Michael could see the dark rings around his eyes and how pale he looked, almost grey.

“I can't believe I'm saying this,” Alex shook his head, “But I believe you.”

“Even the part about me not knowing that I could get you pregnant?” Michael asked, still trying to wrap his head around the concept.

“ Weirdly, yes,” Alex said.
Michael still didn’t know where he and Alex stood with each other. He wished he had told Alex before he’d found out for himself.

Alex stared at Michael and Michael felt like a bug under a microscope. He could tell Alex was churning everything over, he was weighing Michael up, calculating the new information. Michael was scared what Alex’s final judgement would be. He was fighting the urge to leave before Alex could deliver his sentence when Alex stony face broke into sadness.

“When my father hurt you, you could have used your powers,” Alex stated in a low voice.

Michael's stomach dropped. “You mean I could have stopped him, I could have saved you.”

“No,” Alex said in a hollow voice, “I mean if you had done that- Michael, the things my father would have done to you.” Alex shuddered. “Kyle told me that my father knows about aliens, and he said they were dangerous monsters. I knew he had some secret project in the military and I've been trying to piece together what it was. I guess now I know.”

Michael felt cold. It was automatic for him to hide being an alien from everyone. Michael, Max and Isobel had always been afraid of some nebulous government agency and what would happen to them if anyone ever found out. To have that fear realised, to know that there really was an actual division, and that Jesse Manes was heading it was heart stoppingly terrifying. Michael always had an escape plan ready and had always felt he was one step away from enacting it. Everything in him was telling Michael to run.

Michael looked at Alex, who was pale and scared. And pregnant.

“We have to get out of town,” Michael said, standing. His nervous energy wouldn't let him sit still. “Just pack essentials and run.”

“Michael, we can't just leave,” Alex frowned.

“Why not?” Michael threw his hands in the air.

“For starters, if I just disappear my father is going to know something is up and I don't want to put
you in anymore danger,” Alex said.

Michael opened his mouth to protest but Alex interrupted him.

“And then there's this whole alien pregnancy thing, which apparently is progressing much faster than a normal pregnancy,” Alex grimaced and rubbed at his stomach, “Kyle said it could be damaging me.”

“You went to Valenti?” Michael hissed. Then everything Alex had said sunk in. “Wait, it's- it's- hurting you?”

“I'm not entirely sure, I kind of freaked out and left after he told me I was pregnant and aliens were real and he asked me if I was sleeping with Max,” Alex pursed his lips.

“Cool, I'm gonna kill him,” Michael said as if it was always inevitable.

“Guerin,” Alex warned.

“Look the dude was a dick to you in high school and now he's walking around, spilling our secrets, apparently he's involved with your dad!” Michael spat the last word. “And then he asks if you've been having sex with Max? Don't tell me he doesn't deserve it!”

“He's not like he was in high school anymore,” Alex said, smiling at Michael's outburst, “He seemed to really care but...” Alex turned serious again, “You're right about him and my dad. I'm not saying I completely trust him, but he's the only one with medical expertise who can help us.”

Michael sighed and nodded. Alex made a good point. He didn't like it though.

“Liz freaking Ortecho, man,” Michael shook his head.

“What does Liz have to do with this?” Alex frowned.

“Uh, yeah, so Liz was shot and Max healed her and spilled his guts to her because he's Max and I'm
guessing she told Valenti. Isobel said she was hooking up with Valenti like the day after Max healed her, so I guess it was some sort of fucked up pillow talk,” Michael sneered.

“I can't believe she didn't tell me any of this,” Alex ran his hand through his hair.

“Yes, some friend, right?” Michael nodded.

“You didn’t tell me either, asshole,” Alex snapped.

“Yeah, well!” Michael held his finger up accusingly while he thought. “You haven't told her about me, us!”

“I haven't hidden anything from you, though,” Alex said.

Alex sighed and Michael was struck again by how tired he looked. Knowing that Alex could be in danger weighed on Michael. He needed Alex to be ok. He needed Alex to be safe.

“I'm sorry,” Michael said, taking a step towards Alex, hoping his close proximity would be welcome.

“I understand, actually, why you felt like you had to hide,” Alex gave a rueful smile, “Who am I to judge about keeping a part of yourself secret?”

Michael crouched down in front of Alex and put his hand on Alex's knee. He was glad when Alex let him.

“We need to make sure you're ok, that you're healthy,” Michael changed the subject. There were more pressing concerns than dwelling on the past.

Alex put his hand over Michael's.

“It's weird,” Alex said, looking away from Michael like he was embarrassed, “I've been in so much pain this week, but when you touch me, it just melts away.”
Michael frowned. As far as he knew, Max was the only one with healing powers.

“Pain in your stomach?” Michael asked.

Alex nodded.

“Is it the, uh, baby?” The word felt even worse to say than pregnant. The brief time he'd even thought about it, Michael had wondered if their DNA was even compatible with humans. The only time they had ever spoken about it was when Isobel was getting serious with Noah and all that entailed was Isobel saying she would never take that chance and would make sure she'd never get pregnant.

“I guess,” Alex said, looking about as happy about the word 'baby' as Michael was.

“Can I touch your stomach?” Michael asked.

“Yeah,” Alex said, leaning back to give Michael some room.

Michael reached out tentatively. He'd never felt a pregnant stomach before. Seeing Alex like this was truly bizarre.

Michael placed his palm flat against Alex's stomach. Suddenly all Michael could see was galaxies rushing past him, stars and space dust, asteroids and planets. Then a faint but fast heart beat filled his ears.

Michael blinked and his vision came back to him. A bright light shone between Michael's hand and Alex's stomach. Michael felt as if energy was being drawn from him, through his hand and into Alex's stomach. The light flashed bright. As it faded Michael watched as Alex's eyes rolled back in his head and he went limp.

“Alex!” Michael shouted.
Michael wrenched his hand away from Alex. The flow of energy stopped abruptly, leaving Michael drained and nauseous. Michael stopped himself from reaching out to Alex, afraid that he'd hurt Alex more. The slow rise and fall of Alex's chest was small comfort.

Michael fumbled for his phone and dialed Max's number.

“I need your help,” Michael said before Max could get a word in.

“Where are you?” Max asked.

Despite their strained relationship, Michael knew that he could depend on Max when he really needed him.

“I'm at Alex's place, the old Valenti cabin just outside town,” Michael said, running his hand through his hair, “Something happened to Alex, I don't understand what.”

“I'm ten minutes out, five if I put the siren on,” Max replied.

Michael bit his lip and looked at Alex, then at Alex's stomach.

“I don't want any attention.” Michael hoped he was making the right call.

“See you in ten,” Max said and then cut the call.

Michael breathed a sigh of cautious relief and scrubbed his hands over his face. He didn't know what to think about what had happened, he'd never felt his energy being sapped like that before. Michael paced up and down the living room, desperate to touch Alex, to try and wake him, but terrified of making it worse. He was still reeling from the fact that he'd somehow gotten Alex pregnant. The idea that it was hurting Alex and it was Michael's fault made him feel sick.

In all the years Michael had been collecting the pieces of the ship and trying to find out where they
came from, he'd never come across anything that explained their powers or what they could do. He didn't know why he, Max and Isobel had different powers and it had never bothered him as much as it did now. The ability to make a human male grow a whole new organ and impregnate him was so far beyond anything Michael had even considered. He had no clue why they were on Earth and Michael was starting to wonder if the movies were more than just human paranoia. Maybe there was a sinister reason they came to Earth.

The sound of Max's jeep pulling up outside broke Michael out of his circling thoughts. Michael rushed to the door and flung it open. Max was already halfway to the house.

“What happened?” Max asked, letting Michael lead him into the living room.

“This is gonna sound crazy but—” Michael took a breath, “Somehow I got Alex pregnant and when I touched his stomach I felt like energy was being sucked out of me and this bright light flashed and Alex passed out.”

Max stopped in his tracks, halfway through pushing up his sleeves. He opened his mouth as if to speak but closed it again. Michael watched him struggle with the information.

“Ok,” Max said after a few seconds, “Let's deal with Alex first, then we can talk about... that.”

Michael nodded and followed Max to where Alex was slumped in the chair.

“So you said it felt like energy was being pulled from you?” Max confirmed, hand hovering above Alex. “Was that only when you touched his stomach or when you touched anywhere?”

“I don't know, I only touched his stomach,” Michael explained quickly.

Max nodded and slowly reached his hand out towards Alex's chest. As Max made contact he flinched. Michael wanted to snatch Max's hand away, suddenly afraid of what might happen. If contact from Michael had injured Alex, then who knew what Max's powers might do? Biting his lip, Michael watched, ready to intervene. A faint light appeared from beneath Max's hand, but instead of the usual strain in Max's face when he healed, Max started to relax. Michael noticed Max taking deep, slow breaths. Michael didn't know how he could tell, but it seemed like Alex had moved from unconscious into asleep.
Max opened his eyes and slowly removed his hand from Alex's chest.

“It's powerful,” Max said, “It feels a lot like when I heal, but instead of having to push all my energy into a person, it was being drawn out of me. It felt desperate at first, but I was able to slow the flow and instead it was more...” Max screwed up his face as he searched for the word, “Nourishing.”

“By it, do you mean the baby?” Michael asked.

“I guess,” Max shrugged, “I feel like... like how you and Isobel feel. I have a strong bond with Iz, but I can feel you too and it just- it feels like family.”

Emotions filled Michael's chest, a sudden storm, swirling and powerful. Michael had never known real family, in the human sense. Max and Isobel were the closest he had and he'd spent the past decade barely speaking to Max. Michael had never thought about having kids, all he ever wanted was to go home. He envied Max, who could feel connections to people, who could feel Michael's own child where Michael couldn't. Michael was only just learning how to be with Alex, his first real sense of home and belonging. He wasn't ready for this. He was terrified, of what having a child would mean and of Alex being hurt in the process. But he also wanted it. He wanted his own family.

“Michael?” Max touched Michael's shoulder.

“Do you think Alex is going to be ok?” Michael asked, glancing at Max and then back to Alex.

“I'm not sure, but I have a good feeling,” Max said, giving Michael's shoulder a squeeze. “Do you want to try moving him somewhere more comfortable?”

“Yeah, good idea,” Michael said. He put his hand out and concentrated. Slowly he raised Alex into the air, trying to keep him held securely and not letting his body fall limp. It took a lot more effort than just hauling Alex along. Beads of sweat formed on his brow as Michael took Alex to the bedroom and laid him down on the bed. Max followed behind.

“Will you fill me in on how all of this happened while we wait for Alex to wake up?” Max asked.

Michael's eyes prickled with held back tears. He had missed Max's support and friendship. Everything had gotten so messed up after Rosa died and they took it out on each other. All that trauma, their futures abandoned to stay in Roswell to keep watch over Isobel, it had torn them apart.
“Yeah, but hold onto your ass because this story is crazy,” Michael smirked, suppressing his emotions for now.

Max’s eyes crinkled into the beginnings of a smile, “The hype better be worth it.”

Michael brought two chairs into the bedroom and he and Max sat beside Alex, watching over him. Michael was grateful to not be in this alone. He explained to Max as best he could what happened, putting the pieces together of Alex's pain and the trip to the hospital a week ago and what Alex had told him earlier.

“So apparently I have super alien sperm that can get dudes pregnant,” Michael said.

“Ugh,” Max screwed up his face, “Wait... do you think I have super sperm too?”

“Only one way to find out,” Michael winked.

“I- uh-” Max stammered.

“Relax,” Michael rolled his eyes.

“You know I don't have a problem with-”

“I know,” Michael cut Max off.

“I mean, we're aliens,” Max said, turning serious, “I'm not sure human sexualities apply to us in the same way.”

Michael shot Max a quizzical look. The last time he and Max had spoken about relationships was in high school, and Michael knew that Max was still hung up on Liz. Michael had never considered that Max was anything other than straight and he wasn’t sure if Max was just trying to be supportive or if it went deeper. Before Michael could ask he heard a groan from the bed.
Alex was blinking awake, groggily rubbing his eyes.

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