How to make people suffer in under 2000 words
by JazzyKatz

Summary

Zim wants to learn about human pregnancy and things go downhill from there.

Notes

I was requested to do this on Tumblr from user prolifezim, just so you know. I put the warning in the tags, and to warn you again, Reader gives Birth to Zim.

I am not responsible for any regretful decisions.

It had been on Zim’s mind for quite a while, and it had taken him up to a week to ask you. It was something that he constantly thought about, and had made the tools for doing so in advance just in case you said yes to his idea.

It wasn’t a conventional idea, it was more for science knowledge than anything, and you were the right person to go to in order to understand the curiosity. It was one day when he finally decided to approach you, trying on his best smeet-ish facade to increase the chance of you saying yes to his idea.

“(Y/N)?” He asked in a honeyed voice, “Zim is wishing for you to help with an experiment.”

You look over to Zim curiously, in the midst of watching television with Gir at your side. Even the little robot is curious. “Experiment? What kind of experiment?”

“Human biology experiment.” He explained, “I’ve recently learned how female humans breed and
I’ve been, well, curious…about how it feels.”

That makes you confused, “How it feels? To…breed?” You weren’t just hearing a proposal for breeding, you just weren’t.

“How it feels to be a human smeet inside the fertile womb, actually.” The honey was back in his voice, “Zim was wondering if you could, assist me with an experiment.”

Oh.

You breathe a sigh of relief, before realizing what he was asking, the confusion doubling down. “You want to become a fetus.” You say confusedly.

“Yes.” It was a short and simple answer, telling you all you need to know.

“I don’t think that’s possible, Zim.” You say slowly, “That involves you–”

“Oh it’s entirely possible I did my research.” He interrupted you quickly, bringing out a tablet from his pack and holding it up to you. “What I would have to do is shrink myself to an appropriate size and enter your uterus and from there I can experience, you know.”

You take the tablet, blinking bewilderedly, he really thought long and hard about this. “Oh…I’m not sure…..”

“Please?” He looked at you immediately with pleading eyes, and immediately you were caving. He had that sway over you when he looked that way, and you couldn’t say no to him.

“Will it hurt?” You ask then.

“Nope! The process will be foolproof.”

The next thing you knew you were in the deep recesses of his laboratory, wearing a hospital gown and lying on a table with your feet in stirrups. Zim already had the machine he needed up and waiting.

”How long will you be in here?” You asked him as he got under the machine.

”Just enough for me to experience the amazingness of being inside the womb!” He said reassuringly. ”Calm yourself, female. Zim will be out soon.”

You knew you loved him if you were going through this for him. The idea was wild, but understandable for an alien that wished to understand the human race. You mentally prepared yourself.

”It is TIIIIME!” Zim pressed a button on the machine strapped to his person and the effect was nearly instantaneous, he began to get even smaller and smaller, to the point that you couldn’t see him at all.

It wasn’t until you saw a small trail of light that you found him, tiny Zim using his jetpack to hover through the air and towards the space between your legs. He was big enough that you could feel the intrusion but small enough to fit through, and you make a small noise, laughing a little from how ticklish you became.

”Well I guess he’s in there.” You said mostly to yourself.

Zim could hear the sound of your voice from the inside of your vagina, continuing his travel until
he reached your uterus. It was nearly dark inside, and be could hear your heartbeat and breathing. The jetpack was shut off a long time ago and he settled himself, fiddling with the machine on his person to grow about the standard size of a tiny fetus.

“This actually feels comfortable.” He says to himself, feeling lulled by the sound of your rhythmic heartbeat into a state of relaxation. It was almost perfect, but he was starting to become curious. What would it feel like to be through the entire birthing process? It must be a breathtaking experience. The more he thought the more comfortable he became, fighting the sudden need to sleep.

Out in the laboratory you were settled on the table and playing on your phone as Zim did his research. There wasn’t much of anything for you to do. Though, the longer you sat there the more bored you became, putting your phone down and sighing. ”He won’t mind if I get something to drink.” You say to yourself, maneuvering out of your stirrups and getting onto your feet.

The sudden movement seems to jostle Zim back to awareness and he soon realizes you’re mobile. ”Zim should have known the female wouldn’t take this seriously.” He muttered to himself, slowly coming to an idea. ”If she experiences the gift of childbirth then she will know how Zim feels!” He praised himself for such a great idea and went to adjust the machine around his waist, and slowly, the growing began.

You were too distracted to pay attention to how long Zim had been down inside your uterus, but a sudden cramp that passed through your abdomen reminded you just what was happening. ”Fuck!” You put your hand on your abdomen, soothing. ”Any minute Zi–” Wait. Was your middle expanding? It only had been an hour! You put your phone down and hurry to a reflective surface, lifting the hospital gown and realizing that you had indeed grown. The cramps and the symptoms of pregnancy were passing through you and you were very, very confused. ”Zim?” You questioned. Fetuses could hear their mothers so it was obvious that Zim could hear you. ”This isn’t funny.” You shout. Of course, no one was responding to you until you heard your phone ring. You hurry back where you came from, nearly doubling over when another cramp passed through you. You picked up the phone and glared at the wall. ”Get out of me right now.” You demand.

”I will, but it will be through the miracle of childbirth.” Zim tried through his communicator attached to his pack.

You cry out when another cramp passes you, and you whimper. ”Zim, this isn’t funny!” You whine pitifully, feeling bigger than before. ”My body isn’t meant for this!”

”Human females are but to be strong and capable of bearing a wonderful metamorphosis that is the change to your body. Don’t assume that you won’t be able to handle this! Stop your worry, (Y/N), Zim will be out soon.”

The call ends after that and you immediately worry. If you were pregnant with your alien mate them that meant no one was here to oversee you giving birth. You were completely alone and Gir wasn’t capable of–

”Ah!” You collapse, feeling a quick succession of symptoms that came from a growing stomach. Your body was stretching itself out to accommodate the growing Irken inside of you and you were feeling the effects. Who were you going to go to for help?

You let out another cry and grab your phone, dialing the only number you knew that would help you. ”Dib, I really need your help.”
Dib wasn’t able to come over right away, leaving you with another hour of on and off cramps and pain to your spine as your body continued to change to accommodate Zim. By the time Dib was over you were clutching the couch, having gotten to the living room before you couldn’t walk anymore.

“What the fuck is going on?” Dib cries out as soon as he’s inside, rushing over to you. “Zim did what?”

“Zim decided that I should give birth to him.” You say, clutching the couch because everything hurt. Zim was wrong, very, very, wrong. The human body couldn’t handle a full-term pregnancy in only three hours. You were feeling contractions already, whimpering loudly. “Dib he’s coming, I only called you because otherwise this would be so-so-weird inside of a hospital.”

“No shit it would be weird in a hospital. You’d be on the cover of the tabloids in a heartbeat.” Dib hurries his coat off and covers your lap, pulling you in a better position in the couch so that you were more comfortable. “I really don’t know how to do this.” With that he pulls out his phone to check it, looking up on how to deliver a baby. “Jesus Christ we need drugs!”

Suddenly Dib’s phone goes off, and he blinks, it’s Zim. “Wh–”

“Don’t use drugs! Zim wants the process to be as natural as possible!” Zim’s voice came from the phone, and the two of you glare at the belly of the alien curled up inside of you.

“You really want (Y/N) to be in pain while she’s giving birth to you?” Dib questions loudly, and you suddenly cry out from a contraction.

“Dib!” You scream.

Dib quickly drops his phone and is checking how far along you are, “Oh man, oh shit, this is fucking crazy.”

“DIB!” You cry out louder. Clutching the cushions of the couch in a vice-like grip.

Dib scrambles for his phone and checks it, Zim had hung up thankfully, and he panics. “You need to push!” Dib cries out, “Push, (Y/N)!”

You did as he said, and pushed as hard as you could. It was painful and you were sure this was going to be on your mind for a long while, the fact that you were pregnant with Zim all because of his need to do some research. Why did he want to go all this way to be birthed by you, was he really curious on how childbirth could be? You didn’t know anymore, all you knew was that you were pushing him out as hard as possible while Dib was coaching you from the information on his phone.

Pain and tears passed through you and before you knew it the pain was gone, the feeling of relief flooding you as Zim was fully out of your body, the little alien coughing for air as he looked upon the world around him. He was still tinier than his normal size, as big as a newborn baby. He caught sight of you and smiled broadly, leaping out of Dib’s arms and hurrying over to you.

“The experiment was amazing! You were amazing!” He cried in joy, “The miracle of childbirth is extremely precious and Zim is glad he had gotten to experience it!”

He kissed your cheek after that, a loving trill coming from his throat. “Now Zim can plan on giving you his smeets, and give you better experiences.”
You couldn’t believe what you were hearing, that Zim was planning on more of this. You were still reeling from the sudden pregnancy that Zim had put you through and now he was talking about making you a mother.

Wait.

Zim wanted to have smeets with you.

“Oh Zim,” You lay your head back, because by now Dib had fucked off while muttering to himself about crazy aliens, “I would love to have smeets with you.”

Zim was filled with joy.

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