

The Sequel

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*Summary: They begged me not to write it, so I did. John discovers that his actions have consequences. *Chapter 1*: The Sequel*

Salamanders have several different ways of laying eggs.

Depending on species, some spawn large amounts of eggs into shallow water; some lay medium amounts into flowing water and guard them carefully; and others lay on land. However, a small number of salamanders are ovoviviparous, and retain the eggs within their bodies to birth live young. On top of this, depending on species, there is a relatively fast turnover rate, with eggs hatching anywhere from one to three weeks after being layed.

This is something John Egbert did not know when he adopted Casey.

This is something he especially did not know when, after an unfortunate incident with some tapioca three weeks ago, he fucked his adoptive daughter right there on the kitchen floor.

John had managed to put the incident as far out of his mind as possible - because it was a good contender for the worst thing he had ever done, and that list included bringing about the apocalypse.

As it was, John was just relaxing and watching Con Air, which happened to be on television and he had happened to catch not long after the second commercial break, which meant the bunny part was still to come and despite his regrets over his Nic Cage-obsessed past, that scene was still a classic, man. And his darling daughter Casey, who he loved more than anything, was scribbling on some paper on the floor next to the couch, a red crayon grasped in her plump little yellow fingers.

Gosh she was cute. And it seemed to John that she was plumper than ever, a little orb of chub having built up around her middle.

An orb of chub that was... moving?

John tore his attention away from Nic Cage to make sure he hadn't been seeing things. But there it was again; Casey's abdomen was pulsing slightly, as if something was pushing up from within. He frowned. That ain't right. He got up from the couch and carefully tipped Casey on her side to get a better view, but the sudden movement seemed to cause her great discomfort, judging by the high-pitched keening noise she made. She seemed to spread her legs instinctively, and John caught a glimpse of her quivering pink slit out of the corner of her eye.

Memories of tapioca came flooding back.

For the first time, John wondered what would happen if, say, human semen were to find its way into what was essentially a salamander vagina. He felt the blood leave his face. Frozen in horror, his hand fumbled on the couch until it found his phone and automatically dialed the first number in it.

"Dave," he said as soon as the line connected, "I think Casey is giving birth."

"So call a fucking vet, it's 3am," came Dave's slurred reply before he hung up. John dropped his phone. He looked down at Casey again.

Oh, she was definitely giving birth.

From his limited knowledge of salamanders, John was expecting something more akin to frogspawn than what looked like a live creature coming out of Casey's cloaca. Her blushing pink lips were parted and pulsing as she pushed down, the slight white curve of a crown barely visible deep within her. It was too late to call someone for help. He didn't even know the number for any vets, which in hindsight was a huge error on his part.

John spat on his fingers and moved towards Casey's cloaca.

Carefully, he eased one finger on either side of the - baby? spawn? tadpole??? - head and began stretching Casey open, rubbing against the tense muscles that seemed to grip at his fingertips at the moment of entry. He added another finger from each hand and slowly pulled the opening wider. Casey groaned, spit dribbling from her lips, and tensed her abdomen again, pushing the creature even further towards the great open world beyond her womb. The extra lubrication from John's saliva seemed to help, as it surged all the way beyond the edges of her cloaca and into John's waiting lap.

He finally got a good look at what he had created. It was an abomination.

The creature looked like it had once been intended to be a salamander, but the plans had changed drastically at the last minute. It had strangely human proportions to its limbs, and clumps of uneven black hair dotted around its mostly-bald head. And the worst part was the tapioca. Oh god, the tapioca. It seemed to spew from every orifice of the poor thing, even the corners of its eyes. It was dripping with milky pudding, plopping semitransparent pearls onto John's hands.

John could feel his gorge rising, a great disgusted gag working its way up his throat. Barely containing his horror, he turned back to the mother of what was now undeniably his child, and a small, animal-like noise emitted from his depths as he realised something even worse was happening: there were more on the way. Casey's abdomen continued to pulse and wriggle, and her cloaca puffed open and closed as she pushed

against something that wasn't there. Completely dumbfounded at what to do, John put one hand on her stomach and began rubbing it in a circular motion, hoping it was helping in some way.

Within thirty minutes, eight of these disgusting things had come out of Casey, and she finally seemed to be finished, resting her head on John's lap and passing out from exhaustion, leaving him to deal with what he reluctantly dubbed 'the kids'. They were disgusting to look at, all messes of fat salamander bodies and gangly human limbs, all dripping tapioca on his carpet and making horrifying gurgling noises that drowned out every word of Con Air. John was at a loss. What was he supposed to do with these eight hell children? Was this God's punishment for what he had done to Casey all those weeks ago? He would never look at tapioca the same way again, that was for sure.

Carefully, he put the things down on the floor, went to the kitchen and found a large polyester carrier bag, the kind they charge you for at the checkout because they want you to reuse it. He took it back into his front room, opened it wide and carefully stacked the eight freaks of nature in the bag. He gave Casey an apologetic kiss on the forehead before leaving the house, the bag of horror in his hand.

He went to the local garbage dump, dug a big hole, put the bag at the bottom of it, threw rocks on it until the gurgling stopped and then covered the whole thing in dirt and trash.

Then he went home and showered for eighteen hours straight. As long as it took for the sounds of rushing water to drown out the gurgles of eight tapioca babies. From that day forth, John Egbert took a vow of chastity, and some say he keeps it to this very day.