

Before Reading: This is based on an AU where upon meeting Ymir, Eren is informed that to break the 13 year curse and put an end to pure titan creation, he must sacrifice his humanity. Upon agreeing, he learns that he must give up his human form, leaving him in the body of the Attack Titan forever. The others in possession of the titan powers are no longer bound by the 13 year curse but retain the ability to shift from human to titan. Marley's military is decimated and the walls no longer stand. Everyone mostly lives in peace. Eren must adjust to his new life as a permanent titan. However, a titan's animalistic traits and biology put him into an interesting position after an 'unfortunate' accident while sparring with Reiner. Humanity learns that there is more to discover about titans when they are in the presence of an expecting pair.

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Titans also have their own spoken language. What sounds like grunts and other animal noises to humans, it's Titans having full on intelligent conversations. Titan tongue is in bold.

Movement

Night had fallen, light of the full moon illuminating into his barn from the skylight above. The crickets chirped just outside and he could hear small creatures scurry in the hay lined floor. He was exhausted but the reflected sunlight from the full moon always kept the titan up at night. Normally, he would have taken advantage of the evening and gone hunting, but with his current condition all he wanted to do was get a good night's sleep. Dreams always took him away from the current hell hole he was living in.

Eren lay curled up in his nest, a bed that was only composed of a large pile of straw and many old pillows. Although he missed a bed with a mattress, the simple pile was good enough for a fifteen-meter titan. And lately, the Attack Titan had been making his nest bigger, plusher. It was something that he needed and his dreaded instincts were making him do so. He needed more support now that his fertile belly was really starting to round out. He was no longer looking like he had eaten too much but rather more like a mom to be.

He was five months into his pregnancy now, only discovering it two months prior. Indeed, after the incident with Reiner when he was in heat, he had learned the truth about titan reproduction the hard way. When the news of his expectancy was announced to the former military members living on the compound, Eren had stayed hidden in his barn and thankfully everyone had the sense to stay away from him. The day after however, was when he was approached by his closest friends asking him questions and expressing their congratulations or concerns. There were those that whispered to one another when he would pass by or would giggle and want to touch his midsection. The other shifters were spooked by the news, but expressed their curiosity. Often asking about how he was feeling and just general baby questions. Thankfully, they had not caught on to the fact that Reiner was the father of the unborn pup.

Feeling more pressure on his hip than he wanted, Eren reluctantly sat up and crouched upon all fours. The Attack Titan stalled, feeling the weight in his belly before he circled in his nest in a canine like manner before lying back down and rolling over to position himself upon his back. He released a breath of steam, settling again. Reiner had not said a word or gave any indication that he was the father. He was glad for he did not see the other titan as a lover at all – just an idiot who made a huge mistake. Any time that he wanted to talk about things in private, he and Reiner discretely would meet. He would share any details the doctors told him that related to trying to figure out how he conceived. And, if he was in the mood, he would share in better detail about the baby's progress and health. Admittedly, these meetings always left him with a bad taste in his mouth. He hated how excited Reiner was.

He wasn't enjoying things at all.

In the time that had passed since his diagnosis was made, his pregnant belly had indeed begun to look pregnant. His muscular abdominals were completely gone and his abdomen took on a prominent curve. Dr. Neville had stated that he looked the equivalent of a woman's belly at twenty to twenty-four weeks pregnant. It wasn't uncomfortable yet, but he was not enjoying the advances by greedy hands wanting to feel the thing. Most were women of course that were either excited for him or reminiscing their own expectancy. Mikasa was the one who had done it the most. It was out of fascination, but he could feel her pain every time she looked at it. There was plenty of envy there too. In the past, they even considered running away and starting their own family, but when he sacrificed his humanity and became a permanent titan that dream was dashed. Now that he was gravid, having mated with another titan unwillingly, it had to be like a knife in her chest. It was what made him loathe the situation that he was in the most.

Hange of course, if he allowed her, would have made his belly her own personal pillow. Still, ever since he shared the news with Reiner, he had not let the father of his baby touch him. It was another of his fitting punishments. Other developments included the fact that his morning sickness wasn't as strong and most days he didn't even have it. He was thankful. Eren had always heard about morning sickness from his father's female patients. As a titan, he was quick to learn that the famous pregnancy symptom was a lot worse. A bigger stomach meant that there was more to empty and the baby seemed to make it much more sensitive. He remembered eating Willy Tyber out of desperation to gain the power of the Warhammer Titan. His stomach could dissolve anything, even the man's expensive leather shoes. Now his stomach would throw a fit at anything that was foreign. It was as if his body only wanted the purest meat and food for his growing pup. Of course, now that his morning sickness didn't visit often, he

began to have pregnancy cravings. And of course the titan version was extreme. He craved raw meat and could eat massive amounts which in turn made the former Scouts outsource more cattle, goats, and pigs. He had even gotten Reiner to sneak off and steal cows from local farms. And because he had been a human formerly, he would sometimes get the craving for strange human foods – like pickles and ice cream. Of course, all eyes would stare at him as he stuffed his face. Sasha would have been jealous indeed. He never felt full for very long. It seemed like he was always eating. Dr. Neville said his appetite was due to the fact that he himself needed the meat to operate. But he also had to feed the unborn titan to keep it healthy and growing. It was yet another inconvenience. Reiner's fault.

He still wondered if it really was a tumor some days.

Eren exhaled, steam wavering from his jaws as he looked up at the sky through the barn's skylight. The titan blinked slowly. The moon was too damn bright. He wished he could extinguish it like a light or candle. That would have given him the blessing of sleep. Stupid titan functions, at least the shifters could be humans on the night of a full moon so they could rest. A soft growl of aggravation bubbled at the back of his throat. He had a damn doctor appointment in the morning and how he dreaded it. The Attack Titan closed his eyes and attempted to relax, trying to force himself into repose.

But suddenly his quest for sleep was interrupted when the most unworldly feeling ignited from his lower abdomen.

A tiny flutter.

The Attack Titan's eyes flew open, blinking in disbelief. His gaze then shifted downward to look at the knoll that rose from his midsection. For a moment, he watched his stomach rise up and down slowly. He raised a brow. What had that been? Was it gas bubbles? He had not felt those before as a titan at least. Suddenly, there was another flutter, a quickening. Eren's eyes widened at the feeling that was slightly different from the other one. Concerned, The Attack Titan gently framed his belly with his hands, one on top of the lower portion of his torso. Patiently, Eren waited, the barn silent. Then, just as he was about to pull his hands away, there was a distinct shift, a very faint push against his belly. The sensation was followed by another flutter. Eren's irises shrank to pinpricks. He had forgotten that titans didn't have intestines. And the feeling he was experiencing wasn't gas or anything of the sort.

It was movement.

It was the baby.

Eren lifted his head, looking down at the bulge in great concern. Gingerly, the titan rubbed his fingers into his stomach, tight skin shifting over the swollen womb. Again, life stirred, movements small yet so clear to him. Alarmed, Eren sat up in his nest, both hands holding the lower portion of his abdomen. The titan fretfully swallowed as he continued to feel the series of quickening beneath his hand. His breath hitched at the truth. This cemented it. The doctors were not lying to him. It wasn't a tumor at all. It was indeed an unborn titan pup. He really was going to be a mother.

The Attack Titan pressed his thumbs into his flesh, provoking the little one to shift again, more than before. It was pushing, he could feel it from front to back, low in his uterus. Was it stretching? Then, Eren found himself cradling his belly, rubbing lightly, tenderly. The titan's fearsome face softened. He was full of life. Inside him was his baby, something to be nurtured

and protected. A small smile tugged at the skin at the corners of his lipless maw. For a second he felt at peace in the private moment as he continued to rub his budding pregnant belly.

But then the reality of the situation settled in and the titan shook his head, warm look completely gone. A hand reached to grip his crown, concern welcoming him once again. What was that? Green eyes peered at his stomach, the baby settling. Did titans have parental instincts? Eren groaned in irritation. This kid was an accident. A mistake. He shouldn't love the thing at all and now his body wanted nothing more than to cherish it. His brow furrowed. That was another thing he was going to have to keep at bay. At least Reiner was right about one thing, titan instincts sucked.

Gradually, Eren lowered himself back into his nest, hand still cupping his stomach as he curled around himself. He sank deeper into his thoughts regarding self-preservation. He didn't want anyone to know about the baby moving. He was embarrassed enough from the unwanted attention. But, how often was it going to happen? Would it be consistently or would it be every great once in a while? The Attack Titan swallowed again. How much would it move? He remembered his father's expecting patients talking about babies kicking. What was that going to feel like as a titan? His mind instantly recalled the Colossal Titan kicking in the walls. He shuttered.

The Attack Titan forced his eyes closed, his mind still running loose. He had the appointment with Hange and Dr. Neville in the morning. Oh how he hoped that the pup would stay asleep during that time. If Hange found out she was bound to make a scene. And then Neville would want to examine further. Eren swallowed the lump in his throat, hands drifting down to his loins. He REALLY hoped that it wasn't going to be one of those exams.

He hated being pregnant.

Morning had come quickly and Eren had not slept. As much as he did not want to even leave his nest, he had to go to his appointment otherwise Hange would have just hunted him down. Deciding that it was best that he get things over with, The Attack Titan now stood outside the storage barn that the Scouts had made into the titan exam room. He was early even. Inhaling to prepare himself, the titan lifted a leg and lightly tapped the door with his foot. He didn't have to wait very long before Hange quickly slid the door open with her broad and manic grin upon her face. Eren winced. He wasn't looking forward to this. How could Hange even have this much energy so early?

"Hello Big Momma! How is my lovely titan doing today?" Hange greeted cheerfully as she continued to widen the door to allow him passage. Eren crouched down, exhaling heavily.

'I'm tired. I could not sleep with the full moon.' He informed her, signing to communicate. Hange nodded.

"Oh, yeah that's right. Last night was a full moon. Well Eren, I don't think this appointment will take very long today. It's just a general exam."

Eren blinked, leery as he bent over and peered into the barn. To the titan's relief the large brace used to hold him was absent and there were not many human personnel. Just Hange and the doctor. The Attack Titan had learned very quickly that when he was being poked and prodded in his most private area, his fight or flight instincts would activate. This resulted in

vicious growling, snarling, and hissing and he would snap at the doctor's assistants. The first time they examined him, soon after they discovered his pregnancy, he had nearly bitten a scientist's arm off. After that incident, when doing internal examinations, they put him in a custom made brace similar to what farmers put cows in to examine them. The device would keep him in place and he would be muzzled. He despised these appointments. The Attack Titan then entered the barn fully and sat down to get comfortable. He really hoped that the baby wouldn't move. He was in no mood to be transferred and put into the brace only to be violated.

The titan remained quiet as he watched Hange get comfortable with her notepad while Dr. Neville gathered a few items at his small temporary workstation. There was a clipboard, measuring tape, the Pinard horn used to listen to the baby's heartbeat, and a few other things. Finally, the doctor turned to face him, offering him a friendly smile. Dreading the whole appointment, Eren only returned the doctor's gesture with a short grunt in greeting. He wanted to get the hell out of the barn.

"Good morning Eren." Dr. Neville began professionally. "I overheard about your lack of sleep so I will try to get this appointment over as briskly as I can. And don't worry, we won't be doing any internal examination. Today we are mostly just going to take your vitals, measurements, and give you some information. We will start with your vitals, Eren. If you please, hold out your wrist so we can get a read on your blood pressure."

Annoyed, Eren heaved a breath of steam and held out his arm. The doctor then began to wrap an air bag around his wrist. The bag was connected to a pump that reminded Eren of those that would force oxygen into a fire and attached to the pump was some sort of gage. The whole instrument looked makeshift. Then Dr. Neville began to operate the pump, the bag tightening as it filled with air.

"It is wonderful to be able to work with one of the nine titans on any project, especially reproduction research." The doctor began as he continued to pump. "Pure titans had to be restrained all the time and even then they were difficult to work on. Any of the nine were simple. Most of the time you didn't have to fight instincts. And because there was a human operating them, you could just ask them questions and expect answers."

Hange snickered. "Is Eren the only one that hates internal exams?" She asked, getting an eye roll from the titan.

The doctor chuckled. "All the notes say that the Attack Titan is quite stubborn and willful, their behavior can be more animalistic than even Beast Titans. But none of the patients enjoyed the internal exam very much." Neville smiled at Hange before looking at the gage on the device as the sac deflated. The doctor's face changed into one that reflected mild concern. "Hmm, your blood pressure is a little high Eren, but I think it may be your nerves. Remember to take the time to relax, Momma. Stress isn't healthy for you or the pup. "

The titan snorted at the Doctor's advice, averting his gaze as Neville began to check his pulse. Of course he was fucking stressed! He was stuck forever as a fucking titan. Reiner had screwed up and put this damn kid in him and no one else knew not to mention most people didn't even know that titans could do the deed in the first place to make little abominations. He was continuously embarrassed because apparently his stomach was a magnet for curious hands. His feet and back were against him. He was getting bigger and now the baby was moving around. He was actually surprised the reading hadn't been through the roof.

"Alright, his pulse is good. Steady." Dr. Neville continued as he then grabbed his clipboard. "Now Eren, let's go over some symptoms on this checklist. All I need are some simple yes and no answers. Either shake your head or sign. Sound good?"

The Attack Titan exhaled heavily but waved for the doctor to proceed. The sooner he got this done the better.

"Alright. Have you had any morning sickness this week?"

He shook his head no.

"That's good. Cravings?"

He nodded. '*Yes, lots. I want pork and truffles this week.*' Eren explained, making Hange giggle a bit as Neville went down the list.

"Do you have any edema, which is swelling of the feet or ankles?"

He thought for a moment before nodding. There had been a few days where his feet and ankles had turned against him.

"I see. Any dizziness?"

The Attack Titan shook his head.

Dr. Neville continued to record his answers. "Heartburn or indigestion."

Eren shook his head. '*No. But I have had it when eating foul.*'

"Okay. Do you feel off balance at times?"

The titan hummed in consideration. '*If I move too quickly.*'

"Do you have backaches?"

Eren regretfully nodded, getting looks of sympathy from his two caretakers.

"Leg cramps?"

The Attack Titan dipped his head, watching the Doctor and Scientist write the answer down. Neville then nodded to himself.

"Alright, one final question before we take some measurements. Are you feeling any fetal movement?"

Eren's blood chilled at the simple query. No, they couldn't know just yet. He didn't want to hear their excitement. Without hesitating further, The Attack Titan shook his head no, the tops of his tapered ears turning red. The doctor's brows lifted, as if he were surprised by the answer, but nonetheless wrote the detail down upon his chart. He nearly let out a sigh in relief. He had dodged a bullet for now.

"Okay then. Hange, the measuring tape if you will." The Doctor sat down his notes while Hange practically bounced to retrieve what Neville requested. "Now Eren, as we have done we are going to measure your waistline. However, this time we are going to take a measurement of your fundal height. What this means is that we are going to measure your uterus. By getting this measurement we can determine if things are progressing as they should and just how big the baby is." The doctor smiled with Eren's face reddening.

They are literally just going to see how fat I am. The titan thought.

Neville then handed the Attack Titan a long string of measuring tape, another item that had been specially made to work with titans. "Alright Eren. You know what to do with that. Wrap that around your midsection and connect the ends at the point of your belly that is the most distended."

Ignoring the torrent of embarrassment and the ridiculousness of the whole thing, Eren hurriedly maneuvered the measuring tape around his frame and to rest on the lower portion of his abdomen. Instantly, The Attack Titan released a quiet growl, eyes narrowed.

The number was definitely higher than it was previously.

Dr. Neville picked up his clipboard again and approached the titan, taking a good look at the number and adjusting his glasses. The man nodded in satisfaction. "Looks like mom is starting to pack on some more baby weight! This is good! This is very good Eren!" The doctor laughed. "Definitely an improvement over the last measurement. It's likely due to the fact that you can stomach and process food now."

The Attack Titan looked at the doctor, green eyes positively feral.

Hange patted his knee, stupid smile still upon her face. "I'm so glad he's healthy! We were so worried for the longest time!"

Dr. Neville nodded in agreement and approached the titan again, holding the measuring tape. "I'm glad he's finally on the upside of things. He was losing so much nutrients and was even digging into a titan's vitamin D reserves just to keep him functioning since he just threw up anything that was given to him." The doctor paused as he handed the other end of the tape to Hange. "Now to measure the fundal height, we need to measure vertically from the groin to the top of the womb – which I should be able to feel at this point pretty clearly. On a human, it would be from groin to naval but since titans lack a belly button we do have to just go by feel."

Hange cackled. "I would have loved to see Eren with the little pregnancy outie!"

The Attack Titan stared at the woman threateningly, a bubbling snarl in the back of his throat. If he didn't have to worry about being executed, he would have swatted Hange across the barn.

"I read The Attack Titan's temperament was always an interesting experience to work with." Neville chuckled, receiving another snort from the titan. "And I think the accounts were right. The studies on titans in particular talked about how each of the eight titans seemed to have unique traits and personalities. As I stated before, Attack Titans are stubborn, willful, animalistic, and can be extraordinarily aggressive, which is what the name implies. However, there is also a side to them that can be quite attentive and affectionate. This information tells me that The Attack Titan was likely a very good mother to their offspring. Like a grizzly bear I imagine."

The commentary immediately had Hange fawning. "Oh that's amazing! I know for a fact that despite his threatening exterior, he is a softie. He may not want to be now, but I think soon Eren is going to start to feel a little excited for his little bundle of joy!"

The titan's eyes narrowed even further. How would Hange taste if she had been rolled in gravy? Or covered in icing? Pickle juice perhaps? Or goat blood? He wouldn't mind finding that out. The Attack Titan blinked rapidly, shaking his head. Damn cravings.

The woman continued her mirth, completely ignoring the angry titan above her. "Was there anything else the Marley Titan reproduction program found out about The Attack Titan?"

The doctor rubbed his chin. "Let's see. Oh, one that you may find cute actually. The pointed ears of the titan are a dominant trait, so no matter what the baby will have them." Neville smiled with Hange squealing quietly. "Now, Eren I am going to need you to unfold your legs and lean back for me just a little. We will need easy access and I can't get a proper reading with you hunched over." The doctor instructed, with the titan reluctantly listening. Carefully, he

unfolded his legs and leaned backwards in his sitting position, letting his belly be on full display. If they had been doing an internal exam, this was when he would lose his shit and get violent. “Hange I am going to have you be the one to hold the end of the tape at the groin, please place it right above the pubic bone.”

“Okay!”

Eren observed as Hange approached him, a horrid reminder coming to him and the titan instantly embraced fear. They were going to be touching his belly! The baby! What if it started moving! He would never hear the end of it! It would prolong the exam and he wanted to leave! He didn’t want anyone else to know! Wide greens witnessed Hange bend down and place the end of the measuring tape just above the pubic bone, right at the base of his belly. Eren swallowed, the doctor positioning a ladder before him and taking the other end of the tape from Hange. The titan’s heart pounded, swallowing thickly. Neville stepped foot onto the ladder and to Eren’s horror, pressed a hand with a slight amount of force into his swollen abdomen.

“Ah, as I thought the uterus is easy to feel. It’s a bit like a tight water filled balloon. Which right now, it’s mostly amniotic fluid, which will give a pup plenty of wiggle room for a while when it does start dancing a little jig in here.” Neville exclaimed, making Eren wonder if he should just make a run for it. The doctor, moved his hand upwards, feeling along the toasty and swollen flesh. The Attack Titan’s brows drew together, worriedly watching as Neville scaled higher up the ladder. The doctor’s hands pushed a bit harder as he climbed, the titan struggling to hold back any defensive instinct he had. Neville wasn’t pushing gently at all and he couldn’t help but to believe that the doctor was doing it purposely for more than just trying to determine the size of his uterus. Finally, the doctor’s hand stopped just as the man ran out of steps upon the ladder. Neville smiled, nodding to himself and quickly writing the information down. “So the top of the uterus as of now, is just above the tops of Eren’s hips. It’s actually a bit bigger than I thought it would be at five months. Nothing wrong with that, it just means that he could be having a larger size pup. And as time goes on, and the baby grows, the uterus will take up the majority of Eren’s midsection and even compress and push other organs out of the way. Hange? Could you retrieve the Pinard horn for me and come up here? We can get the heartbeat and I’m sure you would love to feel the top of the uterus as well for your own research purposes.”

“I would love to!” Hange practically skipped over to the doctor’s temporary workstation to retrieve what he requested. Nervously, Eren continued to observed as she scaled up the other side of the ladder. Hange then raised a hand to his belly. “So where is the top of it?”

“Right here.” Neville guided her hand to the spot that the doctor had been focusing on previously. “That’s right where the uterus ends.”

Eren watched in silent horror as the two humans began to press down, the titan feeling the pressure and Hange’s brows rising. “Oh! That’s amazing! I wonder if we do have a big baby on our hands!” Hange moved her hand lower to rub his pregnant belly affectionately.

“It’s a possibility we should find out in time.” The Doctor smiled. “Now let’s finish up with a quick listen to the heartbeat –

However, the doctor didn’t get the chance to speak further as the moment he feared happened. A series of waves invaded his uterus, starting inwardly and then moving outward to rub the inside of it. The titan froze along with his two caretakers. That was much clearer than the movements that he felt the night before. It felt as if something had rolled over. The waves

turned into the fluttery sensation right at the front of his abdomen and right beneath tiny hands. Eren winced. It was just his rotten luck.

Hange's eyes widened as big as grapefruits, her jaw going slack. "Was that – stomach gurgles or what I think it could be?" Dr. Neville chuckled loudly at her confusion.

"Ah! There it is! What I was trying to provoke! Fetal movement!"

Hange then released the loudest squeal so far. "Oh! The little one has finally said hello! Eren! My goodness! It's your baby! Your baby is moving!"

The Attack Titan exhaled a defeated sigh. He might as well prepare for the humiliation, and perhaps get comfortable since he was likely going to be in the barn for even longer. Absentmindedly, the titan lifted a hand to cradle his belly, feeling the quickening.

"This is one part of studying titan reproduction that I truly miss." Dr. Neville described with Hange just rubbing his abdomen in awe. "It's a perfect reminder that there is a baby titan on the way."

Then the waves happened again and suddenly there was a quick but light jab in his belly, right beneath Hange's hand – and for a moment he thought that it actually bounced against the flesh. The scientist somehow grew more animated. "OH MY! I THINK THAT WAS A KICK!" She exclaimed, nearly bouncing on the ladder. The doctor nodded.

"Oh yes! It was! It's rolling over and doing some acrobatics as well."

The Attack Titan continued to focus on the movement, trying to ignore the two others for a moment. It was kicking? Was that what kicks felt like? And the sloshing, like moving around in a bathtub, that was the pup rolling over? Eren swallowed fretfully, sidetracked as the humans pressed the horn to his fertile tummy to listen to the heartbeat. This was really what the baby was going to feel like for the remainder of the pregnancy? The titan's fingers massaged his belly, feeling his baby butt up against his palm, fluttering again before settling. Was it possible that it already knew that he was its mother? Eren's brow furrowed. Instinct wanted him to do nothing but nurture but knowing how the baby came to be, he just couldn't bring himself to fall for the pup.

"The heartbeat sounds great. Your pup is very healthy, Eren." The doctor addressed warmly, bringing the titan back from his thoughts. Neville returned to the floor of the barn and put the ladder to the side and added a few more things to his notes. Eren sat up, still cradling his belly with a mix of emotions. Hange patted his knee.

"Everything is looking great so far, Big Momma!" She whispered excitedly. "Baby is doing well and dancing a jig as the doctor said." The woman beamed. "This is absolutely wonderful Eren! I'm so excited for you! This is absolutely magical! I think tomorrow we will give everyone a pregnancy progress update!"

At the words, he instantly felt he needed to interject. The titan raised his hands and began to protest in sign. "*Hange, please don't tell everyone. I'm – not ready for that.*"

Hange calmed and raised a brow. "Oh? How come Eren? What's wrong?"

The titan growled quietly. "*I am embarrassed. I don't want people touching my belly. I'm not happy, Hange. I didn't ask for any of this.*" Eren shared willingly. He watched as Hange blinked in disbelief before offering him a kind smile.

"Okay Eren." She began softly, only loud enough for the two of them to hear. "I won't tell your friends as I'm going to leave that up to you. I know you aren't thrilled about your situation. I don't think you were ever expecting such an event to happen to you. But pregnancy is

beautiful and wonderful! I think it is fate that you are becoming a mom. Perhaps Ymir had plans for your Eren.”

The Attack Titan groaned. Fate had a funny sense of humor.

“But I won’t tell; anyone until you are ready to do so. You have my word on that. And who knows, maybe those first time mom jitters will go away in time. Oh and, you don’t have to lie to us about anything, Eren.” Hange snickered, getting a startled look from the titan. “Yeah, I noticed your red ears. I know about that trait from Mikasa. Your ears always turned red when you lie.” The scientist smiled. “And it looks like your little one is going to have the same ears as well!”

Eren’s face softened, eye lids sinking. Curse that trait. The titan sighed, releasing another lazy cloud of steam. At least she would let him be the one to inform everyone, and his idea of informing the residents was just if they asked otherwise it was up to them to figure it out. He would treat Reiner the same way despite the fact that the Armored Titan was the father.

The Attack Titan continued to rub his belly idly. The pup fluttered again, giving him a tiny kick. Eren swallowed. This was going to take time getting used to. He watched as the Doctor then brought up a chair and sat before them, holding both the clipboard and a set of old files. The man flipped through the paperwork until he fell upon a marked section. The man then cleared his throat and offered the expecting titan a reassuring smile.

“Okay Eren, everything is looking really good so far. You and the pup are healthy and the baby is really starting to blossom.” The doctor alliterated with a metaphor, nearly making the Attack titan roll his eyes again. “What I’m going to do is go over some information from today’s examination and tell you a bit of info about what you can expect at twenty weeks of pregnancy and how that compares with both humans and titans. I’ll start with you and then I’ll give you information on your baby’s development etc.” Neville began, his words provoking Eren to try and get comfortable in the cramped barn. This was likely going to take some more of his time. “Now, at twenty weeks, five months of pregnancy, a human and titan’s gestation symptoms and baby developments are pretty similar – and this is the only time besides the first few weeks of expectancy that things are comparable. After about twenty-four weeks is when things seem to progress slowly for a titan. After all, it takes fifteen months for a titan like you to carry to term, Eren.”

The Attack Titan grumbled. He didn’t need to be reminded of that unfortunate fact.

“You yourself Eren, are at a good weight and size for this stage. You actually got a little bigger than I expected, but as I said you can now stomach things and your body is instinctively telling you to eat a lot more for yourself and your offspring. So don’t be afraid to indulge on those cravings of yours.” Neville paused, not catching Eren’s frown. “The back and leg pain you are having is normal along with the swelling of your ankles and feet. The swelling is caused by water retention and compressed blood vessels and it can worsen if you are on your feet too long. For relief, hot water soaks and sitting with your feet elevated can make the swelling lessen. Now, I’m not saying that you can’t do anything Eren, you can do plenty of light stretches and simple exercises but even still take things easy. Your muscles and ligaments are stretching and can make injury come easy. Absolutely no sparring for obvious reasons.”

Eren could only sigh at the doctor’s information. It was starting to feel like he was a prisoner in his own body.

"I asked you some symptom questions earlier, if you do experience any of those they are indeed normal and nothing to threat. Another thing you will notice soon is your hair will thicken and your nails may grow longer, which you can thank those pregnancy hormones for. You can expect mood swings and right now I know you are feeling anxious. This is when the true reality of pregnancy settles in and first timers start to think about the now and future. Talking with friends or other mothers can help ease your concerns."

Eren nearly gave another snort in protest. He wasn't going to talk about any of this with his friends.

"For now on your appointments will be three weeks apart and we will check your weight, size of your midsection, and fundal height. We are also going to get plenty of readings from your baby as well, Eren. Now, let's talk about said baby! Your little one is making some great strides Momma! By measuring your uterus we are able to determine that your baby is about as big as a person – about five in a half to six feet, but I am leaning towards the six. With of course the proportions being different than a human. The pup is now developed enough that it has some of its senses. It can taste as it swallows amniotic fluid. It has its sense of touch. If positioned correctly, it can feel those putting hands on your belly. It can also feel your movements Eren. Each time you walk, take a breath, and touch your tummy your baby can feel it. The pup's hearing is developed as well. The baby can hear your heartbeat, the pumping of your blood, your stomach making noises and building up steam, and your breathing. The baby can also hear external sounds like your friends talking to your belly and they can hear your voice as well, Eren."

Next to him, Hange was ecstatic, nearly jumping up and down again. "It can hear us! That's amazing!" The woman suddenly turned to his distended torso and playfully poked it with her finger. "Hi little one! It's grandma Hange! It's so exciting to finally meet you! Your Mommy may be a sourpuss but he's excited deep down!"

At the comment, the Attack Titan released a loud hiss and put his hand between his stomach and the crazed woman. He had just about enough. But why had he not just pushed her? Why put his hand between him and her? Was he protecting the thing already? Eren's face tinted crimson. He needed the doctor to hurry up and conclude the exam.

Neville chuckled. "Mommy's already defensive. Fascinating!" The man paused to scribe the new detail before continuing. "Now, the baby has also developed its hair and fingernails and it's face is nearly fully formed. It will react to light and even become startled. And today we experienced the latest development! Fetal movement! This is the very thing that most mothers look forward to when pregnant, Eren! Right now, since your uterus is still quite roomy, your baby is going to move quite a bit! Right now the movements will be gentle but very frequent. It will roll over, somer sault, flip, flutter, quicken, and even punch and kick. At times it will seem as if the baby is dancing in there. Everything will be pretty tame now, but later in pregnancy when the pup grows those movements can get aggressive and be painful if the baby gets at your ribs. And in later months, you will also see the baby move in your belly. It's absolutely fascinating!" Neville continued, making the titan wince at the thought. "From here on out, since you are able to eat, your baby will start packing on the pounds and gain a chubby and plump appearance. It will also start growing teeth as well. Pretty soon, it will start to look like a little Attack Titan!"

Eren winced, swallowing the lump in his throat. If anything, he hoped it looked like a little Attack Titan, not an Armored Titan. He wouldn't be able to explain it and he would be absolutely humiliated.

"Alright Eren. I believe that concluded the day's exam. We will meet again in three weeks to access you and the baby's progress. If you suddenly start feeling as if something is off please don't hesitate to notify someone, Eren. You are doing well and it's nice for me to experience all of this again! Hange and I are going to stay here and look over some notes but you are free to go Eren!"

As soon as that beautiful sentence was spoken, Eren only replied with a grunt and hurriedly began to make his way out of the barn, not pausing to hear any other word. Not looking back once, the titan exited the barn and ventured out past the courtyard in the direction of his home. However, his trek was cut short when a loud flapping sound met his ears and in the next second a feathered titan landed before him, making Eren reluctantly stop in his tracks. It was Falco, the final jaw titan inheritor that was mixed with the genes of the Best Titan. He had met the kid in the Liberto internment zone and they had a rocky relationship until Eren had revealed his true intentions and ended the titan curse. Falco was now once like the excited kid that he first met, completely innocent.

"Hello Eren! Did you just get done with your appointment?"

As much as he wanted to be left alone and stay off the subject of pregnancy, Eren found that he couldn't be mean to the kid. Falco, like most was curious, but he tried being helpful to him. **"Yes. Everything is fine. Did you want something, Falco?"**

"I actually came to see if you would join us Eren. The titans are visiting on the north end clearing in the forest. They are sparring too. I – know you can't fight due to your current condition, but we didn't want you to feel left out. Would you like to come watch?" The titan asked hopefully.

Eren tilted his chin in consideration, a thought then crossed his mind that would be worth skipping out on a nap for. **"Will Annie be kicking Reiner's ass?"**

The Jaw Titan snickered. **"You know it!"**

The Attack Titan smirked. **"Alright. Show me the way."**

"This is so exciting!" Hange began happily as she tried to cram all of her new notes into an overstuffed binder. "He's doing so well! It's amazing to work with a pregnant titan! Especially the incredibly unique Attack Titan!" The woman squealed again. "The movement we felt today was incredible! The turning over, the moving of the arms and legs, and that little kick! Oh it was just magical! I can't wait to feel more in the coming months! What else do titan babies do in the womb?"

Dr. Neville placed his paperwork into his briefcase. "Typically around seven months in, sometimes the unborn pup will get the hiccups. When that happen you can see the mother's belly bounce with each one." The man chuckled with Hange beaming broadly. "Attack Titans' ears wiggle in the womb too. If you haven't figured that out, they do that when excited or happy."

"That's so precious! I'm so glad the trait carries from Eren to his young. It's one of my favorite features of the Attack Titan."

“The very same.” Dr. Neville replied before suddenly hesitating, biting his lip. “Hange, I need to tell you something important. Eren is very nervous, so I did not bring this up today. But it’s about the baby and the Attack Titan’s biology.”

At the doctor’s worry, Hange frowned. The woman raised a brow and her excitement instantly died off. What could be wrong? “What’s going on?”

“Well, when we took the fundal height measurement, he measured big which does suggest a big pup. Going by the old records, the Attack Titan did have a more – high risk pregnancy.” He began with Hange’s eyes widening. “The reason being is because although the Attack titan has a male and female reproductive system, it’s body right down to the skeleton is hyper masculine. A female’s pelvis is much wider than a male’s just so they can give birth. With Eren’s pelvis a male’s and the possibility that the baby could be big – he could have a very difficult time with labor and delivery. Even a difficult time later in pregnancy.” The man paused a second time, reaching to rub his neck nervously. “And that’s not the only thing I am concerned of either.”

“What? What could –

“For now, keep this possibility to yourself Hange. Although we are only hearing and feeling a singleton, the Attack Titan is also known for having –

As the doctor spoke further and explained, Hange’s face lit up in elation.

She then proceeded to faint.

Eren followed Falco into a vast clearing deep in the forest. He could hear the ruckus before he even saw it. In the center of the grassy glade, Reiner and Annie were both in defensive and offensive stances. They were in heated combat. Annie of course had a cool and steely look. Completely focused. Reiner on the other hand already had a few missing pieces of armor and was huffing and puffing. If it was one thing that Eren had learned over the years of knowing Reiner, was that Reiner was not really very skilled as a titan shifter. Once one figured out how to get past his defenses, Reiner didn’t have the sharpest skills. In their very first fight he had been knocked around and most of his attacks would just tear up his hands, but grappling worked and he was able to turn the tide and nearly rip Reiner’s head off in the end. After he had gained his hardening ability, he could often take the Armored Titan down easily. If Reiner was good at anything it was running through walls, diverting cannon fire, being a giant meaty shield, being everyone’s big brother, being an idiot, and apparently getting him pregnant.

Anything else, Reiner sucked at.

And apparently Reiner was never supposed to be the Armored Titan at all, he only received it through recommendation. In comparison, Annie was a protégée and made the female titan a force to be reckoned with. So any fight like this, was worth losing a little sleep over.

Sitting and spectating at the edge of the tree line were Falco and Peick. Armin the Colossal, his childhood friend, was absent for the Colossal was more of an inconvenience to move about in. And he would have likely be a worrywart watching his girlfriend’s sparring session anyway. The only other titan that was absent was his half-brother Zeke, the Beast Titan.

Eren was glad the bastard was still serving out his jail sentence – hopefully in a zoo somewhere. Knowing where his place now was, Eren made it over to the sidelines where the smaller titans sat and spectated. Upon hearing his footsteps, Peck the Cart Titan looked up from her relaxed position in the grass. Like most of the people he knew from Marley, Peck was not fond of him one bit at all and had even threatened him with a gun to the head back in his days of being human. But She had always distrusted Marley deep down and when he revealed his true intentions, she had grown to forgive him. He had come to learn that Peck was quite down to earth and had a laid back personality. Eren found himself often talking to her and with each conversation that came easy, it felt as if he had known her since he was a child.

“Hello there Momma! You arrived right on time.” The Cart Titan greeted with a toothy grin. **“They just got started and poor Reiner is already regretting his decision.”**

Eren waved weakly, ignoring the nickname that the Cart Titan had given him as he made his way across the glade. **“Morning Peck. So Reiner is already regretting his decision eh?”** The Attack Titan grunted as he lowered himself next to her, taking the time to get comfortable and folding his legs. Eren shifted in his seat, feeling the pup flutter again before he settled. He could feel Peck’s eyes upon his midsection. He couldn’t help but notice how obvious it was now, his belly was indeed rounder and was starting to fill his empty lap a bit. Eren swallowed. He had barely spoken and he was already embarrassed.

Finally, the Cart Titan hummed, letting out a huff as Reiner received another hardened punch to the face. **“I’d say so. Reiner was never the best at combat. He always scored pretty poorly in the warrior training. But his dedication was his strongest point.”**

“He was the same way in the cadets. I couldn’t get the hang of maneuver gear and he was of great help to me. During sparring sessions, I believe he spent more time in the dirt on his back than actually fighting.” Eren smirked.

Peck smiled knowingly. **“Very true. The Armored titan was more suited for defense anyway, a shield more so. The Attack Titan is more suited for offense; it is the sword.”** The Cart Titan alliterated, glancing from the brawl to the seated fifteen-meter titan.

Eren gritted his teeth, a quiet grumble sounding from the back of his throat. **“And unfortunately the sword is sheaved.”** The Attack Titan watched as Annie brought Reiner into a choke hold, a smirk pulling at the corner of his maw. **“At least Annie can be a spear.”** Suddenly, he began to feel defeated. As much as he liked seeing Reiner getting the daylight kicked out of him. He wasn’t the one doing it. He couldn’t relish in the adrenaline of sparing or feel pleasure from Reiner’s misery. Although sparring with the Armored Titan was what got him into the mess he was in, he did enjoy engaging in combat with his friends. In a strange way, it kept him sane. Now, carrying a child, filled with delicate life, he couldn’t do anything that he enjoyed it seemed.

“Yeah, at least Annie can knock him senseless like always.” Peck suddenly turned to him, teasingly bumping his arm with her elbow and her impossibly large mouth pulled into a cheeky grin. **“So Momma! How did your appointment go this morning? Did you find out anything new?”**

Eren inhaled sharply, eyes widening and cheeks turning crimson. The Attack Titan dithered, lowering a hand to cup his stomach. How was he going to get out of this? Peck was way too perceptive and would see through any lie he could throw at her. There was one tactic that may help him out of the situation, telling the truth but not all of it. But still, he would rather say nothing at all.

"Come on Eren!" The Cart Titan elbowed him again before gesturing to his abdomen. **"You've got a belly going on now! No way they didn't find out anything new!"** She teased, making Eren bite his tongue.

"Well...they said I'm twenty weeks, five months pregnant." The Attack Titan muttered. Peick only huffed.

"I think everyone here knows that Eren! Come on! You can share some more details! I don't bite!"

The Attack Titan groaned. **"Okay. The doctor said I was healthy. The baby is too. The pup is about five to six feet and should start growing quite a bit now that I can stomach food. So I'll probably be as big as a damn barn before long."** Eren informed, slightly amazed at how well the words were rolling off his tongue. **"Everything I'm experiencing like the swollen ankles and backaches are normal. My hair is starting to get thicker and my nails are getting longer. I'm just – exhausted."** Eren sighed. Green eyes drifting to his stomach, watching it rise and fall for a moment with each breath. **"Soon, the baby can feel, taste, and hear inside and outside my belly."** Eren lied ever so slightly, feeling the baby give him a light jab as if to scold him for his misinformation. **"The doctor actually said it was a possibility that I'm carrying a big baby too with the measurements he took today. But overall, things are progressing as they should."** The Attack Titan spoke, his voice quieter, hand absentmindedly rubbing the lower section of his tummy, not catching Peick's hard stare at his attentive hand.

"Well that's –

"HELLPPPPP!"

Their conversation was cut short by a desperate scream that echoed among the glade. The spectators of the brawl looked to see that Reiner had been pinned down in a nasty hold by Annie. Eren instantly recognized it as the same move he used on Reiner during their first fight as titans. In the Female Titan's grip, Reiner was squirming and yelling while Annie looked absolutely bored. Like broken china, the titan's armor cracked and splintered. Reiner attempted to shove Annie off of him by forcing her downward, but a hold like that was nearly impossible to free oneself from.

"You're pathetic." Annie spoke, rolling her eyes with Reiner still panicking.

"ANNIE... I CANT BREATHE! COME ON! LET... ME GO!"

The Female Titan Tilted her head in consideration. **"No. Eren at least gave me a decent fight."**

"That's an interesting compliment." Peick hummed.

"Sorry you are stuck with him, Annie." The Attack Titan apologized, a feeble smile pulling at his face. For a moment, he thought he caught a small smile appear upon the Female Titan's face before her neutral expression returned.

"It's fine. You are preoccupied by a bun in the oven." She turned her attention back to the Armored Titan. **"He's better than nothing."**

Eren's grin gradually faded, morphing into a frown yet again. He hated not being able to do anything! It was as if a whole part of himself was missing and unreachable. Admittedly, he was very jealous. He was shackled. The Attack Titan continued to watch the fight longingly, unaware of Peick observing him with a look of concern.

"Hey Eren? You miss it don't you?"

A tapered ear flickered in her direction, The Attack Titan taking his eyes away from the fight to peer down at the Cart Titan in question. As he had thought, she was seeing through his mask.

“What do you mean?”

Peick offered him a kind smile. **“I can see it. You are missing sparring with the others?”**

Eren couldn't help but to nod. **“Yes. I really envy them, Peick. It was one thing I loved to do to help cope with stress. Now I'm in no state to fight. The doctor strictly forbids it.”** The titan exhaled heavily. **“All of my ligaments are loose and my muscles are stretched so I'm prone to injury. My healing is slowed and of course I tire easily. The most I'm allowed is simple exercise only if I feel like it. I just – feel like a waste of space right now. I feel... like a burden and I feel worthless.”** A large lump formed in his throat, the behemoth shuttering. In his womb, the baby began to pick up on his emotions, squirming beneath his palm. **“I just... I didn't ask for this at all.”** The Attack Titan croaked, voice cracking.

Upon noticing his deteriorating mood, Peick grew alarmed. **“Hey now Momma! It's alright! I'm sorry I should not have asked that question. I didn't mean to provoke a swing in your mood. I apologize but Eren – I was always taught that things happen for a reason. You were reborn as The Attack Titan because I think Ymir had a plan with you. Pregnancy is likely part of it. As people you know grow old, I think she wanted you to have something you could always treasure – something that would be a light in the dark and something that would allow you to live a close to normal life. I think she wanted you to have a family.”**

The Attack Titan stared at her owlishly before his face flushed and he averted his gaze away. He recalled seeing Ymir the founder's memories of how the titans began. Her relationship with the king wasn't a healthy one and upon her death her children were forced to eat her to gain her power. Even when she was alive, she lived under constant abuse from the king. Did she really want him to have a happy family because she couldn't? Eren discreetly shook his head. He was forcefully impregnated by another titan on accident due to being in heat. How could he have a happy family?

It was bullshit. All of it.

Suddenly there was a new warmth that met his abdomen. Startled, Eren returned to reality and looked down to see the worst. Peick's small hand now lay gently upon his belly, the Cart Titan wearing a tender smile and she rubbed his swollen girth. She then huffed. **“So I would cherish this little gift. Now, I noticed your ears were red earlier and reading some baby books recently – I think you are hiding a little something from us.”** Peick chortled. **“There's no need to be embarrassed Eren. It's the best part! The baby moving is something to cherish!”**

Eren's frame only froze and his eyes ignited in horror.

Overhearing Peick, Falco paused in preening his feathers. **“Wait! The baby is moving! I want to feel it!”** The titan glided down from his perch upon a rock like the excited child he was and quickly put a hand to the practically paralyzed Eren's stomach.

“It's not!”

Peick hummed in amusement, continuing to move her hand along his torso in search for signs of life. **“Oh I think it will say hello in a minute!”** The Cart Titan blissfully denied.

Inwardly, Eren prayed to whatever god he needed to for his kid to behave and stay quiet. Of course, his prayers went unheard as suddenly the pup began to stir, a series of waves spreading across his womb as the baby rolled over and began to wiggle about. The two idiots

surrounding his lap gasped and Eren let out an irritated breath in defeat. Why was nothing working in his favor today?

"I knew it! Little one is starting to be active and stretch its legs a bit in there!" The Cart Titan exclaimed. Falco's eyes were wide with wonder.

"Wait, so that is not his stomach just gurgling and producing steam?" He questioned with adolescent curiosity. Peick shook her head.

"Nope! That's a little titan!" She corrected, and as if to confirm her words, the pup produced a good kick followed by another. Peick giggled, almost girlishly. **"Oh! It's kicking! You have a little acrobat, Eren!"** She teased, the baby continuing to throw out its legs.

"It's kicking a lot!" Falco chuffed. **"This is actually really cool!"**

Eren gritted his teeth, he was nearly ready to pull his hair out.

"What's going on here?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Eren looked up to see that Annie now stood over them, leaving a wallowing Reiner rolling in the grass still trying to catch his breath. Annie's expression was unusual for her. The Female Titan's brows were raised and her blue eye were swimming with intrigue. Peick patted his girth.

"The kiddo has finally said hello. It's really giving Mommy some good kicks right now!"

"Really?" Annie asked, lowering herself before him, icy blues studying his stomach.

"Unfortunately." Eren grumbled, thinking aloud.

Annie blinked for a moment, but just as Eren thought she would get back up to go mess up Reiner again, the Female Titan raised a hand and tentatively laid it on the center of his belly. As she did, the baby thumped against the inside of his womb and a small *smile* pulled at Annie's lips. **"Cute."** The Female Titan spoke softly. The Attack Titan's eyes widened and his face reddened even further. The other titans around him grew even more amazed at the foreign behavior from their friend.

"Huh? What's going on?" Reiner groaned as he finally was able to get to his feet, the titan looking completely confused as he looked on at the group huddled around Eren. The Attack Titan's eyes narrowed. He really didn't want the father of his pup joining them it was already terrible and Reiner would make the situation worse.

Peick laughed. **"We have a bouncy baby in Mommy's belly right now!"**

Reiner's eyes instantly widened at this and Eren could practically smell the excitement radiating from the Armored Titan. Just as the titan was about to advance forward, Eren took it upon himself to prevent disaster. The Attack Titan, while the others were distracted by the gentle movements in his womb, dawned a look that promised death upon his face. Green eyes ignited in a feral aura and his nose was wrinkled in a snarl. Upon seeing his fearsome mug, The Armored Titan halted in his path. Reiner clearly got the message.

"That's great, but I have tokophobia so I will just take your words for it." The Armored Titan sighed, defeated. The father to be then exhaled heavily and began to sit down.

The action gave Eren a fantastic idea. He would get some sweet revenge. It would zap his energy, but it would be worth it.

He had to be quick.

Digging down deep to utilize the power of the Warhammer, Eren's eyes flashed a bright green, commanding a sharp crystal spike to sprout from the ground and right beneath Reiner.

The Attack Titan bore a ghoulish grin as Reiner foolishly let himself fall with the intention to seat himself upon his rump.

The spike missed the titan's crotch but impaled Reiner right between the armored plates of his buttocks and into his pelvis, low into the beast's abdomen.

Reiner's high pitched scream echoed across the glade and rattled tree limbs. The other titans looked up in alarm, abandoning his belly as Reiner was now doubled over with a crystal spike sticking out from which the sun didn't shine. The Titan was screaming like a toddler, in absolute agony and desperately trying to pull the obstruction out.

Falco watched in stunned silence.

Peick's jaw went slack.

Annie unexpectedly burst out laughing.

Eren, although energy now spent, purred in satisfaction. *'Now you know what it felt like for me that day, Reiner.'*

After the events in the glade, feeling absolutely exhausted, Eren retreated to his barn to take a good long nap. He has passed out almost instantly as he laid down in his nest. For the first time in days, he slept deeply. It was absolutely wonderful.

That is until he was woken up by repetitive banging.

The Attack Titan groaned and slowly sat up, taking a moment to comb out his bed head before taking his sweet time standing. Eren then stretched, allowing his pregnant belly to become more pronounced before making his way to the barn door. The knocking continued, but Eren already knew just who his visitor was. The titan sighed and opened the door to reveal an irritated Armored Titan.

"Strange." Eren smirked. **"I don't remember ordering a whiny bitch today."**

The Armored Titan snorted, folding his arms. **"What the hell Eren!"**

"Are you able to walk straight yet?"

"Eren!"

The Attack Titan hummed. **"I was aiming for between the legs so you would get a taste of your own medicine, but of course your dumb ass just fell on it. That had to be unpleasant."**

"What the fuck Eren! Was that really necessary?" Reiner continued. **"It hurt like hell! That went straight through my pelvis! Bone and all!"**

Eren leaned casually against the doorway, Reiner's fury not phasing him. **"I felt a little left out today, and I just wanted to join the fight. Annie always said to go for an opening. And I had one."** The Attack Titan smirked.

The Armored Titan exhaled heavily, hesitating for a moment. **"Eren that was incredibly embarrassing! Even Annie was laughing at me, and she never does that."**

Eren's eyes narrowed, a spark of anger firing off. **"Well Reiner, now you know what I felt that day and now you know the mortification I feel constantly."** The Attack Titan growled lowly.

At the words, Reiner's attitude changed. His anger seemed to fade and the classic kicked puppy look returned to his face. The titan dithered, shuffling on his feet. Reiner sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. **"Sorry. I deserved it. Forget I said anything."**

Eren relaxed, releasing a lazy cloud of steam. **“Anyway, why are you here Reiner? I think you had some other intention besides yelling at me.”**

He watched as Reiner’s brows lifted in surprise before the titan suddenly started to twiddle his thumbs. The titan suddenly shy. **“Well I came to talk to you. Something has been bothering me Eren.”** The Armored Titan bit his tongue, obviously trying to figure out how to explain. **“Everyone has been able to touch your belly, Eren. And now the baby is starting to move, and I still haven’t had my chance yet. Everyone has been able to experience the baby in some way except for me. You keep pushing me away and I’m the father.”** Reiner stared at his stomach. **“I don’t get it. I mean I know you are embarrassed, but Eren I’d love to be part of this. And to help. I told you before – I did want to right a wrong.”**

The Attack Titan took a long look at the other titan’s pleading face before letting his line of sight drift down to his belly. Eren’s hand cradled the bulge, feeling a very faint flutter. He couldn’t forgive Reiner yet. But the titan did have a point, and if he continued to push the baby’s father away people would only grow more suspicious. The titan shut his eyes tightly before heaving a breath. The sooner he got this over with the sooner he could get rid of Reiner and go back to sleep. Green eyes glanced about the forest. **“Did anyone follow you?”**

Reiner perked up, his jaw contorting into the best smile he could make. **“No! Most people are at dinner. Annie and Peick went to town. Falco is working. I am by myself.”**

Eren dipped his head, stepping aside to allow Reiner passage. **“Hurry inside.”** He spoke quickly, looking around once again to double check to see if Reiner had been followed and wasn’t aware before shutting and locking the door to the barn. **“Let’s make this quick.”** The Attack Titan continued walking past Reiner into his home. As Reiner stood, looking around like an over excited child, Eren decided to secure the barn to ensure that no prying eyes could see, quickly pulling a curtain over the window. The Attack Titan then scooted some more hay into his nest and slowly lowered himself, holding his stomach. Eren then proceeded to get comfortable, leaving back onto the large pile of old pillows and resting his head onto the barn wall. Reiner watched his every move, the pregnant titan taking his time in stretching out his legs so he could prop them up but still allow the father to be room for the look that he needed so he could ultimately shut him up. Eren then folded his arms and let them rest just beneath his chest. **“Alright Reiner, sit.”**

To his surprise, the Armored Titan hesitated, visibly gulping. The behemoth’s hands shakenly snaked down to his rump. **“You aren’t leading me to a trap are you? Just to spear me through the ass right?”**

Eren heaved an exasperated breath, rolling his eyes. **“No. I’m not going to impale you in the ass, Reiner. I’m too tired from using the Warhammer’s ability anyway. It’s also the reason I’m not standing right now. Because of my condition, I need a longer time to recuperate. Now, let’s hurry this up. I’d like to get back to my nap and you will need to likely be back before dinner is over I imagine.”**

The Armored Titan heaved a sigh in relief and gradually approached the other titan. Eren observed as Reiner carefully made his way between his legs and squatted down. The Attack Titan’s hips twitched, a sickening feeling igniting in the pit of his stomach. After what happened, this was the last place that he wanted Reiner to be. However, if it would satisfy the Armored Titan’s curiosity to where he wasn’t a thorn in his side, he would allow it this once. Green eyes watched as Reiner swallowed fretfully once again before holding out both skinless hands and

ever so gently laid them onto the center of his belly. Eren watched as Reiner's face lit up on wonder, the titan's pregnant tummy rising up and down gently with each breath.

"It feels... so warm." The Armored Titan smiled, humming in fondness. **"It feels so different."** Reiner continued, rubbing his thumbs into tanned leathery skin before letting his hands drift ever so slightly downward. **"But it feels really cool."**

Eren unfolded an arm to lay it upon the pile of plush pillows, resting his head in his palm as he continued to observe tiredly. Just as he thought the baby had fallen asleep, life suddenly stirred all across his belly, a wave of movement followed by a distinct twisting. Reiner nearly jumped but kept his hands to the bulge as the quickening continued. Reiner's jaw parted into one of the widest smiles he had seen upon him in titan form. The Armored Titan chuffed.

"It's moving! Holy shit! It really is moving in there!" The titan exclaimed.

"I know."

"This is amazing! This is incredible Eren! The little one seems healthy! Our baby is... doing good!" Reiner continued to fawn. Then, as Eren expected, the pup began to kick. Instantly, The Armored Titan let out a vocal in surprise and in liking. The beast gurgling in pure delight. **"It's kicking! The baby feels like it's going to be strong! Just like its Mommy and Daddy! Just think! We made this!"** Reiner alliterated animatedly as the baby continued to kick and punch, making the amount of amniotic fluid in his womb ripple. The Armored Titan continued to frame his belly, absolutely elated. **"The kicking is incredible. Just as I imagined it. So Eren – you had an appointment today didn't you? Did you learn anything about the baby? Please tell me some of it if you did!"**

Eren blinked slowly, hand rubbing the top of his belly. **"Yes I had my appointment this morning, everything is looking good. Baby is actually on the larger side as of now, about five to six feet – a little ahead in its development."** The Attack Titan began, voice surprisingly quiet as he watched Reiner look down at his belly excitedly. Suddenly, Eren found his face flushing-incredibly feeling a bit timid. **"The movement started last night, which at twenty weeks that is right on schedule as well. Since I can now keep food in my stomach and the baby is finally going to be able to start packing on the pounds it needs – which means I'll be like the boulder that blocked the gate in Trost fairly quickly."** The Attack Titan sighed. **"Right now, it's getting its hair and nails. It can taste and it can feel. Like – it can feel me, my body every time I breathe and move."** Eren trailed off, wandering among the facts and feeling the baby continue to flutter. **"It can hear. It can hear my heartbeat, the flow of my blood. It can hear voices –**

"It can hear us!" Reiner interjected at the news. **"You mean it can hear us talk?"** The Armored Titan asked excitedly. The Attack Titan lifted a brow, looking down at his stomach again.

"I suppose so, yes." The titan sighed, exhaustion laden in his tone.

To his amazement, his dismissive answer only provoked Reiner to become more excited than ever. The Armored Titan's hands trembled, but not in fear. Eren's brows drew together in confusion as he watched the Armored Titan suddenly lower his chin to his abdomen. Then, as his alarm grew, Reiner opened his mouth to speak.

"Hello little one! It's me! Your daddy! I'm excited to finally get to meet you!" The bulky titan spoke in the sweetest voice he could possibly make which was a bizarre fact in itself due to how intimidating the Armored Titan looked. Eren opened his maw with the intention to project his opinion on it was stopped instantly as his entire uterus came to life, practically vibrating as

the waves spread across it. Green eyes widened with amber eyes doing the same, the two titan parents speechless as the baby flipped and pushed. **“OH! WOW! Kiddo is really moving now!”**

The Attack Titan gulped. This was the most the pup had moved since it had stirred the night before. He began to grow nervous. He wasn't sure what to think. It wasn't painful. It wasn't uncomfortable yet. It just – felt strange. It really did feel like the baby was dancing within him. Eren swallowed. It was so bizarre. Deep down, an instinctual part of him was doting of it, perhaps due to the titans' nature of eating humans and letting them kick all the way down and panic inside their stomachs until they boiled. However, the logical side of him was both spooked and disgusted. Finally, The Attack Titan was able to find his words. **“That's – the most it has moved.”** He conveyed, still in a state of awe.

The Armored Titan blinked in surprise before letting out a considerate hum. **“Maybe... perhaps because it heard my voice?”** Reiner guessed. **“Could it be that it knows that we are its parents?”**

“It's – possible.” Eren rubbed his chin, hardly able to conceal the worry in his voice. If that was true, would their pup move like this each time they spoke? The baby kicked again, making the pregnant titan gulp peevishly.

Reiner chuffed. **“Well then let's see!”** The beast lowered his head again. **“It's good to meet you little one! It's your Papa Reiner! Your dear Daddy!”** The titan continued cutely, the unborn pup wiggling around at the words. The Armored Titan lifted a finger and playfully poked his swollen belly. **“Boop! Boop! BOOP! You are a feisty little titan aren't you? Just like your Momma!”** Reiner chuffed at the fluster of activity. **“Hey Eren? How about you try talking to the baby directly? I bet it will do the same!”**

Eren sighed. **“Reiner –**

“Come on Eren! You never know! You may really like it!”

Knowing that Reiner would continue to pester him if he didn't, Eren sighed and awkwardly sat up a little. He didn't want to prolong Reiner's visit any longer. The Attack Titan gulped, hesitant as he lowered his maw the best he could. **“Umm... hello baby. It's – Mommy.”** He spoke quietly, the words leaving a souring taste in his mouth.

But at the expecting titan's hello, the baby seemed to go full on alert. The movement spread all across his abdomen, the pup turning and twisting in excitement. Eren's eyes widened even further with Reiner's face mirroring his as the pup began to pump its little legs as if it was running a marathon. Again, Eren gulped apprehensively. The baby had moved even more. Reiner broke out into the titan equivalent of giggles.

“See? The little one really like you Eren.” The Armored Titan beamed. **“And judging by how much the pup is moving and grooving in there, I'd say that it loves you a lot Eren. Maybe even more than me.”**

The Attack Titan sighed. Of course. That was just his luck. Then again, he was the mother after all. The pup was only alive because of him. Of course, the baby had moved for Reiner to and it was probably just a fluke that the baby moved more at his voice. It was undoubtedly now fully awake after their conversation.

Reiner patted his belly. **“I think the little guy may take after you more than me. It's awfully bouncy!”**

“The doctor did say that because it is a dominate trait, no matter who it takes after more, the pup will have pointed ears.” The words seemed to roll off of Eren’s tongue yet again, the titan not understanding why he had decided to open his mouth.

At the news, Reiner sat up with his jaw contorted into another foolishly big grin. **“Oh! Yes! That’s going to be so cute!”** The Armored Titan exclaimed with Eren raising a brow suspiciously. **“I always loved your ears Eren! They are always so expressive and –**

The Armored Titan stopped himself at the sight of the Attack Titan’s ears folding over in annoyance, he had clearly said too much.

Eren frowned, not thrilled about Reiner’s confession. **“Dinner will be over in about thirty minutes, Reiner. You may want to get going before people wonder where you ran off to.”** The titan spoke bluntly. Regrettably, Reiner sighed in defeat but nodded in understanding.

“Yeah you’re right.” The Armored Titan carefully stood. **“I had better get back. I literally told Connie that I needed to take a dump after the bacon and sausage ran right through me.”** Reiner’s mirth carried through the barn, getting another eye roll from Eren.

Of course that was the kind of excuse he expected Reiner to give.

The Armored Titan finally turned to leave, but paused at the door, looking back with a thoughtful expression. **“Thank you for finally letting me meet our baby, Eren. Contrary to what you think now, I think we’re going to end up having some fun as parents. And I think you are going to love the baby.”** Reiner concluded as he exited the barn and quickly shut the door behind him, leaving the gravid titan alone once again.

Eren sat in silence, Reiner’s words repeating themselves in his head. The behemoth then released a tired sigh and lay back into his nest. Green eyes stared tiredly up at the skylight, observing as a bird returned to its nest to offer its mate a worm. The titan’s hand drifted down to his swollen belly, feeling among his taught skin and the warmth beneath his palm. The Attack Titan looked down, chin nestling into his clavicle. The titan blinked slowly, a weak smirk pulling at the corner of his lipless maw. **“Your Daddy is an absolute idiot.”**

The baby fluttered merrily.