

This is a transgender story. It took over 20 years to finish. Ha, ha, that might be a record. It involves obviously transgender items, body growth. If any of these offend you please do not read any further. Oh gee, the obvious part, nobody depicted in this story is real, that would be a little hard as its a Sci-Fi Story to begin with!

Organ Transplant

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I had been having one of those days. Nothing, but nothing was going right. One step ahead and two steps back. I had even dropped my wallet while waiting in a lunch line. Money, credit cards and pictures spilled all over the floor.

I thought my day had really taken a turn for the better when the new good looking, and very busty secretary came up to me, and with a huge smile on her face said \"Can I have your organ?\" I smiled back at her, and before I could say anything, she burst out laughing. She handed me the organ donor card that had dropped out of my wallet. At this point the whole lunch line broke out laughing; no, my day wasn't getting better. I said \"thanks\" and put the card back in my wallet.

Eventually, I made it through the day; conducting one mind numbing interview after another, getting in a heated debate over some nonsensical points with the higher personnel office, and having to counsel other staff members on their performance. It was with a relief that I made it to the parking garage and got into my jeep for the hour drive home.

Obviously, I had hoped in vain that the drive home would get better. It was bumper to bumper traffic, the second I got on the freeway. Well, maybe, I would make it home in two hours. As I waited in traffic my mind ran back over the day. Oh, no, not that again; it would be better to concentrate on something nice in the day. I didn't want to be so upset that the second I got home I would get in an argument with the wife. That would make this day just perfect! No, I had to find something nice and relaxing to think about. My mind floated back to the secretary. I could think about her; well before her joke on me. What was her name? Ah... Laura I believe. Cute face with shoulder length hair; but she had the most incredible body. What a figure, nice long legs leading to wide hips, with a wonderful rounded ass; narrow waist, and two of the largest breasts I had ever seen. Most woman probably would call them too big (ha, as if there were such a thing). They were perfect. Oh, how I loved large breasts. I could just play with them for hours. I wished my wife had some decent sized breasts, other than her A cups.

Time to get my mind back on the road the traffic is letting up. Finally, there was a break, and we got up to an astounding 70 mph. Maybe it wouldn't take two hours to get home after all. After cruising a few minutes Laura reentered my mind. I wondered what size bra she wore. I would bet at least a DD cup. Then I wondered how big her nipples were.... Good Grief that car's stopped! I slammed on the jeep's brakes, careful not to override them. Years of training and cross-country experience paid off, as I expertly brought the jeep to a controlled stop missing the car in front of me by a good two feet. I was still congratulating myself on a great \"save\" when I

glanced in the rear-view mirror. Apparently, that semi coming on me fast didn't have a driver with my experience. Damn, maybe if I throw the jeep into.....

It's all white. I can hear but I can't move, and I can't see! From the sounds, I am around people in a... a... a... what? Oh, now it's starting to hurt. Man, my head feels like it's going to explode. What's going on? Wait, the truck! It had to of hit me, I must be in a hospital. I wonder how bad I am banged up? Shit, I must be all screwed up, if I don't even remember the accident.

Ok, one thing at a time. Let's try to talk, if I can do that maybe somebody is here that could tell me about me. Come on voice talk. Wow, I can feel my mouth and jaw trying to move, but it's difficult. No, it won't work. How could that be? I never heard of anyone with a neck injury that paralyzed their jaw. Let's try something else then. Come on body, move. Nothing. Then I passed out.

Gee, more whiteness, there's a surprise. Hold on, I am hearing better. I can make out individual voices now. Ok, we tried the voice last time (I wonder how long ago "last time" was?), let's try this body thing again. Just lying here, I can feel my body. That's an improvement, before it was total nothing. Feet, legs, arms, hands, fingers and my torso, I can feel them all. Yea! If I can feel, maybe I am not paralyzed! But even if I am not what about being blinded? One thing at a time lad. Let's try this body thing first. Fingers and toes, let's give it a go. It feels weird like the instructions to my body aren't understood? Wait, there it goes! I got the trigger finger on my right hand curled, and my left big toe is wiggling! YES! But, boy, it was like a wave came over me with that little effort, and I passed out again.

Here we are again, yet more whiteness, and an undetermined amount of time since my last black out. I can feel my face now. My head is wrapped. Must be gauze. No wonder all I see is white; its over my eyes! It sounds like people are around me now. Let's try the voice one more time. A moan, I got out a moan! Yes, I made a sound!

The person/persons in the room have gone wild. They are all yelling at once. What is the big deal? It sounds like they are yelling about me, but its heard to make them out. Till one of them come over, and asks "Can you hear me?". Oh, great, all I can do is moan, and they want to ask questions! Well, let's give it a go again, and another moan is heard. The crowd really loved that one. I didn't. What am I supposed to do, be the incredible moaning man the rest of my life? I am going to say a word, even if I have to scream one. Wait, the moaning bit has them unimpressed. Some are saying it's a coincidence and pure biological. What kind of hospital would have people talking like that? But the voice came back to me "Can you hear me? Moan twice if you can." Oh, bugged this! Wait, I think that's it I can feel my lips, tongue and throat. It's time to talk! Well, I am whispering, but it still qualifies, and I give out a very quiet "yes I can hear you, should I moan anyway?".

They went plumb bugged crazy at that one. What I can't recover? What a bunch of nice guys. The voice came back to me, and what it asked I did not hear as I passed out again.

This time when I woke up all seemed different. I was having feeling throughout my body, and for the first time since the accident I felt like I was in control of my various body parts, but I still

didn't feel "right". Also, while I still had bandages on my head, I can hear that somebody is in the room with me. I asked "Is someone there?" Finally, a strong voice, but it sounded so weird. Maybe my hearing has been affected. The voice sounded so high it was like somebody else speaking.

The person in the room made an audible gasp. "We didn't think you would wake up again. Glad, to hear you."

From the sound of the voice it must have been a young fellow speaking to me. I responded "What kind of hospital is this? You did think I would wake-up? I am glad you guys didn't pull the plug on me!"

My unknown companion responded "This is a research facility, not a real hospital we didn't think you would ever regain consciousness. Can you move?"

I said, "Wait, I was moving last time I was awake. There look I am moving my right hand. Say, this might be easier if I could see. Can these bandages come off my head?"

He started jumping up and down and screaming eureka. He yelled "Take off your bandages! Baby, I'll strip you naked if you want, this is the greatest medical breakthrough in 100, no 200 years." and with that he ran out of the room. Guess, what? Yea, he left the damn bandages on my head; plus, I could now feel my arms and legs were restrained. No wonder they were hard to move!

It had been a lot of exertion, but I hadn't passed out. Now, that I was alone I had time to reflect on what he had said. Research facility? They hadn't expected me to wake up? Big breakthrough? What the devil was going on with, and to me!

Now, a whole team of folks came in the room. They all jabbered at me at once. Finally, I had to say "Look, my hearing and feeling are not what they used to be, but they are getting better. However, if you want me to answer anything you will have to ask one at a time. Then I added, please get these damn bandages out of my eyes! I want to see, please! And can these restraints come off of me?"

An older sounding fellow started barking orders. I could feel the straps being undone and I could keep on hearing guys saying, "Sorry baby, Oh, honey, we didn't mean to, or Darling we had no idea" What the hell was that gibberish?

Then the old voice said. "Hold on, don't release all those restraints, yet, and get that bed to an upright position. I want to talk to our... err... ah... patient face to face".

They were raising my bed, so I went to a sitting position. It was then, that I noticed for the first time that my body certainly was not alright. I didn't feel the right size? Something was wrong with my chest, and I had weight put on my butt it felt huge.

Ignoring my new body sensations, I was more concerned about my restraints and vision. I said "Can't I get to see? And get these horrible straps off me!".

"All in due time. You have been through some very delicate surgery, and it might still be possible for you to damage yourself. We have to prevent that. But, first, who are you?"

"Who am I? Don't you know?"

"It's a standard question for head trauma's"

"Fine, Mr. Voice in the darkness. Mind you if I could see you, it might be even easier to talk. I am Eugene Martin."

I heard at least two, maybe more, people gasp in the room. "What did I say?"

"Nothing you said Eugene, it's just that some people weren't prepared for that answer. (He turned facing a group of doctors) I remind my colleagues, that this is as I predicted could possibly occur. Dr. Van Owen's theories are just that. There was no memory loss due to the process and further the entire personality will be intact. MISTER Martin I apologize. You have undergone major brain surgery. I will explain more in a few moments. In the room with us are six of my colleagues that doubted that my procedure had any chance for success. Let me assure you, that if I had not been granted permission to conduct my experiment at this time, you would be very dead. But, for right now would you please explain to them who you are and what happened to you before you got here?"

"Let me get this right you want me to sit here blinded and play 20 questions with you and your colleagues? I choose not to play after I answer this question, until I get to see. I am Eugene Martin, I am 42 years old, I have a wife, 2 kids both boys, I work for the County as a Personnel Director, and I am a disabled vet. My jeep was plowed into by some yahoo semi-driver that couldn't pay attention to the road, and here I am. Now get these bandages off!"

Once again there were gasps in the room. This was getting silly. I wanted to say boo and scare them. There was a lot of murmuring that it just wasn't possible and that "she" couldn't possibly remember those things.

"Mr. Martin, you came to us four weeks ago. Surgery was performed on you at that time. That surgery involved opening up your entire cranial cavity. You must understand that you came to us dead. Your body had "died" due to massive injuries shortly after reaching the hospital. Actually, it was crushed and how you had managed to live that long was a wonder. Because of your organ donor card, they kept your body alive, via artificial means, for as long as possible. My research group "Bio Life Inc" had been on the organ recipient list for a long time. When you became... a... ah... "available" the tissue profile proved to be a cross match for our other... err... a... patient that had recently arrived. This was a very rare occurrence and we had to act rapidly. Therefore, you were flown here and the operation took place."

"Now wait a second. How could I be flown if I was so badly injured?"

"This is why I wanted the restraints left in place. The next information can be very distressing, and if you were to flail around you could injure yourself. Do you want me to proceed or have you had enough for today?"

"Come on. Tell me. And take these bandages off my eyes!"

"We will take the bandages off your eyes when you ask. The arm and leg restraints will need to remain another couple of days. Then we will try to get you up and around. But to get on with the story. Get ready. Your brain was removed from your body and flown here iced down in a very special oxygen rich liquid and jell packed organ transplant bag. Upon arrival it was placed in another body that had only suffered from brain damage from carbon monoxide poisoning. With that action, we subjected the cranial cavity with a massive influx of fetal cells to allow the nerve connections to attach. This portion of the procedure was critical as it not only made the wiring of the brain to the body possible, but created a condition where the body accepted the brain as a native organ, so, no rejection of your brain could occur. This is the result of 30 years research on my part, and holds untold possibility for injured, and paralyzed people across the world. My colleagues here not only thought it could not be done, but predicted you to die a few hours or days after the operation. They further stated that a complete recovery, or even consciousness was impossible. Congratulations, Mr. Martin you have made history!"

"Wait, don't take these bandages off my eyes yet. Doc what is your name?"

"Richards"

"Dr. Richards....."

I couldn't think I was just dumb struck by what he said. Slowly things were starting to make more sense to me. Babe, honey, darling are what they had called me; they said she when talking about lifting me. My body didn't feel "right".

"Dr. Richards, I am a woman now?"

"Yes, Mr. Martin you are a woman. The body that was used to support the operation was that of a 19-year-old woman that had... well... expired from carbon monoxide poisoning. She was very healthy, without any history of personal or family medical problems, same race as you, within the norms for physical characteristics, and was not pregnant at time of death. We could not have used the body if it had been pregnant at time of death."

"Shit" was all I could say. So, I am dead but not dead? I am now a woman. Good news, I am now 20 plus years younger, and I am not PREGNANT!! That possibility is going to take some getting used to.

"Would you take the bandages off my face now? And, well, all considering, don't call me Mr. Martin. I don't think I am ready for Ms. Martin though, could you just call me Gene?"

"Smith, take those bandages off Mr. Mar... I mean Gene, and make sure the head restraints remain in place. Sorry another two days. We just have to be safe. Also, go get her a mirror please".

The bandages came off, and all I saw was a blaze of many colors. Then slowly I began seeing shapes. The shapes turned into images, and I was seeing. "Why hello there!" I was so pleased

that I could see that I forgot the immediate conversation. That is, I forgot it for about 2 seconds.

"Crap got so excited that I could see, I forgot that there was bigger news to consider. Please hold that mirror, so I can look at myself."

I looked into a stranger's face, which was now mine. The first thing I saw was a clean-shaven head. They must have used something to keep it... "Hey, am I bald!?"

"No, Jean, we just used a depilatory on it to keep it assessable in case we had to reopen the area. We were going to let it start to grow back, and now most certainly we will."

That's a relief to find out you're a woman, and then to find out you're a bald woman! Oh my. But now I could look at the rest of my face. It was somebody else's face. A girl's face. It was soft looking to me. Had nice skin, but I did see a blemish or too. Zits at 19? I had clear green eyes to die for! What eyes! Good I had found something about my new body that I liked. Since I was trapped here for what I assumed to be life, I better find other things as well. I had seen the face what about the rest of me? It was then that my concentration on my lower half revealed feeling of tubes into my body. Obviously, I had been wired to have my body waste removed.

"Thanks, ah please lower the mirror so I can see the rest of my body. Can these catheters come out, they hurt?"

The mirror was lowered and my bed back raised further and I was told that the plumbing and straps were there for another 2 days. As the bed went higher my chest went out further. I thought to myself that if it went out too far, I wouldn't see the bottom half of me! Just as I was thinking about a real big pair of breasts, and starting to get excited they stopped sticking out. Well, seeing my feet wouldn't be a problem, no problem at all, I thought with disappointment.

At least I didn't have a bad body. From what I could see I had slim legs nice arms and hands and I guess the torso was ok. Not being able to move and being clothed there was only so much I could survey.

The next two days were excruciating. I had a greater and greater desire to get out of bed. The most annoying part of all this was the plumbing put onto my body. Not a fun situation! At least this delay gave me time to start to come to grips with my situation. I was not dead, and from what they told me I was stuck in this body as well. It would be quite a fluke to get another tissue match (mind you if they were trying to get a match, which they weren't) and my brain evidently could not handle this kind of treatment again for several years according to Dr. Richards. But the plus side was all the pains I had associated with my other body (what a concept talking about my other body and my new body!) had disappeared. For the first time in 15 years my knees didn't hurt. In fact, other than the external influences on me, my new body didn't hurt at all, even felt kind of good.

At the end of two days I was ready to get out of bed. Maybe not get on with my life, but ready to get out of bed. When they took the straps off, the first thing I wanted to do was feel myself out. I had no idea how my body felt, no idea where it started and ended. The kind of thing we all know

from years of experience, but I did not have such a basis to work from. However, I certainly wasn't going to start feeling myself up in front of Dr. Richards! Good grief, what would he think?

They put a plastic board on my head and said it should come off in about a week. But then the big moment came. It was time to try to get out of bed. It actually was harder than what I thought it would be. Dr. Richards reminded me that this body (wrong words I have to think of this as me) I had been in bed motionless for going on five weeks. It would be natural for there to be some muscle atrophy, and I had probably had some weight loss as well. The good news was that I was to go on to solid food today. The bad news was, I bet it was hospital food.

I did get raised up on the side of the bed. I did it on my own. As I sat up, it became all the more obvious to me that: a) I had some big ass, b) There were no male sex organs down there, and c) boobs jiggle and move on their own.

The next step was to try to stand up. They said if I could do that, I could be "un-plugged". It was difficult at first, but stand I did. Further, since this body, I meant since I was 19 my recovery to physical problems was much faster than if I had been 42! After standing, and the creaks went out of the unused joints, it became obvious I would have no problems getting around. I happily got back into bed, and got un-plugged. Dr. Richards was very pleased with my status. He told me that he had hoped this would occur, and had stocked the nearby bathroom with a complete line of toiletries for my use. But he said that for the next month he wanted me to bathe and not shower.

After that, and a minimum of personal hygiene instructions I was off to the bathroom, to brush my teeth! God, a five-week-old dirty mouth, YUCK. Once safely into the bathroom and behind closed doors, and with a clean mouth. It was time to explore, me. First, I saw the same girl's face from two days ago. As I looked at myself closer, I saw more zits, thank goodness the doc had thought to put a pimple cleanser in here with the rest of the products. Behind the zits, I saw a very pretty girl. Hell, I am 19! I saw a beautiful woman, and that was without makeup! What was I hot for myself? Well, I can ponder or explore. Time to explore, ponder later, and with that my hospital gown hit the floor.

Now it was my turn to gasp. Breasts, I mean breasts, no hooters, no knockers, no jugs, no MY TWO BABIES! Oh, they were lovely, and all mine. I had always loved breasts, and now I had two. Not overly small. They almost filled my hands, and filled my mind with a gasp and a moan as I held them. MMMMM, yes, I was going wild. Oops. I said explore not masturbate. I think I am a little sensitive to the touch of my breasts and nipples. Let's try this again without holding and rubbing them! Now, looking at my breasts, both in the mirror and straight down, I found them to be, by my guess, a A or perhaps a B cup. Probably smaller than my wife's. My nipples were probably about her same size and around two inches across (Wife? Yet another item I must address, but, later). I also carefully noted that my breasts can be added to my body's "fun center" listing and I would have to be careful how I went about touching them in future.

From my chest I went down to my waist where I was pleased to see that it narrowed nicely. I hadn't any idea how to measure my waist and there was no tape available. My wild guess was

Then it was down to my hips that also flared out nicely. Gee, they looked nice and wide, but not what I would say too much. Then between them was a small triangular patch of reddish hair. This was down where the primary \"Fun zone\" was, but because of the board on my neck I would have to wait until I got in the tub to see that area. I wanted to turn and see my butt; however, I said no let's get all the front done first. I went down my legs. Whew, no thunder thighs! In fact, I liked my legs they looked nice, and lead down to a pair of very attractive feet.

Well, the verdict for the front side was A-OK. Of course, I would prefer to have bigger breasts, but what I had would do, and if I was really upset, hell, I am in a hospital. I bet I could get a free boob job if I really wanted one! But, time for that later. I had to keep coming up with excuses because I was afraid to look at what was behind me. Now, that I admitted it; it's time to turn and look at that huge ass I am sure I have.

It was hard with the board on my neck to turn and see, but then again, I didn't have to turn all the way around. I got to profile and gasped again. This time there was no joy. My ass was huge! Good grief, I'll bet my hip measurement was 44-46 inches. That gives me a guesstimate measurement of 36-24-46. Maybe they could do liposuction, instead of a boob job? Actually, I felt crushed.

Time for the tub. Once in the tub and being in a more bent position, I had full access to the primary \"Fun center\". As I looked down it was very strange to see a vagina there. As I felt around, I came in contact with my clit and lips to my vagina. After the experience with my breasts I thought I would be struck by lightning when I touched them. To my disappointment I wasn't. The clit felt sensitive, and I think I was rough on myself! And the lips while having feeling were hard to get my fingers through, it was not overly moist inside when I got there. As the tub had filled with water it was about time to pay attention to bathing, and not my body so I got on with that.

While the idea was tempting, I decided my first bath would not be the time and place for me to fully explore myself sexually. I just concentrated on bathing, especially using that facial cleanser on those horrendous zits and then got out of the tub. While drying off, I realized that the ever-thoughtful doc had even provided me with makeup. The problem was that I hadn't a clue how to wear it. Wear it? The reality was I didn't have a clue how to be a woman. It was then that I broke down and had my first cry. That went on for about 5 - 10 minutes, and afterwards I felt better. Wow, that had never happened to me before. Crying had always been very difficult and the result of crying, had never made me feel better.

I put on a clean gown and decided to forget any make up as I didn't want to look like a guy trying to put on woman's makeup, and went back to my room. When I got to my room Dr. Richards was there waiting. When I saw him, the first thing that went through my mind was, boy, I am glad I didn't do myself in the tub he would see it on me. What a silly thought to have.

\"You must feel better having had a bath\"

"Yes, and got to see myself for the first time too, and let me say the obvious Doc, I have got a huge ass! I, also, think these zits are worse than two days ago!"

"I am sorry you are dissatisfied with your appearance, but I am not a plastic surgeon and that certainly is not why you are here. Actually, we do need to chat about your zits."

"Oh, no, don't get me wrong. Thank you for saving my life! Yes, thank you very much. This body isn't bad. In fact, I think I am very attractive. Maybe a little too small on top, but that's certainly ok. I am just commenting that it really is a huge ass. I am 19 though, what's with these zits!"

"It's good that you are viewing yourself as one person now. That will speed your recovery. However, there has been a development in your hormonal level. The zits started about two weeks ago, and have gotten progressively more intense. At first, I thought that it was a cleanliness issue, but that turned out not to be true. So, we ran additional blood tests. I have just gotten and interpreted the results. There is a conflict between your brain and your body on just what is the proper hormonal level. This was an unforeseen development, as you were the first actual sex change, we have had happen in this procedure. Put it more simply, your male brain is in a fight with your female body over hormones."

"You mean, I might start growing a beard or develop other male characteristics?"

"No, I and my team don't think so. It's more like a second female puberty. Most likely your secondary female characteristics are going to be affected. You see cells are programmed to react different ways when the hormone level is changed in the body, but when the brain gets involved there is an additional disagreement on how its regulation of the system impacts the cells reactions. More succinct to the situation at hand, since you stated the obvious; buttocks size in the female is a secondary sexual characteristic. It could be your butt has gotten bigger than it started four weeks ago as a result of this puberty. As big as it is now, I assume that is most likely the case, how much bigger it will get, if at all I don't know. All characteristics are subject to impact, you will need to tell us of any changes in your body. Otherwise we won't know what is going on. I do know the zits are a result of this puberty, and we should get a feel for when it's over when they go away. Until that time as silly as it sounds, we shall be taking your measurements twice a week in order to chart your progress."

"How big is my butt going to get?????????????"

"I don't know"

I then had my second cry. Before I had finished it, they had come in with a tape measure. Mind you I was told they had no woman working in this section of the facility. So, I demanded that it be Dr. Richards who measured me. I wasn't going to let some other fellow look at me naked. Hey, I am a lady now, and I'd like some respect. Besides, it ought to be between me and the doc that my butt's growing. Well, till it gets too obvious. Then I cried again. The doc put me at 35- 26-45.

"How big was I when I came in?"

"That's a very good question. You see we are not running a brothel here; we don't measure women's bodies when they come in. We have no idea how you started. This is where you start."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I reached for him and hugged him and cried and cried. He put his arms around me and said it would all be ok. Coming from him I believed him.

"Isn't there anything you can do for me? I am out of control emotionally; I have been crying a bit too much don't you think?"

"Jean, you are doing fine. You have adjusted better than any subject...I mean patient we could have expected. Your hormone levels are vastly elevated. In your situation I would have cried for days now! Unfortunately, we do not dare administer any drugs in these circumstances and even in the worst physical development situation, we won't be able to do any plastic surgery until your system has stabilized. I don't for see that for maybe five years. I know this sounds rough, but I want to be up front and honest with you."

"Thanks for being honest. I like that. I mean appreciate that; if my butt gets too big will you get a second bed to put it in?"

Laughing "Yes, Jean, that we can do."

The days started to pass. At least I had a tv brought to me. They even talked about letting me go to physical therapy. They said there were other patients there I could talk too, but all in due time. It was five days later when Dr. Richards took my measurements again. Which meant of course I am now standing naked before him.

"35-26-45, no real change, Jean" said Dr. Richards

"Are you sure?", I said

"Mmm yes, I am sure", said Dr. Richards

"Hooray, my butt didn't get bigger!", I said

"Calm down Jean, it's only been five days, that means nothing. It would have been strange to see a development in so short a time. Good news, the head brace can come off today and you can go to physical therapy next week. We got some more tests to do here first, actually we need some special training of the therapy staff to prepare them for your situation. They haven't treated that kind of head trauma before, and then we are requesting a special female staff member for you. I noticed you haven't been wearing any makeup." said Dr. Richards

"Special? Make-up? What do you mean?" I said

"We are trying to make your reentry into society possible. We want to bring in a special staff person that can teach you how to be a woman. I am great on brain transplants, but not too good

on make-up instruction.\" said Dr. Richards

\"You did this for me!\" I couldn't restrain myself. I ran too him and gave him a big kiss. He pushed me away. \"Oh, my God! What am I doing? I am so sorry, I just got excited.\" I exclaimed

\"No Jean, it's quite alright, but what did you do that for? Have you noticed a change in your sexual perspective or what\"?

\"I don't know. I really don't know. I had an overwhelming urge to do that out of gratitude to you. What do you mean change in sexual perspective?\" I suddenly realized his point, and grabbed my gown, covering myself. \"Oh Christ. I was naked when I did that, you must have thought, Oh, I am sorry, very sorry.\"

\"It's ok Jean, don't worry about it\"

\"Right, why would I? With a butt this big who would want me anyway.\"

\"Jean, a few days ago you were pleased to be alive and now you have fixated on your ass. Stop it. It's not good for your developing psyche. You are a very pretty young woman.\"

\"You really think so?\" Then I blushed.

\"Yes, now I have got to go\" with that he left and I stuck my tongue out at him as he went out the door.

Tuesday was shaping up to be a big day for me. First, I now had some real color fuzz on top of my head! I was no longer bald. I had red hair! Second, I was going to get my weekly measurement from Dr. Richards, but more importantly he was going to bring me some real clothes to wear. Even better than clothes, I was going to get to go meet my therapist.

The measurements were a shock.

\"36-25-43 and that's the third time I took them. Jean your ass is smaller not larger! Quit jumping up and down your system can't handle that yet and your naked! Its distracting!\"

\"Then I'll just have to hug and kiss you instead, WHOOPEE!!!\"

\"Better idea, here's the clothes I brought you. Why not try them on instead\"?

\"Oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes\" They were levis and a T shirt. The levis were a bitch to pull up over my ass. Thank goodness it was two inches smaller! And though I didn't have a large chest it was still nicely noticeable in the T shirt. I wonder why I was concerned about it being noticeable? Anyway, the good Doctor directed me to where physical therapy was and I was off.

I literally burst into the physical therapy room, and went walking from side to side in the room looking at the equipment. There were a few patients there, and at first, I didn't realize they were watching me, then it became obvious to me they were. One man even dropped a weight

on his foot. Before I could even react to that situation, an attractive woman, probably about 35ish, called me to come over to her.

When I got there in an undertone of voice she said, \"Young lady this is a physical therapy center not some girly show house. When you come in here you don't go bouncing your assets across the room. It's inappropriate, and can be distracting to patients in therapy. You could actually injure a patient undergoing therapy when you distract them from their exercises. I already have one man with an injured foot! You should wear a bra, and unless you have business here get out.\" she said

\"I didn't know, oh I am sorry. I can go over and help him? Let me see.\" I said

\"Stop your jiggling! He's going to be fine now get out!\" she said

\"But I really didn't know, and I really am sorry. I didn't mean to awwwww\" and I started to cry.

\"Wait, are you Jean?\" she asked

\"Yes\" sob, sob, I said

\"Oh, you poor thing, I am one that's sorry. I didn't know who you were. I am Sally, your therapist. I have a room reserved for us, please come in the back with me. Its ok really. It's my mistake, I know you really didn't know.\" said Sally

I went in the back with Sally. Now Sally had the right size ass. In fact, the way she shook it when she walked gave me other thoughts than size comparison. She had a nice chest as well. Much bigger than mine. She had shoulder length blond hair and deep blue eyes. She was slender but had too many curves to be skinny. It was obvious she was working out to keep the shape she did have.

\"Jean, I am fully aware of your situation. Not only will I help with your physical therapy. Which you should know is actually very minor. But I am here primarily at Dr. Richards request to act as a mentor to you to teach you how to be a lady. Let's get started. Why didn't you wear a bra?\" Asked Sally

\"I have a T shirt, these levis, and an unlimited number of the same hospital gown. That's why.\" I said

\"With a chest that large and they didn't give you any foundation garments let alone panties?\" said Sally

That comment hit me like a brick. I had so fixated on my ass I hadn't noticed. I mean they're there, but I wasn't looking at them that close. My two babies were bigger. The doc had said I was a full inch bigger up there. That's why I jiggled. That's why I was noticeable in the shirt!

Sally now took my measurements. She took them different than the doc. She measured me a couple times on the chest and announced to me I should take a 34B bra, but I was big enough

that a C cup might fit certain times of the month as well. Oops, another item I would have to contend with. This put it off list is getting larger. One day at a time though. Can't win the war without fighting the battle at hand first. Besides that, was one item that when I got my "visit" I couldn't control anyway.

Our meeting was short. Sally said we would get me some underwear sent up right away. She even said at the next session we would do some therapy, and then a long talk on many things. I told her, she was sweet and I appreciated that. Then she blushed! I was off again. Now looking forward to our meeting late Friday afternoon.

The best thing happened on the next day. A package of underwear came for me! You have no idea what it feels like to go around with no underwear on in near naked conditions. It felt so dignifying to get some shorts, well... err... panties on. They were cute white ones with a French cut, which showed a bit more of my still too large ass than I cared to show. Then of course came the bra. There it was a shiny white 34B just like Sally had said. I had seen my wife do this many a time. I hooked the band around my chest and then spun it so the cups came in front. I wasn't ready for the feeling of sliding the straps and cups up for the first time though! Oh, wow, my tits are lifted and held in place. No more bouncing and I can feel them more. Oh, I like this. I went kind of overboard on liking it and noticed something else. I had better get into that bathroom. Oh shit, my pussy is wet. Great just get a pair of panties and then start my period and wreck them. I got to the toilet and pulled the panties down to see the "damage". I was surprised to find it wasn't my period. Girl, I was just turned on. As I looked down further, I couldn't see any blood. I was wondering if there was something wrong with me. So, I figured I'd feel inside and if I had started, I would have messy fingers. There I was looking and feeling with one hand. The other was absentmindedly stroking my new bra. Well, that turned into rubbing my nipple and the other hand now easily slipped into my pussy and explored its lubricated walls. I started moaning and leaned back on the toilet. My hand moved my bra straps down and now full play with my breast started. My other hand went from my pussy to my clit and I gasp/moaned so loud I thought people would come. I was wrong, it was me that was cuming. I started writhing my hips and pulling my nipple. I was seeing stars. Then it just overcame me and I was stroking and moaning and could not stop. MMMMMM, oh mmmm, oh my God,. Then it was gone. As I sat exhausted, I thought; I wonder if there's another bra I could try on! And I winked to myself.

Thursday was measurement day. I decided that I would wear my new underwear beneath my gown until the doc asked me to remove it. I was a bit perplexed as I put on my shiny new white friend on. I didn't seem to fit. I mean my cup runneth over, actually cups. But I knew it wasn't the bra, it was me. Anyway, it was time for the doctor.

"37-24-41, and don't jump!"

So, he got a kiss and a hug.

"Any change in your acne?"

"No, it's just as strong as ever and if these are the results, I hope it keeps on going!"

"Well your body will halt at some kind of normal level we think. It might be that your brain in reaction to the female hormone level is reprogramming your body to what it would have been if you had always been a girl. We just don't know that was a shot in the dark. But maybe if I could get some background on the females on your pre-operation side of the family build, we could make a little more sense of this."

"Ok, mom had a large chest as well as grand mom and all the gals on her side of the family. For the most part. Let's just save some time here. They were all classic bomb shells. Big tits narrow waist and nice hips. They could have all been strippers. Might explain my fascination with that kind of body."

"What about your dad's side?"

"Don't know he left mom before I was born. I do know he was of German heritage. So, what's the verdict?"

"Well, last week you had requested a smaller buttocks and larger chest. Your family history, unlike the other family history that got your body to this point, suggests that your brain is reprogramming the body to be closer to your original family tree on the female side. Or more directly what you want to hear and in the way I think you would like it; you are gonna get a sweet ass and a dynamite rack. But our question here is at what point will development stop? How big was your family?"

"I don't know. They were all about moms' size and she was a D cup because I looked at one of her bra's once. They had butts though not tiny there. I guess this is ok to say to you. But I hope I have a large chest. Dreamed about them as a man and would love to have them as a lady!"

"Be careful what you wish for. I am guessing about this brain genetics link. But I think it's the right track. You don't know your father's side of the family?...MMM I don't know we will assume you will follow the maternal pattern for now. On the other hand, it doesn't matter. We are just here for the ride. We can't change what is happening to you. I am very happy though that the changes are along the lines that you desire."

"I went to therapy this week, thanks for Sally. She will be great and a lot of help."

"I have known her for a while. I am sure she will help to develop you as a well-rounded young lady." He said, "developed and well rounded" again to himself and started laughing.

I laughed too. He started to say something, but put up his hand and waved good-bye as he left.

I was there promptly on time Thursday. Sally asked if she had sent me the right size bra. I giggled and said yes, I was just the wrong sized person! So, it was measurement time again. Sally remarked with a raised I brow that I was a very full C cup now. I just smiled.

She went on to say. "Look we need to keep you under wraps. That's what is expected for a gal your size. But I am not wasting my time buying a C cup. I'll be buying you a D cup, so you will have something to grow into." I must have been smiling like a Cheshire Cat when she added

"Honey, don't get too excited to get big. I am a D cup and let me tell you that, that size can be a problem at times. It's too bad you can't stay where you are now. But as a developing young lady you must come to accept your body and its changes." And with that we both busted out laughing.

That afternoon proved very instructional. I learned all kinds of special hygiene issues I didn't know about. Gee, I even took notes at one point. Sally, laughed at me, when I did that. She got serious when I reminded her, I didn't have 19 years of being a girl and did need to keep notes.

She finally, said "look its late. Do you want to go out and have a bite to eat with me?"

"YES!!!!!!!!!" I said with glee

"Good, I have discussed this with Dr. Richards and he is in full agreement. I have brought you a dress and I will do your make up for this evening. Next week we will start your classes on that. I had thought about a head covering but it would be better for you to get used to long hair so I have brought along a wig for you to use. It's about the color of what your hair is growing out to be. Don't worry about your bra, it's a simple day dress and your over flowing assets will not be overly visible in this cut and print. Also, I have brought you some sandals to wear. There will be time enough to work on heels later."

Heels! Yup, still another item for the put it off list. Then I got terrified. I realized I wasn't going out; but Jean, the new me, was going out. People would look and stare at me I would be a freak. No, I couldn't do that, I can never be seen in public. I would spend the rest of my days here in the hospital. I told Sally, on second thought, I was afraid to go out and wanted to stay.

Sally said. "Those are normal fears. Believe it or not many people after any major "disfiguring" surgery have the same fears. We will put a scarf over your head. Honey, nobody can tell. The reality is there is nothing too tell. You are Jean a 19-year-old girl who's going out after some major surgery. I will be with you. There is nothing to fear. Besides, unless you want to become a curiosity of the medical community, you will have to leave the hospital. If you stay here, they will turn you into a display for doctors all over the world to come look at. Now is that what you would really prefer?"

"No" and I got dressed.

Dinner was nice. It was at a little pizza joint not too far from the hospital. It was more instruction and training as I found out. How to get in and out of a car while in a dress (a lovely hospital car at that!). Make-up touch up class, how to eat like a lady. How to keep your boobs off the plate! Yea, I sat down and put my chest on top of a plate. Sally pointed and laughed. I turned beet red and sat further back from the table. Then the worst thing happened! I couldn't have any wine! I was underage! Sally, had to laugh and laugh at that one, she went on to say that the doctor wouldn't allow me to have any alcohol anyway. At the end of the evening I had, had a wonderful time. Sally had really been neat company. She had so expertly guided the conversation that she kept the night fun fresh, even though it was training. When we got back to the hospital, she took me up to my room. They had broken down and had given me a genuine

private room by now, and not a room in the lab anymore. Anyway, at the door Sally said she really had a wonderful time and would see me next week. Then gave me a kiss on the cheek and put her hand on my right breast. She turned and left so fast that she left me leaning against door and gasping for air. What was that about and excuse me, but can I have another please?

I spent the weekend being all hot and bothered. I masturbated at least three times which was more than I had in the previous week. Sally, had got my motor running and I wanted more. My thoughts ran to and around her. She had sent over the 34D bra. While I wore it, I thought of her hands on me and not the bra cups. And by the by, the bra was too large.

Tuesday came for measuring day. And by then, just as I had hoped, the bra was no longer too large.

Doc said, \"38-24-40, you have increased, but not so dramatic as last week.\"

\"Oh, it's wonderful! Let the changes keep on coming, but you know this is such an improvement I'd be happy to stop here. And maybe I will! Doctor Richards my Acne is nearly gone!\"

\"You have a great attitude toward this, keep it up, but there is always the possibility of a last-minute surge. We won't know that it's over, till it's over.\"

After my little chat with the doc on Tuesday, I was waiting on pins and needles for my therapy on Wednesday. The appointed hour came and I was there with bells on. Sally was late. I waited and waited. Then she called. She was terribly sorry, but couldn't make it in today. My heart was broken! She said she would make it up to me. We could go to the beach for Friday's session and that she would send over suit for me. At which point we had to discuss my again revised sizes and she assured me it would be no problem.

Thursday came and my time with the doc revealed no changes in my body except my acne was completely gone. It looked like this second puberty was over. The doc said there could still be a sudden late spurt, but as time passed that would be less likely. And since this whole thing had been so rapid it wouldn't take too long for the whole thing to be behind me. I laughed at \"behind me\" because the puberty had solved that problem!

I was even giddier on Friday than I had been on Wednesday. Sally had sent me of all things a bikini to wear. I was so glad it wasn't a thong! The bottoms were a French cut and fit a tad loose, but fit well enough. The top was very very tight. It was one of those that covered the boobs, but wasn't really a bra type. It left slightly exposed the bottom of my boobs as I wore it. I thought it was really sexy. I guess that was the intent as it certainly emphasized my chest. Sally had sent a note saying that the top was picked out special, so I could enjoy the attention a large chest would bring! So, even the beach was to be a training session. She, had sent over a nice coverup for me to wear. She gave me a sun hat to wear and some dark glasses.

I looked at myself in the mirror and I smiled. There before me was the most beautiful woman I had ever been with. Her large breasts magnificently displayed above her narrow waist and her

almost perfect rear end. Still a little large, but the overall package was great. I hoped the effect of the outfit would be the same on Sally as on me. And I thought of her touching me again. Oh crap, this is a swim suit. I can't afford to have a wet spot. I then started thinking about my old army days as I headed out to meet Sally. That worked, no wet spot.

I met Sally at the door of the hospital. She was driving a van of all things. She struck me as a sports car type. I hopped in. She wasn't wearing a coverup and I had to notice that her chest was larger than mine. She started toward the beach. I removed my cover up and stated the obvious to her.

"If we are both D cups, how come you are a bigger and I mean a bigger D cup, than me?"

She almost crashed the van she was laughing so hard. "Honey, who said all D cups are created equal? When we get on the beach today you will see what being this size really means. I don't think you will be pointing to mine and saying I am bigger. You will probably have more than you can handle yourself." Then she laughed and laughed and laughed.

"What are you laughing about?"

"Boys, men, dudes, fellows. They are going to be all over you Jean. You won't have time to be looking at other girls' chests! Or are girls more important to you than boys?"

Damn a moment of truth and I didn't have the answer. "I don't know. Maybe the beach will help me find out?"

"That was one of the reasons to come down here. The other was to help build up your self-confidence. Dr. Richards had known that would be an issue, but since your body "developed" and did so along lines you desired, he felt going to the beach would help reinforce your positive improvement."

"You know, Dr. Richards is so sweet, I really like him. Like him, Hell, I love him. He saved my life!"

"So, you want to boff the good doctor?"

"Not that kind of love silly, but he could be a hunk!" and I started uncontrollable giggles.

Sally started laughing and we all laughed to the beach. This was shaping up to be one of my best days since the operation.

At the beach Sally said, "Ok no coverup's. All you get is suntan oil. Its off we go."

We went walking through the sand. It was heavy stepping and soon I discovered not only my legs and feet were going up and down! My breasts were bouncing with every step! Soon the wolf calls started and then the whistling. Sally said to ignore them. When I glanced over to her I noticed my bouncing was the same as her's only there was more of her to bounce. I now got an idea of what she meant about the problems of being a "large" girl. The callers started to call us by our swim suit colors. Oh my God they were yelling about me.

It was getting to be quite the turn-on as they yelled out \"Hey blue baby, oh yea shake them big blue, oh blue, I am in a blue mood. That is one fine woman in the blue suit!\"

We got down to the water and Sally laid out our towels. She said \"We'll sunbathe for a while. You sure could use a tan.\" Then a thought hit me. I'll have bikini strap tan lines. I never had that before!

I asked if I could put oil on her and she said yes. I then asked if I could oil her front and she smiled. \"Maybe you like girls? Doesn't matter it's a public beach, I will oil my own front thank you\". After oiling her up she did the same to me.

We laid face up for about 15 mins. I noticed that the suit I was wearing was really getting dried out and tight by the sun. Boy, she really did want me to show them off, didn't she?

\"Time to roll over Jean\" said Sally

I did and then felt her put more oil on my back. As she did so she undid my bikini top.

\"What are you doing?\" I asked.

\"Lay still, silly, nobody can see your boobs, your laying on them. This way you don't get a tan line on your back. You don't want a tan line there because of various backless clothing you may wear.\"

\"Oh, sorry\"

\"Look you stay here while I go in the water for a few minutes ok?\"

\"Sure, I'll survive go have a fun, Sally; but, don't go swimming alone alright?\"

\"Who said anything about swimming? I am going to look at the boys, silly, not to swim\" We both laughed as she walked off.

The sun felt really good on my back. It was the first time I had laid out in the sun in years. Oh, it felt great. Then I slowly fell to sleep.

I was dreaming about Doctor Richards and Sally and then clothing started disappearing from each of them. Just as it was getting to the good part, I heard Sally \"Time to get up. Not too fast remember to do your bikini top first\"

Oh, great more training. How was I supposed to reach around and do this? I felt like a beached dolphin with my back bowed. That position put a lot of weight on my boobs and they hurt. Finally, I gave up. The back of the top felt like there was a gap of two inches that couldn't be closed. \"Sally, I can't do it.\"

\"Try, there won't always be someone here to do that.\"

\"I did try, the suit shrunk. I felt it shrinking when we walked in and were tanning earlier.\"

"There's no way. It's a new suit. Let me try."

"Ouch! Your, hurting my boobs!"

"Damn, it must have shrunk no way it's going to close."

"What am I going to do now, walk out topless?"

"No, look you are on a towel. Its far bigger than you are. Raise up slightly, hold your breasts and I will then come and pull the towel around you. After that you can grab the towel and we will walk out. Then I'll go complain to where I bought your suit!"

"Ok, I'll try it" Then I started to raise up. I looked at my chest and said oh, oh. When I got to my elbows, my chest was still on the towel. "Sally, I've grown! I've grown a lot! Look!"

"Oh, my garsh, well, my plan will still work, just keep getting up!"

I cleared my elbows off the towel and right about then my boobs came up too. Grabbing them I saw that they over powered my hands and a wave of excitement rushed through my body. "Oh Sally!" I must have moaned a little too loud as several men's heads turned excitedly in our direction.

"Don't oh Sally me, let's get this towel around you"

As I stood up, I felt my bikini bottoms fall off. So, there I stood naked. I was still holding my breasts. I noticed now, even more than when I was laying down, that they had gotten big and I mean BIG! I was still holding them up to my chest which made them look even larger. As I looked around, I saw guys staring at me! Sally quickly got the towel on me. About this time, I could see that the guys, a lot of guys, were starting to walk over toward us. Not only that, they were yelling stuff like, "Wow, man, look at those, boy she wants it, Pussy for the taking right hear on the beach, man!".

I said, "Sally, I think we should go"

"I think you're right, run!"

Well, they ran after us and I couldn't go too fast. I literally had my hands full. Then my towel fell open in the back. Actually, that worked to our advantage as it kept the guys behind us. As we got to the van Sally hopped in and got it started. Just before I got in, I threw my towel open and yelled "Good-bye Boys" to a crowd of hoots, hollers and cheers. I got in and we sped away.

"Sally, I am big."

"No fooling your..." she had to swerve. "Now cover those up before I have an accident!"

We got to the hospital and she pulled up in a secluded portion of the parking lot. "Let's crawl in the back and figure out what to do next", Sally said. We got in the back and I sat au natural on the towel from the beach. I couldn't wear my cover-up. It wouldn't fit in the chest.

"Let's look at you Jean? Wow, we're talking change."

"Well, like duh look at these tits!"

"No, your butt, no wonder your bottoms feel off and your waist! And of course, your tits. I need to get you inside, take your measurements and call Doctor Richards at once."

"I guess we use the towel"

"Yes, we do, and no more shows, ok?"

"Ok, I don't know what came over me, it just seemed right."

We made it into the room Sally had been using for my therapy. Let's take your measurements. I'll do it the doc's way and then we'll figure out your bra size"

"Impressive 42-22-36, Oh my God honey you'll wear a bra in the 34G - H range. It'll have to be custom made so exact size is... oh who cares your huge honey."

At that point Dr. Richards came running into the room. He hadn't stopped running when he saw me and promptly ran into a file cabinet. "Oh my, I said a growth spurt was possible but, Oh my. I want a blood sample stat. Up to the lab ladies."

"But I am naked" Sally threw me the towel and off we went.

Two hours later. "That is, its Jean your through."

"Oh shit, I am going to die I knew it, killed by a confused body fighting itself." and I started to cry.

"No, no, your hormone levels are at the female norm. Nowhere near where they were a few days ago. You are going to be fine. This is the permanent you, from what I can tell. You're through changing"

I stopped crying and slapped him. "You bastard, the way you said that I thought I was going to I am done! No more changes! Whoopee!!!! I love you!" I then proceeded to give him a kiss with my tongue half way down his throat.

"Jean please not in front of the therapist" with that he pushed me back and the three of us laughed.

It was late and I was sitting alone in my room. What the Doc had told me was starting to sink in. "No more changes". This is now me. Me a 19-year-old, (dare I say beautiful?) buxom shapely woman. On the one hand I am my own dream girl. But that is from when I was a 42-year-old man, I am his dream girl. On the other hand, I have to live life as my own dream girl! Perhaps it is not so dreamy after all? I am 19 and confused. Oh shit, I really am a teenager! What a bloody dilemma, my head hurt. I'll go to sleep and tackle this again in the morning.

As I laid down, I noticed how my newly greatly enlarged babies (Hell, their so big, I think I'll call

them the \"girls\" from now on) shifted somewhat to the sides of my chest but were firm enough where they didn't lose all their shape. They retained enough shape and stood up far enough to where it was obvious it was a woman underneath the covers. Later that night I realized I would have to relearn my sleeping patterns when I tried to roll on to my stomach and pinned a boob in the process. I woke up with a very loud \"OUCH\".

I slept-in late the next day. No there wasn't any problems, well physical. I was just feeling depressed. I had had a terrible time sleeping the night before. I just couldn't get really comfortable. I got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. After taking care of business and starting my morning bath, I looked at myself in the mirror. For the first time in my life I thought I was looking at a woman whose breasts were too big! Sally, said I would take a 34G or H cup bra. I was big, overwhelming big. They jutted out not like beach balls, or any kind of ball; but, like two torpedoes, or more like I was feeling, two zeppelins. They hadn't gotten any bigger since the infamous \"beach episode\", but it was now that I realized the \"girls\" were with me for life.

Before my \"change of life\" (haw, I'll get to do that too, yuck, but that's years and years away, those thoughts can wait!) I had loved breasts this large. I had loved \"Playboy\" for its beautiful classy ladies, but they were never \"big\" enough for me, so I was a frequent and very happy viewer of magazines like \"Score\" with its also beautiful but mega-breasted women. Now I could be one of the \"Score\" photo spreads. I had once boasted that breast reductions should be illegal and now, I was starting to think about having one.

Oops's tub's overfull. Got to stop the water and open the drain. I bent over, but didn't notice the girls starting their swing, I went head over heels into the tub as I lost my balance. I hit the tub with a horrible thud. Things went black.

I awoke in what seemed like a tube with lights going around me.

Dr. Richards said, \"Stay still Jean we are doing a CAT scan\".

\"What's going on? How did I get here?\"

\"Jean, you don't want to talk about it now.\"

\"No, tell me!\"

\"Trust me, you don't want to talk now!\"

\"Damn its Doc, TELL ME!\"

\"Ok, you were getting in the tub, and err... my... ah... a..., slipped, yea slipped\" I heard multiple people giggle at that comment. \" and knocked yourself out. You have been out for about 30 mins. I brought you here as soon as possible to check for any damage. The initial observations are that your just fine. You are very susceptible to head strikes and will be that way for a number of months. You really did not hit too hard. It's just that your brain can't take much shock. That's why I wanted you to take baths and not showers, to avoid any problems like this in case you fell. You were probably made more susceptible to blacking out due to that running

you did yesterday. You are going to need to be more careful getting in and out of the tub.\" with that the giggles turned to laughs.

\"What's all this laughing?\"

\"Don't worry about it\"

\"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!!\"

With that the laughs turned into guffaws and someone yelled \"You tell 'em Knockout!\".

\"We will have a little decorum here! This is a research facility not a burlesque theater, oh no I am sorry, that came out wrong. Shut up you people.\"

\"ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! GET ME OUT OF THIS DAMN TUBE AND TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON!!\"

\"Settle down Jean. You'll remain in the tube until I clear the room. Your still naked for Pete's sake.\"

\"Oops, oh, Thanks, Thanks a lot, I got upset and over looked that. I can wait.\"

It sounded like an army left the room. As they were leaving somebody else said. \"See you later Knockout\" and that person got yelled at by Dr. Richards. After they were gone, Dr. Richards removed me from the tube and handed me a sheet to wear.

\"What's really going on? Who is Knockout? Are they calling me that?!\"

\"It's the result of some young man's sense of humor don't worry, the important thing is that you are alright.\"

\"Oh, great, I got a nickname. Look I didn't just fell off the turnip truck, you get a nickname for a reason. Now, what or how are they calling me Knockout?\"

\"Ok, ok, Jean. Look, you'll have to admit this is funny. You fell in the tub because of your breasts. When you leaned forward your body weight shifted and threw you off balance, that's why you fell and hit your head. As soon as some of my young researchers saw that you would be ok, one of them said you were a knocked-out Knockout. And so is born a nickname.\"

\"Very funny, very fun.....WAIT A SECOND HOW DID ANYBODY SEE HOW I FELL? I WAS IN THE BATHROOM ALONE! YOUR SPYING ON ME!\"

\"No, we are watching a seriously injured head trauma case that's in recovery. You are a very special case and the observation period will be by necessity a long time. Jean, I have conflicting emotions on this, but I have been up front with you so far, I see no need to stop now. I started the project as a way to prove a theory and help seriously disabled people. The success of this project is a lifelong goal. But I am still a caring individual, not a Mad Scientist. I don't want to spy on you. It hurts me to do so. I realize as a person you are due certain fundamental rights and privacy is among those. But keeping you alive and well, will have to come first. Until you

are recovered from the operation a 24-hour surveillance of you will be a medical necessity. I am sorry. You have no idea what a fight I have had with my younger researchers. We maintain cameras on you all the time and a person is constantly at the monitor; plus, as you will probably suspect the film is recorded for research purposes. Over the last few weeks these young men have enjoy watching you a great deal. In fact, I have needed to reprimand many of them for making inappropriate comments during their watch. But this surveillance is how we knew you had fallen. That's how we got to you so quickly. You didn't need to cry out for help, we already were on our way. Jean, you were face down in the water when we got to you. Our immediate action prevented you from drowning. Later it was the tape that allowed me to see what had happened to you. The tape suggested it probably was not a serious injury and the CAT scan is just to make sure. However, regretfully, the tape is also what my researches looked at to come up with your nickname. So, yes, we have spied on you and will continue to in future, not for some perverse enjoyment but because I, no I mean, we care about you and your survival, not as an experiment, but as a person."

"Damn, damn, damn, damn. You have an answer for everything. It's just that, well, I wanted to start getting my life back into some kind of order and being a responsible person in private is part of that."

"Jean, that is still a long way away. Today should have shown that."

"Crap" and I started to cry and sob, while sitting on the CAT scan table.

Dr. Richards came over and put his arms around me and stroked my very short but wet hair on my head.

I put my head against his chest. "I was face down in the water? Who pulled me up?"

"I was outside your door when the alarm bell was hit by the surveillance team. They also were running to your location. I opened your room door, saw it was empty and ran into the bathroom. I found you face down in the tub and pulled you out."

"So, you saved me again?"

"Jean, I am but one person here, we all helped, even the one's calling you Knockout helped to save you."

"No, it was you again. First you gave me a new life and then you saved it." I lifted my head and sat higher on the table so my face was now facing his. "Thank you, Dr. Richards, thank you" I kissed him full on the lips, not once but twice. My hands began to roam his back. I went from his lips and nuzzled his neck and kissed it. There was a desire welling up inside of me.

"Jean, stop. I am a doctor, well, I am your doctor. This is wrong. What I want, no I mean it is wrong for me to have a patient still in the throes of a head trauma, no its a..... Jean, I am your doctor! Doctors don't get this kind of physical with their patients! Good Grief Jean we are on camera!"

I was starting to get on a roll. I gladly let the sheet drop from me. I hoped upon hope that he would return my embrace. I reached inside his lab coat and pulled his shirt out of his trousers. "Then let's give them something to watch!"

"Jean, you don't even know my first name!"

Oh, no! He was right. That brought me back. I released him and sat back down. What was I going to do? What had come over me? What are these feelings for Dr. Richards? Pulling the sheet back over me that had dropped to my knees I asked "I just got these feelings I guess of gratitude. They just took over. I couldn't stop. I was.... Do you want to talk about this? What is your first name?"

"Doctor"

I slumped and stuck out a big pouty lip.

"Jim"

I smiled and said "Hi Jim!"

"Hi Jean, now we need to get you back to your room. Yes, I do want to talk about your feelings. Just not right now. I want you to get back to your room and relax the rest of the day. It might be a good idea for you to stay in bed the next couple of days."

"But I'll miss my therapy session with Sally!" pout

"It can't be helped. I'll call her for you. Right now, let me help you back to your room."

Once back in my room I decided the safest course of action was to go back to bed. And so, I did.

It was late the next day, while sitting in my room, when the package arrived with a note,

"To Knockout:

I know your clothing options are very limited at this time. We will need a special trip to get what you will need, yes honey, your first shopping trip! But for now, I took the liberty of getting you some decent lady night clothes. Well, I used my taste on them so some are not so "decent".

Sincerely,

Sally

Therapist and mentor to special people (wink)

p.s. Looking forward to our session next week, we will explore many things!"

That Sally! She was using the nickname. It must be all over the facility. Great. BUT, It's present time! With a glee I ripped the package open. Oh, wow, yippee!

There were three flannel nighties. They were adorable! Look at them. I held them up to the mirror in front of me. Oh yes, a light blue one with flowers, a pink in the same print and a yellow one with blue flowers. After holding them up I had to try them on. Oh, I was in heaven. The flannel felt so nice against my skin. No great opening in the back either! What an improvement over those hospital gowns. The nighties were long sleeved went to my neck and stopped right about my knees. They were stretched a bit over my chest but not so much as to be a problem. This was great I could select what to wear at night now!

I was getting the box ready to throw out when I saw that I had stopped too soon. There was more! Oh boy! Underneath some heavy paper was a lace baby doll and thong panties. Aw, really, come on now. These we must try on. But first.

I walked (despite a desire to run, but the Doc had nixed running) to the bathroom and put on my makeup. Sally, had not taught me too much about makeup, but I put on what she had taught. I looked in the mirror and saw my face, deep green eyes, very short red hair, some foundation w/blush and a pair of red lips. Ok, ok this is going to work.

I went back and got the baby doll. I put on the green baby doll and slipped into the panties. What a feeling. I never had worn a thong before. No wonder they call them butt floss! But I felt sexy.

Mirror time, mirror time! I was stunned. To be blunt, what I saw in the mirror made me say to myself, I want to fuck me right here and now! This absolutely beautiful incredibly stacked red head was in the mirror. Oh wow, let's turn. It may be not that comfortable but, boy, that thong shows off an incredible butt! Then I turned forward again. I saw my large breasts underneath the see-through baby doll. They are perfect! Too large my ass! Look at them! Yes, oh yes. I put my hands on the \"girls\" and immediately closed my eyes and saw stars when I rubbed my nipples. It felt so good. Even better than when the girls were babies. That didn't make any sense unless, I am still getting more feelings in this body! If I get any more sensitive, I'll state cuming anytime I wear clothes. Yes, cuming and cuming, the images started in my mind uncontrollably. Stop, STOP, I am on camera! I can't give them a show! I dropped my hands and opened my eyes. I opened my eyes to the sexiest woman I ever saw, staring back at me in the mirror. Oh shit, they are going to get a show. I am so horny that I can't stop!

I turned to where I now figured there was a camera. I ran my hands from my head down my neck and body to my crotch. With my hands in my crotch, with my cleavage enlarged by squeezing my arms together, I shook my shoulders at the camera. I then raised back and grabbed both breasts and held them toward the camera. Trying to make my lips look fuller I stared at the camera and said \"I want you\". I pulled a chair around to where it would face the camera. I then leaned into the chair as I shook my ass for the camera. I leaned forward and stroked my butt with both hands. I then rode the arm of the chair with my back to the camera. I did a slow grind with my hips going back and forth. After that I pulled my baby doll off and sat in the chair, facing the camera, playing with my breasts. I pulled one up to my mouth. Oh, the nipple in my mouth was a feeling beyond description. I was now moaning uncontrollably. I had one hand rubbing my free nipple and the other hand going to my crotch. Yes, yes, its

start.....

Then Dr. Richards nearly broke the door down, \"What the HELL is going on here!\".

With all my unfulfilled desires rapidly draining from my body and a horribly red face; \"A show?\" I answered meekly,

\"Don't you think we can see that! My God, that's on tape! We could lose our funding for Christ's sake!\"

\"It's not me these feelings just came out. Wait it's really not me, this body used to be a stripper's, I'll bet! There are some residue memories left. That's what's been coming out.\" I was so proud of myself for this startling revelation and self-diagnosis that I forgot my embarrassment.

\"Sit down Jean, Sit down NOW!\"

\"Ok, ok I am sitting\"

\"Jean, what is coming out is all you. Now wait. You as in your brain is causing the actions. Bodies can't have residual memories without a brain. These are not items beyond your control.\"

\"But I know, that is it, it explains so much!\"

\"No, Jean. This was not necessary information, but it won't hurt either. While your brain was still with its former body we came in possession of your current body.\"

\"I already know that. This body and cross matching to my brain and timing is the fluke that got me where I am today. For which I am very happy to be alive, cause if that didn't happen, I would have died because of my jeep accident.\"

\"Jean sit down and shut up. You know your body was made available to us due to carbon monoxide poisoning. This type of poisoning can leave a body \"alive\", but brain dead. And you know that your body is that of a 19-year-old woman. But what you don't know, Jean, is that she was an abused woman with a tragic life. She ended that life via suicide. She sat in the family car with the garage door closed and you can figure the rest. From the looks of the body when we got it, she had been hit quite often. The family had such a careless attitude they didn't ask for any disposition result on the organ donation. It was only a friend of hers that ever asked us what had become of this poor girl's body. At that time this friend told us that the poor girl was a very caring and loving person trapped in a life with an abusive family and an alcoholic boyfriend that was a ticket to nowhere. She said that she was put down both verbally and socially her whole life and from the looks of the body it appeared physically too. The friend said that all she really wanted to do in life was help people. Jean, by being alive you may help that girl achieve her heart's desire and show that her death was not without meaning. You have got to understand, there are no residual memories. This poor girl was anything but a stripper.\"

"Oh, my God" Then I thought about it, "Those lousy sons-a-bitches, where the hell is this place? A little C-4 or maybe just some straight rifle fire. God Damn it, if I had one of my tanks those lousy bastards would be history!"

"Jean what are you saying? Jean who are you?"

"Why I am Captain..... I am Jean. I am a 19-year-old woman. There is no C-4, no rifles and no tanks"

"Your welcome", laugh, "Have you had problems remembering who or where you are?"

"Its emotions Doctor. Strong emotions have me pinging off the walls. In some cases, like before you came into the room, I'll do things I have never done or contemplated before. Just now, with the emotion of anger I reverted back to when I was a captain in the army and a tank company commander. Shit, not real lady like is it?"

"Interesting. I don't know if this is physical or emotional. I don't know if it is temporary or permanent. I do know that you should try to keep emotions in check until we know more about what is happening to you."

"Keep my emotions in check? I am a 19-year-old girl going through a very traumatic time of my life! Oh, I get it.... you mean like no....."

"No what"

"You are going to make me say it aren't you?"

"Say what"

"Sex"

"No, I wasn't. Look your ability to orgasm is already on camera from all those times you masturbated previously. (I had forgotten! All those times, before I knew they had bugged my room! Talk about me blushing after he said that, yikes!) During those times there was consideration that you may damage yourself. (Gee a killer orgasm if you please) but we figured it was natural and should be observed for the record. But this show you just put on was beyond natural and was potentially dangerous to yourself. Not from the sexual aspect, but from the falling off the chair aspect! Need I remind you, Knockout? Further, we now have a new issue of your self-control during periods of high emotions. What started the show?"

It was then that I realized I was topless. I had been topless since my little show was half way through. Oh my! I grabbed my baby doll and put it back on. "This started me, the baby doll. It got me very excited and I just took off from there. I was going to just..... do I have to say this?"

"Yes"

"Fine! I was going to masturbate and then I remembered the cameras were on me. Instead of cooling me off it got me excited and I wanted to get others excited. I was enjoying the show

sexually.\

\ "So, are you cooled off now?\

\ "Yes\

\ "You want to be a stripper?\

\ "What?????\

\ "You said you were uncontrollable before. Now you are in control. Do you want to be a stripper?
\

\ "Gee, I could be a stripper, couldn't I? I hadn't thought about it. But you know I used to love to watch strippers.\

\ "And when you got extremely emotional you went wild and became what you use to watch. That is interesting. Then when you became angry you reverted to a time that would be considered the most aggressive of somebody's past. Hmm, we might be on to something.\

\ "But I never was a stripper!\

\ "No but you have thought about stripping as an observer. Then in a sexual situation where you couldn't observe you simply became the other part of the equation. In a roundabout way you have been thinking about being a stripper.\

\ "Well, you know one thing?\

\ "What?\

\ "I sure have the body for it, (wink)!\

(Blushing) \ "Jean, no more shows for a while, ok? Provided that's the case, I am going to go, I am also going to talk this over with Sally. We might want to explore this area in your therapy sessions.\

\ "Hang on a second Doc. I thought Sally was a physical therapist.\

\ "Trust me Jean, however, Sally is a Ph.D. and an MD, not just a physical therapist. Physical therapy is one areas she can work in but her primary specialty has been psychology. Our research has dovetailed over the years. I didn't see a need to upset your relationship with her via introducing a bunch of titles into the situation.\

\ "No" sob, \ "I see now, I am still just the experiment. That's why all the time with her seemed like training, nobody cares for me!\

\ "Jean, look initially you were just a patient. But over time I am....No, the team is developing feelings for you. I am sure Sally is the same. We care for your welfare. We like you as a person too. But, please don't try to ascribe too much to our feelings, we're a medical staff trying to

help you. We are not..... We want to help you Jean."

"You're right, I ask too much and pushed it too far."

Dr. Richards walked over to the chair and stood me up. With his back to the camera he bent over and whispered in my ear, "Look you are very beautiful, if I wasn't your doctor here.... things might be different. Now, I want you to calm down and get back in bed. If you want to do yourself in bed that's ok. Just no more shows. And don't wear this baby doll around me again, I am being very, very distracted!"

His comments had made an electrical tingle go through my body. I was also surprised to find out how his talk alone could make my nipples suddenly go erect. It was as though he had grabbed me and carried me off! Then I sighed. Looking into his blue eyes, I smiled a huge grin back at him, "Jim, if that's what you want, I'll do it."

"Good. I'll see you in a few days." He was avoiding eye contact with me now. No, it wasn't that! He had noticed my nipples get hard and was trying not to look at me.

"Don't you need to take my measurements? It's been a while, maybe I have changed!" I said beaming.

"It's obvious to all, but the dead that they haven't changed, Knockout!" As he said this, he balled up his hands in a tight fist by his side and continued to avoid looking at me. He then proceeded to laugh and shook his head.

I giggled and stuck my tongue out at him as he left.

I laid back on my bed and sighed again. He likes me, he really likes me. I felt so happy. I cared for Jim and wanted to become involved in his life. WHAT!? I need to slow down. Where am I going? I mean I am a 19-year-old woman now, but I am not even sure if I like boys? But it's not boys its Dr. Jim Richards, my savior. Aw, he's so sweet and caring and looks out for me! No, NO but there is no, no. He's cute! The grey hair, rugged face and what lovely eyes. Mmmmm. He likes me and I want him. Ok, fine. I want him. I want him for what? I..... don't know!!! I don't know damn it! I just know he's dreamy! Dreamy?! Where the hell did that come from, I sound like a... teenage...girl...oops. Shit! I have got a "crush" on Dr. Richards. NO! YES!!!!!! Gimminee Christmas. I need to talk to Sally.

Oh, how happy I was when Thursday came and it was time to see Sally. I had so much to discuss with her about my "crush" on Dr. Richards.

I was getting dressed to head down to my session when I realized there were some problems. I still had no real clothes that fit me! The panties Sally had gotten me were too loose to be worn and the bra's at a mere D cup weren't even a consideration. The levis that Dr. Richards had given me a couple of weeks ago were now much too loose, but I could get by with a belt. The T shirt he got me still fit. Well, it fit alright, tight enough to know exactly how big my nipples were! Good grief, I was a clothing disaster. There was the day dress Sally had gotten me but my chest development had made wearing it impossible. I did have some night clothes I could wear, but

then I have to go through the P.T. area and that wouldn't be appropriate. I certainly was not going to wear an open back hospital gown! I opted for the levis and the too tight T shirt. I found that if I pulled my T shirt up and tied it, I got more room for my chest. So, with my new "belly shirt" and levis I headed off to see Sally.

I got to the door of the therapy room. It had been quite the bouncy and jiggly trip! My chest just seemed to look at each side of the corridor, the ceiling and the floor as I walked. I certainly couldn't even think of walking into the therapy room like this. The first time I had done that a fellow got hurt when I distracted him, and that was as a B cup. Now, oh my goodness.

I stuck just my head in the door to see if anybody was using the room. There amongst the clatter of weights and therapist instructions were about 10 people, all of which were men. I managed to get the attention of one a therapist and asked him to send Sally out from her office in the rear.

Sally came out. "Jean, I am proud of you. Just a few weeks ago you would have barged into that room and disrupted the therapy in progress. Today, you thought ahead. Well, you were not the only one that has been thinking ahead. I believe you will find some very nice surprises are going to happen today. I have already prepared the room. Its ok we'll just walk-in follow me."

She opened the door and started across to the room to where we conducted our therapy sessions in private. I noticed after a couple of steps that all the workouts had stopped and everyone was staring at me.

Sally said, "Tell everybody hello, Jean."

"Hello everybody."

And in a chorus, they responded "Hello Knockout"

I turned beat red and looked at Sally. She was now giggling uncontrollably. Sally's laughter was always infectious.

I started giggling too and said "Cute Sally, real cute. You REALLY prepared the room didn't you!"

"It was the easiest way to get you in here and will make subsequent entries less surprising. While it is funny; it will actually help you and them in the long run. And I am happy you still have a sense of humor".

By then we had made it back into her office/therapy session area and closed the door.

"Jean, we have many things I want to get done today. One of the most obviously needed and perhaps the most fun is that I need to take you out and get you some decent clothing."

My heart leapt in anticipation. It wasn't an outfit it wasn't a garment. It was clothing! And taking me meant I would get a choice or input as to what I wore!!!!!! For the first time since my surgery I was going to have input on my clothing! YES!

"Well, I just made somebody's day it looks like! But then again 19-year-old girls love to shop; now don't they?"

"It's not THAT! It's just, I have had no input on my clothing. Getting to choose daily wear yes, but the clothes themselves no. Besides my wardrobe is so limited now I still have to wear hospital gowns while items are being cleaned. So, yes, I am very happy to go shopping. But not because I am a 19-year-old girl, besides I am a woman anyway."

"Just a figure of speech, honey. 70-year-old women call themselves and others girls, get used to it."

"Oh, I thought that was a sexist male term for woman?"

"Honey, we are girls. We are females. The same way as men are boys. It's how and in what context that the term is used. I didn't call you a broad or a bitch, or any other sexist term. Now that would have been inappropriate language."

Oh crap. The words just rang in my ears. Not that she had called me by them, but that they could be used to describe me. I WAS A BROAD and I had the potential to be a bitch. I felt numb.

"Jean, what's wrong? You just went white."

"It's, its, it's hard to say. Well, I just don't think about my sex all the time. I think of being a person. Yes, I have sexual thoughts. But I just think. I don't go around with a label on what I do. I don't think I, the girl, walked to the door. I think I walked to the door. Your words have struck me in an odd sort of way. I am a broad, and a bitch. Not in the sense of what they mean, but in the sense, somebody could call me those terms."

"Just who do you think you are Jean?"

"I am a 19-year-old woman. But I just deal with being me. I forget that the me is a woman."

Sally had a thin smile on her lips, "Let's hold that thought. Tell me the sensations you have in your body when you walk." She said that staring at my chest.

"It's very obvious Sally, I feel these move with every step."

"Do you really? Or do you feel them when you think about it? Aren't there times where you don't think about their movement? Aren't there times when it's in the back of your mind, but you ignore it?"

"Of course,"

"Ok, so tell me about peeing. Not at first, but now."

"I don't see the point in this. I sit down and pee."

"You do all those things the same as me. Even though your chest is much bigger than mine now, I am still a D cup. I have similar feelings in movement. I sit down to pee. Do you think that I

think to myself while all this is going on that Sally, the girl, is doing this? Or am I thinking that just Sally is doing it?"

"Of course, you would think it's just you. But you have been you all your life. I am different."

"Certainly, you are different. But the idea that you think of you as you, and not constantly as a woman is perfectly normal."

"But I thought women thought about being women all the time"

"We don't dither or become stupid because we bleach our hair either. Welcome to sisterhood. Jean, you are generating some of your own identity problems. Don't try to live in male stereotypes about women. Just let you be you. You have to look into yourself to find the woman in you. Don't try to force yourself to live a preconceived stereotype. So, Jean, what is your reaction to the potential of being called a broad or a bitch now?"

"I am a woman. But I am me first. Perhaps my concerns and worries should be about adjusting to me before I get concerned about labels?"

Sally reached over and patted my hand. "That's why I am here, honey. I will help you find out who you are and give you the skills necessary to integrate back into society. Speaking of which, I understand from Dr. Richards, you want to be a stripper?"

Oh no! She wants to talk about the little sexy strip show I did in my room before the camera monitoring the room! I turned four shades brighter than beat red!

"Jean, you knew we were going to discuss this. What is going on? You also threw open your towel at the beach and yelled at a crowd of men before we got in my van and left. These incidences are similar."

"In both cases I just did it. It seemed like the thing to do at the time. At the beach I had all these men chasing me and they were looking at my butt because the towel came open. They were all around me panting like dogs by the time we got to the van. The idea that they wanted to look at me and that it would excite them, got me excited. I threw open my towel for my own pleasure as much as theirs. The little strip show was along the same lines. You had sent me up a baby doll to wear. It was, oh, so, very sexy, Sally! I liked it a lot! Thong panties! Wow! But I digress. I tried on the baby doll and looked in the mirror. I had, had a rough night because of my new breast size I couldn't get comfortable. It even made me think about having reduction surgery. So, anyway, I look at me in the mirror. The sexiest woman I ever saw was staring back at me! My own breasts were making me..err...I was horny. So, anyway, I was starting to..... Well, I stopped because I remembered about the camera. Then I thought about men watching me and I was so, so horny! At that point I went wild and did my little show."

"You're a little exhibitionist aren't you!"

"I AM NOT!"

"You like men to look at you naked?"

"I don't like m.....oh, shit you're right! What's wrong with me? I don't consciously think that."

"I believe you Jean. We will have to explore why you subconsciously want to do that. I am sure that is going to take some time. From Dr. Richards it appears your subconscious can surface at some interesting times. I am not so sure I agree with his take on this point. But who thinks what is not as important as understanding why and working together for resolution? For this session we are running out of time. But you want to briefly discuss being a Tank Captain of all things!?"

"Well, I just got angry and suddenly I was me or at least the brain me of 13 years ago."

"Interesting. All of this is most likely connected and we aren't going to solve it all today. We need to move on to stay on track. Is there anything else you would like to discuss before we get into yet another makeup class?"

"Actually, there are two things. First, I want to contact my wife and children and tell them I am ok. I was concerned about it, but feel now's the time"

Sally, looked at me and with tears welling up. She stood up and came over to me and pressed my head to her breast and put her arms around me. "Jean you're dead to your family. They buried your remains over three months ago. You can't go back to them. They would not believe you and even if they did, could you become a family again with you as a 19-year-old girl?"

I held tightly on to Sally and cried. I cried for what seemed forever.

"You know Sally, I figured that was the case all along. I just kept denying the inevitable." sob

"It's ok Jean. Who wouldn't have done so in your situation? It's a miracle that you are alive. Your 19 and have a new life to live. All your memories are yours but they are the memories of a part of your life that has ended completely."

"Oh, Sally it hurts." and I cried and cried.

"I know. You just cry honey".

Finally, I stopped. I had a hole in my heart. It wasn't my death I grieved but the death of my relationship to my now former family. The realization of that made me cry yet again and I held Sally all so tight.

At one point I stopped and simply sobbed. Sally said to me, "Glad we didn't have the makeup class first."

I laughed. That would indeed have been a sight.

"Honey, there was a second thing you wanted to discuss?"

"I think I have a crush on Dr. Richards"

Sally pushed me back at arm's length and looked at my quizzically. "You sure or is it just some form of sexual urges?"

"Sally, I am confused. I still don't know if I like boys. But when I get around Jim, I go all soft and gooey. I want him. I want to be with him. I want him to take me into his arms. I want to be with him as he does his work. I want..."

"You want to be boffed by the good Dr.?"

"Yes" and I couldn't believe I had said that!

"I think we got the, do you like boys, question answered! Maybe you ought to stop and think if the good Dr. is MARRIED! Or do you plan to be a little tramp slut boffing anybody that comes along?"

"Sally, I am sorry. I didn't mean to say anything that would upset you. I just wanted help in dealing with my feelings... and is he married? Other than Jim, I don't think of any MAN having sex with me. Saying it that way sends shivers up my back."

"Look you little.... I am sorry Jean. Sometimes I get a little too involved. Dr. Richards and I go back several years. Yes, he is married. You should think of that before you go pulling his shirt out and running your hands all over him while sitting naked!" (She had seen the tape from the CAT scan table, I turned red again)

"Ok, you said you don't think of having sex with men, how about women?"

I was still embarrassed and that last question kept me that way. "Yes, Sally I do."

"What about me? I know I am attractive. Do you think of having sex with me?"

"Sally, you are very beautiful. Every inch of you is terrific! Yes, I have thought about it. Ever since that night you touched my breast when you took me back to me room" sigh

"Have you really, Honey?" Sally said that with a smile and sat on the table in front to me.

"Jean, we need to explore your sexual side to see the whole you." With that she unbuttoned her blouse to where her magnificent cleavage was showing. "Do you find this stimulating?"

"Oh, yes, Sally! OH, YES!"

"Good. Now you stay seated" She proceeded to take her blouse off and was in just her bra from the waist up. "While still sitting there take my bra off."

I reached up and behind her and unclasped her bra. Her magnificent breasts were now inches in front of my face. Her nipples were about 3/4 the size of mine and looked to be 3 inches across on the end of her very full, and very round breasts. Sally had implants. Big implants!

"Oh, that feels so nice to have that off" She then began to knead her breasts right in front of my face. "There's only one thing that would make them feel better and that would be a pair of

lips on them!"

YES, I eagerly sucked deeply on one and grabbed the other with my right hand. They were implants but they were real enough for me. This was GREAT.

"Honey, tell me what you will do to me. Now, don't think just tell me." Sally gasped

"I am going to give you hickeys around your nipples until they look like to big flowers"

"Oh, don't mark me love, but mmmm then what. Oh, you're good"

"I will hold you down and fuck you; fuck your eyes out."

"Oh, I want that! Tell me exactly honey, tell me how you will fuck me" she said gasping and moaning.

"I'll spread your legs and stick my dick in your hot wet pussy!"

"No, you won't, you're a girl, and you don't have a dick." With that she pushed me back and recovered her bra all too quickly. "Jean, you still have yet to come to full terms with your sexuality. But I can now see what Dr. Richards was speaking of in having personalities coming out in times of emotional peaks."

"NO. Come on! What was this training? Sally, I want you! I mean, I don't have one but there's ways for women to enjoy each other!"

"And right you are. And if I was making love to a woman, maybe we wouldn't have stopped! And maybe some real training could have begun!" She then giggled. She held my face, "Jean, we will continue to explore your sexuality. Today, I admit was a trick. But it was a lesson too. I like you Jean and would have made love to you. But I will only do that when you know who you are!"

"But you're a therapist. Isn't having sex with me against the rules?"

"What kind of therapist am I, Jean?" She burst out laughing after saying that. "No don't answer. Yes, this would normally be against the rules. But brain transplants aren't in the rules. Dr. Richards is fully aware that our therapy sessions could lead to sexual contact. It is part of the overall package for your recovery. But there is a catch Jean. It was agreed in my research contract that no sexual contact would ever take place unless it was by mutual consent. I really do like you Jean and want to be your friend not just through your therapy, but in future. As a matter of fact, that baby doll you got was a present from me to you!"

"Oh, Sally, thank you so much. I need a friend and I want to be yours too!" And at that moment the idea of a friend seemed so much better than having a lover.

I stood up and kissed her. Briefly and ever so briefly our tongues meet in that kiss. Then it was time for makeup class. Today's subject was mascara and eye liners.

I was feeling like the \"Karate Kid\" but instead of wax on, wax off it was mascara on, mascara off. Try and try again. First too much then too little, then that's right, now do it again and again and again! Enough already. I asked Sally couldn't I just get it tattooed on. Her response was to lightly hit my shoulder, call me silly and say that was enough class for today. She also told me to make sure I was \"putting my face on\" each day. I give up shaving just to have it replaced by another procedure that takes even longer!

And the good news was my hair was now long enough for us to have a hair care class scheduled for next week. The bad news was my hair was now long enough for us to have a hair care class scheduled for next week. Now I had hair and its care as a daily concern. Sally said a short low maintenance hair cut really wasn't an option unless I was also considering a nose ring and maybe six or seven ear piercings. Ok, so daily hair care. At least it was hair!

\"Come on Sally; you're holding out on me. We're supposed to go shopping!\"

\"Oh, did I say that? It must have been a mistake. Are you sure I said that?\"

\"Your teasing, now stop it. Let's go!\"

\"Ok, just use this cold cream on your face first and then we're out of here.\"

I grabbed the jar of cold cream and had almost all of my face \"off\" when I realized what she had done. \"You tricked me yet again. I'll have to put my makeup back on before we can go; won't I?\"

\"You're getting to be more of a woman every day. Yes, and pass my inspection too!\"

The only person more pleased than me with my re-applied makeup was Sally. With that done it was time to SHOP!

We got in Sally's van. It was the same one we had gone to the beach in. Then I realized how I was currently dress!

\"Sally where are we going? Look at me. I can't go into a mall like this. I am a weird combination of slut and homeless person. Yikes! Come to think of it I am a homeless person.\"

\"Settle down Jean before you get on an emotional roll. You aren't homeless. Your home for now is the hospital. When your rehabilitation is over you are not under any circumstances going to be ejected on to the street. We are not going to a mall. We are going to a specialty shop I know. I have called ahead and the shop is ready for us. The nice part is there is a back door that we can park next too. We'll get you into the shop without the public seeing anything and then get at least some of your clothing taken care of.\"

\"Specialty shop?\"

\"Jean, your breasts are huge. They are so big I had to guess at your bra size. I know for sure that we can't get you bra's off the shelf! We are going to a boutique that specializes in custom bras. It a store that carries items for large woman.\"

"Wait you mean large or fat? Fat! I only weight 125 lbs.!"

"Jean, the store is for both! You're not fat good grief. You have special needs for foundation garments and tops. If you want a simple day dress and you buy off the shelf you will need to have it taken in. My guess is from the waist down you're a 6 and from the waist up you're a 14. You are going to have fitting problems, girl. We are going to a shop that for the most part caters to fat woman, but they do provide support to a minority of customers that are in your category. Besides I know the owner. She's a sweet person and will see to us personally."

"Aw, you did that for me Sally? You are the sweet person."

We eventually got to the back of Bertha's Big Boutique. It had a logo with the three bears as a play on the 3 B's in the name. I also now had a clue what to see in Bertha. I bet she had a big heart; it would go well with a big body! Ha.

We snuck in the back door. I saw Sally go over to a small grey-haired lady by the register. Well strike one if that was Bertha. She was no 300 pounders maybe 150 at most. Then she turned around. Oh my God! Bertha had breasts several times bigger than mine. I was dumbfounded.

"Hi, I am Bertha. Dear you might want to close your mouth."

"You're huge! God you're bigger than me! What am I saying? I am so sorry, please those comments were very inappropriate. I am rude and inconsiderate. Please I am very sorry, I am Jean."

"So, deary, you're sorry you're Jean? Just kidding Kido. Look I know I am a big girl, your no slacker yourself. Hell, we put old Sally there in the itty-bitty titty club."

"Hey, I paid good money for these and I'll have you know their big!"

We all started laughing.

"I am Big Bertha the biggest guns you'll ever see. At least that's what it said when I was stripping back in the 1970's. I put on some weight since then so I am even bigger. I wear a 40N bra now. But I don't think they'd pay to see the rest of me these days!" She snickered.

"So, Jean, heard all about your problem. Been in a coma for 5 years. Must be a surprise in waking up, down right miracle I'd call it. Any ways, must have been a real shocker to wake up and have that body? Go to sleep a girl and wake up a woman. Must be like an overnight change to you? I heard you were a mere A cup before you went into the coma?"

"Yea", was all I sputtered back.

I looked over at Sally. She had come up with a cover story for me. I wouldn't have to say how I got here or why I didn't even know my own sizes. She was so nice. I smiled at her.

Sally said "Yes, Bertha, she knows her own story."

"Let's get down to some brass tacks, Kido. I have a large fitting room over there with a lock on the door. You go in there get undress and lock the door. Ol' Bertha will be right over and get you all measured up. Then we'll get you some things to wear!"

Her words had barely left her lips before I was in the room naked as a jay bird awaiting Bertha and a measuring tape. I was going to get clothes!

Bertha came into the room, measuring tape in hand. 42-22-36 (Whew! No change in them for some time now. All this crazy body development is over, just like the Doc said.) "That's them for now. Now, that I gave you your swim suit statistics let's get down to measuring you for sizes." and she had a tape going over which away on me.

I stood as she did her measuring. All those years of stripping must have got her used to naked women. She didn't even bat an eye at my nudity.

"Kido, you think about stripping? Oh, turnin red, didn't mean to embarrass you."

"What has Sally told you? (The idea she shared my little strip number had me humiliated to say the least.)

"Sally? Nothing why? You got long legs, a nice full round butt and a very narrow waist, but really, it's just that you have some great boobies for stripping. They are full, jut out with form and have nipples the right size for pasties. You could really do some tricks with tassels. Lots of girls your size are just big and sloppy. Speaking of which Kido, your size is 34H."

"I AM NOT A STRIPPER!"

"Hey, easy kid. Lighten up take a joke and a compliment, ok? Look, you stay here. Ha, I am taking your clothes you got no choice! I'll be back in about 20 mins with a bra from the shop. I held my seamstress over for you. In the meanwhile, I'll send Sally in with some panties for you. Then I'll get you something off my racks that will fit you."

"I didn't mean to be rude. All you're trying to do is help me. Sometimes I get out of control." and a single tear ran down my cheek.

"Hey, no sweat kid. And remember while I am gone....."

"What?"

"No dancing!" She popped out the door before I could say a word. I was beginning to like Bertha.

Sally came in with what seemed to be every kind of panty ever made. There were big cotton ones, little silk ones, different colors and different cuts.

"They'll all fit Jean. Which one's do you want to put on? Doesn't matter which pair, Bertha says they will all fit".

"Can I try them all?"

"No, there won't be enough time and Jean, you don't try on panties, you just buy them."

"Oh. In that case I just have a feeling that Bertha's going to bring me clothes that the thongs would go best with". And with that I slipped on a pair of blue thong panties.

Bertha came bounding back into the room. Very careful to ensure nobody could see me when she came in the door.

"You put on a thong panty, kiddo! Good choice they will go perfect with what I brought for you." She handed me a pair of blue stretch pants.

I pulled them on. They went on fine. A perfect fit. But, oh, they fit close. If I had been wearing anything but thongs you would have seen my panty lines. I would have had DPL (Distinct Panty Line). But all you saw was butt.

"Hey kiddo, you really fill those out nice." "Thanks"

"That bra ought to be done by now. I'll go get it and we can verify fit. I'll bring in a top to go with the pants." and off she went.

"I like the outfit right now." Sally whispered to me.

"Sally, please don't get me excited here! You know how I can get."

She turned toward me and cupped one of my breasts. She looked deeply into my eyes, "You mean I shouldn't get you excited right here, where people could walk in on us any second, and see what we're doing?"

In a barely audible whisper, I said "Yes"

Sally, got a big smile on her face. Dropped my breast and said "OK".

Before I could say or do anything, Bertha came back into the room holding more clothing.

Sally and I looked at each other and stared giggling.

"What have you two been doing?"

I said, "It appears I have been getting had, in fact I have been had three times today by this trickster Sally!"

We all started laughing.

"We'll here. Try on the bra I brought you, before you jiggle yourself off the table."

I looked at the bra. It looked like the one's I had before but it was big. I had never seen one that big before. This one hooked in front! It went on so easy and was a perfect fit.

"No more jiggling!"

"Look Kido my bras are good but not that good. Let's say way reduced jiggling OK?" She then proceeded to look me over in great detail and declared the bra a perfect fit.

"Ok, let's finish you up. Here's a top and a vest."

It was a white tank top with a visible deep cleavage. The vest and the top were excellent fits but it was obvious that Bertha had chosen an outfit to display both my front and my rear. "Your sexy Kido, just like I thought you would be."

"I had hoped to be a little more conservative"

"Ok, let's go over to the fat girl city part of the shop and get one of my muumuu's for you?"

We all laughed again.

"No, no. This is fine. I just didn't realize that this was me. I mean, I am sexy, aren't I?"

"Are you fishing for compliments or trying to put us on? Jean, you are incredible. Bertha, thank you. Have the rest of the outfits that we agreed on delivered to the hospital, please. I am sorry to run but we do need to go."

"No problem kids. Those duds will be over in a couple of shipments as I get them done. But, Jean, here's my card. You ever need anything special you give me a call. Now go break a leg kid."

"Thanks Bertha. Your very nice. Bye." I gave Bertha a hug, picked up several bags and we left.

Out in the van the obvious hit me. "Hey, I didn't get to pick out any clothes!"

"But you did. Who chose the panties you are wearing? Don't you have a wide variety to choose from now?"

"But I didn't get to look and choose the basic group and I was given the outfits; I didn't get to choose and there's several outfits here I didn't even try on!"

"Fine, where would you have started looking at clothing? What are your tastes? Tell me the combinations you'd like. Here's an idea, maybe we should buy a "Playboy" so you can choose the outfits you like."

"I get the idea Sally. I need to understand what to look like before I can choose how to look. So, how about a magazine for me to look at other than "Playboy"?"

"Good, girl! Finally, you have asked! I wasn't going to send you magazines as home work. That would never have worked. But if you want to look to develop your fashion sense I have about 15-20 different ones I will give you. Then after you have looked at them and only then will we talk about you choosing the clothes!"

\ "Ok it's a deal, but Sally?\ "

\ "Yes\ "

\ "Do any of them have lingerie?\ "

\ "Of course, they do, silly! Where do you think I got the idea for that particular baby doll?\ "

We both smiled as the Van headed back to the hospital.

\ "Sally, can we talk about my feelings for Dr. Richards\ "

After what seemed like a much too long delay \ "Yes, Jean we can.\ "

\ "I am confused. I want him but I don't want him. On top of all this I find out he's married! I have never thought I would be the other WOMAN!\ "

\ "Jean what makes you think you are any more than a patient; let alone you are the other woman?\ "

\ "He gets up tight when I come on to him. He resists but just barely. And I know he likes me. He does, he does, he does. He likes me, he likes me, he likes me! And he's so cute!\ "

\ "Are you 19 or 13? You sound like a pre-teen girl in love with her teacher.\ "

\ "Now, you know why I am confused. You are right and I know that. But I still feel the way I feel. It's like I am being dragged down an emotional path by a wild horse with my foot caught in the stirrup. Sally, if Jim asked me to strip naked and have sex with him, so he could give me a baby I would jump at the chance. I don't want to do that its crazy. I don't want a man to have sex with me. I don't want to be pregnant. I certainly don't want to be a mommy! But the idea that I could have his baby and he would be my husband, oh that thought feels so good to me. HELP ME!\ "

\ "Look you little slu..... no, I am sorry. Jean, when was the last time you went to Egypt?\ "

\ "I have never been to Egypt\ "

\ "You're there now it's called \ "De Nile\ ". You are denying your feelings. You are in love or a crush or lust with Dr. Richards. By the way Dr. Richards not Jim, please. Everything you said that you don't want to do is exactly what you do want to do. When you have deep feelings as a woman you will think about a life with the man on whom the feelings are placed. But this leap to a cottage with a white picket fence is thinking like a teenager. Didn't you ever think about spending your life with women when you were a man?\ "

\ "Just one time\ "

\ "Just one time???? What happened?\ "

\ "I married her.\ "

"Wait, you were 42. How many women had you been with?"

"One"

"I don't mean marriages. How many women or men did you have sex with?"

"I said one. And hey, I was straight. I didn't like guys!"

"How old were you when you got married?"

"21"

"You were married for 21 years and only ever had sex with one woman? How many different women did you date before you were married?"

"Real dates 3 counting my wife."

"Good grief, nobody should know this answer. How many different women have you kissed romantically?"

"What do you mean shouldn't know, that's an easy one, 7 counting you."

"It appears social intercourse was not your strong point. Jean, you appear to commit to a relationship a little too quickly. As a woman that could have devastating results. You are talking about having a man's baby that till today you didn't even know if he was married. You have fantasied him into loving you. You don't know his feelings, do you? You hope for his feelings! Dear, we are going to have to work on this. You'll have your heart broken every two minutes if we don't. Plus, no wonder you have been doing your little strip shows, you have some very repressed sexual feelings from being a man, and now you have a body with which to very explicitly show those feelings!"

"Golly, wow, gee, I guess you have a point. But what about me and Ji... Dr. Richards?"

"Good God Jean! Based on what you have just told me, you're a nymphomaniac looking for a commitment!" With that she burst out laughing. "You might just screw your boyfriend to death! I better warn Dr. Richards!"

"Very funny. But what about me and Dr. Richards?"

"You want directions or counseling?"

"Maybe a little of both? For Pete's sake, I am confused and have good reason to be. I am in love? Well, yes, it feels so good to finally admit it to myself. You were right! I am in love! I am in love with Dr.... No Jim. I love Jim. Who could be in love with a Dr. Anybody? Oh, how I Love JIM! I could just screw him to death! I am in Love with Jim!!! I want him. I want to be with him! Sally what should I do?"

"What did I say?" And then Sally just glared at me.

Then she said, \"Fine you want directions, here, STAY AWAY FROM MY HUSBAND!\">

It was total silence from that point until we got back to the hospital. Sally helped me get my clothes up to my room. The only thing that she said was that we would keep our appointments as scheduled. She left and I fell on my bed crying. I was in love with my only friend's husband! I felt things couldn't get worse. Guess what? I got my first period that night too.

I cried and had cramps all night long. I was up and in the bathroom at about 4 am, when there came a rapping at my door. Actually, there was a screaming \"No, don't wait!\">

\"What do you want? I am a little busy in here!\">

\"Listen, you've started your period, we need a sample of the fluids.\">

\"You people are disgusting! Can't you leave a girl alone? I know there's a camera in here but give me a break, huh?\">

\"No, this is your first period since the surgery. We have to measure your fluids for abnormalities. We need to get them in the next few minutes before there's possible degradation or cross contamination. Come on Knockout, we didn't even think you could have a period.\">

\"What do you mean? I am a girl, a...a.... normal girl, right?\">

\"We didn't think a male brain would support a female monthly cycle. Or at least we were arguing about it. Now that you have one, we have to measure it and compare to determine if its normal.\">

\"Oh, what do you want me to do?\">

\"I have some collection tubes and swabs here; we need to collect samples. I'll give them to you and you can do it yourself and I'll wait out here.\">

I pulled up my panties and went to the door. I opened it and saw one of the doctors that I had seen around the facility. He was in his late 20's, wore glasses, was maybe 5'8" and all of 120 lbs. soaking wet. I also saw a dizzying array of collection devices and instructions. After I began reading the instructions it became obvious that I couldn't reach right to get some of their deep samples.

\"Man, this won't work right. I won't be able to reach right to get some of the samples you want.\">

\"Dr. Richards says we need them very badly for the project. His theories are that your perfectly normal. We need the samples to prove it.\">

\"Read my lips, I can't reach where you want some of the samples, such as in swabbing past my cervix.\">

\ "Oh.....Well.....let me think....we do have an obgyn on a part of the team I can call in; but its 4 am.....On the other hand I could take the samples.\ "

\ "Yea right! I want to talk to Dr. Richards. How, am I sure all this is on the up and up? I\ 'll give you the samples I can do but those others will have to wait till I talk to the Doc.\ "

\ "Fine, I\ 'll call him but we are losing time here.\ "

So, I was giving samples while he got Dr. Richards on the phone. Then I went over to the phone, which was behind a locked door. It was in the area that they had tv cameras up to monitor me while in the facility. This was the first outside line phone I had seen. I could over hear him on the phone in the middle of his phone call.

\ "Yes, I know I can do a full gyno exam but there is no need for that with the onset of menses. Yes, Dr. Richard\ 's but is that what Dr. Richard\ 's wants? Ok, fine.\ "

After I listened to this for a bit, he turned to me and said; \ "Dr. Richards says I can go ahead do a full workup and get the samples.\ "

\ "I\ 'll talk to Dr. Richards, please!\ "

\ "Ok, here take the phone.\ "

\ "Hello Jim. Do I have to let this guy play with my pussy?\ " I twirled the phone cord as I asked.

\ "Jean, we need these samples. They will verify if you have a normal physiology. Dr. Jones is a very capable doctor. He is also a true professional. Please let him get the samples.\ " I heard muffled talking in the back ground on the line.

\ "OK, I\ 'll do it for you, Jim. But where are you right now? Can\ 't you do it?\ "

\ "Jean, I can\ 't come to you. I am in bed, look at the time. Now let Dr. Jo.....\ "

A new voice came on the line, it was Sally \ "You got your instructions Jean. Now go do what you\ 're told. Goodbye.\ " And with that the receiver was slammed down.

I had gotten caught up in the moment and had forgotten that Dr. Richards was married to Sally. Of course, they were in bed together when Dr. Jones had called. Oh my gosh! They could have been having.... Naw, it\ 's 4 am.... but what if they were?...and then the phone call from me.... and Sally had told me earlier to stay away from her husband. I wanted to cry again. This time was I determined not too!

\ "Ok, Dr. Jones, let\ 's go get this over with.\ "

\ "Why are you crying, Knockout?\ "

I didn\ 't answer and we walked to a room some distance from the room I was staying in.

"Drop your panties and get on the table"

So, I got up on the table edge between the stirrups. Well, damn, obvious that I would be putting my feet in these stirrups in a second. Oh God, I am a girl. What is this going to be like? The wife never liked it. Plus, how messy will my period make this. YUCK.

"Here get on the edge of the table and lay back. You will need to put your feet in these stirrups. I'll help guide your feet in"

I saw his head disappear below my up lifted legs. I really couldn't see too much down that way anyway as my breasts were blocking myWhat is going on! This is not fun!

With that he felt forward with his gloved hands and some swabs. He even used a very uncomfortable instrument on me called a speculum. I was right, the whole thing was very messy.

"It will be just a few more minutes. I can stop a while if you want?"

"Let's just get this over with. Besides, I am a mess down there. I feel stuff dripping on me and out of me. I want to go clean up. I am just glad I am not you. I mean, I have a better view. I get to relax and look at the ceiling."

"Knockout, this is a mess. This is not normally done while a woman is in menses. Oh, that's on her period. However, I have my instructions from Dr. Richards. She wanted a full exam besides the samples. I am just doing my job, but....oh yuck.... haven't done one of these since med school. There done. You can get cleaned up. I have to finish up my notes but you have just had your first pelvic. How was it?"

"Let's just say that I hope it was better for you than for me and I don't want my future contact with men to be in this fashion!"

"Well, after you're cleaned up, we will complete the exam."

"What? Complete it? You going down there again?"

"No, I have to give you a breast exam and show you how to do one yourself. Dr. Richards said that it would be a good idea to do all of this at once. That way it would be your official first obgyn visit and you would know what to expect when you have a "normal" visit."

"Which Dr. Richards?"

"Ahh...the Female Dr. Richards, I don't know her first name. I don't run into her very often."

Just peachy, NOT! Ok, so I cleaned myself. I inserted a tampon into me (big, girl decision tampon or pad), pulled my panties up, and my night gown came off.

"I do hurt. Couldn't I have some Midol or something like that?"

He didn't answer. He just stood staring at me. When I realized that, I cover my chest.

"Oh sorry. I don't normally work with humans. That didn't sound right. I am a researcher and don't get an opportunity to have patients. I am a full MD and qualified for people though. I have seen you on the monitors and around the facility and have worked with you after initial delivery. That didn't sound right either. I meant arrival. It's just that, oh this isn't professional. You are very beautiful and I was a little awe struck seeing you standing there. As to your request for a pain killer; you know you can't have any drugs. That includes aspirin. It might have detrimental effects on your central nervous system. Please lay back on the table please. I'll start the breast exam and show you how you can examine yourself"

I sat on the table and then laid down.

He grabbed my right breast.

"You will need to examine yourself at least monthly. In a sexually active woman, her partner can be used to assist in the...Oh, I am sorry. I know well ..err a... I mean, with you having been a.. But your body was...."

"It's ok Dr. Jones. But are you supposed to be kneading my breast in this exam?"

His hand jerked away from my tit like lightning. I also notice that I now had two nipples hard as rocks. How's a girl supposed to control these things? I wasn't turned on in the least.

"You should start pressing on and doing little circles on the breast like this. Do it on both breasts. Work top to bottom. You will even check over on the sides of your breast by the armpit. Hold an arm over your head like this as you do it."

"It's OK Dr. Jones. You can put your arm down and touch me. It would be easier for me to catch on if you were touching me instead of your lab coat."

It was cute, he had gotten embarrassed and was afraid to touch me. He went back to touching my breasts and showing me how. His hands were trembling.

"It's really ok Dr. Jones. Please relax. I can learn better if you are relaxed. Or am I supposed to shake while I do this?" giggle "Or should I shake like this?" and I wiggled my chest.

"Knockout! Stop that!" and he gently grabbed both my boobs as I wiggled the one from his hand.

"GASP" Oh, my! That felt good the way he grabbed them both. Oh, it felt so good to have them grabbed. I closed my eyes as an intense feeling of pleasure came over me.

He dropped one, went back to circles on the other and then finished explaining how to do a self-exam. I was busy trying to re-focus on what he was saying.

"Ok, that's it you can get dressed."

I put my night gown back on. He had his back turned to me and was writing down notes. His lab coat was open at an angle to me and I saw it. Dr. Jones had a hard on! No wonder he was acting

that way. Mmmm.

I walked up behind Dr. Jones and pressed my breasts into his back. I put one arm around him and circled his ear with my other hand. I whispered into his ear, \"I'll never forget you. You were my first and it was so special.\" I then pecked him on the cheek and started laughing so hard I had to sit down.

Dr. Jones turned beat red. He took three steps toward the door. He stopped short then turned around looking at me with anger. Which I met with hysterical laughter. The anger quickly left his face and he said. \"Hey, you're just another in of a long line of exams for me, baby. But none of them will forget me either! Well, maybe the frogs do.\" Then he busted out laughing.

After this \"splendid\" little episode, I went back to my room. Despite the fun at the end, I now knew why woman dreaded going to the OB/GYN for an exam. In fact, I was now one of them!

I was thinking about what an unpleasant time that exam was when some basic biology facts started surfacing in the back of my mind. The onset of the \"Visit of Mother Nature\" was indicative of a female reproduction cycle. Reproduction cycle. That means I could have children. That means I could get pregnant. That means I COULD REALLY BECOME A MOMMY! Oh, crap! No, no, no, No, NO, NO, NO. I had made some silly comments to Sally about wanting to have Jim's baby but they were just musings of me while wild with desire. I was, at least till now, just thinking about having sex and it being a lot of fun. I had thought sex might be more intense and enjoyable as a girl. My perspective had not changed from before the surgery, sex was just sex, and a whole lot of fun. But, now in the cold clear thought of my room. Shit! A baby in me growing? Kicking, coming to life? The terrible pain of birth? For goodness gracious giving milk and breastfeeding!!! But then to be somebody's mother?! Caring and nurturing? Me of all people? That just isn't me. And that's what sex could do to me! ARGH!!!! Maybe I could get my pussy sewn up. Maybe I could get these giant boobs cut off. I could sleep without problems, clothes would fit, men wouldn't stare. I might be on to something here. Then I wouldn't have to worry about becoming a mommy. I wouldn't have to worry if I ever had sex because I wouldn't. Then I wouldn't have anybody ever touch me. Then I would be just a thing walking around. And then I would be alone the rest of my life. Well hell, this pussy sewing and boob removal thought just isn't going to work now is it?

Maybe I could get an operation to look like a man again. No, wait, Dr. Richards said no surgeries for at least 5 years. Five years? That will be too late. I will be a woman by then! Why'd I think that? I am a woman now? Lifestyle, I meant lifestyle. I would have accepted the lifestyle? No, I think I meant I would want to be a woman. At least I know what I really said, unfortunately I don't know why I had said it.

For five years? No touching no affection because I was waiting to be a man? (At least a surgery created man.) But I want now. I want Dr. Richards. I want him to be with me. I want to be around him. Even if I was a man, I would want that. But there's more advantages if I am a woman! I want to be his woman. I want him to take me. I want him to ravish me. I want his children.... I want.....to get all these conflicting thoughts and images out of my head! That's

what I want.

Oh, this is weird. While I am afraid of being knocked up; the idea that it could be Jim's baby in me, no my, no our, baby growing in me. That is a happy warm thought. Sigh. He is so dreamy! I have to stop these thoughts. I am falling in love with Dr. Richards! Sally's husband. My only friend and I am in love with her husband. She's jealous. Jealous hell, she's right. But then she's touched me sexually? And I liked it. I liked it a lot when Sally touched me. ARGH!!!!

Please, I am ruining everything. I have nothing and I am ruining it! Dr. Richards can lose the grant for his research if he acts on our love. Our love? Its only my love for him as far as I know, but I do hope. But to end his life's work and a benefit to mankind all because I have the hots for my savior? I am forcing Sally away from me as she protects her husband. I am losing Sally as a friend and a possible lover because of my actions. I am being victimized by my own emotions. I don't care about mankind, I don't care if I lose Sally, I must have Jim! And because I must have Jim, I must leave. I can't destroy all this. I can't ruin a life's work. I can't destroy my friend Sally. The only way I can control myself is to go. Great. Now where?

It was a long night. The next morning, I was awakened early, (well, 10 am, I had been up all night), Sally wanted to see me.

"I see you had a long night... Welcome to womanhood.", said Sally.

"Oh, it's wonderful...NOT" was my retort.

"You'll get used to it, not like it, but get used to it" she said with a smirk. She had become cold and distant since our little row of me being interested in Jim. Our sessions were more clinical than fun now. "So, let's talk. We talked before about your feelings to see your old family, do you still have feelings to contact them? Is this continuing to causing you to be conflicted?"

I just burst into tears. After a couple of moments, I pulled myself together and walked over to a table that was in her office. I asked her to have a seat on the other side. Then I asked her to pretend she was my wife. After this I made my chair real close, with the edge of the table against my chest, and sat down. Of course, my large breasts spilled across the table.

Sally got both a surprised and perplexed look on her face.

"Hi Honey I am home. It's me your dead husband! I am a girl now about 20 years younger than you. Do you think our kids will like my tits? You never were into girls so, how about we go on a double date? Hey, maybe we can give the same guy a blow job. I like the idea of giving blow jobs, and have no idea why you hated them so much. Isn't it great that I am back?", I said.

Sally, then got a sly smile on her face. "Sounds like you have accepted your situation...so, you want to give a guy a blow job?"

My face turned beat red and I slid my chair back from the table. I felt my heavy breasts plop unto my chest. I turned my head and looked at the wall and said in a low voice, "Yes".

"I can't hear you."

"yes, Yes, YES! I think about blow jobs and dicks. I think about them filling me. I think about sex. I am getting sooo horny I think the door knobs maybe in danger!"

"Interesting"

"Interesting my ass. What the hell is happening to me? First the beach and now it's worse, so very much worse. I never thought this way before. But over the last few weeks it's been building and building. I feel a great empty need inside of me that want's, well, to be FILLED! This isn't the way I used to think."

"You didn't have a brain bathed in female hormones before. They have both a physical and mental impact on the body. You are now speaking of blow jobs and sex with men. What about the idea of sex with a woman?" she said.

"It's like it's fading? I mean, yea, I think I could do it, but the desire is just going away?" I answered quite perplexed.

"This could also be a result of hormones or perhaps some other latent feeling coming out now. Which is why we need to continue our studies with you. There are issues with you we do not know the answers too.", she said.

"But what about me? I am in here. What if I don't want this change? It's uncontrollable. It's slowly taking over my thoughts. I just want, I mean. Oh, shit, it's true....I want to be touched by a man. I'd say "eww", but my feelings are actually "hmmm, do it". Can you make it stop?", I confessed and pleaded.

"Think about it Jean. You really need to change how you are viewing your situation. You are a 19-year-old woman now. Sounds like your brain is working overtime to adapt. You should embrace these feelings, not fight them. We have enough data to support many times a person's orientation changes when they are given hormones of the opposite sex over time. In your case, over time means the rest of your life. You don't get a choice, you will be where your body takes you, not where your brain wants to go. This may or may not cause a serious conflict in your consciousness. That will be up to you to come to resolution with, but I will be here to help and document that journey. You must come to accept who you are now, and not try to be who you were before. Besides, from our study standpoint, the complexity of your situation might lead us to a breakthrough on brain studies. It would be very interesting to examine your feelings after you have sex with a member of the staff. [Of course, I mean somebody other than my husband.] {underline}" With her last words I sensed a coldness in her voice, as if it was more a threat than a statement.

"What? Well, I..ah..I can do that? You're telling me to have sex?"

"Of course, I want to track all of your phycological development, and a sex life is part of that."

Our session went on a bit longer, but I didn't remember much about that. When I got back to my

room, I was more focused on how it seemed like SHE had decided what my sexual orientation should become; and then told me to go out and have sex. WTF? But maybe she had a point. I felt a need building inside of me. I wanted to be touched, well, not touched. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted to be pounded. I wanted a warm embrace followed by a penetration and in, deeper, deeper, oh my. SHE wanted me to have someone, I wanted to be had by someone. That might be a bit hard being stuck in this facility. I guess where's there a will there will have to be a way. I then laughed to myself as I thought about "a bit hard".

It was 2 pm. It was the magic hour! Everyday at 2 pm, Jim left his office to go to the lab. The last few days I was "accidentally" passing his office door when he left. I was wearing high heels, levis, and the white tank top with the deep cleavage.

"Hello Dr. Richards" I said as he exited the door.

I started to walk down the hallway. I was spun around as Dr. Richards grabbed my arm and turned me toward him.

"This is a camera dead spot here. I've notice that for the past few days you walk into this dead spot and stay there until right about the time I go to the lab. You have an explanation for this young lady?" He said, while staring at my cleavage.

I blushed.

"I thought not. No worries, it's a good thing you're here, I wanted to go over tactile sensation with you. Sometimes the body motion comes back but there's no feeling." He said as he lightly drew his fingers along my jaw. "Do you feel that?"

"Yes", I gasped.

"Good. How about this?" He asked. He then took his finger and lightly went down my neck and across the top of my breasts.

"Yes", I gasped again.

"O-kay. How about here?" He asked as he started circling my mouth with his finger. He leaned into my ear and whispered, "Nobody can see us on camera here. You are very beautiful."

He then looked both ways down the hallway and saw nobody coming. I leaned back against the wall, I closed my eyes and slightly opened my mouth. I could feel an arm against my waist and another behind my back pulling me close.

"JIM! Jim Richards, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?", yelled Sally out of seemingly nowhere.

He released me and I clunked back into the wall. Sally was coming and the profanity was coming louder and louder. I was free from his grasp and took that opportunity to run back to my room as fast as possible in heels. I heard Jim mumbling something about a tactile test in response to Sally's screaming. I didn't hear from either of them for the rest of the day.

I had another session with Sally the next day. She seemed unhappy, but professional. The entire session was cold, clinical, and seemed kind of mean. (I think she's was still very pissed off about yesterday.)

"Do you have any memories of being a girl.", asked Sally.

"What the hell kind of question is that?" I replied.

"Your body was a girl a long time before that brain of yours was put inside. When your brain was put inside the body, it wired itself up beyond what we expected. So, the question is are there any residual memories in the body that connected to the brain. That shouldn't be possible as all the brain tissue is from the donor body, but I am just checking."

"No. It's a complete break from old me to new me. I don't know anything in here except what my brain brought with it from my old male self. Want me to described how it felt to have your bones snap when a jeep folds up around you like an accordion?"

"No, that won't be necessary. You know I saw the video from your exam with Dr. Jones. Quite the little show you put on with him. Why don't you fuck him for your first time?"

"Wwwhat?"

"Yes, looked like he liked you. I am sure [his wife]{.underline} wouldn't mind since it would be for our little science experiment here.", she said sarcastically.

"Little science experiment?"

"That's you honey.", she said with a sneer.

I was mad enough to explode! First, she called me a little science experiment, next she suggested just who I should have sex with for my first time and lastly, she wanted me to do a married man for science. Well, fuck her! Hmm, I no longer wanted to "fuck HER", but fuck HIM was on my mind. My mind was wandering. I wanted my first lover to be special. I wanted a lover that would love me and not just lust after me. I wanted us to be together, have that special feeling only two people in love can have. I wanted our physical wild embraces to be followed by a deep emotional connection. I was so fucking horny. In my dreams when the fog cleared away, I saw the same face every time. He breathed heavily on me as he had his way with me. I felt him inside me and gloried in his arms. I knew we would make a great couple and have a future together. That face was Dr. Jim Richards!

No matter how horny I was, I still pouted and was mad at Sally for the next few days. Well, except when my mind wandered and I would think about sex with Jim. I don't know what it was, I hadn't been this horny since I was a teenager. Then it hit me, oops I am a teenager, well a 19-year-old one. Then again maybe not as I had been here a while so maybe I was 20? Hell, I am as horny as horny can be.

It was about a week later when I was told I needed to go see Dr. Richards. That would be the

dreamy Dr. Jim Richards. I was always imagining his arms around me. Our heavy breathing in each other's ear, the..oh, my, I was getting wet. That's when I made my plan. I knew his office didn't have a camera in it. I put on the baby doll I had worn with him before and covered myself with an examination gown. Then it was off to see my dreamy Jim.

"Hello Dr. Richards. I heard you wanted to see me?" I said.

"Yes, please have a seat." He replied.

I smiled broadly, and made sure I had excellent posture, making the gown quite tight across my chest. He smiled back and adjusted the way he was seating behind his desk.

"I wanted to tell you the latest scans we have done have come back normal. It seems every way we have run a test points to you having a remarkable recovery. We are at the point of us more observing your condition than actively creating or modifying it. If you were a normal patient you could be released. I think we way overestimated the stay off of drug treatments for five years. I believe that as long as we keep close observations there shouldn't be any such restriction as of today. But that presents a unique set of problems, and besides we really should keep you under observation in a medical environment.", he said.

"So, it would like, err, I could have physical relations?" I asked while turning my head.

"Certainly"

"What if I had feelings for a person here on the staff?", I asked while staring into his eyes.

"That wouldn't be a problem. Do you?" He said while staring back.

I added a big smile to my stare.

"Well, I hope you express your feelings to that person when you can. Now, tell me why you came here in an examination gown and not the clothes that have been provided?", He said, while smiling as well.

"Oh, it's the breast examine thingy. I don't think I am doing it right. Also, I think I felt something under my right nipple. You can see it, while I am sitting up. Can you look please?", I said.

He got up and shut the door and then cleared off the corner of his desk. "It would be better if we had an exam table, but if it's a simply look; come here and sit on the desk and I'll check you"

Since my examination gown opened in the back, I had no choice but to bend forward and to drop it off both shoulders and then let it fall to the floor. I then stood erect and walked to get on the corner of the desk. I ensured that with each step my foot hit a little hard on the ground so that made my breasts jiggle and sway. By the time I got to the desk, I sensed my standing erect wasn't the only erection in the room. I gave Jim a sly smile as I hopped on the corner of the desk with a significant bounce of my soft bits and removed the top of my baby doll.

"It's right here at the bottom of my right nipple", I said as I lifted the breast to him.

He put his hand on my breast and squeezed.

I tried to stop what I was about to do, but I couldn't, a loud gasp came out of my throat. A gasp of pleasure.

"Did I hurt you?", he said.

"No." I replied.

"I don't feel anything.", He said as his squeeze turned into a fondle.

"It's not so much hard as there's something there below the nipple. You have to look close, I was using a mirror in my room to see it, but couldn't get close enough." I said.

He bent down and was eye level with my left breast, a mere inch or two away. It was basically now to make my move. I thought I had gotten him by surprise as I grabbed his head and pulled it to my breast. I wasn't so sure that it was surprise as it seems I had pulled an open mouth to my breast. An open mouth that started sucking my nipple and playing with it with its tongue. I moaned again as Jim's arms went around my waist and lowered to where he was holding my butt. Jim wanted me, like I wanted him...Whoopee!

Jim released me and swept his desk clear and I laid upon it. He was by the desk with his crotch close to my right side. I rolled upon my side and pulled down his zipper. My left hand went inside he trousers.

That's when he started backing away and saying, "Stop, noooo."

As I grabbed his cock, I felt a hard, but throbbing one. Before I went any further, I felt a warmth go over my hand and soon a liquid feeling. As I withdrew my cum covered hand I said, "I am sorry."

"I...I just go too fast sometimes. You caught me by surprise here, ya know."

"No worries, Dear. I want to do this again. I really do!", my voice almost squeaked and I realized I had just called him Dear!

"Tomorrow, at 3 pm. There's a lab in the south block that has an adjustable exam table that will work out better than this desk. It's room 35D and hasn't had its cameras installed yet. Plus, I think I can do a lot better then. How's that sound? Oh, I have wanted this for so long, you are just so fucking hot! What I will do to you tomorrow!"

I squealed, "Yes, oh yes!" Then I hugged him and rubbed his crotch, but he back slightly away as he was still a bit sensitive there, but not before he gave my breast a squeeze and rolled my nipple in his fingers. I let out a very loud moan and almost came on the spot.

"Shhh. I'll bring something for that enthusiasm tomorrow as well. Can't have you making known our little secret, now can we?"

"Drugs?"

"Don't be silly. It'll be my little surprise to go along with a big surprise for you."

"Really? Can I unwrap it now?" I said as I moved forward and grabbed his belt.

"No, no, no. Stop it. Not here, tomorrow. You should go now before somebody starts asking questions about my locked door and your sounds."

"Fine, tomorrow at 3." I said as I bent over to pick up my baby doll and gown."

"Nice view" He said from behind me.

I then wiggled my boobs from side to side as I was bent over, to enhance his view. After this I slowly put on the gown and made my way to the door. "Till tomorrow" I said as I promptly hit myself in the face as I opened the door.

"Are you ok?"

"I am fine!" I squealed as I burst out of the room and ran down the hallway in tears. Why'd I have to hit myself in the face with the door? He's gonna think I am stupid or something. Maybe he won't even show up tomorrow? No, I am just over reacting. Anybody could have done that. He did let me call him Dear. Oh, that's nice. I am sure he will be there tomorrow, and I can get him from Dear, to Lover? Then we can start a new life together. Just me and him. He will take me away from this place and the world will be ours! Tomorrow cannot come soon enough!

It was 3 pm. I hurried to the room. I had tossed and turned all night about what to wear. I had gotten up early to work on hair and makeup. I still didn't have much hair to speak of, but at least it now was hair well over my ears. They had stopped using depilatories on my scalp about four months ago, so, I had enough hair to do something with. I had decided I'd be wearing bangs to help cover up the huge scar across the top of my forehead. When they pop your skull open with no intent you'll actually come back they tend not to do any cosmetic work. So, bangs and some makeup should cover it up. I did what I thought was sexy for face makeup. I remembered that a lot of girls tend to look like clowns when they start with their makeup. Using that idea as a guided I used the less is more approach. I highlighted my eyes, did some foundation, and applied lipstick. As to the dress. I only had one dress. I had outgrown it up top and it didn't fit. I had to wear a dress! It was important. I really wanted to look like a sexy lady the first time I got laid. Then it struck me. I took scissors to the sundress. I cut the back off from the waist up, cut a huge vee down the front, cut off the sleeves, and freed the shoulders. By the time I was done, it was the same dress from the waist down, but now was a halter top from the waist up. After I tied it around my neck; it worked! It did work, but, wholly moly, was I a bouncy girl with each step and you could see a lot of side boob. It was perfect. So, with my makeup done, dress on, and high heels in place it was bouncy floppy quick walk I was doing to room 35D.

There he was, Jim. He stood behind the examination table with a big grin on his face. He was wearing a white lab coat. Darn. I don't know if I expected a tuxedo or something, it's just, it's like he didn't think this was special. "You look beautiful today", he said.

I involuntarily blushed. "You, look..err..nice." I replied cautiously.

"I brought you a gift", he said as he walked around the table and toward me.

Oh, my gosh! It was only a half lab coat and from the waist down he was naked. Not just naked, but with a hard-on so strong his dick was almost pointing at the ceiling. Almost without thinking I ran over to him and dropped to my knees and put his dick in my mouth. This time it was he that let out the groan. I started sucking and moving my head to and fro. I put my hands behind him on his butt. He grabbed my head and started moving it toward and away from him. Then he started to spasm. I pulled away, but he grabbed the back of my head and pulled me further upon him. I was pulling back and he was using both hands to pull me closer. I was gagging, and then felt him shoot into the back of my mouth. Through my gags I tried to suck and swallow. Within seconds he was done and released me.

"You could warn a girl before you do that." I said.

"Don't worry, you'll get better with time." He replied.

If it wasn't Jim I would have been thoroughly pissed. I just gave him a blow job and he complained! But it was Jim. He was probably right. It was my first time giving a blow job and I probably needed to learn to do better.

"Wow, somebody is still hard as a rock!" I almost squealed.

"Ah, the wonders of the little blue pill" he replied as he lifted me on the table and untied my halter top. The top basically shot away from me as tight as it had been. My nipples became painfully hard from the exposure to the air and my excitement.

Then it happened. He grabbed both nipples and rolled them between his fingers. I was so close to orgasm I was panting and moaning.

"This time I am prepared", said Jim.

He removed the rest of my clothes and laid me back on the table. I felt my huge breasts spill across my chest and off toward my sides and armpits as well. While Jim was taking off his jacket he reached in the pocket and pulled out an orange ball that had straps. Screw his orange ball, we were both naked. Naked, Jim and I. This is what I wanted for so long!

Then he leaned forward and whispered to me. "Open your mouth sweet stuff."

Yes, yes, a thousand times yes, I opened my mouth and closed my eyes, ready for the loving embrace of his lips and probing of his tongue. He quickly inserted the ball in my mouth and fastened the straps behind my head. My eyes went wide in surprise.

"Look honey, you get a bit loud. We don't want to be disturbed in here. The ball gag will allow you to squeal and scream as much as you like, but we will still be in silence, and remain undisturbed." He said and then while standing beside the table, started sucking on one nipple and massaging and squeezing the other.

I came on the spot. If it had not been for the gag, I am sure they would have heard me in the next state. I came and he caressed and loved me more. I came again, and then again. I was writhing in ecstasy on the table. My eyes were rolling in my head.

There was the briefest of pauses as he put on a condom. He then mounted the table and myself. He spread my legs apart and with a quick thrust he was inside of me. I expected, no longed for, no was thrilled, no expected an immediate orgasm as my dreams were coming true. Instead I was in pain. OUCH. He continued to thrust in me. The pain faded and then was replaced with the deep feeling of what I wanted. A Passion was building in me, no, not passion, lust. I wanted his dick, deeper, harder faster. Oh, my, that was exactly what I was getting, deeper harder faster. (Oh, gawd I am not a virgin anymore and I just love it!) I wrapped my legs around him. He held my butt. I came, I came, and I came. I released my legs and began to buck my hips into him. He was a mad man. I was getting the fucking I wanted and then some. Then, as I tried to breath with a gag in my mouth, he collapsed on me and was panting. Good golly, I am about 20 and poor Jim is in his 50's.

"You get on top." he said while gasping for air.

I mounted his still turgid member and it felt like it was going to hit the ball gag. Hmmm, he felt so big, long, and so very hard inside me. I bent forward so he could suck my nipples as I bounced up and down on him. Wow, having such big tits had some real advantages. I am fucking away on top and he can still play with and suck them with abandon. I was on top for at least 30 minutes and I came repeatedly. I was also starting to get tired.

"Get up, let me do you on side the table." He said.

We got off the table. I noticed there was a bit of blood where I had been laying. I faced the table and bent forward to let my breasts hang free and my butt toward Jim. He grabbed me and slid easily inside. He pressed himself against my back and reached around and grabbed my breasts as he thrust into me again and again. I had orgasm after orgasm.

Finally, I wasn't cumming anymore. This was just starting to hurt. I was sore and getting sorer with each of his thrusts. It began to hurt so much I was crying. (I was too stupid to take the ball gag out and tell him to stop.) His thrusts were starting to slow down now. I know he must have cum once if not twice by now, but his dick was just as hard as when I walked into the room.

After what seem to be an agonizingly long time he said, "I have to stop there's something wrong."

He pulled out of me. I was thinking, thank God he stopped. My pussy was on fire at this point. It was really hurting. I mean, oh how I had wanted this, but it was just too much and way too long.

We stopped and we both laid on the table facing each other. He reached behind my head and removed the gag. The way he reached behind my head had me glance at the clock.

"Wow, we have been having sex for over three hours!", I just blurted out.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," he said.

"Yup, that's what we have been doing." I said as I tried to get his arms around me to snuggle. Instead he shot upright, just like his dick.

"You don't get it. I have a problem. That fucking blue pill! I am having a reaction; my dick won't go down."

"Well, here let me handle it." I said while grabbing his dick and starting to stroke it. At which point, he pushed me away. PUSHED ME AWAY!

"No, stop that. Shit, I am going to have to get some blood drained or get a God Damn shot. Either way, we need to stop." He said.

I was starting to pout.

"Don't be like that. Look gather your things and go back to your room. I'll wait here for an hour and hope for the best. If not, crap, I'll have to sneak out to another facility where they don't know me. Come to my office say, 2 o'clock on Wednesday and we can chat. How's that sound?"

It sounds like he just fucked me and sent me on my way, but Jim would not be like that. There must be a real problem. I replied, "Isn't there anything I can do to help you?"

"No, it's a bad reaction and if anything, staying around you won't make it softer. Now, can I see you on Wednesday? We need to keep this discreet."

"Ok".

Then we heard some activity outside. If they were to unlock the door and enter the room, discrete would be out the window. I got my dress on as fast as I could and darted out the back door to my room with my panties and high heels in hand.

When I made it back to my room, I couldn't believe all this had just happened. On the one hand I was just ecstatic and on the other I wondered if Jim would be all right. He acted like he would, but you know, when your lover is in pain, you're in pain. Then I thought about what I had just thought, my lover Jim! MY LOVER JIM!! I was one happy girl.

The next day, I awoke to the thrill of having it burn when you pee and one sore pussy. I didn't think much about it as my vagina was recovering quickly but the burning pee didn't stop and it staid like that until I met Jim in his office on Wednesday.

"Hello my Jimmy, how's little Jimmie?" I asked as I locked the door behind me.

"Much better, in fact, ready to go back into action. Why don't you come here and sit in my lap?" he replied.

"Oh, honey, I am sooo sorry that happened to you." I said as I almost leaped onto his lap.

"Oof. Sit, not jump Honey. No, simple shot cleared it up. Guess, no more little blue pills for us.",

he said as he started stroking my very short hair.

Then we kissed deeply. I broke the kiss and started sucking on his neck.

"No hickies! They show and I don't want problems.", he said.

"But I love sucking on you!" I replied.

"You can suck other places you know."

"Yes, but first. Jim, after our long session, I am still a little sore down there and it burns when I pee. Is there something wrong with me, or you? Do I have an STD"

"No, no, no. That's rather insulting Jean. However, we did go too long last time. I am sure you have a urinary tract infection. That happens rather often when you do, you know. It's even called the honeymoon disease for that reason. Here, I'll write a prescription and you can stop by the pharmacy on the way out. No worries, sweet stuff. Now where were we?"

I started to go down, but stopped. "Why are we in your office anyway? This isn't comfortable in the least! Can't we get a motel or something?"

"Sorry dear. You are confined to the facility unless senior staff sign you out; like Sally has done in the past. If I were to sign you out, she'd know about us.", he said.

My heart leapt again, he said US! Ok, so, I'd just by my time until we can move out into the light of day. At that moment the lock to the office jiggled, followed by the unmistakable sound of a key going in the lock. Jim grabbed me by the shoulders and quickly shoved me under the desk.

"You in her Jim?", asked Sally as she entered the room.

"Yes..err...ah..I am working on medical records. You know corporate says we have to keep the doors lock for that kind of work. You're supposed to knock."

"I am your wife. I am not knocking. I have got news and I have great news. The news is our little science experiment and I have sync'd periods. I didn't expect that to happen. The great news is she has finally had sex! Here look at this." Sally said as she walked over to his side of the desk, nearly stepping on my hand.

"Wait while I pull up this security footage. Look there she is tits barely contained in that sundress with shoes and panties in hand walking down the corridor. Wow, first time out and she has already done a walk of shame. (starts laughing) "

"Who'd she have sex with?" stammered Jim.

"I don't know. Maybe Dr. Jones? I'll figure it out latter. I'll tell you one thing though, look at her trying to contain her chest while she walks. I wouldn't wish ones that size on my worst enemy."

"They aren't that big. They are in the realm of an acceptable norm."

"Acceptable norm? She's an H cup, as in as big as her head size. But I know you are quite the boob man, aren't you? I suppose that's why I wound up with these. (she pointed at her implants) Anyway, don't you understand? She's had a sexual encounter. Our little science experiment is becoming a full woman. Think about the question, does the brain change the body or the body change the brain? We complete this research and we will both be getting the Nobel Prizes! WHOPEE!", she exclaimed.

"Ah... the experiment isn't over yet. Don't get too quick to pick up your prize. I'd say at least two years before we can publish."

"Yes, yes, we will do it thoroughly. But, geeze Jim, fuck me. Literally fuck me. When are we going to start our family? It's delay here, delay there, wait for this, and wait for that. Let's finish this up and get our family started." She retorted.

"Hey, you were the one that had to take two years away from me for your third PhD."

"Yes, and because of that third PhD I am credentialed to do the physiological write up. Once we get that write up, along with your medical procedures and drug protocols that is going to make us rich and famous. But, sweetheart, we can do two things at once. I am ovulating. Take me to room 35D. There's no cameras there."

I saw Jim get out of his chair and heard both of them go towards the door.

"Come on Jimmie. Do me like you have never done me before.", she said as the door closed behind them.

Well, hell, I didn't know to cry or what. I just sat under the desk. Finally, I got up and went to my room. Now, I had to beware of cameras in corridors. Good thing that whole access to Jim's office from my room didn't have any, at least any I could see.

I stopped by the pharmacy on the way back to my room and picked up the prescription. Back in my room I continued to think. Was I physically trapped here for the next two years? If Jim's making babies with Sally, what are his feelings for me? Why do I have to "become a full woman"? Why can't I be me? Then I remembered I had an appointment with Sally the day after tomorrow. Oh, that was going to be fun, NOT. At least the prescription eventually cleared up the burning when I peed.

I entered the room to keep my appointment with Sally. I saw her by her desk there were two hypodermic needles on it and a small bottle.

"Guess which two girls in this room are significantly low in vitamins?", she asked and then laughed. "Come here and pull down the top of your pants. A shot for you and a shot for me. We get to have them for another three days. Then I'll check your levels next month. If, not up where they need to be, we repeat the process. Next three days, my office at 11 am., ok?"

"I guess so. Why am I low in vitamins?"

"Diet, lack of sunshine. We'll be getting you out in the quad. I want you to sunbath for at least an hour twice a week. Wear your bikini bottoms."

"What about a top? My old top doesn't fit."

"That's ok the quad's private. My, when did you get modest?"

"I really shouldn't walk around with my tits hanging out. It's indecent!" I exclaimed.

"Calm down. Wear a towel, Lie face down on the towel. Do I have to hold your hand?", she said sarcastically. "Now, who are you having sex with?"

"How do you know? (I lied) I am not telling you and you don't need to know."

"We have our ways and I do need to know. Sex as a man or a woman will affect you mentally and as your therapist, I need to be prepared to help you. Also, fucking a member of this staff is against the rules, so I need to for that reason as well.", she actually scolded me.

"I am still not going to tell you." I replied.

"Fine. Have it your way. Now, let's begin our series of tests and run throughs." She said as we continued the session.

The session concluded and I was back to my room. Followed up with three more days of shots and no sign of Jim. Then I heard from one of the staff he had gone out of town for two weeks. Whew, that was a relief. I had thought maybe he'd stopped caring about me or maybe I was in trouble with him.

It was at the end of those three weeks when I was walking down a corridor without cameras (I had become acutely aware of what hallways and rooms I went in had cameras) when somebody grabbed me and pulled me into a closet.

"Guess who?" said Jim.

I turned and gave him a huge kiss. He kissed me back and began to massage my breasts. I moaned into his mouth with pleasure and a building need. He lifted my blouse and bra and began sucking and playing with my nipples. I moaned a loud cry of pleasure. He put one hand over my mouth and continued to suck. I fell back against the wall. Oh, my goodness, the intensity. It was then that I fully realized I just couldn't get off enough having my tits sucked. It was wonderful! Thankfully, he kept his hand over my mouth so my screams wouldn't shake the rafters.

Eventually, after a most pleasurable and through motorboating, he put a little package in my hand. I knew what that was. I had used them many a time before the transplant. It was a condom. I tore it opened and realized I had never put one on from this angle. It was kind of the same and different all at the same time. But holding Jim's member throughout this was exhilarating. I knew it, he really cared for me.

Once the condom was on, he held me against the wall and gave me the strong pounding fucking I deserved. It didn't go on for three hours, but was most satisfying in the five minutes it did take place. The whole time Jimmie had his hand over my mouth to curtail be screams of joy. Well, for a girl to tell the truth, I enjoyed my pussy being fucked even more than by tits being sucked.

Then it was over. He dashed out the door with little more than a "Till next time on" his lips. Next time! He was going to do me again. Oh, this walking in the corridors was going to be fun!

Needless to say, it was fun. We never really had a chance to talk, but who can talk with their mouth full? Sometimes twice a day!

Quickly enough it was time for another appoint with Sally and her hypo. This time around though she said my levels were normal. Only Sally would be getting shots this time.

So, it was for the next two months. Quickies with Jim. No time ever to talk with him. Therapy with Sally and her taking vitamin shots. Then there were the labs, all kinds of labs. Blood test, urine test, CAT scan MRI, ad nauseam.

Then it happened. It was about an hour before an appointment with Sally. My stomach was in pain. It felt tender. I pushed on it and it had lumps, very definable lumps. Tumors, I knew it tumors. All this mad science was coming home to roost I was going to die.

I could not control my emotions as I entered the room with Sally. "I am dying, I am dying" I cried through boohoo tears.

"Oh, dear, what's the problem?" said Sally with a grin on her face.

"Tumors, I have tumor's! Here you can feel" I said as I put her hand to my stomach.

"Hmm, maybe you do. How long have you had this?"

"I don't know, I felt some bloating for a couple of weeks. I thought it was my period coming. Their so big now! You can feel them! I can't even wear some clothes now. HELP ME!"

"It's ok dear. Shhh, it will be alright. Let me make a call and I get you over for an ultrasound right now."

She made the call and soon we were in the lab. I was on the table and the technician had images up on the screen.

"Oh, this is better than I hoped" said Sally with glee. "See each of those globs with a blinking middle?"

I was looking at the screen. "Are those the tumors? Can you get them out of me?"

"Well, in about nine months they will come out. Oh, you are so very knocked up sweetheart. With triplets no less! **You really think you could fuck my husband with no consequences?**" she screamed.

At this point the technician got a very pale face and left the room to Sally and me.

"No, no, no, no. We used condoms every time. Every time!" I stammered through tears.

"I am sure you did honey. Guess what, you take a straight pin and poke it through the package the condom is in and then straighten the foil; that put's a hole in the condom, but nobody sees it. Hole in the condom and those little swimmers make it out to that big old uterus of yours. Add some eggs and presto the stork is giving you a visit. Do, you need any more sex education there sweetie?" she said with sarcasm dripping from her voice.

"How, how did you know I was with Jim?" I cried.

"I open the mail at our house. I opened a bill from some off the wall medical center for an injection for priapism and that gets me concerned. So, I check to see what drugs Jimmie boy is using her in the office. I get into the inter-office e-mail and I see he has written a pharmacy order for you to treat a UTI, it becomes rather obvious after that." She said.

At this point, I crawled off the table and into a corner of the room. I curled up in a fetal position (ironic) and started uncontrollable sobbing.

"Oh, don't get your panties in that big a bunch. We are going to be pregnancy sisters. I am pregnant too." She said as she grabbed my arms and lifted me up. "Now, let's go back to the office and give Jim the good news that he got us both pregnant. Isn't that wonderful?" she said without an ounce of sincerity.

Back at the office, she called Jim on the phone. She asked him to come over and didn't say a word I was there. When he entered the room, his face turned white when he saw I was already there and had been crying.

"Guess, who's pregnant?" said Sally to Jim, who remained silent.

"I said, guess who's pregnant, YOU SON OF A BITCH!", she screamed.

Jim still remained silent.

"We both are, asshole!" she said in a raised voice.

Jim started gasping for air, he clutched his chest.

"Oh, don't give me that crap. You knocked us up. Now, you mother fucker, you are going to have to choose." She said.

"Yes, Jimmy, be with me. We can go away together. You said you wanted...HIS LIPS ARE BLUE!" I screamed.

Sally hit a big button that said emergency on the wall. She put Jim on the floor and started doing chest compressions. There were medics there quickly and soon Jim was on a gurney being taken out of the room. I started to follow my poor Jim down the corridor.

"Go back to your room, cunt." Sally glowered at me through gritted teeth. "She's gone into code seventeen. Isolate and lockdown in her room" she said to two medics that weren't involved with Jim.

I still tried to follow, but the medics manhandle me back to my room. They then locked me in my room. I didn't even know that was possible. Possible hell, they left me locked in my room for a Gawd Damn three weeks! They slid food through a slot in the door. What the hell.

What a three weeks it was. I was stuck in a white room with a bed, desk, TV on the facility's cable, no phone, and a bathroom with tub, sink, mirror and toilet.

By the end of the first week I felt a strange feeling. It was like a slight flutter in my abdomen. I thought it was bad food at first, which was reinforced by some vomiting. Then I realized it was the first stirrings of those damn tadpoles that were in me swimming about. Oh, gawd, I wanted them gone. The sooner the better!

The second week of walls closing in and being totally alone became even more obsessive. Nobody to talk to nada, zip nothing. Mindless nattering on the TV. I was abandoned. Of course, the loneliness was wasn't all I was experiencing; that fluttering continued. Actually, it became a lot more noticeable. Then it dawned on me; I wasn't alone! I had babies, real babies in me! There were four of us in the room. Not, just me. I started talking to them. It passed the time and it was kind of fun as I could totally vent with them.

In the third week, I had become good friends with them. I started thinking of names, maybe Huey, Dewy and Louie? How about Linda, Glenda, and Brenda? I started off goofy but by the end of the week had gotten into some serious name consideration.

During the three weeks, I constantly worried if Jim was ok. Then there was the issue that I had no idea how far a long I was. However, before my very eyes my stomach swelled and swelled those three weeks. My baby bump became very pronounced. My pants became useless. There was no way my stomach and growing ass would let them fit. Then my boobs. Previously I thought they were getting sore because my period was coming. Now they wanted to be sore and grow as well. My bras went from leaving marks, to I spilled over a little, too I spilled over a lot, until finally, forget them, they were too small.

At the end of three weeks I was reduced to panties with a hospital gown. Even my feet had swelled too big for my shoes. I was literally barefoot and pregnant. If it wasn't for the new friends, I had made in my stomach I would have been pissed off about the whole thing. Well, actually I was pissed off about the clothing, and being locked up, but I had become very accepting of the new life I was going to bring into the world. Just think about it, with the mere love of a man I had become a vessel to bring in new life, new people, and they were mine! It would be a part of me to love and cherish for the rest of my life. What world would my babies make and live in? This was exciting. So, yea, pissed off, but it wasn't all bad.

There was a knock at my door. A big intern had come to take me to an appointment with Sally. Geeze, he really didn't need to hold my arm that strong. Here I am clad only in a hospital gown

flopping around with each step. He brought me into Sally's office and basically dumped me into a chair. He locked the door on the way out.

"Nice outfit. So, how's my psychotic patient today?" she asked with a smarmy smile.

"Oh, very funny" I said.

"No, you are psychotic, that's why all the security measures. It's for your own safety. I know because, after all, I am your treating physician", she then laughed.

"Fuck you. How's Jim?"

"Well, that's why you're here. Jimmy didn't choose, did he? Now that he's had several weeks after his little event, why don't we call him?" She punched up some buttons and we had a video chat on the big computer screen in the office.

"Dr. Richards, I have a patient here that wants to speak with you." Said Sally.

"Oh Jim, Jim are you ok?" I said.

"Please address me as Dr. Richards" he responded.

"Jim? How are you Honey?" I said.

'Please, address me as Dr. Richards. I am recovering nicely, thank you for your inquiry. Now, unless you have a medical issue, I'll refer you to your treating phycologist in the room with you. Dr. Richards, is there anything else?"

"No, Dr. Richards thank you" said Sally.

"But, Jimmie what about us?" I cried as I interrupted

"You are right Dr. Richards, she is delusional. Have a nice day Jean." and with that Jim disconnected the call.

I put my face in my hands and moaned "Jim" as I cried.

"You see sweetie that call was recorded. Now with a swipe of this app I have turned off the recordings for this room. So, let me put it like this, you adulteress. Jimbow could choose, fame, fortune, and a legitimate family with me or he could choose you; some knocked up, mistress, Frankenstein monster, that would lead to his discredit. What do you think he chose?"

"But we loved each other!" I sobbed.

"Oh, affair not working out for you? Yea, like he gave you two thoughts after I confronted him with everything. He loves our lawn more than you. Maybe you loved him, but all he loved was banging some big titted teenage slut. That's what he said, "I 'am sorry, but look at her tits." This is the way it always is for filthy sluts like you. Get used to it you little monster. You disgusting piece of human scum monster. Try and take my husband? Don't think that your brain transplant

makes you special. You're just another scientific experiment gone wrong. Maybe we ought to dye your skin green and put bolts on the side of your neck so everybody will know just what you are! A worthless God Damn scientific fuck FREAK!"

I became angry and sprung to my feet. That's what I wanted to do. Instead, owing to all my new body mass, I was barely able to wobble to my feet. I got to the side of Sally's desk and threw a jab right to her jaw. She crumbled to the floor. Well, that was my intent. What really happened was I waddled to the side of her desk tried to throw a jab, which she caught with her hand! She pushed me back and I fell to the floor. Where I landed on my back. I struggled like a turtle to get right. Sally towered over me. She had to be about 5' 9", but I was only about 5' 3" and so tower she did. I couldn't help but notice that she had her own baby bump now bulging into my view. She reached down and gave a hard pull on my hospital gown whose buttons and snaps easily gave way. I laid clad only in my panties as Sally stood over me. She put her left foot down hard on my right breast. OUCH!

"You really should remember you are not a man anymore; besides nobody should go around hitting pregnant women. Now, look at you! The big fat you lying there on the floor. You are such a disgusting pig. A regular big fat sow of a pig. Squeal for me piggy. Squeal for Mommy!" and with that she stomped down hard on my breast.

Instead of trying to fight back I tried to cover my own baby bump. I didn't want her to hurt my babies. I squealed in pain.

"Oh, that isn't good enough. Squeal and give some oinks, you big fat sow."

The pain was intense, I didn't want to give her the satisfaction, but the pain was just too much for me. I squealed and oinked as she commanded.

"A big fat disgusting pig like you is just about ready to go to market. Then again, maybe we'll just sell you as some big fat dairy cow? Look at those huge disgusting udders of yours. They make me sick. Moo like a cow, moo for Mommy."

She continued pressing down on my breast and pinning me to the floor. I mooed, and I started crying.

"Oh, the poor cow is having a bad day. Maybe I ought to just put a bell around your neck so I can...a bell...a bell.... Oh, my GOD! What have I done! What the hell am I doing? I am sorry, I am so very sorry." She said as she took her foot off me and actually helped me into the chair and gave me my gown back. She walked over to her own chair where she collapsed sobbing.

"Oh, fuck, what have I become? We studied this in school about how guards can become sadistic in an uncontrolled environment. You could even condition their responses with a bell. I thought, "Oh no, never could happen to me. I 'am too good for that". Then here I am holding a pregnant woman on the floor and torturing her. Oh, my God, I am the monster, I am the MONSTER. Ahhh." She sobbed and cried. "I was just jealous about my husband, a wife can be jealous for her husband, right? But no, I went too far and kept going. I turned into one of those

fucking guards in the study. Oh, nooooo."

I was hurt and confused, but reached over to her, "Sally?".

"No, don't touch me. Get out, get out"

"Sally, the door's locked. Would, err, ah, do you want to talk?"

"NO, GET THE FUCK OUT!" she said and swiped at her computer screen and I heard the door unlock. She then got on the phone and through tears she was wiping away told security that all my restrictions were lifted, except I was still to be restricted to the facility itself.

I left her office and thought to myself, "What the fuck just happened?". I walked through the whole facility, twice, before I got back to my room. I got plenty of looks from staff while walking in my hospital gown. I noticed a few doors with windows to the outside world. Not the quad but windows to the actual outside world. When I saw those windows, it made it perfectly clear to me. I needed to save myself and my children. I could and must escape.

Back in my room I became an escape committee of one, and planning began. I had to consider what and how to get out of here. Then, oomph, what was that? A kick, a kick, one of my babies had kicked me! Wow, graduated from flutters to kicks. The first time in my life I enjoyed being kicked. I held my baby bump. Wow, not so much a "bump" as I was smuggling a small sized watermelon. Oh, my gosh, not only do I have to escape before the babies come, I have to escape before I get too big! I waddle already, how big will I be in another month or two. Do I even have that long? Ouch, oh, damn, that Sally left a bruise on my boob. After a warm, but not hot bath and some lotion on my belly and sore breast I went to sleep.

There was a knock on my door at about 8 am. I was told I had an appointment with Sally at 10 am. I politely refused and was told I could go on my own or be carried. I did put on some basic make up, but other than that, how long does it take you to get dressed when your "outfit" is panties and a hospital gown?

When I walked into Sally's office there was an ominous click when the door closed. Sally was standing facing the wall behind her desk. She said, "Please sit down."

I sat at the same chair I had been yesterday.

"I owe you an apology for my actions yesterday and for other times. It was completely unprofessional", she said in a low voice.

"But why? Why have I been treated this way? I am not an animal...but.. Ok, I was way out of line with your husband. I do owe you an apology, I am sorry. I didn't know it hurt you so much. I was an idiot, stupid, dumb, whatever you want to call it. It was no way to act. I fucked your husband! I am the other woman?... Why was I so ..I...I just felt so much for him! Now, good grief, he has dropped me like a hot potato. That hurts worse than my boob does. I have just fucked everything up. I fucked it all up. You know what, in a way I think I deserve all this." I said, with uncontrolled sobbing starting.

Sally turned and came over to me. I saw her mascara had run down her face. She had been facing the wall because she had been crying before I came in. She knelt down before me and took one of my hands and put her other hand on the side of my face. In a very low voice she said, "I forgive you."

She went on to say, "I am your therapist. We need to get beyond affairs and jealousy. I need to focus on you and how I can help you. This isn't a normal situation. You are not some average woman. Oh, honey, you have a different brain in your body than when you came to us. What has happened since your regained consciousness has been all new to you and our world as well. It was wrong of me not to have considered the degree to which that could impact where you placed your emotional safe spot, i.e. Jim."

"Wait, this is the brain I came in with?" I interrupted.

"Well, in a way not really. You see you have Eugene Martin's brain. You view yourself through that brain. For these last few months we have entertained where your brain came from in order for you to adapt and become a whole person. But, Jean, now think about this. You have already accepted the fact that you are about a 20-year-old woman. So, don't you see, you are that woman with Mr. Martin's brain. You are not Mr. Martin's brain with Ms. Morganwitts body. This is the situation, in my opinion, you need to accept for your phycological well-being. You need to come to grips that you are Ms. Morganwitts, not a transformed Mr. Martin. You are already halfway there with that little discussion and display you put on about visiting Mr. Martin's old family."

"You aren't the one with your brain in another body. Oh, fuck me, isn't this just great." I cried.

"Jean you weren't supposed to recover. In a fashion this is as screwed up for us as it is for you. We are in an area that we don't have a firm foundation to build treatments for you. We had been testing a drug that could actually cause nerves to reconnect. The possibilities and medical ramifications of a drug like that are truly a change of life as we know it event. Paralysis can be cured, other nerve diseases in the body can be address. This is truly an amazing potential discovery. Except, you are the only person it has worked on. All those people, you saw when first we met, in our therapy section area had the drug. It worked for a bit, but then they all regressed. We don't even have people in therapy any more, owing to the poor results. But in your case, you, according to every single test we can do, you have recovered 100%. You are completely normal and we can't figure out why your case is special; that is yet."

"But what about me personally? You know, me the person. You know Jean. Oh shit. Ok, me who, what's my body's first name?"

"Elizabeth"

"That's kind of nice. I suppose they called me Liz or Lizzie?"

"We don't really know. My husband's company, Bio Life Inc, is a wholly owned subsidiary of the DTNI Corporation. We got you through the DTNI Corporation, who had coordinated nationwide

for tissue matches. They are our parent corporation and keep our lights on, if you know what I mean. Your file stated that you had been heavily abused by your family and had committed suicide via a car running in a garage. It was a very sad footnote on the way your life ended."

"Excuse me, I am not dead."

"Well, technically you are. You see, we have not one, but two death certificates on file for you. One for Eugene Martin and one for Elizabeth Morganwitts. This was kind of our problem. You see, we started off with you "dead" and our treatment of you has been more as a lab rat than a person. I did what I had to do with you for the experiment, and I lost viewing you as a person in the process. As you recovered and became more of a person, I dehumanized you further and further until I became just like one of the guards in the "Stanford Experiment". I became very mad at you and frustrated with Jim during this process. I became so mad and upset, that, you know the vitamin shots"

"Yea, seemed weird to me to do vitamins as shots. But I am not in a position to really question much of anything here. As I recall my shots stopped before yours."

"Actually, you got pregnant before me. They were fertility shots. Clomiphene citrate to be precise. At my age it basically kicked my ovaries to generate an egg each month, in your case you generated multiple eggs. That's why you're having triplets."

"WHAT!" I exclaimed as I involuntarily placed my hands on my baby bump. "Oh, this is screwed up! So, you played God with my uterus??"

"Yea, in a manner of speaking. Sorry"

"Sorry, Really? Sorry? You got me knocked up with triplets, had me locked up for being psychotic and knocked me around yesterday! SORRY?"

"Ok, I am really extra special sorry. What the hell do you want from me?"

"Well, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. So, "God" just how far along am I? What's my due date? If they were multiple eggs are, they identical? Geeze, look what you have done to me.?", I said as I pointed to my huge baby bump.

"You are at about 18 weeks. Since they are triplets you will probably deliver a bit short of the regular 9 months. I'd guess right around 3 months from now. No, they aren't identical and we didn't look at the ultrasound in detail enough to get sex. We can talk abortion if you want?"

Still holding my baby bump, I turned away from her in my chair and replied, "Fuck you!"

"Ok, wow, so abortion is off the table. You really want to be a mother?"

"I haven't thought about it with the "M" word. I have life inside me. I want that life to continue and I want to be a part of these lives. You know how I feel?"

"Yes, silly, of course I do. I am 12 weeks along myself.", she said while holding her own baby

bump.

I was still afraid of Sally, however, there seemed to be a window here that if I played my cards right, I could get back into her good graces to help with my escape. I slowly put my hand out.

"Can I feel your stomach. Don't you do that with pregnant women? Feel their stomach?" I said.

She opened her blouse and put my hand on her stomach. I looked up at her and uncontrollably blurted out, "Oh, Sally, you need a bigger bra!"

She actually blushed and replied, "Yes. They just kind of grew overnight? Mine are so very sore all the time. How are yours?"

"I out grew all my bras a few weeks ago. They aren't as sore as they were. My right one is really sore today though." I replied and then smiled.

"Jean, we can talk boobs, bellies and farts. My I am farting a lot now. (laughs) But, I have to ask from a professional stand point, now that you know you should accept that you are Elizabeth, do you still want to be called Jean?"

"Can I think about that? It's kind of like the last part of the old me to go away. But, as I look down, I can see a whole new part of me and my life is beginning. Could be a nice way to start off?" I said.

"Sure, take your time. It might be something for you to get a new centering from after this experience." She said.

That was one hell of a session. I was left with much to think about. If I hadn't had those three weeks with just me and the kids (I think about my babies as my children now and want to do so much for them. Geeze they aren't even born!), if not for those three weeks, I might just of had an abortion. Maybe I ought to thank Sally in a way? Anyhow, pondering or no pondering, it was yet another session with Sally on the following week.

When I entered the room, I wasted no time getting to trying manipulate Sally to get me some escape supplies.

"If somehow we are "friends" now; could you get me some clothes?", I asked.

"I am not so sure I would say friends, yet. But we can reset as doctor patient. Then again, tell you what. You do a favor for me and I will see what I can get on the outside that might come close to fitting you." She replied.

"How about you just let me go out and get my own clothes?" I countered.

"Well, it's not that simple. While I have the "psychotic" label off of you and you do have free run of the facility; you're still classified as an experiment that can't leave the facility unless signed out. Because of the last few days, I am not sure signing you out would be a good idea. Get my favor done and I'll bring in some clothes for you."

"Fine. What's the favor?"

"There's a busty little intern named Linda Bates that I think has been sleeping with Jim. I have come to realize that he will fuck anything over a D cup. I got my tits done and he still fucks other women. Anyway, I want you to go chat up Ms. Bates and see if she is sleeping with Jim."

"Just how am I going to do that? Just what the fuck are you going to do if I find out she is?"

"Use your imagination. If I find out he's been sleeping around on me while I am pregnant, we are through. I'll divorce him. She has a lunch each day down in break room 23. Just meet her and find out what you can. Report to me what you find out and I'll have your clothes the next day. Till then, here take a pair of my flats so at least you won't be barefoot." She said.

With that said we actually went on to some meaningless small talk. This was a refreshing change. Not, only that, if I could get the right information and a good relationship with Sally it would abet my escape plans. Which meant I had to plan for a lunch meeting with Linda Bates the next day. After the meeting with Ms. Bates, I was supposed to meet Sally, around 5 pm, to tell her what I had found out.

At lunch time the next day I found Linda Bates in the break room. She had to be in her mid-twenties, was cute not beautiful and was wearing a tight top that showed off an impressive amount of cleavage. She was well over a D and somewhere like a DD or DDD cup. She obviously was trying to show off her chest, which was odd given the fact we were in a research hospital setting.

"Hello you must be Linda" I said extending my hand.

"When are you due? Is it like next week?" was her reply.

"I sat down and said, "No more like three months. I am having triplets."

"You must be Knockout. I have heard about you."

"Nothing good I hope", I smiled and replied. You are the new intern for Dr. Richards, aren't you?"

"Yes, I work with Jim, I mean Dr. Richards. He is such a brilliant doctor. I think he is going to win a Nobel Prize someday. It is such an honor to be with him. It's horrible that he got sick."

"Yes, that is too bad. Do you like the work here?"

"Oh, yes, it's been so much fun. Dr. Richards is a joy to be around! Right now, I come into to the hospital and do errands for Dr. Richards in the morning. After lunch, I take a hospital car and go out to his house and spend the afternoon with him." She said in an almost dream like state and then suddenly woke up. "I mean I work under him, no, no with him, I meant I work with him.", she said while turning beat red.

"Are you settling in ok? How's your commute? I hear it can be terrible and the parking here is the worst."

"I take the bus. Student loans you know."

"Really? So, how's the bus ride? Don't you have a long walk from the bus stop to get here?"

"I would, but (she looks around), there is a hole in the security fence right by the bus stop. It makes a ¼ mile walk into 100 feet. Don't tell anybody, I wouldn't want them to fix it."

"Well, that's convenient. Does the bus line up with your schedule? I have ridden buses before and sometimes you have to get someplace way early or stay way late to make it happen."

"Oh, not at all! It starts running around 5 am and stays running every hour until 8 pm. I can come in early or leave late."

"Doesn't it get expensive, riding it every day?"

"No, easy peasy. Monthly pass for \ \$80 or just \ \$2 one-way anywhere on the route."

"I bet a pretty girl like you gets hassled all the time."

"What are you my father? I wear a coverup on the bus, duh. Speaking of coverups, why are you in a hospital gown?"

"Let's just say I out grew my other clothes and I don't get out much."

"Yes, I heard you have been here for well over a year and are the subject of some kind of secret breakthrough research. So, what's so breakthrough about you?"

"Let me tell you. Do you know how to keep a secret?"

"Of course, I do."

"So, do I. How long is your internship for?"

"It has another six months. I started six months ago."

"You started six months ago? Have you been working with Dr. Richards this whole time?"

"Oh, yes he is just the nicest person. He has even worked with me on my senior thesis after hours. He used to talk about you and various things he hoped to accomplish in his undisclosed research, before his illness. Something about nerve connections, right?"

(WTF!? Six months! Sounds like this bitch has been boffing the good Dr. Richards at the same time he was boffing me AND Sally! No wonder he couldn't take me to a motel, he already had her in one. I hope his dick falls off. I had to work hard to control my emotions.)

"Nerve connections and other things." I said while massaging my baby bump.

"What? Does your pregnancy have something to do with the research?"

"Not really. Let's just say it's a side effect of Dr. Richards interest in my case."

"Wait, what are you saying? How far along are you??"

"Dearie, listen I got knocked up by the him about four months ago and he knocked up his own wife three months ago. He's quite the baby daddy. You're on birth control, right?"

She turned red with anger and counted on her fingers. "BASTARD!" she yelled as she stood up and left the room.

Well, who would have guessed that would have happened? She may be working on an advanced degree, but she sure as hell is naïve. (I burst out laughing)

I still had several hours to kill before I met with Sally. I thought it was an excellent time to go visit the facilities security station. I had information on just how and where to get away. The where to go when I got out, was to find a battered woman's shelter, as long as I had the big bruise on my boob. So, now I had to figure out the internal security system. This little trip to the security station should answer that. Of course, they would just tell me what I wanted to know. Crap, I had to figure out a way to get the information. I was only a few steps from the station. Come on think, think. Oh, just great. Womanly wiles, I have to flirt my way to info? Here's hoping they are into preggers with big boobs!

I rounded the corner and there looming large was the security station. (There was only one guy on duty. Geeze, lucky for me it was a guy.) The station apparently had a few TV monitors. I couldn't see them from outside the booth, but it didn't seem like there were very many at all. The booth was not the only thing looming large, the security guard must have been over 300 pounds and every inch was FAT! He had a name tag on that said his name was Bert.

I leaned on the half door to the booth and with a smile in my voice said, "Hello Bert"

"Hello yourself Knockout." He responded.

"You know who I am? Wow, I wouldn't think somebody with an important position like you would know my name. I am not anybody special here."

"You get noticed Sweet Cheeks. What brings you over here today?"

"It finally dawned on silly ol'me; that whole knockout nickname probably started because somebody had a camera on me. Where else would there be camera's than at the security station?" (Oh, good grief. He wasn't even looking at me, he was staring at my boobs!)

"You came to the right place. I have security cameras."

"Oh, you do? Whoopee, I made a good guess. (I jumped a little to give my girls a bit of a bounce). Do you think I could come in and see how they work?"

"That's against the rules Darling. Only highly trained security professionals are allowed in here." He replied. (Right, that why his name tag looks like a gas station attendant's.)

"Aww, I wanted to see how you see (I pouted). A big man like you must be very powerful to be

able to control all the cameras." (and damn he's still staring at my chest.)

"There's no need to be like that. We can play together Sweet Stuff. How about I let you in and give you a full tour while you sit on my lap? That way you can see exactly what I see."

"YES! I'd like to do that, especially because it's with such a handsome man!", I replied, while I almost threw up in my mouth.

I walked into the booth and sat in his lap. It felt like visiting the creepiest mall Santa Claus ever! There before me they only had six monitors. They watched an area for maybe 20 seconds and then switched to another area. It was obvious their security setup was for theft avoidance. It was not setup with constant monitoring like a prison. The only real issue I would have in getting out would be physically getting out a door before they noticed. The fact they would know I escaped after the wouldn't matter. Oh, fuck, he's reaching around and grabbing mt tits!

"OUCH! My right breast is bruised, be gentle....Say, do these monitors always rotate like this?"

"Yea, pretty much. You are the big one, aren't you?" he said as he went from squeezing my breasts to light rubbing my nipples.

Why the devil did he have to start playing with my nipples? I involuntarily gasped in pleasure.

"Baby like this?" he said as he switched to lightly tugging.

Fuck me. I am so F'in horny right now. I have to focus on what I am here for. "Do, youuuu, have a...any...door alarms?".

"Just on the fire escapes. Come on bend over the counter" he said in a deep voice. He was excited, I had felt his "rising" excitement from the moment I got in his lap.

If I don't do something quickly, he'll just over power me and have his way with me. "What's this button do?" I asked as I hit a red button that said replay.

All the screens switched over to the recording of my "walk of shame" from a few months ago!

"Don't touch that!" he said reaching forward to push the button. At the same time, he had gotten his other hand inside my gown and was making a grab for my breast.

"My having fun in there?" said Linda Bates from the corridor.

Oh, shit, when did she get there? I fell forward off his lap on to the floor and tried to get under the counter to hide. Unfortunately, as I went forward Bert grabbed my gown. There was a popping sound as all the snaps gave way. I got under the counter, but by then was wearing only my panties. Bert was left with a smiling look on his face when he realized he was holding my hospital gown. He held it up to the light, as if he had won an award.

"You two have a nice day!", said Linda Bates as she walked away.

"I can't be here naked. Give me my gown back!" I said as I stood in front of Bert, giving him a

view of my baby bump and breasts mere inches from his face. He handed me the gown and tried to put his mouth on my breast. I slapped him, hard, really hard.

"Stop that! We could get discovered by somebody other than her! Some other security guy could walk in here or the new shift could start. I am not here to do the security team." I said, while reassembling the gown and putting it on.

"Don't you bother about that. We don't change shift's till 6 and 6. And the other guy is a door monitor at the main entrance. Now, come on back and sit on my lap. You don't need that gown.", he said.

"Bert you are a nice guy. But I didn't come here to do a show almost in the hallway. I wanted to learn about cameras and that stuff. You showed me, very nicely. But Bert if you want us to have some alone time, I need someplace special.", I said while trying not to gag on each word.

"There's a broom closet I know, just down the hall.", he begged.

"Oh, now that is tempting. Let me think about that. Bert, Honey, (gag), I have a lot of tests the rest of this week, but maybe I could come back the end of next week? Then we could "break-in" that broom closet! Will you be at work next week?"

"I am off Thursday, but I'll be back Friday!", he almost squealed with anticipation.

"Then honey, we have date after lunch on Friday next week.", I said. I then kissed him on the forehead and started walking to Sally's office to give her the news about Linda and Jim.

On the way to her office I made note of three things. First, I needed to use mouthwash to get the vomit taste out of my mouth. Second, I had to escape before next Friday. Third, third, oh my, third, I kind of liked the idea that he watched me on TV and was excited about me. Me, the big fat cow, me, he was turned on when he watched me on the monitor. I actually liked that, and that thought concerned me.

I tried to open Sally's office door promptly at 5 pm, but it was locked. Then I saw her coming down the hallway. She was in a rush, and wearing high heels, so she was taking those hurried but short steps. The idea of wearing high heels and being that far along made my own back hurt. I saw she was carrying a paper bag with her.

She got to the door and unlocked it. "We can talk inside once I get the monitoring system turned off."

We entered the office and sat in our respective chairs. She did some fidgeting on the computer screen and then said, "Ok, systems off. I am going to bet you had quite the productive conversation. About an hour ago that cunt came in here and quit! First time I see her in three months and she quits. Ha, what a silly excuse. "Family reasons". Family reasons, hmm, not buying it. Why couldn't she have quit after she had brought Jim's petri dish tests into the office? They were all friggin time sensitive, so I had to go get them myself. So, what did she say?"

I swallowed hard before I answered, "She said she had been having an affair with Jim for over six months." I felt my eyes welling up with tears.

"So, she was fucking him while he was fucking you?", she said with a half-smile.

I put my head down on the desk and began to sob. "Yes" I said between sobs.

"How does it feel to be cheated on Jean?"

"Why, why, why'd he do it. Wasn't I pretty enough? What was wrong with me. It's just awful." I cried and sobbed, and then sobbed a great deal more.

"Jean, can you now realize how I felt as a result of your having an affair with Jim?"

"Yea" I sobbed with my head still on the table.

"Looks like you weren't the only girl here with an uncontrollable pussy."

"Wait, that's not fair" I said as I raised my head up and wiped away some tears.

"Why?"

"I think both of she and I suffered from hero worship taken too far. I "loved" Jim because it appeared, he had saved my life and then he appeared almost God like in my eyes. I think Linda was similar in her outlook. Besides the sex it was just an adrenalin rush. You get hooked on that; you know?"

"No, I don't know. What are you talking about Jean?"

"The affair, oh my, the affair. You get the man you desire to run away from his wife to be with you! That means you are the special girl. The girl that's better than the other girl. The wife doesn't know you are having sex with her husband, and that makes it thrilling to sneak around. It makes the sex, oh, so sexy."

Sally was getting mad, but was in control of her emotions. "Now, tell me in light of all this why it isn't "fair" that I blame you and Linda for fucking my husband?"

"Because it takes two people to fuck, and that bastard Jim was using us simply for his own pleasure. We thought we had a connection and he evidently thought he was a player getting laid. That's why. We all got abused by him if you consider it that way."

"That makes it alright? Maybe I should have asked you all to use my bed?" Sally said getting madder.

"No, that's not it at all!" I said as the tears welled up again. "I am sorry, I am so very sorry. I hurt you. I hurt you bad. Oh, this hurts, it really hurts. The only person that has been a friend to me through this has been you. Then the way I repay your kindness is to have an affair with your husband.....It hurts.it hurts so very bad. I am sorry, I am sorry beyond belief. Oh, fucking shit, go head and hit me again. Just don't hurt my babies, ok? I am sorry."

"Jean, I am not going to hit you. Besides, let's get real here. You have had a brain transplant. I got so jealous of the possibility of you having an affair that I lost sight of that fact. I should have been compassionate and interceded with your emotional development but rather I treated you as a woman after my husband. In a way, I am the person that should be sorry." She said softly while stroking my hair.

"Do you forgive me? I am sorry, so very sorry."

"I told you yesterday that I forgave you."

"But it wasn't until today that I truly understood how badly I had hurt you." I said, starting to sob again.

Sally got on her knees next to me and hugged me, "Then remember that today, I forgive you as well."

She then got back to her desk and gave me a moment to compose myself.

"Sally, there is something else. I have thought about this. Its related to everything else. I truly, want to have a normal life. The only way I can is to accept who and what I am. I want to be a woman. I know I have failed in some aspects, but I want to accept who I am. How can I be, dare I say it? A mother unless I am a woman and the best woman I can be. I can't very well go through life with Gene Martin's brain in Elizabeth Morganwitts' body. As much as it pains me to say it, Jean and HIS life are over. I am going to have to live out Elizabeth's life. The first way to do that is to ask you to call me Lizzie from now on."

Sally, came over and hugged me., "Lizzie, Lizzie, Elizabeth! This is a breakthrough, a real breakthrough! Your life is going to be so much better by accepting who you are, rather than who you were. I am, so happy for you!".

I actually blushed a bit with her rather surprising reaction.

"Ok, let's get back to where we started. Give me the dirt, how did you convince Linda to quit?"

"I didn't. I merely pointed out who the daddy was of yours and mine babies. She realized on her own he was fucking all of us at the same time. Then she quit."

"Hmm, maybe she wasn't as bad as I thought? Ya, know when she quit, she said she had seen you fucking Bert the security guard. What's going on there?"

I almost threw up in my mouth. "NO! No, I wasn't fucking him. I wanted to know about the security system and how it had monitored me getting knocked out. That's all."

"Oh, that must explain why you were naked and he was holding your hospital gown?" she asked with a smirk.

"No, no, no, no. Those gowns just pop buttons all the time. I slipped and he tried to hold me up and pow the gown was off. That's all. See, this is a reason why I need some real clothes." I

pleaded.

"Bert's a notorious leech. If all he got was a free look at your goods count yourself lucky." She said dismissing my account. "However, since we are on that subject in a way; I brought in a beach coverup I had. It should fit you."

Sally reached into the bag she had brought and pulled out the beach cover up. It was a blue muumuu dress with bright white flowers on it. It fit me only in the concept of I was wearing a circus tent that almost hit the floor. At least I was covered up and no more snaps.

"Thank you, thank so much." I said.

"Think of it of as our little peace offering between the two of us."

"If we are doing better here, can I ask one more thing of you", I asked.

"Depends, what is it?", she replied.

"When I was with Linda in the breakroom, I saw they had some new sodas in the machine. Could I have like two dollars?" I said.

"You can get a soda anytime you want, just call the kitchen." She replied

"But, that's the point. I can call somebody else and have them deliver it to me. I'd like to do more stuff on my own and getting my own soda is one of those things." I said.

She agreed and handed my \$2. After this we again had some more conversation on meaningless things to me, but Sally took and had been taking a large volume of notes. I finally realized that Sally had conducted this whole time as a session. We ended the session with her setting me up for an appointment for tomorrow at 3 pm. The only problem with that was I didn't plan to be in the facility at 3 pm.

I woke up at 4 am. I promptly got on my hospital gown. It took me a bit, but I got my face on and was ready for "show time" at 4:30 am. At which time I headed out my door into the hallway. Then, (Oh, my!) the door closed on my gown. As the gown got caught, I twirled into the corridor. Soon, all the snaps undid and I was topless with just panties on. I bounced a few steps in the hallway and then put my hands to my face. I felt down around my body to see if I was ok. I took a step back toward the door to recover my gown and slipped. I fell to the floor but caught myself on all fours. I then took deliberate crawling steps to the door as my big boobs jiggled and bounced. I slowly pulled myself up the door using the gown as a rope. I tugged hard at the gown as I was bent over. This caused my ass to shake to and fro. Finally, I got the door opened and the gown freed. Simply covering myself with the gown in front I ran back into my room. I was so embarrassed. Once in my room I hopped into bed and put the covers over my head.

I waited under the covers until it was almost 6am. At that time, I put the muumuu on while still under the covers. As soon as I was dressed, I took my \$2 in hand and dashed (ok waddled) out the door to the exit Linda had told me about. In just a few moments I would be outside, out the

fence, and on a bus to FREEDOM!

I rounded the hallway corner and was 20 feet from the exit. There, in front of the exit stood Sally.

"Those idiots in security are still watching your strip tease. It's already the talk of the facility." She said with a smirk.

I thought I could just body slam her out of the way. Then with a broken heart I remembered our last physical encounter. I simply was no match for Sally, and I might hurt the triplets or Sally's baby.

"How'd you know." I asked dejectedly.

"Your need for clothes, your fucking Bert..."

"I DID NOT FUCK BERT!"

"Whatever... you're asking for exact bus fare and then that little strip tease number. I'll give you points for creating a diversion, Honey. Where were you going anyway?"

What's the point? I thought I'd come clean. "I was hoping to find a battered woman's shelter and start a new life."

"No, bad idea. DTNI will find you there. You need to go to Big Bertha's Boutique and talk to Bertha. All I have on me is \ \$100, but it's all yours. Also, very important take this. It's a flash drive with all your medical information, the DTNI documents on you, and an encrypted portion that I can't open. We got all this out of the system like 10 mins ago, so it's current. You will need to go into hiding for now. Talk to Bertha, she will take care of you."

"What? Why? You're helping me?" I replied

"Lizzie, there is no time. Get out of here and catch that bus!"

With that we hugged sideways because our bellies got in the way when we tried it frontally. Sally whispered into my ear "Lizzie, you are going to make a great MOM!"

She hit me on the bottom as I waddled out the door as fast as I could. I barely caught the bus, but caught the bus I did. Sally's last words kept repeating in my head "You will be a great mom." It repeated and repeated until I realized, this was the greatest compliment I had gotten in my entire life!

At Big Bertha's Boutique, I was greeted at the door by Bertha. "Hello there Lizzie. Wasn't it Jean the last time you were in?" said Bertha.

"Yes, long story." I replied as I patted my baby bump.

"Sally told me you had a long story. What is it, triplets? Why don't you start by giving me that flash drive she said you had?"

I was hesitant at first, except it made little sense for Sally to give me a drive and for her to tell Bertha about it unless it was on the up and up. "Here it is. Sally said I needed to go into hiding and I was to see you."

"Yea, all taken care of Toots. Bruno will be here in a minute. We will whisk you away to Shangri-La later. Till then let me see what I can find on this drive."

"Bruno?"

No sooner had I said his name than he came through the door. He was well over six feet tall and I could tell by the bulge under his left arm he was armed. "Holy shit!" I thought.

"You Lizzie?" he asked.

No sooner had I said yes than he had shoved me into a closet. Why are guys trying to get me into a closet all the time? But, in this case I was alone.

"You stay there until the boss says you can come out." Said Bruno.

There I remained for a good 30 minutes to one hour. During that time, I heard muffled sounds, but it sounded like Bruno in an argument with another man. Finally, the door opened. It was Bruno.

"Give me your dress."

"I will not."

"I ain't gonna do nuthin. Give me that dress or I'll pull it off you."

I reluctantly removed my muumuu and handed it through a crack in the door to Bruno. I then sat topless on the floor.

The door flew open. It was Bertha this time, "Oh, what the hell? Bruno, you were suppose to give her the robe." then the door slammed.

I heard Bruno say, "Sorry, Boss."

The door opened again and this time Bertha had a robe she wrapped around me.

"Get up. I have a car out back." She said as she basically rammed me head first into a waiting car.

I was in the back seat of the car, on the floor, with my head in Bertha's lap. What a lap it was. Basically, with her being an N cup, my head was buried under her boobs. To add to all this Bertha was holding me down.

"Hmmpf, mmlfp, dummmf", I said.

"What?" replied Bertha.

"lii mpfl cannn mlpfe breathmmpf" I said louder.

"Just a minute we are almost on the back road", said Bertha.

"lii mpfl cannn mlpfe breathmmpf", I said even louder.

At this point Bertha lifted her breasts off my head and peered on the side down at me, "WHAT?"

"I said, I can't breathe", as I gasped for air.

"You know some men have paid me in the past to do that. Get your sweet ass up here next to me on the seat." Said Bertha. "Now what do you know about what's going on?"

I got up on the seat and replied, "In a nutshell, I had a brain transplant, got knocked up, and escaped today."

Bertha reached over, lifted my bangs and looked at my forehead, "If it wasn't for this flash drive, I would have thought you crazy for saying that. Yea, nice scar. Remind me not to have any plastic surgery done in that place. You don't know anything else?"

"Well, I guess that they were trying out a new drug and I wasn't actually supposed to recover."

"Exactly. Do you think a drug that can reconnect severed nerves would be worth much?"

"Sure, it'd be worth a lot, like billions or trillions a lot."

"I know it would be. I have read your medical file and the DTNI memos that were with it. I couldn't get into the encrypted area, but I read enough to get a real good idea of what is happening. You picked an excellent day to escape young lady."

"Why is that?"

"Because, according to the DTNI memo "Project Opal", that's you by the way, was to have the test subject shipped to a new lab today."

"Wait, that doesn't sound good for me."

"Yea, seems like maybe the local folks were on your side. There were a lot of memos from both Dr. Richards protesting the corporates continued interest in the drug in you instead of treating you like a recovering patient. They used some strong language and even threatened DTNI Corporate."

"Did it say why I was being moved?"

"DTNI wasn't getting the results it wanted from either Dr. Richards. Every test of the drug, except your case, had regressed to no result. Then, pow, yours is an overwhelming success. They wanted to examine you to find out why. Dr. Richards said that it would be a waste of time as the drug had dissipated. He recommended a prolonged study of you in-house. Our Sally Dr. Richards recommended you to just be a write off and released to live out your life. DTNI said no

to both of them and referred to you several times as their "cash cow". Can you believe that? Actually, calling somebody a cash cow in a corporate memo? The last memo on you was dated early this morning and was obviously DTNI trying to bypass Sally to get you moved. Good thing she's an early riser. They were scheduled to pick you up at 10 am and take you to a lab. Assholes. But she was on-line early and read their move you memo hours earlier than they expected. Anyhow, that's why you are on the lamb honey. They are going to come looking for their lost cash cow. Back at the shop, Bruno had a run in with some joke of security guy called Bert trying to find you. I suspect they have now moved up to some kind of corporate "men in black" to find you.

"What..what..what now Bertha? What do we do? Call the police?

"This is America kiddo, we're gonna call somebody better than the police. We're goin to call you a lawyer."

We arrived at Bertha's "house". It looked like a house from the outside. We were in the suburbs and this was a nice-looking one-story house, maybe 3,000 sq. ft. by the looks of it. We pulled into a three-car garage and the door closed automatically behind us. The garage wasn't much to speak of, pretty spartan. But when we got into the house! Wow, the first thing that hit me was the cold air, it must have been 60 degrees Fahrenheit. I was only wearing the thin cotton robe Bertha put on me and I was cold. It was so cold I thought my nipples could cut ice!

"A little cold there, toots" said Bertha while staring at my chest.

I looked down and sure enough my headlights were on high beam. It looked like two eraser tips had been put on my boobs as the nipples strained against the cotton fabric. "Yes, very cold.", I replied.

"Wow, when I said we needed a preggers replacement for Francine, you didn't need to take me that serious. Gosh, what's in there, twins? Were you do like three hours ago?" said a short hair brunet woman in a flannel top wearing Levi's.

"Give a girl a break, ok. This is Lizzie, she will be staying with us for a while. Lizzie, this is Molly." Said Bertha.

Behind Molly there were two rows of computer servers. Where I used to work, they had servers like these. That seems like a life time ago, by now. Holly shit, it was a life time ago! They had to be pushing a lot of data to have this many servers and to keep the room this cold.

"Lizzie, Molly is our go to IT person. She keeps us up and running 24 hours a day. She has some other staff that works for her, but if there is an IT problem, Molly is our solution. Speaking of which, Molly, here's the flash drive we discussed. It has some encryption on it. I need for you to get that unencrypted, then you get it back to me as your Number 1 project.", said Bertha.

"Bruno, you're gonna be stayin here a couple of days. Make sure our little Lizzie stays nice and safe."

"You got it boss.", said Bruno.

"Now, let's get to your room and get you settled in." said Bertha as she smiled and took my hand.

We walked down a small corridor and past a couple of rooms. Rooms which I must note had moaning coming out of them or in one case some loud laughing. The room I was taken to was a soft blue color and had more than one large LED monitor and several cameras pointing at a king-size bed.

"This will be your room for now. If you need anything, there's an intercom you can call Molly or whoever is on duty to bring you food. There's a full bathroom down the hall. It's already stocked with anything you might need.", said Bertha.

"Bertha, juts what are you running here? Am I going to be on camera or something?", I inquired.

"Not unless you want to be. Look over by the bed, there is a manual on off switch for the cameras. No worries. But really Toots! You think I'd spend 30 years stripping and just drop the biz? What I have here is a virtual strip club. All the girls either work here or with a camera feed from their own place. Molly runs all the feeds and IT security. We make several dollars a minute. Makes the old fashion strip club pale in comparison to the revenue we take in. Think about it, we have hundreds of guys watching our girls. They only do what they want to do. There's a computer connection to the clients and it feeds across the screens while they work. They get requests to do things and depending on if they like it or not, they do. Sex toys, touching themselves, suckling on things, all the while hundreds of guys watching, pleasuring themselves and me making money. Works out...HEY!", said Bertha.

As she had described her place of business I had mentally drifted off. Thinking about all the guys watching, what if that could be me? Hundreds of guys all watching me at once. Watching me slowly take my clothes, lusting after my body, and wanting me. Yes, they'd want me. I could just imagine all of this. My hands were on my breasts and, that's when I heard her say hey.

"Sorry, I just kinda, well..the thought of all this really turns me on. I have just been off the wall horny lately. Sorry.", I said.

"Toots, if you are that into it, we can set you up for a show. Maybe a ski mask so nobody could see your face and maybe a big henna tattoo on the belly of yours. I think we could do that. I just gotta make sure you are legal first. That will be a problem. You don't have any documents. Hey, wait, I saw a death certificate for Elizabeth Morganwitts on that flash drive. We can use the birthday off that until we can find a real birth certificate on you. Unless of course, you want us to use your male death certificate?" said Bertha as she gave out a guffaw.

"No, Elizabeth Morganwitts will be fine." I said. I realized, that oh my gawd, I am going to be a cam girl. I am going to like that very much! My own private room. Men wanting to see me. Sharing deep sexual secrets...

"So, you gonna touch yourself even with the cameras off?", said Bertha.

"Oop's sorry again. I am excited."

"Well, I guess since you'd be private you can be. Let me tell you, a true public show with guys hootin and hollerin is exciting until the creep factor catches up with you. Don't get me wrong, the vast majority of guys out there are polite and lot of them are really sweet as well. But there are those creeps you can't avoid. For my girls, just turn the camera off and dump the connection. In real life not so much. You realize one time I got a guy's cum on my face! How the fuck did that happen? Everybody was clothed, nobody had their pants down. I walk off the stage with some God knows who guy's cum on the side of my face. Eww, just fuckin gross.", said Bertha.

"That is gross. But I still like the idea. Do you think a lot of guys will want to see me, especially like this?" I said holding my baby bump.

"Especially, because you look like that. I wouldn't use you for a live stage as its kind of a specific fetish for preggo chasers and would turn off a lot of the customers. However, being on line you can have customers worldwide and that niche fetish will have a huge base. Toots, they'll line up on line to see you. Quit smiling like that! Nobody is seeing anything until I verify your birthdate in the certificate and not until I get you checked out by our OB-GYN. I won't have you hurt those babies, even if you do want to go rolling around that bed. Till then you hang tight in here. Don't worry, Bertha will fix you up all the way around.", said Bertha.

"Thank you. Bertha this is all very kind of you. Why are you helping me?" I replied.

"Oh Toots, because you need help and because I can help. After all us plus size girls need to stick together." She said pushing up her own enormous knockers.

That made us both laugh. After which Bertha left and I got settled in. I made it to the kitchen for not two but three snacks during the night. Each time there was Bruno by the door. Hell, Bruno now had a sawed-off shotgun with him! Shit, well, I felt guarded that was for sure.

This is the way it was for the next couple of weeks. In my room, out to the kitchen. The whole time the cameras starting at me with dead non-blinking eyes. I wanted so much to see their cute red blinking eyes and me cavorting on the bed for the world to see. I want people to see me, lust after me, lose control of their emotions while they desired me. I masturbated a lot in those two weeks.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, Bertha got me in to see Dr. Edith Brockstein. It was like loading a cow into a trailer when they got me up on the table and my feet in the stirrups. At least Bertha was there for moral support.

"Hello, I am Dr. Brockstein and you must be Ms. Morganwitts?", said Edith.

"Yes, but my friends call me Jean, err, I mean they call me Lizzie. I like Lizzie." I replied.

"You don't have much of a file here. Just what you wrote on your intake form. Pregnant with triplets? Who was your previous doctor?" asked Edith.

Just friggin great I thought. But this was the doctor Bertha brought me to, so ok. "I was treated

by Dr. Richards over at the DTNI Research Hospital", I responded.

"Dr. Jim Richards?...He's a neurosurgeon!" Said Edith.

"Yea, that's the one and his wife Dr. Sally Richards." I added.

"Wait, you wrote you had a brain trauma?" asked Edith.

"Yes, about one year ago. I was under treatment for that when I came up pregnant. I can't recall much to tell you other than that." I explained.

"I haven't handled a case like this before. Ok, I have had several patients from Bertha in the past and the cases can get weird. This one takes the cake though. Let's get you a full work up and look to see that all is well with you and your babies.", said Edith.

With that said Dr. Brockstein put me through everything I had missed to everything I should do in the future. She even did an ultrasound on me.

"Your babies are fine.", said Edith.

"Can you tell me their sexes?" I asked

"Do you really want to know; some families want it to be a surprise?" she replied.

"Tell me please!" I said.

"Two good looking boys and a beautiful girl." She responded.

I started crying.

"It's ok, fun to know isn't it?" She said.

"Yes." I said smiling though tears.

"Now, we need to talk about activity from now until delivery. We also need to discuss the delivery itself. With triplets, you are going to need a C section. It's a matter of baby positioning. They just don't all line up for a vagina delivery." She said.

"So, when am I due?" I asked

"In about two months, but it might be earlier depending on how the babies do." said Edith.

"Two months? C section? How am I going to do that? How am I going to pay? How am I going to do a C-section?" I said perplexed.

Laughing, "You won't. I'll be doing the C section. We will schedule you up front on the way out. Don't worry, Bertha says you are one of her "girls" and to drop you onto her insurance. Now, we need to talk activity levels. If you are one of Bertha's "girls" I assume you are a cam-girl. If that's the case, go ahead and do your "job" just don't do any jumping, or back flips. Keep your activity low and if you become unable to "perform" use that time to think about baby names while you

lay in bed. Also, if your water breaks that becomes an emergency and you need to get to this hospital right away. Enduring Mercy is the best hospital in the area for this kind of delivery and I can get there within minutes usually. Sorry, no more traveling for you until the babies come." Said Edith.

Oh, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit. This is too fucking real. I am on the express train to motherhood and haven't spent two seconds thinking about how to provide for my children. I have been consumed by thoughts of my body blowing up like a balloon, loving my babies, and being horny as hell. What am I going to do when I have three new borns to care for? How am I going to raise three children alone? FUCK! Two months? That's 60 days, DOUBLE FUCK!

Oh, shit, was what I was thinking as I made my, my, MY, delivery appointment on the way out.

Basically, after that lovely reality check; on the way "home", in Bertha's limo with Bruno at the wheel, I realized I wasn't going home but rather to the place I was staying. I had to find a place to live, find a job, care for three infants....it was too much I became crying hysterically. That is until Bertha slapped me!

"Why'd you slap me?" I said while getting some composure back.

"Because you were friggin babbling. A woman in your condition shouldn't become that emotional about things that will take care of themselves.

"But, but, where will I live? How am I going to make a living? There are all the baby items I need to buy. I am alone. No family to help. How can I even afford formula? What am I.." and Bertha slapped me again.

"Listen, toots. I have actually been down this road. Not with triplets mind you. But this road never the less. You'll be staying right where you are now at first. No problem and no rent. Next, I'll be funding you to get the baby things. No, not a gift, because next, you are going to work off that loan by working for me and if you decide not to perform after the babies come, then we'll find something else for you to do. So, kiddo, you and your children are taken care of for at least a year and then we'll see." Bertha said.

I smiled deeply and leaned over and gave Bertha a hug. "Thank you" I told her.

As she sat back in her seat, she laughed and poked my boobs. "As to formula, I bet its free. Cause, I think the factory will be right here for the next six months or so."

I was back in my room. I was thinking, oh, fuck she was right about the formula factory. What a day of self-realization this had become. How long would I breastfeed? Breastfeed!? CRAP. I was in a daze the rest of the day. However, Bertha's comments had made me feel a LOT better. I could just concentrate on me and my babies, not surviving alone with my babies. It felt so very good to have this covered for at least a year. What a year that is going to be! I'll become a mom! Scary, but I was looking forward to it, though terrified at the same time. In a year my babies will go from infants to full on babies and maybe say their first words! Then, there was my life. MY LIFE! I had my life back and where I go will be determined by ME! What would that life

bring? There was an attorney and where would that go? Will I meet somebody? That would be nice. To meet a fellow that could love me with three kids in tow. Wow, that's going to be hard. Hmmm, hard. It works best if he was hard. I smiled and caressed my left nipple. Soon I was swept away in thoughts that would lead to orgasm.

The next afternoon Bertha called on the intercom. She said she had my birth date info she needed and I was medically cleared for my first show. She said they would like to get me in a ski mask and do the henna tattoos on my belly and take some pics they could put up on the website. She went on to ask if I could be ready for a session, tonight at 8 pm. While the thought of motherhood was still consuming me, the hornies had come back already and were threatening to overrun my mind; hell yes!

At about 7 :50 pm I was all "suited up". I had the temporary tattoos, (Birds on each side of my baby bump) and a ski mask. Beyond that I had a lovely pink bra and panty set Bertha had made for me and a very light see threw baby doll top. I was excited. Then in my excitement, one of the boys, because I am sure my sweet girl would not do it, kicked me right in the kidney. That baby kick almost bowled me over. I recovered and at 8 pm sharp I was live on-line!

I was on my bed with the cameras viewing me sitting. Before the screen went "hot" all the usual disclaimers about the model being legal, privacy rights, copyright, etc. scrolled on the screen. At last I could speak, "Hello all my new viewers. This is Bountiful Betty (Bertha liked that screen name) coming to you live. I am sure you all will...." And both the room lights and my camera lights went out.

"What the hell!" I exclaimed as the room lights but not the camera lights came back on.

"Lizzie, this is Molly. I had to kill everything. Here, I got your room lights back. There's a problem here, you'll need to talk to Bertha.", said Molly

After about 20 minutes, Bertha came on the intercom, "Big problems kiddo. Molly just busted the encryption and oh, boy, there is issue after issue here. I made an emergency call to the lawyer and he's dropping all his other stuff to see us tomorrow. We have to be there at 10 am. Be ready to go by 9 am. We'll go over it all then. Till then get some sleep. Don't worry we can handle this." And the intercom went dead with me unable to contact her the rest of the night.

Needless to say, it was not a good night's sleep. Beyond the stress of the "problem", my baby bump had become so large it could twist a bit off to the side. I had both a giant belly that could bend on its own and two mammoth boobs that loved to get pinned when I tried to move in my sleep. Then one of the kids decided they wanted to sleep on my bladder. I lost hours of sleep and got visit after visit to the toilet, till they moved to another place. I got like 2 hours sleep that night.

The only real problem I had getting ready for the appointment was getting the dark circles covered up under my eyes. I fussed around with eye shadow until, well they blended into the makeup. I wore a skirt that ran under my baby bump and a top that fit, but kind of looked like I was wearing a sack. My hair seemed to have decided I didn't need a hair style anymore and was

a frizzy mess.

I was not dressed to impress as Bertha, Bruno, and I entered the lawyer's office. Bruno had a seat in the outer office next to a guy that looked like a marshall. Then this paralegal led us to a room to where I waddled over to a chair and sat down. At this point it sure was a waddle when I walked. If I was a boat my belly would have navigation lights.

"Hello. I am David Cantor. I believe we have some business to accomplish according to all the information Bertha has given me. That is one devil of a flash drive you have there and it provides the data necessary for us to have a rock solid case. How you busted that encryption is beyond me, but oh wow, Bertha.", said David.

"It wasn't me it was Molly that broke the encryption.", said Bertha.

"Ok, sure, but first, marshall please come in here." Said David. "Now, Lizzie, please spit in this tube and sign the outside."

"Ok. Crap, how do I spell my last name?" I sputtered.

"Its M O R G A N W I T T S", said David.

I signed it. "Ok, why?"

He put it in an envelope and sealed it. "Here you go marshall. (and the marshall left the room) "Emergency court order requiring a DNA test. We have to get a judge to revoke your death certificate, as soon as humanly possible. That will help to keep you safe. You have a DNA sample in the national organ donation data bank and once we match those up a judge will have to say Elizabeth Morganwitts is alive.", smiled David.

"Now, we have the part of the case that I am going to love.", said David as he then waved at his paralegal to come in.

As she entered the room, she was holding a cake. The room erupted into a chorus of Happy Birthday. That was surprising, then the shocking part was the cake. It said "Happy **[18]** **{.underline}** Birthday Lizzie". WTF?

After I blew out the candles I asked, "Isn't this a mistake shouldn't this be my 20th birthday?".

"Actually, you are 18 today. Happy birthday.", said David. He went on to explain, "The encrypted portion of your DTNI file had two death certificates for Elizabeth Morganwitts. One as a 17-year-old and a new one as a 19-year-old. That was odd so I got ahold of the state's recorders birth certificate. Which I wouldn't have thought to do except there were two death certificates, which was odd. Once I had your official birth certificate it was confirmed. You are 18 years old today."

"Why'd they do that?"

"They had all the authorizations for Mr. Martin's organ donation, but all the authorizations for Ms. Morganwitts' donations are oddly based around her being 19 at the time. Seems they doctored the file to make the authorizations look legitimate. From the looks of things, they never shared that with the research hospital or the Dr.'s Richards; they all actually thought you were 19. That's not all of it, seems you were going to be shipped to a lab for examination."

"Yea, I know."

"The examination was going to be done by a Forensic Neuropathologist. Some guy named Zimmerman."

"Wait, you said a forensic doctor? Don't they examine dead people?!"

"Exactly. The plan was that once at the lab Dr. Zimmerman was to dissect your brain and examine the various synapses for presence of their drug or T cells. Now, here's the fun part, because they already had a death certificate for you, they viewed it all as perfectly legal!", said David.

"Were the good dr.'s Richards in on this?", I asked.

"No, it doesn't appear so. Besides, didn't Bertha say you got this file from Sally Richards? Hardly the act of somebody in on a murder." Said David

"Ok, ok, I get it. Is there anything in there about them knocking me up?", I asked.

"Huh? The encrypted file on your pregnancy only says you were uncontrollably promiscuous and the father was an unknown member of the staff. It recommended you carry your babies to term so they could study the physiological and physiological effect. The memo was co-written by both Dr.'s Richards. It didn't say anything about who knocked you up.", said David.

"When Sally found out I was having sex with Jim, she injected me with fertility drugs and sabotaged Jim's condoms. It's like she's as much the father as Jim is!", I said through gritted teeth.

You could have heard a pin drop. Bertha started choking on her cake and finally spit it out.

"I have known Sally for almost 15 years. I just love her. She is so very sweet and a great friend. She used to work for me to fund her graduate work. But, sadly, this sounds exactly like her. She has the worst case of the green-eyed monster when it comes to Jim that I have ever seen. She told me she got her breast implants for work at my place, but a month after she got them, she suddenly quit working for me and married Jim. You, know, Jim the biggest boob man on the planet. That and for the last year her biological clock has been ticking and she's been complaining to me about her baby fever. She even talked about fertility drugs. Lizzie, dear, I believe you.", said Bertha

"Wow, rape, fertility drugs, attempted murder, kidnapping a minor, medical procedures with no permission, forging official documents, that's for starters. Can you say malpractice? This case is

a sure winner on all levels.", said David.

"Rape?", I said.

"More precisely statutory rape. Sex between a minor and a 50+ year old would qualify as statutory rape in this state.", said David.

"I was not raped! It was very much by mutual consent." I said.

"Not the way the law will view it. Besides, Lizzie, this is a civil proceeding and we aren't trying to get the DA involved to press charges unless you ask." said David.

"Ok, I just want this settled and gone. I want DTNI to quit trying to chase me down and dissect me. I want a life back and I want a life for my children. I want Jim to be a father to my and his children." I said.

"DTNI is going to want to settle this and keep it quiet. If they don't, I have already made 50 copies of that flash drive. Those copies are off to several associates I have. Anything happens to you and they get sent to news services and put up on the web for all to see. DTNI will not want that to happen. As soon as we have our first meeting, I'll make them aware that it better be hands off. Till then we have to keep you under wraps until you are officially alive.", said David.

"That sounds good. Can you make Jim act like a father, too?" I asked.

"No, we can make him financially responsible, but beyond that you can't force him to be a dad.", said David.

I knew the answer to me question before I asked it, but a girl's gotta hope. We finalized a few more details and left it all up to David to work out. Then it was back to Bertha's for the next few days.

What a few days it was. With Bertha's help I went on an on line shopping spree for the kids! There were boy outfits, girl outfits, basinet, a triplet stroller. Many great and wonderful things. Speaking of great and wonderful things, I named my babies! There is Buck, Axel, and Freya. Bertha said it was like a guy picked the names to which at first, I took offense, and then laughed until I peed my pants a bit. Excepted for the on-line shopping spree, it was sitting bored in my room. Well, the boredom was impacted by a bizarre craving for Licorice and potatoes.

It was a week later my colostrum came in. It was a shock at first, because when you play with your nipples you don't expect anything to come out! Then just a little yellow liquid appeared as I was tugging. Boy, that was a shock and kick to the butt. My wonderful fun bags were turning into away to feed my babies. That kind of felt good, actually really good; then again it killed my horny mood.

A couple of days after my continued race to motherhood reminder came in, David called, I was officially alive. A judge had rescinded the death certificate after the DNA match. David said with me being alive I could go head and get to work with Bertha, but recommended that I still be

incognito while "on the air".

I was excited. It was like I was having a coming out party, I guess I was in a way. Bertha was excited for me as well. On that thought, Molly, Bruno, and most of the girls were excited as well. (There was that one bitch that was afraid I'd take her customers away if I started working. Never mind her.)

At about 4:00 pm I was "suited up" again. I had the temporary tattoos, (Birds on each side of my baby bump) and a ski mask. Beyond that I had a lovely pink bra and panty set Bertha had made for me and a very light see thru baby doll top. Except unlike last time, I was now bulging above my bra cups. The girls were getting ready to go to work! I was even more excited than last time. I was alive.

I was on my bed with the cameras viewing me sitting, as before. Again, the screen went "hot" all the usual disclaimers about the model being legal, privacy rights, copyright, etc. scrolled on the screen. At last I could speak, "Hello again my viewers. This is Bountiful Betty coming to you live. No more technical problems this time around. I think the only problem may be is that I am just getting to hot to wear this Baby doll. What do you think?".

My computer screen went wild with comments. After viewing the comments for a bit, which made me feel good. Off with the Baby doll it was. The comments came in at a faster speed. Then before proceeding to removing anything else, I rolled back onto the bed and let my belly hang in the air as my bra forced my boobs upward. I hope they had a good show, because I couldn't see anything but ceiling, boobs and a belly. I rub my belly and boobs for affect. Then with my belly actually shifting before me I rolled to the side of the bed. It was only with a terrific effort and push I could get upright on the edge of the bed. My baby bump had graduated to a babies bump, I was huge and heavy. (I began to wonder just how big I was going to get?).

By the time I got upright the comments had scrolled beyond what I could see. I gave a big smile and slowly removed my bra. First reaching around behind my back and undoing the clasps, then slowly each strap. I was left holding the cups to my breasts, then suddenly with a flourish I lifted both arms in the air. With a mighty "TA-DA" my hands went to the sky and the bra fell to the floor. "Well, boys how do you like them?" Once again, the comments went wild.

I laid on my side toward the camera and pulled my keyboard close. I laid there with one breast fully exposed and almost lying over the keyboard. I then chatted with several of the customers for an hour. They asked me to try various things, which for the most part I did. I even rubbed (not pulled, as Bertha warned me about milk coming in early if I did squeezing motions on my breasts down toward the nipples.) my nipples to orgasm, twice!

After about an hour I gave it a break. I had loved every friggin second of the show. The thoughts of all those people lusting after me was a rush better than drugs. But who'd think just rolling around a bed and playing with yourself would be exhausting. Try doing it while carrying triplets, it is. I got about an hour plus rest and then went on the air again.

This went on for several days. Then David called and said that negotiations with DTNI were

going well. I asked him if it would be ok for me to see Jim Richards. He inquired why and I responded I wanted to talk to the father of my children about his responsibilities. He told me it would be ill-advised prior to settlement; then added go for it off the record; no lawyers, no recordings of any kind.

I asked Bertha if she could try and set up the meeting. You could have knocked me over with a feather (or a strong gust of wind at this point) when she told me both Dr. Richards would come to an off the record meeting. It seems they had reconciled.

The meeting was set for 10 am on the following day. Since there were to be two Dr. Richards, I asked Bertha if she could come with me.

"Kiddo, you are talking family stuff not really my place.", said Bertha.

"Bertha, there is no other person I would want to back me up to talk family stuff, than you.", I replied.

Bertha kind of teared up a little. "Bertha, what's wrong?", I inquired.

"It's..it's..it's... just that I had a daughter once. A beautiful charming little infant. She died in my arms after delivery. The whole delivery was a mess. I wasn't able to bear children after that. None of my marriages have worked out you know. It's..well, I have started looking toward you as that daughter I lost a long time ago. Yea, I'll be there for you kiddo.", said Bertha through her tears.

"Bertha, my children should have at least one grandparent. Could you consider taking on that roll? I know it's a lot to ask, and well, heck I know how much..." I was interrupted by Bertha giving me a hug.

"I thought you'd never ask. You don't do well at taking hints." Laughed Bertha as she hugged me tight.

That's the way it was as we met Dr.'s Sally and Jim Richards. They were to be on one side of a table in Bertha's store and I, with my children's grandmother, were to be on the other. Bertha had warned me not to wear anything proactive to the meeting. We didn't need Jim to get excited instead of logical. I chose to wear a button-down front dress. It was tight across my baby bump and then got tight again across my bust. It wasn't the easiest thing to button, but I didn't show any cleavage and it gave me that old fashion matron look.

While I dressed as conservatively as I could, the opposite was true for Sally when she came in. She was sporting an obvious six month plus baby bump. Then with a jiggle and wiggle in every step she had a close-cut top that had cleavage down to the top of her bump. She was braless! And what cleavage it was! While I had gained a modest two cup sizes, Sally had to gone up at least four if not five or six cup sizes. She was huge, almost as huge as I had become. Evidently the titty fairy had come to live with her for the almost two months I had been gone. On her arm as she entered the room was Jim.

I nudged Bertha and whispered, "I see why they reconciled".

"Yea, the left and the right reason." Snickered Bertha.

Sally, and Jim sat down.

"Before we get started, after this could I see you for a fitting Bertha? I seemed to out grown everything I have.", said Sally.

"I bet you have.", said Bertha

"Can we begin please?", I said.

"Sure.", said Sally.

"I am not even sure why we are here. I have been told that DTNI is going to settle with you big time. They already fired that quack Zimmerman and got rid of his Board Member uncle. Hell, I even worked with Sally to get you that data file. What do you want out of me?", said Jim trying to cut the meeting short.

"We are here to talk about your responsibilities as the father of our children.", I responded nicely.

"Why should I assume it's me. You were randy as a house cat.', said Jim.

"You know exactly what you did and just who the father is!", said Sally to Jim. Which surprised me.

"We can do a DNA test. It's no big deal." I added.

"Ok, fine.", said Jim.

"I want to know how you will be a father to our children as they grow up? Will you come over on Sundays? Will we swap custody? You, know, the responsibilities of raising your children." I said emphatically.

"Well, you see that's kinda the point. I am not going to be there and DTNI is going to give you more than enough money to raise those kids." He said.

"Our kids." I interjected.

"Nobody told you to have triplets." said Jim almost raising his voice.

"Just why do you think I am having triplets?", I responded.

You could see the blood drain from Sally's face. She got a look of terror and turned away. She raised a hand and bit it in angst. It was obvious she hadn't told him about the fertility drugs. Hell, maybe she didn't even tell him she had sabotaged the condoms? Either way she was in terror.

"I suppose the mere fact of the transplant made your system produce excess eggs.", said Jim.

Sally gave an audible whimper before I spoke. There was a heavy pregnant pause in the air. (Pregnant pause, I laughed to myself.) There was Sally, the reason I was having triplets. A woman who had beat me. A woman that smiled at me while injecting me with drugs. A woman that allowed me to think I had some fatal tumors. A woman that had imprisoned me for weeks and told people I was crazy. Yes, the same woman that had been my friend, the woman I had betrayed and had an affair with her husband, the woman that helped me escape, the woman that gave me the data file that at this very moment was giving me my life back and if Jim was to be believed enough money for a life with my children.

"I suppose you are right. (pause, and during that pause the color came back to Sally's face) But, that doesn't change the situation. You are the soon to be father of three children. Do you even know their sexes? How about their names. They do have names you know. They are Buck, Axel, and Freya! They are going to be great kids and they need a great father to have the best possible life. No, not you and me together, that is over, Over, OVER. But children need a father in their life. They are your kids; shouldn't that be you? Just throwing money to the mom isn't...isn't. It's not a good way to raise kids. I used to do that, oh, I was a bad father. I wasn't there for my kids. I was always working. Oh, my gawd. I was just like YOU!" and I started uncontrollably bawling.

Bertha grabbed my hand. Sally came forward to the table and reached out for the other hand. In doing so, she leaned across the table and basically laid her breasts out on the table. I scooted forward and took Sally's hand. The edge of the table went between my bump and the bottom of my breasts. It pushed in on the dress I was wearing. With an audible pop the dress ripped open across the top, and though still in my bra, my breasts laid clearly on the table. Jim got the stupidest smile on his face I had ever seen.

"Jean, I mean Lizzie, I meant it. You will be a great mom! Hang in there girl you are almost home." Said Sally.

"Don't you worry kiddo, you aren't alone as long as Bertha has a breath. We'll work on this together", said Bertha

Who, could keep crying with all these positive waves? Well, you could when Axel and Buck decide to kick the hell out of you. I just know Freya wasn't a big.....ohhhh, that isn't kicking...ohhh. Then I started peeing, ok, I had worn a pad today, but I peed, and I peed, and that isn't pee..." HELP! My water broke!", I exclaimed.

It was Jim that bounded across the table and got me out of the chair. Sally, called 911 and Bertha got Bruno to come in.

"The ambulance is on its way", said Sally.

Jim was holding my hand, "Now Lizzie, try not to have contractions until the ambulance gets here."

"Fuck you Jim", I said.

"Bertha, ambulances always take like 15-20 mins. That Enduring Mercy is all of a 5 min drive for me. Let's load her up and get her there. I don't need no ambulance for this little girl." Said Bruno.

"Do it" was all Bertha said.

With those two little words, I was suddenly in Bruno's arms as he carried me to Bertha's car and placed me gently in the back seat. Jim sat in the front seat with Bruno and I assume we were followed by Bertha and Sally. I say assumed because contractions tend to make you concentrate on them, well that coupled with Jim yelling "Don't Push!" and me yelling back "I am NOT PUSHING!". Yea, all that and, as I latter found out, it was 8 miles to Enduring Mercy Hospital and Bruno DID make it in 5 minutes!

Once at the hospital they gave me some drugs to slow the contractions just long enough for Dr. Brockstein to get there. They already had me prepped and in the surgery room when she ran in. In a very quick moment, I was up and given a spinal. I had a sheet just below my boobs so I couldn't see them cut me open (That's a good thing!).

It seemed like I had just laid down when I heard the first cry.

"It's a girl!" said Dr. Edith Brockstein. Quickly there after she added two "It's a boy" followed by their own cries.

They placed all three briefly to me chest. I even got to try and feed Freya, and Axel (Buck would have none of it) before they took them away to them Neonatal Intensive Care Unit (NICU).

"My babies!" I cried as they took them.

"Lizzie, we discussed this. They go to the NICU and when they are healthy enough, they will come back to you. But, honey, they look great! I bet they are in your hospital room before you are. You did a good job.", said Edith.

Did a good job? Did a good job? My job is just beginning, I AM A MOTHER. I am a mother of the three most wonderful children on earth.

They were wrong by the time I was in my room; my children weren't there. Just as well as I immediately fell asleep. Then at about 2 am they woke me up. My children were being brought in and needed to be fed. That's my job! I looked forward to my first nursing with my children. It went off horribly. I felt terrible, they just could not latch on to me ok. I tried and then I tried again. I started crying knowing they were going to starve to death. Finally, a nurse that seemed disgusted showed me a way to sit up and hold them like a football. That helped a lot and I got two of them going at the same time. It seemed to go very fast.

"Don't get used to a fast session. They are new borns and don't have their appetite yet." Said the Nurse.

"What do you mean?" I asked form looking up at little Freya and Buck. They were so cute.

"Pfff, you really don't know much. When your milk comes in, in about 24-48 hours, thats the same time they are going to be really hungry. (she started laughing) Honey, you'll certainly feel like they should be hungry.", said the Nurse.

"Huh?" I replied.

"Your milk, your milk, you will feel those big ol'titties of yours balloon up with milk. You will want, actually beg for them to be nurse. You will need a beast pump do you have one?" asked the Nurse.

"I think we bought one? We bought a lot of stuff.", I replied.

The nurse rolled her eyes. "Here I will put this card by you bedstand. Make sure you take it home with you. It's the local nursing mothers co-op. They can help you with both nursing, postpartum depression support, and general information helpful to new mom's that isn't really in books or on-line."

"Thank you, you jerk", I wanted to reply, but actually just said thank you.

The next day I was visited by Sally and Jim. They came in while I was nursing.

"Deary, don't get used to us bringing your babies to you. By, late today or tomorrow at the latest you, will have to get up and do it on your own.", said the Nurse as Sally and Jim walked in.

"Their beautiful! Who is who?", asked Sally.

I then pointed out Axel, Buck, and Freya. Since they were fraternal triplets it was easy to tell them apart.

"They're so tiny! Like 4 pounds each right? Wow, oh, wow, look at Buck he's smiling!" gushed Jim.

"Probably pooping" said the Nurse.

"I'll help her moving the babies to and from the basinet. Nurse, can we have a private discussion please?", said Sally. In response the nurse left the room.

"Did you come to take responsibility for your children?", I asked Jim.

"I wanted to tell you before you went into labor, it's not that easy. I'd be ruined. I do an experimental procedure and unexpected breakthrough on nerve research results. So, what do I do? I knock up the, now known to me, underage subject. My career would be over. DTNI would just destroy me professionally and take away what little control I have over Bio Life Inc. I never should have sold it to those bastards. The state might even take my license. If that were to happen how could I support my three, no four children?", he said as he put his hand on Sally's baby bump. He then got a very sad look on his face and stared at the floor.

"If everything would be ruined, why didn't you just let them take me away?" I retorted. I then had Sally switch out Buck for Axel.

"That Zimmerman was a quack. You are completely recovered. You are just a healthy woman at this point. There was not a damn thing he could have found, except taking credit for my work.", said Jim.

"Also, because the two of us are doctors above anything else. We take our Hippocratic oath very seriously. We would never allow any harm to come to a patient. Never, that's just who we are.", said Sally.

"But YOU would fuck them and knock them up! That's ok? Hey, wait a second, you just said that there is nothing left to study in me, but you wrote a report to DTNI saying to keep me for prolonged observation. It was in the data file. Why did you write that?" I said angrily.

The question was unanswered by Jim, but Sally made a circle with one hand and poked the finger of her other hand back and forth through the circle. Jim knocked her hands down.

"Oh" I said, "So, my children are not to have a father? I can fight you over this."

"Yes, you can, but if you want a nice, and I mean nice settlement out of DTNI, you'll agree to drop it. It seems they really appreciate a doctor with my proven track record and want to keep me and my reputation sound.", said Jim with a smirk on his face.

"This is pretty fuckin pathetic. It seems I am nothing more than a research subject to both of you.", I said.

"A very pretty research subject.", said Jim as if that would make anything better.

Sally gave Jim a dirty look and said to me, "Lizzie, I, we, were sincere in our desire for you to have your own life. While we may have been zealous in our own ways, you have come to mean much more to us than a simple research subject. You are a patient we truly care about."

"I am not a lab rat; I am a patient. Is that it?", I asked.

"Well of course, dear." They both said at once in a strange but telling coincidence.

"Fine. If that is the case, then YOU ARE FIRED. You are not my doctors anymore, your services are terminated.", I said.

"But, but, but, but, it's not that simple.", stuttered Jim.

"Ah, ah, you failed to take into account, oh shit", said Sally while staring at the floor.

"Under the law I am alive. Under the law I am 18 and sign my own contracts. I have no contract with you all. Under the law I am telling you to GET OUT!", I said while hitting the nurse call button.

"But you are alive because of me.", pleaded Jim.

"We allowed you to get out and gave you the data file. You can't do this.", pleaded Sally.

"Yes, thank you Jim for doing an experiment that left me alive, and thank you Sally for allowing me to escape and that data file. Thank you both for doing your jobs and doing what was right, sometimes. I sincerely mean thank you, but GET OUT and STAY AWAY FROM ME.", I said.

They both left before the 20 mins it took the nurse to answer the call button.

I was able to go home with my babies the next day. My babies! I liked the sound of that. What I didn't like was the things that were going on below my waist that was the result of giving birth. Let's just say even a heavy flow period is a nicer time of it! Not to mention the pain of the C section. Walking was ok, bending not so much.

When I got home (my room in Bertha's house) she and the girls had gone overboard. There were balloons, ribbons, and all the baby items had been setup. Luckily, the extra-large basinet fit all three children perfectly. I had a bit of a fight getting them down as all the cam-girls wanted to hold them, as if I had brought dolls for them to play with. The children had barely gotten down, when I felt a heaviness coming into my breasts. I could feel them swelling up and becoming tender. I went into the bathroom and milked myself. It was obvious when the white fluid came out that my colostrum had given way to milk. I got so excited that my milk had come in that I wanted to wake one of the children to feed them. I then got a grip on myself and said there would time for that latter. Then I went back out to visit with Bertha and the other cam girls. In the middle of the visit, Axel was fusing and so I got to nurse him. My first full nursing. It didn't quite go as planned. There were some real latching problems, though he did eventually get latched. None of the woman I was with had ever nursed before and were of no help on this latching thing. Bertha told me I should call that nursing mother's club or whatever it was on the card the hospital gave me.

After even more latching problems with all three kids, I did call the nursing mother's co-op the next day. After some passing the buck, I wound up with a woman named Emma. She was very nice, in fact beyond nice. When she found out I had triplets, she told me no worries and she would come over to my place right away.

No sooner had I hung up than Dave Cantor was on the phone. (Ok, I digress, but Bertha had bought me a phone and allowed me to be on her plan. I just love Bertha. She is a true Godsend.)

"I have got you a settlement. Oh, boy, have I got you a settlement. Can I come over?" he asked.

"Wait, you're a lawyer. Aren't I suppose to go to you?", I asked.

"Lady, for this kind of settlement I come to you." He said and hung up

Of course, Emma and David showed up at the same time! Just my luck. Let's make it a trifecta, the kids needed to be nursed as well.

Bertha was there and helped with introductions all round. I asked David if he could wait because the kids couldn't. Oh, my gosh, I started leaking milk when the kids cried, how embarrassing. I

took Emma with me to the back and she helped me get the kids started. Emma was amazing! She took a pillow and used one on each side to get my babies in the right position. She put a pacifier into a Buck's mouth to stop his crying. Then she showed me the right position to get Axel and Freya to latch correctly. Ok, everybody was learning, but with Emma's help we got it right in no time! Emma had a lot she wanted to tell and show me, but I had my attorney in the next room. I pleaded with Emma if she could return in about two hours. Bless her heart, she said yes!

With Emma out of the room and with the babies discretely covered while they nursed, I asked David and Bertha to come in.

"Amazing news Elizabeth, just amazing!", gushed David

"Ok, so, what is the offer?", I asked

"Not six, not seven, not even eight, but nine figures, PLUS attorney fees, PLUS a trust for each of the children for college and baby they can go to Harvard, drive a limo to class and have money to burn on these trusts. WHOPEE!", said David

I was extremely happy, to say the least. Bertha, not so much.

"Yea, err, lawyers do not settle cases just to be nice, what's the downside?" said Bertha

David got a serious face and lowered his tone to a more business-like manner. "The thing is, DTNI is afraid of a disaster if any of this ever, and I mean ever gets out. Their afraid of being called the Frankenstein company. Their words not mine. That would be a disaster for them on all fronts. Even if they went to court and won the actual case the publicity would destroy a trillion-dollar company. They just couldn't recover. So, they have given this offer as a matter of survival. They want this behind them and in such a way that it won't come back. My having putting copies of all those data files in safe hands didn't hurt our case.", said David.

"The catch, the catch, what is the catch?", asked Bertha

"Elizabeth signs a non-disclosure agreement never to discuss the procedure. She publicly denies DTNI or Bio Life Inc were medically involved with her at any time and under no circumstances suggests, admits, or implies that DTNI or Bio Life Inc. have any staff involved with or father to her triplets.", said David.

I couldn't control it, it just blurted out, (maybe because I was nursing Jim's children.) "I don't care about the money. I won't sign it. My children need their father!"

"Now, think about this don't speak in haste, Kiddo.", said Bertha.

"Elizabeth think about this carefully. If you go to trial, they will be called the Frankenstein company, but it pains me to say this, you will be the Frankenstein Monster (Tears started welling up in my eyes). You will become famous as the woman with a man's brain. Straight out of a science fiction story. What life would you or your children have? Can you imagine them in

school? The teasing would be horrible (I started sobbing.) And, Elizabeth, I can't force a man to have a relationship with his children, we can merely get money out of him...You know, their attorney told me in private, that the trust for the children was at Dr. Richards request.", said David

"I have some babies done nursing, but still have another one to feed. Could you give me a few moments?" I asked while trying to get my emotions in check.

He left the room and Bertha helped me to get the babies moved around and little Buck into a feeding position. Wow, that Emma really made a difference getting them to latch on. When I was in position, I asked David to come back into the room.

When David got back into the room, I wiped away tears and asked, "Which Dr. Richards?"

"I don't know. Does it matter?", he responded.

I slumped a bit in my chair. I felt Buck nursing, I looked down and even though I couldn't see him, as he was covered for modesty with Mr. Cantor present, I smiled. I thought of Buck, of Axel, and of Freya going to any college in the country, or the terror of being called the children of Frankenstein's Monster.

"I guess it doesn't matter. What exactly do I have to do if I agree?", I asked.

"You sign the NDA, you sign a statement that you have never been medically treated by DTNI or Bio Life Inc., and you fill out the birth certificates of your children with a father unassociated with DTNI or Bio Life Inc. You do all that and within 30 days they deposit the settlement. If they fail to make the settlement payment the data files get released. By the way, this is a medical settlement, the money will be tax free.", said David

"Fine, set it up. Just who is going to be the father?", I asked.

"Up to you. I'll get all the papers prepared, just give me the name.", said David.

"Eugene Martin.", I replied.

"You can explain that to your kids, not me. We are all set then. Let me get out of here as I have one Hell of a payday to setup.", with that David went back to his office.

"Why'd you choose that name?", asked Bertha.

"Didn't have much of a choice. Besides, what was I gonna do make up a name? How about I list Bruno?", I said.

"He wouldn't like that." Laughed Bertha.

We chatted a short bit and I called Emma and told her I was all done. She came back over right away. She was very nice.

"Thank you for coming back so soon." I said.

"Not a problem, Lizzie. I had twins two years ago and I can only begin to understand the issues with triplets. I'll tell you what, I had plenty of issues with my two girls. Triplets would be a whole other story.", said Emma

"I can see why you had issues with twins. I am so sorry.", I said staring at Emma's incredibly flat chest. I am sure she had nipples somewhere under her shirt, but beyond that no boobs to be seen anywhere.

Emma got a smirk on her face. "Oh, so I see you can feed the state of New Jersey.", and the smirk turned to a smile then laugh.

I laughed myself. "I asked for that. I apologize."

"No apology necessary. Lizzie, milk production isn't related to breast size. Boobs are mostly fat and the actual breast tissue develops with pregnancy and child birth and then, well God determines if they stay around after you are done nursing. I am very glad I don't have two empty socks hanging from my chest. For some women its just awful.", said Emma.

"How do you know if that's going to happen?" I earnestly inquired.

"You don't, you just find out. But most woman don't wind up with empty socks. You're just going to have to find out with time.", said Emma.

"Emma, the bearer of glad tidings." I said and we laughed.

We spent the better part of two hours chatting. Then Emma had to go. She had her own kids to get back to and her husband needed to get to work.

The next day David came over and had all the papers for me to sign. That went relative fast. With the last signature I was 30 days away from, dare I say it, being on my own and going full speed ahead with my own, no, my family's life.

That evening, wow, it had only been five days since I had given birth. So very much had happened and I was on the verge of becoming a full-blown dairy cow. I was nursing three kids every two hours and it took an hour to get them fed each time. Would I ever get any sleep? I was exhausted. Finally, that night everybody slept for about six hours.

Yea, slept six hours until I woke up screaming. My tits literally were going to explode! Well, probably not, but I swear if somebody had held a pin next to them, they would have. The skin was tight beyond what I could stand, and hence the screaming. I was easily two if not three cups larger than when my milk had come in. I was now in the range of Bertha and I didn't like it one bit. My screaming brought Laura, a cam-girl, running in from the next room. She had nary a clue what to do. Then the babies started crying. My size was just unwieldy, physically unwieldy, I couldn't get them in the right position at all. Then I had to change Buck. He was an insane mess. By the time I got him cleaned up I actually had some of his poop in my hair. I started crying and called Emma.

"Hello" said a groggy Emma

"My tits feel like they are going to explode. I am fucking gigantic. I am sooo tied. It hurts even to move. I can't get my babies to latch. I am too big. I haven't had a shower in two days, and I have poop in my hair. Help, please. Oh, and hello." I cried in desperation.

"Calm down. You are engorged. I bet you missed a feeding, didn't you?", said Emma waking up.

"It was the first time I slept for six hours in days." I responded.

"Can't do that. Your children need their mommy every few hours. You miss one let alone two or three feedings and you will have all those feedings build up in your boobs.", said Emma.

"They hurt soo bad. I can't get the babies fed. Please help.", I pleaded with Emma.

"It's ok. It's ok. Remember your breast pump we setup? Go get it and pump for like 10 mins. Also, put some warm towels on your breasts, that should help.", said Emma.

"Ok, I'll call back." I said as trying to do what was instructed.

One hour later, when I was in the midst of nursing my clan, I called her back.

"Better?" asked Emma

"Yes, 100% better. Oh, my gosh, I thought I would stay that size and be unable to nurse my babies, or might not be able to walk without falling over.", I said partially tongue in cheek.

"Engorgement isn't fun. I assume you don't have any other pain? You can get an infection as well.", asked Emma.

"No, I am doing very well. The babies are feeding as we speak. You are a life saver." I said.

"You think I am a small circle of sugar? I am Emma not Candy.", she joked.

We both laughed.

My relationship with Emma blossomed to a full-fledged friendship.

Living in Bertha's place over the next 60 days was, well a bit like being back in the hospital. A simple tiny room and not much of any place I could go. Plus, Sally would keep tabs on me through Bertha. Just like old times. However, since I had the settlement there wasn't a reason I had to stay in my room, except I had three reasons why I couldn't go anywhere. I did spend my time, besides caring for my children, on-line looking for new baby clothes (those little dickens sure grow fast) and for a place to live after the money was all emplace.

On day 30 I received the report from the private investigator that David had gotten to get more detail on my back ground. Seems all the basic info was correct. I was born and raised several states away. I'd even had a driver's license. It was there that I was hospitalized for "going to sleep in a car". My parents evidently were both substance abusers and the condition of my body

at time of admission indicated they were physical abusers of me as well. Their current whereabouts were unknown as they disappeared after I was taken to the hospital. I had attended school until my sophomore year in high school and then, well, then I died. I had mediocre scores in my classes. The disciplinary record indicated I had gotten into a few fights because girls had called me Libby lard ass. (I laughed at that because if they could just see me now!)

I became a bit sad after reading the report. I hadn't graduated high school, I didn't seem to have friends, and I totally missed that old rite of passage the prom. It struck me that maybe I could just go back to high school? I am only 18 and maybe it would be possible. Then I looked down. I really got a kick out of nursing my kids. Both little Freya and Axel were latched on and it felt like there was love flowing between us all. Once, that moment of bliss was over, the reality of being a skinny girl with huge tits in high school struck home. The boys ogling, the girls gossiping, and the inane day long innuendo and other nonsense potential was enough for me to take that off the table for consideration. Let alone, try being a nursing mom in high school. That premise left a sour taste in my mouth.

On day 60, I had a shock. Bertha had a personal trainer come over to get me back into shape. We had discussed it and circumstances allowing, I would restart my very short-lived cam-girl career. Some thoughts other than caring for babies were making a comeback in my mind and one should be in shape if they wanted to act on those kinds of thoughts. LOL. The trainer worked with me for two hours a day, and I even did laps in the pool Bertha had out back. My feedings were down to four times a day. In other words, I was still a fulltime cow. Emma was there when she could, trying to tell me I wasn't a fulltime cow, but rather a mother.

Things changed a lot at about day 90. All the settlement money had come in a bit ago, but it was around day 90 that I found a place to live! Yea, very good thing. Bertha had helped me find a wonderful house over on the exclusive part of town. A house of 4,000 square feet. Yea, it was nice to have that settlement cash. Since I didn't have the folks in Bertha's place to lend a hand anymore, I set out and found a live-in nanny and a house keeper to help me. The nanny name was Alexis and was a very nice woman in her early 20's. (This made me laugh, she's older than me!), the house keeper was Maria and was a charming woman in her 50's.

The fun part of moving is when you actually have the money to do it right. This I certainly did have. Between Bertha, Emma, and I we did the house up right. Thank gawd for them. They really helped make the house to have a feminine touch. Admittedly, one of the things that had not changed too much since the transplant was my ability to decorate. I really sucked before, and sucked just as bad now. Those two kept me from making a mess of it.

One of the things we did setup in the new house was my own on-line video room. Molly came over and helped with that one. By the end of six months, the trainer had gotten me back in my old shape. Well not exactly, I was a bigger girl. Since I had been pregnant and nursing, I'd been growing. I finally stabilized at a J cup. Good grief, I was friggin huge. Not as large as when I was engorged, but friggin huge none the less. They LOVED me on line and I enjoyed every minute of my sessions.

Everything seemed perfect. I could finally relax. I had assistance with the kids, my own place. No money trouble. It was at that moment that one of the worst things ever happened to me. I didn't know what to do and gave a frantic call to Emma.

"Emma, it's horrible. Please can you help me?" I said in a frantic voice.

"Of course Lizzie. What do you need?" replied Emma.

"I don't want to talk on the phone about it. Can you come over and hurry?"

"Actually, no I can't. I don't have a way to care for the kids and I don't have transportation. Can't we talk?", replied Emma

"O-kay. Fine. Emma (sob), I am having orgasms!" I broke down crying.

"Orgasms? What do you mean?"

"When I nurse. The last few sessions. Things start building and suddenly I am having an orgasm", I continued to sob.

"Lizzie, that's perfectly natural. Something like 20% of women have orgasms when they nurse. Kind of our dirty little secret and a benefit of nursing. I had a few myself."

"Emma, I don't want to have orgasms when I nurse my babies!", as I stopped crying.

"Ok, Honey, ok. Let's consider this. Have you had orgasms with them before?"

"Well, only since I moved in here."

"So, what's different between Bertha's and your new place?"

"The walls are beige?" I replied while seriously not sure.

"Not the wall color. Isn't your life easier now? Can't you relax more?"

"Well sure I can. Alexis and Maria just make my life so much easier and the money. My whole situation is a lot...." I said finally getting a grasp.

"That's right Honey. You can relax and enjoy things. Sounds like maybe too relaxed? Why don't you try to focus on other things or maybe even something awful when you feel your feelings building?" said Emma.

"Ok, ok I'll try this. Emma, thanks for being there."


"That's what friends do for each other. Bye", said Emma as the phone disconnected.

I followed Emma's advice. It was rough the first couple of times, but then I was able to completely get my orgasms under control. With them under control I could get back to the bonding experience I expected out of nursing. It became a routine, nursing, baby care, self-care, cam-shows, some on-line shopping, maybe a night out or two with Bertha or Emma (provided I

pumped first.)

This was the situation for about a year and a half. I stopped nursing my children when they were about one and a half. Yea, that and a nice round of engorgement when I quit. Lucky, Emma was there to help. When the kids turned one, we had a wonderful party! I had Bertha, the ladies from Bertha's cam house (Bruno declined), plus Emma and her daughters over. (Bertha said Sally had asked, but I said no.) There was punch, cake, Alexis doing most of the work, a photographer, and a clown I had hired. Ok, it was corny, but I loved it and I think the kids did to. Well, they were one year old who knows?

With me out of the cow business, it immediately freed more of my schedule up. It also saw me go back down to a H cup. Yea, disappointed people on line, but I didn't have two empty socks! (Thank goodness). I was still wearing the mask. I had considered not wearing it, but Bertha said pictures live on the internet forever. Maybe the kids wouldn't like being shown their mommy like that when they were older?

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You can only do so much on line? Needs build up in a girl, despite having three young children. (oh, my children! I promise not to wax and wane about my wonderful dear, pain in the ass, children that I love!) My physical needs were building up in me. Not so much a tidal wave, but like a tide slowly coming in instead. A slow process that would, with time, overwhelm me. I felt the need for the touch of another human being. Before I reacted to this building need, I had a sit-down discussion with Dr. Brockstein about birth control. If and when I have any more children will be MY choice. (Wow, a discussion about my own birth control, I had come a long way from that jeep accident. That really was a lifetime ago.) I decided on a copper IUD. Yikes, it hurt going in. Fortunately, I was able to have it emplace without complications. Whoopee. So, with my future family situation under control, I started dating. One lovely word- DISASTER!

The first two dates I found on line through one of those dating sites. On both dates I wore a sweater top that showed cleavage and some nice tight jeans. Boy, did I learn about wiggling into jeans! Complementing my jeans, I had heels. That had been a battle, but I did conquer wearing and walking in heels. I was really proud of that one. On date one they guy literally spoke into my cleavage through dinner. He then asked my cleavage back to his place. (He must have asked my cleavage as he never looked at my face.) My cleavage told him no. Actually, I told him no, but my cleavage agreed. On date two they guy said, "Oh, you are a big girl. Not my type." And then he left the bar!

So, the on line dating site thing really didn't get me to where I wanted to go. At that point I turned to a match maker. Heck, they work on reality TV, right? Eh, not so much. She did set me up for a mixer at a local Country Club. The Red Oaks Country Club was supposed to be the in-place for screened singles to meet and greet. This meant I had to apply and be accepted. Oh, great. I always agreed with Groucho Marks, "I'd never join a club that would have me as a member." However, nothing ventured nothing gained, so I gave it a shot.

I put on a nice cocktail dress, had my hair dyed darker and wore it with bangs over the scar, and then had my photograph taken full length for the application.

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I heard back a week later and I was in! That was really quick, I am guessing somebody liked the photo (Which was my intent. Wink)

They scheduled a mixer for Friday night. I wore the same outfit I had submitted in my application. I had Alexis to watch the children and she had been told to plan for me to be out until 1 am. Geeze, here I am living on my own and I still have a curfew! I choose not to drive and used an on-line app for a car. (I spent a full six months fighting with motor vehicles departments, in two different states, to get my license reinstated to "alive" and then I choose not to drive.) Oh, could be worse, oop's, it is, I am only 20, so I am too young to drink in this state!

On the drive over, my first thoughts were, not if I was dressed ok, or if my makeup was right, no, I am wondering how the kids are doing? At least I had one thing to fix on to get excited about. I had my very first clutch purse! For the last year and a half, I had been carrying, not so much a purse as a satchel. I had to keep all my baby care things in it, from nurse in public blanket covering, to diapers, to powder, etc. Now, I had the cutest little clutch on a gold chain to carry. That was fun!

Finally, with a fun thought in my head, I arrived. The Red Oaks building was a large two-story building surrounded by, pine trees. So much for the Red Oaks. To get inside I had to show the invite on my phone. Once inside, the building was decorated with red oak paneling. There must have been about 40 people in the room. It was pretty much divided equally between men and woman. The woman had cluster into two groups of their own, with a few mingling with the men. The two woman's groups did seem odd. One group was a tad older and the other was younger and a bit slutty the way they were dressed. The men didn't have any discernable group, but they all consistently were in suit and tie, and seemed at least about 10 years older than the women.

I didn't have time to talk or mix with anybody, as almost the second I got in they setup a speed dating circle. I was to get a five-minute chat with four different men and then we would move on to the next activity.

First up was Ed. He was the head of a landscape company. Beyond that I don't recall much what he had to say as he talked the whole time to my chest. At one point I giggled out loud. Why? Because his eyes were like a snake, I was charming with my tits. I subtlety would move them from side to side and I could watch his eyes move with them as he nattered away about whatever. I found it hilarious.

Next up was Stan. This time he talked directly to me! Then bored the hell out of me about his accounting firm and golf handicap. Good for him, bye, bye.

After Stan was Ted. This fellow also talked directly to me. Things were looking up. Ted ran a chain of Bakeries (Ok, I was three people in before it dawned on me the match maker had actually hooked me up with some well to do fellows by having me come here.). Ted actually was nice. We just didn't have any chemistry. A nice friend, bad companion.

Last in line was Eric. He was Eric Emerson of Emerson and Son's Construction, one of the biggest firms in the state. State wide offices. He was well dressed as suited his position. He was about 6' 1" had dark hair and hazel eyes. He also had a big moustache. Made me think about kissing a guy with a moustache. I had never done that before. Eric was fun. He said a couple of things to make me laugh. We were running out of time, but I wanted more time with Eric.

It was at that moment that he motioned me close and whispered into my ear, as I leaned forward with a smile on my face, "You are just beautiful! What a great prize you'd be for any man to have you on his arm. I don't mean any offense whatsoever about what I am going to say next. Sweetie, I know some of the girls here are working girls, if you know what I mean. If you are, I have cash and will really make it worth your while. If you aren't, please don't be offended, you are just fantastic."

My face went from a smile to my jaw hanging open. That's when the moderator of the speed dating announced for us to stop and gather close. As I stood up Eric, stood up as well and we started toward the moderator. I was still dumfounded by what he had said. As we walked forward, he put his arm around my waist. Before I could pull it away, his right hand reached up and cupped my breast. He cupped my breast! I mean he didn't like hold my waist and cop a fell on the top of his hand by holding me close. This was an out and out cupping my breast with his hand holding the front and was right on top of my nipple.

I spun around fast and slapped him in face as hard as I could. "Don't touch me!". I screamed at him as I took several steps back.

"That whore slapped me!", said Eric as he raised his own hand toward me and stepped forward.

As he came forward it was a simple matter of grabbing his lapels, dodging to the side, and allowing his own momentum to carry him across my left leg and thus directly on to the floor; where he landed on his back. Instinctively I raise my right leg to stomp him and only hesitated because I got confused between stomping his face or his crotch. He (or she) who hesitates is lost. In that moment my left heel snapped like a twig. I was now on the floor on my back as well. Unlike Eric, my fall was rewarded with my breasts falling out of my dress to the side.

There we were. He was on his back, bitching. I was on my back trying to get my breasts covered. While this was going on, I felt a bump and my world went black. Not actually black, some idiot had tripped on me and now was on top of me.

"Hi, I am Clay", said the man laying on top of me.

"Get the fuck off me!", I said.

The man stood up. Oh, my, did he stand up. It was like he was a giant. Actually, he was 6' 4"

and just seemed like a giant from my position on the floor. He was standing. I was still trying to get the girls adjusted.

Eric, not being distracted by breasts falling out and a man falling on top of him, was coming toward me. That is until Clay stopped him.

"That's enough Eric. Leave the lady alone." Said Clay while poking Eric in the chest with his finger.

"You see what she did to me? This is bullshit. Get out of my way Clay.", said Eric.

"I won't be getting out of your way. That's my sister! She is not a whore! You touch her, well, you aren't going to like it. GOT IT?", said Clay.

Wow, when he said I was his sister, it was like time froze. Everybody turned and looked at Clay and I. By this time, I had gotten some composure. I was on my feet and had gotten into a fighting stance to deal with Eric, if he kept coming.

Eric backed down with a meek, "Sorry."

Clay turned around and picked me up a foot or more off the ground and then set me on a nearby barstool. "Sis, your hair is a mess. Your makeup is running (crap I had been crying and didn't notice.). Your dress is all akimbo. And, your shoes are broken. How about I take you home?"

"I think that would be a good idea...brother", I stammered out.

I took my shoes off and after retrieving my clutch, walked out the building with Clay.

"I had that under control." I said.

"Could be true, but did you come here to win a bar fight?", said Clay.

"Ah, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. Well, I fucked that one up. No, I came here to meet a fellow. There was supposed to be a match making service. Oh, gawd that sounds wrong. I am not a hooker!" I said.

Clay laughed, "I didn't think so, right about the second you sent Eric to the floor. He can be an asshole at times and it was good to see somebody give it to him. Where'd you learn to do that?", said Clay.

Without thinking I respond, "In the army."

"You were in the army? I never would have guessed that. You don't look old enough to already have served a tour.", said Clay perplexed.

"My, mistake, I meant the Girls Scouts. We always joked about it being like in the army because we wore uniforms. We had a self-defense class and I got a badge for it.", I lied through my teeth.

"You sure earned that badge tonight. Do you actually need a ride home?", asked Clay.

"Yes, I do. Why did you intervene and say I was your sister back there?", I inquired.

"The only reason I was there was to meet Eric Emerson and finalize a software contract with him. He was bounded and determined to show me he was a player with the ladies. We saw each other as I walked in. That was when you two got up from the table. I am looking at him, he winks at me and grabs your boob. That started your fun little fight. Well, Eric's laying on the ground cursing you to high heaven and saying he's going to take care of you when he gets up. I don't like big people picking on little people. When it's a man about to hit a woman, it just gets me going. But if I hit him, I Scotch my deal with his company. I figured, if I tell him you're my sister he'd back off. If he didn't back off, I'd bet he'd understand why I had to beat the hell out of him over my sister. Deep down he's a good guy, just a jerk every now and then.", said Clay.

We made it to Clay's car. He had a nice expensive car. Hell, it even knew when Clay got close, it unlocked its doors and said hello to him!

We had a nice long chat on the way to my house. I asked if he had any idea why Eric would think I was a hooker. For the second time that evening my jaw fell open when Clay responded. He explained how Eric had said, the "match maker" I was using would send high end escorts to the mixer. Yes, there were some legitimate woman seeking men there, but according to Eric they were more a cover for the escorts than women having a chance to meet somebody. I asked Clay if he went there often and he said it was his first and last time. He wasn't into rental relationships.

We arrived at my house and Clay walked me to the door. At the door Clay said goodnight. I responded by grabbing his tie and pulling his face close to mine. I kissed him, briefly.

"Thank you." I said.

"You had it handled.", responded Clay.

"Thank you for the ride home. I know I had it handled." I laughed at Clay

He smiled and turned away. I walked in my house (at 10 pm instead a 1 am!) and fell back against the door. He hadn't asked for my number. I was heartbroken. There was a knock at the door.

"I forgot to ask, can I have your number?" asked Clay.

I handed him my phone and he typed in his number and sent himself a text.

"I don't give my number to just any man" I said when he gave me my phone back.

"Only handsome heroes?" asked Clay

"Oh, that's true, just them and now YOU for a change.", I said as I stuck out my tongue.

"You know I think I fell for you, well actually on you tonight. I think you'd make a poor rug; you are a trip hazard.", laughed Clay.

"Come back here Clay." I called out as he had taken a few steps back.

"You gonna bother to ask my name?" I said as he came close.

"Oh, my gosh. How'd we forget to introduce each other?" asked Clay.

"Involved in some good conversation. That's why. I am Elizabeth Morganwitts. My friends call me Lizzie. Please to meet you, Clay, Clay what?"

"I am pleased to meet you Ms. Morganwitts. I am Clayton Moore and my friends call me Clay.", said Clay.

I grabbed him by the neck tie again and gave him a longer kiss. To my enjoyment his mouth opened slightly and our tongues darted to each other. His arms wrapped around me and he held me close. After what seemed too brief a moment, I broke away from him.

"Remember, I said my friends call me. Don't you forget Mr. Moore, my friends call me Clay, Moore." I smiled and started in the door.

"I won't forget", he said as he slapped me on the ass! I giggled and loved it. The door shut behind me.

Well, my horrible evening turned out to be just outright wonderful. I sighed, checked on the kids and got to bed.

I knew he was going to call the next day! He didn't. Nor did he call for the next few days. However, I was involved with the kids and my tutor for the high school proficiency exam. Owing to my age and "extended hospitalization" I was allowed to test for my high school diploma. I had gotten a tutor to brush up on subjects and had been studying for about two months. My test was coming up in the next few days, so, it was just as well that he hadn't called. But I wanted him to call! I wanted it so badly. I wanted him. I wanted to be held again. I'll just call him. Then the thought of my kids, those wonderful fun, trying, pain in the ass, love of my life kids entered my head. As much as I loved my kids, they were so very much the result of an unfulfilled love that was simply lust run amuck. I could not repeat that scenario, no matter how much my panties were "wet".

The test went smoothly the following week. On the day of the test it did seem strange to enter a room filled with people about my own age for the first time since the hospital. I was told to expect the test results in about three months (You got to love state government and its "timeliness"). I knew I passed it, but you always have a doubt.

With the test over I did have a bit more time on my hands and could consider my dating situation. Then again, it seemed I was addressing a lot of my physical needs and cravings via my cam-girl work. Ha, ha, my job. I am a full fledged stripper on-line and I love it. I never would

have thought that would be me two years ago.

Though the cam-girl work was fun, it was not satisfying my need for human contact. I was thinking about finally doing a on line profile, but had shied away from that. I had had bad dating experiences all around and was scared of a repeat. I had decided to take the plunge, when I got a text.

"Hi, would you like to do in-door rock climbing next week"-Clay

"Sure. I'd be free Tuesday starting at 1 pm. Does that work?"-Me

"It's a date. I'll pick you up at your folks house then."- Clay

MY FOLKS HOUSE! Somethings are best said in person. Besides, I pined all week for this big lug; now I want to shoot him for his text; yelling at him won't help develop a friendship. Ok, I'll be a good girl and shut up.

Tuesday came and our time was wonderful. The in-door rock climbing was a blast. It was a tall 50-foot wall and you wore ropes as you climbed. Both Clay and I fell a few times and went dropping off a few feet and then hanging in the air. A couple of times we raced up the faux-rockface for time. Our time was at an end and I was about halfway up the face and Clay was about a quarter of the way up. I think he was going slow, so he could look at my ass. (That was actually ok by me.)

"Let's make a bet on who gets to the top first" hollered Clay up to me.

"Ok, what's the bet?", I said as I stopped climbing.

"If I get to the top first you have to kiss me." Said Clay

"What if I get to the top first?", I said

"I have to kiss you.", said Clay

"Oh, no, we aren't playing heads I win, tails you lose. I get to the top first you have to take me out for coffee. Your treat.", I responded.

"It's a bet." Said Clay as he almost leapt forward on the faux-rockface.

"Oh, no you don't", I said as I increased my own speed.

Clay is a big guy, with long arms. He almost passed me on the way up. That is, almost passed me. With a flip over the ledge I won the race. He was quickly standing at the top with me. I looked at him and smiled. He took me in his arms and looked into my eyes. I came forward to his face and could feel his heavy breathing on my own face. He closed his eyes and his mouth opened slightly. I quickly moved to the side of his face and licked him. This startled him and he let go of me.

"What was that for?" he said as he wiped the side of his face.

"You just got licked. Now take me out for coffee." I said as I turned to walk down the ramp that lead to the bottom of the faux-rockface.

"You are a little bag of trouble." He said as he slapped me on the ass. I squealed and giggled (and loved it).

Then we went out for coffee. During coffee I thought it would be best to sort out our family situations. It was Clay's turn to have his mouth hang open when I told him I had three children. He actually stammered, how cute.

"Three, three, three? Did you say three? How old are you? Three?" stammered Clay.

"Yes, three. Let's say I got lucky the first time I went to bat. Instead of hitting a triple I got triplets.", I responded.

"Oh. So, did you marry him? Are you married?", asked Clay.

"No, he past. Traffic accident. He was gone before they were born." I said.

"I am very sorry", said Clay as he held my hand.

"The sad part is my children are never going to meet their father. A divorce or a custody thing would be different. This, just leaves them out there, ya know?", I said with tears welling up.

"It's ok. Go ahead and cry.", said Clay.

(I have to get my emotions in check I just can't do this all the time.) "No, Clay. I can't cry every time I talk about this." I said wiping away the tears. "I had my children when I was 18. I am just over 20 now. My kids are huge part of my life. Ya, know, they are becoming part of who I am. Buck, Axel, and Freya, my beautiful children whom I will succor and help to grow into their own wonderful people. Oh, sorry, I digressed. What I mean is, I am a lady with baggage and you just ought to know that."

"A beautiful lady with baggage.", Clay said.

I blushed.

"Don't think you are the only person with luggage. I am 29. I am divorced with two children. Hillary is 3 and Tom is 5. Their mom has custody and I see them twice a month on Saturdays. I pay for their house and have my own condo. You already know I run my own software company. It's doing very well, even if I say so. That's a good thing since besides child support I have to pay alimony. There, see, two of my very own bags. So, what do your folks think of your situation? Must be a hard situation all around." Said Clay.

Oh, crap I know I am about to end our budding friendship. "Clay, I have the most wonderful woman in the world that acts like an adoptive mother to me and my children, but there are no parents. Come close I don't want other people to see this. (I slowly lifted my bangs to show the enormous scar running across my head. Then I let my hair down. Clay sat back and involuntary

gave a whistle of wonderment.) I had a serious accident when I was 17. They had to do a lot of work right up there in my brain. I have zero to no memory of my life prior to that. They messed up while they worked on me. I got a big court settlement. That's my house you have been picking me up at. I live there with my children, a nanny, and a housekeeper." I said.

"But what about your parents?" replied Clay.

"Oh, it just gets friggin better. Since I have no memory, I only know what I read in a report. Evidently, there a couple of dopers living in parts unknown in some other place in the country. (In for a penny in for a pound.) Well, just so you know everything, I also work as a cam-girl from my house."

"Wow, that's a lot. Cam-girl? You mean what I think you mean?" replied Clay.

"I am an on line stripper. Just down to panties and I wear a mask. I dance around on camera and let them look at my body and boobies bouncing around. No contact, just on-line." I said. That was probably the last straw, I expected him to get up and leave the table like a scalded cat.

"Wow, you don't have baggage. You have an over filled moving truck. Shit. A stripper does that pay well? Didn't you get a court settlement?" Said Clay, while sitting back in his chair.

"Yes, I got a settlement. Clay, I want to be looked at, I want people to think I am pretty. I can't very well show a face with a scar like this on it. Stripping gives me a feeling of being a woman that men want. I am sorry if that upsets you. Looks like I am a scarred-up lady with a messed-up life. I have a moving truck so full I should go beep, beep when I backup." I said. "But, ya know, I am trying to put my life back together. I even took my high school equivalency test last week. I am sure I passed it."

Clay took my hand again.

"Scar or no scar I think you are a beautiful woman. I also think life has a lot of winding roads. They wind so much you don't know where they will end up. If it's ok with you, why don't we try going down this road just a little bit further? Maybe it's be fun, maybe it will be awful. If it's awful, well, the road forks. If not, why don't we see each other again just to find out?", said Clay with a smile on his face.

I blurted out "OH I WOULD LIKE THAT!" Then I got my composure and said, "Excuse me, some coffee went down the wrong way, yes I'd like to see you again".

He laughed and then took me home. This time the front door was a mini-make out session. I got to breathing very hard and about the time he grabbed my breast I made a very audible gasp. I was still kissing him when I pushed him away. It was only 6 pm. What would the neighbors say? Once I pushed him way, it was with very reluctant goodbyes that we left each other. Inside the house I felt like a giggly happy school girl. Ya, know, for all practical purposes, I am a giggly happy school girl.

Over the next three months we had many more dates and casual meet-ups. We became closer

and closer. It was hard getting our schedules to match at times. Clay kept getting a little more physical each time. I wanted him so badly that I ached. I ached to the bottom of my soul for him to take me. Holding out was getting harder and harder. On our last date we had ended up on his couch and I was down to my panties. He was playing with my breasts and nipples. My moans and groans of passion were loud and unrestrained. (How wonderful it was not to have a ball gag in my mouth.) In fact, by the end of that session I learned Clay was a magician and a new math equation. He made my panties disappear without me knowing it and $2 + \text{Couch} = 69$. I had been bound and determined not to be a slut. I am not sure he would have me if I was a slut, but we were long past the point that giving into full on sex would be called "too fast". I was hoping at this point he'd consider me a good girl. Because, honey, I was just ready to give it up to him. Give it up to him again, and again. I wanted to keep what had developed between us and still have sex, lots of sex (giggle). Clay was a terrific caring nice guy that I could have a future with and...oh, my gosh..my thoughts are far beyond sex with a friend.

I had become so fixated with Clay that it impacted my cam-girl work. It impacted it a lot. I just didn't feel the need to have others lust after me. I wanted Clay to lust after me. My on-line performances became mechanical and just a lady with big tits sitting there. Bertha warned me once. That didn't make any difference, so she went from warning to the inevitable.

"Sorry, kiddo, your stripping days with me are over.", Said Bertha

"What? You're firing me?", I replied.

"Yup. You just aren't generating enough revenue to keep you live on my site. You lost that come hither and fuck me style that everyone wanted. It's like you just aren't into it, or maybe you're getting some action elsewhere that used up the old lust in your act.", said Bertha

I blushed.

"What if I spiced things up? Maybe lose the mask, bring some toys in. Ya, know?", I said.

"Let me be blunt. You really aren't generating the revenue, but bottom line, I don't like the mother of my grandchildren show off her goods anymore. Sure, with the mask and all you were good for a while, but honey, really, please stop now." Pleaded Bertha

"I was thinking it was time too. I am just moving on with my life these days. It seems to grow, like the kids grow. Bertha, that life has a special grandmother in it. I want very much to please and share my children with her." I said.

"Good. It's agreed. Time to hand in your pasties.", said a smiling Bertha.

"I don't have pasties.", I replied.

"It was a manner of speech, Dearie.", said Bertha

And thus, I left the stripper business.

My high school equivalency diploma finally did arrive. I was very excited! Sure, I had had a

graduate degree in another life, but this was a special, very special, certificate to me. I was a 20-year-old high school dropout, unmarried mother of three, stripper. I was and I say was, a virtual stereotype. But, now, I am a lady with her high school diploma! Heck, if I wanted too, I could even go to college. I grabbed my phone and texted, Bertha, Emma, and Clay. Clay wanted to take me out to celebrate, but then again so did Bertha and Emma. I asked Clay if we could all celebrate together and he said yes. I could tell by his yes, he was expecting that maybe this little celebration could have led to the consummation of our friendship in a very personal and penetrating way. So, I basically cock blocked him when I asked for Bertha and Emma to partake. LOL

Clay asked for a couple of days to set someplace special up and then Bertha begged for it to be next week. So, next week it was. Turned out Clay had set us up for a dinner at Le Chat Noir. It sure was a fancy French restaurant, you could tell because the waiters were snooty off the scale. I wore a simple little black dress with heels. It did have a plunging neckline, as I did love allowing the girls to breath and entice Clay. Clay was in a blue suit. Bertha was also in a black dress. Emma came in a red pantsuit and had her husband Bob with her. Bob wore a simple brown suit.

Dinner was excellent. (It was so very good that I'd allow the waiters should be snooty.) After dinner Emma and Bob gave me a graduation card. That was very nice of them and I thanked them.

Bertha brought out a big flat black wrapped package, which she asked me to open. I had gotten a high school equivalency certificate, not an actual diploma. Bertha gave me framed a diploma, she had made, with all the information from the certificate. I started crying.

"Oh, Bertha! This is wonderful! Thank you, thank you, from the bottom of my heart." I said through tears while hugging Bertha.

"The hard part was getting it done this quick. The easy part was getting it done for the mother of my grandbabies.", said Bertha back.

"Bertha.", I said while holding her hand.

"Me next.", said Clay while handing me a long kind of wide box.

I opened the box up and gasped. It was a beautiful diamond bracelet! I let out a bit of a happy squeal. (Not very lady like). It had "Graduate" spelled out in rubies and diamonds. "Oh, these aren't real, are they?" I asked Clay.

"Oh, yes, they are. Read the back, that's where the real value is", said Clay with a smile on his face.

I read the back and smiled from ear to ear! "Oh, Clay!" I exclaimed and gave him a kiss and hug.

"Hey, don't make us hold our breath. What does it say?", asked Bertha

"It says "Love Clay" and I love him too" I squealed with delight back to Bertha. I then hugged Clay again.

"I really do love you, Clay. I do." I said while hugging him again.

"Yes, Lizzie I get it." Clay kind of laughed as he unwrapped me from around him. But as he did so he whispered into my ear "I love you with all my heart."

I just melted in my chair. It turned out to be beyond a simple celebration. I could finally say it, say it to the world. In my mind I screamed "I LOVE CLAY AND CLAY LOVES ME!" It was a happy moment. The dinner came to an end, which is always sad when it's a happy moment. You want it to just go on and on. But, end it did and everyone bid adieu.

Clay followed me home and I did something I had been holding off until I knew we had a serious relationship. They were sleeping, but I introduced Clay to Axel, Buck, and Freya. They were all tucked away in their beds, but you could see their angelic faces as they slept.

"You have nice looking children. They take after their mother." said Clay as he held my hand.

"Clay, please understand, we are a package. No love for me can be complete without including my children. And dear, please understand my love for you will include yours." I said softly.

"I wouldn't have it any other way." Said Clay as he kissed me softly and moved his hand to the inside of my dress and caressed my breast. I respond with a gasp of passion. I moved my hand to the outside of his pants and felt his throbbing erection.

"Oh, Clay, honey. Not, here. Not with the children sleeping there.", I moaned.

"We can go back to my place.", said Clay.

"Let me leave a note for Alexis." I whispered.

"Ok.", replied Clay.

I hurriedly wrote the note and we were out the door. We took Clay's car and I moved over and hugged his arm as he drove. I laid my head on his shoulder.

"What did you write in the note?" asked Clay.

"I just said that I wouldn't be back until morning." I replied.

"That's it?" asked Clay

"Well I also said I'd probably be walking bow legged in the morning because Clay will be fucking my eyes out all night long." I said while caressing his penis through his pants. Clay actually swerved the car a bit when I said that or maybe it was my touch?

When we got to Clay's condo, we didn't make it very far. We got in the front door and started kissing as soon as it closed. The kissing got hot and bothered very quickly. His hands got my

dress off my shoulders, at which point it fell to the floor. Next, he had my bra off. This left me in panties, stockings and heels kissing and undressing Clay. He was kneading my breasts, giving me an orgasm and filling me with even more lust for him. I quickly got his Jacket, tie, shirt and belt buckle came off.

When his pants dropped, I went to my knees. I put his penis in my mouth and started sucking and massaging it with my tongue. I followed this with my head bobbing toward and backward from him. He groaned and begged me to stop. He wanted to go to the bedroom. Too bad for him I was a woman on a mission to have her way with her man. First up, I was going to make him cum. I bobbed faster and sucked harder. I grabbed both his butt cheeks and held him closed. I felt him enlarge in my mouth and forced my head deep into his crotch. He pulsed and pushed his hips forward and made a deep sound of orgasm. I held him close fighting a need to gag as he emptied himself into me. After his completion, I pulled away and smiled at him.

I stood, grabbed him by the hand and headed to the bedroom. "Oh, honey, we aren't done, we are just beginning."

Once in the bedroom. He proved my joke of what the note said was correct. He did fuck me all night long and, in the morning, I did feel kind of bow legged. But other than feeling the aftermath of incredible sex, I felt a belonging with Clay that I had not felt except with my children. He was a man that I truly loved. He was also a man that had morning "wood" that I did not put to waste. By the time he was fully awake, he was fully inside me and I was ridding him like a busting bronco. I leaned forward so he could suck and play with my nipples while I rode him. For the first time we did what most couple never achieve, we had orgasms at the same time. He bucked into me and I screamed with delight. It seemed the most incredible union of two people the world had ever seen. Ok, it was just amazing and I actually came longer than he did.

He pulled me off of himself. "Wow, you are a girl with a new toy.", said Clay.

"Oh, don't worry. I can't break it." I giggled and cooed as I laid beside him. My left breast was lying on his chest and I snuggled in close. He held me tight.

"I love you.", said Clay.

"I love you too." I responded as I grabbed his flaccid penis.

"Hmm, no we need to stop. I have a meeting today. It's a big, gawd, I rather stay here with you, meeting on a software reconfiguration. I can't miss it.", said Clay.

"Ok, fine. But we need to get together later and discuss this ongoing development right here." I said while starting to stroke his penis.

"Stop that or I'll miss my meeting." said Clay while reluctantly getting out of bed.

"Fine, go to you silly meeting." I said while arching my back allowing my breasts to shift from side to side.

And damn it, he did get ready for that meeting and dropped me off at home on the way to it.

Evidently the meeting was a huge success. When he came back to my house, he explained it was such a huge success he was going to have his company organize a party to celebrate. He had a grin like a little kid that had just won a pony when he said, "Lizzie, the party is going to be setup like a prom. Can I take you to prom?"

"Well of course silly. Why'd you choose a prom theme?" I replied.

"Because you did have one", said Clay.

"Now you made me cry again." I said to Clay while tears appeared on my face. "I love you!"

"I love you too" responded Clay.

If it hadn't been my house with the kids, and it being 2 o'clock in the afternoon; Clay would have been the one that couldn't walk. I loved that man so very much. It was with sadness that I saw him to the door to be on his way. BUT, the second he was gone I called Bertha and told her I had a prom to plan for!!

The prom was to be next month. Clay asked if Bertha could be a chaperon. I thought that was a fun touch and Bertha just loved the idea. He even suggested that Emma and Bob attend. It was a company function, but he wanted people there that I knew. They both accepted.

Then the fun part began. With Bertha's help and Emma's input I selected my prom dress. I selected a Mermaid Sleeveless, strapless, dress with beading on the front that looked like angels' wings. The back was low cut, so I now had a problem. Actually, two big problems. My boobs wouldn't stay up and I could find a bra that would stay hidden. Leave it to Bertha to fix these kinds of things. She came up with two cups that would press against me and hold my boobies up. Bertha then went the extra mile and sewed them into the dress. Wow, that gown basically had a shelf bra built into it. (I sure had the girls on display!) So, I had a custom gown in my size. I just love Bertha.

On "prom night" Clay picked me, Bertha, Emma and Bob up in a limo. He had a corsage for me as well. We both smiled as he pinned it on. My dress was basically "Hi, I am Lizzie and I am skinny with big boobs, see them?". Clay got a cheap feel as he tried to position and pin the corsage, which was A-Okay with me. I wanted to look sexy for Clay and evidently it was mission accomplished.

The prom was at all places, the Red Oaks Club! However, it was devoid of the people from the last time we were there. There must have been about 40 people total. They had balloons and streamers that said welcome to prom. There was a punch bowl, a voting box for king and queen, and a band. I spent a lot of time dancing with Clay. But, there was time to chat and enjoy the company of Emma and Bob. Bertha was a hoot as a chaperon. She'd walk around and break people up when they were too close together. The punch bowl was spiked and more than one person enjoyed it too much.

At about 11 o'clock the announcer said it was time for the king and queen coronation. To nobodies surprise it was Clay (he owned the company) and, I knew it was coming, but giggled and jumped up and down when I was selected queen. I was having a lot of fun.

As we stood there in our crowns, Clay was holding my hand. That's when it got kind of weird. There was yelling:

"Run Lizzie, run"

"She's too good for him"

"Last chance to make a break for it."

I had a perplexed look on my face, when I turned toward Clay. He was still holding my hand but he was on one knee. He looked at me and with his free hand held out a ring.

"The reason I choose the Red Oaks for this event is because this is where I first fell for Lizzie. Elizabeth Morganwitts, will you marry me?" asked Clay.

The tears flew out of my eyes, I stamped my feet and squealed, "Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, YES!".

Clay placed the ring on my finger. He stood and took me into his arms. The crowd cheered. I looked up to him and before I kissed him, I said, "I love you".

It was a beautiful dreamy night after that. I actually don't remember a lot after the proposal because I was happily thinking, I AM GETTING MARRIED! I do recall the limo dropping folks off. Then I wound up at Clay's place and for most of the night had my ankles by my head screaming in delight. Beyond this the night was pretty much a blur. So, basically, BEST PROM EVER!

We decide to have the wedding in three months. Bertha and Emma were both my spiritual guides and helpers to get ready for the wedding. Wow, there is a lot to do! You just don't show up. There are venues, there's invitations, there's getting registered, there's...well there's a lot.

We were going to have a big church wedding, followed by a big reception; then off to Hawaii for the honeymoon. It was all just great. I looked forward to each and every problem with joy, and then tiredness, and then wanted to elope. It did get wearing.

Speaking of wearing, I got to finally met Clay's Ex and his kids. The kids seemed a bit spoiled and the Ex (Her name was go fuck yourself, I mean Carol). Carol was a bit perturbed with Clay's selection for a second wife. She was even more perturbed when she found out the "little girl with bit tits" already had three kids. I tried to get along with her, but to no avail. When I tried to reassure her that she was the mother and I would not be interfering; she mere retorted "Damn Right!". Sometimes you close a door, other times it gets slammed in your face.

It was shortly after I had my discussion with "go fuck yourself", oops, Carol, that Clay wanted a serious discussion with me.

"This is a tough one Lizzie", said Clay.

"If we do it together maybe it won't be so tough?", I said.

"Now, you are making it harder. We need to talk finances. I have a big company with people that depend on me. I don't want to talk about us not working out. However, because you have that medical settlement and I have this company...", said Clay.

"Good grief, Clay. Just say you want a prenup. I have thought about this as well and think it's a good idea.", I said.

That was it. His lawyer and David Cantor, my lawyer (Clay was surprised I had a lawyer already), discussed the details and came to an agreement. The agreement basically kept our pre-marriage finances separate. Clay almost fell off his chair when he found out I had enough money in my settlement to buy his multi-million-dollar company as if it was chump change.

Bertha and Emma did take me out for a bachelorette party. We went to a male strip club and did some light drinking. I had just turned 21 a month earlier and so it was a party for that as well. I didn't get into the strippers. Yes, I smiled and laughed, but the only stripper I wanted was Clay. The next day, was the big day, I mean big day. It was my wedding!

The day came early and I mean early. Fortunately, Alexis was going to play surrogate mother to the children till after the honeymoon. On my big day, Bertha had me up at 5 am to start getting ready. I had to have my hair done, there was my makeup. There were the bride's maids to get handled. Plus, she took me out for the most amazing breakfast! That Bertha is always there for me. Which is why, since there was no father for me, Bertha would walk me down the aisle. I really liked that idea and so did Bertha. Emma was my maid of Honor and the other ones came from Clay's side of the family. Oh, I loved that Idea, Clay's side of the family, soon that would include me!

Clay's son was going to be the ring bearer. That turned out to be funny and not funny. My wedding dress was meant to be sexy. Of course, I wanted to show off my girls for the wedding! The dress was a halter top with corset and then flowing gown. The corset was reinforced and the whole dress was custom made. While there is no way the girls would fall out of that, they were on full display and with each step I had a jiggle up on top. Well, "go fuck yourself", Carol must have gotten fixated on my bust or maybe it was just the dress. Anyhow, our cute little ring bearer was telling everybody daddy was marrying Lizzie More Tits, instead of Morganwitts. That started a mummer among the guests and some out and out giggling. I didn't know whether to get mad or laugh. It was my wedding day, so I chose laugh.

The ceremony and reception were more than I could hope for. My heart was all a flutter as Bertha walked me down the aisle. A big gothic church, me in that flowing dress and veil. It was like a fairy tale. Then at the end of the aisle was Clay. I was so eager, very eager, to become Clay's wife. So many things were about to happen. All of it based on me saying "I do". I was just thrilled. After the honeymoon Clay would sell his condo and move in with me until we found another place. Since we did have the room for them, he would ask the court if he could have joint custody with, "go fuck yourself", Carol. Lastly, lastly, oh, lastly, we had discussed it and I was just so in favor of this if God was willing. We planned to have two more children. I had seen

my doctor and had the IUD removed a week prior to the wedding. I was looking forward to making babies with Clay and doing a lot of practice as well.

As I came to the altar there was Clay. My smiling big handsome Clay. The minister said the words and while holding my hand and looking me in the eye I heard Clay say, "I do".

Then it was my turn, my turn, a turn in my life that forever would mark who and what I am. A turn that would bring me closure and give me what I wanted out of life now. My own form of a success story. Not other peoples preconceived idea. Not some science experiment. Not a life style requirement. No, what I want and how my feelings of love could be expressed. A tenderness and caring that I had become a...."I do"


Clay lifted my veil and kissed me tenderly on the lips. He took my hand and we turned toward audience.

"I am proud to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Moore", said the Minister (My heart beat so fast I thought it could be seen)

We then walked down the aisle. Hand in hand toward our new life.

The reception was off the top as well. We had two bands. Plenty of champagne, oysters, prime rib, and even caviar. There was dancing and joy. We did all the traditional things, as I was, well had become, a traditional girl. I threw the bouquet; he removed the garter. We played with the wedding cake feeding each other. Clay was nice and didn't cram it in my face, but since I had done that to him, I batted the cake as he held it toward me. This knocked a piece out of his hand that promptly left me with a cake covered cleavage. A drunk guy in the front row offer to clean off Mrs. More Tits. Bruno appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, and the drunk guy disappeared. That was the low point of the reception and even that was laughable. We danced into the night.

After the reception Clay and I started our honeymoon. Yup, started it with Clay throwing up. Oysters and champagne didn't agree with Clay. Our first night as man and wife was shall we say platonic. The next day was off to Hawaii. That night, oh la la. I am definitely Clay's woman now! There was this moment that was just burned into my mind. I had just come out of the bathroom with only a towel at my waist. He asked me to stand still so he could enjoy the beautiful wife he had married.

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That moment made me feel like the special kind of woman I had been longing to become. I love Clay. I do believe the honeymoon was in Hawaii, I really do. You see the problem is for five days we didn't leave the room and even had room service bring us our meals. For two of the five days we were both completely naked. Clay said he loved to watch me walk and see all the right things jiggle. One time we got a call from the front desk. They asked if we were alright as somebody had reported a woman screaming in our room! There was a reason for my screaming, Clay was really good at sex. Really good.

It was a month after the honeymoon I was holding Clay close in bed.

"Clay dear, I have great news."

He held my head, stroked my hair, even pulled my hair back and kissed my scar. "Is it what we wanted?"

"Clay, I love you so much, yes, I am pregnant with our baby" I said holding him tight.

So, it was that we loved each other and our children. The children were special to us both. We, I mean he, got joint custody of his children. I loved to have them with us and playing with my own. Clay and I did have two children. Fortunately, they were each their own pregnancy.

I was pregnant with our second child. I wasn't very far along. Alexis had the kids out for the day, so Clay and I were having "naked Saturday". I was in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Even though it was "naked Saturday" I did have an apron on in case of splatter. The stove wasn't hot yet and I was placing ingredients on the counter. That's when Clay came up behind me and put his hands on my breasts inside the apron. He rubbed and twirled my nipples. I moaned with desire.

"You do this and we won't get breakfast", I gasped.

"Maybe we don't need breakfast." He said as he held me close and I could feel his erection.

I turned around and faced him head on and looked up to his handsome face. "So, big boy, you going to just do me right here? Would that make you happy, doing your wife in the kitchen?", I giggled.

He got a kind of a serious look on his face. He then put his two hands on my waist and with ease set me up on the kitchen counter so our faces were closer together. "You tell me Mrs. Lizzie Moore, are you happy?"

I looked into Clay's eyes. Suddenly everything that had happened to me flashed in my mind. Jeep wreck, hospital, waking to a new world, an affair, children, escape, stripping, love, and Clay. "You know I might just be the happiest and luckiest woman in the world!" I said in all honesty and kissed him deeply.

And we lived happily ever after.