

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'd put it off as long as I could, but I was sure my parents would sense something different about me. I mean, I hid the morning sickness pretty well, and it wasn't really that bad. I just had it once in awhile and mostly at night, not in the mornings at all. My tummy wasn't showing yet, but my breasts were more sensitive, a little puffy too, I thought. But that could have been only my imagination.

I wondered for the hundredth time if I should really be talking to both of them. Maybe getting my mom alone would be better. Certainly not Daddy though, he could be too over-protective as it was. When he found out, it was going to be bad. I needed to tell him though, and for sure Mom wouldn't tell him. She'd want to, just to protect me, but she also knew that I had responsibilities...and owning up to the fact that I was pregnant was one of them.

It was all David's fault anyway. I frowned at myself in the mirror. I looked blurry and I wiped at the fog from my recent hot shower. I'm only sixteen anyway, just really starting to feel comfortable with myself. Or I was. It seemed like every month for the last two years I'd changed, becoming someone else. My boobs got bigger, my baby fat started going away. My body started looking like I had some muscle tone instead of just soft all over. People used to say I was cute, now they told me I was beautiful. But here I was, changing again.

I put the palm of my hand on my tummy, pushing a little, just to see if I might be able to feel anything. But I couldn't, of course. It was still too soon. But sometimes I could feel something moving, just a little, and the first time it happened, just a few days before, I'd sat down and cried. I don't know why. I hadn't been sad or anything. I think I'd sorta liked it. But I'd only felt it twice, maybe three times since then, and that third time might have been the pizza I'd eaten earlier for lunch.

I leaned close to the mirror, looking at my face. It looked like I was crying again, because my hand had made little drops of water where I'd wiped the glass and they ran down my reflection slowly. My green eyes were clear though, maybe a little tired looking, but not so bad. Not like I feared. I'd been having a hard time falling asleep. I licked my lips and opened my mouth, looking at my white, even teeth before I brushed them. I'd been looking through pregnancy stuff. You know, pamphlets and articles in magazines and stuff like that. Not really looking for it, not being obvious, but when you really are pregnant...Well, I'd never noticed those things before. But now it seemed like I saw it everywhere I looked.

One thing I'd read said that babies steal calcium from the mother. There was an old saying in the article, 'Have a baby, lose a tooth.' I'd worn braces for eighteen months. The thought of losing one of my teeth, even one of the ones in the very back where no one would know, filled me with a very real fear. I'd started drinking about a gallon of milk a day now and that was another reason my parents were wondering about me, or so I thought.

And David. I'd called him, when I'd gone about six days late and really started to worry...

"David?" I held the phone close to my mouth, cupping it as I whispered. "I'm late!"

"Huh?" He was drinking something and it sounded pretty annoying, that soft electric gurgle.

"I'm late. I think..." I looked around and lowered my voice, "...I think I'm pregnant."

"Really?" That noise stopped then. "How, uh...late? You mean your menses...right?"

"My period, David. Yeah." I frowned at him, even though he couldn't see it. "Six days. I've never..."

"Okay."

“...gone six days, David, and...”

“Right. Okay, Lisa.”

“...I’m scared David!”

“Can I talk?” He used his sarcastic voice, maybe knowing that it would at least snap me out of my panic. Anger was better than panic, right? “Thank you. Have you tested yourself?”

“Tested? No. What test...I’m late. I told you...”

“Girls are late all the time, believe me.” He sounded bored, doubtful even, and I’d expected a bit more excitement out of him. But David has five sisters, and he is a doctor, so he did know what he was talking about. I knew he’d probably seen his share of panic.

“...But I...”

“Even girls who are never late, Lisa. Now listen, I’ll meet you right after school tomorrow. Okay? Just come by the clinic first thing and we’ll find out for sure.”

“But I have cheerleading and...” I felt suddenly reluctant; bad news can do that to a person. I went to the clinic every day, but now...

“Cheerleading can wait, Lisa,” he chuckled softly. “Besides, if you are pregnant then cheerleading practice becomes a little...pointless, don’t you think?”

I wished he hadn’t said that. I’d almost calmed down.

“Oh God!” I moaned into the phone. “But you said...”

“Shhh...Quiet now. Go lie down, read a book, paint your nails or something and I’ll see you tomorrow. Okay?”

I nodded uselessly. “Do you think...”

“No, not right now. It was just one time, Lisa,” he said. “A really small chance, okay? Now, I’ve got to go...so you just relax.”

“But...” I sighed. He was right, as usual. “I love you, David.”

“I love you too, Lisa,” his voice sounded gentle, as it always did when he said it.

All of that had happened almost a month before and our one time had been more than enough, at least for me, and we’d done it a lot of times, actually. I’d gotten very, totally pregnant. David bought me an ice cream cone at Baskin-Robbins after we found out for certain. We took our cones outside, into sunshine so bright it didn’t seem like there could be anything wrong anyplace. But there was.

“What am I going to do?” I sat on the top of a plastic picnic table, my feet on the bench next to my book bag.

David sat like a normal person, on the bench on the other side, facing my back and his voice seemed to come from nowhere. “You’re not going to get an abortion or anything, right?” He was worried suddenly that I’d change my mind, now that I really was pregnant.

"No!" I hadn't even considered that as a remote possibility. I'd been born and raised seriously Catholic, but even if I wasn't, the idea of killing...of doing that..."No," I shook my head.

"Good." He'd started crunching his waffle cone already and I'd barely eaten any of my pistachio.

"But what am I going to do?" I repeated, feeling like I'd start crying any second. I wished it would rain.

"Don't do anything. Just take care of yourself." I felt his hand rubbing my back. "You'll be a good mother, Lisa."

I snorted. "Yeah right!" I jerked away from him. "Thanks a lot. You got me into this, David. It's your fault, you know!"

"Oh now, Lisa..." he sighed. "You weren't complaining either."

"No." I knew he was right and I hadn't been complaining at all. I'd been excited and hot and...and irresponsible, I told myself. David had warned me, told me what could happen. Asked me if I was sure and I'd smiled and giggled and flirted and done everything I could to get...pregnant. But only because I hadn't seriously thought I actually would.

I swallowed hard and tossed my ice cream away. A tear was running down my cheek.

"I'm going home." I picked up my book bag and I didn't look back.

"Call me, Lisa," David said as I left. "I need to see you. Everyday, remember?"

"Yeah." I wiped at my cheek and waved over my shoulder. I'd feel bad later for wanting to hurt him like that, but...

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Part of being Catholic, maybe the best part, is the guilt. And I don't mean that in some weird self-abuse way. I mean it in the sense that guilt is in our nature. We're born guilty and then baptized, and then we sin, and we go to confession...It's a natural part of our lives. To have regrets and seek forgiveness. I was comfortable with it. I liked it and I even understood it, although I think most people don't.

"Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It's been two weeks since my last confession." I said the words the way I always did at St. Benedict's, but this time they felt...heavier. Like they meant something.

"The Lord is listening, my child. Confess your sins with an open heart and the Lord will forgive you."

"Yes Father. I, uh...I lied to my mom, a couple times about going to my friend's house after school. I went to, um...see my boyfriend. And I swore. I said damn once, when my pen leaked at school. It ruined my skirt, Father, and made a blue spot..." I paused knowing I was avoiding what I really wanted to say, "...on my thigh."

"I see."

It was quiet for a long time and I wondered if father McDougal had gone asleep. But he hadn't. He just knew everything there was to know about confession. He'd been a priest for 51 years, at least that's what he always said.

I sighed. "Father, I...I'm not a virgin anymore."

"Uhhhh..." he made a sound and I didn't know what it meant. We sat there a few more minutes, very quietly.

"I had sex and, um..." I swallowed and squinched my nose like I do when I really don't want to say something, "...I'm pregnant, Father."

I started crying then, not a few little tears either. This was the cry I'd been waiting for. Ten days after I'd found out I was pregnant and I hadn't let it go until then. I pulled up my knees, hugging them to my breasts and I wailed, rocking and bumping my back against the heavy dark wood behind me. It hurt, like a headache, like a cramp in my tummy. It hurt like someone was dying and I couldn't stop it.

I cried for a long time and Father McDougal left his half of the confessional and came to mine, opening the door and helping me out. He gave me a handkerchief and brought me to the side of the altar, by the statue of the Virgin Mary, and we sat down on the steps there at her feet. I hid my face in that white shroud of cloth, soaking it with shame and afraid to look up.

"Am I going to hell, Father?" I asked softly.

"No." He sat very close to me and his voice seemed old and dry like sandpaper.

"I didn't mean to get pregnant." I rolled my head on my shoulders. "I thought...I just thought..."

"Does the child's father know?" he asked me gently and I nodded. "And how does he feel about it."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't say anything. I only sat there and shivered and so Father McDougal doubtless thought the worst.

"I've been a priest 51 years, Lisa, and I've seen this before." His voice was meant to comfort, but his words were only making it worse for me. "A child is a great gift, however it comes. But too often we forget that and we see only the problems, only the fears such a miracle brings...As any miracle must bring. The task is not to deliver the baby, that will happen in its own good time. What we must do is reconcile this with our families, his and yours. The way must be prepared through love and compassion and understanding."

"But, Father..." I glanced up, looking at the man through puffy eyes and a veil of damp, blonde hair.

He smiled and shushed me. "Talk to your family. I'm sure they don't know yet, do they?" His ancient eyes, grey and somehow warm, stared knowingly into mine. "Talk to them. It will be difficult, but you're a strong young woman, Lisa. You don't have to be afraid, believe me. Your parents will overcome their fear and anger and you'll find that your life isn't over..." he shook his head, still smiling, "...but only beginning anew."

I nodded, fearing my voice should I try to speak and we said the Act of Contrition together, there with Jesus on one side, bloodied and sad; and his Mother on the other, Mary, quietly triumphant in her purity. I felt like an imposter and it was a relief to leave that church.

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I'd seen David everyday, even on weekends, for almost three months, but now it felt different. It seemed more real. He did his best for me, keeping my spirits up. Checking me to see if I'd gained

any weight or whatever. I didn't really know. He checked my blood, for sugar, I think he'd said once, but for other stuff too. He'd grown incredibly excited and at times his good mood seemed infectious and I would find myself smiling, laughing the way I used to. But at other times it annoyed me, his casual attitude. He didn't know what I was going through. His promises of support fell on deaf ears. I didn't need him, I would scream, running back into the street. Walking home alone and usually crying on those days.

It was time. There was only one cure for what was hurting me so badly. I had to tell the truth finally. I had to tell my parents. And I had to do it alone, although I could have had David there or Father McDougal, certainly. But no, this had to be all mine. This moment of ultimate cleansing, my absolution, I hoped.

"Mom..." I smiled at her and she smiled back, uncertain why we were sitting so quietly in the living room. "Daddy..." I smiled at him too, sitting on the sofa, but he was only looking at me, suspiciously, I thought. My smile faded as well and I looked down at my hands.

"What is it dear?" My mother, predictably, was the one to speak.

"I, uh...I have something to tell you and, um...I don't..." I looked up at the ceiling, biting my lip and willing myself not to cry. Not now. "I don't know how to...say it."

"Well, out with it..." My father crossed his arms across his chest defensively.

He knows! I thought and I felt as if a fist had just seized my heart.

"What is it, Lisa?" Mom started to get up, she wanted to come over and touch me. I couldn't...I didn't want that!

"I..." I looked down again, "...I'm pregnant."

My mom sat back down.

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I remember...I remember...

David. Tall and handsome, standing there in his dark trousers and blue shirt. His tie undone, no...just loosened. And his coat, the long white lab smock that doctors wear, the pockets overflowing with devices and things and stuff. I loved him then. That first day when I'd seen him, but he hadn't seen me yet. Love at first sight.

I followed him inside a few moments later and he wasn't there at first, but then he came back into the front office from wherever in the back he'd gone, and he saw me. More, it was the first time I imagined myself a woman rather than a girl. The world had stopped and I looked at his face, into his eyes, looking for something there...Love. Recognition. Some sign that he would know me already, the way I felt I knew him. He was my Prince Charming clothed in white and I'd waited my whole life for him. All sixteen years of it.

He stuck his tongue out, just a little the way he does, and tilted his head away, pointing with his chin. "Are you here for...Trixie?"

I thought about that for a second, trying to understand what a trixie was. "No," I shook my head.

"Oh." He looked at me. I had no name for him yet, and he smiled, giving me a small one that made my knees feel like I was standing on a trampoline. "Uh, I'm Dr. Stevenson. What can I do for you?"

I was so busy thinking about my knees and how his eyes were just a shade lighter than brown...hazel, I thought...

"What?" I blinked at him. "Oh. I'm, um..." he smiled as I stammered, "...Trixie." I felt my face burning. "No...Lisa! I'm Lisa and, uh...I'm going to leave now and move to..." I rolled my eyes, "...Brazil...now." I turned around, but my eyes couldn't keep from looking at him.

"Wait," he laughed. "Uh...Do you want some gum?" He reached in his pocket and pulled out some candy. "It's sugarless."

I laughed too and I was still blushing and feeling very silly, but it seemed sort of okay. "Yeah." I walked closer, reaching out. "Long as it's sugarless."

So we stood there, the young, attractive doctor and the even younger, attractive catholic schoolgirl, chewing our gum. And smiling.

"So you're not here for Trixie," he nodded. "Mmmm...I don't see anybody behind you." He grinned and made a little show of peeking around me. "So either you really needed some gum, or...You're here about the job?"

"Oh." I looked around. It looked like a pretty ordinary doctor's office. I mean, a small one, like a little check-up family place or something. I didn't know anything about a job, but I didn't let a silly thing like ignorance stop me either. If whatever it was meant being close to this man...I sighed.

"Yeah," I nodded, smiling brightly. "The job."

"Okay," he dipped his head as he said it slowly, his voice dropping as well, as if there might be just a hint of doubt there.

He crossed his arms over his chest and I was sort of hoping we could sit down and maybe talked a little, gotten to know each other...

But instead he asked me, "So why are you interested in this position, Lisa?"

I really liked the way he said my name. A lot. "Well, uh...I, my Daddy...my Dad...told me I should look for a job. Learn some responsibility, you know?"

"I see," he nodded. "And, um...how old are you now?"

"I'm sixteen." I kind of clenched my teeth the way I do when I'm lying my butt off. "I'm almost 17 though." I'd turned 16 barely two months before.

"Well, you know this...position, requires some..." he bobbed his head from side to side, "...rather unusual...skills."

"Oh, right," I agreed. "I know and I'm...well...I can learn. I'm very smart and I'm a hard worker. I promise!"

"I'm sure you are, Lisa," he chuckled. "When can you start?"

"Oh!" I felt my heart thumping like crazy! He couldn't mean I had the job already, could he?

"Anytime! Right now?"

"Well, right now is a little soon," he said gently. "First, we need to get some physical information. Take some blood and some urine and make sure you're the right girl for the job, and then..."

"Blood?" I stepped back involuntarily. "Urine? You mean..." I looked down subconsciously.

"I'm afraid so, Lisa. So if, uh...you don't want the job, I understand. Believe me. It's okay."

"I want it," I decided and looking into his eyes left me little doubt.

Would anyone believe me if I told them that I had no idea how I'd come to be in that particular place at that particular time? On the street, I mean, outside a small doctor's office. I try to remember sometimes where I'd thought I was going, or what I'd been running away from. There are only so many reasons a person can have for being somewhere and Fate isn't one of them. Is it? But I can tell you exactly why I stayed, as if it isn't obvious already. David. Beautiful, kind, confident, generous David. It wasn't fair, you know, finding him so early in my life. A girl of sixteen should never meet the man of her dreams, but not because she hasn't had enough of them yet.

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I sat there, alone on the sofa in my parent's house, and put my arms around my tummy protectively. I was still small, of course, and there was nothing to see, but my parents both stared. First at my face, then at my stomach, and then slowly, finally, back up and into my eyes. I wasn't crying, not yet.

"Who is he?" Daddy's voice sounded like a low growl and I cringed.

"He's, um..." I sighed. I didn't know what to say and I glanced at my mother, but she had three fingers over her open mouth, sitting back as if posing for a Norman Rockwell painting. Theatrically shocked, but without being aware of it.

Neither of them spoke. They were waiting for me and I couldn't say anything. So we sat there and the room was so quiet. Sunlight flew through the windows and I could see the dust in the barely moving air. Dust in my mother's spotless house and a baby in her daughter's spotless womb. I did cry then, because tears cannot stand silence. It draws them out like a sponge and I made no move to wipe at my cheeks. I just held my tummy and that was the worst perhaps.

Daddy left me there, getting up slowly and walking upstairs to his bedroom, probably to lie down. The motion spurred Mom into motion as well and she sat quickly next to me, her arms enfolding me, pulling me to her breast. There was no longer any hesitation or doubt for her. She was my mother and we didn't speak for some while.

"I'll make you some hot chocolate. Do you want some hot chocolate? I'll make some." Mom started getting up and I looked at her, not knowing until right then that she'd been crying too, and I felt a little selfish and ashamed. "Hot chocolate," she said as she left, going into the kitchen.

I wiped my hand across my face and stood up, taking a deep breath. I felt like I'd been curled up into a little ball and I stretched and made my way upstairs slowly. I went to my bedroom, opening the door and walking in before I fully realized Daddy was in there. He sat on the chair in the corner. It was too small for him, but he sat in it anyway.

"Hi," I said in a little voice and I stood there for a moment before finally sitting on the bed. Not really facing him, but not facing away either. I was in the middle, waiting for him to tell me what to

do.

"Lisa," his voice sounded...defeated, I thought.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I..."

But he'd already started shushing me. "What happened? Just tell me, okay? Why?" And that last word came out so plaintive and pleading. What had he done wrong? it asked me, and I could hear the guilt in his voice.

"I'm in love." I stared at the door of my closet, straight ahead, and my hands fluttered in my lap.

"Love," he sighed.

"His name is David. He's a doctor and I love him and he...he's smart, Daddy."

"Smart?" my father laughed at me sadly. "A doctor? Not some kid on the football team?"

He didn't believe me, I thought. "We met five months ago," I licked my lips. "When I started working at the clinic."

"Working?" Daddy blinked at me. "At the clinic?"

He'd known I was working. He'd even been proud of me for that, but now I told him everything.

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"Come on back this way, Lisa," David jerked his head slightly and opened a door, standing aside for me. I smiled at him as I slipped past and into a rather short hallway with three doors. "There, on the left. That's my office."

I opened it and he followed me inside. It was small too, like the foyer where I'd met him, and had little more than a desk and a chair and a stool. There were some diplomas on the wall, a couple personal photographs of David with his parents, it looked like. Some posters, charts really, but I didn't understand the illustrations and the words all had far too many syllables for my taste. I glanced around and David didn't bother closing the door, he just gestured at the chair.

"Have a seat and we'll start with the paperwork." He made a wry face and I giggled nervously. I sat as he knelt beside me, opening a desk drawer and pulling out a folder. "Here you go, Lisa, and here's a pen and..." he patted his pockets for a second, "...and I'll be right back, okay?"

I nodded and started looking through the papers. There were a lot of them, and a lot of questions too, starting with my name. I wrote slowly, being rather careful since it really was my first ever job application. It all seemed incredibly serious to me at the time and I wanted to make sure I did it right. Also, I didn't want to look like an idiot, you know? I wanted to impress the man more than anything else.

"Here we go..." David had returned, rolling a plastic cart that seemed barely small enough for the room. He sat on the stool and took the papers from me. "Let's see. Okay, you're Lisa Oquias, sixteen years old, address yadayadaya..." He read through all my background, which I'd left mostly blank, since I'd never had a job before and I was only in high school.

"Okay, let's skip through this...and this...and this isn't important..." he sighed, flipping through papers, "...Okay, medical history." He took his pen back and smiled at me. "Have you ever been

hospitalized? Had an operation? Had the Measles? Chicken Pox?..." There were a lot of those questions and sometimes I just had to say I didn't know, but that didn't seem to bother him.

"Do you want to keep going?" Dave looked at me and I shrugged, like why wouldn't I? But we'd been in that little office for a half hour at least. "Are you a virgin?"

I looked at him sharply and I think my face turned more than a little red, but he just kept smiling. "Yes," I finally nodded, hoping the truth would impress him more than some lie about being the experienced woman I wasn't.

"Do you have a boyfriend? A girlfriend? Do you masturbate? Have you performed or received oral sex? Have you ever tried anal sex, Lisa? Have you ever used a sexual device or toy, like a vibrator for instance?"...etc etc and by the end of it I was rather flushed and breathless.

I'd never dreamt of doing half the things he'd asked me about. BDSM? Bestiality? Rape fantasy? Group sex? Please! I was a sixteen year old catholic schoolgirl. I'd had exactly one boyfriend in my whole life. We'd made out twice and he'd felt my boobs up once during a movie, through my sweater and bra, I mean, and that was it!

"I'm sorry I had to ask you all that." David seemed a bit flushed as well and he didn't really try to look into my eyes, not that I'd have let him. He knew more about me than God! "But the job requires a certain..." he shrugged, looking for the right word, "...innocence."

"Innocence?" I laughed then and I became aware that I'd gotten just a little upset actually. "It sounds like you're looking for a...a...prostitute or something!" Part of me, maybe even most of me, wanted to run away and hide. The only reason I didn't was that I felt so totally embarrassed that any action seemed somehow worse than merely sitting there, if that makes any sense.

"No, no...That's exactly what I'm not looking for," David assured me. "I'm so sorry, Lisa. Seriously. Those were terrible things to ask, but you're perfect, believe me."

He reached out and patted my hand and I felt my heart jump a little. If I'd truly been offended, or even embarrassed, I forgot about it completely. He was touching me! And I just stared at his hand on top of mine.

"Really?" I bit my lower lip gently and looked into David's hazel eyes. He seemed so honest and sensitive and sincere. I knew he wasn't lying and he'd plainly been almost as uncomfortable as I'd been.

"Yeah," he said softly. "Now, um...we need to get a little blood, okay?"

That wasn't so bad and neither was giving him a urine sample, although it seemed a little embarrassing. I had spent a long time in his little bathroom and that just made it worse when I came out, but David didn't seem to mind. He took the plastic cup from my hand and put it on his cart along with the tubes of my blood and looked at his watch.

"Do you, uh...I mean, are you hungry? Do you need to get home?"

"Yeah, not really, um..." I giggled and shook my head as if to clear it. We were standing close together in that little hallway and now that the clinical stuff was done, it felt suddenly, delightfully awkward.

"I mean, if you want we can go someplace. There's a pizza place around the corner, it's pretty good."

Twenty minutes later we were sitting in a little booth, waiting for our pizza, and it was nice.

"I'm 26 years old," David said, answering my questions now. "I got my degree in biochemistry and did some research time with the University hospital, you know," he shrugged and I didn't know, but I played along. "Until I got my doctorate and then I opened up my own place. Spent some of my inheritance on it," he smiled apologetically, like he felt embarrassed about having money he hadn't earned and he didn't say a whole lot about it.

"So, do you have a lot of patients?" I wondered, trying to sound more grown up than I actually was, but my questions seemed very ordinary and boring.

"A few." Dave sipped his coke. "Like Trixie, but really, I just want to do research."

"Oh," I nodded like that made sense. "So, um, Trixie...Who's she? You asked me if I was there for her or something."

Dave laughed and rolled his eyes. "I used to have an assistant, a girl named Mindy, but she left the other day. Ran off to get married to a circus clown," he paused, "or maybe he was a mime. I forget, it's not important..." I was giggling and he was smiling, "...Anyway, Trixie is one of her patients and I keep wondering when the owner will show up. It's been a week now."

"The owner?" I asked, feeling confused suddenly.

"Yeah, Trixie is a collie. A beautiful dog, just gorgeous. We spayed her, just a quick operation. Very easy, although I don't think I'd have done it to the poor girl."

"Oh!" I blinked and sat up as understanding dawned on me. "You're a veterinarian?"

David grinned at me and shook his head. "Only part time. I'm a real doctor, a human doctor," he laughed. "Mindy was a vet, a good one too. She taught me a lot." He looked a little bit wistful and I felt a pinch of jealousy. "Anyway, at first I thought you'd come for Trixie, I honestly didn't think I'd ever find someone like you for the project, Lisa."

"Project?" I leaned forward a little more. That was the first time I'd heard him use that word. But right then our pizza came and David didn't answer me and I didn't ask him again.

"Are you sure you can get home okay?" David asked. I was waiting for the bus and it was only a little after seven anyway.

"Yeah. No problem," I smiled cheerfully. I'm not sure what I'd expected, honestly, I mean, after our casual dinner, I guess I'd been waiting for him to hold my hand maybe or kiss my cheek, or ask me to take a walk with him. But David hadn't done any of those things, so I'd put on my bravest happy face and ignored the nervous cramps in my stomach.

"Okay, um...Well, I'm gonna do your blood work and stuff and I'll call you, okay?" David stood there uncertainly. He really wasn't much of a people person and that was something I found rather sexy, I thought.

"Okay," I looked at him. "Even if I'm not right for the job?" Did my voice sound desperate? I hoped not, but if he didn't call me I was going to die!

"Yeah, of course!" he laughed. "Maybe I'll call you tonight even, just to make sure you made it home okay."

"I'll be fine." I started to wave off his words but then my brain caught up with my emotions. "But yeah..." I smiled a little shyly and brushed some hair from my face, "...call me, tonight, okay?"

"Alright." David stood there and the bus was coming and I had a terrible urge to throw my arms around his neck and kiss him. I even took a little step forward, but I stopped.

"Bye," I said as the doors opened.

"Bye." David gave me a little wave and then I could only watch him through the green tinted windows until he disappeared.

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The phone rang once, perhaps not even a full ring. I'd gone to bed with the phone on my tummy, cradling it like a baby. It usually sat on a little table in the hallway, just between my bedroom door and the bathroom, but it had an extra-long cord and it wasn't so unusual for me to take it in my room when I talked to one of my friends from school. My dad kept saying he'd get me my own phone, but it was one of those things that always seemed to get pushed back behind fixing the furnace and getting a new lawn mower or something.

"Hi!" I said without even so much as a 'Hello?' because I knew who it was.

"Um, hi." David's voice sounded nice over the phone and I felt a wonderful tingling in my toes. "So you made it home okay," he said, as if I wouldn't for some reason, but I didn't mind.

"Yeah," I smiled. "I've been waiting for you to call."

"Okay, sure, good." He didn't quite seem sure what to say really.

"I had fun today," I offered, giving him a perfectly good excuse to take me out again. I knew we hadn't really gone out on a real date or anything, but it sorta seemed like it to me.

"Yeah, so did I," David replied, and I thought he was probably smiling too.

That hung there for a few seconds, neither of us saying anything and I scrunched up my nose trying to think of something smart to say. I know a lot of girls my age, just turned sixteen years old, probably had a lot of experience with guys and dating and stuff. But I didn't. I guess I'd been sheltered, or a late bloomer socially, I don't know. I'd never really wanted a boyfriend, at least none of the guys I knew around that town. Not until right then, that day, when I'd met David. I was pretty determined not to lose anymore precious time.

"What are you doing?" I asked him, since that seemed like a good question.

"Oh. I'm in the office. I was just finishing up your lab work actually," David said, sounding a bit more confident suddenly. He really was a doctor. I mean that's where he felt most comfortable, where he really came out of his shell and opened up. I guess everyone does that, you know. "And uhhhh..." it sounded like he was looking at something, "...I have to say, you're perfect, Lisa."

"Really?" I felt my tummy do a little flip-flop.

"Uh-huh, everything looks great here. There's just one thing left to do."

"What's that?"

"Well, you're sixteen, right? So I'm going to need your parents' consent to start the treatment," he said, like he expected me to already know that.

"Treatment?" I narrowed my eyes. "Um, what sort of treatment?" He hadn't said anything about any treatment so far as I could remember. In fact, David hadn't told me much at all about what I'd be doing in my new job.

"For the project," David said cautiously. "The one in the paper? The job you said you were applying for...You read the ad, right?"

"Uhhh..." Jeeze, when was I ever gonna learn? I'd never been able to lie about anything and get away with it. Never! Not once! I knew people, I had friends who'd lie all the time and they never got caught. Serious lies too, not little ones about reading some Help Wanted advertisement in the newspaper. Why was it always me?

"Maybe you forgot, or didn't quite understand..." David said slowly, giving me a nice, easy way out and I jumped on it with both feet.

"Yeah, I was going to ask you some stuff, but then I, uh...forgot, you know, and, um..." I tried to make it sound like I was just sorta dumb and not a complete idiot.

"Sure, sure..." I could almost hear David nodding. "Well, the deal is that I'm working on genetics research and specifically with mutase enzymes..."

"I see..." I hmmm'd a little, being lost after the first two seconds.

"...and so using an RNA polymerase, we can replicate a specific sequence from the host organism. See where I'm going with this?"

"Sure, yeah and, um...I'm going to be doing...what, exactly?" I'd been watching MTV with the sound turned way down. I knew David had to be a really good doctor because he'd been talking for ten minutes and he seemed quite excited about whatever it was he'd tried to explain.

"You're the host, Lisa." He made it sound like he'd already said that. A few times probably.

"Oh yeah," I agreed. "Sorry. I forgot."

"It's not dangerous or anything, I promise. I just need your mom and dad to say it's okay for you to take part in a medical study conducted by my clinic." He chuckled. "The AMA is a little funny about that sort of thing."

"Right. Sure," I nodded. "The government too, I bet."

"Yeah!" he sounded very happy.

"You just need the papers signed, right?" I asked him, my mind going a million miles an hour. "I mean, you don't have to like witness it or anything, do you?"

"Witness?" David asked. "No, they're just medical consent forms. They explain what were doing and what the risks are. If your parents want to meet me, I'd be happy to..."

"Oh no, no..." I replied quickly, trying to sound casual. "I'll talk to them."

There was no way my parents would ever allow anyone, even Prince Charming himself, perform

some kind of medical experiment on their only daughter! They'd had me late in life, after a long time of trying, and while they weren't ridiculously over-protective, you could easily call them conservative in their approach to raising a child. That's another good reason I'd never had a serious boyfriend for more than a week. I'd never gotten a whole lot of encouragement in that department, you know? This would definitely have to be a secret. Somehow. I wish David hadn't explained everything to me, even if I hadn't understood any of it. It would have been so much easier to tell the ignorant truth and get away with it. This was going to be tough, especially since I'd be lying on both ends.

"Okay. Well, great then. When you come by tomorrow, I'll have the forms ready."

"Cool. Yeah," I tried to sound relaxed. "Um, what time tomorrow? I mean, this is like everyday, right? This job?"

David laughed at that. "Uh-huh. Everyday, Lisa, at least for the first month and then we'll see what develops after that."

I got the impression that one of us was really confused about what was going on and I guessed that it was probably me. Then again, David hadn't really gone out of his way to explain anything to me either, so I was pretty sure it wasn't entirely my fault. "So I'll just come by after cheerleading, right?"

"Yep, that sounds good to me," David shrugged over the phone. "We just really need to get you started on the serum and work up some protein analysis. Everything needs to be documented and that's kind of a pain, but...you know."

"Oh sure," I told the man, as if I would have a clue what he was talking about.

"And of course you'll want to meet your partners," David added, just in case I wasn't already confused enough.

"Partners?" I narrowed my eyes a little.

"Well, yeah. We can't do this alone, you know," David chuckled like that was pretty funny, but he didn't elaborate and truthfully, I was a little afraid to ask.

I kind of thought it was just going to be me and him all alone every afternoon. The two of us. By ourselves. Now there were others? Partners? And he probably meant like assistants, probably female assistants, and older ones, like twenty-year-old college girls maybe, and beautiful, and...My ego felt a little fragile as I imagined the worst. Looking back I find it rather amazing that I could have been so naive, but I can't deny it. Life really is a lesson that you learn when you're through.

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"So this doctor, this David..." Daddy licked his lips, looking at me as I sat on the edge of my bed, "...he's the father of your...your baby?"

He wanted to touch me, I thought. Daddy wanted to get out of his chair and hold me, but he wasn't quite ready to do it yet. If I'd cried, he would have too, but I was through crying for the time being and instead we just sat there as the afternoon sun fell into evening.

"No, Daddy," I shook my head. "I mean, David knows, he's the one who did it, but..."

"He's the one who did it?" Daddy cleared his throat. "You mean he had sex with you?" He looked past me, unable or unwilling to look into my eyes and I was grateful for that.

"We kind of had sex," I admitted slowly. "But only because I wanted to," I added quickly. "He's really sweet, Daddy. David wouldn't do anything at first." I could see the doubt on my father's face. "I sort of kissed him. I mean, he wanted to kiss me, but he's so shy sometimes and so I did it first, and, um...other things."

"Other things," Daddy said softly. He didn't want to know, but at the same time he was trying to understand. None of this was making much sense and I was at a bit of a loss to explain it in a way that would.

"Yeah." I played with the hem of my blouse, looking down. "See, he wanted me to get pregnant. I mean, I knew it might happen, David had told me, but I didn't really believe him."

"He told you?" Daddy did look at me as the words caught up. "Wait...He wanted you to get pregnant? And you let him do it?"

"Well...Yeah," I shrugged and closed my eyes. "See, he said he was going to make me extra fertile and that I'd probably get pregnant, but it sounded sort of crazy because..." I stopped suddenly. This was where I was going to get stuck and I'd known it.

"Because what?" Daddy wasn't a dumb man by any means, but he wasn't a doctor either.

If I told him what really happened, Daddy wasn't going to believe me. I wouldn't have believed me and I'd been there. I knew I had to tell him, but the words wouldn't come. So I just sat there, looking down, twisting the cotton in my hands and wondering how any of this could ever be okay.

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"There you are," David smiled at me as I walked into his offices. "Are you okay?"

I'd practically run all the way to the clinic from school, but I'd forced myself to walk the last block or so, just so it wouldn't look like I'd been running. Still, I was a little out of breath, and hot and sweaty.

"Yeah. Uh-huh. Fine," I nodded and I didn't mind that David put his cool hand on my forehead as if he were my mother all of a sudden. "I was walking kinda fast," I decided to admit. "In case I was, um...late or something."

"No," David laughed lightly at that. "You can't be late. I'm here until one or two in the morning most days, so take your time, okay? I'll be here when you get here."

"Oh," I nodded. "Sure."

"Plus, I need you nice and relaxed, okay? I'm going to need to get your vitals every day and..."

"Vitals?" I asked, setting my book bag down on one of the chairs in his little waiting room.

"Yeah, blood pressure, heart rate, temperature. Stuff like that. See?" He opened up the folder he was holding so I could see a big fold-out piece of graph-paper. "This is your chart and everyday we're going to put your vitals in here, along with other information. It'll be like your medical diary, so any other doctor can pick it up and look through it and see exactly what was going on with you on any particular day."

"Oh." I raised my eyebrows a little at that, but I didn't really know what to say.

Luckily I didn't have to say a whole lot of anything, I just had to do what David told me to do and that was easy. Mostly.

"First thing, I need you to get undressed for me," David said without looking up.

"W-What?" I blinked at him.

"Undressed?" He looked up, sensing something was wrong and then smiled. "I'm your doctor, right? I need to do an exam, just a little one. Have you ever had a pelvic exam before?"

I shook my head.

"Okay, um..." He led me back to a room which must obviously have been his examination room, since it looked a lot more like the kind of doctor's office I was used to seeing. It had a table for laying on, padded and covered with that funny paper they use. Some stainless cabinets full of medical stuff and of course a whole bunch more charts and posters and pictures, none of which made a lot of sense to me.

"See this..." he was opening what looked like a silver all-you-can-eat-buffet serving tray, one of those rectangular ones, except instead of roast beef, David was pulling out doctor's stuff, "...this is a speculum. We're going to use it to see what's going on inside you. Make sure everything's hunky-dory down there."

"Down..." my eyes got wide and I glanced down self-consciously, "...there?"

"Uh-huh...And these are swabs and this is another speculum. It has a little light, see?" David smiled. "And this is for checking the baby. You don't have one of those yet," he chuckled. "This thing is for..."

"Baby?" I asked him, finally coming to my senses after all that time and deciding I really needed to know what I'd gotten myself into. Especially if I was going to let someone, even a doctor, even David, look at me down there with a funny looking flashlight on a shoehorn and some funny looking sponges.

"Baby, yeah," he nodded. "After you're pregnant, we'll need to check the fetus. Well, fetuses probably, since there'll be more than one," he seemed to be talking to himself. "Anyway, that's called amniocentesis and that's a ways down the road. Another test we'll do is sample the chorionic villus, that's really part of you actually, not the babies, and..."

"Babies?" I wanted to sit down, but I looked at the examination table warily.

"Well..." David shrugged, "...yeah. That's what this is all about. You knew that right? The project? I need a healthy woman to host the fetuses and bring them to term." He looked at me with some concern. "Of course you can keep the offspring if you want, but I'll need to see them every week for at least the first six months or so, and..."

"You want me to have your baby?"

I felt my heart thumping wildly and not because I'd gotten excited at the prospect, quite the opposite. I was terrified! It was one thing to want a boyfriend. To imagine what kissing him might be like, maybe even hugging, you know, naked. Maybe. But having a baby...Babies? Plural? Like he wanted twins? He hadn't even asked me out on a real date! This was so weird as to defy any possible truth. I had to be dreaming. I'd fallen asleep and started dreaming and my fantasy had just turned

into a nightmare and I was gonna wake up and...

"Well, mine in a way," David nodded. "I guess you could look at it that way."

"In a way?" I giggled, but only because I was losing my mind.

"They'll actually be Sam's babies, probably. Or maybe Shep's. I'd like you to try both of them. They're my best subjects and the clinical differences are very small..."

"Sam?" I felt my knees wobbling a little. "And Shep? Who are they? I can't just..." I finally just let out a frustrated sigh. "I'm a virgin. I've never done it. Never once with anybody. I don't even know those guys. You can't be serious!" I was laughing then. Sort of a forced, you must be putting me on laugh. "This is a really bad joke, David."

"It's no joke, Lisa." David actually looked a little hurt, but I wasn't exactly in a mood to feel sorry for him right then. "Come on. You can meet them and then decide, okay?"

"I can decide right now," I told him. "No way. I'm not gonna have sex with somebody, okay? And especially not for a job! That's sick."

"You don't have to have sex with them," David spoke quickly, pleading his case. "I can do it in a test tube and then place the fertilized eggs in your ovary, okay? If you don't want to have sex, that's fine. Intercourse isn't part of the project, I swear."

"That's still weird," I judged and I'll tell you, if he'd been anyone else in the world except David, I'd have walked out right then. The only reason I didn't was because weird or not he seemed so totally non-threatening that I didn't really feel the need to get away, you know? I just really needed to understand what he was talking about.

Of course, I'd fallen totally, hopelessly in love with him too. That could have had something to do with it.

"Come on. Let's go meet your partners, alright? Then maybe..." his voice trailed off and his shoulders drooped a little. David had suddenly realized that I wasn't going to be part of this. I could sense it his sad frustration, and that's why I agreed to go even that far with his silly game. I guess I was trying to let him down a little easier than my first reaction had allowed.

"Okay," I finally nodded. "But I'm not gonna change my mind."

"Okay," David nodded too.

We left that room and went back to the only part of the clinic I hadn't really seen yet. David opened a door and we walked into an already lit room, as big as the rest of his clinic probably, maybe even bigger. There were cages in the room and it was noisy, smelling of animals. He had about a dozen monkeys, I think, small cute ones, but David said they were sorta mean and I believed him. They were cute, but they made faces at us as we passed, screeching and pounding on the cages with their little fists. I felt kind of sorry for them.

"Ahh...Here's Trixie."

David introduced me to a collie who seemed very happy to see us. She was beautiful and golden with a white collar and face and David let her out of the cage so we could pet her for awhile. If he was trying to distract me from our purpose, it was working. I'd almost forgotten about this Sam person,

and his friend Shep. I wondered briefly if David kept grown men in cages too, but that was silly and I laughed. They were probably way in the back playing cards or something, I figured, waiting for the mother of their would-be children. Well, weren't they in for a major disappointment?

"Okay, girl...Back in you go. Sorry about that." David was very gentle with her and it was easy to see he didn't like keeping the animal locked up.

"Where's her owner?" I asked him.

"I dunno. She just dropped the dog off and disappeared. Her phone number isn't a real one," David shrugged. "Sometimes people do that. They make up excuses to leave their pet with a vet just because they couldn't find it a home and they can't find the strength to take it to the pound or the Humane Society or whatever. Like a vet will automatically take care of it."

"That sucks," I frowned.

"Yeah, it does. I can't keep her and in a day or two I'll give her to the Humane Society. If they can't give her a home..." He stood there, looking at the dog unhappily.

"What?" I asked.

"They'll put her to sleep," he shrugged unhappily. "There's a lot of dogs in the world."

"That really sucks," I thought aloud and David nodded. I decided I'd find her a home, somehow. I couldn't keep her, I knew that much, not without some major work to convince my parents. I thought I knew someone who could though, but I didn't want to say anything to David yet. Besides, Trixie's owner might still show up. Somehow.

"Anyway..." David turned and nodded, putting Trixie and her troubles behind us. We had our own. "Come right this way..." he started walking down the wide aisle made by the cages and then around the corner. "Hey boys!" he said, smiling again and sounding suddenly much more cheerful. "How are we doin' today?" He looked at me and I just stood there with my mouth open. "This big, black fellow is Sam and this guy over here is Shep. Come on over, they won't bite."

"David..." I said softly, just standing there, "...they're...dogs."

"Heh! They sure are," David grinned as he opened their cages. "A couple big, healthy males. Luckily, they're really good boys too. No fighting, right?"

He was talking to them and if they understood what David was saying I might have believed it. They largely ignored each other and the two of them practically knocked the man down in their pleasure to see him. They were big dogs, both of them. Sam was black all over with a large, square head and upright ears. Shep looked more yellow and brown, shaggy with big old floppy ears and a happy, slightly dopey looking face. But his eyes were intelligent, bright brown eyes that looked right into mine and I liked them immediately.

"Sam is half Boxer and half Great Dane, I think. Oh shoot! He might have a little Chihuahua in him now," David frowned, peering over the beast's shoulder into his empty cage. "I could have sworn I put Taco in there..."

"He ate a Chihuahua named Taco?" I gasped and then David's face broke into a grin and I practically fainted with the realization that he'd been teasing me. "Don't do that!" I said with just a little anger, but by then I was giggling. It had been a good joke.

"And that guy..." David watched as Shep practically knocked me over, muzzling my tummy with his huge snout until I was more pushing than petting him, "...Shep's all Saint Bernard, a hundred percent, and about as devoted to making friends as they come. He never met anyone he didn't like, I don't think. At least not around here."

"I believe it!" I laughed, still pushing and petting and just marveling at the way he was trying to steamroll me with affection.

Shep's great red tongue felt wet and rough all over my bare arms and neck and face. Both of the animals were as big as me, sheer size-wise, and probably bigger. They certainly outweighed me, I was certain, by at least 50 pounds in Sam's case, and closer to seventy maybe in Shep's. They were huge dogs and I could have put a saddle on one of them and rode him down the street in a parade.

And David. Like I said before, he wasn't really much of a people person, even with me and I was a people who liked him a lot, but he was great with the dogs. We spent about two hours, almost three back there, just playing with Shep and Sam. David didn't mention the project or anything and neither did I. The fact that Sam and Shep were dogs obviously gave proof that David was either crazy as a loon, or he had a really warped sense of humor. Either way, he wasn't pushing it and I was having a lot of fun actually.

I'd never had a dog, although I'd asked on occasion. The answer had always been 'No!' without any real reason or anything. It was just a fact of life, there wouldn't be any dogs in our house and I'd learned to accept it without really knowing what I was missing.

That afternoon I got an idea of what having a dog could mean. It was like suddenly getting two best friends. Or better yet, like getting two really old best friends, like I'd grown up with them or something and just hadn't seen them in awhile. That was how they treated me, I thought. They were unreserved, the both of them, and so big and strong and stout that nothing I could do would hurt them it seemed. I pulled and pushed and wrestled and even rapped Shep smartly on the noggin when he shoved his cool wet nose under my skirt. It had hurt my knuckles, but all he did was grin at me and come back for another try.

It was like falling in love. Not some romantic kind of love though, this was platonic and essential to my spirit, if that doesn't sound over the top. I just mean...I don't know what I mean. I was finding out that I was a dog person, a dog lover, and there was a connection there, that's all. A weird, fun, silly connection between a sixteen year old girl and two big, handsome, rough and tumble dogs. I wanted to take them home and keep them forever. That's why we stayed there for three hours, though I got the impression that David didn't mind at all and he enjoyed it just as much as I did. I would have even stayed longer if I could have, maybe all night, except I was getting a little hungry.

"Hungry?" David had heard my tummy and I blushed a little. "Feel like some pizza again, or something else this time?"

I looked at my watch. "Can I call home first?" It was getting on towards eight o'clock on a school night and sixteen or not, my parents were on the cautious side, remember?

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"Soooooo..." David pursed his lips.

We were sitting in a booth, which afforded us a little privacy at least, eating Chinese food this time.

"You weren't serious, were you?" I finally had to ask. "About babies? With Sam and Shep?" I had to

find out if he was really crazy or not.

"Yeah, 'fraid so," David nodded, looking very serious. "You think I'm crazy, huh? That's okay..."

"No, no..." I protested weakly, the way people do when they don't want to hurt someone's feelings.

"I've heard it before." David took a deep breath through his nose. "I don't blame you, Lisa. I mean, it is crazy." He looked down, defeated maybe, but then he looked up and his eyes were defiant. "I can do it though. I've worked it out, how to cross the DNA, how to rearrange the sequence. It's all possible, more than possible. Once we do this, then we can work on the next steps...It's all in the genes, see? And we can isolate and assign..."

"David..." I sighed, holding up my hands. "You can't be serious. How does getting a girl pregnant with...puppies?" I looked at him and he nodded. "How does that do anything for anybody?"

"It's just a step, that's all. An experiment to provide data for further research." He leaned forward, taking my hand in his and my heart jumped, just a little. "Lisa, this isn't the end of the race, just the beginning. You can help me do it. Both of us, together. You'll get full credit, co-authorship on the papers we'll write. You'll be famous, everyone will know what you did..."

That was the wrong tact to take, in my opinion. Did I really want everyone everywhere for the rest of history knowing that I'd let David impregnate me with puppies? And then I caught myself and I giggled, spoiling David's intensity, but it couldn't be helped. This wasn't going to work, there was no way. Not in a million years, I decided. I wasn't a doctor, but I didn't have to be one to know that it was impossible, no matter what David did to me or the dogs in the name of science, to get me pregnant with puppies. And if it couldn't happen, then what was I afraid of?

"I'll do it," I said, squeezing David's hand and smiling at the emotions passing over his face. Shock, happiness, disbelief, gratitude, they were all there and it really did warm me all over to know I could make him so happy so easily.

"Really? You mean it?" David held his breath and my hand started to hurt as he squeezed it.

"Yeah. Sure," I nodded. "But I have to know something, okay?" I looked at him, not entirely sure what I wanted to say, but knowing what I wanted anyway. "A couple things...Um, if this doesn't work...if I don't get pregnant, you're not going to like...freak out or anything, right?"

"It'll work, Lisa. I've..."

I shushed him. "I mean, if it doesn't work, for whatever reason..."

"No," David promised me. "I'll be okay. You're right, of course, we can't predict everything," he nodded and I thought, so far, so good.

"Good," I nodded with him. "And, um...second...are you...I mean, are we..." I was stumbling, feeling very nervous suddenly and then I decided I'd just come out with it. "Am I your girlfriend, David?"

"What?"

"Cause I mean, if we're together and um, you're going to be looking down there, and I really don't want to be scared and oh! I'm messing this up." I had my eyes shut. "I love you." I finally just said that, well, it had all come out in a rush and I hadn't planned on saying that exactly. I'd just wanted to know where we stood with each other and if I was going to love a crazy doctor then I really wanted

to make sure he was going to love me back too.

"You do?"

David looked shocked and I suddenly thought he didn't love me back. I'd screwed up hugely and now I was blushing hard and I felt like crawling under the table and just dying. I prayed for an earthquake right then. A small one, just to swallow me up forever. He must have thought I was a serious lump.

When I didn't say anything, David did. "Lisa? Would you be my girlfriend?" He swallowed hard and I opened my eyes. "I never had one before. I mean, I was always busy, you know, with school and work and then, well, I never had time for girls ..." he was looking for words. "I don't exactly know how to talk to girls."

"It's okay." I could barely hear him. "I wasn't...You don't have to be. I can, we can just be friends or whatever and..."

"No, I..." He pulled my hand to his lips, he really did, as if he was Prince Charming himself, kissing my hand gently with his soft dry lips. "You're so beautiful I didn't think...I never thought you'd like me."

Was he kidding? David was the most beautiful man I'd ever seen! I'd seen the looks he got from other women when we went out. The waitress at the pizza place had practically camped out in his lap, which was the main reason we were eating Chinese tonight. I'd have bet that he'd had a hundred girlfriends. At least a hundred.

"Really?" I licked my lips and looked into his eyes. I was living in a fairy tale come to life.

"Yeah," he nodded. "But um..."

"What?"

"Lisa, I'm ten years older than you are..."

"I don't care," I answered quickly, and I didn't.

"But some people might." David still held my hand in both of his. "Like your parents?"

"Uhhh..." He had a point there, but maybe... "You're a doctor though and they're really nice and..." I didn't have any real argument. The fact was that my parents weren't ever gonna go for me dating a guy ten years older than me. They wouldn't care if David had won the Nobel Prize, he would still be some pervert trying to rob their cradle.

"See?" he smiled weakly, understanding better than I how adults see the world.

"We could get married," I swallowed hard and talked fast. "I'm sixteen, that's legal, right? A girl my best friend Kelly knows got married last summer and she was just sixteen. We could get married and then my parents would have to like you."

"Lisa," David smiled at me. "You don't even know me yet."

"Yes I do," I said softly. "I love you."

I'd never had a crush before and I couldn't imagine that's all this was. It felt like true love and I was

so full of it inside me that I thought I would burst with pleasure. I was in a rush. I mean, that's what love does at first. Later, after you've been with the person for awhile, love becomes something else, something calm and leisurely. But at first, in the beginning, love is reckless and headstrong, and rushing you a thousand miles an hour towards...What? I didn't know and I didn't care, that's the other thing about love. It robs you of the future and leaves you eternally breathless in the present...or so it seemed to me.

"Let's take it one day at a time, okay?" David was trying to slow me down, as he had to.

He liked me, maybe even loved me, but he also wanted something from me. David's project was his life and while I don't think he was consciously using me right then, he had to see the advantages in having a test subject with more motivation than just the two hundred dollars a week he'd be paying me. But I had none of those thoughts right then, and later I felt guilty for being so cynical. Mostly I thought about that when I felt especially alone, right at the beginning of my pregnancy. When I wanted to blame him entirely and absolve myself of any responsibility.

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"Shoot. I'm gonna be late, Mom!" I was in my usual morning frenzy, trying to get dressed, eat breakfast, and finish up my last minute homework before running around the block to catch my school bus.

"Slow down. Drink your juice." My mom was used to this.

"No time..." I'd wasted ten minutes looking for a particular hair clip that I really liked.

"Well, if you'd gotten up when I called you..." Mom sighed, standing at the sink, washing out the coffee pot and shaking her head. This was our usual morning conversation.

"Oh! I almost forgot." I made a big show of digging through my book bag, although I knew exactly where and what I was looking for.

I'd carefully folded the consent form that David had given me the night before so that just the bottom part showed. The place where the Parent/Guardian was supposed to sign it. It looked a little different from the ones for school, mostly because it was white instead of the pink paper that the school liked to use, but I was hoping Mom wouldn't notice that.

"Field trip," I said, "I gotta turn this in today." I pushed a pen into my mom's wet hands and slapped the paper down on the kitchen counter, covering most of it with my palm.

"Where are you going?" Mom asked reasonably.

"Planetarium," I shrugged, feeling a pang of guilt. "It's gonna be boring."

"Hmmm..." Mom started signing her name. She'd seen a hundred consent forms over the years and this was just one more, so far as she was concerned. "Do they need any chaperones?" Usually the teachers were looking for two or three parents to come along on field trips, but not this time, I thought to myself.

"Nope," I shook my head quickly and pulled the paper away almost before she was done.

"Well, okay then," she handed me my pen. "What day is that?"

"Friday. I gotta run, Mom. Love you!" I practically ran out of the house.

"Love you too, dear," she called after me. "Have a nice day..."

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I walked around school that day feeling a confusing mix of emotion. On the one hand, I had a boyfriend now. A real one. And not just a BOY friend, David was a real man. A doctor and handsome and sweet. I wanted to tell everyone, of course. On the other hand, he was a man and a lot older than me. He also had some strange ideas and a project that I was never, ever going to tell anyone about. Who'd believe me anyway? So I walked around with the biggest, bestest secret I'd ever had, and I couldn't really tell my friends about it. I finally understood what irony really meant.

I had cheerleading practice everyday after school, from 3-4pm and I loved it usually, but not lately. I just wanted it to get over with so I could get to the clinic and see David. But that was more confusion too, since I knew he'd be giving me an exam that day. All through my classes I tried to imagine what it would be like being naked in front of him. And not just naked, but like the spread wide open and showing everything kind of bare naked. The very idea made me blush terribly and I think some of my teachers had worried about me. They were certainly giving me some funny looks as I sat there, half-smiling, sometimes frowning, and looking decidedly feverish.

Naked with David. It was almost enough to send me straight home after school to hide in my room. What if he didn't like me? What if I looked...I don't know...funny down there or something? It wasn't fair, I didn't think, that the man of my dreams, the man I loved, should also be a doctor. Or at least my personal doctor, which is pretty much what he'd be. It seemed like there had to be a conflict of interests there, you know? Some things should be private. A girl should be able to reveal things to her boyfriend that she'd never say or show to anyone else, but she should also have some things that only her doctor should know about. A detached, uninvolved, emotionally isolated doctor who would pass judgment on me from a very strictly limited point of view. Being my boyfriend, David's point of view was considerably larger.

It scared me.

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"Don't be scared," David smiled at me.

He'd taken me by the hand as soon as I'd entered the clinic and I think he wanted to kiss me. I wanted to kiss him anyway. I mean, I was his girlfriend and I'd just got home...sorta...and, well, we were supposed to kiss, right? I thought so and probably David did too, but we were both very self-conscious, I think, and that was when I knew he hadn't been lying about not knowing anything about girls. Relationship-wise. He was as much a virgin as I was and so that kind of made everything sweet, but it also made everything clumsy too, if you know what I mean.

"I'm okay," I said, standing in the examination room. It seemed warm in there and I wondered if David had turned the heat up for me.

"Good. Um, you can undress here and I'll...Oh, here's a gown..." he opened a drawer in one of the cabinets and pulled out a light blue something or other, all folded up and wrapped in plastic, "...You can put that on. I'll go and um, well...I'll be back in a minute."

He didn't really have anyplace to go, he just wanted to give me some privacy. Like magic, there's a transition that takes place when a person changes from their normal clothes into a hospital gown. I

was Lisa for the moment, but when David came back I'd be his patient, and a doctor could say and do things to a patient that he could never say or do to a Lisa. That thought made me smile a bit and actually helped me relax.

"I have the consent form," I said before he left, pulling the folded paper out of my purse and handing it to him.

"What did your parents say?" David asked as he looked at my mom's signature.

"Nothing," I shrugged, feeling another stab of guilt. "I told them, um...that you're a famous doctor."

David laughed at that and tilted his head the way he does when he's feeling self-conscious. It's cute, I like it.

"Someday...Someday..." he nodded. "Okay, well, I'll go file this then. Good, that means we can start the treatments."

"Okay," I pursed my lips.

"Okay," David cleared his throat. "Um, back in a minute."

I undressed quickly, because to my mind there would be absolutely nothing worse than David walking in while I was like pulling my panties off my left foot, or reaching behind me to unsnap my bra, or whatever. I mean, sure, everyone gets undressed everyday, but still, it's that transition thing again. And besides, if I did it fast, without thinking about it, then I'd actually do it.

Of course, I'd scrubbed myself in the shower after cheerleading practice. Most of the girls didn't even take a shower. I mean, it wasn't like we worked up a huge sweat or anything, not so much that we couldn't wait until we got home to take a shower and change clothes. But I'd showered that day and washed myself thoroughly all over. Everywhere. If anything, I might have washed myself a little too enthusiastically, since I naturally looked down at my pussy, just to make sure it was normal or whatever. It looked a little pinkish though, a little tender, and I frowned, hoping it didn't look like I had a rash or something. God. Every little thing worried me and I tried to put it out of my head.

The hospital gown was a big one, but then they only come in too sizes...Too Big and Too Small. That's a doctor joke that David told me once, sorry. Anyway, at least it closed all the way, so my butt wasn't hanging out or whatever. I folded my clothes, tucking my underwear away so David wouldn't see them, and sat down on the table, legs close together, hands in my lap, chin set defiantly. I was sorta ready. Mostly.

There was soft knock and the door opened, David peeking in with a smile. "All ready?" he asked and I nodded. "Good." He wore his lab coat, of course, and he looked professional, which helped a lot. He even had a name tag on, I noticed, which he hadn't ever worn before. I guess he really wanted to play the part for me. Maybe for both of us. He was carrying my folder, my chart thing, and he seemed sorta ready too.

"Okay, let's get your weight first, and blood pressure, temperature, all that stuff..." And it was pretty much like the school physical I'd taken the summer before, except I hadn't had to get naked for that.

"Is that scale right?" I asked.

"Yep, one-oh-four on the button and for your height, um...63 inches...that's just about perfect," David told me with a smile.

"Our bathroom scale said like 99 pounds yesterday," I said, wondering how I'd gained five pounds in one day. I rubbed my tummy nervously; there weren't any fat cheerleaders at my school.

"Well, either you bought your scale at Sears or..." he was chuckling, "...someone at your house is on a diet."

"My mom," I giggled. "You think she'd set the scale wrong?"

"No," he shook his head. "More than likely your dad. At least that's what my dad used to do when mom went on a diet."

"Really?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," David nodded seriously. "Now, why don't you slip your gown off your shoulders for me and I'll have a little listen to your lungs, okay?"

He had his stethoscope out and I just nodded, sitting on the table and shrugging my shoulders out of the hospital gown so it sorta covered the tops of my breasts. David listened to my back mostly and the metal felt cool, but his hands were warm and I kept my eyes closed, breathing when he told me to.

"Sounds good...Now your heart..." He slid his hand around to my front, leaning in close so that I could almost bury my nose in his thick black hair. I knew my heart was going fast, too fast, and David's hand was moving, touching my breasts, sliding between them as he moved his stethoscope around and it felt good.

"Just relax...relax..." he murmured and I tried to slow down, but he was right there and I wanted to put my arms around him.

"Okay, you can pull your gown back up..." David stood up again and pulled the stethoscope out of his ears, wrapping it up and slipping it into one of his big pockets, "...and go ahead and lie back, Lisa."

I nodded, taking a deep breath while I stared at the ceiling. I could hear him moving something around with a soft clunking noise. I glanced down to see that he'd unfolded some stirrups and was setting them up for my heels. My heart really started going then! He hadn't even kissed me yet and now he was going to touch me down there?

"Let's get your feet up...there we go, Lisa...just like that. Comfortable?" David had helped me with his gentle hands, moving my legs apart, lifting my feet and setting them into the stirrups. I looked down to see that the gown had stayed in place, looking like a little tent now with my knees up, but still covering my virgin sex as he stood there.

"Yeah," I swallowed nervously. "I'm okay."

"Good," David nodded as he moved around the small room, wheeling a stool over and then his medical cart with all his medical stuff on it. "Let me get my gloves on..." he was saying, talking all the time, explaining what he was doing like a good doctor should. A few moments later, "Okay, Lisa...Just try to relax, this isn't going to hurt at all. We're just taking a little look..."

My whole body tensed up, I couldn't help it, and I clutched the sides of the table and shut my eyes. I could feel him there, looking at me. I felt his hands, still warm, but curiously soft and alien beneath the latex of his surgical gloves. David was touching me, slowly and carefully, spreading my labia, I thought, using just his fingers at first, feeling around...penetrating me...and...

"Ouch!" I said, but not because it hurt, only because it surprised me.

"Did that hurt?" David had frozen immediately and I looked down my body to see his concerned face between my spread knees.

"No," I said quickly. "It just, um...What was that?"

"Your hymen," he smiled. "It's a thin membrane that covers..."

"I know what it is," I said, "It felt...funny."

"It's about two centimeters deep, just here..." David looked into my eyes as I felt his finger move between my pussy lips, ever so slightly, but definitely rubbing something. "How does that feel?"

I was blushing because it felt really good. I don't mean his fingertip brushing the soft tissue of my hymen, I mean just the fact that he was doing it. That part of him was inside me, even if only so very slightly. My nipples itched and I felt my heartbeat in my sex, like a throbbing, and I groaned inwardly at the realization that my clitoris had gotten hard, and had been buzzing for a few minutes at least. I was turned on by this, even as it humiliated me, the whole thing made me feel...horny!

"Okay," I breathed, licking my lips. I wanted to close my eyes, but I didn't. I just kept looking at David, staring into his face, feeling his hand moving. He was slow and deliberate, and he moved his fingers around as if exploring me.

"How's this?" he asked softly, his own face flushing just a little as his fingers brushed my clit, the small hard little nub of flesh that was sending sparks through my body.

"Ohhh..." I felt weak and the contact seemed too soft for me. I lifted my hips, unable to help myself. I lifted my butt just slightly, enough so that my clit pressed against his fingers a little harder.

"Your vagina is perfect, Lisa," David said, trying to bring us back to what we supposed to be doing.

"Don't stop...please..." I moved my hips a little more and David's hand paused, then resumed massaging my pussy.

"We should..." he started saying something, looking for a reason to stop maybe, but neither of us listened.

"Put your finger inside me again," I whispered. "Touch me there again...Please?"

"Are you sure?" David asked me, even as his fingertip slipped between my lips once more. He found my hymen, that shallow wall guarding the way into my womb, and I gasped softly at the contact as the tissue stretched slightly.

We were very quiet, except for the sound of our breathing, and I could have spent a lifetime there, being gently massaged like that. My pussy quivered, literally trembled with excitement, and only the stirrups kept me from locking my thighs tightly around David's hand. It felt so good, even the small discomfort when he'd press just a little too hard on my cherry, so that I almost thought he would break through, but didn't. I wanted him to suddenly. I wanted to give that to him. My virginity. I'd been told to save it for the man I loved, advice from my mother, and here he was. I loved David and wanted to give him something of myself, something precious that could only be given once in a lifetime and never again.

"I want you to break it," I whispered, my voice throaty with desire.

"Lisa...." David kept rubbing me, his thumb over my aching clit, his fingers cupping my sex with just the tip of his middle finger inside me, to the first knuckle perhaps, certainly no more than that.

"Will you kiss me? Oh! David...Please..." I tried to sit up, my hips were moving and I reached towards him. I needed him to kiss me, it seemed like the most important thing in the world right then. He had to kiss me and take me, take my virginity when he did it. I loved him so much.

David moved, helping me, allowing me to get my feet down, to sit up. His hand was caught between my thighs and I could feel how wet I'd become. I wrapped my arms around him as he stood, bent over with his face close to mine. He had his finger inside me, pressing. I was holding my breath and my heart was pounding beneath my burning breasts.

"I'll be gentle," David promised me and I nodded and then we were kissing.

It was my first real kiss. The first filled with love and I opened my mouth to his tongue, wanting him inside me. He was hot and wet and sweet and my lips felt bruised and David's tongue filled my mouth. He was as anxious as I, excited and hungry, and all his reserve fled during that kiss.

I felt his finger stiffen and press insistently against the barrier between my legs. He didn't stab me, he just pressed with unrelenting pressure and the discomfort became something close to pain, but not quite. Still, I whimpered softly into his mouth and my body tensed as the instant came. I felt the tearing of my flesh as he wounded me, his long gentle finger suddenly driving inside me fully. It hurt like the pinprick of a sharp needle, a big one, and then passed quickly.

I didn't cry. It wasn't that bad. If anything it felt good for me. It made me a woman, his woman, and I felt him inside me. His finger moving, wriggling within the tight confines of my no longer virginal sex. That it wasn't a penis I'd given my cherry to didn't even matter, and I didn't think about it in the least. David had taken my virginity and I closed my legs tightly, squirming as I dug my fingers into his back. I kissed him as well as I could, wanting to show him how much I loved him.

Somewhere, in that middle of that never ending kiss, with my vagina clasp around David's finger, I had my first orgasm. It fell over and through me, leaving me weak in his arms. He held me tightly, keeping me safe with one strong arm while I clung to him. I moaned into his mouth and shook like a leaf. A stray, silly thought entered my head like a dispassionate observer, 'Oh, so this is what the big deal is...' and then it was lost. All I could do was enjoy it.

"Are you okay?" David wondered, breathing hard and leaning over me as I lay there.

"Uh-huh," I smiled up at him. I'd never felt so good in my life. "I love you."

"I love you too," David promised me with a kiss, a small one. His hand was still between my legs and he withdrew it slowly. "I tried to be careful."

"I know," I nodded. "It didn't hurt."

"Good." We looked at his hand, at the glove, and it was streaked with blood. Not much, but enough and I wasn't shocked or anything. I'd known how it all worked. "Just relax and, uh...I'll take care of you, okay?"

"Okay," I smiled.

I'd have agreed to anything. I was still floating on cloud nine. My pussy felt a little sore maybe, but it didn't hurt at all. If anything, I missed feeling David's touch inside me and I wished we could do it again. Especially the kissing. He hadn't exactly been really good at it, I suppose, but then again neither was I. We just didn't have any experience, but that made it so special too, I thought.

I lay there, eyes closed, smiling and thinking happy thoughts while David washed me gently. I thought about marriage and babies, having a house, and sleeping in the same bed with David every night for years and years. Making love...and I wanted that suddenly. My body was still eager, my emotions still hungry. There wasn't time, I felt irrationally, no time for years and years. I wanted him now, inside me, his penis...his cock...his dick...I thought up every word for it I knew. I wanted him to make love to me. To fuck me...Fuck...I giggled softly and David said something, but I was lost.

I'd never said that word before. Not even once, I was sure. I knew a lot of boys who did, like it made them men somehow, and I knew a few girls who said it often too. But not me. It seemed dirty and crude and just...bad. But I wanted it. I didn't just want to make love. I wanted to fuck. I wanted to fuck David and I knew right then that I was high on something. This sex thing could be dangerous, I thought, and that made me giggle some more.

"What?" David looked up at me. He'd cleaned me already and pulled my gown down modestly. Now he was feeling a self-conscious, a little guilty maybe for doing what he'd done to a patient. Or maybe because I was sixteen and I'd been a virgin, I don't know.

"I want to have sex with you," I told him, as if I were someone else completely. "Can we do it? Make love?"

"Right now?" David looked a little flustered. "Here you mean?"

"Yeah," I bit my lower lip, nodding. "I want to do it."

"I want to do it too, Lisa, but..." he looked blank for a second, maybe because no good reason not to came immediately to mind.

"Take off your clothes and let's play doctor, Doctor." I was being silly, but I didn't care. I rolled over a little, reaching behind me to untie my gown and then shrugging out of it.

David saw me completely, and my smallish breasts heaved in the cool air. My hard pink nipples burned and I blinked, blushing maybe as I touched them. I stroked my tummy with one hand, and caressed my thigh with the other. I spread my legs, just a little, inviting David back into the place he'd just left. The wisp of thin blonde pubic hair I had was damp as I dragged my fingernails through it. He had to want me, as much as I wanted him, and I waited impatiently while David sorted out his desires. It only took a few seconds before he started undressing in front of me.

"I need a condom...hold on..." he said, wearing only his boxers. I watched as he dug through his cabinet.

"Do you really need one?" I asked, because some part of me really wanted to feel David naked inside my body. But I knew I couldn't risk getting pregnant, and again I reminded myself how dangerous these feelings could be. I mean, if he'd wanted to have sex without one, I'd have agreed. I wanted him too badly to say no and the possible consequences were so far down the road.

David had his own reasons too and they were more important to him even than I was, as much as it pains me to say that.

"Yeah," he said. "We can't risk the project. Later, once we're sure your pregnant with one of the dogs, then we can...Here we go..." David had found his condoms, although why his clinic would have those was beyond me. I suppose it was just part of a general medical supply kit or something.

"After I'm pregnant..." I rolled my eyes, reasonably certain that would never happen. Maybe, I thought, after a few tries David would give up and maybe even ask me to marry him and then we could have babies the old fashioned way and...I was still just sixteen, a voice in my head told me. But the dreams felt good.

David pulled down his underwear, stepping out of them and I blinked at his penis. I'd seen one before, I mean, in pictures and drawings in my sex ed class and stuff, but this one was real. It looked big too. Sort of hard, but not like standing straight up or anything, just sticking out and kind of curved over. Semi-hard, I guess, and the head was pinkish and wet. David had been plenty excited, I realized, and that made me feel good.

"Can we kiss first?" I suggested, because I really wanted to kiss him right then, and touch his penis before he put that condom thing on it. "There's room here," I smiled, patting the examination table as I scooted over a little. It was pretty small.

Slightly uncomfortable too, mostly because we needed to be very close and still our butts were sticking off the sides. Things got much better when David got on top of me. I could look up at him with my thighs spread beneath him while we kissed. I loved the feeling of my nipples rubbing against his smooth chest, sliding back and forth like they were trying to start a fire. His cock fell down, against my tummy and actually against my sex, since David was a lot taller than me. I wrapped my legs around his hips and lifted my butt, sorta grinding my hot pussy against him without really thinking about it. I wondered briefly if he might not actually go inside me if we weren't careful, but I didn't care. If David found my sex with his cock, if he filled me suddenly, that would be so much the better in my feverish opinion.

We made out for a long time and the room had definitely gotten warmer. I felt like we were in a sauna and I'd grown damp and sticky with sweat. David's body was warm too and we'd stick together sometimes while we kissed and moved. I could feel his cock, very hard now, and straining against me as the length of him rode over my wide-open sex. I had to pull him against me, I couldn't help it, and I'd tilt my hips upward so that every now and again I could feel David's shaft sliding between my plump labia and then my clit. He'd move as well, as if trying to find my hole with his cockhead and get his penis inside me. That frustrating tease only served to make me even hotter for my first ever fuck and it became like a game between us.

"Put it in me," I finally whispered breathlessly, pulling David's face down to my neck. "Just put it in...God...It feels good..."

"Wait..." David struggled, trying to disentangle himself from my grasp so he could get the condom on, but I was refusing.

"No...Now...Please, David...I'm so hot..." I squirmed eagerly and I could feel his thickness pressing against my hard little clit.

"But..." David's protests were weak and I found that even the almighty project had its limits.

"Ahhhh..." I arched my back, moaning loudly as David reached down, pressing the smooth head of his penis to my virginal sex. He pushed gently and then again, harder the second time and I was so small for him that it seemed like he'd never get inside me.

But there was a curious popping sensation and a flash of discomfort, like a little cramp, and then I suddenly felt his cockhead inside me for the first time. I tried to breathe and force myself to relax and David asked me if I was okay, kissing me and pushing again and I just held him, my mouth open as I moaned into his ear.

His cock forced its way inside me, working against my resisting sex. It hurt, much more than his finger had, and I wondered if he'd really broken my hymen before, but obviously he had. This was just my body, my never-been-used vagina trying to figure out what was going on. It took awhile, a few minutes of patient movement before David was all the way inside me, and we paused there, kissing and touching and just growing used to each other. That was when it began feeling good finally.

"Okay?" David asked me and his eyes were so full of tender concern that I really did start to cry, just a little.

"Yeah," I said weakly. "I love you."

"I love you."

And then we were making love, moving back and forth, and while the pain never really went completely away, it was welcome beneath the pleasure of our sex. It reminded me that I was doing this for David, for both of us, because I loved him that much. I couldn't imagine being with anyone else, ever, there was only him. I wanted it to hurt a little every time, or at least I never wanted to forget the first time. This, I knew, was how it felt to grow from a child into a woman.

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David was relieved when I got my period after that first time we had sex. The test he'd given me had been negative, but still...My menses came right on time and I hadn't been too worried, well maybe just a little. Mostly I'd been walking around with my head in the clouds. People noticed, my friends and even my parents, but I wasn't saying anything, just that I felt really good about myself and life and everything in general. And that was no lie.

As soon as it was certain that I wasn't pregnant from that one unprotected experience we'd shared, David started me on what he called his 'Serum' and I suppose I could try to remember what it was and how it worked, but basically it just increased my fertility, causing my body to make more ovum available for fertilization. He also said it would change my chemistry a little, some little tiny fraction of my DNA so that I wouldn't reject dog sperm...Or at least a very specific sort of dog sperm. Sam and Shep had been undergoing their own treatment so that they could pass on their genetic material to a human mother.

"So...If I do have a baby with one of them..." I giggled much to David's annoyance, but it was hard to talk about it without laughing, "...am I gonna have a baby? Or a puppy?"

We were lying in bed in David's apartment. In our bedroom as we'd taken to calling it. I'd practically moved in and if I hadn't really been David's girlfriend before, I was now. We made love constantly, but always protected of course, and I missed the wonderful sensation of David's semen filling my womb. I'd felt it once, that deep warm stain within me, and I wished I'd been more alert, more focused on remembering every detail of it. As it was, I could only remember feeling...satisfied. Feeling loved.

I still felt loved, but it wasn't the same knowing that David's seed was trapped uselessly inside a condom. Of course, I couldn't get pregnant; I was only in high school. My parents would kill me. It

would be scandalous! That might be why I liked to talk about Sam and Shep so much, because David seemed quite certain his little science experiment would work, and I of course, didn't believe a word of it. It was just a fantasy and good for both of us, but for very different reasons.

"Well, they'll be baby puppies," David smiled at me as we lay side by side.

"Tails and everything?" I asked.

"Yep," he nodded. "Furry little faces too. They won't be able to see at first, or hear. The eyes and ears stay closed for a few weeks, but they'll know you, Lisa. They'll feel you."

It sounded like a dream.

"How many do you think?" I reached down, fondling David's penis gently. I'd long since gotten over my shyness with him and David had begun to show a lot more personality away from his work, but that was still the best way to bring him out of his shell.

"Hmmm...At least two, maybe three or four." David moved his right hand to play with my left breast, rubbing his thumb across my nipple and watching as it grew hard for him.

"I hope I have four," I decided, and then I really laughed.

"What's so funny?" David wanted to know.

"Talking like this. God! If I really do get pregnant...What will I tell my mother?"

"When you get pregnant, you mean," David corrected me and his cock had grown hard once again in my hand. "You can tell her that you're going to be famous."

"I don't think she'll be thrilled," I sighed smiling. "That kind of fame will be trouble in this town."

"So, we'll move," David grinned, reaching over me for a condom off the nightstand.

"Let me do it," I said, taking the foil packet from his fingers. "Promise?"

"Promise what?" David watched as I opened the packet with my teeth and removed the yellowish condom.

"What you said, that we'll move. Will you take care of me? Always?" I talked to him like that sometimes, even though I hated it. I was being insecure and immature, I thought, but David always reassured me.

"Of course I will. I love you, remember?" He watched as I rolled the condom carefully down his erect penis.

"Okay," I smiled, believing him completely and I just sighed happily as he nudged me onto my stomach, wanting to take me from behind. It seemed to be his favorite position and I lifted my hips, pulling a pillow underneath me so my butt was raised up for him.

It was good for me too as David's cock could get really deep inside me that way, and all I had to do was lay there, my head on my crossed arms, my eyes half-closed, while David massaged my shoulders and back and ass. He liked to fuck me slowly that way, kneeling behind me so he could watch his penis moving in and out. A few minutes later and I could really feel it, the pure pleasure of having him inside me. I liked how he stretched me in every direction and my pussy felt tight, even

for me as I started grinding myself onto his cock, humping up and down against the pillow. I'd learned quickly what felt good for both of us and more often than not I could have three or four little cums before David had his, and then maybe I'd have a really good one right at the end too. But sometimes not and that was okay.

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I was on the Serum for three whole cycles, about twelve weeks or so, before David judged I was ready to try and get pregnant. We had several discussions about that, about how to do it, and David hadn't really wanted to suggest anything in case I got embarrassed or mad or whatever. It soon came out that the best method, in his opinion, was all natural. He said he could do it in vitro, but maybe because of the extra work, or cost maybe, he really thought the other way would be better.

I thought he was kind of crazy.

"You want me to have sex with them?" I asked, and just then I happened to be playing with the dogs, Sam and Shep, and that wasn't unusual.

I went to 'work' every day after cheerleading practice, as well as Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and once David had checked me medically, there really wasn't anything for us to do but hang out. We had a lot of sex, and neither of us minded that very much, but you can't just have sex all the time. So we played with the dogs and talked and had fun. Trixie was still there too. We hadn't been able to find her a home and neither of us wanted to risk the Humane Society. The collie was just too adorable. David planned on moving in a month anyway, to a place that accepted pets, and she'd stay with us...with him. And me too, since I would be there as often as possible.

"You want me to have sex with the dogs." I repeated and it wasn't a question the second time as I just laughed and shook my head.

"You like them, right?" David asked. "And they like you, so..."

"I love them, yeah, but David..." I widened my eyes and pulled Shep's big head down to my lap, "...they're dogs."

"Well, yeah!" he laughed. "So...Your point is?"

"My point?" That made me laugh too. Sometimes David was just out there. "Would you do it?"

"Me?"

"Yeah," I challenged him. "With a girl dog."

"Well..." David shrugged. "If there was a reason, sure. Why not?"

"Really?" I looked up at him closely. "Don't lie to me."

"I've never lied to you!" David said indignantly. "Really, yes. If I had a good reason, sure, I'd have sex with a female dog."

"So..." I licked my lips as a plan formed in my mind. A little test of sorts. "So have sex with Trixie then."

"Trixie?" David glanced reflexively towards the closed door. "Why? There's no reason to..."

"If you want me to have sex with Sam and Shep, I'll do it," I told him. "If you have sex with Trixie first."

David just looked at me, rubbing his chin.

"Not a good enough reason?" I raised my eyebrows and as soon as he tilted his head I knew I had him.

"Okay, sure. I'll do it," he nodded. "But you can't change your mind later."

"I won't." We were both smiling.

"You better not," he warned me and I giggled happily.

"I won't, David. I promise. I'll do it if you will." I held up my hand. "Girl Scout's Honor."

"I didn't know you were a Girl Scout," David laughed, but he sounded a little nervous. "What, um...What if she's not in the mood though?"

I snorted at that. "That's your problem." And then I relented, just a little. "What do you do if I'm not in the mood?"

"You're always in the mood!" David grinned at me.

"What if..."

"...like a little nympho."

"...I wasn't though? What would you do, hmmmmm?" I teased him.

"Mmmm..." David smiled and tilted his head a little, rubbing his chin. He knew exactly what to do to get me in the mood, and we both knew it. The only question was if it would work with Trixie. But then again, who knows, she might have been perfectly happy to have sex with my boyfriend.

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Trixie was a happy dog. Not that she was overjoyed at her circumstances, having to live in a cage in the back room of David's clinic, but I mean that she just had a great personality. It was a shame that we couldn't just let her out and keep her out. It just wasn't practical though, not until David got his new place. For the time being we let her into the front of the clinic as often as possible, just so she could have a little more room. We couldn't let her loose in the kennel area because her joyful capering really got the monkeys going, not to mention Sam and Shep.

Those two dogs liked Trixie too, for the obvious reasons, and anytime she was loose and they weren't they began howling and clawing at their cages. They were always horny, heaven knows, and it didn't seem to matter to them that Trixie wasn't in heat. In fact, she'd never be in heat again since she'd been 'fixed' some four months before. The two males even tried to mount me occasionally, especially if we were rough housing, as my mother would have called it. I loved wrestling around with them, especially Shep, the huge Saint Bernard.

Trixie was in the waiting room, or what had recently been a waiting room. The clinic was closed, and had been ever since David's veterinarian partner, Mindy, had run off to Mexico or someplace. David had an inheritance or a trust fund, or something. I'd never really asked about his money, and he didn't seem to need a steady flow of patients, so he just kept the door locked and the closed sign

turned. An answering machine screened his calls and we had our own private world in there. So don't think it was too odd when David looked around the room, with Trixie bouncing happily around us, and asked...

"Do it here?" he looked at the big picture window thoughtfully.

"Don't back out now!" I warned him with a giggle, dropping to my knees to play with Trixie.

"I'm not, it's just, um..." he shrugged. "Okay."

It wasn't a huge room, but big enough for our purposes anyway. The window was tinted with the blinds closed, and curtains that David closed as well. Nobody would be able to see inside. It was carpeted in soft warm beige and painted a friendly peach color. Some over-stuffed chairs, a little coffee table with old magazines, and a comfy couch completed the place. It looked like a normal waiting room in every respect, except now it would become Trixie's bedroom. For a little while at least.

The thought actually excited me for some reason, but that was hardly news. Ever since I'd discovered sex with David, it seemed like anything and everything excited me in one way or another. I wouldn't say I'd become a sex fiend, or an addicted nymphomaniac or anything...I just really liked sex a lot, so long as it involved David. I had zero interest in anyone else and my eyes and mind didn't wander to other men. I was in love with David and I just really, really liked the physical part of it.

And now I was playing with Trixie, letting her lick my face while I stroked her thick, soft fur, waiting for David to get the curtains closed to his satisfaction and get undressed. I couldn't believe he was going to do it and I felt a little nervous maybe, but I didn't know why. I was just going to watch. I was excited too, as I said, and that seemed sort of an odd, semi-guilty pleasure all by itself. My boyfriend was going to have sex with a dog. With this dog. Right in front of me. And that thought seemed so weird that all I could do was laugh about it.

Of course if...when...David really did it, then it would be my turn with Sam and Shep. David had made it clear that I'd need to mate with both of them repeatedly so that the odds of my getting pregnant would be as good as possible. Probably that's what was really getting me excited. I knew I wouldn't get pregnant, no matter what David said, or how much I liked to fantasize about it, but the idea...It made my tummy do flip-flops and I probably would have done it eventually anyway. I mean, I really did love those boys. But this was so much better! Getting David involved with a little playful blackmail so he'd have a reason to do it with Trixie.

My body had already started getting hot and we hadn't even done anything yet!

"There we go," David said, standing there with his hands on his hips, looking down at us while I played with Trixie. He was tall and handsome as ever, with his black hair and soft brown eyes. A slim, athletic sort of build, although he did little more than jog every morning, David looked beautiful to me and I loved looking at him.

"So?" I grinned. "Take off your clothes. Trixie wants puppies too, don't you, sweetie? Yes you do...Daddy's going to give you puppies, uh-huh..." I'd turned to Trixie and she'd gone on her back, presenting me with her soft white tummy and a double row of small hard nipples that I ran my hand across gently.

"I wish I could," David smiled and he began undressing. "I wish Mindy hadn't removed her ovaries." He seemed genuinely sad about that, but at the time they'd had no way of knowing the owner would never be coming back, that the surgery had only been a ruse to get rid of the poor animal.

Whoever that woman was, I didn't like her very much.

"You should have some Serum so you can get a dog pregnant," I said with a smile, but only half-teasing. "Why is it always the girls who have to do stuff like that? In movies...books...it's always some poor girl getting forced to do something she doesn't want to do."

"It's misogyny," David grinned.

"It's what?" He had a much better vocabulary than I did.

"Barefoot and pregnant, that's how we like our women," David almost explained and I just laughed.

"Well..." I wiggled my toes for him, "...I got the barefoot part down."

"Yes, you do, Lisa," David chuckled as he pulled off his pants, which was always fun to watch because he appeared a little self-conscious and awkward when he did that.

Trixie had naturally spread her legs, unconsciously and blissfully uninhibited the way dogs are. I envied her that and I let my fingers move down to the soft plump folds of her sex. Shaped something like a tulip bulb, or a spade maybe, round and full at the base and tapering to a soft little point at the tip, Trixie's vulva was beautiful, I thought. Much more so than a human's.

My own sex looked like much of nothing at all. A little hole with thin little lips around it that got fat and greasy when I was excited, like I was getting right then. My clit started coming to life and I moved my hand under my skirt, caressing my clitty through my panties. I'd worn my cheerleader outfit, a black and red pleated skirt, tight black top that said 'Eagles' on the front, the mascot for my high school. I'd taken off my cheer shorts though and just worn ordinary panties on my way to the clinic after school. It wasn't like I'd been doing cartwheels down the street.

"She looks pretty small," I observed, rubbing Trixie's vulva and pulling at it, just a little, so I could see the pinkish crease of her vagina hiding inside.

"Mmmm..." David just hummed and I looked up, a little shocked to see him standing there with his penis hard and erect. He stroked it slowly, watching me as I played with Trixie's sex.

"Hey!" I giggled, feeling my heart thump at the sight of him naked like that. "You better save that for Trixie!"

"Just getting warmed up," David smiled and even blushed. We'd been so shy with each other just a month or two before and now...It was obscene how casual we could be. "Why don't you take off your clothes too?"

"Me?" I looked at him and then shrugged with a smile. "Okay. But just remember that I'm not the dog, okay? Trixie's your girlfriend tonight!"

"Yes she is," David nodded. "I should probably get a rubber, don't you think? Maybe some lubricant?"

"You're asking me?" I laughed at him, unbuttoning my skirt and pushing it along with my panties down my hips and legs. "You're the doctor!"

"It's probably a good idea," David said, mostly to himself. I didn't bring up the fact that Sam and Shep wouldn't be wearing condoms if...when, I corrected myself...they had sex with me. But female

dogs are different I supposed, and while a penis was pretty easy to clean, a dog's vagina was probably a little tougher. So if David wanted to be safe, I couldn't blame him.

"Hey!" I practically jumped off my butt when Trixie's long red tongue found my sex.

"She likes you!" David laughed as he left to find his condoms in the examination room.

"Yeah," I said, but he was already gone. It felt good too and Trixie lapped at me eagerly, still lying on her back with her head twisted and stretched so she could reach between my spread legs. "Mmmm..." I thought I could get to liking that particular sensation.

"Good girl...Oh yesssss..." I moved a little, giving her better access and I continued playing with her sex, wondering if she was getting excited at all by what we were doing, but I couldn't tell. She didn't seem to be getting wet or anything, but I had no clue how to tell if a dog, a female dog, was aroused. With the boys it was a lot easier, you know, because their dicks got hard.

"Ohhh-huh...Hmmm..." I moaned softly. Trixie's long tongue was really licking me all over, inside and out. She'd even lick all the way down to my small anus sometimes, when I lifted up enough for her to do it, which was more and more often as I couldn't sit very still. David kissed me down there sometimes, and I'd gotten over my reservations well enough to learn how to suck his cock. Neither of us were expert, but it was fun learning together. Trixie was an expert though and I wondered if her previous owner had taught the animal how to lick a girl's pussy.

"Do you want some too?" I asked her, feeling myself burning up inside and out, and playing with the cute little bud of Trixie's sex was part of it. I didn't feel scared, or even nervous anymore, just hot and bothered. I moved so that I could kiss the dog's sex, straddling her lapping tongue the way I did with David sometimes. She didn't really smell like anything and I barely hesitated before touching the soft, short fur with my tongue. The hair on her vulva was so fine it may as well not have been there.

David caught us a minute or two later, as I'd taken practically the whole of Trixie's sex into my mouth, washing it with my tongue, which she really seemed to like. I'd even managed to press the tip of my tongue inside her, just a bit, and I'd been rewarded with a weak, almost bitter flavor, that didn't taste bad at all. I liked her flavor and wished I could get more of it. She evidently liked my flavor too and she could get as much as she wanted with her tongue digging deeply between my swollen labia. Trixie was going to make me cum any second and even hearing David's surprised voice couldn't make us stop.

"Hey now, I leave you girls alone for a minute..." he chuckled and I might have blushed at the idea of being caught licking a dog's vagina, but I was already flushed and way beyond concern. Especially since it was David. Knowing he was watching somehow made it even better.

"Oh God!" I finally couldn't take it anymore. I'd gotten to the point where my clit just became too sensitive, like overloaded with pleasure and it actually hurt to have anything touching me there. I was cumming too though, and I pushed myself off of Trixie, practically falling back to land on my butt and just sitting there, breathing hard and shivering. My clit seemed to thrum, like I'd plugged my pussy into a wall socket or something, and when Trixie looked at me, licking her lips, I just shook my head at her and giggled.

"That good, huh?" David knelt down on the carpet with us and I could see he'd grabbed a couple condoms and a tube of his super slippery medical lube stuff. It was 'safe, effective, and good for getting into tight places' David had told me once, putting some on his fingers and rubbing them around my little butthole. A tight place if there ever was one and he liked anal sex more than I did,

but I didn't complain either.

Now he was putting some on his fingers for Trixie's tight little vagina. She wasn't a small dog, being a full grown collie, but neither was she overly large by any means, and David's penis was reasonably healthy in length and width. I couldn't really say anything for the time being as I was a little preoccupied with coming down from that sweet high that Trixie's tongue had given me, so I just watched as David took my place.

"Good girl, Trixie...That's it..." David said softly to the dog, rubbing her vagina gently with his lubricated fingers. She was still on her back, not seeming to mind what my boyfriend was doing in the least. Trixie's mouth was open, as if smiling, with her tongue lolling out and her tail wagging, just a little every now and again.

I watched as David began inserting his index finger, moving carefully and working it back and forth, a little deeper each time. My clit still thrummed, but it wasn't long before I could touch myself again and I'd already removed my nylon top and the sports bra I'd worn beneath it. I played with my breasts with one hand, and rubbed my burning sex with the other.

Seeing my boyfriend fingering the dog, his hard cock standing out from his body, dark and glistening at the tip with precum, was terribly exciting. I knew exactly how good that would feel and I envied Trixie. I may even have had a small bit of jealousy flash through my little brain, but that seemed pretty silly and the idea of being jealous of a dog made me smile.

"She's so warm inside," David looked up, smiling at me. "Really warm, and tight too." He had his finger completely inside her and I practically held my breath as I watched them. "How did she taste?"

"Good..." I breathed with a smile. "A little...I don't know...bitter maybe?"

"You're so sexy," David told me and he gave his cock a couple quick strokes. "Do you want to lick her some more?"

"Yeah," I giggled. "But later...after you fuck her."

David grinned at me. "I love it when you talk like that," he half-teased me, because I never talked like that, except when I was really turned on like I was right then.

"I love you," I grinned back at him. "Do it now. Don't tease her."

"Don't tease you?" David laughed, but he did as I asked. He coaxed Trixie to her feet and if the dog knew she was going to be mated with David, she obviously didn't mind. In fact, she seemed to be begging for it, keeping her tail high and her ass close to my boyfriend, wriggling her hips and looking over her shoulder at him. David fumbled with a condom, mostly because his fingers were too slippery, and I might have helped him, but it was pretty amusing.

"Hurry up! She wants it!" I giggled and David couldn't help but agree. The dog was practically screwing herself onto his penis and finally David was able to get the condom out of the packet and around his cock.

"Shhhh...Settle down, Trixie...Be good now..." David cautioned her uselessly. Trixie seemed restless and David had to hold her with one hand on her lower back while trying to guide his penis into her vagina with the other. "Jeeze, she's small down there," David muttered. "Ohhhh yesss..."

It was obvious that David had finally gotten what they both wanted - penetration. Trixie seemed to stiffen and her head dropped slightly. David now had both hands on her flanks and began pushing himself deeper, adjusting his hips so his cock could go upwards at an angle, rather than just straight in. Apparently Trixie's vagina was shaped a little different than mine and it was surrounded by hard bones and cartilage to boot. David was definitely taking it slow and telling me happily how hot and tight she felt inside.

"Like a little oven...Jesus...That feels good!" David had closed his eyes and he moved back and forth now, not quickly but deliberately, making love to the dog while Trixie whined softly and dug her front paws into the carpet, pushing back as if to help her new lover get deeper.

I fingered myself while I watched, rubbing my clit in small quick circles for a few seconds, and then dipping two fingers into my pussy for a couple quick thrusts. My nipples throbbed and I pinched and pulled at them, biting my lower lip and thrusting with my hips in time with their fucking. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen, I thought; so much more interesting than the five minutes I'd seen of a porn video once. Way more interesting than the XXX rated spam that ended up in my email every now and again. This was my boyfriend, the man I loved totally, fucking a beautiful dog not three feet away from me. It was heaven.

"Fuck her, David..." I was breathing hard and feeling my tummy twist with pleasure, "...Fuck her good...Oh mmmm..."

It was a good cum and I was right in the middle of it when I realized that David had moved himself and Trixie closer to me, close enough that the animal could lick my pussy while he fucked her.

"Ahhh...God!" I grabbed Trixie by the neck, digging my fingers into her soft fur, and shuddered beneath her incessant tongue.

"Good girl...Uh-huh...Good girl, Trixie..." David rewarded the dog. He at least had some semblance of self-control. I was totally gone, lost in another orgasm as Trixie's long tongue snaked between my labia and into the trembling recesses of my cunt. She lapped tirelessly at my juices and I gave her more everytime the dog made me cum. It was a wonderful cycle of pleasure and drove me a bit insane.

I finally just fell back, laying there with my hands on my knees, pushing my legs apart because they wanted to close against Trixie's face so badly. David continued making love to her at a slow, gentle pace, not only because of her canine physiology, but I think also because he wanted to last as long as possible. Even so it wasn't going to be long enough for any of us.

Within ten minutes of starting, David was close to cumming. He'd started reciting the Hippocratic Oath aloud, a sure sign that he was trying not to cum. Sometimes he went through the period table of elements and while that was good for teaching me chemistry, it usually made me laugh...not exactly what I wanted in the middle of our sex.

"If you get to Ruthenium, I'll give you a dollar," I half-giggled, half-gasped. I was between cums right then and poor David was right on the edge.

"Oh shit!" He wanted to laugh, but at that moment his body had had enough and he was cumming hard.

Trixie must have known, or at least felt it, because she lifted her head and arched her back, or so it seemed to me, enjoying the sensation of David's cock jerking inside her womb. She might have been a bit confused that there wasn't any sperm filling her, but who knows. Probably it was enough that it

just felt really good. Trixie whined softly and gave soft barks of pleasure, I believe, while David held her tightly, his cock pressed as far inside the dog as possible. I just lay there, smiling happily, my head turned slightly so I could watch them until David pulled out slowly a minute or so later.

Trixie immediately went to work cleaning herself and David sat back on his heels, his cock still semi-hard and the tip of his wrinkled condom bloated with semen. He smiled at me, eyeing my own very wet and ready sex, and I knew what he was thinking. He'd kept his part of the deal. He'd made love to Trixie and now it was time for me to do my part. I didn't mind either, I'll tell you that much. I'd never seen anything like a man having sex with a dog and while part of me felt pretty nervous at the idea, most of me was ready and willing to try it with Sam and Shep.

"How was it?" I asked David lazily.

"Fantastic," he smiled. "It was fantastic."

"As good as with me?" I made as if to pout, but I laughed and spoiled it.

"Almost," David nodded. "But you're a better kisser," he said with a laugh of his own.

"Thanks a lot!" I said. "You didn't kiss her anyway."

"Well..." David shrugged. "She was busy!" He glanced pointedly down at my well displayed sex.

"So?" I smiled at him. "Kiss her now."

"You don't think I will?" He was enjoying this as much as me.

"You have to," I said matter-of-factly. "You just had sex with her. You can't not kiss a girl afterwards, can you?"

"I guess not," David agreed, I was still a little surprised when he pulled Trixie close and put his mouth to hers. She naturally wanted to lick his face and David just opened his mouth for her, letting Trixie's tongue enter so he could play his own upon it. It looked incredibly hot, in my opinion, but it did make me just a little jealous too. I mean they were kissing!

"Hey, that's enough!" I giggled, feeling silly for protesting but unable to help it. "You don't have to marry her."

"Can I marry you?" David asked and the mood suddenly changed in a subtle and unexpected way.

"What?" I looked at him and he was licking his lips, still holding Trixie close, but focused only on me.

"Will you marry me, Lisa?"

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"So...You're the fella." My dad didn't look real happy and David nodded. "The one who made my little girl pregnant?"

This wasn't starting well and I'd hoped it would be okay. I'd had my crises already, the one I described way back at the beginning of this story. My three days of panic during which I'd confess to my priest, cried to my mom, and hated myself in the mirror. Thank goodness I'd survived all that. I didn't need to go through it again.

"Uh, yes sir." David looked at my dad, the both of them standing in our living room.

"You got balls, son," my dad wasn't smiling. "I'll give you that much."

"Mr. Oquias...Sir, I'd like to ask Lisa to marry me," David cleared his throat. "I mean, I already have, but I'd like your permission. We'd, uh...like to have your blessing."

"He's very handsome," my mom whispered to me. We were in the dining room, setting up some coffee and a little bundt cake.

"She's sixteen," Daddy said matter of factly. "You think making a baby changes that?"

"No, sir. I don't," David shook his head, looking around with his eyes and probably wondering if they were ever going to sit down. Daddy was doing it on purpose, making David uncomfortable, and I didn't like it.

"And you're a doctor, eh?" Daddy asked, and then continued quickly before David could answer. "So you probably have some idea where babies come from, right?"

"He looks very gentle," Mom nodded her head at me. "I'll bet he's a very good doctor, isn't he?"

"Yeah, Mom," I sighed.

"Sir, I uh...I know this isn't what you wanted, but I'm...I can take care of Lisa." David seemed nervous but he was holding his own, I thought. "I have my own practice, a small one. I have some savings. I love her very much and I'll take good care of her."

"Take good care of her?" My dad rubbed his chin. "I'd say you've done that already."

"Daddy..." I stepped into the room, "David, let's, um...Let's sit down, you can have some coffee, okay?"

I took Daddy by the hand, tugging him, and when he looked at me I gave him a real look, like he'd better stop being such a jerk.

"What?" Daddy asked me softly, as Mom helped settle David at the table.

"So I'm pregnant? Get over it," I whispered, letting a little anger show.

"Now, don't you..." he started.

"Shhh..." I shushed him. "Be nice."

Daddy frowned and took a deep breath, plainly not enjoying being lectured, however briefly, by his own daughter. But he didn't say anything and we all sat down finally at the table. I made a point of moving my chair very close to David's and I took his hand in mine, giving him a reassuring squeeze under the table.

"Well, isn't this nice," Mom smiled. "So, David, how old are you? You look too young to be a doctor."

"I'm 26 now," David smiled back at her. "I finished high school a couple years early and then I went to Princeton, pre-med, and then Johns Hopkins for medical school."

"Really?" Mom nodded. "And so you work at the hospital?"

"No, I did my residency, but I enjoy research and so I have a private practice." David took a little bite of his cake.

"You have a lot of patients?" Daddy wondered.

"Uh...No, sir. Just one," David chuckled nervously and looked at me. "But she's very special and..."

I gave David's hand a squeeze, a hard one.

"She's got like six kinds of cancer, Daddy," I interrupted David before he could tell them I was his sole patient. "An older woman," I nodded, like that explained everything.

"Ahhh..." Mom nodded.

"So, how's that pay? How are you going to take care of Lisa with one patient?" My dad wasn't eating any cake.

"Well, I have a certain amount of...Freedom," David said slowly. "I, uh...Well, my family is rather well off...financially, I mean."

"I see," Daddy said, letting David know he didn't see at all.

"I have several, ah..." David coughed, like he was embarrassed, covering his mouth with his fist, "...several million dollars in a trust."

"Several...million?" My dad's eyes narrowed.

"Maybe more than several," David shrugged, "Depending on how you define it."

"How do you define it?" Daddy wanted to know and my mom was looking at me, but I just shrugged. I knew he had money, but millions?

"About sixty million," David said, and he was embarrassed, turning a little red and taking another bite of cake. "This is very good cake, Mrs. Oquias," he smiled at my mom.

"Uh...Okay." My dad rubbed his nose and took a bite of his own cake then.

"Of course, right now I get a monthly stipend, just twenty thousand for the bare necessities," David looked at me apologetically. "But when I turn thirty, that's when the trust is released to me in full."

"So you get twenty thousand dollars a month," Daddy nodded. He made about forty thousand in a year.

"Well, isn't that nice?" Mom sighed, looking at me and David and smiling.

"I know it isn't a lot, but...ow!" he winced as I kicked him.

"It is a lot, David," I rolled my eyes, wondering how rich people ever got rich if they didn't even know what a lot was.

"So...What's wrong with you?" Daddy jabbed his fork at David.

"Excuse me?" David asked, rubbing his shin.

"Good looking guy, rich, you're a doctor..." My dad leaned a little closer over the table, "...so why do you want to marry a sixteen year old girl?"

"I'm not sure I follow you, sir." David narrowed his eyes a little.

"Dear..." Mom reached for Daddy's arm.

"I just mean, how come you're having sex with my daughter? Knocking her up and then trying to marry her?" My dad scratched his upper lip. "Shouldn't you be out dancing with..." Daddy shrugged, "...Paris Hilton or somebody?"

"I don't love Paris Hilton," David said, his face turning a little red. "I didn't pick your daughter. I think that was fate."

"Fate?" Daddy had a look of disbelief on his face, like David couldn't possibly have said that, but I was melting inside.

"Mmmm..." Mom smiled at us. "That's so sweet, David."

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"I want you!" I said the second we were alone at the table. My mom and dad were in the kitchen, cleaning up after our coffee, but in reality talking about us and I didn't care.

"What?" David looked at me and then stiffened as he felt my hand on his penis, massaging him through his trousers.

"I can't believe you said that!" I whispered and I kissed him, and squeezed his cock, because he had me so hot just sitting there I thought I was going to explode. "Come on..." I started getting up, pulling David behind me.

"Lisa..." he whispered, looking at the door to the kitchen.

"Sure, I'll show you where the bathroom is, David," I said loudly, stifling a giggle as I pulled him out of the dining room and towards the stairs.

I was going quickly too, leading David up to my bedroom because I felt devilish, there's no other way to describe it. I was filled with wicked lust, which might have been my hormones, since being pregnant was definitely messing me up. Or it could have been the idea of having sex in my bed with my parents right downstairs. Or I might have just been sorta...crazy.

"What are you doing?" David protested, smiling at me with confusion in his eyes.

"We have to hurry..." I giggled, pulling him quickly into my bedroom. I'd worn a skirt, thank goodness, a royal blue one, with pleats and a wide white belt. I had an angora sweater on too, but that didn't matter.

I pushed the door closed and led David to my bed. I sat down and started undoing his pants, just the zipper, opening his trousers and reaching in to find his cock which wasn't totally hard yet, but getting there. Seeing me so excited suddenly was having some effect on him and as I pulled his dick free, I worked my hands over him gently, but insistently, stroking his warm flesh while I looked up at him. I even took David in my mouth, but just for a moment, because we didn't have much time at all.

"What are we doing?" David licked his lips. "Your parents are downstairs!"

"I know!" I giggled and I thought he was hard enough now.

I fell back on the bed, bunching my skirt around my hips and just pulling my little pink panties to the side. I exposed my puffy sex which was already very wet and feverish with desire.

"Lisa!"

"Put it in me. I need it so bad, David!"

David, being a man, had very little real choice in the matter, I thought, and that was good, believe me. If it had been up to him, he probably would have gone straight to his car, convinced that the girl he loved had gone a little nuts. But he was confronted with a very hard penis jutting from his pelvis and wide spread, cute, sexy, sixteen year old pussy being served up eagerly by the beautiful girl he loved. David wasn't going anywhere!

"Is the door locked?" he asked me, rubbing his cockhead over my plump pink folds.

"Noooo..." I sighed as he entered me just as I tried to answer. "It doesn't have...ahhh..." I gasped and wrapped my legs around him, feeling his cock split my sex easily. I was so ready for him and my soft pussy just clamped down on his prick like a fist, squeezing and drawing him even deeper. "...doesn't have a lock!" I finally finished, lifting my hips to meet David's thrust.

"Oh man!" David shook his head. "We shouldn't be doing this..." But he wasn't stopping; he could feel my hot sex now, surrounding his cock wetly. "This...This isn't because I'm...rich...is it?" He asked, breathing harder and leaning over me, sliding his cock in and out of my hot pussy easily.

"No...No..." I grinned, reaching up to put my arms around him. "This is about...love..." I pulled him to me, "...about fate...Fuck me now...Fuck me hard, David..."

I'd started to really enjoy talking dirty during sex and this time it was even better than usual. David liked it too, I thought, or at least he didn't mind, and sometimes the surprised, even shocked looks on his face at hearing my pretty lips say such things were enough to make me cum.

"Oh fuck...Give me your cock...Oh God! God...Fuck me with it...Fuck my cunt!" I was getting louder and my bed was bouncing now. It was an old one, really old as I'd slept in for more than ten years, and the springs made loud squeaking noises.

"Shhh..." David glanced over his shoulder at my unlocked door, pausing for a moment and breathing hard.

"Don't stop, David...Give it to me...Fuck me in my bed!" I groaned even louder.

The idea that my parents would hear us didn't matter to me at all. I'd never had a boy in my bedroom, but I'd dreamed of it. Of making love to my Prince Charming in my own bed. It was my favorite fantasy because that was the place where I'd always felt safest, in my bedroom, and now in the arms of my true love that fantasy was finally coming true.

"Oh Jesus, Lisa..." David kissed me hard, covering my mouth with his as he tried to quiet me down, and it worked a little, but he couldn't do anything about my bed.

We were fucking hard now, really going at it because I think the idea of getting caught was good for David too on some level, or maybe he just really wanted to cum quickly. Either way, it ended up being the same thing - a really good ride for me - and I came sweetly, my whole body burning hot

and shaking as I squeezed my legs around David's waist, pulling him against me. I had my hands on his back, pulling at him there too, my fingers digging into his suit coat which flapped loosely around us like a too small blanket.

"Fuck me! Cum for me David...God! Oh God...I'm cummmmmming!" I know I screamed that time and David didn't even try to reply, he'd started cumming too, stabbing his cock as far inside me as he could and loosing his hot creamy sperm in my already impregnated womb. I could feel him, somewhere in the back of my mind, delirious with pleasure, reeling with the utter joy of having my best orgasm yet; I could feel his sperm filling me.

"Oh Christ, Lisa!" David gasped as his cock jerked inside my tight pussy. We weren't moving anymore and he just held himself there, kissing my red face, pinning me to my bed with his cock deep inside me. "I love you."

"Mmm..." I nodded, giggling breathlessly and wondering what planet I was on. "I love you too."

We didn't even bother getting cleaned up. We could hear my dad's footsteps on the stairs, which was one of the reasons I really liked my bedroom, because it was right there next to them. David zipped himself up quickly, rubbing his fingers over the sort of big wet spot on his trousers, just around the zipper. I pulled my panties up, making sure they covered my sex tightly because David had put an awful lot of semen inside me. I was wet too, my thighs and my butt, from the juices I'd spilled during our sex, but there was no time for cleaning up.

I hopped off my bed, smoothing my skirt and trying really hard not to look like I'd just had six minutes of really great sex. I grabbed the first thing I could find, a little photo album off the top of my dresser and I opened it up, pulling David close just as my Daddy knocked on my door.

"Lisa?" Daddy asked, and then the door was opening slowly, his head peering inside.

"And this is my friend, Karen, isn't she...Oh! Hi Daddy," I looked over my shoulder, feeling my pussy spasm and a bit of David's sperm soak into my already wet panties. I shivered, just a little, but I don't think he noticed. Daddy was looking at my bed.

And then at David, who looked guilty as heck. His face was red as he looked down, and he might as well have turned on a neon sign that said 'I just fucked your daughter!' in blinking pink lights.

"Maybe it's time for David to be leaving," Daddy said, looking none too happy at all, and I guess that's understandable. It was probably a good thing that he didn't own a gun. But really, my dad is a very nice man, he wouldn't hurt anyone, well, not anyone I truly loved anyway, and he wasn't that blind, he knew I was head over heels for David. Daddy just didn't like the fact that we'd had sex. The first time, or this time...Especially this time, I thought, and it was my fault.

"Yeah, I...uh..." David nodded, but there was really nothing more to be said.

I walked with him downstairs, slowly because I felt seriously squishy between my legs, and I knew I reeked of sex. So did my bedroom probably, and David, I imagined. But we went downstairs and I think David was just happy to be getting away, since it was obvious my dad didn't really like him at that moment, but I kissed him.

I wrapped my arms around David's neck and kissed him hard, the way a girl does when she's totally in love...and freshly fucked, I thought with a little moan into David's mouth. I could have done it again right there, and those hormones or whatever, wow! I was going to have to be careful before I turned into a raging nymphomaniac.

"I suppose you think that's funny?" Daddy said once David had left.

"Dear..." Mom sighed. She'd been standing there, not saying a word. "Maybe I should talk to Lisa. Why don't you go lie down for a little bit."

"I'm going to get some aspirin," Daddy decided, leaving us there alone in the living room.

"Don't worry about him," Mom shrugged. "He'll get over it. He's just afraid of losing you."

"He's not losing me, Mom," I sighed and wished I could go upstairs and take a bath.

"Let's sit down for a minute," she suggested and I swallowed nervously because the last thing I wanted to do was sit down on my mom's furniture with a pussy full of girl goo and sperm.

"Uh, Mom...I need to go to the bathroom and, uh..." I made a face.

"I bet you do," she nodded. "But not right now. Sit there..." she pointed at an old Queen Ann chair she'd bought at a garage sale for ten dollars. One of these days my dad was supposed to refinish it, "...I'm going to wash it later anyway."

"Oh..." I shouldn't have looked surprised, but I suppose I did.

"So..." Mom had sat down on the sofa and she leaned towards me smiling, "...how was he?"

"What?" I stared at her.

"I know what you were doing," she laughed lightly. "I think the whole neighborhood could hear you."

"Oh, um..." I made a face. "That was my fault. I think, maybe because I'm pregnant..."

"I know, believe me. When I was pregnant with you, I wore your father out," she smiled and this whole conversation was blowing me away. My mom never talked about sex. "So, how was he? Come on..."

"Uh, he's...good," I shrugged. "I guess. I'm not complaining." I giggled with a blush and fidgeted a little as my juices began to soak into the upholstered seat.

"I noticed that too," Mom nodded. "Lisa, I know we've never really talked. About sex, I mean, but if you have any questions, or you just want to..."

"Uh, no, Mom...I think I know how to do it now."

"Of course you do," she laughed at me. "I just, well...You're getting married and sex is important and I want to make sure you're okay."

"I'm..." I looked down, "...Yeah, I'm okay."

"Good," Mom nodded. "Don't worry about your father. I like David a lot. I think you two are perfect for each other."

"You do?" I smiled at that, looking up at her.

"I wish you'd waited a little while, but sometimes that happens." Mom shrugged. "So we'll have to make the best of it."

"What about Daddy?" I asked her.

"Oh, you leave him to me. He likes to make a lot of noise, but once he thinks about it...He'll be happy for you, believe me. He isn't blind. He can see how you and David feel about each other."

I could hear them talking while I was in the bathtub, soaking happily and making wedding plans in my head. My parents bed squeaked even more than mine did, and my mom was talking louder and louder until God finally answered and she let out a long sweet moan and the squeaking finally stopped. It must have been a very nice talk for them, I thought. Because they talked some more as I was getting out of the tepid water half an hour later.

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"So um...How do I do this?" I asked David.

This was my first time and I wasn't sure if I was ready or not. I'd been on that Serum for three months and when I got my period it was different. Instead of my normal menses, there was more of a milky discharge, like pinkish colored and creamy. There might have been a little blood, I thought, but not a lot and it was mixed with something else, something different, and I'd been scared until David promised me that everything was okay, that it was all perfectly normal.

Back up for a sec...

"You're just in heat," David said with a smile, playing with my pussy as I lay on his examining table. Well, not really playing with it, he was examining me, or so he'd said, but his gloved fingers felt really good and I couldn't help but squirm a little.

"In heat?" I swallowed nervously. "Like a dog?"

"Exactly," he looked up between my legs and nodded. "You won't have regular periods, but every six months you'll go into heat."

"No more periods?" I narrowed my eyes, wondering if that was good or bad.

"Right." David pushed his stool back and took off his gloves, although I wished he hadn't stopped what he was doing.

"And that's when I can get..."

"Pregnant," he nodded some more. "If you don't get pregnant, then after about ten days or so you'll have a real period, menses, and your body will clean itself out and start again."

"Are you sure this is normal?" I'd worried a little as my regular periods, my human periods, had gotten lighter and lighter. In fact my last one had lasted barely two days and I'd done little more than spotted, there hadn't been much blood at all.

"Yep," David said. "So you're ready, Lisa. I mean, right now...If you want."

"Now?" I blinked at him.

"Well, we should mate you as often as possible while you're fertile and..." He looked at me and softened, because he'd been pretty clinical for awhile and I needed a man, not a doctor just then. "You're going to fine, Lisa," David said gently and he'd come to me, stroking my hair as I lay there. "I'll take good care of you, I promise."

I just nodded up at him, feeling my heart thump.

“So, um...How do I do this?” We were in the back room and I was wearing just a bathrobe, which David had been nice enough to buy for me after I’d complained about his hospital pajamas one too many times.

The dogs were barking, Sam and Shep, because they could smell me. I could even smell me, and it wasn’t a bad smell, I liked it. Sort of musky, an earthy smell. Not like some girls smelled when they got their periods, but more like a dog smells when she’s in heat. Just not quite so strong maybe, a little easier on the nose than that.

We’d already decided I was going to have sex with them, with the big black boxer and the huge shaggy St. Bernard, that little decision had ended with David fucking Trixie, and maybe you’ll recall I mentioned that. But I hadn’t had sex that day, because I hadn’t been ready for it. I’d gotten my funny period finally and now my body was more than ready to be mated with the two dogs in front of me.

I thought I could smell them too and I could see their cocks, large and hanging from their soft bellies in soft furred sheaths. The tips were out, just an inch or so, maybe less than that, red and oddly formed and dripping their excitement. Every now and then one of them would pause, bending his mouth to lap at his cock briefly and I felt my tummy quiver.

“You’ve never watched Animal Planet?” David grinned at me. “Which one do you want first?”

“Ummm...Shep.” I decided, the St Bernard. He was the friendlier of the two, I thought, or the most playful I should say. Sam was a good dog too, he just looked serious.

We were going to do it right there on the floor, and David had spread out some flattened cardboard boxes and an old quilt over that. It wasn’t exactly a bed fit for a queen, but it would be better than the cold hard tiled floor, that was for sure. I did know basically how we were going to do it, I wasn’t stupid, but it wasn’t like I’d ever done it with a dog either. David and I had made love plenty of times, always with a condom of course, and usually in the missionary position, because I really liked being underneath him. I liked it a lot, although I think David often wanted to do it a different way. He didn’t complain though.

I’d be doing it doggy style today though, literally, and that made me giggle as David opened the door of Shep’s big cage and let him out. I was just taking off my bathrobe when Shep bulldozed into me and I hadn’t expected it. David had tried to grab him, but he was a huge dog, well over a hundred and fifty pounds, and very determined to get his nose in my pussy.

“Hey!” I laughed, pushing at Shep’s big head, but he just licked my pussy with his big pink tongue and I shivered a little, tossing my robe off my shoulders. “Ohhhh...That’s nice.” I spread my legs, just standing there, and nice wasn’t the word for it. That tongue was fantastic! The dog was licking all the way from my butt up to my clit which popped hard instantly.

I was getting wet, and not just from Shep’s saliva, of which there was more than plenty, but also from my own excitement that seemed to blindsides me like a freight train. I grabbed the animal’s neck, digging my fingers into his fur as I stood there with my knees bent, feeling my legs growing rubbery. All I could do was push my sex harder against Shep’s long rough tongue.

David watched, smiling at me as I blinked at him. I didn’t know if he’d expected this, I know I hadn’t, but he seemed content with how things were going, I could see that. The dog was all over my pussy, licking me so that he split my labia and the tip of his tongue went inside me, making me shudder as I

felt my orgasm coming. The dog was going to make me cum, in like thirty seconds flat and there was nothing I could do about it. As if I'd want to do something about it? Yeah right! I was flying high on Shep's attention and I couldn't hold myself up anymore.

I dropped slowly to my knees, hugging the dog as he licked my tummy and then my breasts, working his tongue like wet sandpaper over my aching nipples. I twisted against him, making sure he'd get both of them for me. That felt incredible! And I was cumming and Shep moved around, barking just a little now, growling maybe as we could hear Sam barking like crazy, being forced to watch while another dog mated with the bitch in front of him.

Shep was so big, as big as me, bigger even as he outweighed me by 70 or 80 pounds probably, so big that he didn't have to really mount me, he could have just stood there on all fours as I knelt beneath him, and pushed his doggy dick right inside me. But he wanted to make sure I wasn't going anywhere, I guess, like I might change my mind or something.

The dog wasn't going to give me that chance and I grunted as Shep knocked me all the way down, so I had to brace myself on my stiff arms, like a real bitch, and he was so heavy! He locked his strong front legs around my waist, hugging me tightly and knocking the wind out of me for a second. He lunged forward, missing my pussy and bouncing his hard cock almost painfully off my pelvis.

He kept going though, stabbing and growling and finally, on about the fourth or fifth try Shep found what he was looking for. His cockhead, sharp and pointed and wet with doggy precum found my hole and he pushed himself inside my sex, going deep on the very first thrust so that I screamed, literally, but with surprise more than pain.

It did hurt though, I won't lie about that. That long cock filled me quick as lightning and it burned a little, like something hard and hot punching me deep between my legs. And that time the wind really did get knocked out of me. I couldn't breathe for a few seconds and all I could feel was Shep's cock, which had to be huge, filling me over and over as he started pumping me about a hundred miles an hour.

I finally did catch my breath, but just barely, and I shook with both excitement and the effort of trying to support Shep's weight. I finally just dropped my head, folding my arms and lowering my shoulders so that my firm, round, sixteen year old butt was high in the air, and Shep kept pounding me like a machine. I'd never felt anything like that. How could I have? He was huge inside me, his cock longer than David's for sure, and just as fat. My pussy convulsed around him, the pain disappearing quickly beneath the onslaught of pleasure.

That dog knew how to mate!

I was cumming like crazy too, moaning and gripping the comforter in my fists, taking that cock over and over and loving every second of it. I barely noticed the animal's knot at first, but it was getting bigger and bigger and Shep was deep inside me. He didn't pull back very far at all, he just stroked me fast and short, keeping his cockhead as close to my eggs as he could, and that was a good thing. I didn't have to take his knot into me; by the time it had grown too big, it was already lodged inside me! A large mass of muscle filling with blood, swelling inside my pussy like a balloon, and pretty soon it had gotten much too big to come out.

Shep started whining when he couldn't even give me the little strokes anymore. Even so, I was still being rocked with every powerful thrust of the dog's shaggy body. And his cock was so hard, unlike David's penis, Shep's was like steel, like a bone and it didn't yield at all as it pressed against my tender pussy walls. I was doing all the yielding, my cunt trembling around the knot lodged just

inside me, blocking any escape for Shep's puppy-making sperm. I'd surrendered totally, giving myself up as the dog's bitch. I moaned and cried real tears as I orgasmed again, begging him to fuck me harder. To fill me with his doggy cum and put a dozen puppies in my belly.

He did cum too, his legs still clamped tightly to my ribs, but mercifully his paws were on the floor now. His warm furry body pressed against my butt and lower back, his saliva running from his panting mouth, landing on me in warm wet drops of dog spit. And his cock, pressed so deep inside me that I thought he must have penetrated my cervix, it was swollen and hard and suddenly erupting inside me. Shep dumped a huge load of canine sperm into my carefully prepared womb. Hot powerful jets of the stuff filled me, soaking into my pussy as he whined happily, still moving, still fucking me as much as he could. His knot was too big now and stuck inside my sex and there wasn't anyplace for it to go. Mostly he just tried to drive me across the floor with his dick.

"Ohhhh God!" I moaned, rolling my eyes with pleasure and looking at David who had taken out his penis and was stroking it as he watched me take my very first load of dog sperm. "He's...cumming...I can feel it!" I gasped and then smiled and then bit my lip as I started cumming again.

It wasn't too long before Shep was able to pull out of me. I'd worried that we might be locked up for an hour. I mean, his knot felt like bowling ball inside me, but it wasn't anything like that of course. Maybe more like a baseball really, but it might as well have been a basketball. My cunt was clamped around it tightly, all of our juices sealed inside my pussy and I felt full, incredibly full, and that was a sensation I really liked a lot.

But finally after about ten minutes, or maybe fifteen, Shep was able to pull away from me, his knot still there, but smaller now, like a plum maybe at the base of his cock and I winced at the pressure of the thing squeezing out of me, followed by a real flood of juices.

Shep's cock didn't shrink back into his sheath right away either and I could see his penis now. It was very long, a good eight inches, maybe more, which looked insanely huge to me. It had probably been even longer than that when it had been inside me and I had no idea how Shep's cock had fit. It was red, like purplish, and glistening with our juices, hanging down as he walked away and finally settled down to lick himself clean.

David had jerked off, cumming all over the floor like a little boy behind the barn, but I just smiled at him as he blushed, putting his cock away. I understood he'd needed to ease some tension. I'd have done the same thing in his shoes.

David got Shep back into his cage, the dog seemed to be content for the moment, and his cock had gone down finally, but Shep still licked at it. I thought that must have been nice, being able to clean himself like that, and I wished I could have licked myself right then, because I had my fingers in my sex and that dog had left me with a wet, dripping mess, believe me. I kept my ass up, but even so there was all kinds of girl cum and dog semen and I don't know what all running out of me. David checked my pussy, trying very hard to be the professional doctor he was, but I could see the bulge in his pants as he probed my sex gently.

"Does it hurt?" he asked me.

"Nooooo..." I sighed. "It feels really good."

"Okay," he nodded. "You look okay, no tears to vaginal walls, no lesions that I can see..."

But I doubted he could really tell because I was full of dog cum and David said he didn't want to clean me up at all. He wanted to make sure those spermies had a good, long time to find my eggs.

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"We've been planning the wedding," I smiled at David, pressing my sweaty body to his.

We'd just made love for the second time on a lazy Saturday afternoon. I was two months pregnant and I felt great, no more morning sickness or anything. I'd had a bit, at first, but now I just felt horny all the time, and a little impatient too, although I shouldn't have. Nobody knew I was pregnant except my parents and I think my dad wanted to keep it that way as long as possible. But I really wanted to see my tummy grow.

"Your mom?" David smiled.

"Yeah, me and her, and some of my friends," I nodded. "You're sure it's okay doing it at my house?"

"Sure. Yeah." David squeezed me. "I want what you want, Lisa. I've never quite figured out what churches were for."

"Okay," I smiled and sighed. "Daddy wants us to do it soon, like tomorrow," I laughed. "Before I start showing. Or else after I have the baby..."

"Babies," David chuckled. "You have three, you know."

We'd done an ultrasound two days before, right after school, and there had definitely been three little babies in my tummy, although David had to point the third one out for me. The picture wasn't like an x-ray or anything, it was hard to tell.

"Yeah," I nodded. "Babies. He wants me thin and pretty for my wedding."

"Me too," David laughed, kissing me softly. "But you don't have to worry; you aren't going to get very big anyway."

"Huh?" I looked at him. "Why not?"

"Because, they're puppies." He looked a little confused at my confusion. "I thought you knew..."

"Knew what?"

"...that you're not going to be pregnant for nine months or anything."

"What?" I was trying to understand him. "I'm a girl, though, I'm gonna get big, right?"

"No!" he laughed, holding me tighter. "The gestation for puppies is, well, I think it'll be right around 100 days for you. A little more than three months. No more than four, certainly."

"Three months?" I stared at him. "You mean, I'm gonna have my babies...next month?"

"Yeah," he nodded. "Ummm...I picked the 20th, I think, but that's just a rough guess. You'll probably be a little later than that."

"I'm gonna have my babies on the twentieth?" I shook my head. "But...I wanted, I mean...Don't I get a big tummy?"

"Not really, Lisa. Puppies are really small when they're born, even for big dogs like Shep and Sam. They're much smaller than human babies. You'll get a little bigger, but most people won't even

notice probably. Even with three of them inside you.”

“Wow,” I blinked. “I feel kinda cheated now.” And then I laughed because I’d been thinking I’d be going nine months with triplets. I thought I’d be gigantic.

“Your breasts are already bigger though, and they’ll get even larger as you get closer to delivering.” He touched my boobs and they were bigger, not a full cup size or anything, but getting there. “You should start showing some milk soon. I’ll have to get a sample and run some tests...What?” He looked at me because I was giggling.

“Nothing,” I sighed. “Everything is perfect...Make love to me again.” And I turned my head so I could kiss David’s handsome face.

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We had the wedding sooner rather than later. It was simple and nice, and my father very much played the gentleman, giving me away to David with a smile and a small tear in his eye. I had to cry too, of course, and the babies were kicking, which made it even better as we stood in front of the Justice.

Despite being a Saturday, there weren’t a lot of people, only some friends of my parents, a few cousins who’d shown up for the food. You know how cousins are. Some of my friends from school, including my cheerleading squad who were serving as my bridesmaids. I was still an honorary cheerleader, but obviously David didn’t want me jumping around too much, so I’d explained my condition to the coach. She hadn’t kicked me off the squad or anything, which had been my biggest worry.

David didn’t invite anyone and that seemed a little strange, but he just didn’t have any family. No real friends either and we all wondered about that, especially Daddy. Millionaires always have a lot of friends, don’t they? Anyway, David promised everything was fine and he had a family now, I told him. My mom liked him a lot that was for sure, and even Daddy had to admit he’d probably like David someday, so long as he didn’t have to listen to the man having sex with his only daughter.

I wore a white gown, although the traditionalists might not have approved. My mom wasn’t one of those however, and neither was I, although my garter was pink, like my bridesmaids’ dresses. That would tell anyone who cared all they had to know about why I was getting married at just sixteen years of age, as if true love weren’t reason enough. My tummy might have been a little bigger, but not much, and my due date was just a week away, but I knew it was closer to two weeks probably. I didn’t feel like I was about to give birth at all, despite my babies’ impatience.

Our vows were very personal, we’d written them ourselves, privately, and so neither of us knew quite what we were going to hear, but we knew we were in love. And David’s sweet words made me cry, like I wasn’t already, and I could barely get my own vows out as I looked into his eyes. It was a faerie tale come true, quite literally and complete with magic, as all good fantasies are. The three puppies wriggling in my womb were a secret within a secret and that was almost the best part.

We were putting off our honeymoon until June, partly because I still had to go to school, being sixteen and in high school was a fact of life that even marriage couldn’t change. But also the puppies really could come at any time and David would have to do the delivery himself at the clinic, of course, since having puppies at a hospital would have been quite strange for some of the staff probably. David wasn’t quite ready to publish anything, and he was afraid that some doctors would question the ethics of his little experiment, involving a human - me - the way they did.

So, after our wedding, and the very nice reception, and all the kisses, hugs, photos, and toasts, I only got one little glass of champagne, David and said our happy goodbyes and ran laughing into the back of a limousine for the short ride to the Four Seasons and the Bridal Suite he'd reserved. That was all the honeymoon we needed really, just a chance to be alone together.

"Mmmm...You are so beautiful," David sighed, holding me in his arms after carrying me across the threshold as a new husband should.

"Thank you," I giggled and then cleared my throat, looking past him.

"Oh." David looked at the bellhop who smiled a little self-consciously, but obviously waiting for his tip. He'd gone through the suite, turning on lights, adjusting the temperature, saying something about the bar and room service and I don't know what; I hadn't been paying attention.

I laughed as David put me gently on the bed so he could find his wallet and tip the man, for he wasn't a boy at all, thank him and send him on his way.

"Alone at last," David said and I was waiting for him on the bed.

I'd slid back so I sat against the headboard, my knees up and spread, and I was gathering my satin wedding dress slowly in my hands, giggling as I exposed more and more of myself. Just a foot, then the other...my calves...my knees...

"I want you like this," I told him, rubbing my lace panties, moving my finger over my puffy little slit. "In my wedding dress..."

"You want me in your wedding dress?" he chuckled, taking off his tie, unbuttoning his shirt. "That might be a tight fit, but..."

"I'll hurt you if you ruin this for me..." I rolled my eyes playfully, "...You know what I mean."

"Yes I do, Mrs. Stevenson," he agreed as he unwrapped his cummerbund.

"Mmmm...Mrs. Stevenson..." I sighed, feeling my pussy moisten as I rubbed it slowly through the silk. "Mrs. Lisa Stevenson. Doctor and Mrs. David Stevenson..." I closed my eyes, trying my new name every which way I could think of.

"Let me do that for you." David was on the bed, between my legs and his fingers went over mine, he was petting my pussy and kissing my smooth white thighs.

I moaned, sliding my head down and smiling at the ceiling, gasping as I realized there was a mirror over the bed. I could see us laying there, the back of David's head moving as he put his mouth on my panties, kissing my sex softly, running his tongue over the thin fabric that separated us. He pulled them down finally, so that I had to bring my legs together briefly, up over his head and then finally back down. My little sex was wide open for him then, the soft little golden pubic hair above my darkish pink labia, just a little plump with excitement, and my clit, like a little pink eraser peeking from her wrinkled hood.

David kissed me and then used his tongue, just the way I liked, making me sigh as he split my lips and found the humid warmth within. He spoiled me, treating me like a princess, and I loved him for it. He was getting so good at using his mouth on me, making me cum with his tongue. I'd be so wet and ready for his cock in just a short while and my only wish was that I wasn't pregnant. I felt amazingly happy, but I just wished I could have made a baby with him on our wedding night. That

would have been too perfect.

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Sam had fucked me hard.

After I'd taken a little rest, but not cleaned myself at all, David had asked me if I was ready for my other partner.

"I'm a little sore," I said, rubbing my pussy which was still leaking Shep's thin doggy sperm.

My sex felt hot, like I had a fever down there, and a little loose, like it was bigger, but that was only because I'd had to stretch around Shep's knot when he'd locked me up tight. My pussy would go back to normal...I hoped. I looked at Sam, the big black dog who was part Boxer and part Great Dane.

"Does it hurt?" David asked, for like the tenth time.

"No, I don't mean that." I was looking at Sam's cock, which was exposed now by a good three inches, fat and red and wet. "He just looks...big."

"Huh?" David looked at the animal. "Oh, yeah. I think he takes after his dad," David grinned. "He was the Dane."

"Well," I nodded. "I guess I'm ready."

But in fact I was very ready. It got me all hot inside looking at that dog and knowing he wanted me. He wanted to fuck me bad and I thought that was kind of sexy. I mean, yeah, he was just a dog, but he looked at me the same way some of the guys at school did, like he just needed me. He needed to be inside me and I really wanted it right then, sore pussy or no.

First though, I was determined to get him to lick me, because when Shep had tongued my pussy it was the best thing ever, and I wanted to feel it again. So when David let Sam out, and of course the dog made a beeline for me, I'd already gotten down on the blanket waiting for him. I figured it would be easiest just to get underneath him, spread my legs, and let him go to town. Hopefully he wouldn't mind tasting Shep's cum, but thankfully Sam didn't seem too awfully concerned.

The dog wanted to smell me first anyway, that was natural enough, and then he wanted to lick me and I was under him alright, right underneath his big fat doggy cock and it dripped all over me. And that tongue! Sam was inside me. I mean, he started digging for juice first thing. He wasn't fooling around. Maybe he figured if he could lick out all of Shep's sperm, I wouldn't have his rival's puppies. Or maybe he just really liked the way I tasted, because his tongue slipped inside my stretched pussy and I thought he was going to reach all the way into my womb! It was deep, seriously deep, and I trembled like a leaf when I took my first tentative lick of Sam's red cock.

I don't know why I did it, really. I guess it was just because we were in that position, sort of a 69 with the dog on top of me, except he wasn't laying on me or anything. Sam just stood there. So I pushed myself up with arms and his penis was right in my face. I stuck out my tongue, not knowing what to expect, but it didn't hurt. It didn't burn me or make me sick, if anything the dog tasted hot and watery, his precum having a little flavor, but not much. Just a hint of, mmmm...garlic maybe, no not that. Cloves? I don't know, it's hard to describe. But I was licking him more and more, collecting his precum in my mouth and maybe some semen too. I swallowed it down eagerly as my pussy just surrendered itself completely to Sam's long tongue.

"Jesus, Lisa...Suck it..." David breathed, watching me from the front row. I mean, he'd moved close, kneeling down so he could watch as I took Sam's hard cock between my lips.

My mouth filled quickly and the animal seemed to be hunching his hips, just a little as more of his penis began to swell from its furry sheath. I moaned, lifting my butt off the stained comforter because that tongue was tearing me up, bringing my clit to rapt attention as that wet muscle scraped across it over and over. I brought my hand up, shifting to keep my balance and turning my head slightly. I wrapped my little fist around the shaft, all pink and red with purplish veins. It felt hot and pulsing beneath my fingers and I began stroking him, jerking the dog off while I sucked harder, working my tongue around the flanged tip so that Sam growled softly.

It was incredible doing that, and my orgasms flashed through me one after another so that I could barely concentrate on what I was doing. I was sucking his cock, a dog's cock, drinking his juices and feeling what I couldn't swallow run past my lips, down my chin and neck. David stared at me and he had his cock out again, stroking himself as he told me how sexy I looked, how beautiful I was with my mouth impaled on that rigid length of animal penis.

After my third good orgasm, I finally couldn't do it anymore. I'd been straining to keep my pussy on Sam's tongue, and my own tongue felt tired and thick, my neck sore from being turned awkwardly. I moved, knowing what I needed, what Sam and I both wanted. He was eager to fuck me, satisfied that he'd cleaned enough of Shep's sperm from his bitch that his own would stand a good chance of impregnating me.

I turned over, taking the same position I had with Shep previously, getting my ass in the air and my head down, I didn't have to say anything, or motion for him. I was in heat, my pussy dripping with the fluids of a real bitch; David's serum had seen to that. Sam mounted me quickly, dominating me totally with his great size and weight. I almost collapsed beneath him and it took every ounce of strength I had to support the both of us as he thrust his cock into my hungry pussy on the very first try.

"Ohhh God..." I just moaned, like I was praying, and I felt another grand cum overtaking me as Sam's cock split my already well-fucked cunt easily. He drove himself in straight and true, piercing my sex and banging the sharp tip of his penis against the soft pillow of my cervix. I shuddered and winced as he touched bottom, and my whole body jerked as he began pounding me relentlessly. Shep seemed gentle and slow by comparison. Sam fucked me wildly, his rear paws digging into the comforter, bunching it up when he pushed us forward; his front legs scratching at my skin as he pulled me back.

"Can you suck me?" David asked, and I was barely aware of him as he presented his cock to my lips.

I nodded weakly, smiling at him, and my eyes were rolling back as I came again. I found my mouth filled with David's penis and it seemed very different from Sam's. Not so much smaller, just the shape and the taste, even the texture. I sucked him as best I could, my mouth being forced down more by Sam's powerful thrusts than any motion on my part. All I could do was take it. I had no control, no will of my own.

Sam's cock pistoned in and out of me with long strokes, which was different than the way Shep had done me. Shep had gotten deep and stayed there which was nice, but this wasn't bad either. Sam liked to withdraw what must have been nine inches of solid dog cock, pulling it back and then slamming it home, but fast, much faster than a man could have done it. And the knot, I could feel it growing, moving in and out as he fucked me.

It was pleasant at first, a different feeling, like my pussy going over a hump, but then the hump started getting larger and it took more pressure to push it in, and then pull it out. The sensations were insane and I moaned around David's cock as it became apparent to even my feverish brain that soon Sam's knot wasn't going to get past my cuntal opening without some real effort. I could feel it stretching me, becoming uncomfortable, and Sam started whining as he had to strain to get it in and out and finally it just stayed inside me.

He was sill fucking me hard, but mercifully Sam took shorter strokes with his knot now firmly lodged just inside my pussy. It wasn't coming out, not until long after the dog had finished planting his puppies in my womb. It just went a little deeper, making me shiver and then it would yank me back, just an inch, back and forth as fast as you can imagine. It was no wonder I couldn't stop cumming and David had to settle for jerking off in my mouth as I just held the head of his penis between my lips, gasping around it.

Sam came first, but David soon followed and while my womb drank hot dog sperm, I swallowed instinctively at the sudden flood of salty human sperm in my mouth. David held my head, cradling my face to his cock as it spurted over my tongue. I swallowed as much as I could, but left a lot of his semen to spill down my chin. I was breathless, almost intoxicated by the experience. I'd never cum so much or so hard. I'd been well and truly fucked and while Sam stood over me, locked tight with his cock still spraying into my womb, I realized that for the moment the dog was undeniably my master.

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"What are you thinking about?" David smiled at me. I was on my back and he laid on his side, his cock hard inside of me as we made love slowly. His hand played across my stomach, feeling the indistinct shape of new life growing in my womb, and I had my hand over his, stroking him.

"Hmmm? Oh, just thinking about Sam," I giggled softly. "Remembering that first time."

"Ah," David nodded. "That was beautiful." He kissed me just below my ear. "You're beautiful."

"I love you." I turned my head, looking at him, letting him know I was serious.

"I love you too, Lisa." He pushed and pulled his cock so nicely, so gently, as if he worried about hurting our babies.

"No, I mean since before I even met you," I told him. "I was waiting for you."

"And I was looking for you," David smiled, not thinking I sounded silly at all, because we really were meant for each other.

"Really?" I asked, as I really liked hearing him say that.

"Oh yes," he nodded, caressing my only slightly swollen tummy. "And next time, you'll get big, Lisa."

"Next time?" I smiled at him. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, next time, after you're in season again, this will be our children." He lifted his hand, bringing my fingers to his lips. "My babies inside you."

"But the serum..." I narrowed my eyes, wishing that David wouldn't always assume I was as smart as him. "I'll have puppies again, right? If I'm in heat?"

"No," he shook his head. "I have to tell you something."

"What?" I giggled nervously, feeling him thrust inside me harder, his legs scissored between mine and it felt so good like that.

"I'm not..." he smiled at me, pausing, teasing me.

"You're not what? Come on!" It was almost funny.

"...I'm not human," David said. "I come from someplace else, another planet and..."

"What?" I laughed, tilting my head back.

"What?" he smiled at me. "I'm serious. I come from a planet called Lenia and it's a lot like this one. Except it rains a little bit more, and it isn't quite so warm all the time. We don't have very many women either, so..."

"Oh stop!" I shifted, squirming around his cock and beginning to move with him.

"...we're going to borrow some; you know the young ones, the pretty blondes with soft blue eyes..." he smiled at me, staring into my eyes the way he does. The way I always liked him to look at me.

"David," I giggled. "It's my wedding night, just make love to me."

"I am." He kissed me again, reaching for my breasts, and palming my hard pink nipples. I kissed his mouth, playing my tongue against his, and I fucked myself on his cock hard because I was getting close to my orgasm.

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"Two centimeters, you need to wait a little bit...Don't push..." David said from between my legs and it was time, my babies were coming.

"I want to...I can't help it...Oh..." Another contraction made me wince, but they weren't too bad, not yet.

"I think three centimeters will be okay, but four would be better...Just hold on a little...Here..." he put an ice chip in my mouth, "Suck on this..."

Half an hour later I was still just a little over three centimeters and my contractions were stronger, about six minutes apart, maybe less. I was ready and tired of waiting.

"David..." I frowned at him. We'd been married ten days, and I was three days past the twentieth, the day David had guessed.

"You're okay, Lisa...Relax...Half an hour more, okay? That's all...You need to dilate just a bit more..."

"Ummmm..." I made a face at him, squeezing the metal rails of the bed I lay on. It was a hospital bed that David had installed in his clinic just for this. "Tell me about your...Ughhh..." I groaned as my whole body tensed in another contraction, but it passed and I took a breath, "...your plans to conquer Earth..."

"Conquer Earth?" David laughed and wiped my forehead with a cool, damp towel. "No. we're going to bring women to my planet, so we can have children and picnics and little Hooshoo Parades on..."



"Hooshoo Parades?" I laughed despite my unhappy condition.

"Yeah, um...They're just little parades for the children, with ice cream and cotton candy and little three wheeled scooters they can drive..."

"Sounds nice," I huffed. "Am I there yet?"

David felt my vagina gently, measuring me with his fingers. "You're close...Just a little bit..."

"How many?" I licked my lips. "How many women are you taking?"

"Oh, I don't know," David pursed his lips. "About ten million of them maybe."

"What?" I blinked at him and felt another contraction coming, they were getting closer together.

"Just the ones who match a specific genetic profile," he explained with a smile. "Like yours. The serum will only work with girls like you."

"Like meeeeeee...Yeeow!" I grabbed his arm squeezing and sitting up a little. "They're coming out now, David!"

And they did, even though I wasn't yet dilated four centimeters yet, David had just been playing it safe.

"Here's the first..." David said softly, he's delivered it easily and I hadn't really had to push much at all. He wiped it clean and used a rubber suction bulb to clear its mouth and lungs, and then put it on my breasts. It was tiny and damp and covered with black hair. Its little ears were tucked inside tightly and the eyes squinched shut. And I felt my eyes getting wet as I held that small puppy to me, my hands almost covering him completely, although it might have been a she.

"One more..." David gave me the second one, black like it's sibling and shivering just a little, moving weakly as David placed it carefully with the other, so they were side by side. I kissed them, tilting my flushed face down, smelling them, sweet like sugar.

"Last one, Lisa..." David smiled, giving me the third. He made sure I had them all, cradled carefully against one another in my arms. We just looked at them for a minute and David kissed me, telling me he was so proud of me. I'd done well. I'd done very well.

David cleaned me up and I was so tired, it was almost 3am, but I couldn't sleep. I was holding my babies, my offspring. Three puppies, two of them black like Sam, the third more brown, like dark gold. He must have been Shep's, I thought. I held them for a little bit and I even got one to nurse finally, as he instinctively found my nipple and began mouthing it, a strange but beautiful sensation that had me crying again.

My milk was thin and watery, but perfect for baby puppies, David had told me. He'd tested it carefully, just as he'd tested everything else, monitored my pregnancy every way imaginable. The puppies liked it. I fed all three of them and after one would finish, David would take it, wrapping it in a small soft blanket and placing it in an enclosed crib, like an incubator, close to my bed.

"Mmmm..." David bent his mouth to my left breast, taking a sample of my milk for himself before he had me move so he could change my sheets quickly. I was weak and tired and a little sore, but nothing like a woman feels delivering a real baby, I was sure.

“Do that some more...My boobs hurt...” I giggled sleepily. David was on the bed with me now and he just smiled, kissing my large swollen nipple and then taking it in his mouth, sucking and pinching it, drawing the milk from the fatty tissues and it felt good like that. The fact that it was David doing it made me feel horny too, but just a little. I wasn’t really interested in having sex right then. But I’d remember this feeling later, when I did want sex and David could give it to me. That would be nice.

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David tested the babies, well puppies, but I called them babies. I couldn’t help it, and he tested me of course. He was very happy and he was always telling me how perfect everything seemed to be working.

“So um, when are you going to publish your paper thingy?” I asked him a month after I’d given birth. I’d gone back to school after missing a week and it was almost out by then anyway, with just a couple weeks to go before summer vacation.

“There is no paper,” David smiled at me from where he sat at the kitchen table, typing his lab notes into his laptop.

“But you said...” I gave him a confused look.

“I know, sweetheart, but I wasn’t sure then.” He looked up at me and then got up, coming over to give me a hug as I stirred the spaghetti sauce for our dinner.

“Sure about what?” I glanced at him and he took the opportunity to kiss my cheek.

“That the serum was perfect. That it was going to work,” he sighed happily. “But now that we know, we don’t have to stay here. We can leave and the others will take care of everything else.”

“Everything else? Others?” I frowned.

“Yeah, you know, for Lenia.” He hugged my back, wrapping his strong arms around my waist. “Two more months and you’ll be in heat.”

“David...Okay, it was funny for awhile, but...”

“Do you want to stay here?” he asked. “I’ve thought about it and, well if you really don’t want to go then...”

“David? Are you crazy?” I tapped the spoon loudly on the pan and turned around to face him. “There is no other planet, okay? No one is stealing earth girls!”

“And women can’t have puppies?” David grinned at me. “They can now, Lisa, you proved it. My race, me...We have very similar DNA to you, very, very close, and the part of me that’s different is canine, or at least so closely resembling it that the differences are negligible. You had puppies, and when we mate...when you’re in season...you’ll have my baby. We’ve been working on this for generations, Lisa. A long time. Now it works and we did it!”

“I don’t believe you,” I said, wondering if I did or not.

“They’ll name schools after you,” David was nodding, taking my hands in his. “They’ll have a holiday; all the supermarkets will be closed on Lisa Day!”

“You’re crazy!” I laughed, but we were dancing around the kitchen.

"I'll be on holovision," he kissed me. "Doing interviews and selling gourmet popcorn! We did it!"

"Enough!" I giggled, shaking my head and handing him the spoon. "The babies are hungry. Finish this while I go feed them. You bad alien!"

"I'm a good alien! Hey!" David held out his hands like he was innocent. "You mean the Bogo aliens, they're the bad ones. They don't even know what a parade is and when they..."

But I wasn't listening. David was crazy, yeah, but I loved him so much. And my babies. I hadn't named them yet, but I was leaning towards Jack, Sam Jr. and Patsy, because Shep's puppy was the only girl and she sort of looked like a Patsy to me. I took her first; they were very active now, stumbling as they tried to run, playing with each other. Curious about everything. As soon as I picked her up her tail was going a mile a minute and she started whining for milk. They were always hungry.

She had sharp teeth already, they'd just seemed to pop out over night and it was uncomfortable feeding them sometimes, but I didn't really mind. My nipples were long and tough and she couldn't nip my tender breast, although sometimes she did scratch me some in her enthusiasm. They all had tiny little toenails now, but sharp ones nonetheless. I loved feeding them and as she sucked down her mother's warm milk, I sang to the dog softly, rocking in my chair back and forth.

The hard part, the thing I'd been stumped on, was that I wasn't pregnant anymore, but I was supposed to be five, almost six months along. My parents had been starting to wonder, but then I had an ingenious idea.

"Didn't I tell you, Mom?" I asked her over the phone, because I couldn't lie worth beans when she was standing in front of me. "I wasn't pregnant. It was a false alarm."

See? Perfect. I'd had David explain in medical mumbo jumbo how stress had caused my menses to stop, my periods becoming irregular, but he'd solved that and everything was just fine. We were going to try for a baby soon, I told her, maybe in a month or two I really would be pregnant. I hoped so anyway.

Yep, life was really good. I had three babies that I loved dearly. A husband who was both handsome and rich, not to mention madly in love with me. And it was almost time for summer vacation! Could life possibly get any better?

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"Lisa? Lisa...Where are you? Oh..." David smiled when he saw me.

He found me on the floor in our bedroom playing with our babies. They were trying to nurse, but they were almost eight weeks now, getting much too big for that and it really did hurt when they nibbled my nipples, so I just teased them now.

"Hi!" I smiled at him.

"Hey, uh...do you remember when I said we were going to go to Lenia?"

"What?" I laughed. "David, don't start..."

"Our ride's here," he said and just then my phone rang. "It's for you, I think."

“What?” I didn’t have a clue what he was talking about, but I got up to answer the phone and David had already started digging our suitcases out of the closet.

“Hello?”

“Lisa? Turn on the television. Now!” Mom practically screamed.

“Uh, okay...” I turned on the TV in our bedroom and it was a commercial. “What channel?”

“Any channel!” She sounded sort of hysterical.

“Won’t need this...Too cold for this...Nope...Noooo...Oh, this good...” David muttered as he sorted through our clothes and I rolled my eyes at him.

“David?” I smiled at him nervously. “What are you doing?”

“CNN Breaking News...This is Peter Goodhue live from the White House where a vehicle, a spaceship of some kind, landed just thirty minutes ago...You can see it behind me on the south lawn...”

“David?” I dropped the phone.

“...Apparently the President is meeting with what we assume is the alien ambassador...”

“Oh, they’re just telling the President that we’re taking some of the blonde women,” David shrugged, holding up a lavender blouse. “Do you want to bring this?”

**The End**