

Body Shifters

TRI

<Due to the nature of the writing, it is not advisable for anyone under the age of consent in their area to be reading this document. It contains sexual innuendos, sexual content, and things of a sexual nature. It will have graphic representations of these in the written word. By continuing you understand I am not to be blamed for anything that you may be offended by taken aback by or generally not liking. You have been warned, but if you're into this kind of thing, I'm glad that you've taken the time to actually finish reading this paragraph >

Chapter 1

Michael groans as his pain jolts him awake, reminding him that he took a shin to face. He blinks a moment while tilts his head back, a firm voice speaks to him over the headset. "Try not to move too much, I don't think I did anything permanent, but you didn't take the hit well. He reaches up to feel the thick foam collar around his neck and throat." "Rocky I presume," as he looks at the fighter in front of him. She was taller than him by a good few inches even sitting down, her olive skin and black bangs covering her regal looking face. "Yeah, I'm sorry, Mr. Ruiz, I was upset and shouldn't have hit you like that." Rocky fidgeted a moment before brushing her hair from her gray eyes.

The young man was nothing to look at, as he was six foot, disheveled looking, with a softness that showed he was more akin to office work than outdoors. Not that the large purple bruise across his face helped his looks. The bodyguard, however, was very much the hit the gym and then hit it again until it stayed down type. Her short page cut black hair just barely made it to her eyes. Her tone on her face and in fact the rest of her body showed what hours of practice could do, firm lines of muscle tone shown everywhere not covered by clothing, which most of her torso exposed showed her firm abs.

"It's ok, and please don't call me that, you're apparently Jess' best friend, just Michael will do. And you're forgiven before you try to apologize again..." He adjusts himself some, only to find that Jessica, had her head in his lap, strapped down to the other rear seats. "She said it would make her feel better if she was in contact with you, wouldn't explain why." Rocky, tells him then nods to the wounded woman. "I'm Roxanne Burakgazi, but given that I'm likely responsible for needing to go to a hospital, just call me Rocky. So can you tell me why she's looking like a porn star?" Her eyes narrow to let him know that a wrong answer could land him a longer stay then he might want in a hospital.

"Ah, I think it's got something to do with her implants..." as Michael motions to Jess' impressive set of mountains, "it's something she kept repeating that she was going to explain to me." He sighs and looks out the window of the helicopter, wincing as his neck once again reminds him of the hit he took not to long ago. The bodyguard looks pensively to her charge, then back to

the man across from her. She mumbles something that the mic only partly picks up, "...id trans.. ...plantsn't get ..ose si... ..cts." Michael turns his head to look at Rocky, "Sorry didn't hear that..."

The woman rolls her eyes and shakes her head, "I was saying I told Jessica I didn't trust them." Michael nods barely and closes his eyes as he puts a hand on the forehead of his love. He opens his eyes a moment later as he feels the shift of the vehicle slow to its hovering state. The pilot looks back and speaks as clearly as he can. "They are going to want to put her on a board but will want you to sit still as you can, as they work around you to secure Miss Moyra and make sure she doesn't dislodge the branch from inside her." Michael gives a thumbs up and starts to brace himself. Rocky nods to Michael as they touch down, and she pulls the door open in a smooth motion, letting herself out while moving to the other side.

Just as the blades of the rotor slow to a crawl, a group of nurses, doctors, and orderlies rush out of the doorway leading to the helicopter pad. They quickly pass a backboard thru the open doors, doctors giving commands to the orderlies and nurses. In a few moments, the group of medical practitioners have the young woman bound and move her slowly out of the helicopter to an awaiting gurney. Just as a Michael is about to sit forward and get out, a hand goes to his chest. One of the doctors shakes her head no. "You look as bad as she does, you're going to wait here for us to get a bed for you as well."

He opens his mouth to protest, and then slowly closes it, as he watches Jessica start the journey into the hospital without him. The doctor nods slowly, "What's your name?" He looks at her frowning slightly, "Michael Ruiz, Doctor?" The mousy haired doctor smiles warmly, "Ashley Cassiel, Mr. Ruiz, now I need to know as much as you can remember from what happened to Miss Moyra as we get you next to be scanned, ok?" He clenches his jaw and regrets it instantly as the side of his face throbs with pain. "I understand, it's going to take a few minutes to explain everything, so no pain meds until I can explain it all, ok?"

Doctor Cassiel crosses her arms under her rather impressive set of hills, "I tend not to like it when the patient is saying what the best thing for themselves, but start so if we need to, we can give medications as needed." Michael turns his head slightly as not let his focus be pulled in to the deep line forming on the doctor's chest. The young man then starts the story as Jessica and he reaches the top of the hill, and what happened next.

As he finishes his tale a gurney is now next to the pair, and the doctor and nurse help him easy onto the bed. I swear doctor, that I'm not lying about those breasts, even her hair is changing, she had brown hair and now it's nearly a strawberry blonde." Dr. Cassiel frowns and pushes him down, We'll see about all about that, soon enough, maybe her bodyguard hit you a little too hard, hmmm? But for now, you're going to get those pain meds and we're getting you a scan as soon as Jessica is done, ok?" Michael nods, the worry for his fiancé now reappearing on his face. "The truth, Doctor, how bad is she?"

The doctor shakes her head, "We don't know yet, Mr. Ruiz, but I'll let you know as soon as I

can." Michael lays his head back sighing softly, "Ok, doc, I'll go peacefully." He watches the ceiling flow by as he moves through the hospital. One subjective eternity later, Michael looks at his hospital room and notices that this is a high-end room that you'd normally expect for those that could pay for privacy. "Getting me into the lifestyle already, huh Jess?" he questions out loud but to an empty room.

A soft knock at the door draws Michael attention to the hall, and his jaw drops. A six-foot goddess, wearing heels that add a good six more inches. Her hair was a cascade of deep red curls, her large clover colored eyes, hinted at mischief. Her bow shaped maroon tinted lips promised invitation to base deeds. The lab coat did little to hide an hourglass figure that the other clothes she wore to show it off. A pinstripe vest tight around the waist that made a bra unnecessary, by the look of the sweetheart blouse she knew that seemed to create a line of cleavage from under her collarbone to the point of the first button. Her hips flared out in a matching pinstripe skirt that clings so taut that a garter belt could be seen from the imprint, to which connected a dark set of stockings that look painted on her thighs and calves.

A smirk slowly spreads on the doctor's lips as she watches Michael take in the effect of her entrance on him. He slowly wheezes out a breath and then shakes his head a moment to clear out the stars. "Sorry, that's the second time a very gorgeous woman has walked up to me today," as he attempts to apologize. "Oh? I take that your fiancé was the first?" the voice that came from her was a soft rich tone like velvet made a sound. He again shakes his head and takes a moment to collect himself. "Yeah, it was, how... how did you know that?" The doctor walks over offering a hand to shake, "I'm Doctor Vasilisa Kasdeya, I'm the one responsible for the design, creation and cosmetic surgery to implement Jessica's implants."

Michael takes the hand offered and gives it a firm shake, even in his dazzled state. "My Mr. Ruiz, still you have a firm handshake. Jessica wasn't wrong about you. May I call you Michael?" He nods, "Yeah sure, so why are you here, Doctor?" She brushes her thumb on the back of his hand before letting go. She pulls over a stool to sit on but quickly gets up to adjust it's height, blatantly bending at the waist to show her heart-shaped rear off, before slowly getting back up and sitting correctly. At this point, he simply looks away from her, closing his eyes. "I'm not sure what you want with me, but please leave if the games are going to continue, my love is dying and it is little for me to do but think that it's my fault."

Doctor Kasdeya freezes for a good five seconds, "My apologies, Michael, I... that is to say, Jessica came to me worried that if she did not get the implants she would lose you. I explained that if you were going to stray that you would do so if the opportunity arose. We spoke for months on end about you, with her giving me every detail of every stray look you ever made to another woman. She went as far as to hire a hacker to get into your computer and copy all of your porn." He turns to look at the doctor incredulously, both appalled and shocked by her words. "Good, you're at least looking at me now." "What the fuck are you talking about?" a soft red tone starting to come to his cheeks.

The beautiful woman stares at him a moment, "Michael, given how I look few men look my

way as I want them too, with love, not lust. Jessica and Roxanne are the only ones I ever believed when they came to my office, they did it out of love. So I wanted to test you a little, see if that love was true. I do apologize for offending you if I've taken it too far for a small prank on my part dressed as I am." Michael sighs and shakes his head, "One of the reasons I love Jess is because she didn't play any of the usual mind games on me, no shit testing, no do I look better than her questions. I told her upfront that I would look at another woman, but I wouldn't want them. I just like the female form, I'm a guy and guys like it."

"Huh..." She looks at him intently for a moment. "She was completely right about you, no hesitation about your beliefs. Michael, she's lucky to have you..." as the doctor looks away a moment. "Doctor, please, no games, just truth, I'm a big boy and I can handle it." Doctor Kasdeya frowns at him a moment. "It's a matter of privacy, Michael, you're not next of kin and you're not married. So it's a breach of ethical duty to tell you, most likely you're going to get stonewalled by the hospital, they called her father and they contacted me as I'm listed as her primary care physician. I happen to be close by so I got here first."

"So what you're telling me, is I won't get to know how Jessica is doing, even if she's dying." Michael slowly turns his head away, his tone attempting to sound calm and failing miserably. His cheeks turning red now, and thru clenched teeth. "So Doctor, why are you here?" Vasilisa clicks her tongue and speaks softly, "Ok, I understand you're upset, here I'd like to help where I can, so just please keep looking that way for a moment." He frowns and nods, waiting for her to finish whatever she was doing out of his eyesight. "Ok, please look this way." Michael turns his head and blinks questionably.

Doctor Kasdeya holds up the foam bra pads, and puts them away into a coat pocket, her shirt buttoned up, giving her a more business-like look. She then takes out a small baby wipe and cleans off the makeup on her face. Finally, she takes out a small plastic case as she takes out her color contacts, and puts them away, while she puts a pair of wire-rimmed glasses on her face. "I'm sorry Michael, ok, my prank went too far, but I do have serious issues to talk to you about after one of the other doctors filled me in on what happened."

Michael takes a long deep breath, then another, and then finally nods to the doctor. "I'm sorry Doc, I shouldn't take it out on you. What did you need to talk to me about?" She give him a polite smile, "Apology accepted, so you were made aware that the implants were made with stem cells?" He nods slowly, "Yeah, in passing, she didn't give me all the details." The doctor frowns, "And I heard that she lactated and you drank some of the milk?" A scarlet flush runs from his throat to the top of his head. "Um, yeah, I kind of couldn't do anything else in the heat of the moment." He fidgets with his hands a moment before clenching them tightly.

Vasilisa reaches out and gently touches his arm to get his attention. "And that's what is serious, it might kill you. Before you panic, let me it explain the science behind it all, alright?" Michael nods his breath coming to short gasps for a minute before he again takes controlled breaths. She continues, "The stem cells are a truly wondrous advancement for medical uses, however getting them to work the way we want has been very difficult. It took months of work to

get them to work as I would like with Jessica. Part of the process was gene matching her blood and tissue so no major rejection would happen." Michael frowns out of concentration taking the information in, he slowly nods to the ideas given to him.

The doctor gives a sad smile, "The problem I have currently is that those stem cells may not have been set when the side effect of what you saw started, the stem cells that were meant solely for Jessica's body may have slipped into your body." Michael closes his eyes a moment and thinks about this, he quickly opens his eyes and looks at the doctor. "You're talking about possible organ rejection if the stem cells attach to any of my organs, and since I drank it might mean that this could happen anywhere in my body." Doctor Kasdeya blinks in surprise, "How did... Jessica said you could do that, sometimes jump to the end of things, you have a beautiful mind, Michael.

"It's really not that good Doc," he softly denies her, "It's just me thinking about logical steps in rapid order, most people use it to do everything, I just happen to do it with more abstract concepts but rarely. It..." lifting his hands palms up with a little motion. "It just not something I do at will, it's kind looking at a stop light and then looking at traffic down a few lights, to see the traffic patterns. But to your topic, wouldn't the digestive system remove that issue?"

The doctor nods with a soft smile, "Oh if only the rest of the doctors could get it like you do. To make sure I could maximize the effects of the implants I had coated them in a protein shell, that made them resistant to a number of things, over time the shell degrades, and when in her implants they would simply start bonding at the site they had been implanted at." Michael makes a soft oh sound. "So that means the risk factor for my immune system to see the attached cells is still at risk, so what is it you're recommending for treatment?"

Doctor Kasdeya nods to the question, "I think we have two major options: One, we wait and see if your body starts rejection, at that point all you'll have immunosuppressant therapy, possibly for the rest of your life." Michael frowns at this and looks at the doctor again, "Option two?" She grimaces a bit, "Riskier, but I give you a full injection of the stem cells made for your system to attempt to get your immune system to accept the stem cells as being ok in the system. He raises his eyebrows, "Well shit." She giggles, despite herself, "Sorry didn't expect that as your reaction." He smirks, "How many people know besides you?"

Vasilisa looks at him with a bit of concern, "My direct staff, none are here though." Michael nods and looks at her, "No one tells Jess unless she pulls thru this. Promise me, please." The doctor frowns and nods, "I'll keep the information as a need to know, but I can't suppress it unless I can be listed as primary care physician." He takes a long look at the doctor, that makes her realize that she's been holding his arm the entire time, and slowly withdraws her hand. "If Jessica trusted you enough for all of this, and I suspect far more at this point. Then sure, I suppose that can make you the family doctor for me as well."

The doctor nods a soft thanks, "Alrighty, I'll get the paperwork together. I'll also give you some time to think over your options as well." He smiles and nods, "Thank you for the truth,

doctor." Doctor Kasdeya smiles just a bit, "You're welcome Michael, get some rest, and think it over." A few minutes later, another knock at the door makes him look again to the door, "Come in." A moment later, Rocky comes in and takes the seat that was next to his bed while keeping her face down. "I'm sorry Michael. I shouldn't of hit you, I couldn't control my anger. I could have seriously hurt you, and that hurt Jessica, I won't do it again." He looks at her a moment, "Rocky have you been crying?"

The bodyguard looks up slowly, her red eyes clearly visible, her lips pressed into a firm line. "Yeah, I have..." Michael tenses up and looks at her, "Oh, oh I see..." he turns his back down toward his hands, the soft pat noise of his tears his palms. "She's gone..." he whispers while closing his eyes bowing his head, only a moment later Rocky shoves him. "NO!" She scowls at him, "no... Michael, I came to apologize because she just fired me, that's why I was crying. I came to tell you that after apologizing, I'll be going."

Michael twists his head around and shakes it, "I... I don't understand, why would she?" He rubs his face with a hand and twists off his sheets. "You stay right there, Rocky! Don't move from the room until I talk with Jess, Ok?!" He gets up and finds the nurses station, questioning on where to find Jessica. A moment later he finds himself across from his own room, opening the door to hers. "Jess what the hell?!" He looks at her and walks to the side of her bed. A nurse gets up to stop him, and he motions for her to stay away, and the look on his face makes her leave to get help.

"Why did you fire her? Why?" as he stands over Jess, her face pale and questioning. She opens her mouth to answer and looks away before looking back at him. "She hurt you..." she whispers, "master." He put his hand to his forehead, a blinding pain coming out of his temples. "Ahgr..." He slumps to the floor, "What is it with today and everything turning to shit..." Jessica now with soft copper red hair, and eyes a deep sea green, puts out an arm to gently stroke the top of his head. "I'm sorry I upset you, Michael, I'll take it back, I won't fire Rocky, just don't hate me... Please."

He looks up to his love, suddenly seeing the look of absolute desperation, her eyes begging him not to be angry with her. "Jessica, I could never hate you, yea be angry with you, be absolutely pissed off with and at you. But hate, never." Her face flashes so many emotions at once, he can only pick up a few, relief, devotion, love, lust. "Ok Michael, ok, can you stay by me for now then, I don't want to be alone right now." He nods, but then shakes his head, "Just a second, let me tell Rocky ok?" She looks like she's about cry before nodding. Michael nods and gives her a kiss on the top of her head, that makes her seem to calm down for the moment.

Michael quickly comes back to his room, seeing Rocky nervously rocking back and forth in a chair. She looks up to him, giving him a questioning look. He nods, "Yeah I got your job back, I'm pretty sure she's panicking about everything else as not to focus on herself." Rocky nods softly and gives him tight hug, "Thank you, Michael," She smiles and quickly leaves the room, and he walks back into Jess' room, walking over to her while pulling a chair close to her. "I thought they would have you in the ICU, Jess. You know with ah that in your chest." Jess looks down noting the

protrusion pushing out her shirt.

"Oh, this?" Jessica pulls down her gown to fully expose her breasts and the wound she has. "The doctors said it's a cork right now, I get jostled the wrong way and I'll bleed out before anyone can do anything about it." Michael blinks as she seems to be showing off more than just wound. "Jess," putting a hand to her forehead and gently pushing her back into her bed, "Please, take a moment and really think about what is happening ok?" She pouts a moment, pulling back up her gown, "I'm on a lot of pain medications, and I'm worried that you won't find me attractive." Her hand moves over his and brings it down to gently grasp in her own.

She pulls his hand to her face and rubs her cheek against the back of his hand. "I can feel it you know, Michael, I feel it's broken, so please let me have this." Michael nods pulling up a chair as close as he can, taking her hand and interlacing his fingers with hers. "All right Jessica, all right. I'll stay as long as they'll let me." She smiles squeezing his hand, "I so love you, Michael, master of my desires. Saying that I need to cheat a few things ok?" She looks at him, a small laugh escaping her lips.

Michael's head is laying against her upper arm. His eyes closed as he sleeps soundly, she reaches over only to wince in pain. Jessica sighs and pulls him with her linked hand, causing his head to slowly fall across her body, finally resting on her lap. "Ah much better," one of her arms now pinned but comfortable under him, the other reaches out to softly brush his hair. Moments later, the nurse rushes back in with a few orderlies. The women in the bed, motions the shhhh finger, as she goes back to stroking the young man's hair. She softly speaks as not to disturb him, "Please find my bodyguard, and send her here please."

Rocky walks in an hour later, brushing the crumbs from her mouth, "Did you need me for some.." she blinks and goes still a moment, she finishes in the lowest tone she can... "Thing?" Jess rolls her eyes and nods, motioning her bodyguard to come over. "So I need to get the things we planed if my father found about the marriage, and you need to contact my lawyers, not my fathers. And please do spread as much as you need around, extra if that will make it go faster. Liquidate the metals if you must, but I need to have it done before he gets here."

The bodyguard blinks and whistles very softly, "Ok, Jessica, by your order. I'll go start making the calls right now." Jessica nods softly, "We don't have much time, please hurry." Rocky stands up and leaves the room letting the two rest. "Hmmm, I wish I had more time with you, love." She watches Michael stir as he slowly blinks awake, "Hmm Jess?" He looks up to notice her smiling face as grown paler. "Sorry I drifted off there, you're not looking good, Jessica." She nods, "Yeah I've been feeling cooler as time has gone by. It would be for the best I think if a doctor comes by to explain it to you."

She keeps his hand laced with Michael's as he sits up and moves to sit as close to he can to her, to help with warmth. "Love you," Jessica smiles up at him as she presses her self as much as she can against him, "Warm." He kisses her head, as the doctor on call comes in, and looks at the pair, "Well Miss Morya, I see you want to push whatever luck you might have right out the

window?" Jessica scowls and looks at the doctor, "Please explain to my husband what has happened to me."

Michael looks at Jessica a moment, and she quirks an eyebrow at him, daring him to argue, "No, Jessica, I won't." She nods a moment before looking at the doctor with an icy gaze. The doctor coughs once and begins, "The piece of wood has managed to miss her heart. However, the scans show that it has pierced a number of arteries and veins by shattering, but in such a way that the blood loss is being significantly slowed by the fragments. If we attempt to take out the wood, it will cause massive blood loss, not to mention that it will cause hundreds of perforations that may not be operable. To my understanding, you have signed a DNR, Miss Moyra?"

Jessica gently pulls Michael's arm tighter around her and she nods, looking at him a moment before nodding, "Yes, I have, I have yet to discuss it with my husband." The young doctor looks down and takes a deep breath, "I'm sorry ma'am, just let us know of anything we can do to help." She frowns at that comment, she finally looks to the doctor. "I'm sorry that I am being a bitch, but time isn't on my side anymore. I could use help with pain medications, I'm starting to ache all over." The doctor comes over to look at the IV and looks a moment at her. "It's the slow blood loss, it's causing the drip not to work correctly."

Jessica nods to the doctor, "Thank you for trying, I think I would like some alone time with Michael if you don't mind." The doctor smiles softly at the pair, nodding to herself. "Ok, I'll leave you two alone for now, I'll have the nurses check up on you in an hour." She walks out leaving the two to look at each other for a long while. "Jess I have..." "Michael, I'm sorry..." He laughs and kisses Jessica's forehead. "Go ahead, Jess." She pouts just a bit, "I'm sorry, I didn't tell you about the do not resuscitate, because I'm quite sure you think I can be saved. But after hearing five different doctors say what my chances are, I don't want false hope for you." She bows her head and nuzzles his hand.

Michael blinks at her and opens his mouth then closes it again, swallowing hard and nodding before continuing. "I understand Jessica, but I need to say something, I might not be far behind." Jessica snaps her head up at him. He frowns and begins to explain everything that Dr. Kasdeya had told him. By the time he's finished, she is weeping softly, "I've killed you? This is all my fault..." Michael shakes his head quickly, "No, Love, no... I think it's just fate letting us know we can't be separated. Where one of us goes, the other will to, even death."

Jessica clenches her fist and softly thumps his chest, "You can't say that to me, it's not fair... It's too sweet, it's too... true." She sobs as she pulls him into a kiss, gently breaking once her tears stop. He puts his forehead to hers and smiles, "So going to explain the husband thing?" She slowly smiles back, "Ah yeah, I was prepared to run away with you at any time. So I've had lawyers on standby to file court papers, and such to make sure we're married before my father and his lawyers could stop us. Rocky has been sent out to collect all of it for you to sign, so it's all good looking. You were right about me not to fire her after all, I was pissed."

Michael lips purse and he thinks about what he was told, "So not legal and a complete

rush job to pull one on your father." She rolls her eyes, "Yeah yeah, I forget that you're all mister goodie two shoes all the time." He just raises an eyebrow at her and suddenly pulls down her gown and puts his hand between her legs, giving her a rough ride of his fingers. She bucks slightly, her voice going to a light moan. A moment later, he withdraws his fingers and gently pulls her hospital gown back up. She glares at him as he stops, "Fine! I take it back." He smirks and nods, then slows down to look at his hand and then back to Jessica.

"I'm so sorry Jess, I didn't mean to... I don't know what came over me." She tilts her head and returns the raised eyebrow, "I'm not mad about you doing it, I'm mad that you stopped." Michael shakes his head rapidly, "What, I could have just killed you?!" She reaches out as he backs away, "Michael so help me I'm going to kill you first if you don't come back here." He puts up his hands, "Jessica I will be right back, with a mirror, I don't think you understand yet." She scowls at him, "Damn it, Michael! Right now!"

He retreats into the bathroom a moment to find that there was a small hand mirror. Michael comes back out and then brings it over to Jessica's side. "Jess calm down, you need to see this." She frowns looking at him, slowly letting her face turn to a pout. He blinks at her and then slowly raises the mirror to her face. She gasps, looking at the image of her reflection, "I don't... I cleaned it... the doctors didn't say..." She blinks and tilts it around her face and once again pulling down her gown, she does her best to see past the large gravity-defying orbs. "What the fuck, I look..."

Jessica blinks at the image, her skin was a flawless cream, her hair looked like she had just come out of a stylist, a soft wave of strawberry blonde hair. She moves her fingers to her lips, attempting to smear the lipstick she had to be wearing, the dark shade of red not being natural for her. She moves her finger to her eyelid this time attempting to smear the smokey eye makeup. Her finger then traces a perfectly sculpted eyebrow and sighs. "Ok, you right to worry Michael." She gently pushes the mirror away, and points to her now hefty hills, "So a few cup sizes you think?"

Michael coughs a few times, "Um Jess you don't even have a bra on, and it looks like you're wearing one, it's likely that it was six to seven. But I don't have a tape measure. So I'm eyeballing it." She reaches over and takes his hand to press against her soft flesh, he blinks about to say something then the sad look in her eyes stops him. He nods and kneads her mound, and a moment later a soft warm moan escapes her lips. "Oh fuck, Michael, it's better this time, it's like your fingering me. Oh shit... oh shit ohshit ohshitohshit." Her eyes half closed as she tilts her head toward him, her mouth opening to make soft needing sounds.

He blinks at the drastic effect his hand seems to have on her. "I'll try to be gentle as I can, Ok Jess? Try not to move." Michael moves his fingers to pluck and tease her nipple, the attention making it turn not only hard nearly instantly, the color darkens a few shades along with it. She now moans as her hips lift in rhythm to his fingers. "Oh Michael, that feels, OH! Oh ohohoh! Mmmm, good." She slowly opens her eyes full to focus on him, her hand clamping down on his wrist. She breaths shallow for a moment. "Ok mister, you continue and I will be riding you to my

death." Her eyes lock onto his, and the predatory look is back in her eyes. "Master, I need your cum, now. I don't care how I get it either."

Jessica pulls him closer and slides a hand into the back of his gown, to quickly brush his back and come over to his manhood. She smiles up at him, licking her lips slowly, "I'm glad you enjoy my body even now, Michael. Please come over too so I don't over do it, please..." She softly strokes him taking him quickly from half aroused to fully aroused with a few strokes. He bites his bottom lip looking back toward the unlocked door. "Jess..." he pleads motioning toward the door.

She shakes her head slowly no, squeezing his base firmly. "I want your cum right now, Master. Either you come to my lips, or I go to your hips." He groans as she picks up the pace, his hands come up in surrender, "Ok, ok, Jessica, but I need my balance a moment. So please let me go so I can get up on the bed?" Her blue eyes, narrow, hiding most of the nearly neon glow of color they've changed to, however she does let him go. He smiles softly and removes the blankets that cover her lower half. He then pulls off his gown and then quickly yanks off hers the rest of the way off.

Michael then slips himself onto the bed, and before she can stop him, he slides himself between her legs and presses his body against hers. A low growl comes from somewhere in Jessica's throat, "Michael what do you..unnnngggH!" As he quickly pushes himself into her very wet pussy. He grunts lightly as he quickly enters her without slamming into her body. He then takes his hands and clamps his fingers into her plush rear, to stop her from wiggling her hips. "Now you never said what set of lips," he chuckles as he kisses her firmly.

Jessica for her part attempts to stay as still as she can, realizing what he was doing keeping her from moving nearly at all, with his weight and the way he had pinned her to the bed. "Thank you, love," as she searches his eyes, "Sorry if I'm getting a little out of hand." His reply is to simply suck on her lower lip, then plants many light kisses across her face. "Oh Michael, I don't know how you're moving like that inside me, but it feels good..." He blinks at her as he looks down at the parts that connect them. "You're just really tight right now Jess, I'm not moving."

She shakes her head, "I can feel you pushing deeper than you ever have." He blinks at her and then looks down and starts to pull his hips away, and Jessica's body seems to not want let go as suddenly her entrance to her pussy clamps down harder, while deeper in her pussy begins to pull him back in with a swallowing motion. They both moan loudly at each of the others body's motions, "Jessica!" He grunts out, "Michael!" She cries out. He pushes himself back in and her body greedily accepts and begins to pump him hard and fast without her moving her hips even a bit.

Michael moans softly, as he's pulled even deeper into her vaginal walls, trying his best now not to start bucking into her. "Damn Jessica, can you slow it down a bit, I was trying to have a long gentle sex with you, not kill you with it." She shakes her head back and forth, trying to her best not to spasm. "I... I can't... Michael... My body," she pants, "It wants... I want... I need it, Michael I need your cum... I can't stop it," she looks into his eyes, her worry now plain on her face her

breath coming in muffled pants. "My body doesn't....hnnng. It won't listen... I'm trying to push you... uggggnhh away..." She shakes her head again, "I'm up to ten orgasms Michael, I can't stop!" As she pleads, her insides pick up the pace again.

He grunts as his member gets a treatment of a lifetime, her pussy contracting in ways that he didn't think was humanly possible. Jessica moans at a higher pitch, letting him hear her gasps for air. Michael takes a deep breath, before attempting to pull himself out again. Her body seems to know his intent the moment he starts, her pussy again clenching hard at the opening while her pulsing muscles seem to know exactly what would drive him back into the pleasures she has for him. This time knowing what was happening he does manage to pull completely out, his member a good half an inch thicker than when he put it into her while seeming to have grown longer than is noticeable as well.

Jessica moans loud and painfully as her body is denied Michael's. The next loud noise is made by Rocky as she barges into the room, her gasp as she sees the two on the bed fucking. She looks like she's about to yell at the pair for something when her eyes lock onto Michael's penis. Rocky's hard glare glazes over as her shoulders relax. Michael overwhelmed by the sensations from Jessica's body is suddenly pushed over the edge as Jess' soft hand finishes the job the rest of her started. He cums hard as her hand works him, his spunk suddenly freely flowing from the tip with a few jerks causing the cum to fly all over Jessica's body.

Rocky's mouth opens and in an eerily similar motion that Jessica had made, licks her lips slowly, whispering softly, "A masters cum..." her body moving toward the bed without thought. "Oh, that's what I was missing, man's semen." She leans over the pair and stops just short of touching either of them. She looks at Jessica, who is slowly licking or rubbing into her skin every bit of his cum she can reach off of herself and him. Rocky drools, at the sight, her hands going to her small chest however her nipples large for her size are clearly pushing her bra into tents.

Jessica slowly comes to realize that her bodyguard is with her, and her plain need, which is now dripping from her sex down her legs and to the floor. "Roxanne," Jessica's eyes lock onto the others, "I'll let you taste him if you can tell me the priest is on his way." Rocky freezes as her breath becomes short, and she mewls breaking eye contact to look at Michael's still rigid cock. "I... left him downstairs, so I could check on the both of you. I wanted to make sure you were both ready." Rocky quickly looks back to her mistress, "May I suck on him now?" Jessica smirks as she notices that Michael has passed out from the orgasm.

The woman in the bed smiles as she looks at him then back to Rocky, "You can fuck him, IF, only if you will suck on my nipples while you do." Rocky's hands clench tearing the fabric off of her chest, the shoes she wears kicked off with practiced ease. Her workout pants covering an ass that was so well shaped that even Jessica gave a soft whistle. "Damn that's what those ass implants looked like." Rocky quickly hops up, pushing Jessica's head back as she puts her thigh's on Michael's. "Sorry Jess, but I think you understand the craving I'm having right now."

Jess does, in fact, understand, smiling softly to her bodyguard. She lays her head back and

stretches out just a little, to allow access to her breasts. Without further prompting, Rocky leans over and begins to suck softly from the hard nubs pointing at her. While her mouth takes in Jessica's tips, her lower half sways to find the tip of the slightly larger than modest amount of Michael that is still upright. A moment of guiding his member in, and she groans as she slowly pushes her folds around her best friend's soon to be husband's cock.

Michael moans softly and reaches out to touch the woman currently riding him reverse cowgirl style. "Jess, you're not supposed to be off the bed, you'll hurt yourself..." as he gently strokes her back. Rocky moans softly into the breast she's currently suckling from, wiggling her hips from side to side. She breaks her contact with Jessica's breast, to look up at her mistress. "I see why you love him, always worried about you, even without noticing his own issues." Michael blinks as he lifts his head a bit to see why the women are talking like that.

"Oh shit!" He quickly sits up and attempts to pull away from Rocky all too eager cunt, but find that he can't move more than a few inches as Rocky locks her legs around his waist and lower back. Her hands lighting quick, grip the sides of the bed itself and she twists her head back to look at him. "Don't you dare, I've only had one man other than you in me. I'll be oh.. fend.. ed.. if you try to get out now." Michael gulps remembering that she had the training to make that sound like it might be a lethal mistake on his part. "Um Ok, Rocky... but Jessica," "Is perfectly aware of what is happening, and in fact, wanted it to happen." Jess leans her head just enough to smile wolfishly at her lover.

"Oh-kay, Jessica, but..." as he is about to start questioning his current state, Rocky starts bouncing her hips fast and hard. Michael grunts and falls back into the foot of the bed. The bodyguard smirks as she looks back to Jessica, "He tends to talk too much doesn't he?" with her lips moving back to start sucking the milk from Jessica's other breast as quickly as her lips will let her. Jessica laughs a bit throaty, "Only when he doesn't understand, yes. And to answer Mmmmm your question love, she really really wanted your cock, and the fact that she's a hardcore lesbian should tell you all you need to about how she wanted you in her."

Michael blinks and nods slowly as his hips start bucking up into Rocky wet warm and enticing pussy. He pants a bit as Rocky continues her soft assault on his member, trying to get her reward quickly. "Um Rocky may I?" he questions her, and she tilts her head back enough to nod once with a small giggle coming from her lips. "Hees kuutph," Rocky attempts to speak while getting her fill. Michael lifts himself to tug the legs from under him, and she understands quickly pushing her knees out as far as the bed will let her, keeping up the tempo that makes her bottom bounce in a twerking fashion.

He moves the best he can while trying to get out from under the bodyguard, finally having to give up and brute forces his way out by lifting Rocky's legs for a few seconds. He now kneels behind the fighter, and that's when he looks at Jessica, who had been motioning with her hands on what she wanted him to do with Rocky. At first, he seemed appalled, but she won out in the end. Rocky's rear now bouncing freely in front of him, he understood what he had overheard as he passed out. The same kind of implants were in Roxanne's ass as Jessica's breasts.

The sudden slap to Rocky's rear end, makes her shove her ass hard into Michael, trying to knock him off balance. However, her lips betray real emotion as loud very high pitched moan escapes her. Rocky looks up at Jessica, with a bit of shock and fear in her eyes. Jessica simply takes her hands and pulls her guard deeper into her breast forcing the woman to drink deeply before letting her go just enough to let her breathe. Jessica's voice takes on a regal tone to a decree, "Michael, you're going to make Roxanne your bitch, so slap her ass until she matches your rhythm. Roxanne, you try to squirm anymore, it will put me at risk for that wood to pop out."

Rocky freezes her movements from her waist up, blinking at Jessica's tone and command, attempting to shake her head no. Jessica raises an eyebrow and pulls her tighter into her chest. Michael slaps Rocky's perfectly formed ass again, this time hard enough to leave a soft red hand print. He grunts as her body reacts not by attempting to escape again but clenching his member harder, she moans again in the high pitched voice, her hands move up to her sides trying to wave him off to stop him.

Michael again slaps her rear to give her a matching set, Rocky's hands drop a moment before attempting to stop Michael again. He slowly rolls his hips into hers, and this time gives her a light tap. Her waist bucks in compliance, her voice squeaking again. He begins to lay soft and hard slaps to Rocky's ever reddening ass, each time her body seems to completely comply with what Michael wants and less defiance is shown in her demeanor.

Jessica smiles as she feels Rocky's will sap out of her, letting her finally go from her breast. "Roxanne, what do say to him now?" Rocky's breathing harshly as she looks back at Michael, "Master, may I please cum? May I please have your cum as well?" Michael tilts his head at the pair of women in front of him. "And what will make you cum hardest?" His tone more questioning then demand. Rocky lays her top half completely down, so her ass is well presented to him. "Rub me softly master, then slap me hard, I think I will orgasm each time you do that." Michael looks at Jessica wondering what to do.

Jessica laughs and shakes her head, "Best do what the girl said, she's completely wanton right now." Michael nods and slowly rubs the rear in front of him, pushing himself deep into her, causing a yelp to escape her lips, then his hand slaps her hard on the spot he just rubbed. Rocky's reaction is immediate, her hips buck hard, her vaginal walls start convulsing firmly. However, he remembers what she said, and gently rubs her other flank, only to slap it firmly as well. His effort is rewarded by her body thrusting again into him, and a tighter squeeze from her now gushing pussy.

A growl comes from Michael's lips, as he starts rubbing again but this time he starts a pattern of one side is rubbed, then slapped, while the other is slapped then rubbed. Her body starts becoming overwhelmed by the apparent pleasure of her ass getting run like an engine. Her thrust being pulled out of her like the orgasms she now has in a row. He decides that he'll try one last trick, rubbing both sides and gives them both sides a firm slap. Rocky's scream is muffled as she pushes her face into the bed, her quivering pussy showering Michael in a flow of liquid, and he feels her clenches pushing him to the point of no return.

He quickly pulls out of her, not wanting to tempt fate by getting her pregnant. Michael pulls her over and presses his manhood over her drenched cunt as his own orgasm takes over spurting hard enough that his cum spreads from her chin to her navel. Rocky moans again as she feels the hot semen touch her skin, her hands suddenly coming up to rub it into her body. The bodyguard's back arches as the cum is rubbed into her breasts, this time, however, Michael see the change.

Once where there was only slight softness, enough to outline where breasts would be, they begin to fill out, as if the pair of water balloons were being pumped into by a faucet. Rocky moans again, her hands running over her nipples, also now showing signs of growth becoming thicker and just slightly longer. Her breasts slow to a stop from the growth spurt, now a size that her hands now can cup and squeeze. Rocky blinks as she realizes what she's feeling, sitting up and looks at her hands squeeze again the assets now on her chest. She looks up to Michael her eyes filled with awe and worship, she looks back at Jessica, who only nods. "I told you he's special, and that's why you need to guard him from now on."

Rocky nods and slowly slips off the bed, she walks over to the bathroom, flexing her rear just for Michael's benefit, as she winks at him as she closes the door and the shower is heard starting. "Jessica..." Michael's voice a leveled anger and disappointment in his tone, "I want you to explain what the fuck that was all about." Jessica clicks her tongue, but looks down for a moment, "I couldn't fuck you the way I wanted to Michael, and I'm not likely to be able to. I made Roxanne my proxy for everything else in my life. So I... let her in for this as well."

Michael frowns at his love, "You know what I meant by that Jessica." She sighs, and shakes her head, "I could feel her need Michael, she really did need your cock and cum. You didn't see the look on her face when she came to ask." He nods, and sighs, "So she had both sets implanted?" Jessica glad of the subject change, nods. "She was in fact implanted first, she wouldn't let me have them until she tested them. So I knew how she felt when she saw that cock, that look..." She looks over to him and offers a hand.

He reaches out to take hers, and gently strokes her knuckles with his thumb. "I understand, Michael, why you were worried. I'm sorry, I should have listened... I should of." Jessica's tears suddenly stream down her face, Michael moving over to her side again holding her gently to him. "No, Jessica, you don't get to blame yourself, it was bad luck is all. No blaming yourself, I love you." He gently kisses her forehead. She snuffles a bit and looks up to him, and places a kiss under his chin.

The shower stops and Rocky's voice comes from the bathroom. "Um is Mikey covered up?" Michael blinks as looks down at his nude body and then raises an eyebrow, whispering to Jessica, "Mikey?" Jessica shrugs and motions at their discarded clothes on the floor. He frowns at his love and scoops up the various articles of clothing, moving to cover up Jessica first, then himself. He blinks as he sees the lace micro panties, "Um I take you need your clothes, Rocky?" She mumbles to an answer, then more clearly repeats, "Yes, if you don't mind, also I think I shredded my top, so if you have a spare?"

Jessica softly giggles at Michael and looks toward the bathroom door, "I think there are spare gowns in the drawer over there." He nods, folding the items up over her shoes and walks over to the door, knocking and then turning his back but offering the clothes behind him. Rocky peeks out the door and takes the offered items. She quickly redresses and comes out a few seconds later, "Um Mikey, could we not talk about what just happened." He turns to look at the bodyguard, noticing the pair of curves pushing out the gown, even more, obvious are the pair of stiff nipples. "If you keep calling me that Roxy, we may not have a choice."

Rocky blinks and bows her head, fidgeting with her gown, "Sorry Michael, but if we bring it up, I'm pretty sure I'm going to want to again. I tried thinking about what happened and nearly ripped off the handle to the door before stopping myself. If I even start trying to saying what happened..." She looks up at Michael, her face flushed and she sucks in her bottom lip. "Thinking about it now." Rocky's body trembles and she turns away and runs out the door. Michael raises his hands and looks at Jessica, "What the hell is going on here?" Jessica tilts her head back and forth, "She is confused I think. I don't think she's used to lusting after men."

Michael rubs his forehead and moves back to the chair next to Jessica's bed. "She isn't the only one right now." Jessica reaches out for one of his hands, and he takes hers. "I would give her a few minutes to calm down, Michael. Besides you might want to wash up as well, the priest that will marry us will be here soon, soooooo." She smiles and squeezes his hand, "Maybe you can help me with a sponge bath?" He looks up at her and stands up to kiss her forehead, "For all the good it would do you, you look like runaway model version of a porn star."

Jessica pulls him down after his kiss and plants her lips softly on his. "Trying to live my life, Love, with the little time I have." She smiles sadly and lightly pushes him back. "Go on, go get clean and come back quickly." Michael nods looking back as he walks out, "I'll be back soon, Jess, I promise." She rolls her eyes and makes a shooing motion. Michael walks back to his room, stopping a moment, noticing the quiet that had settled over the hall. He turns his head, seeing a few people milling about but facing his direction. He then checked his mental note, not people, women, every single one.

He quickly closes his eyes and shakes his head entering his room. He gets to his bathroom, taking as little time as he could, but given that he had been in the woods less than a day earlier, it would still take some time. As soon as he comes out, he sees Rocky, pacing back and forth. She looks up at him and nods, "Sorry, it's weird, isn't it? I didn't think it would be weird... but it's weird." He raises an eyebrow toward her. "Um, Earth to Rocky?" She startles herself as she walks into him, "Um sorry, I brought clothes for the wedding, Jessica had them made in case you two had to elope. So would you prefer gold, silver, or platinum for your rings?"

Michael ponders a moment, "White gold for Jessica, and Titanium for me I would think." He smiles and shrugs, "Sorry if those aren't on the list, but we never did discuss it." Rocky shakes her head, and pulls out a set of matching boxes, "You two think very much alike, let me guess, white gold for her because it's precious and will never tarnish, and you want titanium for the durability and resilience to change?" He blinks and nods, "Yeah, that's pretty much it. How did ...

ah right, Jessica."

Rocky nods and picks up the larger of the two cases. "I'll take this to Jessica. And I'll see about trying to get the dress cut to be able to put on her. Just need one more witness to get everything in place." Michael nods as he walks over to pick up the suit, he runs his fingers over it and smirks. "She's always thinking ahead." A knock at his door, and a moment later, Dr. Vasilisa Kasdeya walks in, "Sorry to overhear that while I was coming to check in, but I might be able to help with that Roxanne."

Dr. Kasdeya looks at Rocky and whistles low, "Finally found a man that caught your eye, Hmmm?" Rocky snaps her head toward the doctor, and begins to sputter some sort of reply, she looks at Michael for help, and her face begins to blush a dark crimson. She then darts out of the room like a cornered animal, toward Jessica's room. The doctor then turns toward Michael, and smiles warmly before she raises a hand to her mouth. "ohh, Oh, OH! So it was you, wasn't it?" Now it's Michael's turn to blush and he sighs, "I see your back to your tricks, doctor." He motions toward her body, which had been returned to the state when he first met her.

Dr. Kasdeya looks down at her self and sheepishly looks back up to Michael. "A lady has to keep up appearances." She walks over, undoing the top button, allowing that line of cleavage to spread out but revealing how luscious her chest really is. "Glad to see that you like what you see." She takes her index finger, drawing it between her breasts and then playfully points at Michael's waist. "Perhaps a check-up is in order?" The doctor slides her body against his, looking up to his eyes, then quickly backs off. Michael keeps his tone even, but his eyes have enough anger that most would worry about sharp objects near him, "Back off, Doctor."

"I'm not sure what the fuck you fill the other two with, and if Jessica wasn't dying in the next room. I most likely would not have minded the sudden nymphomania urges they both seemed to have developed. However, she is dying because of whatever high!" He then lifts his hand to point at her, "Those fucking implants have over her. We just had sex, which nearly killed her because of what was in her." Michael motions toward the door, "Roxanne, a lesbian, I was told, was nearly begging for my cock even after I had spanked her ass red!" Dr. Kasdeya flinches away from him, biting her lips.

"I don't know what the fuck those things are, but apparently they also did this to me." As he moves his gown out of the way to show his rock hard cock longer still, now pulsing with his anger. The doctor blinks at his member and quickly turns away fully from him as if trying to hide. He puts his gown back over himself. "That's what you've done doctor, in the name of your science. Killed a woman, possibly made one very miserable and possibly killed me as well." He slams his hand into the side of his bed.

Dr. Kasdeya blinks, as he takes out his rage on the soft object, her voice trembling. "I'm sorry Michael, again. I'm sorry I've acted in this manner that has upset you. Please, don't be angry at me. I... I just want to help, ok?" She puts her hands out to him in a pleading gesture. "I wanted Jessica and you to be happy, you must understand that was the whole point of her ..." she slumps

to the ground on her knees. "She was supposed to take it slow with you. Get used to the changes, not do this to herself."

She lowers her arms, "I'm so sorry, it's my fault, I'll do whatever I can to help Roxanne and you, but please, let me help. I need to help, at least let me do that." The doctor drops her head into her hands. Michael leans over the bed putting his head in his palms. His breathing is ragged, and he looks over at the doctor again, then backs down at himself. "Doc, could Jessica's cells be causing mood swings in me as well?" Dr. Kasdeya sniffles holding back tears and looks up at him.

The doctor wipes her eyes and slowly stands up, looking at the ground then to Michael. "It's possible." She frowns a bit, "You said you had sex just a bit ago?" Michael scowls and nods, "Yeah about thirty minutes." Dr. Kasdeya, taps a lip with her finger, "My stem cells are designed to attach to major pleasure centers to help hormone production, for women that would release extra estrogen, but in a man..." Michael sighs and tilting his head back and looking at the ceiling. "Extra testosterone, which would explain why I am so willing to have sex with anything that moves."

"It would also explain Jessica's and my own mood swings. Ok doctor, okay, I apologize for the outburst, I didn't mean to threaten you like that." Michael rubs his face and slowly sits up. The doctor looks nervous and bites her bottom lip. "Um Michael, I hate to ask like this, but if I could sample a few things right now, as you're still fresh as it were. It would allow me to confirm about the stem cells in you and where they might have attached."

Michael nods and slowly shifts himself to the bed, offering his arm to her. "Go ahead doc, take what blood you need." She smiles nervously, softly shaking her head no. "Sorry, not that kind of sample." Michael closes his eyes and groans in frustration, "Really, Doc?" Dr. Kasdeya nods with an apologetic expression, "Yeah, if the cells have bonded to your um... manhood. Then I'm going to need to test those cells, which I can do one of two ways." She pulls up a medical stool and takes his hand gently.

"A biopsy, which would be rather invasive surgery and it might take weeks to heal, and you wouldn't be able to have sex during that time or risk major scarring. Or a semen sample, which is why I am looking like this, by the way, I had gotten a call about not in pain moaning coming from Jessica's room. So I kind of eavesdropped when you started in on Rocky." She chuckles softly and begins to rub his hand with hers. "Ah, that would explain all the 'I don't see you' looks I was getting from the female staff when I came back to this room."

Dr. Kasdeya nods, "Yeah, Roxanne is much louder apparently than she thinks." Michael notices the doctor's soft strokes to his arm. "You're not suggesting that your going to collect the um... sample are you?" She smiles at him and nods, "I could let you use a collection cup, but I have a better container I have made for my own research, has a gel coating that traps sperm and other cells while giving them nutrients to prolong life cycles. And I need about three full, which given what I saw from earlier shouldn't be a problem now."

"I'm sorry Doc, but no." Michael's deadpan reaction is only betrayed by his tensed jaw. She looks at his tensed jaw and then back to him. "I only want to help remember?" Dr. Kasdeya pleads with him softly, rubbing his hand with the lightest touch she can. He clenches his teeth, "I said no. I'm not going to betray Jessica again." The doctor nods, guiding his hand back to his side. "So I'll go talk to her about it then. Stay right there otherwise, I will have the orderlies tie you down." Michael gazes at the doctor as she leaves the room.

A moment later, the speaker on the side of his bed comes on with Jessica's voice. Her tone is less than pleased with him, "Michael, do I have to say why I'm now currently angry with you?" He rolls his eyes and starts to say something before she cuts him off, "Don't you mess me, Michael Ruiz, for the brief time I have left on this world, I'm going to make sure that you live." Her tone softens, "I love you, and I'm worried about you, ok? The doctor explained everything to me, and I'm ok with it. And don't blame Dr. Kasdeya for Rocky, that was my call. I could have sent her out, but I knew you needed more than I could give."

Michael just looks at the speaker, feeling helpless, he finally sighs and shakes his head. "I don't like this Jessica, all these things happening so fast. I just don't know how much more I can take." Jessica makes a kiss sound with her lips. "Love you, I want you safe and feeling it, Michael, let her do her job. I still need to get the dress ready and the last of the paperwork to sign. I won't quit on you, so don't quit on me." He nods and remembers she can't see it. "Alright, Jessica, alright. I love you too, rest ok? Rocky and I will take care of everything else for now." She softly whispers, "You're going to fuck me after, so you better save some for me."

Michael throws his hands up, "Really?! Jessica!" She laughs warmly, "Bye love." He shakes his head, "Bye Jess." The speaker clicks off, and he stares up at the ceiling as he had a few hours before. In the hall, Jessica wearing a lab coat, a pinstripe vest with sweetheart blouse. She shakes her head to return to her form of Dr. Kasdeya. The nurse looks up at her fellow shifter, then down the hall. "So why the ruse?" The doctor raises an eyebrow at her colleague, "He's showing resistance to me, I pumped his hand full of things, and it gave him a hard-on for me, sure, but he was really angry, truly."

The nurse then looks down the hall at the two rooms. "Well, he seemed perfectly happy to fuck the two human females." The doctor nods, "Yes, rather troubling, there may be a few kinks in this new project of mine. The others were going so well that I thought it would be easy enough to bring him to us. I'm sure it has to do with that Jessica having sex with him before her implants matured. But now she's dying, so little chance of saving her. But he's ... different." Dr. Kasdeya shivers, "His smell alone is enough to make me want more contact, but his reactions are all wrong."

She looks to the nurse, "So how is the take over going around here?" The nurse smiles happily, "Oh very well, I'm eight generations for the work at this station alone, my progenitors quickly decided that each male here should get a shifter as soon as possible, as not to interrupt the flow of healing found here. And the new initiative to send a home nurse with all outgoing patients has boosted our treatment numbers faster than projected. I believe the mayor called it,

'A shifter in every home, and a man for every shifter.' The nurse chuckles quietly, "She seemed very much into classic politics."

Dr. Kasdeya nods looking to the rooms as well. "Hmmm, I suppose I should go get those samples now." The nurse blinks, "I thought that was just a ploy?" The doctor shakes her head, "Oh no, I'm quite serious about him, I want him to trust me, and if I can do it, love me. No offense, Cherry, but I want to feel loved, not lust as most of our kind do from our masters. And I think he would be ideal for that if I can just get him to that point." Nurse Cherry nods slowly, "You are an odd one doc, but each shifter her own cock." The doctor rolls her eyes, as she rolls her hips, walking slowly toward Michael's room.

A knock later, the doctor comes in swiftly locking the door behind her. Michael turns his head at the sound. "I really don't feel right about this, doctor." She tilts her head, moving over to the stool she was just in, sitting down to look at him. "Hmmm, I see, even after Jessica knows it's ok, and even said to do so." He nods and looks away from the doctor out the window. The dark sky, with only a few points of far-off starlight making him think of his current situation.

"I'm sorry if I'm a bad patient doc." He looks over to her a moment before looking back out the window. "It still feels like cheating," Michael touches his temple then his breastbone, "Logic and emotion sometimes do not match up." Dr. Kasdeya nods softly, "Hmmm, like wanting to study you, and wanting you to date me." He quickly snaps his head toward her, only to find that she snuck closer. Her eyes only a hand span from his, searching for something. "If we had only met earlier, I might have stolen you away for my own."

Michael frowns just a little while leaning his head back, "It is because of Jessica we were able to meet at all." The doctor nods and she leans back from him. "Very true, and with your contact with her, I'm able to have a reason to keep in contact with you." She turns and looks at the erection that has been there since she left the room to talk to Jessica. "So that's been there the whole time right?" Michael slowly blushes, "Um, yeah... after you holding your hand, it started, and I've not been able to calm down."

Dr. Kasdeya nods, "Hmm, I'm going to take a look now." She smiles wolfishly at the young man and quickly flips up his gown. Michael starts to protest but moans as his breath comes out, the doctor gripping his member softly, stroking it softly. She chuckles, "See you needed to release Michael, your body understands. Just relax and enjoy it, I've been told I have a magical touch." She leans over breathing just on his head, before taking her hand away. "Almost forgot, just a moment."

She smiles as she pulls out one of the condoms, quickly freeing it. She puts a hand on his chest, giving him a firm reminder that she doesn't want him moving. Using the distraction of her other hand, she places the top of the cover on his tip. Before he can stop her, she leans over kissing his tip through the sheath. Her lips part to help push the condom down into place, sucking him down her mouth. He groans as he feels her tongue slide over him.

Michael's hips buck up into her face, his body seeming to have had enough of holding back. She then takes the base and pulls a small tab, a small pop is audible. The doctor's mouth slowly pulls off him, a much louder pop is heard. "See all ready for the taking now," she lets him catch his breath, before continuing her explanation. "As I said, made for the collection of semen. That gel you feel not only preserves it, but I made it so the penis is more sensitive, so that way no loss of feeling..." as she strokes him slowly. "See?" She gives him a throaty laugh as he is rubbed all the right ways. "But that little tab uses a bit of organic glue that only deactivates within contact with full seminal fluids."

She strokes him hard and fast for a few seconds, causing him to yelp as his hips start bucking to her rhythm, she then stops and takes a good firm pull at him. "Notice how the condom doesn't come off even though you have some pre-cum here." As she teases his head with her fingertip, gently rubbing the gel and cum around. Michael frowns at the treatment of the doctor's fingers. She blinks and looks down a moment, "Sorry Michael, I didn't mean to tease you so much. I'll make it up to you..."

Dr. Kasdeya quickly covers his manhood with her lips again, sucking him into her lips firmly. Her head bobbing quickly to give Michael as much as he can handle and then some. "Mmmm Not going to Ahhh, lie doc, your blow job skills are OOOoh shit, really good." She pops her lips off of him, her hand continuing the pace her lips set. "Thank you, but just call me Vasilisa, for now, ok? Given what we're doing is very unprofessional."

Michael pants, as he watches her body's movements. Her hips jerking a little as she goes back to giving him a world class blow job. He reaches out to cup one of those 'padded' breasts and ponders as he gropes her lightly. Vasilisa's body reacts quickly, her nipple pressing hard into his palm, her head speeds up, while she begins to go further down on him, and when she reaches his base her throat contracts around him, acting not unlike the lower half of her body seems to be.

He leans a bit over, and puts his other hand on her inner thigh, his touch running over the parts of her his member would very much like to press into. He pulls his hand away drenched in slick moisture, and bring it to his nose and lips. The doctor moans hard into him, sensing what he seems to be after, her lower half flexes so well that he guess she might also be a gold medal gymnast. But her legs suddenly push off the floor and twist around so her knees are just on the sides of Michael's shoulders, her flooding cunt, now very obviously in his face.

The pinned man takes only a moment to press his lips to her lower half, Vasilisa's body shuddering in pleasure as he flicks his tongue to taste her juices. The moment Michael does, her mouth suddenly slams firmly down to his base. Her tongue stroking the sides while her throat squeezing as hard as was pleasurable. Michael feels like his back nearly snaps as his orgasm is sucked out of his manhood, his balls seeming to finally rid themselves of the overload. His mouth, however, slips down to cover her clit, sucking for all he as worth as well. His hands confirming that her underwear had been lost somewhere on the floor.

Vasilisa moans softly as her body twitches from the inside out, and a moment later she pulls her mouth from the large member sticking from Michael's crotch. He pants as he slowly comes back to reality, little stars flashing in his eyes from the effort of it. The doctor smiles a moment as she fiddles with the tab again, the condom, now able to be moved, slides off him, not a drop to be wasted, as the sheath closes itself the moment it leaves his cock. She sighs warmly as she moves her legs away from his face so she can watch him. Still half-masted, Michael blinks down at the doctor between his legs, "She got the cells from you, didn't she?"

The doctor blinks out of her dreamy state at the question, "Yes, she received special stem cells that were treated. You noticed?" She slowly sets aside the large plum sized condom, pulling out another, ripping the package open with her teeth, as she gives a salacious look to him. "Oh come on do... Vasilisa? I need a few minutes here." She grins as she slowly grips his member and applies the next condom to him. "Oh, I don't think that's true at all for you anymore. I am nearly positive that my stem cells are actively working in you now. I'm conducting a test of endurance at this point."

Michael grunts as he slowly, "And yeah I noticed, the second I touched you here." He reaches out and gropes her again. Vasilisa eyes widen as her body seems to crumble into his palm, her woman-hood sending out a fresh wave of lubricants. Her eyes suddenly grow drowsy, as he continues rubbing her tit, she makes a small sound in the back of her throat, a pleading need with no words. He stops and pulls his hand away. "Jessica nearly acts the same way, she practically begs me to fondle her as much as I can while I'm in the room with her."

Vasilisa opens her mouth a moment then closes it, seeming to think better of it. She looks at him forlorn for a moment as if trying to convey something deep within her. Michael shakes his head, "Jessica always says what she thinks about with me, that's why we work." The doctor blinks and slowly twists herself around the bed, so she is laying against him, she takes off all her outer clothing and drops it off the side with a hand going under the bed. Her breasts, on full display in a cupless bra with matching lace garter, her legs still in that sheer black set of stockings.

She sits up and straddles him, the effect of this on his member is nearly instant. Vasilisa smiles shyly to Michael, "See you do like how I look," she wiggles her hips for emphasis. Michael remembers to breathe at that point, nodding slowly. "Yeah but you can't replace Jessica, I love her. You're gorgeous, beautiful, stunning, enrapturing, spectacular, alluring, sultry. You look like what I expect a goddess of lust would like. So very much so, I think you heavenly or infernal, depending on where you'd like to take my soul."

Vasilisa blinks at the words he uses, as her body shows how much she enjoys his words. Her breathing coming in small pants, her eyes glaze over, her nipples already erect, darken a shade or two. Her pussy streams out more of her juices, like an overripe peach, her hips shuddering as she can feel him hard against her waiting slit. "Michael, you're kind, loyal, witty, intelligent, honest and straightforward that few other men are if you can't love me, could you at least fuck me? Hard or Soft, long or short, If I can't have your love, then give me your lust, for now, I'll take that!"

Michael blinks and raises his hands in a pleading gesture, to which his doctor takes his hands and firmly sets them on her breasts. "I want to be fucked by you, that shouldn't be hard for you to understand right?" He shakes his head just a bit, "I don't, I'm a nobody, I'm not in good shape, I'm not good with people, and I know I'm not that charismatic, so no I don't. It took Jessica a while for me to understand that she did love me in spite of all that."

Vasilisa blinks, "Self-esteem issues?" as she puts a finger on his lips. "No, I realize... Hmmm" She slides up and straddles him higher, and before he can ask, her hand pulls up his member to guide into her. "Ahhhhh there," as she pumps her hips to get him deep into her as quickly as she can. Michael gasps and looks up to her as she lowers her face to his. "I'm going to fuck you, Michael, and cuddle and make out, and have everything I can of your cock. And I do this because I find you endearing, ok?" as she presses her lips to his and slips her tongue into his mouth.

Michael tries to move away but the doctor quickly pins her hands to his, guiding them back to her mounds of soft breasts. Her hips once in the right position, begin a rapid flexing that is meant to prove her point of wanting him hard. His hips start to answer the doctor breakneck rhythm, only for hers to speed up again, and now thrusting so that way he can feel the deep tightness she is offering him. He moans softly, her lips keeping the seal of their mouths tight, her tongue dancing with his enticing him to come to her mouth.

He attempts to move, but Vasilisa wraps her arms around his neck pinning him down again. Unable to escape her grasp in more ways than one, Michael releases into the doctor riding him with a muffled shout. Her hips slam down, her insides squeezing, stroking, milking for all he's got until he shudders. She breaks the kiss finally, letting his neck go, slowly pushing herself up, her hips slowly raising up to let his member out of her grasp. She quickly seals the next used condom, smiling warmly to him. "You're doing so well, Michael, think you can give me just a few more?"

Michael wheezes out a cough, "What?" He looks down at himself, a soft sweaty sheen, "Look at me doctor, I don't think so." Vasilisa frowns a moment to look him over and nods softly, "Hmmm, a small breather then?" She gets up off of the bed, sashaying her way to the bathroom looking behind her with a smoky smirk on her lips. "I'll get you some water, ok honey?" He throws his hands up into the air, "What the FUCK is it with today!?"

Vasilisa frowns as she peeks out of the bathroom, "No need to be so angry, just a moment." She comes back out with a large glass full of water, walking over to the side of his bed. She sits with her rear pressed against his hip, and she turns toward him offering the glass to his lips. "Drink, Michael, please you're getting upset. And I know that I'm not really helping, but I want to." She presses the glass to his lips as he begins to speak, forcing him to drink, while he rolls his eyes at her. Once he has finished the glass, she puts the glass down on the side cabinet. "Feel better now?"

He sighs after taking a deep breath, "Yeah, I'm just getting so angry over everything. Today

has been a roller coaster. And I know the last dip, and..." He clenches his jaw, the tears slowly rolling down his cheeks. "And I just don't want her to die." Vasilisa looks down a moment before looking back at him, reaching out to stroke away his tears. "Shhhh, Michael," she leans over and hugs her naked body to his. "I know, I know, and I'm sorry. But I'm trying my best to make sure she gets what she wants."

Michael blinks at her questioningly, Vasilisa giggles, "For someone so smart, you are very simple, you goof. She wants to save you, she is going to give everything she has for you. Michael, I know this sounds harsh, but she isn't planning to live. She is planning her death, but wants to make sure you live ok?" He looks away toward the ground his head twitching, as he tries to come to terms with it. Vasilisa slowly nods, moving herself to straddle him again, she cups his face with her hands and tilts his face hers.

"Michael, you don't have to live in pain anymore. She doesn't want that for you, I don't want that for you, ok?" She sits up and presses her large breasts to the sides of his face, her arms wrapping around the back of his head to hold him. He sobs softly into her chest, his arms moving to clutch her hard. She strokes his hair, "Shhh now, let me help ok?" Vasilisa pulls back and smiles down at him, before taking one of her nipples and pressing it to his mouth.

The doctor raises an eyebrow, "Do go on, Michael, it's ok, a bit of milk never hurt anyone." He looks up with a quirked eyebrow, this time he doesn't attempt to speak. "Oh, you noticed that I take advantage of you when you open your mouth?" He nods while looking up at her with now narrowed eyes. She blinks, "Well come on, please do open up." He doesn't move away from her, but simply pulls back his arms and crosses them. A finger slowly taps out the time on his upper arm.

She frowns and slowly backs down and away from him, to allow Michael his freedom. "You are so stubborn Michael." Vasilisa frowns ever so slightly, backing up even further so she's sitting on his knees, putting her hands on the outside of his thighs. "So what did you plan on doing to me, doc?" She winces, bowing her head letting her hair cover her face. "I wanted to make you happy." He taps his finger faster, "That's not the answer to my question." She lifts her head looking at him, her hair covering half of her face.

"I meant to give you things that would allow you to continue being able to orgasm. I really do need it for my samples." She goes to the side picking up another condom, opening the package, and looking at his member. "If I promised to let you fuck me in my ass would you like that?" He raises his eyebrow as if to disagree but sighs as his manhood seems to like the idea enough to show it's enthusiasm. She smiles and reaches over to slide the newly invigorated manhood into her special condom.

Vasilisa smiles up at him through her eyelashes, "Thank you for not getting angry again." Michael sighs again, "No point to, you just explained why and what you were going to do. You said it was to help Jessica with what she wanted. So, therefore, no need to be upset or question further. That is why, you weren't explaining those before, hence my anger issues." She blinks, a

moment she opens her mouth then shuts it with a click of her teeth. "So I explain to you why and what, and you'll just go along with that?" He looks at her with a bit of sadness, "Jessica doesn't have much time for my arguments so I will do what I can, when I can, for as long as I can, for her."

The doctor goes still as he finishes his words. "That's the kind of love I've wanted, hmmm. So if I explain why I want your semen raw inside me, would you agree?" He frowns a moment, "As long as we're not talking about you having my child, then yes." She ponders it for a moment, "I want to know how potent you are right now, in fact, I want to enhance you if you'll allow it. It may answer a few questions about what's happening to Jessica and you."

Michael nods before she even finishes her last statement, and she stumbles back a bit, "That fast, oh yes, you just said didn't you." Vasilisa looks pensive for a second, "For her?" He nods again, "For her." She smiles a bit sadly at him, "I'd like to have you relax ok?" as she moves forward again to press herself against him. She takes one of his hands and brings it up to her breast and nipple. "It feels better when you do it freely." He nods slowly, gently groping her at the request. His fingers quickly tease her nipple, and the effect is sudden.

The doctor arches her back, thrusting her chest into his hands. Her breathing becomes very ragged as if she's trying to hold off the wave of pleasure she feels. Her lower half gushes freely, the viscous fluid dripping onto him. "Please suck on them now," she grips his shoulders while leaning even more forward to his lips. He licks his lips and slowly licks around her nipple, now proudly standing out against her flesh. Michael takes in her pointed nub, gently sucking, and even that small effort causes her start gushing a sugary sweet milk that seems to evaporate on his tongue.

Michael continues sucking until his ball sack suddenly throbs. He grunts, but Vasilisa's hands are there, keeping his head on her boob and nipple, her voice very soft, "Finish, please! I need you to take it all for a proper test." He nods, closing his eyes and sucking harder, while his hands reach to her hips to stop her from moving for a moment. His mouth seems to always be empty by the time another spurt of her milk comes out. But his sack seems to ache more as if he had spent weeks edging to orgasm only to stop at the last second. Just as he is ready to scream in frustration from the pain. She reaches behind them to give him one firm stroke with a soft silky feeling hand.

He bucks hard into the touch, as he releases into the condom. The doctor moans softly, "Yes! Please show me more. More, CUM!" He shivers as his hips buck wildly his sack seeming to never drain completely from each blast. He finally breaks away from her, a painful hiss coming from him. When he finally speaks his voice is shaky, "Ahhh it's not stopping, Vasilisa! It needs to stop!" She shakes her head no, "Not yet, not until I can fill one up. But don't worry should only be a bit longer."

Michael pants as his body continues to pump out load after load, seeming to get thicker and more voluminous each time. His hips stop pumping, but his underlying muscles seem more than capable of continuing. To him after an eternity of cum pumping force from his dick, he

finally stops. He sounds as if he's run a marathon at top speed, "what... the fuck... was that." Vasilisa smiles at him as she very very carefully removes the final condom, that now looks like a grapefruit.

"That was very good, oh right..." She turns back to him and gives him a kiss on his forehead. "Sorry, need to see if I could enhance you, should be a permanent change by the way, but look." She hops off of him, to show his member still half massed, and his balls only slightly larger. "I didn't do what my kind normally does, and make you unable to walk, though Jessica most likely had most of the work there done." Michael tries to sit up but sags back into the bed. "Oh no no no, Sweet Michael, Dear Michael." She places her hand on his chest, "Stay you're going to be dehydrated after that bout."

He feebly tries again, "You're... kind? Doesn't... make sense." Vasilisa smiles and nods, "I promise to explain if you let me get you water without you trying to run off for a moment ok?" He scowls at her, but nods to her request. She kisses his lips, and nods, "I'll get a gallon pitcher." She walks away, her hips wiggling back and forth. Again she looks back at him, giving him a blatantly sultry look, before she walks out, her clothes seeming to reappear out of nowhere.

Michael shakes his head and stares up at the ceiling. "This is... something... else." The Shifter nods, as she comes into his view leaning over him. Her hair flowing over the both of them, softly tickling his chest, throat, and face. "Sadly it is, I've made sure you won't remember this last bit. Sorry, my lovely Michael, but you're too valuable to me to allow you to know everything. Though I do apologize for letting myself get carried away, and forcing this on you."

He frowns at her, she simply smiles warmly as she firmly but carefully sits him up to get him to drink from the large pitcher of water. "Don't understand..." She looks at him a moment, "I'm not human, I'm what you'd call a shifter." He eyes dart from this point to that point, as she gets him to drink again. "Oh... explains Jessica's... and Rocky's... bodies..." Vasilisa nods, "Good, I do enjoy talking to you. But you pick up on things very fast, and you're good about making sure you take action when you can. Perfect for my daughter's sire, but you seem to take drastic action."

Michael nods and he looks at her, "Would... die to... protect... Jessica." The doctor nods, "I know, but she's dying Michael. What then? What happens to you after Jessica?" He scrunches up his eyebrows, thinking, "Not much I think." She shakes her head, "You committing suicide?" He looks away after taking yet another swig of water. She punches his arm lightly, in an all too familiar gesture. "No, Michael, I won't let you." He frowns at her, and he is about to speak again when she tips the pitcher for him to drink. "I won't let you, Michael Ruiz, you're a rare thing these days and I want you for my own. Besides, you still owe me one raw shot of your cum."

He balks at her as she lifts up the pitcher to his eyes, showing the now empty container. "I've even adjusted your water absorption rates. So you won't feel as bad this time around." Her clothes fading into her skin, as she hops up to straddle him again. "You'll be able to pump out point seven liters or quarts as it would be in American measurements. As long as you're well hydrated that is." She smiles as she sits on him rolling her hips, her wet snatch pressing into his

member. "Hmmm, I suppose I should tell you about Shifters as well shouldn't I?"

Michael pinches his eyes shut before answering, "Yeah that would be a kindness." Vasilisa nods and strokes his cheek with the backs of her fingers. "Shifters need DNA to sustain themselves, we can eat normally, and that helps, but we really do need human DNA to complete a life cycle." She brushes her thumb across his lips. "We want men because you can produce far more to spare, while females..." She smiles sadly, "Well they have only so many eggs."

Vasilisa traces her fingertips to from his jaw downward, to rest on his chest. "But more specifically we also mutate faster than any human could. We instinctively know the things that our mothers learn, though mother isn't the right word. Once we get enough genetic material we split in a combination of Binary fission and Conjugation. Our cells split, then reorder the genetics, to produce a pair of daughters that takes in all of what a man has given us and makes us more capable than the last mother." She looks into his eyes, her deep green eyes reflecting the light in the room like dark jewels.

The doctor continues, "We also gain memories, of what our ancestors have done to gain, hold, and sometimes use against men. It's why I want you, Michael, you are something new, something that if my gene line can use, we will spread better, farther, quicker. My ancestor was once trapped in a lab, she was tested. And the man that watched her became so fulfilled by the action of giving her the life seed we need, that he most likely lives like a prince." She leans over to kiss him ever so softly, her lips brushing so lightly over his before giving him a soft peck.

"So the question is why are you different, Michael?" He frowns a moment, trying to put the pieces together, "Jessica did something to me..." Vasilisa laughs and nods, her mood now bouncy and energetic. "Yes! Yes, she did Michael!" She kisses him again and this time lingers on his lips for a few seconds. "Mmmmm, not too much, I want to keep you aware and awake." He lifts his arms just enough to settle his hands on her hips. "But you changed me as well, so..." He looks down, his eyes going back and forth again. She nods quickly knowing now that look of his brain doing the thing that she wanted for her children. "I can say no."

Vasilisa slams her lips into his, which should have busted open both their lips. But the shifter in her shape-changing ways only manages bruises on his but doesn't stop kissing him. Her mouth hungry for him, presses, pulls, sucks while her tongue licks, probes, and teases. She continues until he gently pushes her shoulders back. She giggles and rubs her shoulders, "See no normal man could do that, She made it so you will only listen to her like that. I'm still not sure how, but my daughters will serve you until they know, and will long after they do."

"So now I'm doing to fuck your brains out, Michael, and when you wake you'll only have the warm fucking to remember if anything, while I'll wait for Jessica to pass before coming to you to have you split me into my daughters with this..." as she looks down to her waist as she grips his hard member, slowly pointing it directly into her waiting cunt. She then sits down on him as hard and fast as she able without harming him. Michael's hands suddenly grip her hips, as his nerves signal to thrust back as hard as he can.

The doctor pants, her insides, pumping him like a well-greased piston, without the need to move her hips at all. She smiles as she tilts her head to his catching his eyes again, "I need this Michael! So fucking bad! I'll know now to fuck you the next time we do this so I can grow and split for you. I'll learn whatever you want to teach me. Just give me your cum, I need it. Please!" He grunts and closes his eyes as he feels that throbbing return to his sack. Her body still on the outside, but the assault on his manhood can be noticed by the twitching of his hips, and the quiver her voice.

"Yes, that's it build it up and shoot it into me, that big fat load! Make me bigger, make me sexier, make me want you for the rest of your life!" Vasilisa's voice hot and low in his ear, as she places her head on his shoulder. Her hips change the angle, but the texture, grip, stroke speed, of her vaginal walls shifts and changes until it finds the right spot for each nerve. Like a lock inside the key it was made for, her body clicks into place with his, and his orgasm streams hard out of him.

"YES!" Vasilisa moans loud into his ears. She quickly stuffs an overly hard nipple into his mouth as he pants gushing a sweet syrup into it. She looks down at him, "Remember that feeling Michael. Forget about Shifters... forget about my want for your love and need to understand you. Forget my need to split from your seed and sleep well." Michael unable to do anything but swallow as his nose and lips are covered by her mammary.

Michael's hips jerk spastically as his body continues to pump out his seed, his eyes droop as the shifter starts shivering from the semen orgasm her kind enjoys. His mind trying to counter her words, failing, however, to do so. "Remember... love... understanding... split... sleep..." His body finished in producing, he passes out completely. Vasilisa's eyes close in rapture, letting her body taken in and spread the huge amount he pumped into her. She waits for the sudden rush... and waits. She blinks as she looks down at her womanhood when suddenly hits her like a sledgehammer.

Her eyes bulge out, in surprise and fear, her hand shoots down to her crotch feeling something happening that shouldn't be yet. Vasilisa looks to Michael, but his face at rest lets her know that she had done too good of a job to make him sleep as he forgets everything that happened in the room. She quickly dismounts from him, feeling the change take over her midsection, but it felt cold. Her memories told her this was happening too soon and it didn't feel right. She stumbled to the bathroom as the rest of her body suddenly starts to shift out of her control.

A moment later, the twins wake up, they both cry out softly as they come out of their birth. In perfect unison, "We made an error..." They look across to the other, each of their eyes a different color, dark brown hair on one side of the face while the other side reflects a platinum blonde. They both slowly stand, both wincing as they do. They move to the mirror to confirm what the other had seen. "Too soon," again in perfect unison, they turn to the other and point to themselves. "Vasilisa..." says one, "Dr. Kasdeya," speaks the other. They hug the other, softly crying. "We've split too soon."

The pair of preteens sniffles as they calm down. "Memories?" says Kasdeya, "Missing..." sighs Vasilisa. "Michael?" she asks her twin, as they both look out the door to where he sleeps. "Sleeping, good," Kasdeya speaks looking at Michael oddly, studying him a moment, she looks at her twin and sees the look of devotion on it, the want, the need, the love. "Oh no..." Kasdeya slumps to the ground. "I understand Vasilisa, at least what might have happened." The more emotional Vasilisa breaks her eye contact with the sleeping form, a look of worry on her face. "I don't, parts of my memory are missing, I remember our ancestors, but I can't remember us fully."

Kasdeya nods, "Jessica changed him, and then we changed him, it compounded. Just before he fell asleep, he murmured split understanding." Vasilisa shakes her head, "No, more like remember love." They both blink a moment and then look out at Michael again. "We need to regroup and get out," Kasdeya motions toward the condoms. Vasilisa purses her lips, "We need to care for him, make sure he's ok."

They both sigh again, and they nod to the other, "Ok both things." Kasdeya quickly finds a few spare gowns and goes to pick up the condoms she remembers. Vasilisa looks over Michael a moment before pulling the sheets up over his shoulders and refills the large pitcher of water. They look at each other and putting on the gowns, seeming to know they don't have enough energy yet to shift properly. Kasdeya carefully makes a pouch for the filled condoms, realizing they might pop and cause another split. Vasilisa peeks out the door, seeing no one around, she waves to her twin to make their escape.

(If you liked this, hated it, or otherwise think something about it, Please leave a comment on the overflowing bra's comment section or forums, I promised to read them. May not reply, but I will always take constructive criticism so I can improve. Anyone figure out that song she sang yet? Eh? Eh? No? I'll see myself out. °_°)