

Daddy's Girl Gets to Have It All

Georgia Cardiff sat alone, staring out her new corner office window on the fifty-first floor of her law firm's building. Any other woman would be smiling ear to ear at this moment, but Georgia was not any woman, and this was not any ordinary day. For Georgia, it was three weeks from her thirty-second birthday, and she was told she had been named the newest partner at Charles, Marquis, and Delvo. This was her life's most significant accomplishment, yet she felt unsatisfied. She tried to compose herself and forced a smile. "I should be happy! I'm finally getting the recognition for the hard work I've put in... But why do I feel like I'm giving something up?"

Georgia felt like a ghost floating from conversation to conversation with her colleagues and new partners. Each conversation presented a new opportunity to rehash the same tired talking points. "Yes, I'm so excited." The first response to everyone's meager offers of congratulations. "You're too kind," came next in response to the praise for being the first female partner of C.M.D. Then, finally, "Let's have lunch, coffee, a drink, etc," would close out the dreary interaction. While these interactions repeated repeatedly, Georgia knew she had to keep up appearances. So, while she felt somber, the crowd raved for her delightful banter and wit.

"You're brilliant and gorgeous to boot! No wonder you were selected, dear," an older woman remarked. Then, another client reminded Georgia of her many accomplishments. "Three dozen cases litigated, and not a single penny in settlements or judgments. You're a miracle worker, Georgia! Here's to never paying a cent to these worms!" To which Georgia simply smiled in response, unwilling to engage any further on this morally dubious view of plaintiffs. That said, she wasn't about to apologize for being very good at her job. That quality is what drew in the high-paying clients that helped elevate her candidacy for a partner.

Nonetheless, Georgia didn't relish the opportunity to demean anyone. These little disturbances served as a barrier to prevent Georgia's mood from improving. There was only one fix for that, and he was fashionably late, as expected. At 8:35 pm, Justin Cardiff walked into the room, and it felt like all eyes were immediately focused on the man. Foremost of them all was Georgia, who warmly welcomed her husband to the party.

"Well, if it isn't the woman of the hour! Congratulations, Georgia!" he said as he leaned in for a hug. Georgia responded with a warm smile as she returned the embrace.

"Thank you, sweetie. I'm so glad you're here."

"The room a bit obsequious? I know how you can get when people behave so... averagely."

"God, yes. I've had the same conversation three dozen times already. I just want this night to end."

"Well, not before I get to see this new office of yours. Maybe we can... slip away for a private moment or two?"

"An office tour, yes, I can do that. A private moment, no. We can't take that kind of risk, babe, but I admit it gets me feeling nicely hot and bothered thinking about it."

Georgia led Justin through the party to her new office for a brief tour. As she went through the motions, she felt frustrated as Justin's suggestion and her reality collided. She knew she couldn't take that risk, certainly not now. But she wanted to have it both ways. She wanted to let her husband have his way with her with no fear of consequences. No fear of being caught and no fear of reprisal. She wanted her cake and to eat it too.

It was times like these when Georgia was forced into a compromise that made her even more uncompromising in other phases of her life. She had been moody all night due to an inner conflict, and despite her unwillingness to have the kind of private moment that Justin suggested, she had a modicum of privacy with her husband.

"You know, I'm not getting any younger."

"Uh-huh, not loving how this is starting. What are you on about?"

"Well, it's just that... Me... my body... it's not going to be youthful and healthy forever. There are certain things that if we're going to do them, we have a bit of a clock we have to abide by."

"Oh... Well, my offer still stands. You do have a lock on that door, right?"

"Justin!" Georgia scolded Justin's playful offer before continuing, "I guess that is the idea. I don't want to be a geriatric mother watching her child graduate from high school or college."

"You know I am on board, Georgia. Whenever you are ready, we will start trying."

"That's just it. As I was thinking about it today after I was told the news, I realized there won't ever be a time that I am ready to put my career aside to start our

family, let alone raise a child," Georgia said as she started to tear up. Justin was quick to respond. He hugged Julia tightly and comforted her as she shed some tears at the realization she had come to.

"There, there, Georgia. Let it all out."

Georgia wiped her eyes, and unfortunately, her mascara smeared along with the motion. She caught her image in the reflection of the glass of her office. She quickly broke from Justin's arms and began to correct the makeup faux pas with some supplies she had stashed in her desk drawer. Justin just stood and watched as Georgia was clinical in fixing her image. This change in demeanor prompted Justin to shift gears, and he expected she would finally be ready to discuss solutions to this conundrum.

"I've got three adoption agency contacts ready to go, Georgia. We can call, and with our collective incomes, I can pretty much guarantee we will have a baby at home in no time."

"No."

"No? What do you mean?"

"No, I'm not open to adoption."

"Why not?"

"Because, call me selfish or narcissistic, but I want our child to be 'ours.' You know, genetically."

"Yeah... I mean, I get that, but there are lots of kids who still need a good home..."

"And we can make a sizable donation to help them. I'm sorry, Justin, this one is a non-starter for me."

"All right, well, there's ways around this problem, too. I will look up some contacts tomorrow, but we can hire a surrogate and go through that process. I hear it can be a little hard on the person donating the eggs, though. Are you okay with going through something like that?"

"The prospect of donating my eggs isn't a problem."

"That's good! But... I still feel like there's a 'no' hidden in that sentence."

"That's because we've been married for seven years, and you actually listen to me,

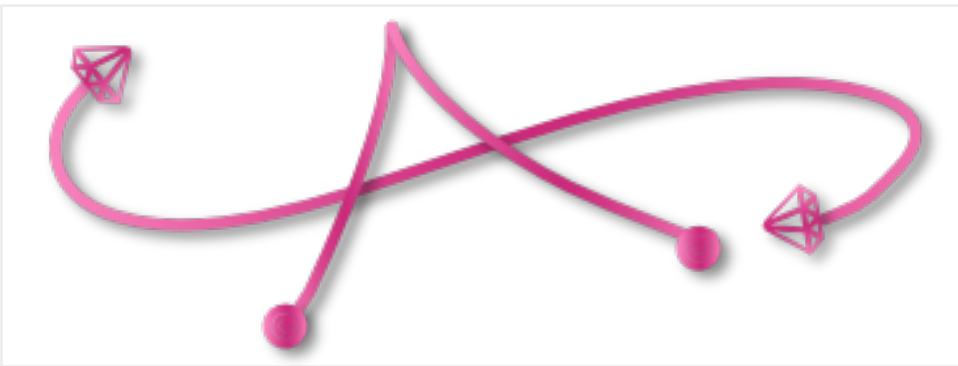
unlike most men. Sorry, I'm off-topic. You're right; surrogacy is off the table, too."

"Firstly, I accept your answer, and I won't pursue surrogacy companies, but can you help me understand?"

"Justin, I'm a lawyer, meaning I am intimately familiar with the law. Legally speaking, the baby which we would have donated our egg and sperm for would be the surrogate's child. Even worse, if they decided to keep the baby, they could come after us for eighteen years of child support. That would be a sizable monthly payment with our incomes. Any surrogate would do the math and realize they'd never have to work another day. So, no, surrogacy is not an option for us. The risk is too high."

"Well, we're back to being caught between a rock and a hard spot. I see why you are struggling with this; I know being a mother has been a lifelong goal. Then, on the other hand, your career means a lot to you, too. You'll probably become the most prolific corporate law lawyer of the century. If not the millennium! So, it seems like you just have to choose one. I know you don't want to, but there don't seem to be any other options."

"We'll see about that..."



"Daddy, I need to talk to you about something serious."

Asher responded with enthusiasm, "Of course, Georgia. You know you can tell me anything."

"Right, well. You might not like what I have to say, but trust me when I say I've done the research. You know how tough judges have become on family law..."

"Don't get me started," the lifelong lawyer interjected. "Damn far-wing radicals and their extreme views on everything. I would..."

"Daddy, I know. You don't need to remind me how you feel about this for the

thousandth time."

"Sorry, princess. I just get worked up, and you know how I get when I start feeling fired up."

"Yes, and I love you for it. In fact, I'm counting on it, well... on you."

"It sounds like you're about to ask me for a kidney, Georgia. But I know you take YourEssence, so you couldn't possibly have any sort of health-related ask. So now, I'm starting to freak out a bit," Asher worried. He paused while holding his hand up to indicate he was collecting himself. "All right, Georgia, I am shocked to hear that you and Justin are having troubles, but of course, you can move back in with me. I'm sure with counseling..."

"What? No! Justin and I are fine. Please, stop trying to be two steps ahead of me."

"All right, princess. I'll try. You stumped me; if things are good with your marriage, and you just got promoted, I can't imagine what you would need from me. So, let's hear it."

"We're actually trying to figure out how to start a family, Daddy. That's what I need to talk to you about."

"Oh my goodness! Oh, I'm so excited! I'm going to be the best grandfather ever. Watch out, Mr. Rogers. I will claim the crown for the most doting grandparent in the Wilburn. Your days of bragging at HOA meetings will soon be coming to an end!"

"Uhh-huh. Daddy, don't get ahead of yourself. I'm not pregnant, nor do we have any firm plans established here."

"Oh, oh, okay. Well, usually, people wait until their first OB appointments to tell their parents. I guess that must be a bit old-fashioned now."

"I told you what I had to tell you would be hard to hear."

"Oh, oh... Honey, who has the problem? Is it Justin?" Asher tried once again to predict what was going on and, this time, suspected a fertility issue.

Georgia sighed in response to her father's failure to resist his urge to be correct. "Not that either, Daddy. But I am looking for someone I can trust in a not-too-dissimilar sense."

"Ok, I'm back to being completely confused, Georgia. I'm going to keep my mouth

shut. Tell me what you want to say, and I promise not to interrupt."

"All right, here goes, well, everything. First, you know I've always wanted to be a mother, and I'm trying to figure out how to do that, given my new promotion. Further, it's important to know that it's a hard requirement to me that my baby share Justin's and my genes. So adoption isn't an option to help avoid the work-life and family-life juggling."

"I understand exactly what you're saying. It's so hard for working women to balance."

"Right, so that would normally leave us the surrogacy option."

"Yes, but the risks associated with that are so high! With your profile, you would be a prime target for unscrupulous surrogates."

"Yes, that was the conclusion I came to as well, which brings me to my solution. I spent three weeks researching, and I have an answer. It gets me everything I want and gets us around the unscrupulous surrogate conundrum."

"Oh? Do you have a novel legal interpretation? I'm intrigued, but princess, are you really sure you'd want to be the one to test something like that out?"

"No, Daddy, it's not a legal interpretation. Actually, what I'm about to suggest is illegal. Still, it's my best option to start a family, keep advancing my career, and avoid any legal or financial turmoil risks. So, that's why I'm coming to you. You're the only person I can trust."

"Ok, Georgia. Out with it. What are you asking me?"

"I'm asking you to have my baby for me."

Asher doubled over in laughter at his daughter's words. Georgia looked on disapprovingly while he tried to regain his composure by pacing around the room of his condominium.

"Are you finished?" Georgia asked while Asher held his side from the mild pain of his uproarious reaction.

"Yes, yes. I'm done..."

"Good. Are you going to sit back down?"

"Well, I can actually fulfill that request. So, sure."

"I told you I did three weeks of research. I hoped you would have had more faith in me than this."

"I'm sorry, princess. It's just... that's the one thing I physically can't do. I don't have the requisite equipment."

"I have a solution to that problem; I just need to know if you are willing to help me."

"Georgia, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. But this? This is physically impossible."

"Not if you take my YourEssence."

"What?"

"Take my YourEssence. Here," Georgia reached out her hand to her father. A pill pinched between her fingers.

Asher moved back in shock. "I can't! That's, that's not..."

"Legal? I know. I want you to see that it works, though. Then, I think you might reconsider my request."

"But we'd go to the kind of jail where no one ever sees you or heads from you again if we get caught. Terrorists are treated better than YourEssence abusers."

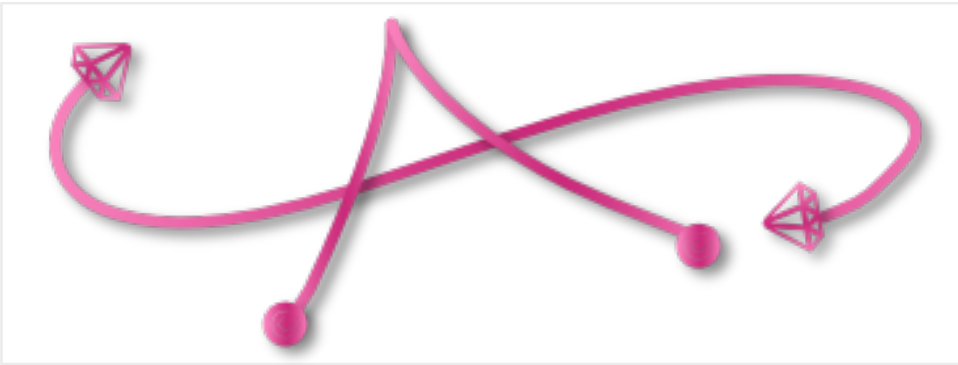
"That's why we're at your condo. We are alone, no one expects us to be anywhere, and the pill's effects will wear off after twenty-four hours. No one could possibly catch us."

"Still, what are you trying to prove?"

"That it's not so bad to be me. That you could tolerate doing it for nine months and that it's the best solution to get me everything I want."

Asher sighed as he grabbed the pill from his daughter's hand. "I take this pill, spend twenty-four hours explaining why this plan won't work for you, and then we never speak of it again."

"Agreed, take the pill, and we will work it out."



Georgia and Asher stared at each other for three hours. Asher felt immense doubt about what he was doing and wanted his daughter to see his frustration. Georgia was beyond curious about when she would start to see visible changes. From the dark net research she had performed, she learned that many different factors impacted how long a transformation would take. Age was key among them. When Georgia finally saw her father's nose start to take on the shape of her own nose, she practically squealed in delight.

"Ooh, Daddy, it's starting!"

"It's been going on for a while now, Georgia. I just didn't say anything?"

"What? Why not? What's changed?"

"Because I'm upset with you. That's why. Regarding which changes, that's private."

"Is it, though? You're turning into a clone of me. So it's not like I don't know what things look like."

"That's beside the point. I'm your father, and I..." As Asher continued his sentence, his voice broke and shifted an octave, striking a tone somewhere between his own register and his daughter's.

"See, it's happening faster now. I'm guessing twenty minutes tops, and you'll be my identical twin. Oh, this will be fun to be twinsies for the day."

"I can't imagine anything less unappealing right now."

"That's not very nice, Daddy."

"I'm sorry, I'm just not feeling very generous right now. This whole scenario is getting out of hand."

With that, Georgia began to cry. The day's frustration and her interactions finally caught up with her. Asher moved over to try to comfort his daughter, who immediately buried her face in his chest. A chest that had just begun to sprout breasts. Georgia didn't seem disturbed by this in the slightest, however. So, Asher held her close and tried calming her with soothing back rubs and comforting words. He quickly apologized for his demeanor and was on the verge of caving to his daughter's request out of guilt but held back just enough to avoid promising something he wasn't truly ready to follow through with.

"You're reminding me a bit of Mom," Georgia finally said as her tears slowed.

"Hmm, I guess I saw her do this enough times. It just seemed like the right thing to do."

"I miss her."

"Me too, princess. Me, too."

Despite Georgia's prediction, Asher's transformation took another ninety minutes to complete. He looked like he was drowning in the clothing he had been wearing, so Georgia offered him some clothing that would fit better. She had considered what clothing to provide her father if he would agree to this trial with her. She had opted for sweatpants and a camisole. The pants would be a comfort; the camisole would be a compromise. She didn't want to allow him to avoid all feminine responsibility. Seeing her father dressed in her clothing, looking like a mirror copy, was surreal.

She immediately regretted her first words as Asher rounded the corner of the hall, freshly dressed in Georgia's clothing. "This is going to work!"

"I see our confidence has returned," Asher said cocking his hip out to the side and placing his hand on it.

"Why did you just do that?"

"Do what?" Asher responded, gesturing with his opposite hand.

"Gesture, like that. What you just did again. That's super girly, Dad."

"Oh? I didn't even realize I did it, huh."

"Huh? What is it?"

"No, it's nothing."

"Dad? Don't give me that. What are you thinking?"

"I just figured I picked it up from watching your mother. She was always so much bigger than life. She gestured constantly while she was talking. Maybe my body subconsciously was applying what I view as a woman's behaviors without me having to think about it."

"I guess that's as good an explanation as any. It was pretty surprising, to be honest."

"This whole ordeal is surprising, Georgia."

"Yeah, I know. I'm sorry this had to fall to you."

"Why did it fall to me? Wouldn't Justin have been a better candidate? No one would even notice, in all likelihood."

"He turned me down on the spot. Full stop," Georgia's eyes began to well up as she felt her tears returning.

"There, there. No sense crying all over again."

"It's just... he didn't even consider it. Does he not really want kids as much as I do?"

"No, Georgia. He doesn't feel any less favorably than ever. This plan is a huge ask. Most people wouldn't agree to it. I still might not agree to it."

"But you've seen that the pill works. Why wouldn't you help me? You'd finally get to one-up your neighbor."

"Trust me, that is very high on my list of reasons to agree to this. The list of reasons not to is much longer, though, Georgia."

"But you'll be helping bring a new life into the world. That's the closest we can get to a miracle. Don't you want to experience that?"

"I hadn't really thought of it that way before..."

"And it's not even that long when you stop and think about it. Nine months after you are fertilized with my egg and Justin's sperm, you go in for a quick C-Section,

and twenty-four hours later, you come to welcome your new grandbaby as the new king of grandfathers. No one would be able to hold a candle to the level of dedication you put into them. It wouldn't even be close."

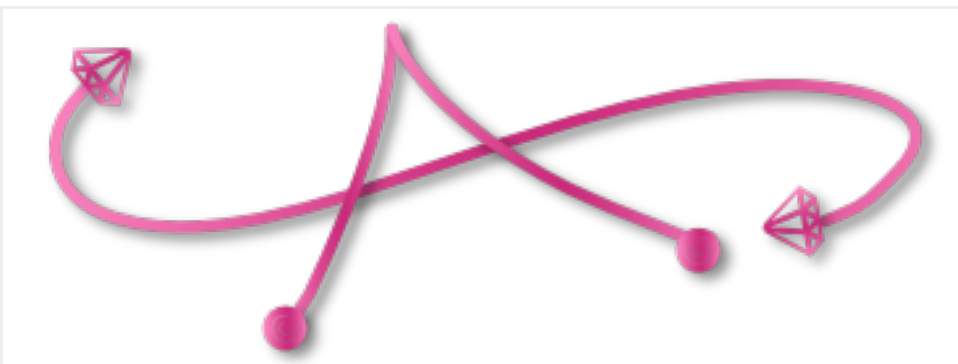
"I couldn't tell anyone about it, but knowing what had truly transpired would be a boon to helping me feel like I had a significant leg up. That's true. Hmm..." Asher again paused, holding his hand up, signaling his thinking was continuing, and he didn't want to be interrupted. A minute later, Asher responded, "I just don't think I can go through with it, Georgia."

"Why not?"

"Well, I think it would be hard to explain my absence from work and the world in general. It's not like you're planning on taking my place."

"No, I wouldn't. The whole point is for me to continue working. Becoming a partner is a huge deal, as you know. I just want what I want, Daddy," Georgia decided to pull out her final trump card. "Mom would want me to have this, too. You know how she wanted me to have it all. You've always been there for me before. This is one final ask, which gets me to the beginning era of my family. It gets you a grandchild to dote on in your upcoming retirement. And we finally break through the glass ceiling that Mom was always held back by. She was a brilliant woman but sacrificed her career to raise me. She never said it aloud, but I know she struggled with this same conundrum. She wanted me to have it better than she did, though. You're in a position to make that dream a reality. If not for me, then do this for Mom."

Asher hung his head and responded, "Okay, I'll do it."



"It's been a month, Georgia. How long exactly am I going to have to do this for?"

"Ugh, at least another ten or eleven months, Daddy. Fertility treatments can't be done without your body going through months of hormone therapy. We've been

through this a dozen times. Is it going to be like this the whole time you're in my body?" Georgia asked, but her intention was clear.

"No..." Asher responded like a child who'd been scolded.

"Good. You're scheduled for your next injection tomorrow, which will help you feel less irritable. Your body is going through a challenging period. Your uterine lining has to be prepared for egg insertion, and the best chance to make it all succeed is with these treatments. Trust me, I'm not thrilled for you to be going through this either," Georgia responded. Her private thoughts on why this last statement was true were closely tied to feelings of jealousy. She saw certain things happening that she knew were signs that her father's body was preparing to be impregnated, and the sight of it made Georgia realize that she did continue to hold out hope that she would somehow be able to be the one getting pregnant.

The signs were simple little things. Asher's breasts were swollen and flowed above the edges of Georgia's bra cups. Asher was irritable in crashing waves as if he had had terrible cases of PMS. He was sensitive to strong-smelling foods. He cried at the slightest provocation. Everyone knew his scent had changed because Asher refused to wear Georgia's deodorant, and Justin wouldn't let him use his either.

This amalgam of observations was often too much for Georgia, and she had to let her frustration out somehow. Her choice of stress relief was copious loud sex with her husband. Every night for the last two weeks, Georgia had mounted her husband and rode him like a stallion. The screams and yelling were enough to get a complaint from their neighbors. So, Georgia knew that Asher was getting an earful. If she couldn't be the one carrying the baby to term, then she was damn sure going to make it clear who revved Justin's engine.

Asher had noticed, but his attention was elsewhere. Living with his daughter and her husband started fine, but as the weeks wore on, there were a host of challenges that he was struggling to overcome. First, the rule that he couldn't leave their home. Asher was feeling completely isolated from the world. His only external connection was to visit doctors to receive fertility treatments. Those trips weren't very satisfying, either. Usually, a nurse practitioner would come in, draw some blood, and then inject female hormones into his ass. It was always at this point that his masculine self was internally pushing back and begging to be let out of his agreement with his daughter. Bending over the table, feeling his feminine curvature arch out unfamiliarly, and then the feeling of being exposed while his bare ass took the injection made him feel so... submissive.

There were further indecencies that he had to handle as well. Showering became an ordeal. For the first week, Asher entirely avoided the task, but he noticed that he was beginning to smell and resigned himself to the intimate task. To sat

Georgia was fit would be an understatement. Her body was an example of peak feminine beauty, and every aspect of this caused Asher discomfort when he disrobed. Stepping into the shower, he tried to avoid looking, but the motion of his body was distracting. Seeing his new body in this light created an appreciation and dissatisfaction simultaneously. He hated being forced to see his adult daughter in this light.

On the other hand, some part of him was pleased with his body—a part he wanted to quiet. Asher repeatedly reminded himself that this was temporary and that he was doing it for his family. So his daughter could start her own family. The memory of doing this thirty years ago was a critical anchoring point to help justify his choices. He remembered the joy and excitement he and his wife had experienced. The anticipation alone was enough to help Asher realize what Georgia would be denied if he had said no.

Still, the challenges continued to mount for Asher as the fertility treatments began to take hold of his body. The physical aspects weren't too bad for him; it was the mental aspect that started to concern him. His latest outburst with Georgia resulted from one of these mental lapses. Thirty seconds earlier, Justin had just walked in from the backyard pool and was sopping wet. Asher couldn't help but notice that Justin's considerable package was outlined by the soaked material of his swim trunks. Asher, the father of Georgia, a sixty-three-year-old man, had just checked out a man's dick, and his gaze had lingered.

Justin seemed to have noticed as well. He winked at Asher as he walked past him back to his bedroom. The exchange was surreal for Asher. A man had just acknowledged that Asher had checked him out. Asher should have turned and walked away. Huffed and guffawed while doing so. Something was off about Asher's instincts, and it perplexed him mightily. He wondered how he could have done such a thing. He started to question whether he was gay. He worried that living as his daughter for such a short time led to his sexuality changing. When Georgia rounded the corner and caught sight of Asher, his immediate reaction was to lash out at his tormentor. His life had been easy. It was uncomplicated; he was in the final years of his career, well-respected, and an overall happy individual. Now, he could hardly tell what his body or mind would do at any moment.

Having concluded his little spat with Georgia, he returned to his private bedroom. His loins throbbed in a way he had never experienced before. He wanted to write it off as a side effect of the hormones he had been receiving. They had already caused other parts of his body to feel aches. His breasts, in particular, seemed to be affected, and they felt sore and firmer over the last week. He hated that he knew this detail. The further insult of his new sex becoming aroused was starting to break Asher. He flopped down onto his bed carelessly in frustration and spread himself wide over the surface, hoping, praying, that he would gain some relief.

There was none to be had. Asher's mind raced against his better judgment. Visions of Justin seemed to be a new anchor that his mind returned to repeatedly. Visions that he had never been privy to. Suddenly, Asher was aware of just how substantial the rod in Justin's swim trunks truly was. The small glimpse in the outline of Justin's crotch had only conveyed a degree of his size. Asher could now conjure a fully erect mental image of Justin's penis without issue. At first, Asher rejected this and tried desperately to think of other things: golf, hockey, baseball. Each attempt failed upon connecting the various rods and sticks of the sports to Justin's member. Asher began rotating his hips and crotch, lying on the bed like he was grinding against an imaginary partner above him. He felt the pressure and pleasure as his swollen lower lips rubbed against each other.

"I shouldn't do this. I shouldn't be thinking about this!" Asher shouted out in his mind. His body was in control, however. His hand moved down to his crotch and positioned over his sex. The warmth against his hand was shocking. His body was signaling its arousal, and Asher was along for the ride. His hand slid under his panties delicately at first as the tips of his fingers reached his outer lips. His growing fingernails pressed through pubic hair and then split his sex as the moist skin parted. Asher grazed his clitoral hood, and his back rocked up at the shock of the sensitive touch. The shock wore off quickly as the area radiated pleasure.

Applying some pressure, Asher worked the tip of his middle finger against his clit. Small rotational motions began to build a desire within Asher. Something he had never experienced before. The clitoral stimulation was not entirely dissimilar to his cock's head, but this adjacent sensation was foreign and new. Mentally, Asher rejected his body's courage, but physically, he couldn't stop what was underway. His hand moved further south, and he felt how wet his actions had made him. The thought only lasted a second, though, as this same wetness allowed instantaneous and smooth penetration by his finger.

Asher was now finger-fucking himself. The sensations were shocking. He felt disgusted and wanted to stop. He wanted to stop so desperately, but his mind and body were pushing a different perspective on him. The sensations were too powerful and good to stop. The dominant male of sixty years was now submitting to penetration. One finger soon became two and then three. Each was working in and out rapidly while rubbing aggressively internally to build up more stimulation. Asher felt a welling inside, something deep that he was unfamiliar with. His legs spread wider and wider on the bed as he began pushing harder and harder with his hand and fingers. Soon his second hand was instinctively up, rubbing his clit in sync with his thrusts. He squealed aloud as his first female orgasm erupted across his body. The experience was entirely different. His male instinct suggested he stop, but his body didn't seem to agree. His hands continued their motion, and a bursting second supplemental orgasm created intense peaks of pleasure rippling

and colliding with his first, creating an otherworldly confluence of physical pleasure. His mind was fulfilled in a way he hated. He wanted to cry and run away back to his condo.

A knock came at his door, "Everything all right in there, Daddy? You sound hurt." He didn't realize he was making so much noise.

"Ye... Yeah. Everything is fine," his voice wavered, but he got the words out.

"Okay, look, I know this is a difficult time, but it's just three months of hormones before we can make the first attempt. Hold in there just a little longer, okay?" Georgia tried to comfort Asher through the door.

"Yeah, of course. I'll be all right, princess."

Georgia walked away from the door in moderate disbelief. She had tried to keep things civil, but she had clearly just heard her father masturbating and reaching orgasm, too, from the sound of it. Georgia wondered how long he had been doing that... in her body. Georgia wasn't a prude by any stretch, but the raucous self-pleasuring had been a tad jarring to overhear. It was like a primal version of herself; it sounded unrestrained. She thought back to their earlier disagreement, and Georgia couldn't help but wonder if that had been caused by something else. She resolved to keep a closer eye on her father to ensure her plan wouldn't derail.

The next day, at Asher's fertility treatment, Georgia waited in their vehicle like usual. She tapped through the news and winced as she saw a new case of YourEssence abuse going to "trial." The public shaming of abusers was the only point of these farcical miscarriages of justice. The abuser, their family, and their friends even were drug through the media mud and muck. No one came out of this looking good. Extramarital affairs, love children, petty crimes, misdeeds, and any other salacious facts would be surfaced to the entire world. Then, in about three days after a speedy mockery of a trial, the abuser would be found guilty and sentenced to restitution. This could be banishment, a work program that was no better than slavery, or death. It was determined that prison and rehabilitation were too good for criminal abusers of YourEssence. All of this was done with UniGlobal's broad support. Georgia figured they had probably lobbied for this so YourEssence wouldn't be removed from the market.

Georgia was just finishing reading the article when the back passenger door to the mid-sized limousine opened. Asher plopped himself down on the seat facing across from Georgia. "Well? How did it go? Any updates?"

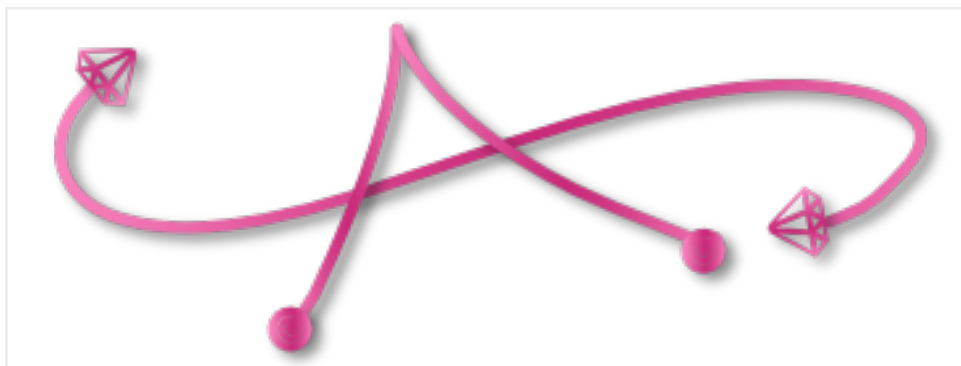
"My ass hurts, but no. They said everything is coming along as expected. It took

them five minutes to see me. I wish I didn't have to get so dressed up to attend these appointments. Can't you have them do house calls?"

"No, this is important. You need to build a relationship with my OB for when you are finally pregnant. Unless you want to go for a home birth? I just figured you'd like pain medication and to have a C-section rather than do things the old-fashioned way. But if you prefer, I can hire a doula, and you can—"

"No, no, none of that. I'm fine with keeping the appointments."

"Okay, Daddy. Whatever you want."



The appointment to perform the insemination came and went without issue. The wait for the next two weeks, as they tested over and over again to confirm the procedure had succeeded, was agonizing. Asher felt bloated, was always cranky, and complained at length to anyone who would listen. Justin and Georgia were at their wit's end. If they had to listen to much more of his complaining, they would call the whole thing off. They yearned for the positive test result to come in so that everyone could settle back in for the nine-month commitment.

Every day, Asher would get dressed in Georgia's clothes and complained that his groin hurt from the procedure but that he was being a good "trooper" and making his way to the doctor's office for more bloodwork and pelvic examinations. Asher particularly hated the pelvic examinations. Being put into the position to have your legs held up by the straddles made him feel intensely vulnerable. In three months, Asher had grown more accustomed to touch in this private area, but nothing was sexy about this process. Asher hated to admit it, but he privately got through these moments by imagining it was Justin's hands exploring his nethers.

A week passed of this, and the notice finally came in... "Not pregnant." Georgia was devastated. Justin tried his best to comfort his wife, but the task was too big even for him. The issue required a parent's touch. Asher knew it, but he was

shocked to discover he was experiencing a similar grief. "Why am I sad? I didn't really want this in the first place," he wondered to himself. Still, tears formed and fell from his eyes as he experienced the emotional turmoil of the news. Justin saw Asher's reaction as he returned to the living space after failing to comfort Georgia.

"Are you ok, Asher?"

Asher sniffled a bit as he tried to respond, "Oh, umm, yeah. Damn hormones is all..." he lied.

"Can I help in any way? I could get you a drink. Or some chocolate?"

Asher wanted to reject any offer of a solution; his emotions were too raw to think about feeling better. The offer of chocolate, however, was a different matter.

"Yeah, some chocolate would be nice."

Justin returned with a handful of confectionaries and placed them on the coffee table in front of them. Asher scooted to the side to allow Justin to sit next to him. "Thank you, Justin," Asher said as he bit down on a milk chocolate truffle. Asher hated that chocolate had such sway over him, but the bliss of the delicacy did begin to make him feel a trifle better.

"I know it's tough news, Asher. It's going to be hard on all of us for a while. How are you feeling?"

Asher recoiled a bit. This was the most human conversation he had ever experienced with Justin. Previously, Justin had kept a degree of distance and stuck to pleasantries and light chatter. Now, he seemed to be offering actual empathy. Asher was thrilled. The lack of connection with anyone had been isolating and difficult. Asher also contended with his body and mind's increasingly strong connection to Justin. Since his first self-fulfillment, Asher had increased his frequency of masturbation as a result of his hormonal balances and his mind's propensity to conjure images of Justin's penis to his mind. So, Asher's immediate response to Justin's offer of support was to fling himself into the man's arms.

Justin caught Asher delicately and initially kept his wife's father at a distance, but Asher adjusted his own positioning and pressed himself against Justin's body for comfort. Justin hesitated, taking his hands off Asher, but shortly returned his embrace. Justin was a master of empathy and recognized the desperate action.

"There, there, it's all going to be all right," Justin comforted his father-in-law.

"Oh, Justin, I can't believe we're not pregnant. I've been trying so hard. I've always..." Asher froze. He was about to say he'd always wanted to be a mother.

There was nothing further from the truth, but he had believed it and was about to say it for a moment before he caught himself. Justin was looking at Asher curiously. Something had sent Asher past a line of reason.

"You've always what, Mr. Hastings?" Justin broke the silence with a seemingly earnest question.

"Uhh, I've always kept my appointments and followed the doctor's instructions. I'm just so devastated for you and Georgia. She must be so upset. I know how much she wanted this. I wish I weren't so delicate; I could comfort her. She needs a parent in times like these."

"What about you? You're also processing through a loss," Justin said, staring caringly into Asher's eyes.

Asher was overwhelmed by the generous consideration for his feelings. It was the kind of care only a spouse offers their partners. It was a feeling that had long been absent from his life since his wife passed. Asher pushed away from Justin as he realized he was feeling conflicting things about his son-in-law at that moment. Asher worried what his body and mind might have him do if he hadn't. Memories of his daughter's relationship with Asher flooded his mind—things he couldn't know. These memories were creating confusion for the sixty-year-old father, and the consequences of his confusion would be too extreme to allow this to continue. So, with all his parental strength, he got up and brushed his dress off. He informed Asher he would comfort Georgia and thanked him for the chocolates.

The following three months were torturous for Asher. Georgia micromanaged every aspect of his day. From the underwear he wore in the mornings to the newly mandated exercise regimen and, of course, the food he ate. On the bright side, Asher was allowed to use the community recreational center for his exercises. This brief public exposure did a world of good for the family patriarch.

Things started innocuously enough. Asher would attend the gym, run three miles on the treadmill, lift some light weights, and then attend an aerobics class. He was in and out of the gym in ninety minutes. He avoided showering or changing at the facility to keep things as expeditious as possible. Within a few weeks of visits, Asher recognized the regular gym attendees. Apparently, they had noticed him as well.

"Hi! You've been coming pretty regularly for the last few weeks; I'm Mac," the muscular man said, reaching out his hand with a friendly smile. Asher, a lifelong

lawyer and extrovert, responded immediately.

"Ash... Uhh, Georgia. Pleased to meet you, Mac."

"Hey, blink twice if you're part of the witness protection program. I won't tell anyone," the man lightly joked in response to Asher's foible with his name.

Asher exaggerated a duo of blinks and chuckled. "I just thought you had said something else, but I like your sense of humor. I've seen you here a lot, too. What are you benching now, 240?"

"255, actually," Mac responded with a flexed biceps pose.

"Damn, nice gains. Very impressive. My best score was 180, but I could never get past 200. Well, I could get one in at 200."

"Holy shit! That's crazy for someone your size?"

Asher realized his mistake and tried to cover it up, "Haha, yeah, well, I lost a lot of bulk from getting sick a few years back. You know what they say: if you don't use it, you lose it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that. You look to be in good health now, though. Are you going to try to bulk back up now? Muscular girls are so sexy!"

"Hehe, no, I've got a different kind of exercise regimen now. Doctor's orders, actually."

"Ahh, well, you got to listen to your doctor."

"Yeah, so true. Mine is a real stickler, too. I can't even eat things I like anymore."

"Well, if I were your doctor, I'd let you have the finest foods money could buy."

"That's sweet of you. I'm not that picky, in any case. I learned to eat what was provided growing up at summer camp with scouts."

"You did America scouting? Me too!"

"Preparedness, Conscientiousness, Loyalty!"

Mac repeated the scouting oath with Asher.

"Wow, you don't meet too many people anymore who were a scout. How far did

you get?" Mac asked.

"If you couldn't tell already, I'm an overachiever. Full Hawk Scout rank by age fourteen."

"I'm in awe. But I have you beat, Full Hawk, by my thirteenth birthday. I'm in the top ten nationally for youngest scout to achieve the ranking."

"Now, I'm the one in awe... Anyways, it was nice meeting you, but I've got to keep to a pretty tight schedule today."

"Yeah, it was nice meeting you too, Ash...ley? Hehe, just kidding, Georgia. Maybe I'll see you around again, and we can swap summer camp horror stories."

"Sure, that sounds fun. I'll look forward to it."

"He was flirting with you, Daddy. I'm sorry, I should have prepared you for it more. Girls that look like us draw a lot of attention."

"No, he was just a super cool guy. Also, I'm not a girl. Just in the body of one."

"Right, you know what I meant."

"I'd prefer if we don't cross that line, though, princess."

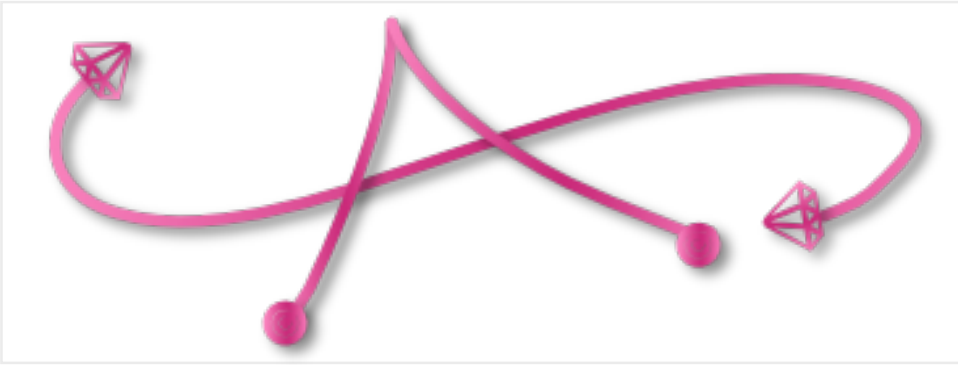
"Okay, Dad. I'm sorry. Now, I just need you to remember to be safe around strangers. Especially strange men. Their intentions are never as good as they may seem. A body like this," Georgia said, gesturing at her body, "Makes men's brains turn to mush. They just want to get into your pants and get their fill. This goes doubly for gym dudes. The whole reason they are out there pumping iron getting those muscles is to try and attract attention so they can get laid."

"That's an awfully cynical view of men, Georgia. Speaking as a representative of men everywhere, that's not true for all of us."

"Yes, yes, 'not all men,' I've heard the refrain. Would you rather be right about that? Or be safe?"

"Touché, well, I obviously want to be safe."

"All right, well, we've got your next IVF attempt tomorrow. Get some sleep; we have a long day ahead of us."



Asher's body ached all over. The continued effects of being pumped full of hormones and probed by doctors were adding up. As soon as he got the second notification that the fertility treatment had not succeeded, he decided to leave the house without telling Georgia or Justin where he was going. He needed some relief from the routine he was caught in. So, with his daughter's genetically coded limousine key, he got into the self-driving vehicle and entered his destination.

Asher's phone vibrated consistently for five minutes from notifications before he turned it off completely. He didn't want to talk to Georgia, and he knew that was who was messaging him. Each mile the car traveled, the AI updated him on his expected arrival time. As the time neared, he felt himself becoming nervous. He was taking a considerable risk by making this trip. He prayed that he wouldn't come to regret it.

"Georgia! Hi! It's so good to see you, and may I say you look stunning in that dress! Wow!"

"Oh, stop. This is an old number I've had for years," Asher answered accurately without realizing he shouldn't have known that fact.

"I didn't realize the age of a dress made you look any less beautiful. I'll have to make a note of it for later," Mac quipped.

"You're too much!" Asher said, slapping Mac's arm. It was the first time that he had touched Mac. It startled him a bit. The man was built. There was virtually no give as Asher's hand came in contact with his shoulder, and Asher could feel the musculature of his body. He would have frozen in shocked contemplation, but Mac kept things moving.

"Look, I know we're both on diets here, but trust me, this is the best Italian food on the planet. It has no right to be in this part of this town, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't enjoy it."

"Oh my God, I've been craving pasta for so long! You're a saint, Mac. Truly a saint."

The couple walked into the restaurant arm in arm. Max extended his elbow to be the gentleman, and Asher instinctively responded. There was no hesitation in his actions. As the pair were seated, an overly friendly waiter took their drink orders and flirted directly and openly with Asher.

"A drink for the lady? Perhaps a cosmopolitan? Or are you feeling more like 'sex on the beach?'"

"Just a club soda with lime... No, lemon. Thank you," Asher answered playfully but directly as well. While he was willing to break his diet for a fabulous carbohydrate-rich meal, he wasn't willing to sabotage his body's delicate balance for hosting an embryo.

The waiter returned with drinks, a basket of bread, and more witty retorts. The dinner couple played along with the man but were anxious to get to the crux of the evening.

"So, how many meals did you skip at summer camp before you became too hungry to avoid the slop?" Mac asked.

"Almost three days' worth. How about you?"

"Two. By breakfast on the third day I ate the soggy eggs and liked it! But God, they were so bad. Everything they served was. I can hardly believe that what they gave us could even be legally considered food."

"It's funny you say that! I looked it up. What level of food crime would they have to commit for it to no longer be considered food? The answer is disturbingly worse than what they actually did. So, from a legal standpoint, I think they were pretty safe, unfortunately."

"Aww, I fantasized about them being locked up. Bummer. Hahaha," Mac carried the joke forward, and the two continued to swap stories and chuckle at each other's misfortune.

There was only a brief break in their conversation to place food orders. The conversation flowed naturally and effortlessly. As the evening wore on, Asher and Mac trended closer together in their horseshoe-shaped booth. They were sitting adjacent to one another when their food was delivered. The waiter gave a knowing nod to Mac, which Asher caught, but even he had to acknowledge that Mac was a fabulous date. So much so that Asher's instincts were overriding his conscious

decisions. He reached out and placed his hand on Mac's thigh as their food was placed in front of them. As the waiter described the various delicacies, Asher's excitement caused him to squeeze Mac's thigh playfully. The pair looked each other in the eyes and smiled each time as Asher's excitement flared.

The vivacious conversation continued through the meal but took brief breaks as the pair dined. There were comments on the food quality. The joys of carbohydrates and their collective longing for refined sugars. To this point, Mac had been the exemplary dinner partner that Asher had expected based on his interactions with him at the gym. Asher wanted to see if he could 'tempt' the man to make a mistake. Knowing his dress's material and elasticity well, he strategically positioned his body and lifted himself up to adjust. Secretly he was tugging the fabric in front of his dress down. The effect would be a drastic increase in visible cleavage. Asher figured he would better understand what kind of man and what kind of date Mac was.

Twirling spaghetti on his fork, the man didn't break eye contact for a second. But Asher knew Mac could see what was now more visibly on display. Mac's choice to extend his fork out to Asher to offer him a bite of his meal was proof enough that Asher's gesture had been noticed. Asher leaned forward towards the fork and his date, creating a waterfall of cleavage draping down Asher's front side.

Mac's eyes finally darted down. Asher's eyes were closed as his mouth was wrapped around Mac's fork, pulling the wrapped bundle of spaghetti from the utensil.

"Mmm, that's amazing. You definitely won for best choice tonight. It's no contest. So you can totally say you told me so. You were 100% right."

Mac didn't respond verbally. Asher was still leaning forward, and the pair's eyes were locked on each other. To Asher, it was as though he could see into Mac's very soul. What happened next was no surprise. Asher closed his eyes and turned his head slightly as Mac moved in for their first kiss. Asher's hand returned to Mac's thigh and moved rapidly closer to his crotch.

As their lips met, Asher expected sparks. Their faces pressed against each other, and Mac worked rapidly, applying kisses of differing pressures, but Asher only reciprocated minimally. The sparks weren't there. Their connection had seemed so strong. For this to happen was devastating. Asher pulled back from the kiss with an awkward smile on his face. Mac was beaming. Asher did his best to continue his meal and make small talk, but it soon became apparent that things had taken a turn. Mac remained a gracious date but made no gesture to continue the evening after the bill had been paid and the pair had exited the restaurant.

"I'm home," Asher called out to the household.

"In here, Mr. Hastings."

"Oh, hi, Justin. Is Georgia in bed already?"

"No, she's out with some girlfriends. You upset her enough that she called Shawna."

"Oh, oh goodness. Shawna? Really?"

"Yeah, I've got the hangover cure prepped for her eventual return. Hopefully, it works this time."

"Yeah, I can hardly believe she was upset enough to go drinking with her old college sorority sister. I guess I really upset her."

Justin turned the corner from the kitchen, and Asher saw that he was holding a large glass of liquor. Probably Scotch. "I see she's not the only one drinking tonight."

"Well, when Georgia's in Rome, hehe, *hick*" Justin made a bad pun and hiccuped. "Come sit with me. I'll get the 25-year blue. It's your favorite, right?"

"It is, but I can't have any, Justin. You know that."

"Right, because you're going to have my baby... *hick* Our baby."

Asher's instincts flared up in another way as he heard Justin fumble through his words.

"Let's just watch football then. Game's on, and New England just tied it up. *hick*"

Asher sat down with his son-in-law and watched the game for a while. He had felt apprehensive about being near him while he was drinking, but his concerns were soon diminished as Justin maintained his spotless reputation as a good man. He felt an odd sense of pride in his daughter's selection of a partner. He had gone through opposing instinctive responses over a few hours and marveled at how his feminine sixth sense was designed to protect him. The signal it sent had become stronger over the last months, along with other qualities that Asher did not desire. Chief among them—heterosexuality. Asher was experiencing the world as a

heterosexual woman now. While accepting this reality had allowed an additional layer of control, it didn't stop the urges. Those urges were part of what drove Asher to take the risk of meeting Mac for a dinner date. Now, they were rearing their ugly head as Asher was reminded why he loved Justin so much.

Moments like this were becoming more frequent. Asher would be thinking something and then feel overwhelmed by an alternative perception. This was one of those moments. Without proper consideration of his intentions, he leaned over and delivered a kiss on Justin's cheek. The memory of Georgia's love for Justin in Asher's mind spurred it, but he couldn't control himself. Justin turned and looked Asher in the eyes.

"Why did you do that?"

"I was just reminded of what a good husband you are."

"Good to Georgia... not... you, right?"

"Right, of course," Asher regained composure as Justin pushed back on the transgression.

"Okay, good. I don't want anything to come between Georgia and me. It doesn't matter how I might feel. *hick*"

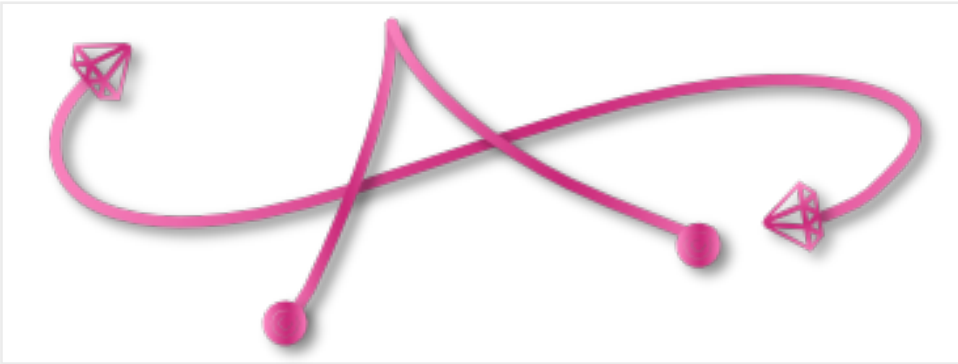
Asher's ear piqued. His mind and body began to plot, and he was only along for the ride. Ever the master tactician, Georgia's influence on Asher was on full display as the football game continued. During a commercial break, Asher excused himself to change out of his dress. He returned in one of Georgia's nighties—an item he found directly without scrounging around her things. Knowledge of Georgia's life was seemingly accessible at will now for the sixty-year-old man.

It took about twenty more minutes of light seduction before Justin finally made his move. Asher employed every trick that Georgia had learned of what tickled Justin's fancy. He was wearing a deep V-neck nightie. He sat on the couch with his elbows pressed in and up against his breasts to create mountainous cleavage. And, of course, he delivered 'the look.' Married couples all have one they share. It's the look they give each other when one wants to take things to the bedroom. Asher had stumbled into how to perform Georgia's look while exploring her memories. Upon using it, 'the look' worked like a charm.

The sparks that had been missing earlier from Mac were flying with Justin. Asher felt his lips tingle as Justin kissed him passionately. Each touch, each caress, was a symphony. Asher pushed Justin onto 'their' marital bed and went to straddle him. As he was just about to feel Justin's dick rub against his aching vulva, the pair

heard the front door open.

Asher darted out of the room and hurriedly hid in his own. Justin tried to fix his disheveled look before he went to meet his wife in the living room. Justin was still quite drunk, and Georgia immediately detected it. She swiftly dismissed Justin back to bed to sleep it off and decided to sleep in a guest room. For the first time since Asher had arrived in this home as his daughter's physical clone, the adults all slept in separate bedrooms.



In most stories, the embarrassed father-in-law and son-in-law awkwardly broach the subject of their flagrantly wrong actions. Asher expected just this sort of interaction when they next saw each other. When it didn't happen, Asher worried that this was the other common trope—the silent disavowal. Asher was almost ready to accept this new uneasy reality, but they instead stumbled into a third situation: secretive, unspoken acceptance.

When Georgia was away, Justin and Asher began having copious amounts of sex. The frequency was sporadic, but the sessions were electric. Whenever Asher would try to discuss the scenario with Justin, the man would dismiss it as unnecessary and proceed to give Asher the best orgasm of his life. Asher was shocked by the variety and skill that Justin exhibited in bringing his body to climax.

Georgia began to suspect something was wrong when Asher started to dress differently at home. The typical sweatpants and tank tops disappeared, and in their place were summer dresses, yoga pants, camisoles, and push-up bras. Georgia hesitated to bring it up with her father but knew something had to be done.

"So, Daddy, I noticed you've been wearing more dresses. Is there anything you want to tell me?"

"Hmm? Oh? Yeah, I guess I'm just getting used to it now. I figured you'd be happy.

Did I do something wrong?"

"No, of course not; I was just wondering, is all."

Due to scheduling conflicts outside of Georgia's control. The third IVF procedure was delayed a month. Georgia informed Asher, but the news barely seemed to register for him. These continued oddities were getting under Georgia's skin, but she did not have any evidence to bring to Justin about her father's strange behavior. The litany of variances grew day over day and week over week. First, Asher began cooking dinners. He said he wanted to help more around the house. Then, Asher started to wear athleisure for his hormone level tests and injection appointments. He told Georgia this was better because it was more comfortable and helped him handle the heat better. The final straw was when Georgia caught Asher talking with Shawna on the phone.

Asher tried to explain it to his daughter, but things were very strained between them due to Georgia's doubts. Asher, on the other hand, was living in denial. He had not realized how far down the 'Georgia' rabbit hole he had gone. When he tried to explain that it was only natural to want to stay in touch with his college friends, Georgia snapped and yelled that Shawna was not his college friend at all.

Asher felt a small voice in his head acknowledge this truth, but a louder part said that Asher was well within 'her' rights. The two fought for a few hours on the topic, and Georgia eventually stormed off angrily. Asher had an angry 'make-up' style sex session with Justin that night. He even got to stay sleeping in 'their' marital bed until the following day.

As Asher closed in on the one-month countdown to his subsequent IVF treatment, he was scheduled to visit his OBGYN. He arrived fifteen minutes early as usual and struck up a conversation with the nurse practitioner while they were capturing his vitals.

"So, how is Wally?"

"Oh, he's his usual self. He got his hand jammed in a door the other day. It swelled up to twice its usual size."

"Ouch! That sounds like it hurt. Is he doing all right?"

"Yeah! He's fine. He's too big a klutz to have a single incident bring him down."

"Well, that's good. Is everything looking all right over there? You look a bit worried..."

"Yeah, the automated vitals are coming in a little strangely today. Mind if I do this the old-fashioned way?"

"No, go right ahead."

"All right, let's get your blood pressure first," the nurse practitioner worked through a host of physical inspections before ending with the big question. "And when was your last menstrual cycle?"

Asher went to answer but realized he had to think further back than he should have. "Oh, umm, I think about six weeks ago."

"Oh, honey. Okay. Let's get you up on the table. I'll need more blood, and we will want a urine sample. I'm crossing my fingers for you, though!"

Twenty minutes later, it was official: Asher was pregnant. He jumped up and down with the nurse practitioner and felt a joy he had never known. He remembered hearing his wife was pregnant with Georgia, which paled compared to this rapturous moment. He wanted to call and message everyone immediately. He couldn't restrain himself and messaged Justin within a moment of the nurse practitioner leaving to summon Georgia's OB.

"? Seriously?"

"Yes! We're having a baby!"

"How are you going to tell Georgia?"

"I dunno, text her?"

"Please don't; you do realize that the only way 'we' can be having a baby at this point is if we are having sex. As far as I know, she doesn't know about us."

"Oh, shit."

Morning sickness was hard for Asher but not as complicated as telling his daughter that he had been having an affair with her husband. Rather than exiling or punishing Justin, Georgia took it out on Asher. His daughter's creativity and

cunning had never shone so brightly or as deviously as they did in those first few weeks.

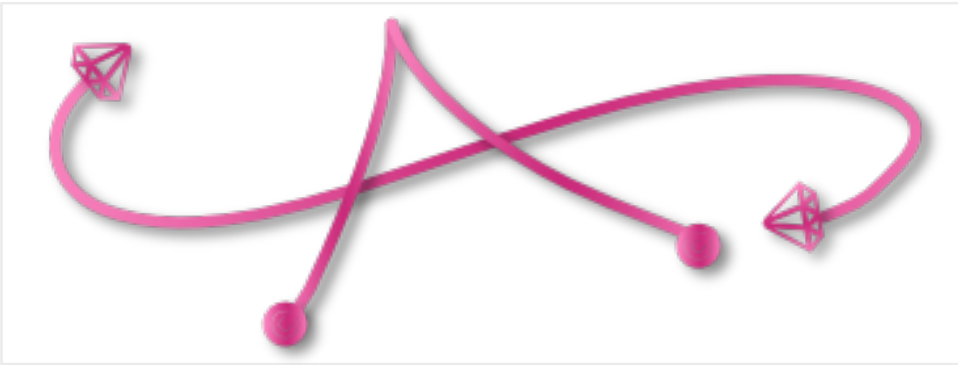
First, Georgia banished the name 'Asher' from the house. He was to be called 'Ashe or Ashley' instead. This was an initial attack at eroding his sense of self. The attacks continued. Ashley was made to wear a maid's outfit at home and cook and clean throughout the day. The only excused absence was for maternity visits. After Georgia spotted a slight curve in Ashley's belly, she demanded regular physical inspections and photographs be taken of her developing body. She said it was so she could have the fullest experience of the pregnancy, but Ashley felt like she was being treated like cattle.

As the first trimester grew into the second, Ashley's sexual needs grew. When Ashley asked for assistance, Georgia introduced her newest form of punishment. Ashley was bound to a table that exposed her sex up and out to the air. She couldn't be sure who or what was using her, but she knew that something or someone was. Ashley eventually learned that Georgia had 'gifted' her husband the right to use Ashley during the pregnancy.

The second trimester brought significant changes. Many of the typical first trimester changes had already happened to Ashley's body from the fertility hormone treatments. So when the second trimester arrived, Ashley's body treated it like a sprinting marathon. Her breasts swelled immensely in size as her milk ducts formed and began to fill. Stretch marks tore across her underarms, belly, thighs and butt. Ashley begged for some lotion or cream to prevent their further spread, but Georgia offered none. She explained that 'Asher' wouldn't need it when they were done with 'Ashley.'

Ashley's response to this: "Who's Asher? Is he cute?"

Georgia reveled in her victory. Ashley was here to stay, and Asher had paid the ultimate price for his dalliance with Justin.



The third trimester saw Ashley weighing in at fifty-five pounds gained. Her cheeks were plump, her ass was round and protruded, her thighs rubbed against each other when walking, or rather waddling, and her belly pushed out substantially. The weight meant Ashley had to sleep on her side every night and had previously been a predominately stomach or back sleeper. This change meant Ashley wasn't getting much sleep. Georgia informed Ashley that this was good as it would serve as practice for the baby's arrival.

Ashley had forgotten her former life but remembered her deal with Georgia. This was an impregnation plus a nine-month term deal. So when Ashley brought up leaving after the birth of Georgia's daughter, she expected to be given the green light. Instead, Georgia entered immediate hostile renegotiations.

It only took ninety minutes, but by the end of their 'discussion,' Ashley had agreed to nurse the baby for two years and an additional surrogacy. Georgia wanted to make sure Justin had a son.

Being the cook for the home meant that Ashley had constant access to food. This, combined with the pregnancy, led to an additional fifteen-pound weight gain. When she sat down, her breasts now came to a rest on her pregnant belly. When Georgia remarked on this, Ashley cried. The transformation that this pregnancy had wrought on her once pristine body drove her to depression. Georgia was forced to relent her constant attacks and offer some relief. She decided to offer an olive branch.

"Hello, yes. I believe you know my sister, Ashley. You might have known her when she was going by Georgia."

"Yes, that's right... Well, the reason I'm reaching out is she is a bit lonely, and I think she could use some company."

"You would? Oh, you're so sweet. Great. We'll expect you tomorrow around 1 pm. I'll send the address. Yes... Oh, no, thank you. All right now, bye-bye."

1 pm arrived quicker than expected for the pregnant woman. She had chores to finish, and lunch took longer than expected. Ashley was on a 'timeless' recipe kick and underestimated the effort in prepping lunch and separately preparing a beef Wellington for dinner. When the doorbell rang, Ashley waddled as quickly as she could to the door. She knew to expect a visitor, but Georgia had refused to reveal the guest's identity.

"Ashley?"

"Oh, Fuck! Mac?"

"Yeah, but whoah. Look at you..." Ashley recoiled, anticipating the rejection and insults that would begin. "...You're glowing! My goodness, you are so beautiful."

Ashley blushed as she welcomed Mac into the living room. The two immediately picked back up with their easy, playful conversations. It was as though no time had passed for them at all. Rather than scouting, Ashley recounted her ordeals with pregnancy, and Mac told Ashley about his work in civil engineering. There were strange parallels that neither expected in the differing experiences. The foundational aspects of setting a body up to grow a new life reminded Mac of his work's core architectural design phases. The rough patches like morning sickness, sore boobs, weight gain, and stretch marks were like the little flaws that crept into the otherwise grand plans. The only one that Mac didn't have an analogy for was the first and... third-trimester sexual urge surges.

"Oh? You don't think there's something you could do about it?"

"No, I don't think anything like it exists in civil engineering. Nothing that I can think of, at least."

Ashley laughed at Mac's naive response. So, she grabbed his hand and placed it on her massive breast. His nipple plumped and pressed against the palm of his hand in response to the touch.

"Oh... Yeah, this is very nicely constructed."

For the first time in months, Ashley got to have sex in her bed. She wasted no time. She pushed Mac down onto her bed and got on top of him. Mac was packing a good-sized dick, but she couldn't help to compare it to Justin's, her first love. She rode Mac's cock magnificently for her increased size. Mac was capable of handling everything she threw at him, too. When he started bucking his hips up to

thrust deeply inside, Ashley's breasts began slapping down against her belly, making audible clapping sounds. The sound should have made her cringe, but instead, she claimed it as her own and as a thing of pride. Pride in her body and the miracle it was performing. She was about to be a mother, and she deserved to have the pleasure she was experiencing.

"You like my big fat titties, Mac?" Ashley asked as she leaned forward, hovering her upper body over his face. "Do you want to suck on them?"

"Yes, please."

"They're all yours."

Mac latched on with fervor. His tongue and mouth sucked and massaged and manipulated her engorged nipples. Ashley wanted for little more than a second mouth to tend to the lonesome breast. So she decided to massage it herself. Tweaking her nipple, tugging and squeezing as Mac continued to suck on her right breast, she felt a moisture building on her hands. Looking down, she saw wet spots on her sheets and a sheen of dampness on Mac's hairy chest. Reveling at the moment, Ashley removed her hand from her breast to rub it through her beaux's chest hair. The coarseness made her feel sparks. Sparks that hadn't been there before.

"Stop sucking for a minute. I need to kiss you."

Mac did as instructed, and Ashley leaned forward, her breasts compressed against his chest and spread out wide. She paused momentarily inches from his face and looked into his eyes. It was like seeing a lit fuse nearing its end. Ashley plunged forward, kissing Mac deeply, and it struck. Fireworks. Explosive, fantastic, fulfilling fireworks. They kissed passionately for minutes before coming up for air.

"Wow," Mac exclaimed.

"Wow, is right. That was new."

"Yeah, and pretty special. You're amazing, Ashley."

"You too, Mac. Now shut up and fuck me properly," Ashley said as she repositioned herself on all fours on the bed.

"Yes, ma'am."

Mac proceeded to fuck Ashley deeply and sincerely. Ashley's broadened hips from the pregnancy provided ample leverage to thrust against, and with each motion,

Ashley's breasts swayed, clapping against each other pendulously. The smacking sound of Mac's firm body colliding with Ashley's doughy curves sent glorious pleasure to her very soul. She felt happy for the first time in a long while. She could finally envision a future for herself. A future with Mac. A future raising a family. A future with lots of sex just like this. Mac's endurance was nearing its end, and he wanted to end it with gusto. He removed a hand from Ashley's hip and began to slap her ass—hard. The sound broke something in Ashley's mind. She became purely primal, and her gentle moans became more animalistic. This only drove Mac on.

"Are you my pregnant woman? Huh? Are you?"

Ashley couldn't respond; the sensations were too much.

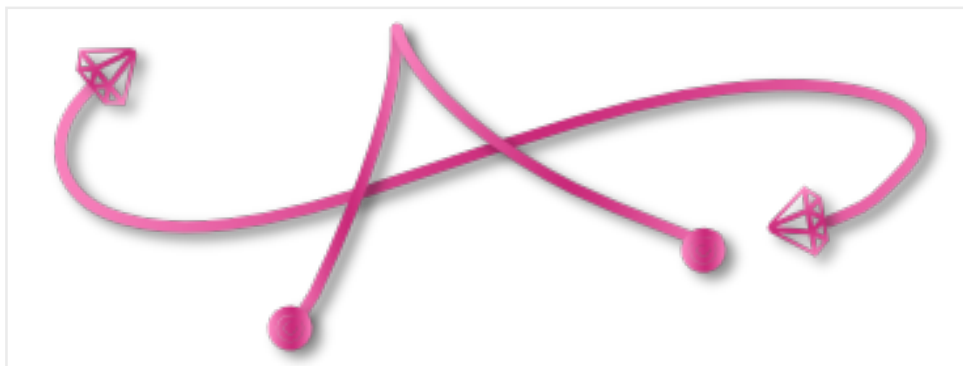
"No, that's right. You're mine, but you're not a person looking like this. You're my cow. Bred, ready to give birth and give milk."

Ashley was practically panting from the pleasure.

"Go ahead, Cow, moo for me."

"Mmmooooooooooooo," Ashley's utterance was so convincing that Mac leaned to the side to check on his sexual partner.

With a few more thrusts, Mac unloaded inside Ashley, and they both collapsed in orgasmic bliss.



"Okay, mama's coming. Just a few more minutes," Ashley called out to Betty. She stood next to the hospital bassinet and lifted her daughter up. Pulling her hospital gown down and with Betty cradled in her arm, Ashley pinched her left nipple and guided it into Betty's mouth. Betty latched on firmly and began the rhythmic suckling.

"You look beautiful," Mac said.

"Thanks, I don't feel it after what I've been through..."

Five hours earlier...

Unbeknownst to Ashley, Georgia had scheduled Mac's visit with ulterior motives. Georgia knew that sex could help trigger labor, and within an hour of the best orgasm of her life, Mac was rushing Ashley to the hospital. Likely due to the IVF hormone treatments, Ashley arrived at the hospital dilated to 5 cm. Mac's truck suffered the brunt of Ashley's water breaking. If it hadn't been for the intense labor pain, Ashley would have offered to pay for the seat detailing, but she was otherwise distracted. Ashley was given a window of five minutes to decide if she wanted to go through with the c-section or not. She decided to forego the operation. She was wheeled into the Labor and Delivery department and given an epidural.

With the pain managed more acutely, Ashley resumed her effortless chat with Mac. He was surprised to hear that Ashley wanted him in the room with her for the delivery, but he dutifully donned the gown and mask and took his place by her side. "You know they nearly drowned me at summer camp my first year. I wanted to *ouch* *ouch* ooh *ouchie* ungh, sorry that one hurt a bit again. I wanted to get my canoeing merit badge. I had to handle getting flipped out of the canoe, right it, and get back in. Well, the canoe I did this in was meant for three people. It was way too big for me! **Owie** **Oh** **Hrnh** phew, ok. Yeah. That's getting bad. Where was I?"

Before Mac could answer, Ashley's OB entered the room.

"How's our mom to be doing here?"

"Umm, all right. It's starting to hurt a good deal. Is there any way to turn up the epidural?"

"Oh, unfortunately not. You're already at the max dose, but let's take a look at what's going on, and we will see what we can do."

Ashley winced a few times while the doctor examined her. Mac stood by her side, holding her hand and letting Ashley clamp down on it during contractions. Mac had never felt a grip as firm as Ashley was achieving in those moments.

"It looks like we're ready to go, Ms. Cardiff. Let's get your legs in position, and we'll start pushing..."

"When he told me to push, I seriously wanted to punch him. I almost punched you!"

"Actually, you did. I have the bruise to prove it."

"Haha, nice one."

"No, seriously, look," Mac slid his shirt over his shoulder, revealing a large black and blue spot.

"Holy shit! I did that?"

"I no longer doubt that you were close to benching 200."

"I'm so sorry, Mac. Gosh, I owe you so much; you're getting punched, and your truck is stained. I'm going to pay for all of it, by the way. I'm a lawyer, so I make good money."

"I'm no slouch either. I don't want you worrying about a thing other than that precious little bundle there."

Ashley let out a relieved sigh and stroked Betty's hair while she nursed. "She's surprisingly good at this... you weren't half bad either."

Mac blushed immediately at the compliment.

"I didn't want to say anything, but I got some milk when we were, you know."

"Yeah, I was getting some by hand, too, when we were going at it, which was amazing, by the way. You gave me the best orgasm I've ever experienced."

"For real?"

"Yeah, no fooling. You are now in the number one slot for making me cum."

"Hey! Don't say cum in front of the baby!"

"Don't be a prude. Where do you think she came from? She's not an IVF baby!"

Epilogue 01: Nursing and a Sibling

"Going from DD to HH breasts is no joke. So, you know how much mastitis hurts? Sooooo, much. Thank God for Mac. If he hadn't sucked out my blocks, I would have asked to have these chopped off. Which I wouldn't want; I love my breasts, stretchies and all. I call them my tiger stripes now. Mac likes them, too."

"That's so interesting, Ashley. No one tells you that stuff," Shawna said over the phone.

"I know, right? Thankfully, Georgia has Betty right now. I needed a break from the constant nagging. Nursing a baby is one thing; nursing an eighteen-month-old is another. Don't get me wrong, 'breast is best,' and they wean when they are ready, but having a toddler come up to you and tug on your shirt, making cheeky suckling motions with their mouth is surreal. I never would have imagined a sixty-year-old lawyer would be a mother."

"Huh? Sixty? Sixty-what?"

"Oh, it's a metaphor. Sorry, I just feel like a sixty-year-old sometimes," Ashley covered for her fumbled intrusive memory. Since giving birth, memories of her life as Asher have begun to resurface. Occasionally, it was hard for her to keep her two loves straight. Shawna had been a life raft as Georgia secured a plan for Ashley and Georgia to continue to exist in public. The story became that Ashley was born in the same hospital as Georgia but somehow got mixed up in a shuffle, and another family took her home. So the 'twin' sisters grew up apart, but both became lawyers.

It was trivial for the well-connected to obtain the requisite documentation to support this story. Shawna was introduced to Ashley, and Betty was introduced as Georgia's daughter brought to term by Ashley as a surrogate. Due to their close familial relationship, Ashley agreed to nurse Betty, which wasn't far from the original agreement anyway, but it fit the narrative.

Shawna had helped Ashley by being a purely platonic external contact. Mac was a great partner, but Ashley also needed some girlfriends to vent with.

During eighteen months of nursing, Ashley learned that she and Georgia were predisposed to hyper-lactation. So Ashley never struggled with low supply, but the opposite problem isn't much better. This is where having a romantic partner came in handy. Between Mac nursing, some cow-based role play, and a very

appreciative milk bank, Ashley avoided any overly severe ailments. Clogged milk ducts and mastitis were the worst of it.

While Ashley had remained very upset with Georgia for an extended period after Betty's birth, introducing a baby into their lives put things into perspective for the new sisters. Georgia volunteered her apology first and outlined a series of amends she planned on making to Ashley. The list was more modest than her punishments, but Ashley was no worse for wear. She had Georgia to thank for reconnecting her with Mac after all. The fireworks of the relationship continued to remain strong and Ashley was pleased about how things ended up.

There was just one more matter to be tended to— Betty's brother. Ashley had a relatively swift recovery post-birth but had only recently had her period return. The sisters debated at length, both taking a firm stance that their respective partners should be the father of Betty's brother. Ultimately, Georgia got what she wanted. Ashley resumed fertility treatments and was pregnant with the first procedure. Everything appeared to be going according to plan, but then Georgia called.

"Hey, Sis, what's up?" Ashley answered the phone.

"So, I'm in a bit of a pickle."

"Oh? How so?"

"I went to the doctor today. I haven't been feeling well and... well..."

"Congratulations, princess."

"Thanks, Daddy."

Epilogue 02: Pregnant Bride

The wedding music played and Mac stood at attention. His two best friends were by his side, all beaming with pride and joy. Ashley was about to be walked down the aisle. To call Ashley a bridezilla would be putting it lightly. Georgia had agreed to be her bride's maid, but that had to be changed in the final month leading up to the wedding day. Several things had to be corrected.

First, Ashley refused to go through with the wedding if Mac didn't accept her whole truth. This meant coming clean about her abuse of YourEssence several years ago. While Ashley had begun as a genetically identical individual to Georgia,

multiple pregnancies and side effects of YourEssence have created a situation where Ashley was now only 99.4% similar to Georgia. If Ashley were to stop taking her own YourEssence, there would be no reversion to XY chromosomes, nor would the 99.4% overlap with Georgia change. A poster on the dark net said this was to be expected but that Ashley should report back if anything changes. That worried Ashley, but not enough to do anything about it.

The conversation with Mac went just as expected. It started with shock. There was a brief rejection, but it was very short. When Ashley revealed the drug's impacts on her mind but that she felt like a more integrated version of the two parts, Mac asked which one was the Scout. Ashley answered, and Mac was happy to accept his new bride's backstory.

The second prerequisite to getting married took considerably more work to handle. Ashley wanted to be walked down the aisle by 'Asher,' her father. She knew this paradox was a problem; she knew that 'Asher' was not really her father. Braydon was his father. Even still, the integrated memories he had acquired from Georgia provided a strong sense of connection, and Ashley decided on a plan. If 'she' could become a copy of her daughter. Then, her daughter could become a copy of 'him.' It only needed to be for a day. Hence, Georgia could no longer be her bridesmaid. That's where Justin came in. This was Ashley's big day, and she had sacrificed tremendously for the Cardiffs. Georgia would play the part of Asher so that the blood connection would be there for a father who is giving his daughter away. Justin would play the part of Georgia, so the wedding photos showed one big happy family. Ashley already knew everything that Georgia knew, so there wasn't any need to reminisce about Ashley's life.

The big day arrived, and the music played. Ashley wanted something traditional, and the wedding exactly matched her desires. Georgia walked Ashley down the aisle in her flowing white gown and handed her off to Mac after leaning in for one last fatherly kiss. Ashley's tears flowed freely as she experienced a father's love for the first and last time. It was something she had come to treasure in her memories of Georgia. It gave the Asher remnants of her pride for having created a joyous relationship, and it gave the Georgia remnants a youthful nostalgia that was cherished.

The rest of the ceremony went off without a hitch. Even seven months pregnant, Ashley was radiant on the stage.

Asher McConnell was born on August 12th, 2073. He weighed 9 lbs and was 13 inches tall. Ashley delivered naturally unassisted by epidural due to a faulty spark plug in her husband's classic truck. The same truck she had been driven to the

hospital for each delivery.

While Ashley would tell others that the pain of childbirth was indescribable, she had come to appreciate its impact on her life. Without it, the sacrifices of motherhood would not resonate as substantially. Birthing a child can lead to death, but the experience of surviving and then thriving together highlights the communal nature of womanhood. Women struggle together so that all may rise. A mother does this with her children as well. The Asher remnants recognized how his raising Georgia as an only child had skewed this perspective for his daughter; she became more individualistic like men often are. So she got everything she wanted, and when she wanted it, no questions were asked.

It is the very thing that led Ashley to be who she was and where she was. Reflecting back, she wouldn't have wanted it to be any different.

Ashley and Mac went on to have seven children (two boys and five girls), in addition to the young boy that Mac adopted from Ashley's IVF procedure before their marriage. Ashley worked part-time as a consultant for law firms but was primarily a stay-at-home mother and homekeeper. Mac eventually became a politician in his local government, running as a traditional family values candidate. He specialized in policy to address the globally declining birth rate and was well-liked by his colleagues.

The McConnell children grew up equally successful in their careers and home lives. Thanks to policies enacted by their father, they did not have to make the hard choices their Aunt and Uncle did about starting a family or continuing their careers. That said, Evangeline McConnell called her mother one day already crying.

"Mom, it's not good. I can't do it."

"What, princess? What can't you do?"

"Have a baby... The doctors say... I... I..." Ashley could hear the tears and sobs flowing over the phone.

"There, there, darling. I'll be there shortly. Don't worry your head; I will make this right. I've done it before..."

(The End)