

Well, Hello Miss Powell

By John Thornbush

Words from the Author

I hope that this short story finds the perfect niche in your heart as you read it – as it certainly did when I wrote it. Admittedly, I am more of a writer of novels than short stories, so I can hope that this pulls together all of my thoughts without losing anything important in the condensing process. I wrote this little preface to tell you what I am hoping to do in this story and, conversely, what I am not going to do with this story.

I am NOT looking for controversy with this story, even though the main character IS a lesbian – she does NOT hate men. Quite the contrary – her experiences with men makes her sexuality a bit of a harder decision for her than for some people. The father of her baby-to-be is quite certainly a man, and there was a great deal of love involved with the creation of that child. However, she isn't attracted to men sexually – not her fault – just the way nature wired her. Throughout this work, you may see her need men AND women for various parts of her life as she goes from woman, to mother. I would hope that my writing will bring joy to those who choose to read it.

I am NOT looking to publish this work professionally – hence it appears here in PDF format for your enjoyment. All I ask is that you do not alter in any fashion, merely distribute it, copy it, or print it if it pleases you – and think someone else would enjoy reading this work. Simply because I do not seek to publish this story doesn't mean that I don't care about that work. I would ask if you want to create a spin-off using any of the characters, just ask me – I am quite nice, and am willing to work with you in making sure all the pieces fit together and not to trample your stuff if I write a sequel to this piece.

I am writing this story in order to get my creative juices, as it were, flowing again to resume work on my professional work – which is as of yet untitled – and sitting incomplete at 48 pages. This novel WILL be published somehow – not sure yet if it will be 'furry' as this one is, or more geared toward 'mundane' audiences.

I am also writing this piece to scratch an itch there is out there for tasteful, romantic furry pregnancy stories. I am not saying there is NONE out there, just precious few – as furry fandom has started swinging toward homosexuality, and heterosexual writers put down their pen, feeling perhaps there is no one left to read and appreciate their work. Fandom, in the words of my friend, swings from heterosexual to homosexual normally – hitting the extremes on either side every few years. Neither one is bad in moderation – but extremes are bad creatively.

Sunday

“Hey – your not supposed to be lifting those Susan!” he exclaimed to her, putting down the box and running over to take the box away from the very pregnant Susan, whose upper half was all but invisible behind the large moving box, her large clothed tummy showing beneath the box and her fox tail swishing behind her.

“Can too – I’m not an invalid, you know Richard,” Susan said to him in response. She was growing tired of being THIS pregnant, and having everyone treat her as if she should just be sitting around waiting to have the baby. Her girlfriend got tired of the attention it got Susan, and left her – and now her best friend was treating her as if she had a mortal injury.

Richard came over, and took the box from her kindly, giving her tummy a loving pat before doing so. He went over, placed the box in the trunk of his worn Honda Civic, and straightened the last box he placed there. He thought to himself, *Good thing this is the last of her stuff, as I am out of room in my car.*

Susan arched her back softly, and splayed her ears in an expression of discomfort, “Good lord, I am beginning to hate this – my back is sore, my feet are sore, my breasts are sore, even my ASS is sore!” she said, and placed her hands on the small of her back.

Richard nodded, and said, “Good reason not to try to carry heavy things – you are already carrying something quite heavy already inside of you,” as he pointed to her belly, which briefly betrayed a knee rippling across her clothed skin. He noticed it, and grinned at her.

She glared at him, “You take delight in my discomfort – don’t you?” she said to him. She really disliked him when he smiled at her like that – she knew what he wanted, and she knew that even though she had let him be with her once – that was for this baby, and she couldn’t slip back to being Richard’s girlfriend. That part of her life is over, it took enormous strength for her to finally come clean to herself, and to Richard, and she wasn’t going to just let him slip back into her life and into her bed with her. Cassie might be gone, but she still loved her – and Susan cared for Richard, just not in that way. *Not in the way it mattered to him, anyway,* she kept telling herself.

Richard shook his head, and replied, “No, I am just entertaining dirty thoughts, that’s all – never mind me”

She chuckled, and said, “You just keep on wishing, buddy”

Richard turned back to the open hatchback of his car, and closed it – making sure not to crush any errant objects that might inhibit the hatches travel. He went over, opened the passenger door, and said, “Well, shall we go?”

Susan looked back up at the window that was the window to her apartment for nearly three years. It was where she had looked out upon the city many a nights, waiting for Cassie to get back, so they could have dinner and another night together. She remembered sitting on the windowsill many a times when Cassie was working on her college work. She just loved to sit there, and watch her – see the light in the room seem to energize her, to make her seem larger than life...

“Hey kiddo! Earth to Susan! We need to get going if we are going to beat rush-hour traffic. Besides, you need some chow, don’t you?” said Richard, beckoning her to the car.

“I’m not...” she started to say to him.

“Don’t give me that ‘I’m not hungry’ story, you need to eat for that kid, and I know for a damn fact you haven’t eaten today as all of your kitchen shit is packed up in

the boxes,” he said to her. He knew that she should eat, even if she didn’t want to – for the sake of that baby she carried, she needed to keep her strength up.

“Okay.... Is McDonalds fine?” Susan asked him.

“Well, I was thinking of something a bit more....nutritional, but as long as you get something nutritional, I don’t mind,” Richard responded, nodding firmly.

“Ohhhh, okay...,” she responded, a look of frustration on her face as she goes over, and tries to get into the car the best she can. She looks to Richard for some final help into the passenger seat.

Richard helps her into the car, and closes her door. He looks back up at the window at which Susan was looking for a second before he walks around the front side of the car and opens the driver’s door to get into the car. He sits down, and shuts the car door. He started the engine with a stereotypical twist of the wrist, and put the car into gear.

The car eased out of the parking spot, and rolled down the street. It was nearly fifteen minutes before Susan said anything. She rubbed her tummy with her hand, and said, “It’s so strange that after all this time – it still feels weird to leave Cassie’s place like this – with you of all people...”

Richard blinked a little, and then looked over at her for a second before returning his gaze back to the road, as she said, “With me, of all people?”

Susan nodded, and replied, “Richard, we were lovers – I mean – it does seem a little odd, doesn’t it to you?”

Richard nodded, and continued, “Well, we’re not anymore, love. I mean, you are a lesbian – kind of puts the brakes on any intimate relationship we would have – but in the past, yeah... But I’d like to think we can still be mature adults and good friends”

Susan nodded softly, looking down at her tummy contemplatively. A soft ripple of a baby’s knee shows through the denim fabric of her maternity overalls, which prompts Susan’s gentle touch to sooth her unborn child. After a second or two, she returns her gaze to Richard.

“The little one has a descending opinion, does it?” said Richard, reaching over to touch Susan’s tummy – only to get intercepted by Susan’s hand, which gently reminds him to look, not touch. He said, “Hon, it’s alright – I was just being nice and all”

Susan nodded softly, and said, “Well, I just...get uncomfortable with people touching me all the time...”

Richard frowned a little, and said, “I’m not everyone else, Susan”

Susan reached over, and put her hand on his leg, as she said, “Richard, I’m sorry. I...just get touchy, you know – all the hormones, the feeling like I’ve got a watermelon resting inside my pelvis, and everyone is watching me – seeing if I burst like an overfilled water balloon...”

Richard nodded softly, as he retracted his hand and returned it to the steering wheel. He said, “I’m sorry. I...don’t mean to make you feel like you are less of a person, or that I am respecting your personal space less because you’re pregnant.”

Susan said, “Well, I know I shouldn’t feel too touchy toward you – I mean, you’re the father of this big kid and all...” She rubbed her hands over her belly motherly – and closed her eyes.

Richard smiled, and reached his hand over and placed it on Susan’s tummy in a show of support. He could feel the very large child wiggle it’s rump inside her – a

feeling that he never fully got used to throughout Susan's entire pregnancy. It was always a miracle to him, it was perhaps what drove him to act the way he did toward her. Deep down, he wanted to be more than just 'Uncle Rich' to this kid-to-be. It was his child too – growing inside her – ready to be born very very soon. He wanted Susan and this kid back in his life.

Susan murred to him softly and leaned a little instinctively his way. She hated to admit to herself, but she knew he needed to be part of her life – even if in only a limited way. She needed his help to conceive this child and she needed his help to move out of Cassie's apartment when she no longer wanted this soon-to-be family with Susan. The trouble was – did she need his help to have the baby she had so lovingly carried around inside her for the past nine months. Was she strong enough to give birth to this baby without Cassie and without Richard? She didn't want to keep touting Richard along – she felt as if she was silently promising she would come back, and she knew that was not going to happen. Her realization that she was homosexual was not a lifestyle choice – it was how she was wired, she could not love Richard in that way – and that was not fair for someone who deserved so much more than she could ever give him.

The car drove down the road, and made a turn on the next cross street – heading away from the life Susan had known for over two years – and onto another that neither she nor Richard knew anything about.

After a while, Richard removed his hand from Susan's belly, and returned it to the wheel – concentrating on driving through the crowded city streets toward Susan's new apartment. Richard had wanted Susan to move back in with him, but she refused. The best he could do is getting her apartment nearby his – but still not near enough for his tastes. He would have preferred to have her closer than where she got her new apartment.

Susan asked, "Will you be able to take me to my doctor's appointment on Thursday?"

Richard nodded softly, and replied, "Yes, I would – you want me to be there, like the last couple times?"

Susan said, "Yes, don't be retarded"

Richard exhaled softly, and said, "I just...don't want you to feel like I have to be around all the time... I want to be your friend, not smother you..."

Susan nodded softly, "...I know... I just... I didn't tell you not to come, so why would you think I wouldn't want you there?"

Richard shrugged softly, and replied, "Well, I don't know..."

"Yes, Richard, I do want you to be there. You have a stake in all of this you know... With Cassie out of the picture, if I didn't have you – I'd be having this baby alone..." Susan said.

Richard nodded softly, "A lot of things didn't turn out the way that we'd have hoped."

Susan said, "Yeah, very true. Although I am sure you are less than disappointed to see my relationship with Cassie to deteriorate."

Richard looked at her for a moment before returning his eyes to the road, as he replied, "Why would that be the case, Susan? I mean, do you figure me for the kind of person who takes delight in your personal hardships?"

Susan said, "Richard, you have to admit that you do keep the hope alive for us to get back together..."

Richard said, interjecting, “Yeah, I do – but not your expense. Susan, I love you – and I want you to be happy, even if in you being happy, you’re not with me”

“You keep saying that...” Susan said to him, sitting in the passenger seat. She shifted herself slightly, trying to find some comfort in Richard’s small car. She always found that as she got bigger, Richard’s car seemed to get smaller and smaller.

“And why will you not believe me, then? I mean, your talking to the man who was going to be your husband – you know, the whole ‘to have and to hold, till death do us part’ bit and everything.” Richard asked. His expression spoke of concentration and frustration in the same breath.

“It’s because you were going to be my husband – you have an emotional stake involved. I hurt you when I told you that I was gay...” Susan replied to him.

“Oh get off of it, Susan... My pain from that ended long ago, and yeah – it sucked and I really felt like it was the end of my world. But I survived, knowing that you were being honest with me, and that if we had any hope of being friends – we at least needed honesty between us” Richard shot back to her. His hands gripped the wheel, his frustration getting more and more evident.

“Do you really think that’s a healthy thing for us, considering?” asked Susan, as she once again shifted to vainly find some comfort in her seat.

Richard responded, “I think, for now, you need someone – and I want to be that someone. After everything is said and done, who knows... But...Susan, it feels good to have you be a part of my life, as a friend, as a lover, as a fiancée, or as a wife – I can’t have my choice, so I will take what I can get”

Susan sighed softly, and nodded. She tried a futile third time to seek some hidden comfort from her seated position, before just giving up, and slouching slightly. She took a minute of silence before she said back to him, “I guess I am not an easy person to deal with...”

Richard nodded softly, “Not lately, but I still care.” He didn’t want to start another bout of heated discussion with her, so he kept his statement terse, but to the point. He released one of his hands from the steering wheel, but kept it close on his leg – in some semblance of his normal relaxed driving style.

Susan nodded carefully, reached over, took his free hand from his lap, and placed it on her tummy as she smiled a sympathetic smile to him.

Richard looked over to her, her pregnant tummy, then back at the road. He said a short while later, “Susan, I...want you to know....that I want you to be happy, no matter what it means for you and me, and no matter if that happiness includes me or not. I....also...”

Susan nodded, and shushed the second statement – knowing damn well what he was trying to say. She merely leaned his direction, and let him pet her lovingly – not saying another word for the rest of the car trip.

Monday

The morning light filtered through the dirty vertical blinds in the bare apartment. The light danced across the moving boxes stacked in orderly stacks near the windows. The only piece of furniture in the room, and indeed – the only furniture untouched by the sunlight was the foldout couch on which Susan slept.

Susan was awoken to a swift kick to the ribs from her baby, who appeared to be slightly irritated at mother's attempt at sleeping in. Susan let out a small murmur as she stirred, blinking a little as her eyes adjusted to the light in the room. She blinked a few more times, then put her head back on the pillow – and started to fall asleep again when her baby delivered two more quick blows to her ribs with it's feet, making her shift and let out a small 'murf' sound. She blinked, and looked over at the clock.

8:30AM. The clock showed the time from it's spot on the floor – with it's power cord like a tether, keeping it from her easy reach. She grumbled, and migrated to the side of the bed, looking at the clock with a look of frustration, and hatred. It was never easy to get up in the morning, but it just got harder now that she was pregnant as all hell.

Tuesday

“But, I mean, Richard is coming back in like an hour...” stammered Susan, as she lay on her back on the bed. Michele stood over her at the foot of the bed, removing her blouse, exposing her ample breasts. Her squirrel fur looked glossy, smooth, and soft – inviting to Susan.

“Come on, love – you know you...want at least a little cuddling – having been alone in your bed all this time – and with your figure – you just scream ‘cuddle me’,” Michele said with a smile.

“But...but... I...” stuttered Susan, too shocked to form words. *Gosh, I never knew she was so gorgeous,* Susan thought.

Michele churred softly, and lay down with Susan – touching her breasts softly with her paws, tenderly. She seemed to understand Susan’s sensitivities, and was careful not to be too rough as she gently felt Susan’s large breasts through her maternity blouse.

Susan stopped her protesting, as Michele’s touch felt soothing and good to her. *She’s so beautiful, and it feels so good... I shouldn’t, but I want....her* she thought to herself. She reached up, not to fight back, but to unbutton her own blouse, and to undo the buttons of her overalls. She smiled back to Michele – inviting the lovely squirrel to undress her.

Michele grins, “See – we don’t need to do the sex thing – we can just do a little naked cuddling...perhaps let me pet you a little... Girl, you really look as if you need it...”

Susan nods softly, “It has...been a while, I will admit” she said.

Michele gently opened Susan’s blouse, and slowly pulled down her overalls – exposing her large belly. The red and white fox pattern was largely distended – stretched out of its natural proportions, but it possessed a certain glowing beauty that was immediately apparent to the lady squirrel. Her fur bristled excitedly, as she leaned down and gave Susan’s belly a tender kiss.

Susan smiled, and reveled in the attention. She just loved the slow, tender attentions of love – or at least...foreplay. This was what she had always hoped Cassie would do, if Cassie had not gotten jealous of the baby – and went ‘splitville’. However, she got the impression from Michele that this was more than just a case of pity sexing of a pregnant lesbian.

Michele grinned, and rubbed her cheekfur against Susan’s belly. Michele knew that she had never been this close to a pregnant woman before – but she knew for sure in this short time that she enjoyed every minute of it – the warmth, the glow, the feeling of being with someone in that way. Her mind flashed with various images as she imagined if she had won the heart of Susan. She knew that she was falling in love with her – ever so slowly, but ever so surely. She just hoped that Susan could fall in love with her just as easily.

Susan murred in pleasure, her tail twitching softly, swishing back and forth as Michele’s attentions continued. It commonly did this when Susan was feeling very good about something, or someone. Michele was quite a woman, in some ways even more beautiful to Susan than Cassie was – which was quite a feat in Susan’s eyes. Her own mind wandered, wondering if... *Does Michele love me?* she thought to herself. *Susan, are you deluded – I mean, you just met Michele yesterday – she’s your neighbor for God’s sake!*

Michele churred again, as she moved her attention up, and gave Susan a rather surprisingly kiss right on the muzzle – with a grin on her own muzzle. She rested her light body on Susan’s pregnant belly, trying not to cause too much discomfort by using her hands and arms to hold most of her weight off Susan.

Susan acted surprised for a second, then giggled, and said, “You seem like you have done this before – been with many pregnant women in your time?”

Michele shook her head, and said, “Naw, just seemed like the thing to do – after all, I don’t want to squish myself a baby foxie kit.”

Susan nodded softly, and responded, “I appreciate that, it’s rather uncomfortable to have a lot of pressure on the tummy, you know”

Michele grinned, and kissed Susan once again on the muzzle – letting her firm belly touch Susan’s pregnant and distended belly. She smiled and looked down at Susan’s belly, as her affections elicited a gentle ripple of a knee from within. Her eyes widened, as she exclaimed, “What was that?!”

Susan said, “That was the baby, silly – felt like its knee or elbow”

Michele stayed perfectly still for a second or two, then said, “It...can do that?”

Susan replied with a smile, “Yeah and it does that commonly – the whole ‘being visible’ thing is recent – it means it’s getting to be rather large in there...”

Michele murred, as she looked down at Susan’s belly, “Wow... I mean, how do you cope with it doing that all the time?”

Susan giggled, and said, “Well, it’s rather a random occurrence but I have learned to deal with it moving ever since I could feel it move. Kinda...used to it I guess. Hell, I get worried when I don’t feel it move.”

Michele blinked a few times, and continued, “Ummmm, wow... I mean, I’ve never...felt anything like that before.” She thought about her actions for a second, and with a worried expression on her face said, “Will...our little...friskiness hurt the kid?”

Susan shook her head and replied, “Naw, it’s protected by all that water I have inside me – you know... Besides, we’re being rather...gentle so we should be alright...”

Michele nodded, smiling to Susan as she said, “Can it feel what we’re doing?”

Susan nodded and replied, “Yeah, it feels the pleasure I feel from lovemaking – especially from an orgasm – it’s all hormonal...”

Michele nodded, as she understood. She thought of it for a second then a smile slowly crept across her face. She said, “It seems I won the approval of your most harsh critic” with a wry smile.

Susan giggled softly, and replied, “It feels right to have someone to share it with”

Michele nodded and continued to kiss Susan – gently ushering her over on their sides, where she could make better use of her hands and arms than for mere supporting her wiry body.

Susan kissed Michele, following her gentle hinting, and eased herself over on her side. She continued to kiss and touch Michele, Susan’s hands made their way to Michele’s pert, small breasts. She gently rubbed, playing with her nipples with her fingers – a common thing she learned from her ‘baby lesbian’ days with Cassie.

Michele grinned, and one hand reached over and touched Susan’s large left breast in much the same way – as her other hand reached down to somewhere a little farther south of Susan’s rather motherly stomach.

Susan's eyes widened a little, surprised at Michele's directness – but not putting up any fight or struggle as the squirrel felt her lower abdomen, and gently pet Susan's pubic fur, teasing her tenderly. Susan couldn't help but smile, as she reveled in the attention.

Wednesday

The smell of cooking bacon, and eggs wafted through the room as Susan stirred softly. She dreamily sniffed at the air, as one of her hazel eyes opened, followed by the other as she sniffed at the savory odors – which seemed to come from the kitchenette behind the couch. She was draped in light satin sheets that smelled of perfume – her tummy was exposed, but her breasts and her...more femininely possessions were adequately covered for Susan's modesty.

Michele tended to the cooking breakfast, wearing a cooking apron – and nothing else. The apron had a worn message on it that said, 'Don't fuck the cook when she's cooking – the food will burn'. Her bushy tail stood up behind her, bobbing as she worked.

Susan rubbed her hands over her belly idly. After a second or two, she murred out loud, and eased herself up – the satin sheets slipping off her large bosoms. She quickly snapped them up to cover her belly and breasts as she sits up and looks over to the kitchen. She said, "What are you doing?"

Michele smiled back, and replied, "I'm cooking, what does it look like I am doing?" as she turned partially toward Susan, but then turned back to the cooking tasks.

Susan said, "Ummmm, did we do what I think we did last night, and throughout most of this morning?"

Michele said, without turning from the cooking food, "If you mean have a good romp in the sheets, then yeah – it was great too – you needed it as badly as I did..."

Susan gasped a little, and said, "What about Richard?"

Michele grinned, and replied, "Oh yeah, honey – he got back, we were all-on, he was watching, holdin' up scorecards..."

Susan covered her face, as she blushed brightly under her red cheekfur – her horrified expression still visible through her closed hands.

Michele waited a second, then said, "Hon...honey, sexy one – I was kidding.. Richard called while you were asleep – I told him that we were having a good old-fashioned girl sleep-over party, and you were just exhausted... He said he would be back over at around noon or so to help you unpack and get you all set up"

Susan sat stunned for a second, and then threw one of the bed pillows at Michele, hitting her lightly on the tush, as she shouted, "It's not fair to tease me like that – I thought I was going to have a stroke or something when you said that... Or something else..." as she rubbed her large tummy again, in response to her baby shifting its position inside her sleepily.

Michele pulled the bacon out of the frying pan, and plated up the eggs, bacon, and snagged the toast from the toaster - which had popped a few slices only a moment or two earlier. She turned to Susan and said, "Oh no, you're not allowed to have the kid here – I'd lose my damage deposit for sure then..." with a wink.

Susan said with a smirk, "Like I could stop it if it did decide to show up a touch earlier than expected... It's due this week..."

Michele nodded, and replied, "Well, that's true... But in any case, everything is fine..." as she got some silverware from the kitchen drawer.

Susan nodded softly, "Did we just...fall asleep afterward? You look a little tired for that to be the case..." she said as Michele handed her a plate of food.

Michele sat on the side of the bed with her food, and replied, "Well, you fell asleep pretty quickly thereafter, but I was amazed at how much your little one moves

about, so I mostly just watched, and felt with my hands, then I listened to your tummy for what seemed like the longest while. It must have been like four or five hours before I dozed off – when it felt right to be near you and all. It was during my initial curiousness that Richard called – the phone’s ringer didn’t even wake you, that’s how tired you were...”

Susan nodded softly, and said, “You just...listened to my tummy, and that kept you up for so long?”

Michele nodded, and replied, “Yeah... I...have never been so close to someone so...full of life before... I guess I’ve been a lesbian too long, as I don’t see those who are touched by the male affliction much anymore...”

“It’s not an affliction, I am going to have a baby – not a disease...” she scowled at Michele, her ears slightly pinned back.

Michele said, “Well, you do have to admit that without the help of your male friend, you would not be pregnant, now would you?”

“Yeah, I suppose you’re correct...” replied Susan, rubbing her tummy more. She retorted, “...but I wanted to get pregnant – he just didn’t have his way with me and such...”

Michele nodded, and said, “You have me there...”

Susan said, “It was part of some larger master plan... Now it’s all gone to hell, and I don’t know what to do... Nature doesn’t exactly take returns on ordered merchandise...”

“Well, I suppose you and I raising it is just right the hell out of the question now, isn’t it?” asked Michele, as she took a bite of her scrambled eggs.

Susan looked at her in shock, nearly dropping the plate of food and her utensils.

Michele took another bite from her food, looking at Susan’s shocked look before saying, “Girl, I’m not kidding... I mean...your right next door – I think your drop dead sexy, and although I never had plans in my entire life to be raising kids, I can think of more horrible people to do such a thing with...”

Susan continued to look at her with her horrified look on her face, before she managed to squeak out, “You...you wan...want to.....be with me?”

Michele put her plate down, and smacked her head with her open palm, “Duh... Yeah, hello – what do you think we went all horizontal Olympics for?”

Susan squeaked, still shocked, “...pity...perhaps?”

Michele looked at her with a scornful look, “Girl, I could take insult from that, you know. I don’t do pity sex – it’s NOT accepted here, to me – it’s no fucking MasterCard...”

Susan looked at her. Susan had never met anyone who had such a grasp on both graphicness and vulgarity with such startling stark style... Michele surely was the first she had met, and could grow to like for it.

Michele said, “You are one of the few people in a long time I felt like I could just...feel like one with in a long time. I’ve had the dumb one night flings and the like. Been there, done that. Tired of it like a constant kick to the head.”

Susan nodded softly, sheepishly holding her plate, watching Michele.

Michele continued, “I feel like I am falling in love with you, and that’s never happened to me before. But it feels *damn* good to be in love, Susan.”

Susan blushed, and looked at her, "...I think....I...am a little more than mildly attracted to you..."

Michele smiled, "I thought you might be... I figured you might also need a little help with the boyfriend who just doesn't get it..."

Susan's eyes grew as big as dinner plates, "No! I mean, I've got it under control..."

Michele replied, "Didn't look like you had it controlled to me, girl. You have him pandering after your every waddling step, with an erection you can hang a heavy winter coat on..."

Susan blushed, and replied, "It's my business, and I will handle it."

Michele nodded, and took a bite of her food again. She stated, "Girl, your stringing him along – like it or not. If you care for him, as a friend cares for another – you've gotta cut 'em lose... Let him find someone to be with – fix him up with someone, or some shit like that..."

Susan sighed, and said, "I've tried that already – he just dates the lady for a while, only to break up, saying she isn't me, and that it doesn't feel right"

Michele shrugged, and replied, "Well, you've got to do something – you can't be with him, and be with the one you love at the same time – he won't let you move onto what you already know you are, and we all know it."

Susan nodded softly, and thought to herself. *How dare she assume to just tell me how to live my life, who does she think she is?* Susan fumed silently to herself, trying not to look as if she was upset – which was exactly what she was, upset.

Michele pointed to her with a piece of bacon, as she said, "You know that the only thing men think about us lesbians is that we can be changed over with the right night together... And that's just fuckin' false right there"

Susan couldn't contain herself, and tersely said, "That's not what Richard thinks."

Michele retorted, "Bullshit, and you know it"

Susan shouted, her growling voice boomed over Michele's softer voice, "How would you know what he wants? How would you?! You haven't met him but once, and you've already passed judgment on him. Men aren't all the same..."

Michele blinked, and replied, "Hon, you talk about him like your still in love with him. Are you, Susan?"

Susan shrugged, frustrated, and replied, "How can I answer that? Michele, we're talking about the man I nearly married – the father of my child. He's been there when everyone else walked out, and you want to give me an ultimatum?" A tear rolled down her face, as she began to cry. She said, as she sobbed, "I can't win, I can't have anyone – everyone leaves..."

Michele's eyes sparkled, as her expression changed to a look of sadness as she put a hand on Susan's shoulder, which Susan shrugged off at first, but Michele returned her hand to Susan's shoulder as she said, "No, no.... love...no....I...didn't mean to make you cry... No...sweetie...no..."

Susan sniffled, and continued to sob. Her heart ached, and she felt like everything was falling apart on her.

Michele petting Susan's shoulder at first, as she watched tears roll down Susan's soft face and muzzle. She leaned up, licking a tear away, as she said, "It...hurts me to see you cry..." as she, herself, looked on the verge of crying.

Susan looked at the squirrel girl with tear-filled eyes, as she said, “Everyone wants me to choose. Choose Susan – choose before we leave you both. Choose, and I will end up with no one every time...” as she stifled the sobbing back enough to keep her statement together before she collapsed again into sobbing.

Michele nuzzled her cheek softly, as she tenderly licked Susan’s tears away from her face. She closed her eyes, and tried her best to hold the very rounded vixen in a comforting, non-sexual manner.

Susan simply sobbed. She had not the strength to attempt to do anything else, or say anything else.

Michele sighed, and said, “I will not make you choose, Susan. I just...want you to have what you want – not what other people want you to have. There is too many people out there who will presume to tell you how to live your life, as if they have not one of their own to live – or more accurately, screw up.”

Susan sobbed, and tried to speak – but only a whimper managed to escape.

Michele continued, nuzzling Susan’s neck softly – doing her best not to just throw herself on the pregnant vixen, “It’s hard for me...to accept...sometimes, that people can have constructive relationships with men... I have...not had good mileage in the male department in my life... I guess it kinda...taints my judgment.”

Susan stifled her sobbing long enough to ask, “What happened?” before she collapsed into crying again. These tears were a long time coming, and once the proverbial flood gate was opened, she felt as if she could never close them again.

Michele blushed, and whimpered a little, “Well, I...ummm...I...was...raped...when I was in college. I...guess it could...affect...what I felt about...guys...”

Susan stopped crying, clearly just stunned by what she heard. She felt a soft jab to her ribs, as her baby gently stirred a little – causing her to splay her ears. She answered, as she winced, “Wow...I never knew that... I...don’t know what to say...”

Michele looked at her, as she replied, “It’s not like I hang a sign on my door that says, ‘Former Rape Victim Lives Here – No Men Allowed’ or shit like that...”

Susan chuckled before she stifled it, as she nodded – trying to regain her somber composure.

Michele blinked a couple of times, and continued, “If this Richard fellow really loves you, and he treated you right before you came out – then perhaps he does warrant a chance... But I tend to also know that you can’t play both sides of the fence, it just doesn’t work...”

Susan said, “How do you know?”

Michele replied, “I know – I’ve known too many people who try to trick themselves, and other people by proclaiming they aren’t gay but bisexual when it’s clear to them and everyone on God’s green Earth that they are gay, pure and simple.”

Susan nodded, thinking about her own relationship – with Richard, and now with Michele. Was she gay, and just playing herself and Richard? Was she straight, and just going through a phase, and will want to run back to Richard at the end of this all? Was she one of the true few bisexual people, who want it the best of both worlds – to love Richard and to love Michele? She certainly didn’t know, except that it felt right to be with Michele – right here, and right now. She knew that – and that her breakfast was getting cold.

Michele snuggled her, and licked her neck fur, as she stated, “I just don’t want to hurt you, my sweet Susan...”

Susan held the small squirrel

Thursday

Friday

A kiss to Susan's muzzle woke the sleeping vixen mother-to-be. Susan blinked and yawned hugely. Michele snuggled her, and kissed her neck, whispering, "Good morning, sexy..."

Susan smiled sleepily, and whispered, "Good morning..." as she blinked a little more. She absently rubbed her hands over her ponderous tummy, which beckoned Michele's affections.

Michele pet Susan's belly, "How are you feeling, sweetheart?" she asked.

Susan said, "Doing good – for an over-inflated balloon. I am so ready for this kid to come, the little stranger is due next week, you know..."

Michele nods softly, "Yeah... That's got to be... a mixed moment for you."

Susan stroked her tummy softly, as she yawned, "A little – but part of me will be glad to get this watermelon out of my middle... I feel like I weigh a ton"

Michele grinned, and said, "Well, it just means you've done an A+ job at being a mother, and that your baby is healthy"

Susan shrugged, "Or that I just carry big..."

Michele nuzzled her neck, and gave Susan's tummy a soft pet, "Nah, beside you make it all look so easy"

Susan grinned tiredly, and chuckled, as she replied, "Are you trying to tell me that you like the way I look pregnant?"

Michele nodded and smiled, "Yeah, funny as it is to say that – coming from a avid man-hater..."

Susan said, "Well, don't get any wild-hair ideas about keeping me this way... I am not even sure I want to keep this baby yet, let alone have anymore..."

Michele quirked a brow, and moved to look Susan in the eyes as she said, "Why would you not want to care for your own baby – considering that you will have to give birth to the little one here rather soon and all. I mean, to go through all of that only to give the baby up for adoption seems a bit self-loathing..."

Susan said, "Well, I don't have a stable relationship, so I don't even know if there will be anyone around who will care..."

Michele looked into her eyes, as she said, "I care Susan – I have told you before, and I mean it – I might not be the most wonderful parent in the world – but for you, love, I will move heaven and earth. And if that means I have to be a parent with you, I would love to have that chance..."

Susan smiled softly, "I guess I keep allowing you the opportunity to run to minimum safe distance before things get kicked off..."

Michele shook her head, as she remarked, "No, it's too late for that... I am in love with Susan Powell – I am hopelessly addicted to her..."

Susan said with a straight face, "Susan Powell might be hazardous to your mental health"

Michele grinned, "I'm willing to take the risk..." as she murred and gave the ponderous vixen a kiss on the muzzle – her idle hands rubbing Susan's pregnant belly softly, and lovingly.

Susan smiled, "Flee while you still can"

Michele replied, as she kissed Susan on the lips, "Can't"

Susan grinned, and kissed Michele's lips as well.

Saturday

Richard held one end of the smooth nylon rope, and Susan grips onto the other. Susan looked at Richard between her legs and over her large belly, “I feel humiliated, Richard...”

Richard said, “This works, I’ve been reading up – and I heard this works a lot for first-time mothers, helps them focus their pushing more... and takes their minds off the pain a little.”

Susan nodded softly. She had to admit to herself that the pain was hard to cope with at times, and when she pushed, she felt like it had no focus, no direction. It felt like she was just pushing because the doctor was telling her to push – not because she needed to do it. She would try anything if it would get this undignified part over with any faster.

She closed her eyes, as she felt another contraction rush up on her, her tummy bulged a little as she held tight on the rope.

Richard noticed her discomfort, and started to pull on the rope.

Susan pulled back in her direction over her distended belly, grimacing a little with the effort as she pushed downward with her diaphragm. At the same time, her arms pulled on the rope as Richard wanted. This seemed to go on of a minute or two, before nature’s powerful grip relaxed, and she lays back in bed, panting.

The doctor said, “You’re doing great – the tug-of-war idea already looks to be helping quite a bit...” as he looked up at her from his stool nearby the foot of the bed.

Susan said, “I feel so...humiliated... and a bit sore of being on my back...”

The doctor nodded, “You wanna try side-saddle?”

Susan blinked, confusedly, and then said, “Side-saddle?”

The doctor smiled nicely, and responded, “Yeah. An inside joking term, sorry – it means to push on your side. Many a big baby has gotten delivered with momma pushing on her side”

Richard looked at the doctor, “Joking?” with a concerned look.

The doctor said with a straighter face, “Yeah, I can never remember the correct anatomical name for it – and I heard my mentor refer to it as side-saddle – so it just...kinda...stuck”

Susan gritted her teeth, and said, “I am NOT a horse, dammit!”

Richard reached over, and gently smoothed the fur on Susan’s head, “No, honey – you aren’t. He’s just saying that you can try pushing on your side if you want, perhaps will get things to speed up a touch...”

Michele nodded, and added, “Yeah, he was just noting it as a comical reference sweets”

Susan nodded softly, her expression betrayed her tiredness – but her hazel eyes still burned strong with determination. She managed to say, “Sure, if you can help this ol’-beached whale over...”

Michele and Richard both nodded to each other, as they helped Susan ease carefully over on her left side. Susan let out a sigh of relief, as the doctor sat back down on his rolling stool. She planted one foot on the bottom bedrail, and Richard held her other leg up.

Michele smiled, and petted Susan’s swollen belly with her hand, and asked, “So, this isn’t the time to ask if you plan on having more kids, is it, Susan?”

Susan looked at Michele, with a look of disbelief, as she said, “Yeah, I planned on getting Richard here pregnant next time around... Maybe he would like this little adventure...”

Richard looked at Susan with a look of shock, then looked at Michele, as he said, “Too bad that’s not possible, eh?”

Susan looked over her shoulder at Richard, and said, “Only in my delusional birth fantasies, Richard.”

Michele nodded softly, and moved her attention from Susan’s belly to her forehead, gently stroking Susan’s auburn head hair out of her eyes.

Susan smiled weakly at Michele, as she managed to murr to her softly. Her feelings of humiliation were at least partially placated by the gentle, loving affections of her lovers... *My lovers? MY LOVERS?!* She thought to herself. She couldn’t believe the

* * *

Susan reached down past her belly, and felt her bulging womanhood – and the very slight bit of fur showing in between the pink, stretched folds of her own flesh. She touched the fur inside her, and retracted her hand a little stunned. *My baby is right there – that is its head!* she thought to herself. She returned her hand back to that spot, and felt carefully with her fingers, the delicate wet fur inside her. She traced the distending area of her womanhood and rump, remarking to herself how large it all felt in comparison to how small babies usually were... She thought to herself, *How big is this kid?* She knew that the only answer to that is when it was out of her and on the scale at the corner of the room.

Richard and Michele smiled to Susan, as Michele said, “See, all of this is working – it’s just going to take doing more of the same. I know you can do it – Richard here knows you can do it – you know you can do it – so we’ve just gotta plug away at it...”

Susan smiled tiredly, but her joy was short-lived. Another contraction hit like a breaking wave – and Susan instinctively pushed, curling up a little.

Michele firmly coached from the side of the bed, “Come on, pushpushpushpush... One...two...three...four...five...six...”

Richard’s eyes lit up as he looked down at Susan’s rump. He said, “Come on Susan, push!”

Susan managed a muffled murble as she replied, “I AM Pushing!” through grit teeth. Her hands cupped her distending sex, in almost a protective instinct – but she was more interested in keeping the doctor from doing doctor-type things to her, like cut her. She could feel her flesh stretch and strain – but the baby’s head still sat deep inside her, behind her slightly bruised skin folds. After a few strenuous moments, her contraction subsided and Susan’s hands slipped off her womanhood, as she straightened to lay on her side.

Richard grinned, and looked at Susan, “Your doing really great, sweetie. Just keep pushing when the feeling hits, and you’ll be holding the baby in no time.”

Susan nodded, “I hadn’t planned on just calling it quits and going home you know – I am kind of committed to this now, feeling the overwhelming urges to push and all.”

Michele looked at Richard, then at Susan and said, “Besides having that baby right there in her rump kind of makes an escape rather...difficult.”

Susan smiled weakly, and nodded. She couldn't summon the strength needed to speak. She felt the sweat roll down her face, and the room felt like it was on fire. She knew it was from all of her efforts, her working muscles trying to have this baby.

Richard asked, “Is there anything I could do to help you out, Suz?”

Susan replied, “Not that would be possible by current medical science, no... But your doing what you can, and it means a lot to me” as she smiled weakly at him.

Richard nodded, and softly pet her leg which he held.

Susan felt another contraction build up inside her, and she instinctively pushed once more – as she had with the previous contraction, and the one before that, and the one before that one even. She couldn't remember when it had all started, when this crazy rollercoaster had all started.

Richard smiled, and looked to Michele.

Michele grinned, and said, “Come on, baby – push!”

Susan grit her teeth, and pushed, curling slightly as she splayed her ears. She carefully embraced her distended sex. *Come on Susan, you can do this – millions of women before you and millions after you will give birth – this is a cakewalk.* She gently pet herself as she thought, *Come on baby... come on...*

Richard grinned as he looked down at Susan's rump, his eyes sparkling – clearly seeing what Susan felt – her baby was close to being born.

Michele leaned in close, and nosed Susan as she continued to push, whispering, “I'm proud of you, even if this never gets any further – Richard and I are both proud of you Susan. We love you”

Susan managed a meek smile, as she finally was able to relax – her contraction subsiding. She straightened to lay on her side again, as she looked into Michele's eyes and whimpered, “It's almost here...”

Michele nodded and grinned to her, then looked over Susan to Richard, who gently pets her leg. She softly reached down and pet Susan's belly, and touched her protruding navel – largely rounded and peach-ish pink showing through her stark white tummy fur. Michele whispered to Susan, “I suppose you will love that, after this, your navel will go back to being an innie again”

Susan whispered to Michele, as she replied, “Yeah, it should. Why? Disappointed?”

Michele whispered to her, “Yes, and no – if that makes any sense...”

Susan grinned, and was about to speak as another contraction hit her – and she reflexively beared down with the contraction. She splayed her ears, and curled a little as she reached down and pet herself once again. She kept pushing, and closed her eyes – listening to Michele's voice, counting out like she had before – and she felt her womanhood sting, stretching as the patch of fur felt inside her got larger and larger. She could feel it become more exposed as she pushed – the force it exerted was overwhelming, exciting, and strange all at the same time.

Richard watched silently, with a smile – clearly pleased at the progress Susan was making.

The doctor sat, looking a little frustrated, as he could not get around Susan's hands, which cupped the baby's emerging head. He looked at Susan, then at Richard, as he said quietly, "This is not helping me any..."

Richard quirked his brow, and said, "Well, she is pretty adamant about not having certain... things cut, molested, or otherwise... changed from... factory default..."

The doctor nodded, and said, "Well, I don't mind if she wants to help herself – but I am kind of the person who wants to know about such things in advance..."

Susan felt the contraction wind down, as she relaxed a little – but gasped as she felt another contraction build up. The contractions were coming closer and closer together, and it frightened Susan as she barely got a chance to catch her breath before it returned – the urge to push. She beared down once more – not so much by choice anymore as it was pure driving instinct.

Richard grinned to her, and said, "Come on Suz – PUSH!"

Michele nodded, and whispered, "Come on love, you can do it – your almost there... Just a bit more..."

Susan whimpered, and gave it her all. Her fingers both guarded her sex, and trying desperately to help her child into the world. She also prayed that she would not injure herself – as she felt like she was ready to literally split in two. Her fingers traced around her stretching nether skin – feeling the kit's wet head fur within her – widening a bit more. She gritted her teeth, and kept up her effort – determined that one way or another – this was not going to just keep going; that she was not going to just keep pushing and pushing and pushing and pushing and pushing...

Richard looked down at Susan's cupped hands, as he saw more and more of the baby's head came into view, carefully guarded by Susan's hands. He grinned, as he saw Susan's skin finally recede away, as the kit's head quickly slipped out of Susan's distended vulva and a gush of water sprayed out from around the baby's head.

Susan yipped, and let out a startled cry – as she stroked the baby's head, in its entirety for the first time. She felt its fur, and the little wrinkled ears as she traced her fingers around this new person's face. She gently stroked the little muzzle, and cheeks with her fingers as a soft, weak grin crept across her face as she started to cry a little

Michele looked into Susan's eyes, "What's wrong sweetie?"

Susan replied, "It's almost here, Michele – its so wonderful" as she smiled, and continued to weep as she withdrew her hands finally – letting Richard and the entire world see her half-born kit for the first time in its life.

Michele looked up at the mirror, and grinned. She saw the baby's head nestled between Susan's thighs, the rest of the body still hidden within her love. She sat almost speechless, almost in shock.

Richard looked at the baby, which looked almost like a wet rat. Susan's legs quivered as she moved a little bit – the baby's head a stark contrast to Susan's white thigh fur, and groin. It begged to be an oddity to be looked at, studied, and drew attention to Susan's intimate areas.

Susan panted a little, letting the next breaking contraction wash over her while not pushing – her tummy bulging with its effort. As the contraction eventually subsided, the baby's head was drawn back against her pubis, nestling a little into the fattened vulva through which it had passed not that long before. Susan managed a weak grin as she said, "This has to be the most bizarre thing I have ever seen" as she looked in the mirror

suspended over the foot of the bed, and saw the kit's head – the only part of her beloved baby to be outside of her throughout all of her effort so far. She could feel it's wet muzzle resting against her groin as she savored the fact that the searing stretching feeling felt mostly over.