

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

"What do you say, Doctor? Is she beyond hope?"

Dora's mother's earnest, concerned expression was heartbreaking to see, and Dr. Hendrickson quickly took her hands in his reassuringly.

"No, she's not beyond hope," the wolf said sincerely. "These things happen from time to time, especially when a young fur is going through the types of changes that Dora is experiencing right now. She's through the worst of it, but her body is still trying to make her a male. Biology does occasionally get things wrong, but we fortunately have ways to correct those mistakes. Her case is a bit more stubborn than some, but it's nothing we haven't seen before."

Dora's mother sighed in relief and clasped the doctor's hands. "Oh, thank you, Doctor!" she replied. "Dr. Malcolmson said that if anybody could help her, you could. How soon can you admit her? Will it take long?"

"We actually just discharged one of our patients," the doctor replied, adjusting his spectacles on the bridge of his nose and looking at a clipboard. "It looks like we have an opening as soon as you are ready. It'll take about a week, and we'll call you when it's time to come and pick her up. Would you like to leave her here with us now?"

"Yes, please."

They stepped out of the exam room and found the 16-year-old sitting in the lobby. The hormones administered since the day her mother and father adopted her had worked wonders, and her large breasts and curvy figure were indistinguishable from those of a female-born cow. Truly the only thing that gave her away was her horns. Her parents had let her keep those as long as she behaved herself. *Some cows have horns*, they had reasoned, and there was no reason to subject the poor dear to the pain and suffering of removing them as long as her behavior didn't warrant such drastic measures.

Dora sat up and looked at her mother and the doctor as they walked in. She sucked on her pacifier nervously. She had been bad, she knew: she wasn't *supposed* to touch herself under her diaper, but she couldn't seem to help it! Her stomach turned, and she swallowed hard, unsure of what they would do to her.

"Come on, Dora," her mother said, reaching her hand out.

The sissified bull hesitated but got to her feet and took her mother's hand. In a fluid motion, her mother shifted her grip from Dora's hand to her wrist and passed it to Dr. Hendrickson.

Dora gasped and started to pull back, but Dr. Hendrickson grasped her wrist firmly—not painfully, but hard enough that she couldn't get away—and began to lead her down a hallway.

"Mmm!" Dora cried through her pacifier. She spat it out. "Mom! Wait! Please don't leave me here!"

"It's for your own good, dear," her mother said, waving from the end of the hall but looking anxious. "You *will* take good care of her, won't you, Doctor?"

"Of course," the doctor replied reassuringly, petting Dora's head. "She's a good girl with a few hang-ups, but she's smart. She'll learn! We'll make sure she's well-taken care of!"

With that, they went through a doorway, and Dora's mom disappeared from sight as the door closed.

Dora found herself in an adult-sized nursery room filled with oversized toys, like blocks so big that she could barely get her hands around them and life-sized stuffed animals.

"Scott here will help get you ready," the doctor said, stepping out as an orderly came in from another door.

Dora eyed the orderly; even though Dora herself was a big girl—being a bovine and all—the elephant was still over a head taller than she was and had huge, bulging pecs and biceps. He was, in a word, *big*, and he made Dora feel small by comparison.

"All right," the orderly said. His voice boomed, but he sounded nice. "Let's get you out of those clothes."

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Dora hesitated, but Scott had her top off and was working on her skirt before she even knew what had happened. She blushed in embarrassment and covered her breasts, but Scott seemed to be a model of professionalism and didn't even bat an eye.

"Okay, sweetie," he said, his voice gentle as he poured something from a bottle into a spoon. "Time for your medicine. Be a good girl and swallow it all, okay?"

He held the spoon out for her, and while Dora was reluctant to consume anything from a stranger, the orderly seemed nice enough. She reached up, wrapped her lips around the spoon, and took the contents into her mouth, grimacing at the bitter taste.

"Swallow it down," Scott prompted her kindly. "I know it tastes bad."

Dora made a face and swallowed the thick syrupy stuff down. It coated her throat, and the taste wouldn't go away.

The orderly glanced over his shoulder. "Don't tell anybody I gave you this," he said, handing her a little piece of chocolate. "Babies aren't supposed to have it, but it'll help with the taste."

Dora's face lit up as she seized the chocolate and shoved it into her mouth. Scott was right: the nasty taste of the medicine melted away, replaced by the delicious chocolate.

"And before I go," Scott said, handing her her pacifier, "You dropped this."

Dora reached up, took the pacifier, and popped it into her mouth, smiling contentedly behind it.

"There's a girl," the orderly said, turning to go. "Now you just play for a bit, and we'll come in and get you in a while."

Dora waved shyly as he left, then crawled over to the stack of blocks. She was, of course, far advanced past playing with simple blocks. She made good grades in school and was even beginning to learn to use the potty, but there was something soothing about the big, wooden blocks, something uncomplicated that helped her to relax.

Her tummy gurgled, and she ignored it as she sat and began making stacks of the blocks by color. Then she knocked those down and rearranged them alphabetically. Her stomach growled again, more insistently this time, and she grimaced but pressed on with her block-stacking, this time arranging them alphabetically first and then sorting those by color.

Dora's stomach rumbled hard, and she grunted into her pacifier, her eyes widening as she realized that she needed to go *now*! She stood and rushed over to the door, banging on the padded wall and whimpering into her pacifier. The growl in her stomach got even worse, and she doubled over as her bowels threatened to release right then and there.

She couldn't hold it anymore and dropped to her hands and knees, grimacing as her anus spread and let the contents of her bowels spill into her diaper. It seemed to go on forever, and she felt the urge to cry in embarrassment as her butt burbled out more and more. Her diaper grew heavy, and its weight shifted downward as it continued to fill. It seemed like it would never stop as the thick mess squidged between her buttocks and wrapped around to cradle her balls.

But after what seemed like ages, it was finally over. Dora whimpered into her pacifier. She *knew* better than that! She'd been using the potty fine for over a year! But with no potty in sight and nobody here, what else was she to do? She grimaced, disliking the feeling of her full seat and the constant reminder that she hadn't been able to hold it back. She went back to play with the blocks some more, hoping it would make her feel better.

She gasped and blushed when she saw them. In her haste to get up, she'd accidentally knocked them over, and they had fallen down to spell the word, "PENIS." Looking about furtively, she quickly scattered the blocks, afraid someone would see and punish her. She held her breath, waiting for severe punishment to come, but it never did. After a few agonized minutes, she finally sighed in relief and went back to playing with the blocks.

"Alrighty," Scott said, abruptly blowing into the room easily. "Who's ready for a diaper ch—whoo!—you are, for sure!" he said, his head jerking as he caught a whiff of Dora's used diaper. "Yup, definitely smells

like somebody's ready," he said, nodding to himself. "Come on, up you go," he said, patting a changing table that folded down from the wall.

Dora blushed fiercely. It wasn't *her* fault she couldn't hold it forever! She'd *tried* to be a good girl! And now this cute orderly was going to see her all messy! She shuddered but obediently got up on the table, avoiding his gaze and afraid to make eye contact.

But the elephant wasn't passing any judgment on her. He peeled back the tapes on her diaper and let it fall open, exposing Dora's little cock and miniature balls. Without batting an eye, he began to wipe the mess off Dora's backside. Once she was squeaky-clean, he wiped down her cock and balls, pulled the diaper out from under her, and sealed it up with the wipes inside of it. Then he lifted her by the legs with one arm—he was *truly* as strong as he looked!—and put a new diaper under her.

When he powdered her bottom and groin, though, she began to get an erection. Dora's eyes darted from his face to her traitorous cock in a panic. She didn't know what to do to make it stop!

But Scott seemed completely unfazed. Dora was a little perplexed by his laid-back attitude. She thought of the times she'd been punished for getting erections before, and she had imagined the worst when her mom had left her here. Scott's unfaltering kindness to her so far was bewildering, and she kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. The anticipation was killing her.

The kindly orderly finished changing Dora and sat her up on the changing table.

"Now just wait right there," Scott said, "And I'll be back in a minute."

Dora dangled her legs over the side of the changing table and swung them back and forth, relieved that she hadn't been punished for her erection. Scott came back pushing a hospital bed.

"Okay, sweetie, up you go," he instructed, helping Dora into the bed. "Now just lie still, and we'll go for a ride, okay?"

Sucking her pacifier anxiously, Dora lay on her back as Scott whisked her out of the nursery and down a hall. Fluorescent lights flashed by overhead; Scott was moving really *fast*! She felt the bed slow, and then they turned into an exam room. Scott patted the exam table, and Dora climbed out of the bed.

"Okay, just keep lying still okay? This'll be over in no time."

*What will be over in no time?* Dora wondered, but before she could ponder it, she felt her left arm pulled above her head, a cuff fitted around it, and the cuff attached to the exam table.

*Oh, no!* "Mmph!" Dora cried through her pacifier. She recognized being restrained when she felt it!

But Scott had already restrained her right arm, too, pulling it down by her waist and attaching it to the exam table. Dora kicked at him in fear.

"Hey, now!" Scott said crossly, stepping up to her head to look her in the face. "What's gotten into you?" he asked.

Dora's kicking slowed as she looked up at him uncertainly.

"That's better," the orderly said. "I'm not gonna hurt you; you know that!"

Dora's heart pounded as she felt him lift her legs one-by-one into stirrups and restrain them there. She tugged on her restraints; they all held fast, and she wasn't going anywhere. At least she still had her diaper on.

"We're ready, Doctor," Scott said, leaning out of the room. "It's gonna be okay, Dora," he said, stepping back in and holding her hand, smiling kindly.

The doctor walked in, one hand in the pocket of his lab coat and the other carrying a clipboard.

"All right, what have we got?" he asked, consulting the clipboard.

He leaned over the exam table and smiled at Dora. She whimpered; *his* look wasn't as kind or friendly as Scott's was. Maybe it was his wolfish teeth or the shrewd look on his face, but he made Dora nervous.

The doctor wasted no time and quickly felt her pulse, listened to her heart, looked into her nose, throat, eyes, and ears, and felt her abdomen. Dora gasped nervously as her stupid penis stirred at the doctor's proximity to her diaper, but he seemed not to notice. She began to relax, realizing this was just a normal exam.

Or so she thought.

"Diaper," the doctor said, and Scott deftly undid the tapes and pulled the diaper down to expose Dora's genitals.

Dora's face burned brightly. She felt so vulnerable and exposed, and though she tried to close her legs, the stirrups held her open for whatever purpose the doctor might have.

"Mm, hmm, mm, hmm," the doctor said, grabbing Dora's tiny prick and feeling of her balls roughly, minutely examining them. "Good size and shape; I'd say the hormones are working right."

As he spoke, he jotted things down on his clipboard. He moved up to feel of her breasts, stroking over her nipples and making Dora gasp in arousal.

"Mm, hmm, yes, I'd say the breasts are mature enough."

The doctor frowned, seeing Dora's cock stir at the touch of her nipples.

"Hmm, interesting," he said, writing furiously.

He stroked his fingers up the shaft of her cock, and Dora squealed from behind her pacifier, thrashing to get him to stop.

"Flight response to contact, very interesting," the doctor murmured as he groped her undersized scrotum.

Dora began to cry. She knew she was going to get in trouble for getting erect; she was going to get punished, and she couldn't do anything about it!

But nobody did anything; the doctor just kept poking and prodding her like a lab rat, and Scott stayed out of sight somewhere.

"Let's check her prostate," the doctor said, donning an exam glove and squeezing some lube onto it. "This might sting a little bit."

He pressed his finger to Dora's ass, and Dora winced. It had been months since she had had her last training session, and her ass had tightened itself back up. It wasn't used to being invaded, and Dora let out a whimper as it stretched open around the doctor's invading finger.

But then the worst was over, and Dora relaxed a little as the doctor felt of her prostate. Her cock responded once again, drooling a little bit of precum.

The doctor raised his eyebrows. "Oh, that's very interesting," he said, taking more notes.

He put his clipboard down and nodded to Scott. Dora could hear him rummaging around but couldn't see what he was doing. He handed something to the doctor.

"Hopefully this should help with the erections," the doctor said.

Dora gasped as he fitted a piece of hard plastic around her balls and over her shaft, locking them together with a loud "click." When he moved out of the way, Dora saw that her flaccid cock was bent forward 90 degrees and held in place by a chastity cage. If she *did* get an erection, it would be very uncomfortable.

"Let's test its efficacy," the doctor said, once again pressing his gloved finger into Dora's ass and stroking her prostate.

Dora gasped in pleasure at first, but as her penis began to harden, it pressed painfully against the cage in trying to straighten itself. Dora's gasp of pleasure became an uncomfortable whimper.

"Hmm, yes, that appears to be working as intended," the doctor said, making another note. "That should allow me to continue the exam without encouraging any bad behavior."

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

*Continue the exam?* Dora wondered. What else could possibly be left?

She gasped as something *very* cold and slick pressed against her ass, sliding in effortlessly and rubbing her prostate, much to her straining prick's chagrin and her discomfort. But something weird was happening. The thing inside of her wasn't moving in or out anymore, but she could feel herself being stretched open. She protested through her pacifier and tried to squeeze her legs closed—this was *too* vulnerable a feeling—but the stirrups held her legs spread while the speculum spread her ass open.

"Ah, yes," the doctor said, reaching a long, plastic instrument down through the speculum to palpate Dora's rectum. "Good color, nice and clean." He swiveled around on his chair. "This should be suitable, but I'd like to go ahead and map the entire tract, just to be sure."

*Map? Tract? I'm not a piece of land!* Dora thought. *What's he talking about?*

"Ordinarily I'd sedate the patient, but since I'm doing a full-body endoscopy, I need you to remain awake. This might feel a little weird. I'm sorry," the doctor said, though from the bland, dry tone of his voice, Dora didn't think he was *actually* sorry for anything.

She sighed in relief as she felt the speculum closed and pulled out. Her ass felt a little loose from it, and she reflexively began doing Kegels to tighten herself back up.

"Oh, *fascinating!*" the doctor said, writing down some notes. "It's like she's been conditioned to keep herself tightened up." He frowned. "Strange that she wasn't able to hold on longer while in the nursery, then," he mused.

Dora blushed in embarrassment. So he *did* know what was going on, then...

But the doctor just shrugged and swiveled around again. Dora couldn't tell what he was doing, but she winced as she felt something thin, hard, and cold pressed against her quickly-tightening anus. It popped inside, making her jolt in a strange combination of arousal and distaste.

But that was just the beginning, Dora grimaced and whimpered into her pacifier as she felt the probing thing press deeper into her, tapping against her inner sphincter and then pushing itself through. She groaned, feeling light-headed as it began to ripple its way through her sigmoid, bumped into the wall of her intestine, and then grazed its way around the bend to start up her descending colon.

"Hmm, yes," the doctor said to himself, momentarily pausing to take a note, and then continuing the exam.

Dora squirmed, trying to get the weird feeling of a giant worm crawling up her ass to stop, but the colonoscope continued relentlessly forward. She groaned as the tip bumped into the top of her transverse, rounded the bend, and continued across her body from left to right. She could *feel* it as it picked its way along her, making her want to squeal, to throw up, to pass out, or to kick out and try to get away from it.

But struggle as she might, she could do *none* of those things, and the tireless doctor continued to slowly press deeper and deeper into her. His colonoscope went around the bend into her ascending colon and began its descent. From her anatomy class, Dora knew that this was the end of her large intestine, and she took some shallow breaths and blew them out slowly, trying to just make it until the end. It would be over soon, she was sure.

The scope came to a stop, and the doctor made some notes to himself, murmuring incomprehensibly. Dora held her breath and waited for him to pull the icky thing out.

But then the doctor did the impossible, and it felt so weird that half of Dora's face contracted, grimacing in discomfort as the endoscope poked through into her small intestine. A look of squeamish disgust plastered itself on her face as she cringed, trying to get away from the feeling. It didn't *hurt*, per se, but it just felt so *wrong* to be probed so deeply!

This continued for what seemed like ages. The probe wriggled its way up through her, weaving back and forth through bend after bend and slowly inching its way higher and higher into her. All the while, Dora felt nauseous, grossed out, and at times, short of breath.

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

The worst part, though, was when the scope pressed into her stomach. She felt like she was getting kicked in the gut as the endoscope tap-tap-tapped on the valve that separated her stomach from her intestines, trying to get it to open. Her breathing came in shallow gasps of discomfort, but at last, her stomach allowed entry, and the endoscope quickly squeezed its way inside.

Feeling the sudden openness and seeing it on his monitor, the doctor pressed forward in earnest, making Dora feel as though a snake was racing through her in pursuit of a rat. She began to feel faint, whimpering exhaustedly into her pacifier. But what stopped her from passing out was a sudden discomfort in her chest. The endoscope had made it to her esophagus and was trying to get in. It felt like the worst heartburn she'd ever had. Her breathing became truly labored, and she struggled in her restraints, trying to bring her hands to her chest to soothe the aching burn.

The endoscope abruptly pushed through, and Dora felt a little acid reflux in her throat. She coughed and gagged as she felt something crawling up her throat.

"Pacifier," the doctor said—the first word he'd said to anyone but himself since he started—and Scott reached down to grab it.

Dora wailed in protest as her pacifier was taken away, but her wailing was quickly interrupted as a vile-tasting plastic tube poked out of her mouth. She stopped crying abruptly and looked at it in horror.

She screamed and wetted herself in terror. The urine filled up the chastity device and leaked out all over the table.

"Oh, she's wetting," the doctor yelled over her screaming, only a mild hint of urgency in his voice.

"I'll get it," Scott said, quickly moving Dora's diaper to catch the runoff and wiping down the table with some paper towels.

"Shh, shh, it's okay," he said, patting Dora on the head. "It's just a tube. Shh, easy."

The tube felt weird—no, 'weird' was not enough; it felt *wrong!*—sticking out of Dora's throat and making it so she couldn't close her teeth. But Scott's voice was reassuring, and she slowly calmed down some, her screams degenerating into uncomfortable fussing.

"There's a girl," the orderly said. He and the doctor exchanged glances, and he sighed. "Okay, I need you to be a big, brave girl and hold out a bit longer, okay?" he said, squeezing her hand. "The doctor has made it through, but now he has to take it back out."

Dora did her best to beg him not to do it, but with the endoscope between her lips and her overall mental fuzziness, she could do little more than mumble fretfully.

"That's a girl," Scott said.

*No, wait, I didn't!* Dora protested mentally, but the feeling of the endoscope beginning to retreat interrupted her thoughts. She groaned queasily as she felt it slurp down her throat and disappear into her stomach. Her whole body seemed to vibrate as the ribbed endoscope repeated its acrobatics in reverse, gliding through her stomach, wriggling its way through her intestines, and then making a great big upside-down arc as it slid through her large intestine. The vile thing at last slid out of her ass, and she doubled up in disgust before collapsing on the table, sweating and exhausted.

"Poor thing," Scott said, wiping her chin and putting her pacifier back in. "What do you think, Doc?"

The doctor nodded to himself as Dora closed her eyes and began to drift off. "She's a suitable candidate. We'll perform the operation tomorrow."

\*\*\*\*\*

Dora awoke in the middle of the night, gasping and clutching her throat. The awful exam table was gone, and she was lying in a big, soft bed with some stuffed animals to comfort her. She hugged one close, sighing and wondering if it was all just a dream. She shuddered at how *vivid* it all seemed. The feel of that cold, hard thing pressing into her and then just *going* and *going!* And that *thing* crawling up her throat and popping out of her mouth! It was like an alien invasion that she couldn't escape! She shuddered again. Even the chastity device seemed so real. But of course, that wasn't—

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

She gasped. Her hand had trailed down to her diaper and bumped something hard. It *wasn't* a dream, after all.

All the feelings of helplessness, vulnerability, squeamishness, and objectification from the exam welled up inside of Dora, and she burst into tears, her body heaving as she cried around her pacifier. No matter how hard she sucked on it or squeezed the teddy bear in her arms, neither could stop the feeling of being probed and invaded so completely. And the doctor's cool, clinical demeanor hadn't helped! He made her feel like a *thing*—an experiment—not a person, and it only compounded her humiliation. She could still *feel* the thing sliding into and out of her ass, like an uninvited guest who ripped the front door off a house and then walked in and out as he pleased. She couldn't shake that feeling, and it wasn't until she cried herself to sleep that it finally left her alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Time for breakfast!" Scott's cheery voice called.

Dora blinked sleepily and looked over to see the elephant with a high chair. She blushed and averted her eyes, sucking on her pacifier.

"What's the matter, Dora?" Scott asked, frowning. "Aren't you hungry?"

The bull wrestled with herself: Scott seemed nice enough to listen to her, but would he get mad if she said what was on her mind? She took her pacifier out hesitantly. "I—" she began.

Scott cocked his head. "Yes?" he asked patiently.

"I don't need a high chair," she said, quickly putting the pacifier back in her mouth.

The elephant smiled patiently as he stepped over and picked her up.

"I know you're a big girl," he said apologetically but firmly, "but everybody here has to sit in the high chair."

He got her seated and put a bib on her. Dora's face burned with embarrassment. She didn't *need* a high chair! She was a *big* girl! She sulked as Scott opened a can of stewed peaches and flew it on a spoon like an airplane into her mouth.

Not wanting to make a scene—or be punished—Dora just accepted the humiliating feeding, trying to shrink inside of herself as best she could. The food missed her mouth several times. She couldn't figure out if Scott was doing it on purpose or not.

"Whoopsie!" Scott said, wiping her face with her bib. "Such a messy kiddo!"

*Definitely on purpose*, Dora thought to herself. *I could feed myself better than this!* But she dared not say anything. She was a *good* girl, and Scott had made it clear that this was just how things were done.

At *last*, the awful feeding was over, and Scott transferred Dora from the high chair to the changing table.

"All right, how did we do last night?" he asked, removing the tapes on her diaper. "Huh, a dry night? Bravo! Maybe you really *are* a big girl, huh? All the same..."

He wiped her butt down just to be sure and used a wipe around the chastity device. The movement made Dora's little pecker try to stand up, and she grimaced and squeezed her legs together uncomfortably.

"Ah, yes, it will do that, won't it?" Scott asked understandingly, seeing Dora's discomfort. "Just got to get that thing under control. All the big girls do it, and so can you!"

That actually made Dora feel a little better. There was hope for her yet! She swallowed hard, though, thinking about what it would take, what was in store for her today.

She didn't have to wait long to find out. As soon as her change was complete, Scott put her on the hospital bed and wheeled her into a different room. She started to struggle as soon as she saw the exam table with its mean-looking stirrups. She didn't want to feel that thing inside of her again!

"Dora—Dora!" Scott said, grabbing her by the waist and pushing her firmly down onto the exam table, "You need to be still, like a big girl."

Those words made Dora hesitate.

"You *do* want to be a big girl, don't you?" Scott asked.

Dora sucked her pacifier pensively and nodded.

"That's right, you do!" the orderly said encouragingly. "Now you need to be a good girl and lie still so that I can make your arms and legs comfortable. Will you do that for me?"

Dora whimpered but nodded faintly.

"That's a good girl," Scott said, smiling.

He wasted no time getting her restrained again, one arm up, the other down, and legs up in the stirrups, trussed up just like yesterday, except that today, the back of the table was inclined so that she could see the doctor as he came in.

"All right, Dora," the doctor said, "I know yesterday was rough for you, but it was important. Today I'd like to talk to you like the young adult that you are and explain what's going on with the hope that showing you cause and effect will help to dissuade you from any future bad behaviors."

He sat down on a stool, his clipboard in hand, and walked his stool over next to her.

"Pacifier," he said to Scott, who reached over and gently plucked it from Dora's mouth.

She let out a soft whimper of protest.

"Your mother came to me because you were touching yourself. You understand that, right?"

Dora nodded.

The doctor shook his head. "I want to make sure that you're hearing and understanding me, so I'm going to need you to speak. Now, do you understand that you are here because you touched yourself?"

"Yes," Dora replied, her voice surprisingly high for a biological male, but because of the years of hormone therapy, puberty had not been able to drop it.

"Good," the doctor said, scribbling on his clipboard. "And you understand that girls don't have penises, right?"

Dora swallowed, her eyes darting from the doctor to the orderly. "Mmm," she said nervously, her heart beating even faster, "Right."

"It's okay, Dora," Scott said, patting her shoulder. "We're not going to—"

Dr. Hendrickson put his paw up. Scott pursed his lips and fell silent.

"Your adoptive parents didn't want you to be rambunctious or rebellious as a child, and so they started you on hormones. Isn't that right?"

Dora swallowed and nodded. "Uh, huh," she said.

"And you've been on them for the last 14 years?"

"Yeah."

"You love your parents, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"They love you and take good care of you?"

"Well, yeah..."

"And they've even been letting you go to school and play with other cubs, haven't they?"

"Uh, huh," Dora replied, "But that's not—" She bit her lip, afraid she'd get in trouble for speaking out of turn.

"Go ahead," the doctor said, exhibiting the first kindness Dora had seen him show her yet.



Still, she hesitated. "It's not school's fault," she said at last, sighing.

The doctor looked at her thoughtfully. "What is it, do you think?" he asked.

Dora huffed. "It's just—I can't *help* it! I haven't forgotten my training—I haven't! I just—my penis gets hard, and then it gets uncomfortable, like a—like an itch. It feels better when I touch it," she said.

The wolf nodded. "Dora," he said slowly, "Do you know *why* you must not touch yourself?"

Dora hung her head. "Because touching myself is bad and it makes me act out," she recited. Her mother had said it to her ever since she could remember.

"That is *one* reason, Dora," the doctor replied gravely, "But the main reason is, if you touch yourself, it will make you receptive."

Dora cocked her head. "Receptive?" she asked.

The doctor nodded, taking his glasses off and cleaning them on his lab coat. "Yes, Dora. When you touch yourself, things change in your body that make you ready to become a mother."

The bull frowned. "But—no, my anatomy class said—"

"Your anatomy class is for furs who are raised the way they were born, Dora," the doctor interrupted. "Everything you heard in your class is true—but not for you. You are very special, Dora. You know that, right?"

Dora sighed and nodded.

"Don't act like it's so terrible!" the doctor said incredulously. "You have a very good life, don't you? You have parents who love you and take very good care of you, friends, and furs like us to help make you well. That's all a very good life, Dora. There are some who have none of that."

He put his glasses back on and consulted his clipboard, trying to figure out where he'd left off.

"Ah, yes. When you touch yourself, it makes it so that you can conceive. You aren't ready for that, Dora. You aren't a big enough girl, yet."

"But I *am* a big girl!" Dora protested. "I'm 16! My friends are all learning to drive, and I can't even master the potty!" She slumped. "I just want to be a big girl like my friends, like everybody else my age. Why can't I be a big girl?"

The doctor and the orderly exchanged glances, and the doctor sighed. "Dora, you aren't ready. I promise you. You don't want to be a big girl; you want to stay in diapers to keep your hormones in check and let your parents handle things for you. Most importantly, you *don't* want to touch yourself. Isn't that right?"

"No!" Dora yelled, struggling at her restraints. "I want to be a *big* girl! I want to be able to touch myself! It feels good! I don't want to have to wear diapers forever, either!"

Dr. Hendrickson pursed his lips. "Are you *sure* that's what you want, Dora?" he asked, looking at her very seriously. "We can make you a big girl if that's what you really want, but it's not all fun and games."

Dora huffed petulantly. "Yes," she said firmly. "That's what I want."

The doctor sighed. "All right," he said, nodding to Scott. "Go ahead and take her chastity device off. If she's ready..."

Scott stepped over and undid the tabs on Dora's diaper, letting it fall open. He grasped the chastity cage, and with a click that seemed too loud for a device so small, he separated the pieces. Dora's cock jumped to attention at feeling its freedom.

The doctor stood, his jaw set. "Since you want to be a big girl," he said, "Scott is going to impregnate you. You'll get to experience the miracle of motherhood, and then we'll see if you still want to be a big girl."

Something about his tone made Dora hesitate. "Mmm," she said, "Wait..."

The doctor shook his head. "I'm sorry, Dora," he said resolutely, "But you were very clear in what you wanted. You said so several times."

He took a small vial of thick, white liquid from a freezer and a long, thick pipette from a cabinet.

"Here you go," he said to Scott. "Those should be enough to get her pregnant, and then—" his voice dropped too low for Dora to hear.

They turned to face her, and Dora gulped.

"All right, I'll leave you two to it," the doctor said, stepping out.

Scott stepped forward and undid Dora's arm near her waist.

"It's okay," he said encouragingly with his usual gentleness. "Go ahead and touch yourself."

Dora hesitated and then shook her head.

"You want to be a big girl, don't you?" Scott asked, cocking his head. "This is what big girls do." He smiled with indefatigable patience. "Go on," he said, "Play with yourself and get yourself ready to conceive."

"I'm scared," Dora said, firmly keeping her wrist where it was.

"There's nothing to be scared of," the elephant said. Something about his voice sounded different—huskier, maybe? "But now that you want to be a big girl, there's no turning back," he said, stepping up between the stirrups.

Dora gulped. "Mr. Scott, you're scaring me," she said, her voice wavering.

The elephant shook his head. "I'm not a scary guy, Dora, but you said you wanted to be a big girl, and now I'm in a tough place: the doctor's orders are that you touch yourself and I make a big girl out of you. If you won't touch yourself, then I'm going to have to do it for you."

Dora shook her head violently. "N—no, Mr. Scott! Please! I—I don't want to be a big girl! I changed my mind!"

"I'm sorry, Dora," the elephant said.

Dora gasped, seeing the huge bulge in his pants. She shook her head again.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

The elephant reached out and stroked her cock and balls very gently, and Dora gasped as her long-neglected sex sprang to full attention.

"No, Mr. Scott! I'll get in trouble!" she pleaded. She reached down to try to push his hand away.

The elephant cocked his head, raised his eyebrows, and spoke crossly. "Dora, you start stroking yourself or move your hand right now, or I'm going to have to restrain you again."

The bull whimpered as her cock began to throb under own hand. She jerked her hand back in horror, keeping it between Scott and her sex, but daring not to touch herself again. She looked pleadingly at Scott.

The elephant pursed his lips and sighed. "I'm sorry, Dora, but you had your chance."

In a flash, he gripped her wrist, easily overpowered her, and quickly attached her wrist to the exam table again. She fought hard against her restraints, terrified of what was going to happen.

But the elephant just continued to stroke her. It felt so good that Dora couldn't help getting into it. She whimpered and protested at first, but then her body began to betray her. Her cock throbbed, and her hips bucked. She felt a warm, happy feeling rising inside of her. Her breathing sped up, her temperature spiked, she squeezed her eyes and fists shut, and—

The elephant stopped touching her, pulling his hand back.

"Mmph!" Dora protested. "Why'd you stop?" she pleaded.

"You're ready to conceive now," Scott replied.

"What do you mean?" the bull asked through gritted teeth, her cock throbbing, piteously seeking just one more stroke to finish it off.

"The doctor wanted me to use that AI kit," Scott said, ignoring her question and putting the vial back in the freezer, "But if you're really going to become a big girl, you deserve the *real* thing."

Dora's eyes bulged as the elephant dropped his pants and stepped out of them. His cock was *huge*, standing two feet long, s-shaped, and as big around as Dora's fist. The tip glistened with an enormous blob of precum.

The bull swallowed. "Wh—what are you doing?" she asked, but the gnawing she felt in the pit of her stomach said she *knew* what he was doing.

"You'll want this," Scott said kindly, offering her pacifier.

She hesitated. "Please, no..." she whimpered.

"You're not a big girl, yet," Scott told her regretfully, "And this part is probably going to hurt. It's okay to use your pacifier if you want it."

Tears in her eyes, Dora took the pacifier into her mouth and began sucking it furiously.

Scott turned around and locked the door. Then he stepped up between her legs, his enormous member swaying menacingly.

"Try and relax," he said, smearing the precum all over the tip of his cock and then rubbing a bit on Dora's ass.

Dora struggled as the elephant's prick butted up against her ass. She couldn't believe that he would do this to her! Not sweet Mr. Scott! Her face burned with humiliation and outrage. The only person she thought she could trust was about to rape her!

Scott thrust forward, and his cock shoved its way inside. Dora screamed and bit down hard on her pacifier, but before she could even get over the initial shock, Scott shoved even further into her, driving hard against her inner sphincter.

It hurt so badly, far worse than the discomfort from yesterday! Dora saw stars as the elephant drove against her over and over, each thrust knocking the breath out of her.

Suddenly he made it through. Dora's eyes bulged as the elephant shoved both feet of his cock all the way up into her in one smooth motion—she could feel him in her chest. Tears streamed down her face through tightly-squeezed eyes as she bit onto the pacifier as hard as she could.

Over and over the elephant thrust, his heavy balls slapping against Dora's powdered buttocks with each one. She thought she was going to pass out as the enormous prick rubbed her ass raw, scraped against her prostate, and stretched her wide each time he drove himself in.

The orderly suddenly stopped thrusting and buried himself inside of her. She felt his cock throbbing against her prostate and stretched anus, and then she felt something hot and liquid flowing into her. Scott stood over her, his face flushed and glistening with sweat, breathing heavily.

He pulled out abruptly after that, his cock deflating like an empty sock and retreating into his sheath, dragging some of his cum out of Dora's ass with it. She gritted her teeth in discomfort and disgust, feeling his sloppy jism leaking out of her stretched anus. She instinctively began trying to tighten up, to stop the slow leak of bodily fluids.

"I wouldn't do that," Scott advised her, pulling his pants back up. "Just let it happen."

*Just let it happen... Just like I let you rape me?!* Dora screamed in her head. Externally, all she could do was sob and suck on her pacifier.

The rest of the day was a hazy, anger-tinged blur. That horrible orderly leaned out and called for someone. Another orderly Dora didn't recognize came in pushing a wheeled cart carrying a large plastic container and—was that a speculum?! It was bigger than one she'd ever seen before! Someone started an IV, and Dora winced and cried into her pacifier. She *hated* needles. Why were they doing this?

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Something began to flow into the IV, and Dora began to start feeling woozy. She looked over groggily and saw that the container had been opened. The orderly was taking out a—an...egg? What...for...?

Seeing Dora looking, Scott stepped between her and the other orderly, hiding the egg-thing from view, and then Dora's vision went dark.

\*\*\*\*\*

The bull awoke, groaning into her pacifier. She was in a hospital bed with her back elevated, and she felt *bloated*, her stomach distending. Her bowels were so packed full that they pressed on her diaphragm and made it hard to breathe.

"Ah, she's awake," Scott said, going to her and feeling her forehead.

"You made it through the first part, kiddo," he said, back to his usual kind self, as if nothing had happened.

*Was it a dream? Did I dream he—*

"You took it like a champ, and you're now carrying my eggs," he said proudly. Dora's jaw dropped, and the pacifier fell out of her mouth.

"You—you *raped* me!" she cried.

"I helped you become a big girl," Scott replied solemnly. "It's what you said you wanted."

He reached over and put the pacifier back into her mouth. "No more talk of this," he said firmly. "You need your rest; Tamara will be in soon to help you with the other changes."

"But bulls don't lay eggs!" Dora protested, dropping her pacifier again. "This whole thing is bogus!"

"*Bulls* don't have cubs, either," Dr. Hendrickson interjected, stepping into the room.

He looked at the vital sign monitors that were still attached to her and jotted down some notes.

"Slightly elevated temperature and blood pressure," he murmured. "A bit uncomfortable, huh?" he asked.

"Yeah," Dora replied, feeling exhausted from the fullness.

"You're not a big girl, yet," the doctor advised her, picking up her pacifier and popping it into her mouth. "I'll ask you to keep this in until after you've given birth."

"Given—wha?" Dora gasped, dropping her pacifier. Scott put it back in her mouth automatically.

"Well, what did you expect after getting filled with elephant cum while receptive?" the doctor asked, scoffing. "*Surely* your anatomy class taught you that after sex comes birth?"

"But you said—" Dora began to protest, almost dropping her pacifier again, but Scott held it in place, muffling her voice.

"If you cannot keep that pacifier in, we'll strap it in place," Dr. Hendrickson warned.

"After going through *that*, how can you say I'm not a big girl?!" Dora yelled, spitting the pacifier across the room spitefully.

With a nod from Dr. Hendrickson, Scott retrieved the pacifier, attached a strap to it, and secured it tightly around Dora's head, silencing her protests.

"Your attitude concerns me," Dr. Hendrickson said, writing on his clipboard. "The intent of what you went through was to remind you of your helplessness and submission, but it seems to have sparked some orneriness. No matter," he said, lowering his clipboard. "We have ways to fix that, too."

Dora felt her bed laid back and gasped in fear, struggling against her restraints.

*What are they going to do?* she cried mentally.

She felt them doing something around her head. Her horns! No!

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

She began to shake her head violently, crying into her pacifier, "Please don't cut my horns off! I'll be a good girl, I promise!" But all that came out was muffled sobbing.

"This is for your own good," the doctor said, his voice as clinical as ever.

Tears streamed down Dora's face as she heard the sound of something electric charging. She felt something placed on her temples.

*But my horns aren't—*

Searing pain blasted through Dora's head. She felt like her head was going to explode, like ten times the worst migraine anyone had ever had. Her entire body jerked as the current passed through her. The torture hurt so badly that she threw up on her chest.

As quickly as the pain appeared, it was gone. Dora was bewildered. She—what—where was she? Why was she here? She struggled. And why couldn't she move? There were furs standing around her, looking at her like a piece of meat or a weird science experiment. One of them was an elephant. Something clicked in her mind when she saw him. There was something wrong with him, wasn't there? She didn't like him. Why?

Oh! It was because—

More blinding pain shot through Dora's head. She saw light so bright that her eyes hurt, but squeezing them closed didn't help. Her body convulsed once again, and she peed her diaper, the warm liquid tracing its way along her leg before pooling between her buttocks and getting absorbed by the padding.

The pain stopped. She kept her eyes closed, afraid to open them, afraid of what she might see.

"Dora?" a voice called. "Dora?"

She opened her eyes. An elephant looked at her worriedly. She gasped and recoiled. It was the elephant from her nightmares!

That *awful* feeling started again! Dora felt like someone had screwed her head into a vise and was about to squish it like a pumpkin. She found her voice and screamed, her arms and legs flailing in helpless agony as what felt like a thousand amps shot between her temples.

Sudden calm. Dora wasn't in pain anymore. She looked around uncertainly, no longer afraid of anyone in particular. She sucked her pacifier inquisitively. An elephant removed the strap that held her pacifier in her mouth, and she continued to suck on it contentedly. She didn't recognize him at all.

\*\*\*\*\*

It took a couple of days for things to come back to Dora. She eventually remembered the name of the elephant and the doctor. She knew what the elephant had done, but she didn't feel angry about it anymore. Now she knew that he was just helping her to be a big girl, like she wanted to be, and she made sure to thank him for it every time she saw him!

"Dora, do you remember Tamara?" Dr. Hendrickson asked, leading in a short, portly koala in a nurse's white scrubs.

Dora squinted at her and shook her head.

"I was there right after you were impregnated," the older koala said, taking Dora's hand in hers and stroking it gently. "I'll be helping you transition into becoming a big girl."

Dora looked at her and sucked her pacifier inquiringly.

"Let's get you used to lactating, dear," the koala said, reaching over to put her hand on Dora's left breast and feeling its heft.

She nodded and told Scott that she needed "the medicine." Scott disappeared and returned shortly, carrying a syringe.

"This will sting a little, dear, but it will be all right."

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Tamara took the syringe from Scott and pressed it into Dora's shoulder. Dora whimpered but didn't cry as the medicine was pushed into her.

"Just *like* a big girl!" Scott praised her. He was still the nicest of all of them.

"Now, we'll just give that a minute or two," the koala-lady said, handing the syringe to Scott for disposal as she leaned over and began to rub Dora's breasts.

The bull gasped in pleasure, her cock stirring under her diaper at the feel of the koala's tiny, soft hands on her sensitive nipples. She blushed at feeling her crotch stir in such a way, but as the koala began to gently pinch and pull on her, she felt her breasts suddenly engorge and grow very heavy. The next pinch of the koala's masterful hands sent a little stream of milk shooting onto the bed in front of her.

"Ah, very good!" Tamara said. "You're a natural! You'll be such a good mother, full of milk for the little ones."

Dora blushed. A mother? Her?

But the pleasure she felt at the koala's initial touch soon wore off. Tamara stepped out and returned with an ugly, seafoam-green box connected via some tubing to some plastic containers with little flanges on them.

The koala unceremoniously placed the flanges on Dora's nipples and flipped a switch on the green box. Dora whimpered in surprise as a piston on the box began to move backward and forward. Each time it pulled back, she felt a tug on her nipples that made milk spurt from them. Then Tamara and Scott stepped back to watch.

Dora began to cry from humiliation. She was hooked up to a milking machine, like a common farm animal! She could feel their gawking eyes on her and wanted to hide her face in shame, but her arms were still restrained.

"Now, now, young lady!" Tamara scolded her, "You need to be milked several times a day to make sure you don't get mastitis! You don't want that: it's an ugly infection that will make your breasts burn and ache. Is that what you want?"

Dora whimpered and shook her head.

"That's what I thought," the koala replied, her hands on her hips. "Now you just lie there and get milked like a good cow."

Her words stung Dora, and she whimpered to herself, her face burning brightly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Whether she liked it or not, Dora began to fall into a routine: she was put in the high chair first thing in the morning and fed baby food—Scott always commented how heavy her eggs were getting when he lifted her—and then she was changed. Her diaper was never messy, yet her bowels always felt completely, painfully full. After a couple of days, Dora began to wonder if she was severely constipated, but surely the baby food would prevent that?

After being changed, she would be hooked up to the milking machine, sometimes lying on her back and sometimes on all fours. The latter was horribly humiliating—she truly felt like an animal then—but Tamara told her it was important to be milked in different positions to ensure complete drainage. The worst part of being milked, though, was that she had seen both Scott and Tamara drinking from what looked like milk collection containers. Was she really being milked to feed the orderlies? The thought made her cringe in embarrassment, them having something so *intimate* of hers in their mouths! Even *Dora* didn't know what her milk tasted like—what if they were judging her on how it tasted, too?

After her first milking, she would see Dr. Hendrickson for a check-up, wherein he would open her diaper, probe her butt with a finger or two, close her diaper, and then squeeze each of her nipples to make sure she was still lactating. Occasionally he would give her a shot, and a few hours later, her breasts would swell and give even more milk than they had before.

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Once she visited the doctor, she'd be milked again and then put down for a nap—mothers needed their sleep, she was assured—and as soon as she woke up, she was milked again, fed dinner, changed, milked yet again, and put to bed.

But halfway through the third day of all that, something changed. Something changed in a *big* way.

Dora awoke from her nap screaming in pain. Her gut ached like the worst feeling she'd ever had before in her life. It felt like being stabbed and squeezed and punched all at the same time. She wanted to throw up, wanted to lie down, wanted to pass out, wanted to die—*anything* to make that horrible pain stop.

Scott rushed in, saw Dora writhing against her restraints, and rushed out to get Dr. Hendrickson.

"It sounds like it's time," the doctor said on entering as coolly as ever. "Tamara, Scott, get her into the birthing room."

The two orderlies and the doctor rushed Dora down the hallway as she lay there, her body convulsing in agony.

They turned into a room covered floor-to-ceiling in thick, white plastic sheets.

"One, two, three!" Scott said, and he and Dr. Hendrickson lifted Dora onto the exam table and quickly strapped her in, her legs in the stirrups.

"You remember how you said you wanted to be a big girl?" Scott asked, holding Dora's hand in his and squeezing her reassuringly, "This is when you become a big girl, kiddo. But they don't give it away for free. It's gonna hurt, but you're gonna do fine."

Dr. Hendrickson had meanwhile undone Dora's diaper and was shining a flashlight at her anus.

"She's just about ready to begin," he said.

He took out a bottle of lube, squeezed it on his gloved finger, and gently poked inside, lightly stretching Dora's anus with downward pressure.

Dora felt something give inside of her, but only by an inch or so. Her gut felt impossibly full, and her body was shaking from pain.

The wolf nodded to Scott.

"Okay, Dora," the orderly and father of her eggs said, "It's time. Now, *push!*"

Dora screamed into her pacifier and pushed as hard as she could, but nothing happened. Sweat broke out on her forehead as she strained, trying to get the awful pain in her gut to stop. Exhausted, she collapsed on the table.

"Okay, again!" Scott urged, squeezing her hand. "Push!"

Dora cried out, tears streaming from her eyes, and pressed as hard as she could again. With a sudden shift inside her, she felt a huge lump move from the middle of her chest to her left side. Had she had her eyes open, she could have *seen* it, too! Two additional huge lumps moved from her right to the middle of her chest, making breathing even harder than it was before.

"Doing great, Dora!" Scott said, putting a cool rag on her forehead. "Push again!"

Dora screamed so hard that the pacifier fell out of her mouth—Tamara quickly strapped it in place—and pushed for all she was worth. She felt the lump on her left start moving down. She realized it was an egg! The other two eggs continued their leftward movement, stopping just before moving downward.

"Okay, come on, Dora!" Scott cried. "One more! *Push!*"

*Almost...done...* Dora gasped to herself, her head pounding with pain and exertion. She took a deep breath, held it, and *pushed*.

The first egg shot around her sigmoid with a *terrible* feeling and then got stuck at her inner sphincter. Dora screamed in pain at the abrupt stop.

"It's almost out," the doctor said blandly. "I can see its outline."

"One more, Dora, one more!" implored the elephant.

Dora gasped for a breath, banging her head against the exam table, and pushed again, crying out as the enormous egg parted her inner sphincter and began moving its way out. She felt her anus beginning to expand far in advance of the egg, getting wider and wider even before the egg tried to pass.

"The egg is crowning," the doctor remarked with clinical detachment.

"Come on, girl, come on! Stick it out! Be a big girl!"

If it was possible, Scott looked as exhausted as Dora did from trying to keep her pumped up.

Feeling on the verge of passing out, Dora steadied herself and decided to give it one last hard push. She braced herself in the stirrups, bit down hard on the pacifier, and cried out with exertion.

The egg pressed against her anus and began pushing out. The narrow end of it was 3" in diameter, and Dora's ass stretched and stretched and stretched, hurting like she had never hurt before as she tried to accommodate the enormous egg.

"The egg has crowned," the wolf said, making some notes.

"Almost there! Go again!" panted Scott.

Dora pushed again, screaming constantly as the egg grew outside of her and its diameter increased. Three inches became four, four and a half, four and three quarters.

Dora suddenly felt a hand graze across her cock, and she gasped as her ass contracted reflexively.

She wailed in pain as the egg drove itself back into her, forced by her tightening anus.

It hurt *too* badly! She had to get it out!

She pushed again, trying to clear the last few inches.

Again came the feeling on her cock, and again her ass drove the egg back inside.

"No!" she cried into her pacifier. "Please, stop!"

"This is what happens when you touch yourself," the doctor said, suddenly standing over her. "Is this what you want? Or are you going to be good and *never* touch yourself again?"

Tears of exhausted agony streamed down Dora's face.

"I'll be good," she whimpered in her pacifier. "Please don't!"

"What's that?" the doctor asked, pulling her pacifier out.

Just then, her body spontaneously contracted, trying to shove the egg out. She felt her cock stroked once more and again clenched her ass against the egg, driving it back inside herself against all of the forces trying to drive it out.

"Please, no!" she cried. "I'll be good! Just make it stop! I'll be good! I'll be good!"

"All right," the doctor said, "But if I hear from your mother that you've been touching yourself again, you'll have to be a big girl all over again."

He left her alone on the next push, and the egg shoved itself through until it was 5" in diameter and then popped out, landing in Tamara's hands.

"First one's out!" the koala called.

"Rest, Dora," Scott told her, squeezing her hand.

Dora looked over hazily. The orderly's shirt was completely drenched in sweat, and she couldn't help thinking that he looked kinda hot that way. She had *no* desire to touch herself, though.

"Those eggs..." Dora gasped. "They're...too big."

"They're normal-sized," the doctor replied bluntly. "They've been growing in you since you were fertilized."



## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

"But I saw them...in a container..." the bull panted. "They were...half that size."

Dr. Hendrickson glared at the orderlies for the oversight. They cringed.

"They expand on placement," he admitted, "To simulate the real experience. If we shoved them into you that big, you'd already be loosened up for them. So, we put them in at half the size so that you have to experience what it's really like.

"So...I'm not really pregnant?" Dora whimpered.

"No," the doctor replied. "We told you, you're not ready to actually give birth. But since you *insisted*, we decided to let you have the experience."

He checked his watch. "It's been 30 minutes. We need to continue."

Dora shook her head. "No," she panted. "I can hold it. Please...don't make me..."

"You can't hold onto those eggs any longer," the doctor said sternly. "You wanted to be a big girl, and you're a third of the way there. Now you either start pushing right now, or we're going to have to induce labor. *This* is what you get when you want to be a big girl!"

"*Please* let me rest some more!" Dora whimpered.

The doctor nodded to Tamara, who stuck a needle into Dora's arm. The bull collapsed onto the exam table in frustration and pain.

"Should be about three minutes," Tamara said.

"Get it done," Scott said, standing and stepping back.

"But—wait! Hold my hand?" Dora cried.

Scott shook his head. "The first one is rough because you have to do it on your own. *This* time, your body will do it on its own—whether you want to or not."

"But—!"

Dora's protest was interrupted by Scott pushing the pacifier back into her mouth and strapping it in place.

Her stomach gurgled, and she whimpered. She suddenly knew what they meant by "inducing labor." She tried to relax, but knowing what was about to happen just made her tenser. It was a hopeless, inevitable feeling, knowing that the substance was already inside of her that would force those eggs out of her, no matter how much it hurt, no matter how much she cried, no matter how much she begged them to stop.

"Three, two, one," Dr. Hendrickson counted down, looking at his watch.

As if on cue, Dora's stomach gave a violent rumble, and she felt her whole body buck hard against the restraints. Her stomach hurt like she'd been kicked in the balls while being filled up like a water balloon and squeezed. She felt the pressure rising in her rectum. The two eggs shot down her left side, and she doubled over in pain, groaning out an "oof!"

She felt another contraction, and the second egg shot around her sigmoid, drove itself through her inner sphincter, and slammed against her anus. Dora screamed as she felt the impossible pressure beginning to relentlessly shove the egg out, stretching her wider and wider. This egg started at 4" in diameter.

"No! It's too big!" she screamed into her pacifier. "It hurts! It *hurts!*"

Mercifully, nobody stroked her prick, but despite her agonized cries, she felt herself inexorably stretching wider and wider, feeling as though she could pass a freaking watermelon, but still the egg stayed put.

One last hard contraction fired the egg out of her like a cantaloupe-sized cannonball. Tamara caught it expertly and put it in a tub of antiseptic. That left just one more.

"Touching yourself doesn't take long, but look how much pain you have to go through for just that little touch. Is it worth it?" Dr. Hendrickson asked her pointedly.

## The Miracle of Motherhood

© 2018 Jack Doe. Dora belongs to her creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Dora shook her head violently. *No, it didn't matter how uncomfortable her little prick felt, how much it wanted her to touch it, it wasn't worth it! But at least she'd get to be a big girl...*

Catching her breath before her stomach gurgled again, Dora looked around to see that the doctor had turned to Scott, and the two were chatting and completely ignoring her. Tamara was messing with the eggs, getting them ready for their next use. In her big moment, nobody was even paying attention! What good was it to be a "big girl" if nobody even cared? Dora's face burned with humiliation once more. How could she have been so *stupid*, thinking she wanted to be a big girl? All that came with that was pain and misery! She wanted nothing more than to go back to the way things used to be, using her diaper, sitting in a high-chair, and not having to do *anything* grown-up!

Was it too late? Having passed these eggs, was she doomed to keep doing that forever? Had becoming a big girl turned her into a mindless cow whose sole purpose was to pop out these monstrous eggs and get milked like a farm animal? She began to panic, but her thoughts were suddenly interrupted as her guts gave a mighty shove on the last remaining egg, shooting it instantly down her sigmoid and slamming it into her inner sphincter.

*Just...relax...she told herself. Just step away from the pain.*

But try as she might, the second slam against her sphincter hurt even worse than the first, and she cried out in pain. The others ignored her and chatted amongst themselves, even going so far as to raise their voices to hear each other over her.

Her body shoved again, and she felt the egg press through her inner sphincter and shove its way roughly up against her anus. Now trapped between her anus and inner sphincter, the egg was lodged in the most excruciating position. It hurt so badly that it took Dora's breath away.

But one last contraction did it. With a scream as her anus tore to accommodate the egg's full 7" diameter, Dora shot the egg out, right into Tamara's waiting paws.

Dora collapsed, drenched in sweat. The last thing she remembered was feeling Scott wipe up a puddle under her prick where she'd cum from giving birth, in spite of the pain. Utterly spent, she blacked out.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Is she better, Doctor?" Dora's mom asked hopefully.

"Yes. I am pleased to say that she's made a full recovery," Dr. Hendrickson said, smiling. "I can assure you, she will never want to touch herself again, and she shouldn't give you any more sass or talk of being a big girl."

Dora flinched on hearing the word as she took her mother's hand and sucked her pacifier.

"Wonderful, Doctor!" Dora's mother replied. "If there are any problems—"

"There won't be," Dr. Hendrickson replied quickly, "But should the unthinkable happen, feel free to bring her back."

He looked Dora in the eye.

"But I assure you, that won't be necessary."