

# The Good Doctor 3

*Avoiding the Past with a Sacrifice*



**Julie Harris**

An "Adult TV" Novel!



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# **The Good Doctor 3:**

## **Avoiding the Past with a Sacrifice**

**By Julie Harris**

### **Chapter 1: Brotherly Love**

It's amazing how quickly time zooms by. One day I was a nobody, invisible to everyone and anyone. The next, I was an admired member of the community, loved and complemented by everyone.

My Dad, who passed away last year, would always say that I had a kind heart. His wisdom and encouragement would pick me up and keep me going when I felt down. "Son, there is nothing that you can't do. Follow your heart and be true to yourself," is what he would say. "I did well, and so will you. Be yourself. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree!" he'd say confidently. My Dad would always tell people to do what made them happy. Our frequent talks were something that I really miss now.

Starting off as a skinny long-haired Hawaiian surfer-boy once upon a time, you would never guess that the reflection in the mirror now was the same person. I have tried my entire life to master the art of becoming a girl. Constantly observing and admiring all girls in hopes of learning some of their behaviors and skills. All the looks, mannerisms, gestures, and feelings ... observed and followed to the best of my ability. My failed relationships, the many self-improvement classes, the tears, and heartaches along the way made me who I am today. Standing there in the mirror now is a confident, physically fit, well-poised woman, ready for the future! "She" is thankful to all the many people who helped to get her where she is today.

My fiancé Dr. Erik Smith was more than I could ever hope for. He was tall, dark, and handsome. With an education from the University of Southern California, Johns Hopkins University, and the University of California Los Angeles, he was also very intelligent. To add to that, he and his family were extremely wealthy, owning a number of commercial properties as well as medical facilities. The best part of Erik was that he had a kind heart and he loved me. He was giving, very caring, and always looking out for me. He stood up for what he believed in and always tried to help others.

Who would have ever guessed that what attracted Erik to me was my bikini tan lines, which I accidentally had when I went to see him for my annual physical? I remember that day vividly. Back in those days, I liked to wear my bikini and lay out in the backyard working on my tan.

I had forgotten that I had a physical scheduled with Dr. Smith that same day. With reminder messages popping up on my computer and cell phones, I decided to go see Dr. Smith to get my annual physical

completed. The alternative would have been to try to reschedule my appointment. Knowing that it took me six months to get this appointment, I decided to stick with it.

As I hurried off to Dr. Smith's office, I forgot that I had on pink panties with hearts that day. Added to that, I had distinct bikini tanning lines from laying out in the sun that weekend. It wasn't until Dr. Smith's nurse told me to undress and put on the robe laying on the table that I realized the embarrassing situation I was in.

Being super embarrassed, I tried to keep my cool. Something special happened that day as soon as he walked into the examination room. Dr. Smith gave me a special look, gazing directly at me and making me feel at ease and comfortable. Without saying a word, with a mesmerizing look, his smile made me feel close to him.

I think my "coolness" shield broke down when Dr. Smith examined my private parts. He just smiled when he saw my pink panties. Dr. Smith must have picked up on me being uncomfortable and embarrassed. He told me with sincerity that he really liked my tanning lines. Dr. Erik Smith showed me incredible kindness and understanding, trying his best to put me at ease. I was horrified, embarrassed, and turned-on all at the same time! I wanted to find a corner and hide!

Somehow one thing led to another and Erik and I started seeing each other. At first, we had a lot of phone calls and Facetime chats. We talked for hours about anything and everything. I loved it when Erik flirted with me. His remarks sent such delightful thrills and female emotions through me to have such a handsome man look at me and find me desirable. The way he looked at me was a gaze of someone in

love. Someone who wanted me for who I was and was to become.

Erik and I could talk for hours on end each day. Pillow talk was a critical part of our relationship, being able to open-up to each other about our inner most feelings. It was wonderful to have a true best friend to share my deepest thoughts with. One of our favorite pastimes was simply sitting on the rocks near the beach, listening to waves crashing against the sand. Palos Verdes, Redondo Beach, Torrance Beach... all had many areas where we could be alone with enough privacy to feel like we had our own little private part of the beach. It was peaceful and relaxing to be with someone I cared so much about.

Erik was forceful, strong, and masculine. He knew what he wanted and he came across beaming with confidence. To have him look at me as a beautiful woman and to hold me tight in his arms was wonderful. It felt secure and safe. It warms me up just thinking about it. I cherished the times when he held me tightly, my breasts pressed against his chest, feeling so protected and safe.

By this point in our relationship, Erik had seen every part of my body. There were no secrets. To my surprise, he was still very captivated when I took off my bra each night. Like a little boy opening a present, he would stand there watching, fascinated as I did the “magic trick.” I would reach back behind me and unhook my bra strap. Then I would slip off one side of my bra strap and pull my arm through it. Finally, I would pull the bra strap from the other side, pulling my bra out from my blouse. “Tah-dah” he would say with excitement! “Nothing up the sleeve. Then presto. No bra!” Erik would get so excited each time I took off my bra and held it out for him.



Erik referred me to some of his colleagues and helped me to become more feminine. Dr. Sarah Dee, one of Erik's friends from college, is now my OB/GYN doctor. I've been working with Dr. Dee taking female hormone shots and testosterone blocking medication to accelerate my development as a girl. They have also placed me on a new type of medication that enables my body to heal quickly and to fight off any unwanted infections as I further develop into a woman.

Erik and I were engaged for a while now and were scheduled to be married in the coming months. All the invitations were sent out. All the wedding plans were set in motion. All I had to do now was get my family to accept the new "Randi" as a woman and to win them over with my new feminine self.

I was happy that my relationship with my sister Lynette was strong. If only I had that closeness with my brothers. Shane was six years younger than me. He lived in Hawaii on the island of Oahu. He got married right out of college and settled down with a family. Shane always kept to himself. You really could not tell what he was thinking.

I tried reaching out to him in email but never got a response. "Hi Shane, this is Randi!" I said excitedly as I finally got him on his cell phone.

"Your voice sounds funny," replied Shane. "Do you have a cold or something?" he asked.

"No, I'm fine. I've just changed a little since you've last seen me," I replied. "Actually, I've changed quite a bit!" But I was going to ease this into our conversation. We talked for a bit, about nothing really. I asked about how his job was going and how his family was doing. He didn't seem too interested in me. Finally, I came out and said, "I've gone through some changes



and am now living as a girl.” There was silence on the phone, a long awkward pause. Not a peep!

Shane then said, “You can do whatever you want with your life. That’s your problem, not mine!”

I didn’t know how to respond. I was hoping for a sympathetic shoulder and some understanding, or maybe at least some encouragement. “Shane, I’m getting married at the end of the year and I’d really like it if you could attend,” I said meekly.

Shane replied, “Send me the invitation. I’ll have to see if I’m free that day. I have lots going on and probably won’t be able to make it. Good luck!” he said in a stern voice.

“Okay, thanks for talking with me,” I said sadly. Click. The phone line went dead.

I was so distressed from my call with my brother that I went outside by the pool to get some fresh air. It took a while to clear my head, but I was happy. I wasn’t going to let anything spoil the good things in my life!

It was time again for me to get my monthly check-up. I got lucky today and found a parking space right outside the front door of her office. “Hello there, Dr. Dee!” I said with a smile.

“Hello there, Randi, it’s great to see you again!” replied Dr. Dee. I always enjoyed my visits with Sarah Dee both as a friend and as my doctor. I felt calm and at ease when I was with her. “How have you been, Randi?” asked Dr. Dee.

“Well, other than the usual monthly migraines, I’m fine,” I replied. Dr. Dee smiled and said that having a period was perfectly normal for a girl. My bloodwork

results revealed that my body is now at a normal female baseline in terms of my hormones. My muscle mass had been reduced down to normal female levels. My cholesterol was still good, as well as my A1C level and blood pressure.

“As long as you keep exercising and eating right, your body will be good to you,” said Dr. Dee. “Now please take off your robe and let me take a better look at you.”

I undid the ribbon on my waist and let the robe fall off my shoulders onto the floor. I was proud of the new me.

Sitting up straight on the examination table, I projected my chest out prominently displaying my breasts. “You have developed wonderfully!” remarked Dr. Dee. She started on the left side, examining my breast in detail. She caressed my nipple softly, then increased pressure, gently pinching my nipple. I closed my eyes and started moaning as I was enjoying the attention. Dr. Dee then moved to the right side and repeated her examination. She tapped them from side to side. “See how they have a nice buoyant bounce?” she said as she wiggled them. That means that you have good healthy breast tissue. Firm, perky, with big nipples. You have a pair of breasts that are as perfect as any swimsuit model!

Dr. Dee gently ran her hands along my arms. Up the left side and down the right side. She felt my shoulders and rubbed my back. “Your skin is soft and smooth. Just like it should be! With estrogen flowing throughout your body, your male muscles have melted away and instead been replaced by a soft layer of fat and smooth soft skin. You are now a toned fit female!

“Swing your legs around and let’s continue our exam,” she ordered. I moved my legs up on to the stirrups. Naked and spread open for all to see, it was a little embarrassing. Cold too as I could feel a slight breeze blowing up from the bottom of the examination table!

“I must say,” remarked Dr. Dee. “The work that I did on you is probably the best that I have ever done!” she said with a smile. “Look, there are no scars at all! It was as if you were born this way! Looking at you now, with your legs spread wide apart, it looks like you have a beautiful vagina. Nice folds on each side, hairless, bold, and smooth as if you were a baby!” Dr. Dee reached up and started feeling around my private areas. She pulled out my little clitty from the sleeve that she made from the extra skin from my scrotum. “There it is,” she said as she pulled out the little appendage. She took out a small tape measure and measured my little clitty. It was 3 inches small. “Since you no longer have any erectile tissue and since you no longer have any testicles, your little clitty will be just that... a tiny little clitty,” said Dr. Dee with a smile.

“Your crotch area is so perfectly smooth when everything is tucked away in place. Even when you stand there naked, with your legs spread apart, by all appearances, you have a perfect looking vagina. Do you keep this tiny clitty tucked away all day?” she asked as she rolled it between her fingers.

“Yes, yes I do. When I take a shower, that is the only time that I take my little clitty out to keep things clean. Other than that, it is tightly tucked away out of sight all day long,” I responded.

“Good girl,” she said with a smile. I started to get up but Dr. Dee asked me to remain laying down while she took a few more measurements. Dr. Dee mea-

sured my tummy area down to my butt area, taking detailed measurements. She measured my waist, my hips, and my chest. "I will need to do a tune-up procedure on you to make sure that nothing gets infected," Dr. Dee said as she poked at my mid-section. "Its nothing to be alarmed at. Just a precaution. Are you available to come in next week Tuesday?" she asked.

Having complete trust in Dr. Dee, I had agreed to the procedure and date without really knowing any details. "I'll have my assistant come in with necessary paperwork. We'll just need a few signatures before you leave," said the doctor.

Dr. Dee had always looked after my best interests. If she said that I needed a tune-up procedure, then I was okay with that. I trusted her completely.

"I'm done with the exam now. You may get dressed," said Dr. Dee. "By the way," she continued, "How is your sex life with Erik?"

I smiled and said, "My sex life with Erik is incredible! Erik is a strong man, but gentle lover. He has a lot of stamina and can go on for hours in bed. You were right in that I have found that my new body can have multiple orgasms throughout the night. It is wonderful to be a girl!"

We talked a little more about other girl things and then said our goodbyes. "Please say hello to Erik for me," she said as she kissed me on the cheek and left the room. "You two make such a great couple!"

Today was my day to go jogging. I try to get some sort of exercise into my schedule every day. It is important that I stay healthy and physically fit. I thought a nice run around my neighborhood would do the trick to get the blood flowing.

Being a woman has numerous advantages. One disadvantage however was that you have to really prepare yourself before you do any type of strenuous exercising. I put on my Nike sports bra. This was a bra that squished your breasts in against your chest, holding them securely to minimize any bouncing when you moved. It was very uncomfortable at first but in time you get used to it. I then squeezed into my panty girdle. This was a support garment that minimizes your butt from bouncing around as you moved. Over my underwear I sported a hot pink Nike tank and a white tennis skirt. My white running shoes finished my outfit. I could only run so fast because at some point, my breasts would start to bounce and hurt. Woman were not built to run and do a lot of athletic type of exercising! Either that or I was just a wimp!

My younger brother Jimmy surprised me one day by calling me at the last minute. “Hi, Randy! I am in Los Angeles for a short business trip and had some time tonight. Do you want to get together for dinner?” he asked. Jimmy seemed excited to meet with me.

“Ah, okay.... Sure,” I replied with hesitation. I hadn’t seen my brother Jimmy in almost two years. He would never recognize me. “I hope he doesn’t freak out when he sees me,” I thought to myself. I remembered that my other brother Shane wasn’t too receptive of my life changes.

We agreed to get together for dinner. I picked a nice restaurant where I knew it would be crowded so that I could blend in (and disappear if I needed to).

I decided to dress conservatively for my first meeting with my brother Jimmy as the new “Randy”. I wore a peach-colored blouse with a cream chamise and nude-colored bra. I paired that with a black pinstriped pencil skirt and 3-inch heels. I had on my

hoop earrings and my diamond stud earrings, an opal stone choker, and of course, my engagement ring. My hair was a lot longer now, so I combed it out to have it prominently shown. It came down a little past my shoulders, straight and fine with large waves and curls at towards the end. Looking in the mirror, I decided to unbutton the top button of my blouse, exposing a little cleavage. The finishing touch was a dab of perfume on my wrist, neck, and cleavage. There I was! The new me ready to be introduced to my brother.

Jimmy and I had agreed to meet at Pancho's, a local Mexican establishment in Manhattan Beach. Pancho's was an upscale casual type of restaurant that had great Mexican chimichangas, my brother's favorite dish. The restaurant was located in the downtown area of Manhattan Beach where there were a lot of locals.

I made sure that I arrived a little late. My brother Jimmy was already seated at the table in the back of the main dining room. I walked up to my brother and said with confidence, "Hi Jimmy, it's really good to see you!" as bent down to give him a kiss on the cheek.

Jimmy looked at me and was stunned. "Randy? Is that you?" he said with astonishment. The look on his face was priceless! His mouth was opened as he looked at me from head to toe.

"Yes, dear brother. Yes, it is me. This is the new Randi, spelled now with an 'i'," I said with confidence. "Here I am," as I did a quick pose turning from side to side. I could tell that my brother as well as all the other guys in the area were gazing at me. I posed as I was taught in modeling school a few years earlier, emphasizing all the curves that I had been blessed with. My filled-out plump hips were accentuated by

my thin 26-inch waist. I stood there, legs together, with my body weight on my back right leg. Knees slightly bent, hands dangling down along my body, shifting my weight from my right leg to my left. My chest and cleavage were prominently on display through my sheer peach-colored blouse. My smile was natural as I kept eye contact with my brother. I was proud at who I had become.

My brother couldn't take his eyes off of me. "Wow! I never expected this," he said with wonder. "I was expecting to see a guy dressed in drag. Instead, oh my goodness! You are really hot!" he said with assurance. "Wow! Are those real?" he said, motioning to my chest.

"Yes," I said, leaning forward as I did a little shimmy. My breasts bounced from side to side. I think my brother caught a scent of my perfume. He was awestruck in the moment.

"Oh, my goodness! You are so much better as a girl! It's nice to meet you, sister!" he said as he continued staring at my chest. "You are so sexy!"

"Jimmy", I said, "my face is up here, not down on my chest," I said with a giggle. "And yes, those nipples are real too!" I said as if they were badges of honor.

After a lot of awkward staring, Jimmy finally began to calm down and appreciate that he was having dinner with a beautiful woman.

We had a nice dinner and got caught up on all of the latest family drama. I told my brother Jimmy about my relationship with Mom and how much I had missed my Dad since his passing a few years ago. I'd gone through so many changes in the past year. New job, new relationships, a new me. I told



Jimmy about my brother Shane's negative reaction to my changes and how it hurt me. I told him about getting closer to my sister Lyn with the news of my transformation. I told him about how I'd hope that my younger brother Allan would accept me for who I had become.

I was really happy that Jimmy had accepted the new Randi. So happy that I got up and gave my brother a kiss on the cheek for being so supportive and understanding. It was nice to be there with one of my siblings. Jimmy responded that he was excited to have such a good-looking sister.

Jimmy had his chimichanga, a bowl of tortilla soup and a nacho supreme. I had forgotten how much food my brother could eat. I had a small shrimp salad and a glass of water. I told Jimmy all about my fiancé Erik and how I loved him so much. I shared with him how Erik was so supportive of my transformation. My brother seemed genuinely happy for me as he intently listened to my stories.

Jimmy shared that his life was not going so well. He and his wife were preparing to get a divorce. It was very ugly. His wife had hired a lawyer and was trying to get as much as possible from the divorce. She used the kids as leverage to get a larger settlement. Jimmy's intent was to protect his financial resources for his three little kids. I listened and was saddened by his declining situation.

So much unnecessary suffering. I wished that I could do something to help my brother.

Jimmy had said that he would definitely come to my wedding. If he were able to, he would also bring his kids down to see me as well.

We embraced in a big, long hug. “I love you, dear brother. Please take care of yourself,” I said as we parted. I was happy that Jimmy accepted the new me but also saddened to hear of his family situation. I was thankful that Erik and I were so close.

I called my other brother Allan on the phone over the weekend. We talked for about an hour. Toward the end of our conversation, Allan said that this phone call was weird. He was talking to his brother but yet it was like he was having a conversation with a girl. “So much talk about feelings,” he said.

“Allan, my dear brother. I am a girl!” I said animatedly over the phone! “Here, I will send you a photo of me right now,” I said. As I was only expecting to talk on the phone and not expecting to see anyone so soon, I was only partially dressed. I had on a matching pair of lavender thong panties and pushup bra, a white blouse with a fitted dark purple-colored jacket. I had just put on my black garter belt, black stockings and black slingback heels. My black mini-skirt was still laying out on the bed. Without thinking, I took a quick selfie of myself and sent it to my brother.

“Bing”, Allan got my photo over his text message.

“Stop kidding around!” he said as he looked at the photo.

“I’m not kidding around! That is a real picture of me standing here talking to you!” I said to him with certainty. “No joke. It’s really me!”

“This person has boobs and looks like a fashion model. Is that your fantasy look?” he said in doubt. “You probably got that picture off the internet.”



“Bing!” A Facetime invite showed up on my brother Allan’s phone. “Holy cow! Is that really you Randy?” asked Allan in amazement.

“Yes it is, my dear brother. This is all me! Your new sister Randi!” I said with confidence. I made sure that Allan got a good look at me. I stood there partially dressed with my lavender bra and cleavage in clear view. My legs were covered in sheer black stockings hooked up to my black garter belt. From the Facetime video, I know that Allan had a clear view of my lavender thong panties and stockings. I had nothing to be ashamed about. In fact, I was proud of the new me! My hair was combed out in layers flowing over my shoulders. With the snug fit of my outfit, it was obvious that was now all female.

My brother Allan was speechless for a moment as he was soaking it all in and getting a good look at his new sister. “You’ve got boobs!” my brother Allan blurted out. “And, well, they are awesome!” he added.

“Yes, my dear brother, these breasts are real,” I replied as I moved them from side to side to show that they wiggled and were natural.

Allan said, “Do it again,” referring to the movement of my breasts.

I happily obliged and did a shimmy for my brother, giving him a good look at my assets. As I did that, the cell phone moved down to show my tummy and hips as well.

“Oh my goodness, there is nothing between your legs,” he said as asked to get a better look at the bottom half of my body. “Did you cut your junk off?”

“No but close,” I replied. “With all the female hormones that I’ve been taking, my penis has shrunk

down to almost nothing. I easily can tuck it away between my legs now. It's as if it was never there! See," I said as I held my phone in a position for him to see that I was wearing thong panties and had nice smooth long legs. "Everything between my legs is smooth, as any girl should be."

"Wow! You are not just a girl; you are a beautiful woman!" commented Allan. "You turned out okay, my little sister," he said with a smile.

"Allan, I love it when you call me your sister. Thank you for being so supportive." I said with tears in my eyes.

No problem. I can see that all the guys will probably be checking you out. You are definitely one of the hot girls in town! I'd be proud to call you my sister!

As my brother said, I looked like a fashion model! My youngest brother Allan was now a believer.

## **Chapter 2: Child-bearing age**

I told my fiancé Erik that Dr. Dee wanted to do a "tune-up" on me to make sure that everything was okay with my private parts. Erik was supportive and said that my health and wellbeing were the most important things on his mind.

Tuesday came around quicker than I expected. Before I knew what happened, I was once again laying there in the hospital room with a bunch of instruments hooked up to my body.

I've always found hospitals to be cold and scary. Most patients in the hospital do not want to be there.

I was there hopefully to improve my life. There were beeping sounds and talking all around me. It seemed like so much chaos, noise and flashing lights. Hospitals are where people go when they are really sick. In this case though, I did not mind as I knew that I was in good hands with Dr. Dee.

Just like the last time I was in the hospital, the same thing happened with the anesthesiologist. "Please slowly count backwards from 10 to 1," said the doctor. I tried to calm myself knowing that this was for the better. "10, 9, 8, 7 ...." I was completely out, resting peacefully.

I could hear the birds outside singing and chirping. I slowly opened my eyes. Oh my, the sun was so bright! "How long have I been sleeping?" I wondered. I was hungry, my stomach making noises and growling.

"Hello there, Ms. sleepy head!" said a cheerful Dr. Dee. "How are you feeling?"

"Is everything all done already?" I asked with a surprised look. Other than feeling a little groggy, I felt physically okay.

"Yes, my dear. Everything went well. In fact, everything went exceptionally well!" continued Dr. Dee. "Just like before, there are no scars. You have healed completely from the procedure. Your body has developed antibodies that quickly fight off any unwanted bacteria or viruses that enter your body. This is in addition to significantly speeding up the healing process. You couldn't even catch a cold if you tried. All is good now. You are fit as a fiddle." said Dr. Dee as she held my hand.

I slowly sat up in the bed and looked down at my mid-section. My tummy felt a little unsettled. Maybe I

was hungry. My waist looked slim and toned, just like I remembered. Everything looked good down there. Wow! I forgot how impressive my pussy looked! Smooth as a baby's butt. With my clitty tightly tucked away, there was nothing showing between my legs. Just like a girl!

“How long have I been sleeping?” I asked Dr. Dee.

“You’ve been asleep for two days now, today is the 3rd day,” replied Dr. Dee. “Not to worry though, I have been keeping your fiancé Erik informed of your progress every step of the way. In fact, he’s on his way right now to pick you up and take you home,” said Dr. Dee. “For the next 24 hours, I want you to be on a soft foods diet,” said Dr. Dee. “You will need to gradually build up toward eating a full meal again. Is that clear?” asked Dr. Dee.

“Yes. I understand. Thank you for taking such good care of me,” I said blissfully to Dr. Dee. I felt fine, just a little sleepy.

Erik then walked into the room. His facial expression showed that he was very happy to see me! I was so happy to see him as well. After a long embrace and kiss, he helped me get out of bed and dressed. We made our way out of the hospital and into the car.

When we got home, Erik had my favorite chicken soup from El Pollo Inka, a local Peruvian restaurant, all prepared for me. It was as if his interest in me was renewed again, just like when we first started dating! I loved all the attention that I was getting. He seemed to anticipate what I wanted, where I wanted to go, what I wanted to eat, what I wanted to do next, even before I asked him. His attention to detail was amazing! My favorite foods, fresh flowers all over the house, I even got to pick the movies that we watched



on TV. Erik had always impressed me but now he was even more impressive!

My recovery was remarkable. After a few days, it was as if nothing happened. I could move around with no restrictions.

Erik was very pleased as his attraction to me was stronger than ever. As I finished my breakfast, Erik moved closer to me for an embrace. He reached around me to hold my right breast and cupped it familiarly in his hand, stroking the nipple to hardness. I tensed and didn't know if I should refuse his touch as he looked at the pleasure written on my face. I felt incredibly sexy, so womanly, as this man stroked me in new and different ways. My arms now around him, I stuck my chest out, wanting more attention. I started to kiss him. I gave this man no resistance. I wanted him to arouse me like this, to the womanhood to which I knew I belonged.

Erik picked me up with ease and headed toward the bedroom. I swung my legs around him and held on tightly. "You are such a desirable woman, sweet Randi. I missed you so much over these past few days," Erik said as he gazed into my eyes.

Erik made me feel so feminine, so girly. His compliments instilled self-confidence in me and filled me with pleasure. He breathed in my scent and lightly kissed my cheek, the promise of more delight for me as a blossoming girl to come.

With a tingling feeling all over, I melted in his muscular arms. I knew he was aroused as a man. I felt him growing. I wriggled at first to feel his rising manhood. As pleasure increased in my aching breasts, I rubbed up against him and spread my legs apart. I didn't want him to let go.