

Unscheduled Appointment with Dr. Wednesday

Dr. Wednesday is © her player

Roland stared blankly into the computer screen before him, his eyes barely managing to stay awake in the sterile white glow. He had been, as he called it "pounding proteins" for near five hours now, and he sorely wanted to quit. It was his job to use a series of databases to determine potential antibody binding for a series of real and hypothetical proteins. Though he knew that, in reality, there were only 3,500 proteins to analyze, he had been at this for nearly a month now, and there seemed to be no end to their number.

He would have quit hours ago, but the project was massively behind schedule as it was, and he was earning both time and a half and the goodwill of his boss by working so late. And on the weekend, no less. Lucky for both Roland and his boss the fox had nothing approaching a social life, so he could always be counted on to be available for work at odd hours and on weekends. And if Roland put in enough time-and-a-half, he might actually be able to pull himself out of debt.

His twin tails flexed idly behind him as he continued to tap lightly on the keyboard and mouse, his black ears drooping with exhaustion, his blonde hair mussed and frazzled over his tired blue eyes. He had a habit of messing with his hair, yanking and pulling on it and removing loose strands, when he was stressed or tired. He was both now, and there was a small pile of loose hairs on the desk he was working away at. There was also an empty mug with the residue of a full eight cups of hot chocolate in it sitting by the hair. Coffee might have been better, but he hated the taste, and the smooth, rich taste of good chocolate always brought the light back to his orange-furred face. He leaned back and stretched himself out, wincing slightly as his back popped loudly. It irritated him, even as it relived him, to know that even at his age he was already suffering from a bad back.

As he leaned over the back of his chair, staring into the halogen-lit hallway through his upside-down view of the world, he saw someone standing at the door, looking at him. This was unusual. While he knew that there was almost always someone in the building (many experiments ran all night) he had never known one to bother with any of the offices, much less the ones in his part of the building. He was on the highest floor in one of the remotest rooms, and that usually meant near complete privacy during off hours. There was just no real reason for anyone to go there, except for work.

He quickly recognized the person in the hallway as Dr. Holiday Wednesday, a visiting professor who had been scheduled to give a seminar earlier that evening. He knew this only because he was blasted with it at every corner by every newspaper, television program and radio station he came into contact with. Dr. Wednesday was not only a shemale, but an advocate of very extreme body

modification through surgery. Rumor had it that she (Dr. Wednesday seemed insistent that she be called a "she", as opposed to any hermaphroditic pronoun) had conducted sexual reassignment surgeries so advanced that, short of a genetic examination, it was impossible to tell the patient's original gender. The patient was even capable of pregnancy, though the actual possibility of such had not yet been tested.

As such, everywhere Doctor Wednesday went, controversy and religious protestors followed. While he had never been completely confident around transsexuals or shemales, Roland found himself quite fond of Doctor Wednesday's skills at pissing off religious conservatives. Her scientific skill was extraordinary as well, but her words, behavior and personality seemed to hold the most appeal to him. He also had to, reluctantly, admit that she was almost impossibly attractive now that he had a chance to see her up close. Her body had been carefully molded and shaped by skilled hands, and for some reason he found her painfully appealing. He wondered if maybe he was picking up on some pheromones, or if he was simply more sexually frustrated than he had thought.

Roland realized he had been staring for much too long, so he righted himself and turned the chair around to face her. She smiled politely and walked into the small office, shaking Roland's hand even before he realized he had extended it. He tried not to stare at her massive breasts, which seemed determined to escape her lab coat as she bent down to him. From the hallway he knew that she was about his height, but up close she seemed much larger, as if she were a beautiful giant of soft purple fur, brown ears and hands, and a soft, off-white underbelly.

"Good evening, my name is Dr. Holiday Wednesday, and I was wondering if I could ask for your assistance." Roland nodded dumbly, not entirely sure what was going on, and not awake enough to attempt to figure it out.

"Sure..." he said.

"Excellent. You see, I was assigned to give a seminar earlier this evening, and I am having trouble breaking down the equipment I brought in for demonstration. It is very delicate and I do not trust it to the clumsy hands employed by most universities to move things about. As such I left it in the lecture hall, intending to come back to it later. But then I was dragged into a faculty meeting, and an after-party, and...To be short, I have an early flight tomorrow and no one but myself to pack these things up. Will you help?" Roland nodded, yawned and stretched, figuring that anything was better than continuing to create long lists of theoretical antibodies. Dr. Wednesday smiled again, a broad, hearty smile which put Roland ill at ease. Something told him to be suspicious, but that in and of itself wasn't enough for him to say no.

"I assure you it will be well worth the trouble..." said Doctor Wednesday. She put her arm idly on Roland's shoulder, which made him tense up reflexively. As they began to walk down the hallway, he

could feel her yellow eyes, looking through the tiny spectacles perched on her muzzle, track and scan over him like they were looking for something. Barely conscious as he was, Roland wondered what he had gotten himself in to. "Oh, I nearly forgot, what is your name?"

"Roland. Roland Guiscard." Said Roland.

"Hmm, what a charming French name..."

Doctor Holiday Wednesday had not lied, she did indeed have a lot of equipment to pack up, and it was still sitting in the lecture hall. The sort of things she'd brought with her were more than a little disturbing. All hand-crafted to the doctor's specific needs and instructions, they were designed to shape, twist and mould the flesh, which seemed to be a tremendously unforgiving medium to work with. He shuddered visibly as he picked up one implement, carefully placed it in a form-shaped hole carved in the foam of one of Dr. Wednesday's suitcases. He didn't know what it was, but it looked nasty.

"That is for the internalization of the gonads during sex change operations. By using the patient's own gonads instead of that of a donor, there is no chance of rejection, and they seem to be quite... Willing to accept their new role." Roland tried not to show his perturbation, but it was clear that Dr. Wednesday picked up on it and seemed to relish it. Roland concentrated on his work, carefully placing the less delicate things in their appropriate boxes and suitcases while Dr. Wednesday focused on the more breakable things. Roland had never seen so many surgical tools, and were it not for Dr. Wednesday's cool, controlling voice he was certain he would have begun to freak out when he had first seen them.

"You're not much for surgery, are you, Roland?" Roland shook his head.

"I had a lot of procedures done as a little kid. Ear infections and the like. Plus my mother was a nurse and a hypochondriac who had me sent in for everything. I'm not fond of needles and I am downright afraid of scalpels." Dr. Wednesday grinned and held up a particularly nasty looking scalpel with a long, gently curving blade.

"You mean like this?" she said, letting it catch the dim light from the half lit room. "I'm quite fond of this one. The long blade is wonderful for large but glancing cuts. Excellent for breaking the skin without damaging the tissues underneath." Roland looked away, which was the sort of response Dr. Wednesday seemed to have wanted. She handed him the scalpel, handle end out, and he put it away in its proper place. "You do realize that these are all for display, correct? They've never been used, and they never will be. I'm a stickler for sterility and I don't trust things touched by so many hands.

Roland locked the suitcase he'd been filling and looked up, realizing that he was, for the most part, done. Only a few machines

remained, and they looked expensive enough to where Roland didn't want to touch them. Dr. Wednesday seemed uninterested in them though, and instead merely stared down at Roland as he crouched down with the suitcases. Her breasts towered over him, and it was hard to resist not looking up. If he didn't, though, he could see the thin outline of Dr. Wednesday's crotch from beneath her lab coat. Her coat was obviously one for show than for practical work, as it was a rich, deep reddish color as opposed to a clean, sterile white. Roland had to wonder if she was wearing any underwear, the way she seemed to stick out against the fabric like that. Whether she did or not, she was very definitely shemale, and a very endowed shemale at that.

"I know what you're looking at, you know. You must be terrible at leering at girls and, dare I say, boys. You don't hide it well at all." Roland blushed and put his head down, moving as if to lift the suitcases, but Dr. Wednesday put a hand on his shoulder. "I'm not offended, you must know. This body is intended to get a reaction, and that's exactly what it does. To be honest, I was beginning to wonder exactly how uncomfortable you were around a body like mine. Not much for the third sex, are you?" Roland shook his head.

"No I uh...Well, to be honest, they make me uncomfortable, kinda. Just...It's weird." Said Roland. Dr. Wednesday chuckled.

"You admit it, and you've even done your best not to judge me, little though that is. Tell me, is it because I'm beautiful, or is it because I'm intimidating?" Her hand gently slid behind his ear, skritchng lightly, which made him shudder.

"I uh...I don't know...Both, I guess. Maybe something else." Dr. Wednesday chuckled and tugged on his shoulder, motioning for him to stand. He realized that, when standing upright, he was at least as tall as she was, maybe a little taller.

"You're smarter than you appear to be, Roland. You may call me Holly, if you wish. Now it's getting quite late, and I can't carry all this to my car by myself, so why don't you come back with me to my hotel?" Part of Roland wanted to say no, or even to break into a run, but another part of him did not. And as he moved to pick up the suitcases, that part of him began to speak much, much louder than the rest. As Dr. Wednesday turned around, he felt her long, white-tipped tail momentarily slide between his legs and across the crotch. Accident or no, it ensured which part of his body would win this argument.

Dr. Wednesday's car was an almost brand-new, well-kept Bugatti with almost no trunk space to speak of. Roland sincerely wondered how he managed to get all of the suitcases and equipment in there, even though some of it ended up riding in their laps. He also wondered how Dr. Wednesday managed to get her unusually ample posterior into the tiny bucket seat, but somehow, she did. As they left the car and headed out towards the hotel room, Roland noticed a distinctive swish and shake in Dr. Wednesday's walk, her large rump and fluffy tail moving in smooth, erotic motions. It must have been deliberate, but

Holly was so casual about it that it made Roland wonder if she always walked like that.

It was only a quick walk through marbled hallways to Dr. Wednesday's room. Roland had never been inside this hotel, and he found it almost disgustingly posh. He felt very out of place, and, having seen the way Holly behaved, had to wonder why she had chosen such a place. Despite her serious, commanding nature, she seemed to have a very casual, even playful side to her as well. One that didn't lend itself to overpriced, over-decorated hotel rooms. As he flopped down on the bed in exhaustion he had to wonder if maybe the place had been selected for her, or if there was even more about her that he didn't know.

Dr. Wednesday didn't give Roland a chance to sleep. As soon as he lay down she moved over to him, her hands gently sliding behind his ears again for some soft, gentle caresses. He twitched and kicked his leg in the truly canine fashion, his body seeming to melt in her hands. Her fingers were amazingly delicate and supple, moving in small, gentle graces over various sensitive spots. He'd always been keen on touching, but he'd rarely felt it become so overpoweringly erotic.

"How about we play a game, hmm? I'll be the doctor and you'll do as I suggest. How does that sound?" In his current state, Roland knew he'd be giving up nuclear secrets if he had any, as he felt absolutely no drive to do anything but agree.

"Sure...Sounds like fun." The hand at his ear left and moved slowly, gently up Dr. Wednesday's side, until it reached the top button of her lab coat. She gently and easily undid the buttons one at a time, with agonizing slowness, until her breasts popped free, each capped by a large, glistening black nipple. They seemed quite eager to get out, and from where he was, Roland could see very little of Dr. Wednesday's face. Barely the tip of her muzzle, in fact; her breasts were simply that large.

As her hand continued to undo buttons, Roland began to shudder a little in anticipation. He could see her bulging crotch from here, but he was still eager to see the size and heft of it. After pausing for a moment to tease him almost to the breaking point, Dr. Wednesday finally unbuttoned and pulled back the fabric, revealing herself.

Her balls were much larger than Roland's and coated in the same soft, off-white fur as the rest of her underbelly. Her penis, though, was immense, thick and black, and had just begun to get hard. His, however, was standing at full attention, and after adjusting her lab coat to ensure it no longer got in the way of anything, she began to slide her hands down to undo his pants and let it pop out.

"Well at least part of you doesn't have a damn thing at all against shemales..." said Dr. Wednesday as her hand gently slid across his length, squeezing him and then tracing a finger across his tip. It then moved back to her own length, gently teasing and caressing her own thick, black length over Roland's face. She tapped the tip against his lips. "I bet your muzzle doesn't either."

It was all Roland could do to fit her into his maw, but it was more than worth it. She urged him on with gentle, insistent caresses across his ears and neck as he moved, doing his best to suck on her as well as he could. He rubbed his tongue and lips across it, licking and slurping this way and that, amazed at the amount of precum that began to flow out. Dr. Wednesday seemed above and beyond anything Roland had ever seen. He sucked the thick, salty liquid down into his gullet, then moved slowly and began to spread and smear and move it around the glistening black length. Just as he was about to try stuffing it into his throat, though, Dr. Wednesday pulled back, smirking.

"Roll over onto your belly and put your legs off the edge of the bed." She said. Roland did as he was told, taking in deep panting breaths as he anticipated Dr. Wednesday's next move. Behind him, he could hear the sound of smooth, thick latex snapping into place, and then the small burp of a bottle shooting out liquid. He braced himself, trying to relax or at least be a little less tense, and also trying not to think too hard about that gigantic black length hovering behind him.

He tensed up reflexively at first, and then relaxed as he felt two delicate, if not small, fingers probing him gently. The Doctor's touch was smooth, quick and precise. It felt like every movement, every touch, was intended for an exact sensation. And it certainly knew where to go. Roland had the feeling that Dr. Wednesday's surgical experience had taught her the ways of the body, both inside and out. It certainly felt like she was examining, as if her fingers were mapping him out from the inside, letting her know about what she couldn't see.

It seemed like too soon when Dr. Wednesday finally removed her fingers from Roland. He had begun to get used to the situation, to enjoy the smooth, internal caress of her touch. But as he heard the sound of the bottle being squeezed again, he began to get tense. He knew what was next, and why she'd loosened and felt him up a bit first. He felt her gloved hands wrap around his waist, and then the feeling of her tip softly, gently probing against him. He took a big breath and tried to relax, but he still yelped when he felt her push forward hard, her thick black shaft beginning to slide in slowly. He groaned and pushed back and out, his body doing its best to adjust to the massive intrusion sliding into him. He gripped the bed sheets tightly, his breath coming in painful, halting gasps as he was penetrated.

"Mmm, it IS rather large, isn't it? Quiet though you are, I get the feeling you don't mind much..." Dr. Wednesday's grip on his hips became firm, as if he'd just been locked into position. There was one last shove, and he felt the doctor's hips pressed firmly against him, letting him know this was as far, and as deep, as things would go. He was amazed at how it felt, amazed more that he could take it, and took the Doctor's pause to collect himself and brace for whatever came next. She moved slowly and deliberately, sliding back and forth

with apparent ease as she began to pick up the pace. Roland rocked and rolled this way and that as she moved inside him, groaning, his eyes rolling back a little as each inch of her immense length rolled back and forth over his prostate. He could feel his pre drooling out onto the bed sheets beneath him.

After several minutes of slow, gentle thrusting, Dr. Wednesday began to pick up the pace. Adjusting herself and sliding over Roland, she began to shove, push and jam herself in with increasing speed, until she was rutting Roland hard, his tongue lolling out as he bucked back and forth. He groaned, putting his head down even as he felt Dr. Wednesday's hot breath on the back of his neck, her teeth gently nipping at him as she whispered in his ear.

"Go on, Roland..No need for you to hold back, I'm impressed enough that you can take this..." Roland relaxed, arching his back as he felt himself shoot out blast after blast. Dr. Wednesday reached down, her lubed, gloved hand squeezing and milking his shaft until it finally began to go soft, his cock coated in lubricant and mess from the rubbing.

"My turn now." Roland stiffened as he felt Dr. Wednesday stand up, pulling down on Roland until her hips were pressed firmly against him, her balls bouncing up against his own. Over his shoulder, Roland could see Dr. Wednesday relax, then shudder and close her eyes as sensation washed over her. He could feel the warm, sticky fluid being pumped into him in surprisingly large amounts, and was surprised he didn't feel any of it splurting out the sides. Once she was done, Dr. Wednesday finally began to slide back, the empty sensation of her leaving him sending a new wave of shivers down his spine. He heard a single, satisfied chuckle come from Dr. Wednesday, just before she gave him a firm slap on the rump. "Not bad for the first round, Mr. Guiscard. I think I'll let you rest before we have another go..."

Roland awoke to a pounding headache, and an even worse pain coming from his rump. His clothes were folded neatly on a chair by the bed, but the rest of the hotel was in complete disarray. It appeared as though it had been ransacked, or at least as if Dr. Wednesday had packed and left in a hurry. Roland groaned and moved towards his clothes, noticing that there was a small slip of paper sitting on top of his clothes. It was hotel stationary, and the words were written in a hurried but legible cursive.

"Dear Mr. Guiscard: I apologize for my sudden departure, but my work has called me elsewhere. Or rather, things here have made it necessary for me to leave unannounced. You will find that a cab will arrive at nine intending to pick you up, and I suggest you take it. He already knows your home address, as do I. Goodbye Mr. Guiscard, and know that I do intend to call on you again." Roland flipped the note over, and noticed there was a postscript written on the backside. "P.S. I may or may have not decided to experiment with you

a little while you were passed out on the floor. Should you notice anything unusual in the next few days, it would be wise to seek medical attention immediately."

Roland blinked a few times, turning the note over, and then moving to his clothes, slowly sliding them on. His pants felt tighter than they had the night before, and the groin seemed to no longer fit. It couldn't be...Could it? He didn't have time to ponder, as the phone rang, letting him know the taxi had arrived. He'd just have to sort all this out later. But first, he'd need to find a better fitting pair of pants. A looser shirt, too.