

A Wife For The Doctor



Ms Maggie Drawers



A "Her Tv" Novel



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A WIFE FOR THE DOCTOR

by Ms Maggie Drawers

ONE

I suppose it all started when I finished my internship at Mercy Hospital in the Big City and transferred to the small mid-western community where I started a practice in Ob/Gyn (Obstetrics and Gynecology) thereby filling a much neglected notch as I was the only Ob/Gyn for two hundred miles in any direction, even well into Canada.

About me. My given name is Doctor (Miss) Georgina Eloise Burgett, M.D. At the time of my arrival, I was a fresh-faced twenty-six-year-old, full of pee and vee (piss and vinegar), eager to set the world on fire, a dedicated Medical Professional.

I'm rather tall for a woman at five feet eleven inches in height and I weigh a solid one hundred

fifty-seven and a half pounds that's evenly distributed on a 38-C – 28 - 37 frame. I look like a Valkyrie Warrior and I very seldom say anything that might change peoples' preconceived impression of me! I have dark auburn hair that I keep in a close cropped helmet style, flashing hazel eyes and a peaches and cream skin from head to toe and I look and play the role of a Valkyrie Norsewoman quite well, in my opinion!

I'm not all that bad looking either and have had my share of proposals from some men, all of which came to naught. I just couldn't get interested in a single one of them!

My mother still lives on the East Coast and she does quite well for herself as a self-proclaimed courtesan and being a beautiful woman in spite of her almost fifty years, she is acceptable "arm candy" for many of those "gentlemen" desiring such company for an evening or two.

OK, so she's a high priced whore, but she's an extremely successful whore.

It was one of those "gentlemen" who knocked her up – she never knew which one it was, else he would have paid through the nose to take care of his mistake. Actually, **their** mistake (me!), but then, Mother has never accepted responsibility for anything not related directly to her.

That's not true because she did take care of me in her own way and I grew up with a succession of nannies, baby-sitters and the like until I got to high school when Mother decided I was old enough to take care of myself. Within reason. She did not turn me loose to run wild, but she was always there to guide me and keep me on the straight and narrow.

Mostly.

She also has a devoted maid named Geri (Geraldine Foster) who takes care of Mother in a very personal way. When Mother tires of being arm candy, Geri is the one who recharges her batteries, so to speak, and gets her ready for her next excursion into the material world of money and power.

Mother put me through med school without a murmur and she often chided me for my lack of interest in men, in specific, influential men who could advance my career.

Yeah, by becoming their mistress.

And that is not for me!

When I commit to someone for life, it will not be to a male.

I mean, not a **male** male!

Originally I went into Ob/Gyn because I have a decided weakness for all things female and feminine and it had seemed to me to be a viable way to possibly meet an eventual life's companion. But when I got into the swing of it, I stayed because I was irrevocably hooked on Mother Nature's method of human reproduction and continuance of the species!

Besides, where else could someone ask a woman to "spread 'em" and have her do so while you looked at her pussy to your heart's content? I mean for a pussy lover like me, it was the only possible occupation!

From the first I had more patients than I could safely handle so I advertised for an Ob/Gyn N.P. (Nurse Practitioner) or other Ob/Gyn specialist to join me. That was when I first met Jennifer Baker;

she applied for a position as an N.P. Jenny was a recent graduate of State University (second career) and she came highly recommended.

What else mattered?

Nothing!

I immediately hired her and my workload decreased dramatically. Oh, I was still busier than a cat covering up on a hot tin roof, but all the former pressure was greatly relieved!

I made a shy pass at Jenny soon after she started but she informed me that she was already happily married and not interested in another relationship. She smiled at me so brilliantly that I was almost sorry I had even suggested such a thing.

I had been living in a near-by motel while I looked for a more permanent address when Jenny took me to meet her older sister, Mrs. Cora January. We hit it off at once and she (Mrs. January, er, Cora) told me about a house next door to her that was, as she put it, "Kinda small, onney two bedsteads up-stairs, yuh see, but t'would be more than ample fer uh single gal like y'all."

She smiled winningly. "Besides, ah woun't rent h'it tuh jist anyone."

I stared at her in amazement. "I am honored," I managed after a bit.

"Come on. AhI'll show h'it tuh y'all." She grabbed my hand and led me next door to a small, empty cottage that showed that it had been well cared-for in the past.

"It looks very nice," I offered noncommittally.

She opened the front door (nothing was ever locked!) and in we went.

Ten minutes later I had agreed to her reasonable request for rent and we shook hands. "I'll just have my attorney draw up a lease agreement and. . ." I offered.

Cora just looked at me in shock. "Why, ain't yer word enny good?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, but this is business," I replied weakly.

"Oh, dear," Jenny sighed. "Here we go again!"

"Don't need nunna that there rigmarole," Cora stated flatly. "Yuh sed yuh'd be a good tenant a'n ah believe yuh. 'At's all friends need."

And as far as she was concerned, that was all that was necessary.

The house had a few nice appliances; stove, fridge, freezer, an antique Maytag wringer washer, no dryer (I was told, "Freshly laundered clothes were always hung out on the line out back!), a wobbly kitchen table with four equally wobbly chairs and I asked if it would be all right with her if I were to buy some furnishings of my own choice.

"Uh'course, dearie," she grinned. "Ah never thunked yuh wouldn't."

"Our brother, Gerald Baker, owns the furniture store in town," Jenny offered, "and I'm sure he'll be able to fix you up toot suite."

I thought it odd that Jenny and Gerald had the same surname, 'But,' I reasoned, 'she might be divorced and had taken her maiden name again.'

I was wrong about this, but more about that later.

And that's what happened. I was introduced to Gerald who asked my personal preferences, explaining, "If I don't have what you want in stock, I'll be glad to order it for you and it would be here in just a day or so. My people are very prompt about filling special orders for special clients," he explained with an ingratiating smile.

Some difference from the Big City where I had had to wait almost two months for a simple coffee table that I could have acquired elsewhere much sooner! And cheaper!

As a result of my visit to Gerald's furniture store, I was in debt to the bank for over three thousand dollars, all for furniture for my new home.

A fast stop at the local five and dime store for linens, dishes and kitchen things, pillows and other household incidentals. More unearned money gone!

Another stop at an appliance store for some small things; a mixer, a toaster, a coffee maker, a vacuum cleaner and a huge microwave oven.

Even more money I didn't have, straight down the rat hole!

"If'n us'n's've missed ennythang," Cora announced breezily, "Us'n's c'n allus git 'em later awn."

I asked shyly, "How about a washing machine and dryer?"

Cora stared at me as if I were crazy. "Whu'fo?" she demanded. "That Maytag's good 'n does uh better job than enny automatic!" she declared emphatically. "'N yer clothes'll dry better out in the fresh air!"

“But I don’t know how to use it,” I explained weakly.

She giggled. “Naow don’ yuh wearry yer purty li’l head ‘bout h’it! Ah’ll teach yuh thangs yuh never dreamed wuz possible!” And that was the end of that argument!

Then it was off to the fabric store where Cora took charge, ordering material for drapes and curtains and other things, and I did not dare object!

So, another two thousand dollars thrown straight down a rat hole, or so I figured.

I objected that I did not have time to sew drapes nor curtains, nor would I have the spare time needed to hang same.

Cora grinned. “Not tuh wearry yer purty li’l head ‘bout h’it,” she smiled anew. “Ah’m uh danged good seamstress ‘n ah’ll take keer uh everthang. Yuh’ll see. H’it ain’t no big thang!” she informed me.

Not to her, but to me who was expected to pay for all this, it was indeed a “big thang!”

“I’ll have to pay for your time,” I objected, seeing even more unearned dollars flying out the door!

Cora just glared at me a moment, then smiled. “Dang, ah keep fergittin’ y’all ain’t local ‘n gots no idear uh haow us’n’s go ‘bout thangs ‘roun’ c’here!”

“What do you mean?” I asked, puzzled.

“Ah’m yer neighbor ‘n neighbors he’p neighbors w’en they needs h’it, ‘n frum where ah stan’s, yuh fer shore need alla he’p yuh kin git!”

I giggled. “More than you know, Cora!” I agreed.

“Wa’l then, yuh jist leaf alla h’it up tuh me,” she snapped testily.

And that was that, as far as she was concerned.

I went back to my motel, my head awhirl with the day’s happenings. I think I had some dinner, but afterwards, I never could be sure. At any rate, I was not hungry, so something must have happened in the interim.

I was too worried about paying for my newly-acquired debts to worry about food!

As it was, there was an emergency at the hospital, three women delivering at the same time! Jenny and I were exhausted before four squalling babies took up residence in the neo-natal ward!

One of the births was a pair of twins.

But, eventually, everything came out all right and we slept in the doctor’s lounge.

Or tried to. . .

With all the frequent interruptions for one medical emergency or another. . .

After all, it was a hospital, remember?