

**Author's Note:** *For the purposes of this story, the hero shall be referred to as Bob.*

*This story uses characters from my **Forsaken Universe** but is not part of the existing storyline.*

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Bob had no idea how important his role was to be. His life was to be a short one – but one full of valour. He had no idea that he would be forced from his comfortable home and then thrust at a relatively high speed into a completely alien environment. In that environment, he would be expected to surge through an acidic swampy maze, and then onto a tortuous two-hour journey which could end in success, or dismal failure followed by an ignominious death.

Success would mean an interception with an approaching target. A battle would then begin. A battle to enter that target during which many of Bob's companions would sacrifice themselves so he could push forth and complete his crucial mission. All in all, Bob would be the only survivor of perhaps millions, if not many more. Bob would have the chance to do what many of his distant ancestors never did. All they had been able to accomplish was a mad dash into a wad of tissues and then disposal in a suitable waste receptacle.

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That evening, Bob and approximately 250 million companions were prepared for action. In their tiny world, they lay ready. Some, like Bob, were three or more days old. Their home, in the epididymis, was warm and cosy. Then, out of the blue, the alarm was triggered and they all rushed forwards from the lower end of the epididymis and were quickly expelled up the vas deferens at ever increasing speeds. After a long distance, Bob and his companions joined the flow of an organic fluid which assisted their mad dash into oblivion.

Bob was mid-way along the pack of similar microscopic organisms as they all shot up a long, very straight tube at about 28 miles per hour. Then, all of a sudden, they were out of friendly territory and they were blasted into the world of the vagina – or more accurately, the uterus. Bob and his accompanying seminal fluid were alkaline by design and the current environment was of an acidic nature. Thirty minutes later, the vaginal fluids had neutralised Bob and prepared him for the next part of his heroic voyage into the unknown.

Bob propelled himself forwards at the breakneck speed of 2 millimetres per minute. Many of Bob's companions had died during the initial vaginal invasion. Only a mere 10,000 or so survived to reach the fallopian junction where Bob had to decide: left or right. Only one route led to success, only one route had their target slowly loping towards them. Only one route could be conceived as successful for Bob.

Bob made his selection and took the right tube along with a few thousand of his companions.

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"Target in sight!" came the cry.

Bob increased speed as he turned on a collision course for the target. He was not alone in his push for conception. Many others pushed forward and hoped for solitary success. But only one could win what amounted to nature's own lottery.

With a resounding explosion, Bob collided with the target where he found that about a hundred of his dearest companions had thrown down their lives to help him to succeed in his biological mission.

He finally managed to break through and then the door was permanently sealed behind him, blocking the path for his unlucky companions.

Mission accomplished!

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### ***Three weeks later***

“Fuck!”

“Problem, my profane little hand grenade?”

“Too fucking right there is!”

“Care to elaborate?”

“I’m late, you fucking cunt!”

“You always get up at this time, honey.”

Mindy rolled her eyes and she muttered obscenities to herself.

“I have not had my goddamn period!”

“You’ve been late before.”

“Not this bloody late, you gormless twat!”

“Ouch!”

“Sorry – you know what this could mean. . .”

“So, what? So, you’re up the duff – I ain’t got no problem with that.”

Mindy’s shoulders slumped as she sat down on the bed.

“I’m nineteen-years-old and I have no idea how to bring up a child. . .”

Dave groaned.

“We have three kids already – remember?”

“They’re grown up – kind of.”

Dave gave his wife a very patronising look indeed and Mindy elaborated further.

“They pee, take a dump, and feed themselves – wash themselves, too.”

Dave laughed.

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### ***An hour later***

“I can’t do it.”

“Just piss will you – you’re usually full of it!”

Mindy felt slightly ridiculous as she sat on the toilet, her jeans and panties around her ankles. She glared up at her husband as he held out the simple plastic device.

“Okay. . .”

Mindy seized the elongated device and she released her bladder. Amidst the gushing, she shoved the device between her legs and intercepted the flow of urine.

“Ewww. . .” Dave groaned as Mindy handed the device back.

“It’s just pee. . .” Mindy growled as she wiped herself, flushed the toilet, and then washed her hands.

Dave handed the device back and he watched his wife’s face as she studied the small display on the device. Mindy’s face showed no emotion for several seconds and then the tips of her mouth twisted into a grin. Her other hand clamped over her mouth and then tears began to flow.

“Good news. . .?” Dave suggested.

“Fuck, yeah! I think . . .”

Mindy dropped the device and she hugged her husband tightly.

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### ***That afternoon***

“I’m disgusted!”

“Huh?”

“People your age should *not* be having sex!” Megan elaborated.

“Excuse me?” Mindy demanded.

“Have you really got something growing inside of you?” Megan asked.

“Yes, Megan, I have a human being growing inside me.”

“How does that feel?” the young girl persisted.

“Bloody brilliant!” Mindy responded with a huge smile.

“Congratulations!” Marcus exclaimed.

“You’ve got a fun road ahead of you,” Paige advised her step-daughter as they hugged.

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### ***Two months later***

“My body is a disaster!”

“It looks lovely,” Dave insisted.

“Lying bastard!”

Dave rolled his eyes. His wife was . . . larger than usual which was making Mindy moody.

“I can’t see my fucking twat. My tits are massive. My nipples are like door handles. I throw-up every damn morning and then feel nauseous for the rest of the damn day.”

“You look radiant, honey, despite all the exaggeration.”

Mindy wasn't having any of it as she continued her rant.

"I sit on the bastard toilet and piss about a hundred times a damn day. As for this fucking bump. . ."

"Let it all out, Mum," Stephanie commented as she strolled past. "You shouldn't keep these things bottled up."

"Killing you would make a space in the family. . ." Mindy mused.

"Love you, Mum."

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### ***A further two months later***

"You think we should call Greenpeace?"

"I can fucking hear you, you little rats!"

Anne-Marie and Stephanie scampered away as their decidedly bloated mother lay beside the pool.

"You do kinda look like a beached whale. . ."

"Daniel!"

The boy ran after his sisters, laughing out loud.

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### ***A little over nine months since Bob's epic adventure***

"I just want this, this thing, out of me!"

"It'll come when it's ready, Mindy," Cathy assured the grumpy vigilante as she made another inspection of Mindy's cervix.

"Why does all dignity go out the window when you're pregnant?" Mindy demanded. "All everybody wants to do is check out my fucking cunt!"

Cathy sighed and ignored the irate young woman as she lay on the bed with her legs spread apart in a decidedly unladylike manner.

"Here we go. . ." Cathy mused.

"What?"

"You have a show – the mucus plug has come away from your cervix."

"Great. . ." Mindy grumbled. "I'm falling apart now."

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Another contraction hit Mindy and she grimaced through the pain. The contractions were lasting more than thirty seconds and Mindy was struggling with the continued and drawn out pain. The contractions were coming every two to three minutes. Mindy lay on her side and Dave was gently rubbing her back. Dave was very worried for his wife – he hated seeing her in pain or otherwise suffering. Initially, the stubborn young woman had refused any pain medication, including an epidural. Cathy had counselled against no pain relief, but Mindy was Mindy!

However, as the pain got worse with the contractions, Dave had finally persuaded his wife to allow the use of a combined gas and air mixture of nitrous oxide as a form of pain relief. Mindy chomped down on the mouthpiece and she sucked in hard as the next contraction hit her. Tears were rolling down his wife's cheeks and he did what he could to wipe them away and stay ahead of the steady stream of sweat on his wife's face.

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Four hours Mindy had been in labour and she was sick of it.

"Oh, God . . . I can't . . . do this . . . I'm fucking exhausted. . ."

Mindy was almost sobbing and she gripped hold of Dave's left hand with enough force to cause permanent damage. From Dave's point of view, his damaged nerve endings seemed to be functioning perfectly as he winced with the pain.

Dave grinned and he gave his wife a *very* condescending look, indeed, then he leant in very close.

"You *can* do this, and you *will* . . . you want to know why? Because you are Hit Girl . . . and Hit Girl can do anything she puts her mind to."

"You bastard!" Mindy growled knowing that Dave was one hundred percent right and she hated him for it.

"Push, you lazy bitch!" Dave growled in her ear.

Mindy was momentarily incensed – nobody had *ever* called her lazy. . . She pushed using every ounce of energy that she could muster, which after so long was minimal. Her mind was mushy and she was struggling to stay awake despite the pain in her lower body. Her stamina was almost gone and she was on the verge of giving up. Only the gently soothing words from her husband kept her in the land of the partially sane. Mindy screamed out as the worst contraction of all hit her abdomen but she could do nothing but lay there and endure the unrelenting agony of the event. Then. . .

"I can see the head – don't push, Mindy – just breath through your mouth, short breaths . . . okay," Cathy advised. "Now you can push – a little more . . . keep it coming."

"I can't . . ." Mindy sobbed as she struggled to remain conscious.

She pushed and she pushed then suddenly she felt relief and she all but passed out. She felt herself being rolled onto her back and then she heard crying – it was the sound of a baby crying . . . her baby.

"Mindy – here she is; our daughter," Dave said as he laid a small towel-wrapped package onto Mindy's chest.

Mindy looked down and she smiled as she saw the beginnings of blond hair and the scrunched up red face. She began to cry again – but not from the pain, but from sheer joy at seeing something that she herself had created over the preceding nine months; with Dave's assistance at the very beginning of course.

"Hi, Kathleen, I'm your Mommy."

With that proclamation, Mindy finally allowed her tired and worn out body to relax and she fell asleep as Dave took custody of his new daughter.

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***Ten days later***

“Gross!”

“It’s a perfectly normal act, Anne-Marie,” Mindy laughed as she positioned her daughter beneath her bared left breast and she eased the nipple into her mouth.

“I can’t believe you get your breasts out in public!” the nine-year-old continued to rant.

“I am sitting in the privacy of my own living room,” Mindy pointed out.

“But I am here and so is Stephanie and so is Dad. Danny’s watching the kitchen.”

“Dave has seen my breasts before and so have you, I see nothing wrong with you all seeing them.”

“They were a lot smaller the last time I saw them,” Anne-Marie responded.

“Thanks!” Mindy growled.

“I’ve done that too,” Dave pointed out with an evil grin as his daughter sucked away happily.

“Ahhh, that is so disgusting!” the eleven-year-old Stephanie blurted out as she pretended to vomit.

“Give it ten years, honey, and Kathleen may be saying the same thing about you both breast feeding!” Mindy laughed as both girls cringed and fled the room.