

# You Can Do It

By Abe E Seedy

## **March 26th, 1943:**

We're all in this together, and yet this far out in the country, I can't even report to do my part in the factories. The farm keeps my husband Tom busy, but with the last of this season's crop planted there's not enough work for me to contribute while we wait for the harvest. So, rather than ship off somewhere else and leave poor Tom to his own devices, I've had to find another way to help.

Through some of my contacts from my old college days, I volunteered to take part in an experimental program. A course of pills will allow me to produce luxuries for the troops, as well as providing for some more direct, ahem, 'morale-boosting enhancements'. The prospect feels like something out of an *Amazing Stories* issue, and if not for the name of Professor Heinmann attached I'd discount it out of hand. But he is the only one I could trust to have both the brilliance to pull it off, and the, shall we say, proclivities to attempt it in the first place. So, I begin with the first pill today.

I'm to document my progress weekly. Tom is aware, but thinks this will turn out to be no more than a simple course of vitamins. He may well be right, and even the briefing papers I received contained precious little elaboration of the details. I suppose it's equally likely that I'll gain noticeably healthier teeth as that I'll start lactating chocolate milk, or something equally absurd.

I'm thinking myself in circles, so there's no use carrying on any further now. First pill has been taken, no noticeable effects as yet.

## **April 2nd:**

I did complain about the lack of work here, but there are ever weeds that need tending to. I nearly forgot my pill after such an exhausting day of work, but I took it with a glass of water before I allowed myself to collapse into my chair. To think that just a few short years ago I was seriously considering entering one of those beauty pageants that swirled around outside of campus, and now here I am staring at the calluses on my hands and contemplating my baked-in farmers tan. I appreciate the path I took, and my degree in agriculture sciences was certainly a wise choice to take back with me to farming country after the dust storms of the Dirty Thirties. But it is hard not to look on that path not taken fondly sometimes.

Well, no matter. Down this path I have Tom, a good house and a good life, even if I'm not posing for pinups and blowing kisses for the adoring camera. Besides, I never had the hourglass figure that would require, even before this farm work sanded me down to my muscles.

I must stop using this as a diary. Pills continue to be taken, still no noticeable effects as yet.

#### **April 9th:**

I believe I have my first result. Within the last few days I've noticed a sensitivity around my chest and waist. Nothing I would describe as unpleasant, just noticeable. At the same time, and I mention this only in the interest of good science (and on the firm understanding Tom that if you are somehow reading this, you will be a gentleman and walk away now), I have noticed an increased need to shave my delicate areas regularly. There's an increased growth of soft, light hair, which apparently needs more persistent tending to keep under control.

I do rather hope the latter symptom is a side-effect, unless Professor Heinmann's interests ran a more specific direction than I'd previously assumed. Will keep an eye on it as I continue with the doses.

#### **April 13th:**

I am aware that this is meant to be a weekly record, but the experiment requires particularly notable situations to be recorded, and I very much believe this last development qualifies.

To begin with, the hair mentioned previously has continued its aggressive colonization of my intimate regions. I could shave myself completely one day and then by the next morning it would be fully regrown, and perhaps even a little thicker (although, oddly, never anything other than soft and pure blonde, despite the fact that my hair is normally brown). After a few days I stopped bothering, and instead decided to avoid propositioning Tom for the duration.

In retrospect, that may have been a mistake.

I suppose I hadn't realised that we'd been getting intimate more frequently ever since I started the experiment. We've always had a robust level of affection for each other, and my calling him to bed with me of an evening was far from unusual. But thinking back on it, I likely should have noticed that we'd gone from once every few days, to daily, to most mornings and nights. When I said I wanted to go straight to sleep two nights ago I think he was glad for the rest, but keeping that up ever since was surprisingly difficult. Once I set that as a challenge I didn't want to go back on it, but there was a significant *insistence* that was troublesome to combat. So this morning, after I sent Tom off for his day I decided to take matters into my own hands, to at least alleviate the worst of the issue.

I hadn't fully realised how wet I was, or how sensitive I'd become through several days of restraint. I'd barely started when I felt my knees go weak, and I very quickly found myself crouching at the end of my bed, my head bowed into my chest as I slid my slick finger along the length of my slit. And then, as my hand curled inside myself and my thumb ran slow circles on my clit, I felt something new.

I hadn't realised the tension was there until it started to peak, and suddenly it felt like my body was locking up. My hips drifted forwards, my hand spreading open my pussy on some unthinking instinct. Then there was pressure, need and heat, and with a distant, gasped moan a shudder ran down my spine, and a weight within me moved.

The sensation of that motion was enough to send me spiralling into orgasm, but the release as it slipped past my slit was a final kick that left me flat on my back. By the time I'd caught my breath enough to sit up and recover the moment had passed, and I was confronted with the results of the session.

It appears to be a brightly colored, candy-coated egg, roughly 2 inches in diameter. Closer inspection has revealed the inside to be made of chocolate.

I'm not sure what's odder, the fact that it exists at all, or that I tasted it and discovered it is actually quite delicious.

It would appear I've discovered the 'luxury good' I'm to be providing. I should be startled, but I can't deny that when I look at my next pill, the dominant emotion I feel is excitement.

Pills continue to be taken, will document further results as they occur.

### **April 16th:**

My abstinence pact has been broken for two days now, and it's rare Tom and I spend more than a few hours in each other's company without things transitioning in that particular direction. Trying to avoid him seeing the ongoing developments was rendered moot by the fact that they did not remain confined to my private areas. In fact, he noticed before I did that the same growth was taking place in other places; on my back, around my ears, and along the top of my shoulders. Looked at in detail, rather than simply fought back with my razor, it was clear that it wasn't hair at all. It was fur, a glossy white coat growing in slowly over my whole body.

Fortunately, we very quickly realised that neither of us minded the development. When Tom ran his hand over the nape of my neck, he remarked how wonderfully soft it felt, and I must admit that when he sent his fingers through my hair and down my spine some part of my mind melted

blissfully at being pet. Plus, I have him on record that my growing ears are "very cute", and my soft pink nose "twitches adorably" when he scratches my chin.

I could do without my feet no longer fitting comfortably in my shoes, but, overall, it seems a worthwhile trade. Especially given that those larger feet help me brace myself when it's time to lay eggs, which tends to happen not long after we've been together. Or, oftentimes now, whenever I've been particularly invigorated by thinking about the previous session. Or the next session.

In all, I would say the experiment so far is a success. I do wonder what comes now though. We've been storing the eggs, but surely at some point some sort of pickup will have to be organised. Likewise, I still have pills left to take, so I'm curious to see what else awaits.

### **April 23nd:**

I believe most of the developments have completed themselves by now. The blonde fur now coats my whole body, with the exception of the still-brown hair on my head that leaves me something shoulder-length to style. Doing that is a little difficult with the way my fingers have swelled into paws, but at least my equally pawed feet mean I don't have to worry about tying shoelaces. My bust has filled out considerably too (whether this is intentional or a side-effect I'm not sure), and my rounded waist is now topped with a delicate cotton-candy puff of a tail.

At last I have a classic pinup figure, and all it took to achieve was becoming some sort of candy egg-laying bunnygirl. Frankly, if they'd pitched me that at college, I might not have turned those beauty pageants down.

Speaking of eggs, my personal production has increased to roughly 3-5 a day, depending on how much Tom can spare himself to help. We've discovered that if he mounts me from behind at the foot of the bed, then he can steady himself with one hand pulling at my ears just so, while his other explores the soft fur of my back. Then when he's finished with his energetic thrusts I'm already in the perfect position to lay my next egg, his hands alternating between circling my stiff nipples and teasing the length of my slit while I shudder and stiffen. Then, finally, with one last desperate gasp the egg slips free, sliding down the back of my legs before coming to a rest cradled by my soft feet.

The experience is certainly morale-building for us, but we're still at a loss for how this is meant to help in general. Tom is aiming to find a camera that he can take some photos of me with, some pinups to share with at least the people he can. I must admit, the prospect was surprisingly exhilarating, and the number of eggs produced the day he suggested it increased notably.

I heard they let the bunnies from that adult magazine do shows in person for the troops. I wonder if perhaps the end goal here is the same, maybe with some other participants of this

trial? Then after the show we could invite some of the men backstage, so we could thank them all properly for their efforts. I can only imagine how many eggs I could produce after something like that. I can hardly *stop* imagining it, actually. Oh. Oh my.

Duty calls, it seems.