Oddity

A Short Story from an Idea by Erin

By Maryanne Peters

Doctor Kevin Maynard could hardly disguise his feelings, but Cameron Lowell could not quite understand the look on his doctor’s face. The old man seemed excited, but uncertain.

“Cam, Cam, come right on through. This way, close the door behind you, this way, take a seat.”

“So Doc, they told me to make an appointment. Like, they wouldn’t tell me over the phone … about the test results or whatever.”

Kevin needed to look at his patient afresh, now that he had read the file – read in over and over. The young man was not overly tall, and he looked athletic while not overly muscular. He seemed to have the body of a healthy young man. Kevin had to marvel upon it. The body of a healthy young man – a young football player no less – a running back – faster than the wind, they said – huge potential. It was truly remarkable. The only thing that had seemed wrong to this young man was a sudden increase in the size of his nipples and some pain in the groin area, and perhaps signs of anxiety.

“Whatever is happening to me, its making me run faster,” Cam had told him on that first consultation. “I mean the Coach says I have been losing weight rather than packing on muscle. But it just seems to make me run faster and jump higher to complete the passes.”

The young man’s case seemed unusual from that first examination. But Cam had only reported small changes in his body, and some strange new feelings.

Kevin Maynard was a good GP. He had experience, he knew how to listen; he knew all about the usual medical issues, and a little about the unusual ones, and beyond that there were tests. The lab often complained that he asked for too many tests. Why blood and semen in this case? The fact is that the PSA count should reveal any prostate issue, but there was just something about the testicles that did not feel right.

That is why experience is a General Practitioners best tool. That and tests.

The test results seemed clear. Semen results normal for a young man. But the blood test? The results referred to all the analysis he would expect but the added note: “This blood sample is normal, that of a healthy young woman. It appears to have been mixed up with the sample from this subject’s brother – perhaps her dizygotic twin.”

Kevin had his nurse call Cam to ask him to repeat the blood sampling. Same result. This time the sample came back with a terse note to the technician who took the sample – effectively saying: “Stop messing around!”

But now it seemed clear what it was. There was only one individual who had been tested. One individual but two sets of DNA – a human chimera. No wonder Kevin was excited!

A chimera. Two people in one body if you like, but that would not be accurate. Medicine understands it now. It happens in the womb when a mother is carrying fraternal (dizygotic) twins. One of the twins dies early in the pregnancy and the living twin at a certain stage of embryonic development, can absorb the “dead” twin into its body. The development is then of an embryo with two sets of DNA in one body.

Kevin knew that it was rare. Only about 100 case of chimerism have been confirmed in the whole world in all history. His name would appear in a medical journal, but first he would need to would do more than report it – he would need to research it. But with the consent of his patient of course. He was a professional with full knowledge of his obligations.

“Cam, we have the test results back and the first thing that I should say is that there is nothing wrong with you, medically,” he began. “It is just that you do have a condition, if we can call it that, which is somewhat unusual, but should have no impact on your health.”

“I want to stay in good condition, Doc,” said Cam. “We have recruiters from colleges coming to the game this weekend in advance of the state championship. The coach says that with the recent improvement in my form I could be in line for a scholarship.”

“Well I went to your high school – many years ago now – but I follow the team and I know how well you are regarded based on current performance,” said Kevin. He needed to get the boy comfortable. The news that was coming might be a shock. He moved a little in his seat because of it, telling himself that this was not bad news, and he had given that many times before without compunction, but with compassion.

“So, what condition?”

As Cam looked at him with large round eyes, perhaps made wider by some nervousness, Kevin thought that he could be looking into the face of a young girl. The jaw was strong. This person was not effeminate, but those eyes seemed suddenly out of place. Pretty eyes.

“You are what we call a chimeric twin,” said Kevin. “That is to say that you contain the DNA of another person in your system. Your twin brother. When you were a pea-sized organism in your mother’s womb you absorbed your twin brother, and parts of him became parts of you.”

“Weird!” That was all Cam could say. He seemed more surprised than shocked. “But this is not going to affect me physically – right?”

“Well, I don’t think so,” said Kevin. “It is a rare condition, but chimeras usually live normal lives. They never even know that they are chimeras until there is a DNA test that leaves doctors scratching their heads. That is why I had you re-tested. I needed to check. As I say, it appears rarely, but maybe it isn’t so rare? Maybe plenty of chimeras out there who never know about the composition of their DNA. Why would they care? I mean even those like you who have brother and sister DNA, why should it interfere with you development after birth?”

“Sister?” Cam looked at his doctor with confusion. “I thought that you said this was my twin brother inside me?”

“That’s right,” said Kevin. “He is the brother. The rest of you is the sister.”

“What?!”

“Well the blood tests I had rechecked for any male DNA, and we can’t find any,” said Kevin, suddenly realizing that maybe he had gone about this in completely the wrong way. He blurted it out. It was so remarkable it was hard to hold the information back. “We don’t know how much of the male DNA is a part of you, but definitely the semen … or rather the seminal fluid is male.”

“Wait. Is semen different from seminal fluid?”

“Look, Cam, if you will allow me to carry out just a few more tests that will help. You are a chimera I am sure, but the extent to which you are him or her has yet to be determined. I am suggesting a scan. I will arrange it. There will be no charge. This is down to research, but because you are not yet 18, we will need your parents’ consent.”

“Doc, if you are telling me that I am a girl with my twin brother’s dick and balls hanging off me, then that has to be crap. You’ve seen me naked Doc. I am no chick.”

“I need more tissue samples to check everything,” said Kevin. “I know that you have a male prostate gland that produces fluid, bit we have not seen evidence of sperm yet. I am proposing today to just take a sample of hair from your scrotum – that is all. Then we arrange the scan and we take a look a look at the internal layout, if you will excuse that word.”

“Are you expecting to see this twin brother of mine living inside me?” The look of revulsion on Cam’s face was clear to see.

“Please don’t get dramatic Cam,” said Kevin. “You are one and the same now. Absorbed into one another. Rare but amazing. Never be ashamed to be amazing. You have your whole life ahead of you. This must not get in the way of anything. I don’t want that to happen. You should not allow it to happen. Let’s keep this between us. What do you say? I will just tell you parents that it is a free test as a part of a fitness assessment for football. Let’s arrange that appointment. Okay?”

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Olivia Prendergast was proud to call Cameron Lowell her man. He was lithe, good looking and popular and he had a sensitivity about him that she had never known in a boy, and she had known quite a few.

They had spent the evening just talking. Cam was trying to explain that he felt that something was happening to him. It was not unpleasant, but it seemed odd.

There were the physical changes. Not muscle like the other guys on the team, but it was as if he was become more streamlined, and maybe that was why he was picking up speed.

“It is even like I have less hair on my body,” said Cam. “Like I am polished to cut down resistance. Less hair everywhere except around my cock, where I am growing a jungle.”

“I like your cock,” said Olivia. “And as my parents are out until late tonight we can go back to my place and you can put it to good use.”

“We can talk for a bit more if you like,” said Cam. “Like where did you get that dress. It looks really good on you. You really have a great sense of style, Liv.”

That was nice. She liked to talk too. But to her girlfriends. Not her boyfriend. She liked to fuck Cameron Lowell. She may have appeared a bit hungrier than she should. She wanted him to drive her home and get up to her room as soon as they could.

“I just feel different,” he said as he pulled down his underpants. The room was dimly lit which was the way she liked it when they had sex.

“That cock looks the same,” she said. “Full to bursting, so I must be turning you on”.

Cam looked down and was a little surprised to see how right she was. A huge red pole had emerged from the hairy bush and it was pointing at Olivia, bucking slightly as if to say: “let me at her!”

She read it and moistened. He climbed between her thighs and let his organ lead the symphony. He thought that she looked pretty. Her hair was curled a little and she had done a nice job with the makeup. She was a catch. He knew it. It was satisfying.

But his penis only wanted what penises want. It was not yet satisfied. It thrusted into her welcoming passage, making slurping sounds. She made sounds and he echoed those. The rhythm increased.

She squealed. The eye spat into her. He collapsed beside her.

The full stop was more a sigh that a grunt.

“What’s wrong,” she said.

“Babe, I can’t explain, but I feel as if that wasn’t me. It was like my twin brother just fucked you. Not me.”

“What are you talking about said;” Olivia, stroking his chest and suddenly aware of something amiss with his nipples. “You don’t have a twin brother.”

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They were both looking at the same images, but Cam had no idea what it all meant. Doctor Maynard had taken the effort to arrange prints on a board in his surgery. This would require better attention that their discussion of the previous week. Now he knew much, much more.

“So here we see some breast tissue, Cam. But you probably know that men and woman have breast tissue, just as men have nipples that they will never use.” Take it slowly, he thought. This could be hard.

Cam looked. He could see nothing that made any sense.

“Down at the bottom we see the penis, here, and between the bladder and the penis the prostate gland. This is all 100% male tissue.”

“I never doubted that,” said Cam. “Doc, I have looked this chimera thing up. Like you said these people live normal lives.”

“Every case is different Cam,” said Kevin. “But yeah. Why not. Let me just explain what is going on down here. What is happening in your scrotum and up here in this area, here. Around what we can call … for want of a better term, your womb.”

“My what?!”

“Perhaps the Mullerian area is a better term. It is part of male anatomy too – what is called the Mullerian structures. But … this is not male anatomy. The male anatomy is here, and that belongs to … well, it belongs to your twin.”

“What are you saying Doc? Please just tell me what I going on here.”

“Well, with this condition part of the body has one set of DNA and the part of a the body has the other DNA. So if I can say that you … you Cam, are the living twin and that say … Bob, is the residual twin, then all of the body is you, and this part here is Bob.”

He was pointing to just one thing. Can could see, and say: “Just my cock is Bob?”

“Your penis, and the prostate gland here, and your scrotum and contents. Yes, that is the other DNA.”

“I have Bob balls too?”

“That is another issue, because these are not testicles. You can only have two sex reproductive organs and yours are up here, and they appear to be growing … developing later than normal. No, in your scrotum we have two … I might call them pseudo testicles that have formed. Similar to cysts perhaps, or …”.

“Are you saying that I can’t have kids?”

“I am not saying that. You could have children, I think. You just cannot father children.”

“So how can …?” Cam stopped. Doctor Maynard had been doing his best to talk him around the facts, but now he looked at the image he could see it for what it was. Except for the part that the doctor had circled with his marker, it was a woman’s body. That was his body.

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Dorian Minton was the captain of the football team and a god to most at the school.

“Cam, buddy, this is all about the question of sex before the game. Some guys say it helps them to do it, but some guys are led by their dicks. I really like sex with my girl, but for days before the game I just don’t. Simple as that. Hold oof until after. I think it makes me hungry.”

“Yeah Skip,” said Cam. “For me it seems that my dick is leading me, but I know that if I have sex, my running game just falls away. I mean it. It is like sex slows me down.”

As he said it Cam suddenly realized his secret might be the answer. Everybody thinks that men are better athletes than women. Men are stronger. Men have muscle mass. Sprinters have muscle mass. And yet it seemed to Cam that the male part of him was not helping. It was like the twin in him was a rooter not a runner. Cam was the runner, not “Bob”. If Bob was leading he was losing. Bob needed to step back while he was playing these important games.

Olivia might be unhappy, but so were others like Dorian’s girl – whoever she might be. Guys who know they perform better without sex before the game. Plenty follow that rule.

“Cam, we don’t know where this is coming from but just keep doing what you are doing,” said Dorian.

He was captain and quarterback. He threw and Cam received. The trained for to pass into space that he would run onto, and for neither of them to be affected by the feints of the other and to follow the calls to the inch, but still it needs a connection between passer and receiver. With each touchdown they were improving that. They were connecting, on a deeper level.

“What’s with the chest strapping?” asked Dorian. “You’re not showering with us because of all that stuff.”

“It is just to keep my shoulders back,” said Cam. It was a lie. Changes were now starting to show. It was not just the late growth of reproductive organs that Dr Maynard had referred to. Now those nipples were surrounded by swelling. It was something he had to hide. Some tacklers used strapping to keep shoulders square, so if it was tight this could work, for a while.

“You’re in great shape,” said Dorian. Cam was walking back to his locker and Cam was looking at those legs. Not sprinters legs, but long and shapely and built for speed. And at the top the underpants revealed a butt shape that he recognized but not on any other guy he knew. It was sexy. Dorian Minton gulped and shook his head. He knew that on the other side hung a cock that was rated as bigger than most.

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“Come in, Cam. Come and take a seat. I am learning more about your case all the time, and I thik I have my finger on something else and it all about hormones”.

I Think I know what those are, Doc,” said Cam.

There was something about the way he said those few words that had Doctor Kevin Maynard open his file and write on the day sheet “Voice feminine traits?”. He then looked at the way his patient was sitting and wrote: “posture?”

“When you first came in, I found some male hormones in your blood,” Kevin began. Hormones are a chemical so we have no DNA to trace origin but I assumed that they were yours … I mean, the female body produces male hormones, and well …”. Once again he found himself awkwardly trying to express his findings without troubling his patient.

“Just tell me, Doc,” said Cam.

“Right. So you had male hormones but they have fallen away to nil. It seems that as you have been becoming faster it is the reduction of these hormones that have been the cause. That is almost counter-intuitive because we associate male hormones with strength, but now I think I understand what has been going on. Male hormones actually stunt growth. Eunuchs for instance, can grow very tall, just like racehorses that are gelded. It is not the male body muscled and tense, and it is not the female body soft and with surface fat. It is a special type of body. That is what you have at the moment …”.

“Is there a but coming, Doc?”

“You told me when we last spoke that you felt as if there was a war going on in your body between you and your twin …”.

“Do you think I am crazy, Doc? It is like I want to run and enjoy life, and my cock just wants to sit around and fuck. People say that some guys have their brain in their cock, and that is what it is like, except it is not my brain. It’s his. You called him Bob. It’s him.”

“Well, if this is a battle and hormones are the weapon, then Bob is losing.” Kevin sat back, as if he had just explained everything, which he certainly had not.

“So what does that mean?”

“You are going through a sexless period, Cam. But that will come to an end as hormone levels are now showing. You will develop as a woman. You already are. The finest junior female athletes in the world have the same development line. Just before puberty they achieve remarkable performance results, and then as the become more … womanly, they lose some of that tone and speed. You are seeing it already. The breast growth is just one indicator.”

“But I am not a woman!” There seemed to be a trace of a tear in Cam’s eye. It seemed a cold thing to do, but Kevin was a physician. He quietly looked down and wrote on his sheet: “Emotional”.

“Well, in this modern world you can choose not to be,” he said with a shrug. “Your chromosomes and your body disregarding you twin, are female. But things can be done. Either way, your period of athletic over-performance is likely to end. But that happens for everybody, as I am sure you know. A career in sport is often short, even if you stay injury-free.”

“And what about Bob? What happens to him?” Cam asked the question, but he was not sure why. Increasingly he was thinking of his penis as not belonging to him, of being useless as best, but perhaps even evil – holding him back. It seemed to be confirmed now.

“What do you mean?”

“Can I cut him out? Can I have my chimeric twin cut out of me? Could that be done Doc?”

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“I know that Cameron is a name that can be used for both men and women, but I prefer Camilla.” She smiled. “You can think of me as ‘fair Camilla, fleet of foot’. Do you know who that is?”

“Tell me, Babe – who is Camilla?” Dorian Minton smiled at her adoringly.

“She is a character from Roman mythology dumbass,” she said stroking his strong square jaw. She was so fast on her feet that she could run over a field of wheat without breaking the top, or over the ocean without wetting her feet.”

“That would be you sure enough,” he said. “People are still talking about that championship touchdown that won us the game and scored those scholarships. You were so fast it had the scouts heads spinning.”

“It was a great score to go out on,” she said grinning. “I don’t regret not picking up the scholarship. I am just happy to be beside you. Always.

“You never told them what the necessary surgery you required was,” he said. He reached down to stroke between her thighs. It was all for him. Made to measure. Made for his pleasure.

She kissed him, with passion. There had been a thousand kisses. There would never be enough for either of them.

“And now a baby coming,” she whispered. “A little me and a little you.”

“Unfucking believable,” he said. “I can’t wait.”

“And you don’t have to worry about it stretching me,” she said. “Dr. Maynard says that it will have to be delivered by caesarean section. I have eggs and a womb, but the vagina is manmade. It will be a breeze. Afterall, I already have a scar down there.”

The End

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Author’s Note: This from Erin: “A high school football player is going thru some changes - he goes to the doctor and finds out that he is a chimera - he, or rather SHE absorbed her twin brother in the womb. The only part of her that is male is the genitals, inside she is completely female with everything hidden - she wants this kept secret until after football season since her team has a chance at [a scholarship] and it would be important to teammates that are planning on college. But suddenly, she is star of the team, a running back without equal the big colleges are talking about recruiting her. She's got a girlfriend too.”