

Summary: A biological experiment gone wrong results in some changes for Charlie.
Categories: [Numb3rs](#) Characters: Alan Epps, Charlie Epps, Charlie/ Don, Don Epps, Ensemble
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“Charlie?”

Don couldn't believe his eyes. The person standing in his open doorway looked like Charlie◆◆“curly brown hair and big brown eyes◆◆”and yet didn't, because there were breasts and hips and, well, breasts!

“Hey, Don.”

“Charlie, is that...?”

“Yes, it's really me. Can I please come in? I do not feel like talking about this while I'm standing out here in the hallway.”

Don stepped back and pulled the door with him. “Yes, yes, of course, come on it.”

Charlie stepped into the apartment, moving a little bit awkwardly, as if he was still getting used to the way his new parts fit together. He passed Don and went to the living room. He dropped his book bag onto the chair and tugged up his jeans before sitting down on the couch and slumping back with a big sigh and closing his eyes.

Don still couldn't believe what he was seeing. “Charlie, my god, what happened?”

Charlie opened one eye and glared at him.

“Well, okay, I can see what happened, I mean, Charlie, you have breasts,” Don said, as if Charlie didn't already know that.

“You don't say. They're kinda hard to miss, huh?”

“Yeah.” Don found himself staring.

“Quit staring at me like that,” Charlie said, pulling a pillow over top his chest. “It's demeaning.”

“Demeaning?” Don blinked.

“Do not say it.”

Don opened his mouth but Charlie shut him up with a wave of his hand.

"It has been a very long day. And I think I'm going to cry. Do you have any tissues?"

Don got Charlie a tissue and sat beside him on the couch, manfully resisting the urge to run, as all men do when they see a woman in tears. This was Charlie for god's sake.

Charlie took the tissue, even though he didn't actually cry, and just clutched it in his fist.

"Can you tell me about it?"

"I don't know all the facts myself, actually." Charlie began shredding the tissue "I needed to see Larry, and I eventually found him in one of the labs. What I didn't know was that there was an experiment going on, which I walked into the middle of."

Don waved his hand over Charlie's changed form. "And this was the result? Was it the intentional result?" His voice might have gone a little high there, but since Charlie didn't seem to notice, Don resolved to forget about it.

"Apparently," Charlie said. "I don't have all the relevant information because I, in Larry's words, suffered an overload of hormones."

"What does that mean?"

"It means I took one look at myself, freaked out, and tried to strangle Dr. Phister. It took three guys to hold me back."

"Three?"

"I was inspired. And also, they were just lab techs." Off Don's look he said, "No training. You probably could have taken me down all by yourself."

Don tried really hard not to get turned on by that image.

"So, uh, what then?"

"Larry explained that if I killed Dr. Phister I might not ever get changed back, so he's still alive. For now."

Charlie's normally bright eyes were dull and lips that usually smiled widely, turned down in a frown. His shoulders were slumped in a manner that Don rarely saw, because Charlie was usually excited about something.

Don finger-combed Charlie's hair. "Can I hug you?"

"Because you think I'm a big girl?" Charlie sounded close to tears.

"Because I love you and you've had a rough day."

Charlie sniffed. "Okay. I guess I could use a hug."

Don slipped his arm behind Charlie's head and shoulders and pulled him close. He rubbed Charlie's back with his other hand until Charlie finally relaxed against him. The breasts felt kinda weird.

"I don't like having...girl parts," Charlie said, his voice muffled by Don's chest. "Breasts are very uncomfortable. They bounce when you walk, and we're not even mentioning my little jog across campus because I was late for my meeting with Amita, and it's painful."

Don didn't know what to say, so he just kissed the top of Charlie's head.

"Amita got me a bra, but those things are like torture devices. And people were staring at me all day. And I had to sit down to pee."

Don had to bite his lip to keep from laughing, despite the severity of the situation.

"I'm sorry, Charlie."

Don wondered what Charlie's life was going to be like until he was turned back. Would he continue teaching classes? Would he still be able to consult for the FBI? Would the media get a hold of the story and plaster his picture all over the front page? Don could see the headline's now, "Genius Mathematician Victim of Biological Experiment Gone Wrong." He didn't even want to think about what would happen if Charlie couldn't be turned back. And then he thought of...

"Hey, Charlie? Have you told Dad yet?"

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A week later and Charlie was still a girl. Though if Don had said that to Charlie's face, Charlie would have punched him. Charlie referred to it as having 'girl parts' and refused to admit that he was in any way a woman. Not that that was a bad thing, he'd hastened to tell Amita.

He refused to show up at the FBI offices, which was a good thing, since Don wasn't all that sure his current security clearance would get him in, and he spent all his time outside of class reading the papers Dr. Phister had written up regarding the machine he'd eventually built, and the results of each of his experiments. Which had been on mice. Human experimentation was supposed to be a long way off.

And since they were still in the experimental phase, they'd only built the one machine. Which changed men into women. They'd never tried to change one of the female mice into a male, yet, nor had they tried to change back one of the mice they'd already changed. So while Charlie was reading, Dr. Phister was busy building a second machine so they could experiment on the mice and make sure Charlie wouldn't be turned into some mutant male-female hybrid when they tried to change him back.

In the meantime, Don had seen very little of Charlie, which was starting to show because he'd actually yelled at Terry over nothing that afternoon. He'd apologized, but it made him realize that he really needed to see Charlie. Don called the house, but his Dad told him that Charlie wasn't home yet, so he headed over to the university.

Don found Charlie in his office, head bent over the papers spread out on his desk.

"Hey."

Charlie's head shot up.

"Um, hey." He looked back down at the desk and slowly closed the folder, his hand shaking a little bit. "Is something wrong?"

"No," Don said, wanting to reassure Charlie, but then he said, "Yes. I've missed you."

"Oh." Charlie's lips curved up a little. "I've missed you, too."

"What do you say we go home and catch the last half of the game?"

Charlie still stared down at his desk, his finger drawing patterns on the folder. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Why not?"

"I just...feel uncomfortable."

"Why? Because you think you can't trust me?" Don was incredulous.

"No, Don, that's not it."

"Because I understand how you feel, Charlie. I get that you don't want to have sex while you're in this body, but not everything we do is about sex. We don't, we don't always have sex. I mean, we do other stuff, watch the games, play basketball. Of course that usually leads to sex, but it doesn't have to. I miss you, Charlie. You. I miss talking to you and holding you, even without the sex."

"I want to."

"What?"

Charlie's voice had been so soft that Don had barely heard him.

"I want to."

"You want to what?" Charlie blushed. "Have sex?"

"It's all I can think about," he said in a horrified whisper. "But it's not me, and you.... I don't want to know if this doesn't turn you on, and I'm afraid to find out if it does."

"Oh, Charlie." Don was around the desk and on his knees beside Charlie's chair so he could look up into Charlie's face, since Charlie had been speaking to the desk since Don arrived. "I love you, Charlie. I mean, I have very fond recollections of your dick, but I love what's up here...." He rubbed Charlie's head. "...and what's inside here." He placed his hand over Charlie's heart.

"Really?"

Don shook his head. For a genius, Charlie could be very obtuse sometimes. "Really. And if you're worried that I'm going to be grossed out because you have girl parts, you don't need to be."

Charlie looked at Don out of the corner of his eye.

"In fact," he said, and Charlie looked a little bit interested, "I've thought about it."

"Thought about what? Having sex with me like this?"

"I love sucking your cock, Charlie," Don whispered. "I love the way you taste when you fill my mouth." Charlie whimpered. "And I've wondered what you taste like now."

"Oh, god, Don."

Charlie pushed the chair back and turned, grabbing Don's head and pulling him into a kiss that ignited the low flame that had been burning in Don's belly since he'd started wondering how Charlie would react to the things Don did to him while he was in this body.

Would Charlie's nipples still be sensitive? Would he moan and writhe beneath Don's tongue on his clit? Would he still enjoy Don's finger up his ass? Would he still make those lovely noises when he rode Don's cock?

Don reached around Charlie and cupped his ass, pulling him forward on the chair. Charlie launched himself at Don, aiming to straddle Don's lap, but ended up straddling just one thigh. Don was just glad his knee had missed anything important, but Charlie distracted him from even that thought when he started to hump his thigh.

Charlie broke off the kiss and his breath was hot against Don's ear as he gasped and panted. "Oh, god, Donny, please."

Don reached between them and curled his fingers under Charlie's pubic bone and began to rub.

Charlie's breath hitched. He bit down on Don's neck to keep from making any noise, but Don could hear the little keening sounds.

Don was hard and he wanted to shift around so he could rub against Charlie's thigh, but held back. He wanted this to be for Charlie. He wanted to show him that he could make this good for him.

Charlie's head went back and Don could tell that he was too far gone to care if he made any noise, so Don covered his lips and took the sounds into his mouth while he continued to stroke Charlie through his slacks. It wasn't long before Charlie was stiffening in his arms, and then shaking as he cried out into Don's mouth.

Don carefully lowered Charlie's limp body to the floor. "Charlie?"

Charlie's eyelids fluttered open. "Donny?"

"You okay?"

Charlie blinked really slowly and a sated smile appeared. "Yeah," he said, a little breathless.

Don was so hard he ached, but he couldn't get over the way Charlie had looked when he came, and how much he wanted to see that look again.

"You know what's one of the perks of having these girl parts?" he asked as he tore at the button on Charlie's pants.

"No. What?"

"Multiple orgasms," Don said, as his hand slipped inside Charlie's boxers.

Charlie's eyes went wide. "Again?"

"And again," Don said. "Consider it an experiment, Charlie."

Charlie nodded.

"So," Don said as his fingers found Charlie's slick opening, "what do you think the probability is that I can make you come again?"

"Tha-that's too easy."

"Easy, huh?" Don wet his fingers in Charlie's juices and then found Charlie's clit once more.

Charlie nodded.

“Then you pick the number. Tell me, Charlie, how many times do you want to come tonight?”

“S-six,” Charlie said without hesitation.

“Ah,” Don said, grinning, “you’re gonna make me work for it, huh?”

Charlie grinned back, then bit his bottom lip and trembled as Don’s fingers worked him. He reached for Don, pulling him down into a kiss, and Don went eagerly. The taste of Charlie’s mouth reminded him that he’d wanted to taste the rest of Charlie.

Don pulled back and withdrew his hand from Charlie’s boxers. Before Charlie had time to worry about what Don was doing, Don stuck his fingers in his mouth and sucked on them, and the new taste of Charlie exploded on his tongue.

Charlie was looking at him with wide eyes.

“Wanna taste?” Don said after he pulled his finger from his mouth.

Charlie slowly nodded his head.

Instead of giving him his fingers, Don leaned down and kissed him so Charlie could taste himself on Don’s tongue.

When they separated Don said, “I love you, Charlie.”

“I love you, too, Don.”

Then Charlie took his hand and guided it back down to his crotch. “Five more,” he said, “and then you can come, too.”

And then he smiled, which almost made Don’s case of blue balls worth it.

The End

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