

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Daddy! Daddy!" Miranda excitedly ran into her father's study, clutching a sheet of paper in her hand.

"What is it, honey? Did you hear from one of those places where you applied for a job?"

Gerald Peters fervently hoped it was about a job. His daughter had her hopes set on a career as a model, a dream that Gerald didn't consider realistic and one he had tried to gently discourage while still trying to seem supportive of his daughter's goals. Getting her to send out resumes and applications for employment to large companies along with the current batch of photographs and measurements to agencies and magazines had been a hard-won compromise. Ever since she did that lingerie layout for a clothing catalog, he'd had a hard time steering her back on track for a 'real' job.

"No, Daddy. It's from Stallion Magazine. They're considering me for a job as one of their Stallion Girls."

"What's that?"

"I guess it's like a promotional model. That means I'd get to travel around and represent them at shows and events and stuff. This is great! This is just what I hoped for!"

"'Stallion'? I'm not familiar with that one," Gerald said. "Is that some kind of men's magazine?"

"I think so." Miranda said. "But even if it is, it doesn't matter."

"But honey..."

"Daddy, we talked about this. A lot of modeling is figure work. Much of that is either bikini or nude. I do zumba and jazzercise regularly. My stomach is flat and my legs are killer. I've worked really hard to keep my body in shape and I don't have a problem with people admiring it."

"I know I promised not to bug you about that." Gerald had a hard time saying 'no' to his daughter. It would have been different if she'd been born a boy. He thought he could have been tougher with a son. He'd had a hard time handling her ever since her mother passed away when Miranda was ten. Ever since then, she'd been Daddy's Girl, and she could wheedle him into giving her anything she wanted, even if he thought it was completely impractical.

Maybe this Stallion Girl thing was as 'real' a job as Miranda could hope to get. She'd barely graduated from high school and had neither the grades nor the test scores to get accepted at a decent college. Gerald decided it couldn't hurt to let her follow her dream a little longer before trying to talk her into going to a trade school and learning to be a beautician, a dental assistant, or some career that might actually earn her a living. At least until she matured enough to start choosing boyfriends for their potential as husbands instead of their physical appearance or suitability as fashion accessories.

"All right, honey," he said, trying to sound upbeat about it, "Where is the interview and when do you have to be there?"

The offices of Stallion Magazine turned out to be a good bit nicer than the sleazy back-room outfit Gerald had expected. Instead of in a dirty alley or over a pawn shop, they were in a new office complex in an upscale part of the city. He saw from the directory that they actually occupied over half the building they were in, with the rest divided between a national brokerage company and a local law firm.

The receptionist was pleasant and professional. She welcomed both of them and asked them to take seats in the lobby while she let someone know Miranda had arrived for her interview.

Sitting on a couch he thought might be real leather, Gerald looked around at the décor. There were horse statues and horse photographs and horse paintings everywhere. He thought they might be overdoing the horse-theme just a little, but he was relieved that he didn't have to sit and stare at photographs of naked girls while his daughter was sitting next to him. It would have been embarrassing if he were to have an erection under those circumstances. Horses were safe, at least.

It was bad enough that Miranda had dressed for the occasion. Expecting to be judged on her figure, she had nearly gone to extremes to show it off. She had on shoes with heels he thought were too high to be safe to walk in, but he knew she thought they drew attention to her rear end. To show off her tanned skin, she'd worn a white dress with a neckline that clearly showed she wasn't wearing a brassiere under it. The dress fit her like a glove, and it only came down to mid-thigh. When she sat down, Gerald saw that it rode up high enough for him to wonder if she had on any underwear at all.

Fortunately for Gerald, the wait wasn't very long. The man who came out to greet them looked to be in his late thirties and seemed very professional.

"Good morning! I'm Larry Richards. I'm the Promotions Manager. You must be Miranda Peters."

"Yes!" Miranda said, cheerfully. "And this is my father."

Richards seemed surprised that Gerald had accompanied his daughter to her interview. His smile wavered briefly, but he carried on and shook Gerald's hand with a firm grip.

"Mr. Peters, pardon my surprise, but we don't get many fathers who bring their daughters to us. I'm sure Miranda appreciates your support. However, you understand that you will have to wait here while we talk to Miranda alone."

"Yes, I understand," Gerald said. "Honey, I'll be right here when you're finished."

Richards smiled and led Miranda through a door behind the receptionist's desk. Gerald sat down to wait, determined not to pick up any of the 'reading material' on the table.

Richards led Miranda into a small meeting room where another man was waiting.

"Miranda, this is Herman Pruett," Richards said, "Mr. Pruett is our Managing Editor. He'll be making the final decision on you becoming a Stallion Girl."

"Hello, Mr. Pruett," Miranda said, politely.

Pruett was a rangy man in his late forties with a deep tan and weathered skin. Miranda thought he looked more like a farmer than an editor. In her limited experience, editors were pasty-skinned men with glasses who peered at you with judgmental eyes. Pruett definitely didn't match her expectation.

"Hello Miranda," Pruett said. "Thank you for coming in to meet with us. I have to say, you are just the kind of girl we are looking for - young, fresh, healthy, clear-eyed, and, of course, an excellent figure. Double-D, isn't it?"

"Thank you, sir. Actually, I'm an F-cup, and all natural."

"Even better! I take it that you're familiar with our publication?"

Miranda nodded. She could hardly admit that she'd never seen a copy of the magazine, much less read one. She'd been far too nervous to even look at one of the copies on the table in the lobby.

"Then you know that each year we pick one candidate to become our Stallion Girl. The girl selected will have many obligations and responsibilities and we expect her to take these seriously. We will be making almost as big a commitment to you as you will be to us. You'll be traveling extensively at our expense. In addition to your base pay, you will receive a per diem to take care of any personal expenses while you're on the road."

"I understand, sir."

"Do you have any questions for us?" Richards asked her.

"No, I, uh, what about wardrobe?"

Pruett and Richards shared a look that Miranda thought meant she'd asked something dumb.

"That won't be an issue," Richards explained. "You'll be doing all your work for us in the nude."

"Oh! Of course!" Miranda said. "Silly question."

"We know we're asking a lot of you and the job pays accordingly. How does ninety-five thousand sound? Before you answer, let me tell you that the year thing is not a fixed term. If you do the job well, we may keep you on longer before we put you out to pasture, so to speak."

Miranda had never expected such a generous amount. She was nearly speechless.

"That sounds fine," she said after swallowing hard.

"Very well. Since you're the last applicant we have for the job, I hope you don't mind if we make our decision today?" Pruett told her. "Just give us a few minutes and we'll be right back."

"Sure!"

Miranda could hardly believe her luck. If they were going to make a decision while she waited, it mean there was a very good chance she'd get the job.

It seemed more than the few minutes that Pruett promised, but when he and Richards came back, Richards was carrying a pile of papers. Miranda saw this as a good sign.

"Congratulations, Miranda," Richards said. "We have decided that you are the best candidate for the position. Now, we just have some paperwork to get through."

"And one final question," Pruett said. "Are you willing to get started right away? I mean immediately."

"Of course!" Miranda told him. "I'm ready right now if you like."

The paperwork was much more tedious than the simple contract and release-forms she'd had to sign for the catalog job. For every paper she signed, there were always three places she needed to initial. Miranda thought of the money she'd make and how this was the big break she'd wanted and she ignored the way her hand felt like it was about to cramp.

When the pile had finally been turned over, Richards brought in a tray with three glasses. He gave

one to Miranda and another to Pruett and raised his own.

“To our new Stallion Girl!”

Miranda thought her drink tasted flat and a little strange, but she was thirsty from all the talking and she swallowed every drop.

“Wonderful!” Pruett said. “Now we’d like to introduce you around the office, if you don’t mind.”

“Sure!” Miranda said. Getting out of the small room sounded like a good idea to her. It seemed like she’d been in there forever.

Everyone Miranda met seemed happy to see her. They all shook her hand and many said how lucky they were to have her join the team. Some of the women even hugged her and told her how much they admired her. Miranda tried to remember their names and faces, but she seemed to be having trouble concentrating.

After the first row of offices, Miranda began to notice an odd feeling of warmth between her legs. It felt just like the way she felt when she played with herself and made her clit get stiff. She did her best to ignore it, but it kept getting worse until the warm feeling was replaced by one of fullness and then pressure.

“This is a totally inappropriate reaction,” she thought. “I shouldn’t be getting turned-on like this. Not now. Unless this is some strange reaction to the excitement. It has been a while since I had an orgasm. Maybe I’m just overdue and this is just my body’s way of expressing it. I’ll have to do my best to ignore it.”

Miranda did do her best, but the feeling wouldn’t go away. Instead, it seemed to be getting worse by the second. Determined not to let this ruin the moment for her, she smiled and carried-on, like the ‘little trooper’ her father used to call her. She kept her head high and her back straight and walked tall and proud while things got steadily worse under her dress.

“It feels like my panties are too tight,” she decided. “That can’t be. These are brand new. I bought them to wear with this dress so I wouldn’t have a panty-line show. They’re only a couple of strings and a tiny triangle of fabric. How can they be getting tight?”

She took a deep breath to try to calm herself and made another discovery.

“Damn, now my dress feels tight too! It feels like I’ve suddenly put on weight. That’s not possible. I only had yogurt for breakfast.”

Miranda glanced down at her chest. As she took a breath, the swell of her breasts under the snug garment was much more obvious than when she’d put it on that morning. Even with her lungs empty of air, they still looked like they wanted to pop out of her neckline. Her breasts felt like they were being squeezed together.

Her palms felt damp. To dry them, she put her hands on her hips and rubbed them on the thin fabric. As she did, she felt her fingertips slide off the dress and onto her thighs much sooner than they should have.

“Now my dress is riding up!” she realized.

She tried to be casual about tugging it back down, but the dress seemed to have a mind of its own.

No matter how much she pulled, it kept wanting to slide back up. Worse, every time she yanked on it, it made the pressure in her clit worse.

"Maybe I should just leave it alone," she thought. "Maybe no one will notice. Yeah, right. They're all checking me out top to bottom. I'm their new Stallion Girl. They're all probably wondering what I look like naked. After all, that's how everyone will be seeing me from now on. In that case, I really shouldn't worry about what they see now."

Freed of the worry about hiding, Miranda was able to make it through two more introductions before a new problem surfaced.

"What is that now? I feel bloated all of a sudden. Is that gas? My God, I hope I don't break wind! That would be mortifying! Oh no! It's getting worse! I don't know what's worse, the pressure in my clit or the gas! Maybe I should ask them to let me go to the restroom."

"Excuse me, Mr. Richards?" Miranda whispered. "I need to go to the ladies room, if you don't mind."

Richards took a step back and looked at her, making Miranda wonder what that was all about.

"Feeling some pressure and bloating?" he asked.

Miranda nodded, wondering how the heck he could have known what she was feeling. Could she have been that obvious?

"That's normal. Don't worry. You're right on schedule."

Miranda was totally perplexed. What was normal? Nothing about this situation was normal. And what did he mean by saying she was 'on schedule'? She let Richards take her arm and lead her to the next room nonetheless.

Instead of an office, the next room looked more like a laboratory. There were tables and benches and equipment and computers all over. There were refrigerators and shelves of glassware along the side walls. Five people looked up from their work when Pruett and Richards led her in.

"People," Pruett called out to be heard across the large space, "This is Miranda, our new Stallion Girl. She's just started."

Miranda was surprised to see that these people were much more excited to meet her than anyone else. Everyone in the room crowded forward to get a good look at her. She found it odd that the first thing they all seemed to want to look at was the spot between her legs.

"Has my dress slid up too far?" She wondered. "Are they looking at my little panties?"

She tried once more to push her dress down. This time, when she pushed, she felt something move. Something really unexpected. It felt almost as if her clit had slipped out of her panties and dropped to hang down between her legs. The sensation was so improbable that she instantly decided she'd misinterpreted it. Her clit could not possibly be dangling between her legs. And certainly not as far down as it felt like it was.

The cheer that went up in the room startled and shocked her. Everyone started congratulating each other. One man looked at his watch and made a notation on a clipboard.

Richards patted her on the back. "You're doing great! At the rate you're going, you'll be the best

Stallion Girl yet. These people are excited because they are the team who developed the serum that made that possible. Now we better get you to the big conference room where everyone can watch your development.”

Serum? Development? Miranda was so confused that she didn't know what part of what was happening to her she should worry about first. She let them lead her into a big room with a podium on a platform at the end. They moved the podium out of the way and put her up where everyone could see her.

From up there she could see the room fill with everyone she'd met and lots of people she hadn't. The last person she saw come through the door was her father. She waved to him and he waved back, but then she saw him get a strange look, as if he was as puzzled as she was.

Gerald Peters decided he needed new glasses. He couldn't be seeing what he thought he'd seen. It just wasn't possible, so it must be his eyes were playing tricks on him.

To Gerald's left, people in white coats started drawing a grid on the white-board on the wall. As he watched, they filled it in with numbers from ten to forty and started collecting money. When someone gave them a bill, they wrote a name down next to a number. Gerald had participated in enough office pools to recognize what they were doing - betting on the outcome of something. What, he couldn't guess.

Pruett stepped up onto the platform beside Miranda. “Would you like to get out of that dress now?” He asked. “Wouldn't you be more comfortable?”

Miranda's head felt like it was stuffed with cotton. Her ears's buzzed and she felt a wave of heat surge through her body. She took a couple of deep breaths to clear her head. It helped.

“Why not?” Miranda thought. “I suppose they deserve to see what they're getting for their money. And since I agreed to the nudity, I guess I can't very well act shy now. She nodded to Pruett and turned her back to him so he could help with the zipper.

Pruett pulled the zipper down all the way to the stop just above her butt. Miranda peeled her dress down to her waist and took a deep breath. When she looked down, she could tell right away that her boobs were bigger than they had been when she'd put the dress on. Probably one, and maybe two sizes bigger, she thought.

“No wonder it felt tight,” she thought. She rocked her hips to work the dress down over them, ignoring the obviously bogus sensations she was getting from her clit. When the dress was free, she let it drop around her ankles. Then she stepped out of it, and Pruett bent down to pick it up.

“No sense standing here in just my panties,” Miranda thought. “I'm going to be spending a lot of time naked from now on, so I may as well get used to it.

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her skimpy panties and started to pull them down. It was when she bent over to tug them down past her thighs than she got the shock of her life. There, hanging between her legs, was a piece of pink flash easily ten inches long. It still felt like her clit, but looked like something totally else.

Miranda had no trouble identifying the object. She'd seen, handled, and enjoyed several of the things. “It's a cock,” she thought. “I've grown a cock.”

What should have been shocking news, simply left her numb. In a moment of illusory clarity, she

decided to postpone dealing with the information and move on to the secondary question of why this looked so different from those cocks with which she'd been intimately acquainted, yet still seemed strangely familiar.

Her new appendage had a thicker layer of skin down half its length. A ridge separated the thicker, section from the part with thinner, more sensitive skin. The end was even stranger than the rest. With a wide, thick rim and a central depression surrounding the usual hole at the tip, it seemed vaguely familiar, yet utterly alien all at once. After a few seconds more of staring, she had it.

"Horsecock." She thought. The word springing into her head. "I have a horse's cock instead of a clit now. Well, how about that?"

Miranda stood up and kicked her underwear to one side. When she stood up straight, the room erupted in applause and cheering.

"They didn't cheer for my boobs," Miranda thought, "but they're plenty excited about my cock. What the hell is going on?" Despite her confusion, she remembered to turn her hips slowly back and forth to give everyone in the room a good look at the thing between her legs.

At the same time, Miranda's father was asking one of the men in white lab-coats about his daughter's new organ.

"It's her horsecock," he was told with a look that said he should have known that. "Want to get a bet down on how big it will get?"

His mind refused to accept the explanation. It simply refused to acknowledge something that absurdly preposterous, and instead left it sitting on the surface of his consciousness like a bead of water on a sheet of glass. Gerald grabbed at the only part of what he'd heard that he could accept. He looked at the white-board. Most of the guesses were clustered in the mid and upper 20s. His mind felt numb, but he pointed at a number no one had picked yet. "Thirty-three," he said and reached for his wallet.

"Thirty-three? Man, that would be down to her ankles! We've never had one go that big. But thanks for the good thought."

His daughter was also having trouble comprehending what was happening to her. With a room-full of people watching her, she fell back on her training. Leaving her hips in profile, she turned her shoulders toward the room and put her hands on her hips while tightening her abs. Even though her boobs weren't that interesting to her audience, she still pulled her shoulders back to get them as high on her chest as she could.

Tightening her stomach muscles made her cock swing up, then back to bump into her leg. It felt to her like it was hitting a lot lower now. Before, it had been down to just above her knee. Now, it was easily below the kneecap.

"Damn, I'm better hung than Barry Stovall!" She thought, recalling her current boyfriend, and one of the few who had impressed her in bed. "And it's still growing! How much bigger can it get?"

With her new cock crawling slowly downward, Miranda turned her attention to her other problem. "The pressure inside me is getting worse. It feels like I need to go to the bathroom, but it's not where that feeling should be. This is more ... oh, my God, it's in my pussy! There is something in there and I think it wants to get out!"



Without meaning to, Miranda found herself bending forward in response to the pressure. It was a bad break in modeling form, but she couldn't help herself.

Richards noticed her discomfort. "They're about to drop!" He announced over the noise in the room. Immediately, everyone got quiet and turned their attention on Miranda.

"Excuse me," Gerald said to the man in the white coat. "I'm new here. What's about to drop?"

"Her testicles, of course. Can't have a stallion with no balls, can we?"

"No, I suppose not." Gerald admitted, and turned back to watch. With reality apparently crumbling around him, he watched his daughter change into a real Stallion Girl.

"Turn around," Richards told Miranda. "Bend over and spread your feet apart. Squat a little. That will make it easier."

Miranda did as he said. She looked back up at him to see if he had any other useful tips for her.

"When you feel one of them start to come through, push hard" he said.

"One of them?" Miranda thought. "There's more than one?"

Miranda felt the pressure suddenly turn into a sharp pain. She pushed down as hard as she could and held it. The pain spiked to the worst she'd ever felt, then something popped out of her pussy and dropped ... except it didn't.

Expecting whatever it was to drop out of her and hit the floor, Miranda was startled when the pain easing was followed by a tug, as if whatever had come out had been caught by something. She was just starting to bend down to have a look when the pain hit her again.

"Unnnnnnnghhhh!" She grunted. Richards was right. There was another. And this one hurt even more than the first. Miranda took a huge breath and bore down as hard as she could. It seemed to take forever, but the second one came free just like the first. And just like the first, it fell down, but not onto the floor.

The crowd in the room began cheering again. Miranda wanted to turn around and acknowledge the applause, but first she had to know what the hell had just happened to her. She bent down far enough to be able to peek past the slab of meat hanging from her groin and saw between her legs the sack of wrinkled skin holding her testicles.

"I'm not a girl anymore" was her first thought. "I still feel like a girl, though. I have girl hair, girl face, girl legs and a girl tush. I still think I look good in heels. I still have boobs. Bigger boobs, even. My clit still feels like a clit, but it's a cock. Or should I start calling it my dick? And I have a set of testicles now. That doesn't feel like *anything* I've felt before. What the hell have they done to me?"

Miranda put a hand between her legs behind her cock and felt for something she suspected she wouldn't find. "My pussy is gone. My balls dropped out of it and it closed-up. This is too weird. I've obviously gone seriously crazy. The men in white coats will be coming for me any minute now. Except that they're standing right over there. And they seem very happy with what I've become. Am becoming. Damn! This stuff is still growing!"

In her present doubled-over position, Miranda could clearly see that her cock was now down to mid-calf and still slowly getting longer. And thicker. With no real way to judge it's size, she guessed that

the narrow part was thicker than her economy-size can of hairspray and the thickest part was as wide as her calf-muscle. When she put her hand around the base of it, her fingers missed meeting by a wide margin. She'd just be able to encircle it with both hands.

Miranda straightened-up and learned her first lesson about having a scrotum with two sensitive organs in it - don't mash them between your legs.

"Ow, ow, ow!" She said softly. When learning to model, she'd been taught to keep her feet together, that doing that looked more feminine than taking a wide stance. "Screw that, then," she thought as she moved her feet, being careful not to turn her ankles by falling off her high-heeled shoes. "Got to leave room for the boys," she laughed, remembering how she'd learned the term from hearing one of her boyfriends refer to his testicles that way. "Wouldn't he be surprised to see me now!"

Miranda moved her feet apart until she found a position allowed room for her balls to hang between her thighs with a minimum of crowding. She found that she could put her legs closer together, but she had to make sure to arrange things down there so her ball-sack stuck out behind her when she tried it. Standing with her feet wide-apart in the five-inch heels she'd picked-out to match the dress she'd worn felt very wrong, but she understood that she was going to have to make some changes in very mundane and fundamental things, like how she stood, walked, and sat.

As everyone waited to see just how big Miranda's new equipment would get, her father took the opportunity to ask another question.

"Sorry to keep bothering you, but ... why? Why are you doing this to her?"

"She's our new Stallion Girl."

"Yes, but why? What's the point? Do many of your readers think that's sexy? I had no idea men's magazines were this extreme now."

"Men's magazine? You are a newb, aren't you? No dude, Stallion is the in-house publication for the International Horse Breeders Association. The magazine has a limited distribution. It only goes out to the members. The magazine's mascot is a girl with a horse's cock and balls. See, it started out as a regular cartoon in the magazine, and was a very popular feature. Once genetic manipulation technology developed far enough, we started doing it for real. That's when the whole Stallion Girl thing really took off. And of course there's another reason. And this is why we have our own genetics lab in the first place. We engineered her balls to make sperm that carry the finest thoroughbred horse genes. Think Seabiscuit, Seattle Slew, and Man O' War rolled into one."

"So?"

"So she'll be in very heavy demand as a stud. Horse-breeders will pay mucho bucks to have her service their mares. Even more if she does that in front of an audience. You're not wrong about there being a lot of guys who get off seeing a girl with a really big dick between her legs. I know we'll sell a lot of posters and videos of her just showing-off what she's got. Larry can hook you up with some of that stuff if you want."

"I see. But why would any girl let someone do that to them?"

"Duh! The money? Have you got any idea what stud-fees run? Even with the discount our members get for funding the R&D, it's a big pile of green. And remember, she gets paid a percentage every time she performs, whether it's breeding a mare or just jerking-off at some dude's bachelor party. That doesn't count any tips she gets. She'll probably take home close to a quarter-million a year for

as long as she can keep that juice pumping.”

“Oh my! A quarter of a million you say? Well isn’t that something? So ... how hard is it to change her back?”

“Back? We had a hard enough time making something to turn her into that. No dude, that shit is permanent! She’s gonna be like that the rest of her life.”

Miranda kept posing while her dick kept growing and her balls kept swelling. Eventually, her testicles were the size of coconuts in a sack that hung down to just above her knees. Her cock topped out at 34 inches, which made her father both disgusted that he’d actually bet on how big his daughter’s cock would get, and disappointed that he’d underestimated her.

Miranda didn’t have to look down to know that her giant schlong reached all the way to the floor. She could feel the sensitive tip brush the rough wood of the platform every time she shifted her weight. She could feel the shaft behind it bump into her ankles whenever she turned. Anything touching it felt good.

“Looks like I’m going to be spending a lot of time in heels,” she thought. “Otherwise my dick will be dragging on the ground. Uh oh. I feel something else going on now. What could possibly happen to me next? There’s this achey pressure in my balls, like they’re full and stuff needs to come out. Oh, wow! I think I know what this is. I need to cum. If I don’t cum soon, I’ll get blue-balls and that will probably hurt a lot with balls this size. Well, I think I know how to deal with that.”

Miranda reached down and put a hand under her cock. She tried to lift it, but it was heavier than she thought and she didn’t have the leverage. By using two hands and reaching further out, she managed to pull it upright and into the space between her boobs. With the shaft in front of her face, she started to lick her cock while stroking it with both hands.

“That feels amazing,” she thought. “Absolutely amazing.”

She pushed up with her hips, shoving her cock up and pulling it back while she rubbed and licked it. “I’m tit-fucking myself,” she realized as her cock slid up and down between her boobs. “I never understood the appeal of that until now.”

As she worked on it, Miranda felt her cock get stiffer and harder. Soon, clear liquid began to come out of the tip, filling the small depression at the end before overflowing to run down the shaft. Afraid of getting the stuff on her face and ruining her make-up, she quit licking, just touching it with her tongue so she’d know what the taste was like. Miranda thought the salty-sweetness was like sucking her boyfriend’s cock, only her flavor was a lot stronger.

When her cock became too slick to hold and too stiff to keep upright, she had to let it go. To her surprise, instead of dropping back down to point at the floor again, it stopped halfway, jutting straight out from her groin with a slight downward curve in the shaft. Miranda leaned back slightly to counterbalance the weight.

As she stood there with her rigid horsecock slowly bobbing in the air, someone with a fancy camera stepped out of the crowd and pointed it at her.

Her training told her she should pose, and she did for a few shots until her need to cum forced her attention back to the immediate task of bringing herself off. In times past, she would have put a hand between her legs and humped her clit against it until she brought herself to a climax. Now, the space between her legs was wall-to-wall cock, so that wasn’t possible. As a compromise, she put

both hands around the thick base of her dick and tried humping that way.

To her surprise, that worked remarkably well. The feeling of pressure was just enough to start her rising on a wave of arousal and feeling her long, stiff cock try to flex added just enough for her to know this would work.

It took way longer than she thought. The tantalizing sensation of an impending orgasm built and kept on building, going higher and higher until she was lost in a fog of sexual frenzy, humping the air wildly as her big cock drove amazing sensations into her brain.

Finally, she reached her peak. She felt something inside her go tight. Her overflowing balls rose up between her thighs and tried to climb back up inside her as they gave up their contents. Miranda leaned back as she tensed her abs and clenched her ass-cheeks in sympathy with the contractions inside her belly. Suddenly, her cock spasmed and a torrent of white goo shot out of it and splattered against the wall. Then it did it again. And again.

“Sooo goood!” She moaned, utterly lost in the feeling of her first cum as a Stallion Girl.

Miranda had seen her boyfriends cum. She’d caused more than a few male orgasms herself. She remembered they were always over very quickly, leaving the boy drained and useless. This so wasn’t like that. As bolt after bolt of cum blasted out of her, she felt her climax soar even higher with each one until, when her cock finally ran dry and she was left clenching and jerking madly with nothing to show for it, she still felt completely energized and insanely invigorated, like she could take on the world and win.

“Easy girl,” Richards told her. He held out a hand in her direction and patted the air to mean she should relax and ease back down.

Miranda’s jaw was shut so tight her teeth hurt. Her nostrils flared and her lips writhed as she hissed, “That was fucking awesome!” She looked down at the horsecock she still gripped tight enough to make her knuckles white. “That’s not a cock,” she thought, “It’s a damn cum-cannon!”

Breathing deeply and slowly to try to calm herself down from her adrenaline high, Miranda eased her grip on the base of her cock. “Damn thing is still rock-hard. It’s still sticking almost straight-out. It’ll take a long time before this bad boy gentles out. Probably about the same time my balls go back down. Right now they’re tight up under my butt. I’m not going to be able to sit down for a while.”

When she felt like she was again in control of herself, Miranda put her hands on her hips and turned to turn to face the room. Her heavy horsecock swung slowly around like a howitzer on gimbals to point at the crowd. It left a trail of white slime on the platform as cum continued to drain out of it. Those people closest to her edged away rather than stand directly in front of it.

When the lab guys were sure it was safe and she wasn’t about to loose another load in their direction, they came forward with test-tubes and slides and collection bottles to scrape up samples of their new Stallion Girl’s jizz.

Now a good bit calmer, Miranda noticed that the pastel green wall looked like someone had thrown a bucket of whitewash on it. Lines of cum ran back across the carpet and onto the platform - evidence of the strings that had trailed each blast that came out of her.

“That,” she thought with pride, “is a lot of cum. I wonder if I’ll cum like that every time or if the first one was special.”

Pruett saw her looking. "Don't worry about the mess," he said. "Our members would cry over the waste, but the sad fact is that you'll need to masturbate frequently until we can get your appearance schedule worked out so you have a regular outlet for your ... needs. Waste from masturbation can't be helped if we want to keep those cojones producing. Larry will let you know when we have a booking for you. At first it will just be personal appearances and parties. You still have several weeks before breeding season starts. That's when things will really pick up and you will be kept busy doing stud-service full-time."

"Stud-service?" Miranda asked. She knew the term but she didn't see how it applied to her. Then understanding penetrated through the lake of hormones her brain seemed to be floating in. She had a horsecock and horseballs. It only made sense that she would be fucking horses. The 'stud' part of that even sounded good to her. The idea of doing 'it' with an animal bothered her. "Is it bestiality if I stick my horsecock into a horse?" She wondered. "I guess not. My horse's balls must be filled with horse-sperm, or what's the point? When I first saw I had a cock, I thought I might have to get used to the idea of becoming a lesbian, if that's even the right word. I've never been into that. But this monster would never fit into any human without killing them, so if I want to get some pussy, it will have to be horse-pussy. Damn, every word of that sounds so weird!"

"We'll give you a supply of collection bags before you go home," Pruettt told her. "They're like condoms, only in your size. They go over the end of your dick and are held on with a big rubber-band. They're just to catch seepage though. Don't try jerking-off in them. They won't stand up to that. Not with this size load, anyway."

"Is that a lot?" Miranda asked.

"Yes, Miss Peters. That is a lot. You are easily the most virile Stallion Girl we've ever had. I think I can say without fear of contradiction that you will be the most popular Stallion Girl as well."

The show being over, most of the crowd was going back to work. As the room emptied, Miranda's father managed to thread through the crowd and make his way to the front.

Richards leaned over and told Pruettt who he was.

"Her father?" Pruettt said, astonished. "She brought her father with her? Damn, Larry! Look at his face. Did she even tell him what would happen to her? He looks like he didn't know what was going on until he saw her change. Come over here, let's give them some privacy."

As Pruettt and Richards stepped away, Gerald climbed up, his face a mask of concern.

"Baby! I'm so sorry! I never thought ... I didn't know..." He seemed to want to hug Miranda, but her nakedness and her erect appendage made him hesitate.

"It's OK, Daddy," Miranda said, being careful to keep her hips turned away. "I'm getting what I wanted. Going new places, meeting new people, having people admire my body ... It's just not the way I imagined it would be."

"Ah, you do know that they can't ... I mean this is ... you're going to be like this..."

"I'm stuck with this big dick and huge balls? This is all so new! I really haven't had time to think about going back. Daddy, you cannot imagine what it feels like. When I cum, I mean. It's so overwhelmingly awesome! I really can't see me ever wanting to give that up."

"As long as you're happy, honey. Ah, you do know what you're going to be expected to do?"

"You mean the part about stud-service? Yes, I know. Honestly, I never in a million years thought I'd be getting paid to fuck horses ... I'm sorry, is there another way to say that? I guess not. Daddy, your little girl grew up to be a high-priced horse-fucker."

"You haven't had to do that yet. Maybe there is a way you can ... I mean artificial insemination is..."

"Oh, no. This," Miranda said, stroking her cock, "is my inseminator. Nothing artificial about it. I'm already looking forward to sticking this bad boy into some hot filly and giving her the breeding of her life!"

"I'm glad you're taking this so well," Gerald said. "Better than I am, it seems. Do you also know they are going to want you to do that - and other things - in public? Apparently some men are strongly aroused by girls like you."

"I'm having a hard time believing that guys will still be attracted to me! But now that you mention it, I was pretty preoccupied, but I think I did notice a some bulges in a few pairs of slacks while I was ... getting ready to paint the wall. So I'm doing porn, too?"

"That's what they tell me."

"I guess I'm still stuck on the part where guys think a girl with a cock as big as her leg is sexy."

"The man I was talking to mentioned videos and posters."

"I get to be on a poster? Daddy! This is wonderful! That's something I've been dreaming about since I was a little girl! So, OK. About the porn. Is fucking horses and jerking-off enough for them, or am I going to have to get really kinky?"

"I don't know, baby. I really can't think of anything kinkier than that ... and I'm not sure I want to try. This is all really more than I can take in right now."

"Poor Daddy! You look a little shook-up. Are you all right?"

"I really don't know, baby. I just saw my little girl grow a horsecock and balls. That's more than any man should be asked to watch. I guess I'm in shock. I'm going to go for a walk to clear my head, then I'll just wait in the car if you don't mind. You come on out when you're done here and we'll go home. OK?"

"Of course, Daddy. I'll see you later. Bye now!"

"He really didn't know?" Pruett said to her when Gerald had shuffled numbly out of the room.

"I didn't know either."

"You what? But you said..."

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Pruett. You could say I've already grown very attached to this thing. Is it true that men will still find me attractive?"

"You have no idea!"

"Then I guess there really isn't a downside. So what else do I need to know about being a Stallion Girl?"

"Larry will give you some pamphlets that may help you get adjusted to your condition, but it sounds like you're doing fine on that score. If you have any specific questions, I'll do my best to answer them."

"I have one. Where's the restroom?"

"Out that door and turn right. It's down the hall."

"Thanks. Please excuse me. I'll be right back."

Miranda's cock had returned to its flaccid state by this time. 'Flaccid' being a very relative condition, since it was clear to her that her cock would never be anything she would describe as 'limp'. Even with it hanging straight down again, it still had a good bit of heft and was still firm enough for the head to hang out a few inches in front of her toes.

"It looks like an elephant sniffing the ground," she thought.

Simply walking across the room was a learning experience for her. She found she could either walk bowlegged, which let her testicles swing between her knees, or she could keep her legs close enough together to force her scrotum to poke out behind her, bumping the backs of her thighs.

After trying both techniques, she decided that it was more lady-like to walk with her legs together and her balls under her rump. The consequence of this was that she had to take small, mincing steps to keep her balls from slipping between her legs and being squished, and because a longer stride also caused the pointed toes of her shoes to kick the head of her cock.

On the other hand, standing with her feet together was precarious. There was too much weight fore and aft for her to be able to balance properly. So, she had to use a wide stance and let her pendulous nut-sack dangle between her knees. There was a narrow margin between wide enough and too-wide, however. Too much space, and the highly-sensitive tip of her horsecock would come to rest on the floor, making her look like a tripod and also risked picking up something nasty if she stood in the wrong spot.

"Practice makes perfect," she told herself. "Practice, practice, practice. You've re-learned how to walk once, you can do it again."

Down the hall she went, having found a rhythm that seemed to move her along nicely. When she reached the door to the ladies room, she pushed it open and swished right in. When she came to the row of stalls, she paused. After moment's thought, she turned around and walked right back out just as briskly.

The next door she came to had the word 'Men' on it. Unfortunately it also had a sign that said 'Closed for Cleaning - Please Use Restroom in Building Lobby'.

"Whatever!" Miranda thought, impatiently. Her need to pee was about to become urgent.

She went down the hall to the end to a door marked 'Exit' and pushed it open far enough to stick her head through. The white and black marble floor told her this was the main lobby for the building. The public restrooms were to her left.

Miranda strode through the door and past a row of sinks. Against the far wall, she saw a row of three white porcelain fixtures that rose up from the floor to just higher than her waist. A man was just stepping up to the middle one, so Miranda hesitated. He planted his feet on either side of the

low drain, pulled his suit coat open, unzipped his fly, and then put his fists on his hips as a yellow stream fell into the drain between his feet.

Miranda followed the same protocol. She stepped up to the urinal to his left, positioned her feet as she'd seen the man do, checked to make sure her cock was over the drain, put her fists on her hips, and let it flow.

It was a very odd feeling to be standing up while peeing. Miranda had used the 'hover squat' position when she'd been forced to use a less-than-sanitary facility and didn't want to risk sitting on the seat. The result had been terrible aim and some spots on her dress that needed blotting. Now, with the end of her dick directly above the drain, she could hardly miss.

As the sound of liquid splashing against porcelain droned on without the man next to her having so much as acknowledged her existence, Miranda wondered if polite silence was the rule in mens' rooms in general.

About that time, the man spoke, "I never thought that meeting would end," he said, without turning his head. "I shouldn't have had all that coffee."

Miranda tried to think of an appropriate reply. All she managed was a weak, "Me too."

The sound of her female voice seemed to echo loudly in the tiled room.

The man turned his head enough to look at her out of the corner of his eye and said, "Aren't you in the wrong place...," then he glanced down and saw her bare boobs, "Miss?" A further look down brought his eye to the thing she was peeing out of and it cost him his aim.

"You're peeing on your shoe," Miranda said, helpfully.

The man jerked around and grabbed for his dick, realigning it quickly.

"Actually," Miranda said, smiling, "I think I'm qualified to be in here. Don't you?"

The man gave a short nod and focused his attention on finishing his business. When he was done, Miranda saw him give his dick two shakes before stuffing it back into his slacks.

When she finished a few seconds later, Miranda tried to copy him, but found she lacked the upper-body strength to give her cock anything approaching a decent shake.

"Hey, mister?" she called, "Give a girl a hand?"

"Sure!" He said, gallantly coming to her aid. At least he went as far as walking back to her before he saw her awkwardly holding her dick in both hands while trying to shake the last drops free. Then he came to a sudden halt.

"Please?" she whined, in the voice that she knew always got her anything she wanted.

It worked. The man leaned down and took her burden from her. Sliding one hand up close to the root, he took a grip on the lower third and gave it a firm shake. When a drop flew out, he did it again. The second time gave no result, so he didn't go for a third.

Miranda thought he would either drop her dick or hand it back to her. He did neither, he just stood there holding it. But not looking at it, Miranda saw. Instead, he was looking between her legs, at the pair of huge testicles swinging between them.



"Whoa!" he said just before the silence could become awkward. "You do qualify to be in here! That's a helluva pair you got there ... Miss."

He looked down at the organ resting in his hands as if seeing it for the first time. "What do you feed this thing?"

Miranda knew the answer to that. "Virgins", she said, making them both laugh. "Now I think you better give that back before you make it angry."

"I dunno, I think I might want to see it get angry," he said, but he released it nonetheless.

"I know who you are," he added, trying not to sound like he'd just figured it out. "You're a futa."

"That's 'what', not 'who'," Miranda corrected. "My name is Miranda. I'm a Stallion Girl."

"You certainly are that," he said, obviously having no clue what she was talking about.

"Stallion Magazine?" she prompted, trying to point through the wall toward their offices. "It's a horse-breeders mag. I'm like, their mascot."

"Oh! Of course. That makes sense. I'm Langdon Miles. I'm an associate attorney at Conklin, Carr and Knight. Listen, this is probably not a good place to ask this, but ... would you like to ... have dinner with me sometime?"

Miranda was shocked, and flattered, and astonished - mostly in that order.

"You can see that I'm not a girl?" She asked, hands on shifting hips to make her dick swing.

"Yeah, well, you're not entirely not a girl," he countered. "And the part that isn't girl, isn't really a guy, either. And I'm not gay, if that's what you're thinking."

"We seem to have figured out we're not," she said, understanding for the first time that he was flirting with her. "So what *am* I?"

"Incredible, to start. If you want to know more, go out with me. Here. Here's my card. My cell number is on there. Call me sometime, OK? Now I really have to get back to work."

Miranda watched him leave, then she looked for someplace to put his card so she wouldn't lose it. None of the alternatives she thought of appealed to her, so she just held onto it.

The door she'd come through to get to the building lobby only opened from the inside, so Miranda had to walk around to the main entrance get back into the Stallion Magazine suite again. She was quick about it, and no one saw her until the receptionist looked up as she glided in, her dick swaying and her balls wiggling behind her. The woman's professionalism cracked a bit and she said, "You shouldn't be ... Let me call Mr. Richards."

"Thanks."

Richards escorted her to his office and waved a hand at a couch against the wall. "Please take a seat. We need to have a talk."

Miranda was faced with another mundane human activity that her new accessories turned into a learning-experience: Sitting down. Sitting while wearing heels and a tight dress had required an entirely different technique than managing to sit while avoiding squashing her testicles or tripping

over her horsecock.

Since she was no longer encumbered by the dress, she considered sitting down butt-first and face forward. But that would mean spreading her knees wide so she could swing her balls up into her lap. It would also mean finding room there for both her cock and balls, or trying something creative, like draping her cock over her shoulder. None of that seemed especially graceful or ladylike to her.

She could have perched on the edge of the couch, letting her scrotum dangle over behind her primly-together knees. Unfortunately, this didn't solve the problem of what to do with her cock.

The solution she chose was to put one knee onto the couch while swinging the other behind her balls and then recline on the couch, ending-up leaning against the armrest with her legs together, her bulging balls in front of her and her cock draped over them and along her legs.

Richards watched all this with interest. "I see that your modeling experience is serving you well. I wish our other girls had the appreciation for presentation that you do. It makes a big difference in how people react to you. Which brings me to the first thing we need to discuss. When I said that you would be working in the nude, I meant while performing, not all the time. While we are thrilled that you seem to be much more at ease with how you look than any of the previous Stallion Girls, you need to understand that your appearance is a marketable commodity and to be able to make money selling it, we need to conserve it, not give it away for free."

"If you're talking about me going outside, I didn't have a choice. I needed to pee and your men's room was out of service. I had to use the one in the lobby."

"You couldn't have used the ladies' room instead of ... No, of course you couldn't. Sorry. Well, did you run into anyone during your little walkabout?"

"I met a nice lawyer. He was very helpful."

"You what? Um. Did he say anything about talking to ... Nevermind. Miss Peters, please understand that while your transformation may have been without your understanding of the result, it was done with your full legal consent. The papers you signed..."

"Relax, Mr. Richards. I'm not planning to sue you."

"You're not?"

"What would it get me? This..." Miranda stroked her bulging ballsack "is who I am now. Then there is the money..."

"Which we are prepared to be very generous with!"

Miranda had been about to say that the money they agreed to pay her was fine, but admitting that now didn't appear to be a very good idea when Richards had just seemed to capitulate on the subject.

"We can adjust your share of the appearance fees. We can increase your performance bonus for stud-service."

"Performance bonus? What's that? More money for style-points?"

"No, you receive a bonus for a successful impregnation."

"I get more money if I knock-up the horse? You didn't mention there would be incentive-pay."

"Didn't I? I'm sorry. Look, during our meeting, we were a little hasty in dismissing your suggestion that we provide you with a wardrobe. We've decided that is something we're willing to work with you on. Our creative staff has already come up with some ideas on the subject ... if you're interested?"

"You said I'd be working nude. What are you going to do, stick a Stallion Girl tattoo on my butt? Or maybe just brand me? That sounds more appropriate."

"Well, we hadn't thought ... That would certainly be an awesome way to promote ... Miss Peters, would you be amenable to being branded?"

"I suppose I'm willing to consider it. I must be since I just suggested it," she said, rubbing her bare butt-cheek. "I'll want to have approval of the design ... and the size."

"Of course! But we'll want to do a video of it being ... applied."

"You think people would want to see that? I guess they would. Your members brand their livestock, don't they? This wouldn't be anything like as strange an idea to them as it is to me right now. But let's go back to talking about clothes. If you don't want me walking around in the buff, give me something I can wear."

"A perfectly reasonable point of view! I promise you, we will have something for you before you leave here today. Now, those concepts I was mentioning - it's clear from your, um, advanced development that you will need to wear high heels. One of the ideas we had was to provide you with custom footwear designed to resemble a horse's hoof."

"How would that work?"

"Not very much different than what you have on now. A wide plastic shell over your toes to resemble a hoof, a zippered leather sleeve up over your ankle to make it look and behave like a fetlock, transparent heels to hide the rear support ... it could be very convincing."

"My toes wouldn't be crammed into pointy shoes? I'd love to try those on!"

"It's just a concept right now. We'll have a pair made up and send them to you. Mr. Pruett thinks we may allow you to accept invitations to formal events. We've discouraged this in the past, frankly because the girls didn't have the charm or the bearing to properly present themselves in such situations. You are exceptional in that regard. I think you could make the transition from stable to cocktail party."

"I'm flattered, of course. But what kind of formal-wear do you think could hide ... this?"

"You wouldn't need to hide. You'd be there representing the IHBA. We'd want people to know who and what you are. But this is still a completely blue-sky concept. The only thing we're sure is doable is stockings. Three of them. Cut off the foot off one and ... well, I said it was rough."

"It's an exciting idea. It will be interesting to see where that goes, Mr. Richards. But my immediate problem is, what do I wear when I walk out of here?"

"I assure you, we're not going to throw a tarp over you and kick you out the door. We have provided for this. We just didn't know who the chosen candidate would be until we'd interviewed them all, so we weren't able to have anything ready in a specific size."

“Excuse me, Mr. Richards. This sounds like something not much better than the tarp.”

“I just didn’t want you to be disappointed.”

Richards pressed a button on his phone. “Jean? Would you come in please? Miss Peters is ready to get dressed.”

Jean Herschel took Miranda to a storeroom where the marketing staff kept their supplies and props and what looked to Miranda like decorations for office parties. Jean took a box down off a shelf and put it on a table cluttered with colored paper and markers before opening it.

“I hope he told you not to expect this to fit,” Jean said. A woman in her late forties, obviously doing her best to look thirty-something and failing, Miranda found her open-yet-rough personality to be a refreshing change from Larry Richards’ professional slickness.

The clothes turned out to be a wrap-top and a wrap-skirt, both of which could be adjusted to fit anyone between a medium and a large. Of course, that meant they fit nobody well, as Jean predicted, but Miranda wasn’t disappointed. She had been prepared to – she *had* – walked out naked.

The top was too small for Miranda’s bust. She thought her F-cup had become at least a G now. The best that could be done still left her with a two-inch gap of cleavage. The wrap-skirt fit her waist better, but the problem there wasn’t the waistline, it was the hemline. Even though the skirt was full-length, it was still too short. The only way Miranda could get it low enough to keep the head of her horsecock from peeking out from under the hem was to wear the skirt around her hips instead of her waist. That brought it down so low that the bulge of the base of her cock almost showed above the top of the skirt.

“Doesn’t look too bad,” Jean told her. “You’ve got a bit of a bulge in back, but that’s because you’re walking with your...”

“Balls,” Miranda finished for her. “They’re my balls. ‘Testicles’ sounds like something you should hang on your Christmas tree.”

“Hon, you’re handling this better than I would have at your age. Or any age.”

“Mr. Richards implied that the other Stallion Girls had a harder time adjusting. Is that true?”

“Larry is a professional bullshitter. You’re the first girl who didn’t look like she was about to have a psychotic break when she realized she wasn’t female anymore. Is it true that you didn’t know what was going on until your balls dropped?”

“Yeah. After they came out, I was afraid my pussy had been wrecked. Then I found I didn’t have one anymore. I thought I was going crazy. I might have for real, but I got distracted...” Miranda reached through the overlap in her skirt, pulled her cock out and up onto the tabletop. “... by this.

Stroking her cock lovingly, she said, “I’ve always been Daddy’s Little Girl. I was always very feminine, never a tomboy. But ever since puberty, I’ve fantasized about what it would be like to have one of these hanging between my legs – only not this size, of course. My boyfriend, Barry, thinks I’m a sex-kitten because I always want to play with his cock. Now that I have my own, I don’t think his will fascinate me so much.

“A lot of what’s happening to me is a dream come true. Not the way I thought it would, mind you, but I think it would be terribly ungrateful of me to complain about getting a cock so much bigger

than I wanted.

“Daddy never liked my plan to become a model. He wanted me to learn a trade and get a ‘job’ job. Now that I’m an Equine Insemination Specialist and even have my own equipment, he has nothing left to complain about, does he?”

Gerald Peters sat in his car staring out the window at the bright sunshine and the clear blue sky and wondered why the weather was mocking him. Surely this day should be dark and dreary with ominous clouds moving slowly across a lead-gray sky. He was wrestling with his emotions, trying to come to terms with everything he felt.

He’d watched his beautiful daughter being transformed into a sexual freak. He felt horrified over that, and justly so, he thought. Yet, most of her had been untouched by the change and that part was still clearly his child and still lovely.

He felt guilt, and he welcomed it. He felt entitled to it. He could catalog all the times he could have stood firm against her foolish ideas and silly wants and he failed, all of them topped by this disaster.

He felt anger that there existed people and organizations that would use his child in such a perverted way. The fact that they were so businesslike and reasonable about it made him doubt that his anger was justified, and he was also angry about that.

Mostly he was angry at himself, because more than the horror, the guilt, and the anger, the single strongest emotion Gerald Peters felt was envy.

“You won’t be using your ‘equipment’ for insemination anytime soon,” Jean reminded Miranda. “The season doesn’t start for a couple of months yet.”

“Then why did they ... recruit me ... so far ahead?”

“The polite version? To give you time to adjust to your ... condition. The real reason? In case you freaked bad enough to be institutionalized and they had to find a replacement. Girls who volunteer for this often have issues that aren’t obvious during the interview. Self-image problems. Daddy issues. Some do it because they want to get even with someone. All things they’re having trouble coping with. They think changing themselves will fix everything. They’re fine right up until it hits them that they aren’t the person they used to be, and now they have a whole new set of problems they need to cope with. Thing is, if they couldn’t cope with what made them decide to come here, they’re surely not going to be able to cope with what comes after.”

“I think my only problem was penis-envy,” Miranda laughed. “I’m pretty sure I’ve been cured of that! So, I’m doing better than the rest because I had my head on straight? That’s something Daddy will be surprized to hear.”

“He may be taking this harder than you are. Fathers can be funny about daughters. And yours is the first to be here to watch it happen. The best thing you can do is show him that you’re fine with being a Stallion Girl. If he sees you’re happy, he’ll have an easier time accepting it.”

“Good advice. Thanks. I haven’t really found the down-side here yet. You know, I even met a nice man who wants to date me? You don’t suppose he’s gay, do you? Although now that I think about it, that really doesn’t matter, does it? I’m not just male now, I’m a male horse. We’re not going to hook-up unless he’s got some seriously strange plumbing under that three-piece suit.”

“I’ve got news for you, hon. This monster can turn perfectly straight men all kinds of gay. And they

won't even know what's happening to them. They will look at your face and your tits and be attracted to you. When they see what you've got downstairs, it will make their own little winkies seem so tiny in comparison that the testosterone just drains right out of them and they submit to the obviously superior male. From now on you'll have two kinds of men fawning all over you - those who want to be you, and those who want to worship you because of the size of your cock."

"That sounds like a no-lose situation. I know guys can be weird about the size of their penises. At least women have better sense."

"On behalf of the members of your former sex, thank you. But you have a shock in store. That cock of yours can also make otherwise rational women behave like deranged sluts."

"No!"

"Oh yes! Didn't you ever meet a guy who was simply so manly that he could make you wet just by looking at you?"

"I dated one or two like that. Yeah, I see how this monster could have that affect. It sure affects me that way! But that's as far as that could go, right?"

"Are you familiar with the term 'size-queen'?"

"No, what's that?"

"It means a woman who is obsessed with the idea of getting the biggest cock possible inside her. And it doesn't have to be attached to a man."

"So the fact that I'm technically a horse down there..."

"Won't make a single bit of difference to those who are into that stuff. In fact, since you'll be spending a lot of time in and around stables, you're almost sure to run into women who have spent some time under real stallions. They won't be able to keep their hands off you."

"Wow! Is there anyone who won't be wanting to have sex with me?"

"Yes. Dykes. They will feel threatened by you."

"Really? OK, I guess I get that. Um, how threatened, exactly? Will I have to, you know, watch my back and stuff?"

"Stand up to anyone who gets in your face," Jean said. "Just don't get into any fights. You're too valuable to risk. Remember, that thing between your legs may seem like a deadly weapon - but if some lezzie kicks you in the balls, the fight will be over real quick."

"I understand completely. I've had guys flinch when I acted like I was going to play rough with them, but I never understood how really sensitive these things are until I got my own set."

"I can only imagine," Jean laughed, then she added, "Stay out of tit-fights too, even though you'd have quite an advantage there."

"Tit-fight? Is that like a cat-fight?"

"You've never heard of that? Sorry. My mis-spent youth coming back to haunt me. No, tit-fights are something biker gangs invented to settle arguments between the girls who rode with them. I mean

the real bikers, not the accountants and orthodontists you see on shiny new Harleys today. Two girls strip to the waist and have their hands tied behind them. Then they stand toe-to-toe and slam their boobs together until one gives up.”

“Ow! That’s got to hurt!”

“It does. You’ve got to be really mad at someone to do it. Or really wanting to impress some guy that you want to ride with. It hurts for days afterward ... but then, there is the swelling. Look, forget I mentioned it. You’ll never be near *that* kind of crowd unless Larry does something extra-stupid and books you into the wrong kind of place.”

“Uh, does that ever happen?”

“I wish I could say never, but I’d be lying. The IHBA members will treat you like royalty. You won’t have any problems with them. Outside of the community, your appeal is to a more edgy crowd that wants something really out of the mainstream. Larry knows the promoters and private club-owners he works with fairly well. He won’t send you to anyone shady or anything, but no one can guarantee that all your audiences will be well-behaved and polite.”

“I feel strange saying this, but that actually sounds exciting. I just wish I knew what I’ll be expected to do.”

“If it’s an appearance, you just stand there smiling and let them look. As far as performing, it’s real simple hon. You just show-up, show-off, and jerk-off. Everything else is just how much flash you want to add to your act.”

“What if I’m ... you know, not able to get it up?”

“That won’t be an issue. Believe me. Your problem is going to be keeping your cock under control.”

“Mr. Pruett told me I’d need to masturbate a lot.”

“He’s right. Since there is no way to tame that beast, you just have to keep it tired-out and hope it doesn’t wake up at the wrong time. You have our pet Nobel Laureate geneticist in R&D to thank for giving you a sex-drive to match the size of your cock. And I think we should start heading back that way.”

Miranda had been absentmindedly stroking her cock as it lay on the work-table. Stimulated by her touch, it had stiffened to the point that the end had been lifted a few inches into the air and the shaft had become thicker and more defined.

“I think you’re right,” Miranda said. “I can feel the pressure building in my balls. But why R&D? Does their wall need whitewashing too?”

“They’ve got something to catch the mess. Now come along.”

Even without the table’s support, Miranda’s cock dropped only slightly below her hips. The weight of it made her have to lean back slightly, so that she looked like she was being dragged along behind it. Miranda wondered if she should try to pull it up against her body like she’d done before to make it easier to navigate the office hallways, but she was afraid if she did that it would make her cum sooner.

“Hurry up!” Jean told her from a safe distance along the hallway.

Miranda's balls had already started to ascend, making her have to waddle rather than walk and slowing her progress considerably.

Jean pushed open the door to the lab and stuck her head in.

"McKay!" She called.

"What is it?" Angus McKay answered shortly, without looking up from a microscope.

"Have you got that AV handy?"

"What's an AV?" Miranda asked as she maneuvered through the door Jean was holding for her.

"Artificial vagina," McKay answered, looking up to see what the fuss was about. "Oh, fuck! Not in here! Why did you bring her here?"

"Because I didn't want the mess in my workroom," Jean said in a reasonable tone. "And this is your doing anyway. You turned the poor girl into a cum-factory."

"Hold on! Please! Just hold on."

McKay ran to a bench against the wall and yanked open the door to a storage bin underneath it. He reached in and pulled out a white plastic tube. As he ran over to Miranda with it, she could see it was over two feet long with a large handle along the side.

"Here!" He said, holding it out in front of her with the open end of the device facing her.

Miranda needed no instruction. The function of the device was obvious. She guided her unwieldy cock to the opening and pushed it inside.

"Ohhh! That's nice!" Miranda said as her hard cock slid into the cushioned interior of the tube. "That's really nice!"

McKay gripped the handle firmly and braced the tube against his thigh.

Miranda pushed deeper, moaning her pleasure at the feeling of the thick padding resisting the passage of her cock.

"Come on, hon," Jean encouraged her. "You can let it out now."

Prevented from complete penetration by the thickness of her shaft, Miranda pulled back and pushed in again, burying her cock as deeply as she could before repeating the action.

McKay hung on tightly to the device as Miranda fucked it, her thrusts becoming faster and more powerful on each stroke. Her large breasts bounced and jostled each other on her chest as her whole body shook from the force. Her eyes were screwed tightly shut so she could focus on fucking.

"She's a wild one, isn't she?" He said with equal amounts of admiration and pride. This was the result of his work after all.

Jean wasn't sure he was addressing her or the two lab assistants who had stopped work to watch. She just nodded.

Miranda was past listening. The wrap-skirt had been left behind in the workroom and all she wore



was the blouse. With nothing else to hold onto, she pulled it open and grabbed her breasts with both hands as she continued her assault on the AV device.

“Yes!” She shouted as she felt the beginnings of a climax start to build deep inside her. “Yes!” She repeated as her balls wedged themselves into her groin. “Yes! Yes! Yes!” She cried as she violently slammed her cock again and again into the firm softness surrounding it.

“YES!” She screamed with a triumphant note as she felt the cum boil up inside her and down her long shaft to blast out into the collection bag at the end of the AV device. She pushed in hard as she felt the powerful muscles inside her contract over and over.

McKay watched the bag jerk violently as Miranda’s blasted her seed into it. The worried look on his face was plain to everyone watching. One tiny flaw in the plastic and he would be covered with cum. After several strong jets, the flow weakened to a sluggish stream, even though Miranda’s climax was still at it’s peak. McKay got down on one knee to lower the AV so that any remaining cum would drain into it.

She knew she was running dry, but Miranda wanted to keep going, maybe even to try for a second orgasm right away. The high she felt from cumming so hard was just as incredible as before. And incredibly addictive.

“Easy girl,” she told herself, repeating the words Pruett had used to steady her before. “Take it easy. You don’t want to wear it out the first day.”

She shuddered as her whole body tried to shake off the adrenaline surge. She let go of her breasts and absently tried to close her blouse over them. When her fingers failed her, she gave up the effort.

“What the hell have I got to be modest about?” She asked herself. “Let them look. They’re responsible, after all. And I’m proud of what I’ve become. Damn right I am!”

“You’ll be feeling the testosterone,” McKay told her, looking in her wide eyes. “It’s something of a high, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is,” Miranda agreed. “I want to do that again. Soon!”

“Don’t worry,” McKay said, chuckling. “You canna wear it out. There is a physical limit. We don’t know what yours is just yet.”

“You mean I can do it again right away if I want to? I thought guys had to, you know ... recharge their batteries?”

“Yes, well, you’re not a ‘guy’, you see? You’re a hybrid and you don’t have the same limits and restrictions. Your human female brain is wired to allow multiple consecutive orgasms. While your sexual organs are those of an adult male horse at the peak of his potency. It’s quite a combination.”

McKay reached out and put his hand underneath Miranda’s scrotum, cradling each testicle in turn as though judging its size and weight by feel. “A horse many times your mass, I should add. The hormonal release will be overpowering and intoxicating.”

“It is!” She agreed. The warmth of his hand was welcome enough for her to ignore the liberty he was taking with her body.

“You must not try to hold back when these urges happen. It is important that you achieve release

when you need it. The human brain was never meant to cope with these hormones. Certainly not at the levels you will experience. For the sake of your continued mental health and well-being, do not suppress your need for regular orgasms.”

“You mean if I don’t cum, I’ll go crazy?”

“Not right away, and not all at once. But yes, that is essentially correct. Your higher functions will degrade and the areas controlling your sex-drive will be overstimulated. Eventually, you won’t be able to think of anything but your next orgasm.”

“So I’d be sex-crazed. Not exactly a fate worse than death, from where I’m standing. Can it be treated?”

“Only by eliminating the source of the hormones. We would have to geld you.”

The word didn’t register at first. She had to think for a second.

“You mean castrate me?”

Suddenly his warm hand was less welcome between her legs. She tried to pull away, but McKay wrapped his hand around her scrotum where it connected to her groin and held her in place.

“Nobody,” he told her firmly and with a slight tug for emphasis, “wants that. I’ve invested quite a lot of time and effort into putting these here. I would hate to have to cut them off because you didn’t take proper care of them.”

“Trust me,” Miranda said as sincerely as she could manage. “I want that even less than you do.”

McKay gave his work a parting pat and took his hand away. As much as his touch made her feel like livestock, she missed it as soon as it was withdrawn.

McKay eased the AV down while Miranda hauled her cock up and out of the deliciously-soft and warm caress of the device. One of the lab assistants – Miranda remembered it was the one her father had been talking to earlier – bought some paper towels and wiped it down for her.

McKay held up the device to look at the clear collection bag hanging from the end. It seemed to Miranda to hold an impossibly-large amount of cum. Especially since she’d only cum less than an hour before. McKay’s warning about the dire consequences of holding all that inside her for too long were totally understandable.

“Mr. Lochhart?” McKay said, holding it out to one of his assistants “Please run an analysis on this. Let me know if there is any change in count or motility from the first sample.”

Seeing Miranda’s gaze follow the AV, McKay said, “We only have the one, you see. Otherwise, I’d loan it to you.”

“That’s OK. I’ll make do.”

“And please remember to visit us at least once a week, so we can monitor your virility and potency. There may also be some additional growth, as well.”

“Right.” Miranda wasn’t sure how she felt about that. She was pretty sure things were about as big as she wanted them to get.

With her cock at half-mast and her balls gradually going back to their low-hanging position, Miranda was able to walk out without really needing to lean on the arm Jean so kindly offered, but she took it anyway.

"I can give you the name of a couple of shops that can help you with a new wardrobe," Jean told her while they walked.

"There are places that sell off-the-rack to people like me? I didn't know there were that many of us."

"There aren't. Runway Creations specializes in costumes for exotic dancers."

"You mean strippers?"

"You're going to be performing, remember? And you're as exotic as they come. They'll have things that no department store will even be able to order. And they are used to dealing with customers who have ... unusual needs."

"So if I walk in there and show them how unusual I am, they won't freak-out?"

"We've sent girls to them before. You'll impress them, but I doubt you can shock them."

"OK, what's the other place?"

"It's called Bent Ben's. It's a fetish shop. He does his own leatherwork."

"Fetish? Like studded collars and gimp suits and stuff? OK, I'll stop being shocked eventually, I guess. But isn't that stuff expensive?"

"Anything you wear for work is a business expense. So you don't get carried away, it's limited to that per diem Larry should have told you about. Bring the receipts back to Sally in Accounting and she'll cut you a reimbursement check. Later on, you may decide to write it off on your own taxes."

"Right. Taxes. Thanks for the reality-check, Jean."

"Sorry. Blame it on jealousy. If I were twenty years younger and looked half as good as you do ... Tell me - your orgasms - are they as good as it looks like they are?"

"I'll have to see one to say. I haven't thought of a word to describe the sheer awesomeness of it yet."

"You'll get your chance in a few days."

"To do what?"

"To see one. I'm going to schedule your first shoot for Monday. We need some stills and a short video for Larry to send to the promoters and clubs, and for the member's web site. Later, we'll do a full spread for the magazine; then get started on the production videos."

"Wow! This is sounding more like a real job every minute!"

"It is. And we'll keep you busy. Then there are the personal appearances at trade shows. We usually have a booth at those. You'll go to those with Mr. Pruett, since he handles the stud-service side of things."

"What will I have to do at the shows?"

"Just stand and smile for a couple of days. That's harder than it sounds, if you're not used to being on your feet all day. Oh, and you will have to put up with some handling by breeders. They'll want to inspect you before they let you mount one of their mares."

"Like checking my teeth?"

"Hon, it's not your teeth they'll be checking," Jean laughed. "You just stand still and don't slap anybody - like you wanted to do to Angus back there. And you'll be fine."

"Got it."

"Do you have a current passport? You'll need one. Remember this is for the *International* Horse Breeders Association. Our members are all over the globe. Australia, Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, Saudi Arabia ... lots of places."

"I forgot about that! I get to travel! This is like the best job ever!"

"Hold that thought. You may change your mind when your face hurts from smiling all day and you think your arches are about to snap from being on your feet for five hours at a stretch. But now I think you need to go see how your father is doing."

With her blouse tied as modestly as her newly-enhanced boobs would permit, and her wrap-skirt riding so low on her hips that the base of her cock pushed it away from her abdomen, Miranda walked carefully out to the car. She could see her father sitting behind the wheel, still patiently waiting for her, but he was staring off into space like he was lost in thought and didn't notice her until she opened the passenger-side door.

"Hey, punkin! Sorry, I didn't see you come out."

"That's OK, Daddy. I'm sorry you had to wait so long. There was a lot of stuff they had to tell me about my new job."

Miranda backed up to the open door and eased her butt down onto the seat. She had to open her knees in a most unladylike way to let her balls ride up between her thighs as she sat down. With them in her lap, she hooked the toe of her left foot under the end of her cock and raised it up as she twisted around to face forward in the seat.

"I'll have to be careful doing that," she thought. "It wouldn't do at all to slam the door on my cock."

All in all, she thought she'd managed the simple feat of getting into the car in as graceful a manner as possible. Then she noticed that her father was looking at her with an odd expression.

"Ah, everything OK?" He asked, as she pulled the seat-belt across her. The problem of getting the chest-strap adjusted was even worse than before, and the loose blouse didn't help matters at all.

"This is taking some getting used to," Miranda admitted. "But however awkward or strange or weird it looks, I want you to know that I am very happy to be a Stallion Girl. This is so much more than I could have imagined it would be and I'm going to get to go places and do things I never dreamed of being able to do. I wouldn't go back for anything."

Gerald sighed deeply. He'd spent the last hour dreading his daughter having a change of heart and being distraught over her condition. Hearing that she was still feeling positive - even enthusiastic - about what had been done to her was a profound relief to him.

"Baby, I'm very glad to hear you say that. I want you to know I will do anything I can to make this easier for you. If there is anything you need..."

"I need to go shopping."

Gerald Peters smiled. This was a familiar request, at least. He could certainly handle another shopping trip.

"Sure!" He said with all the phony eagerness he could muster. "Where would you like to go? The mall?"

Miranda told him the names of the places Jean Herschel had given her. They meant nothing to him, but the addresses were plain enough, even if he'd never been there.

The closest happened to be Bent Ben's, which turned out to be a second-floor walk-up over an establishment that Gerald recognized from his youth as a 'head shop'. The display of bongos and hookahs and other paraphernalia was unmistakable, as was the cloying odor of incense that wafted out of the door.

On their way to the stairs, Gerald glanced at the prices of the merchandise in the window and nearly choked in surprise. When he'd married Miranda's mother, she had made him throw away a collection of pipes that by these prices was worth over a thousand dollars. He decided he really didn't want to know what an ounce of weed was selling for nowadays if a simple blown-glass bong cost a couple of hundred bucks.

"You all right, Daddy?" Miranda asked.

"Fine, dear." He said, perhaps a bit too abruptly. "Just, ah ... nevermind. Do you need me to help you up the stairs?"

"I'm not sure," she said, eyeing the steep steps. "Just stay close behind me in case I tip over backward, OK?"

"No problem. Take your time."

Stairs were another new-again challenge for Miranda. She'd learned to cope with them while wearing a dress or skirt so tight that it was hard to raise a foot high enough to ascend without threatening to tear a seam, but this was different. The end of her cock hung lower than the height of a step. Walking straight up would mean bumping it against every one all the way to the top. Walking up backwards would solve that, but a misjudgment there was likely to make her break a heel. Doing it sideways would also be a risky proposition.

"Grace and poise," Miranda told herself. It was a mantra that she'd been taught at modeling school. "Grace and poise."

Turning her hips to the right so that her cock swung past her right foot, she stepped up on her left. As her cock swung back, she turned to the left and stepped up with her right foot. With her cock setting the tempo, she proceeded up the stairs.

"Grace and poise and timing!" Miranda mumbled triumphantly.

Gerald was too distracted to hear her muffled comment. Being directly behind and below her, he had a close view of her balls moving under the back of her skirt as she climbed. To him, they looked like

two bowling-balls rolling around in a thin cotton sack.

“Good God!” he thought. “They’re even bigger than they looked before. When she sat down in the car I didn’t know what that was in her lap at first. I guess it’s easier for her to push them out behind her when she walks, but jeez! What a view! I mean, what a sight! This is your daughter, you creep! Stop staring at her balls. Dammit, she’s not supposed to *have* balls! Certainly not a pair like that! What will you do if she does trip and you have to catch her? What if you happen to touch one of those big, meaty ... stop thinking about that! You’re not supposed to want to touch anyone’s balls, much less your own daughter’s! Oh, you are so going to hell over this, you perv.”

“You OK back there, Daddy?”

“Fine! I’m fine! I’ll be ... fine.”

The door at the top opened into a shop that was much larger than either of them expected and much better stocked with a wide variety of merchandise. There was a whole wall of every kind of whip imaginable. Bullwhips, lashes, cat-o’-nine-tails, crops, quirts and scourges hung from pegs. Another wall was covered in shelves of DVDs. Their covers promised all manner of kinkiness inside.

The glass display case to his right caught Gerald’s eye. Inside it were a row of objects that he couldn’t identify. He had to bend over and read the cards next to each object to learn what it was.

“Dog. Ape. Buck. Oh, these are animal dildos. Wolf. Crocodile? Horse. Wait, what? Horse? Must be a pony. Miranda’s dick is bigger than that. It says ‘Arabian Stallion’. My baby girl is better-hung than an Arabian Stallion? OK, I really didn’t need to know that. Really.”

Gerald remembered watching Miranda jerking-off her new horsecock. The image of intense ecstasy on her face as she ejaculated before a room full of people was indelibly burned into his mind. Gerald thought that was a memory no father should have. And certainly no father should feel so strongly aroused by it.

“I really shouldn’t be here,” he thought. “Being supportive of her is one thing, but what I’m enabling her to do is close to prostitution. I need to leave before I see something else I’ll regret.”

Gerald took out his wallet and slid out his Visa card. He handed it to Miranda.

“If you don’t mind,” he told her, “I think I’ll just wait in the car.”

“Sure thing, Daddy. I’ll be fine.”

Gerald pulled the door open and started back down the stairs, trying hard to keep from looking at anything else in the shop.

As the door closed behind him, a man stepped through a beaded curtain in the back of the shop. He was bald, had weathered skin and wore a tightly-laced black leather vest with no shirt under it.

“I’m Ben.” He said. “Can I help you?”

“I hope so. I need ... well, I’m not sure what I need.”

“Maybe I can get you what you want, then,” he said, smiling at a joke Miranda missed. “What are you into? Bondage? S&M? Role-play?”

“I’m the new Stallion Girl.”

"Really?" He asked. "You're much prettier than the last one who was in here. Nicer tits, too. Ron didn't send you up here as a joke, did he?"

"I don't know any Ron," Miranda said. "As for this being a joke..." She untied the small bow holding her skirt, letting it drop around her feet.

Ben took a good long look, then said, "I apologize. You are the real deal."

He rubbed his chin and Miranda noticed that it was covered with a short white stubble. She changed her guess at his age upward by a decade and a half.

"You know, the last girl's dick was only just past her knee," he told her. "Yours is fucking amazing."

"Thank you."

"OK, to business then. You'll be wanting to dress that bad-boy up, right? A little cosplay maybe? Dominatrix? Boots and whip? No, you haven't got the right look for that. A vampire? That's real popular right now, but you'd need a ton of pancake to pass for goth. I know! How about a western outfit? I've got some things in buckskin that would look great with your skin-tone. Come with me and let's get some measurements."

Ben led her into the back room, which looked like a tailor's workroom and smelled like new leather. He helped her up onto a low platform next to a full-length mirror, had her take off her blouse, then grabbed a cloth measuring-tape off a table. In three minutes, he'd expertly looped the tape around every part of her that could be measured and had a yellow-pad full of notes.

"I can do this out of stock," he said. "Wait right there while I pull some things together."

He then went all over the shop, picking something off the wall here, off a rack there. He came back with an arm-full of dark-brown buckskin with some silver showing here and there.

"This is going to be fun," he told her. "I love doing whole outfits. Here..." He placed a collar with shiny metal circles on it around her neck and pressed the ends together.

"It's mostly Velcro," he told her. "Better fit and no fiddling with buckles. Most of my customers want to be able to get the stuff off in a hurry, anyway."

He helped her into a short vest that fit fine across the shoulders, but came nowhere close to meeting in front. It framed her breasts nicely, though.

He picked up a garment Miranda couldn't identify until he secured it around her waist, then behind each knee. It turned out to be a pair of chaps with silver stitching for an accent.

Next, he picked up what looked like a stiff leather cylinder four inches long.

"No velcro here," he explained as he pulled it open lengthwise. "The hooks would scratch. This has super-strong little magnets instead. It normally would go around a man's bicep, but in your case..."

Before she could think of objecting, he picked up her cock about halfway down and pushed the open cylinder around it and slid it up as far as it would go before letting the magnets touch. Miranda heard them snap together and felt a firm pressure around her cock as he let it go.

"Not too tight, is it?"

"No, it's fine."

"It changes the angle of your dangle," Ben pointed out.

He was right, Miranda saw. The end of her cock, which had been hanging just ahead of her toes, was now higher and further out. She saw that she'd be much less likely to kick it this way, which would make walking easier. She thought it might also improve her stair-climbing ability.

"Last thing," he said, picking up another cylinder, only this one had a smaller diameter and was a couple of inches longer. It was also cut on an angle at one end.

"Turn around."

Miranda did, and Ben knelt down behind her. She felt his hand go around her scrotum in the same spot where McKay had held her. He pulled down, then she felt the cylinder snap shut.

"Oh!" She said, surprised at the feeling.

"It was supposed to be a wrist-band," Ben explained. "Makes a great ball-stretcher, though."

Miranda turned and looked over her shoulder at her reflection. The leather sleeve pushed her balls down and back, pushing them against the skin of her scrotum so tightly that their large ovoid shapes showed in clear definition.

"Wow!" She said as she admired herself.

"Thought you'd like that," Ben said.

Miranda turned around slowly, checking the whole effect.

"No hat?" She asked.

"Got one, if you want. But there's two problems with wearing a hat. One is hat-hair. The other is, you plan to wear that on stage, right? A hat would put your face in shadow unless you pushed it way back on your head. You don't want to shade a face that pretty."

"Thank you, again. I had no idea what I wanted when I came in here, but this is it. This is marvelous."

"Great! Now let me run that card and I'll write you out a receipt."

"I don't think I want to take it off."

"You can wear it out, if you like. But you'll probably cause an accident down on the street. I'll get your street clothes for you."

After walking around the block the long way to work off the unwanted stiffness that afflicted his groin, Gerald decided that he'd spent enough time sitting in the car. Instead, he decided to take a look in the ground-floor shop. When he pushed through the door, two things happened, the incense smell became almost overpowering and a speaker played the first few notes of a song by Jefferson Airplane.

"Welcome back to the 60s, friend!" the young clerk said with a practiced tone of forced cheer. He wore a tie-dyed t-shirt with a beaded head-band and had a scraggly Fu Manchu mustache.



Gerald raised a hand and forced two fingers into a cramped V, making a poor imitation of a peace-sign.

The clerk responded in kind with a grin. Customers Gerald's age rarely made an effort to get with the theme of the shop and the clerk felt grateful and slightly less stupid for going along with his employer's insistence that he wear the hippie costume.

"What can I help you with today? We've got some nice pipes I can let you have for just a little bread, man. Or would you like some really clean bud?"

"Bud'?" Gerald asked, momentarily confused. Then he remembered that marijuana sales had been legal for the last few months.

"Yeah, man. We've got some really righteous weed."

Gerald hadn't smoked since Miranda was born. He'd managed to hide one joint from his wife and had lit it up to celebrate becoming a dad. He thought he was long overdue for a good buzz.

"Yeah," He said. "That sounds good."

"You want flip-top, soft-pack or bulk?"

"Uh, flip-top?"

"Regular or menthol?"

"Regular."

"Filters or plain-end?"

"Plain end."

The clerk put a small box of five narrow joints on the counter.

"That'll be thirty bucks, dude."

Gerald paid in cash. He remembered when weed was a lot cheaper, and you had fewer choices, but it was a lot less convenient to get, with some risk involved that you'd get burned on the deal. He figured it was progress, of a sort, that the former tobacco companies were producing it now. He stuffed the package down into his shirt-pocket as far as it would go, then went back to the car.

When Miranda got back to the car carrying the shopping-bag with her new things in it, she was glowing with happiness. Her father noticed and he brightened too.

"Get what you needed?" He asked.

"Yes, it's perfect."

"Am I going to get to see it?" He asked, out of reflex. Miranda always insisted on modeling all her new clothes for him, even those that made him uncomfortable. He'd asked out of habit.

"Are you sure you want to see? It's stuff for my, um ... performance."

"Oh. I see. Nevermind then." Grateful for being given a reprieve for his blunder, Gerald reached

over and affectionately put his hand on Miranda's thigh as he'd done a thousand times before.

As soon as he'd done it. Gerald had a panic attack. "Please!" He thought. "Please let that be her leg!" With all the lumps and bulges under her skirt, he really couldn't tell what he had his hand on.

"What do I do?" He thought. "If I snatch it away, she'll know I think I touched her ... inappropriately. But what if I keep it there too long? Has it already been too long? What is she thinking? Is she thinking her old man is a pervert? I am so screwed! That's definitely too long. I better take my hand away."

While he dithered, Miranda put her hand on top of his and held it in place. "You seem nervous," she told him. "Like you don't know how to act around me anymore. It's OK. Really. I'm still me. I just have some different parts now."

"Yes," Gerald thought. "You certainly do have some different parts. *Very* different. And I think I may have my hand on one of them right now."

He smiled as warmly as he could and tried to force himself to act as though nothing unusual was going on. He gave what he desperately hoped was her leg another friendly squeeze and slid his hand out from under hers to reach down to give her a fatherly pat on the knee.

"That's not her knee," he realized, from the lack of a kneecap or other any sign of a joint at all. "So that's not her leg. Damn!"

Miranda crossed one ankle over the other, trapping the end of her cock between them before it could rise up any further and give away the fact that she was becoming erect.

"That would embarrass him even more than he already is," she thought. "He means well. He's doing his best to cope with what's happened but it's hard for him to think of me as the same person I was before. I totally understand that. I'm having trouble figuring out who I am now too. But I'm more excited about it, and he's just plain terrified he'll do something wrong - like put his hand on my cock. What on earth do I say about that? He's got to have realized it by now. Would it be better to try to ignore it? Or should I say something?"

"Daddy? I think we need to clear the air. You're still trying to relate to me the same way, and it's just not working anymore. There have been some changes, and we can't just ignore them. I want you to know I'm still me. I'm still your little girl. But it should be obvious that I'm not your daughter anymore."

Gerald nodded his acknowledgment and acceptance. He eased his hand away and back into his own lap. He didn't know where this was going, and that scared him. But he was glad she seemed to be taking charge of the situation. It may have been the first time she'd taken charge of anything, actually. He wondered if it was the hormones.

"But I'm not your son, either," Miranda went on. She reached down and jerked the hem of her skirt up into her lap, exposing over two feet of stiffening maleness. "This is not your son's cock. This is *my* horsecock."

Gerald stared. He really couldn't do otherwise. It was truly an impressive organ, whoever it belonged to.

"So it's all right if you look at it," Miranda told him. "It's fine if you touch it. In fact I will need your help managing it at times. But the one thing it can't be is anything sexual to you. Because it's not

related to you at all, even if I am. Did that make any sense?"

Gerald nodded, gratefully. "It's part of you, but it's not you. I shouldn't be afraid of it ... them ... those. But damn, Miranda. It's so big!"

"It is, isn't it?"

"I feel ... envious."

"Envious?"

"And a little jealous. But proud too. I mean, damn! My child has the biggest dick I've ever seen on man or beast. It doesn't matter that you are ... were ... my daughter instead of my son. I'm proud of you having that between your legs."

Miranda thought about asking if he'd also be proud if, a few years from now, his grandchildren-by-proxy were winning stakes races. Would he bet on them to win, place or show?

"Too soon," she decided. "That hasn't occurred to him yet."

"So you're going to be OK with me showing it off?" She asked.

"Yeah. I guess I am."

"Even if I have to get naked to do it?"

"It'll be weird. But yes, I guess I'll be OK with that."

"Will you come to some of my performances?"

"You mean, will I come watch you have sex with yourself in front of crowds of people? I'd like to say yes, but that still makes me uncomfortable. I don't know if I could sit there with a bunch of guys drooling while watching you masturbate."

"Is that what they were doing back in the office? Drooling?"

"There was some of that, yes. You missed it because you were ... busy." Gerald thought he'd deftly dodged an admission that he'd been among the droolers.

"Neat! I'm glad they liked me that much, especially since they'd seen all the others."

"So," Gerald said, after taking a deep, cleansing breath, "where do you want to go next?"

"Runway Creations, to see if they have clothes I can wear. And after that, to a hardware store."

"Hardware store? Why there?"

"We need to get me a bucket or maybe a barrel or something I can use so I don't hose-down the walls of my room every time I cum."

"You, ah, think you'll be doing that a lot?"

"I talked to the guys in the lab, and they told me I would need to jerk-off often or risk having the hormones get toxic."

"Well, we certainly wouldn't want that, would we? Um, you don't need to do that right now, do you?"

"No, this stiffie is just because it likes being touched. It will ease-off in a minute or so."

"Sounds like it has a bit of a hair-trigger," Gerald said with a grin.

"You're proud of that too, aren't you?" Miranda asked, even though she knew the answer.

"I suppose I am. It seems a strange thing to be proud of, but this has been a strange day."

Since the purpose of their visit to Runway Creations was to find clothes Miranda could wear in public - things that would hide or camouflage her recent additions, Gerald felt comfortable-enough to go in with Miranda, even though his contribution consisted of sitting patiently on an uncomfortable wooden chair while she talked to the clerk.

"May I help you?" The woman had asked. Miranda tried not to be distracted by the huge earrings that she suspected were there to do exactly that - draw attention away from a face that no amount of make-up could help make attractive.

"I need something special. I have something I need to hide or disguise."

The clerk looked at the clothes Miranda was wearing and made a face. She obviously didn't think much of the too-small blouse and the long wrap-skirt. She nodded when she saw movement under the skirt that she thought shouldn't have been there.

"Got it. Need to hide your dickie, do you dear? We can take care of that. I've got some panties with spandex crotch-panels that will keep it tucked neatly away."

"I don't think that will work," Miranda said. "It's too big for that."

"Really? Hormones did a job on you, did they? Happens sometimes. Everything else seems to have worked-out wonderfully for you though. Well, what are we dealing with here? Eight? Ten inches? Twelve? Come on, impress me."

Miranda untied her skirt and held it open. The woman looked down, and down, and down.

"You're a Stallion Girl? Good God, child! That is one impressive piece of horse-meat!"

"Thank you." Miranda said, and started to tie her skirt shut.

"Wait!" The clerk said. "I mean, not so fast. Something like that shouldn't be hidden. It should be ... presented."

"I need to do that too. But first I need something I can wear that *won't* attract attention."

"Well, I do love a challenge. All right. I suppose strapping it to your leg wouldn't work. It's way too big for that. Can you pick it up a minute? Yes, I thought so. You know, you could tie a corsage to it and drape it over your shoulder. Kidding. I'm kidding, dear. Relax. We'll work something out."

The 'something', as Miranda expected, involved skirts that made her feel like a princess wearing a stiff ball-gown. Still, they fit rather better than the wrap-skirt and the starchy fabric hid her bulges better as well.

"Unless we stick a shoe on it to make it look like a third leg, you're just going to be stuck with full-

length skirts, dear. You just can't tuck or wrap or hang something that size."

She had much better luck with bras, blouses and tops. She had no trouble finding ones that would accommodate her bigger bust, but all of them seemed designed to expose the maximum amount of cleavage.

"Distraction, dear." The clerk explained. "If they're staring at your boobs, they won't notice your other accessories."

After they moved on to things she could wear to places where she wanted to look nice and it wouldn't be necessary to hide her differences, things started to look up. The shop had a selection of crotchless clothes - yoga pants, culottes and jeans. Not a great selection, but more than Miranda would have thought. And they all allowed her to wear familiar clothing while not interfering with her new accouterments.

The clerk showed her ingenuity in finding ways to decorate and accessorize Miranda's member. Silk corsages, ribbons, nylon collars and such. Even jewelry. A rhinestone choker with an elastic band was a favorite, as was something intended to be a headband with a bow that Miranda could instead wear to accent her balls.

One of Miranda's favorite outfits was a pair of loose blue culottes over knee-high socks with a white silk blouse and a single white leg-warmer worn where you would expect. Even her father said it looked remarkably conservative, once you got past the improbable thing the leg-warmer covered.

Another was something that required no imaginative touches and left nothing to the imagination. It was a lovely full-length halter-neck dress in sheer black stretch nylon that covered everything and hid absolutely nothing. Miranda thought that one would be perfect for those cocktail parties of Pruett's. It was very elegant and left no doubt about what she was without her having anything hanging out.

"That worked-out better than I thought," Miranda said, as she and her father got back into the car. "I got some nice things, and some things that will work, even if they aren't that nice. And this top. Isn't this much better than that wrap-blouse?"

The top was barely more substantial than the top to a bikini. It showed far more skin than the blouse had, but it went better with the wrap-skirt that Miranda had decided to continue wearing. Miranda had called it 'beachy', and her father agreed that she looked like she'd just come from the beach. It did fit the 'distraction' principle very well. Gerald was sure no one would look very far below her chest long enough to notice anything unusual. He was even having trouble himself and he should have been immune.

They went by Dunworth's Shoes so Miranda could add a few more pairs of five and one of six-inch heels to her wardrobe. She also found a pair of wedges with a really thick sole that she could wear with more casual things.

They even had good luck at the hardware store. Rather than use a container as a cum-catcher that would need emptying and regular cleaning, they decided that a box of heavy-duty trash-bags and a few extra-thick rubber-bands would be better. The bags could be disposed of after each use and the rubber-bands should last indefinitely. It would be a hassle, but less so than cleaning-up the kind of mess she knew she could make otherwise.

When they arrived back home, it was past time for the day's mail delivery. Gerald stopped the car at the end of the driveway and let Miranda out so she could check the box and walk back up to the

house while he parked and unloaded the car. It was something they had done many times before and neither thought anything of it.

As sometimes happened, a neighbor by the name of Marie Grimaldi was out for a walk. A relatively young widow in her mid-thirties, Mrs. Grimaldi was obsessed with three things: sex, fitness, and gossip. Miranda suspected that an unfortunate combination of the first two had contributed to her husband's early demise.

Mrs. Grimaldi's preferred style of dress seemed to involve anything made of spandex – the thinner and closer-fitting the better. She seemed to have a dislike for underwear, since anything of the sort would have shown clearly under the skin-tight yoga pants and nearly painted-on tops she wore.

When she wasn't 'working-out' with one of her many personal trainers, she could usually be found out walking her Pomeranian, Mitzi.

"Miranda! Yoo hoo!"

"Hi, Mrs. Grimaldi. How are you?"

Mrs. Grimaldi walked quickly over to stand with Miranda next to the curb. Her tiny dog trotted along, its short little legs moving in a blur as it kept up with its owner. Mrs. Grimaldi always talked with you from as close a distance as possible, as though everything she said was some deep secret that she wanted to share with you and no one else must hear and physical contact was essential to the accuracy of the information. The concept of personal space seemed foreign to her. She circled around Miranda so that the girl's back was against the mailbox, cutting off her escape.

Miranda had been through this before. Eventually, Mrs. Grimaldi buttonholed everyone on the street and alternately interrogated them, then informed them of everything she'd learned from interrogating everyone else. Miranda knew it was useless to try to get away from the woman. The only thing to do was wait her out and hope that the conversation would be brief.

"Miranda, did you know that the Burkhalter's have gone on vacation? Without so much as a by-your-leave, mind you. Stole away in the night, they did! Mavis Kimbrel told me they went to Nassau. Nassau! Why would they go there? What's in Nassau that you can't get someplace closer to home, like Florida. Perfectly nice place, Florida. Have you ever been to Florida, Miranda?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grimaldi."

"You have? How nice. You seem taller Miranda. Have you had another growth spurt?"

"It's my shoes, Mrs. Grimaldi. I'm wearing heels."

Mitzi, being long accustomed to her owner's routine, usually sat quietly and waited for the walk to continue to the next stop. Today, she found something fascinating about Miranda.

"Yip yip yip!" The dog barked, apparently at Miranda's feet, although Miranda suspected she knew what Mitzi really found so interesting down there, and she saw a potential problem. If Mitzi didn't behave, Mrs. Grimaldi might find out about Miranda's new status as a Stallion Girl. While Miranda knew she was very likely to become globally famous for her new accessories, that was only in certain limited circles. And none of Miranda or Gerald Peters' neighbors moved in any of those circles or in any circles that might intersect them in any way, shape, or fashion. Miranda decided that a certain level of privacy needed to be maintained, or things could become ... awkward, to say the least.

"Hush, Mitzi!" Mrs. Grimaldi said. "She said she bought new shoes. Nothing interesting about shoes. Now where was I? Oh yes, Mavis saw them close-up the house and steal away in the middle of the night. Actually, she said it was eight o'clock, but that's close enough, don't you think. Where did you get those shoes, anyway?"

"Dunworth's."

"You certainly look taller in them. Especially in that skirt. Wearing it a bit low on your hips, aren't you? Is that the fashion now?"

"Yes, it is."

"Wore that to the beach, I'm guessing. I see you've been sunbathing. I like to sunbathe too. I do it in my back yard in the nude. So I don't get tan-lines, you see? Maybe you and I could sunbathe together sometime. You need sunshine for vitamin-D, you know."

"Yip yip yip!"

"I said hush, Mitzi! I swear, I don't know what gets into that dog sometimes. Every so often she just gets it in her head to bark at things. Perfectly ordinary things. Like shoes."

Grudgingly ceasing her barking, Mitzi stuck her head under the low hem of Miranda's skirt to investigate.

"Dunworth's, you said? I go to Shoe Circus, myself. I got a nice pair of suede flats there last month for half price. Where else did you go?"

"We, uh, a shop on West Avenue. I got a leather vest ... and some other things."

Miranda was slightly distracted by Mitzi pressing her cold nose against her cock. She tried to turn to move it away from the dog, but Mitzi followed the movement.

"A leather vest? How very chic. I'm sure it must look darling on you. Did you know my next-door neighbors - the Beaumont's - were thinking of sending their boy Neal away to school? Some Military Academy, I think. They're afraid he's developing some antisocial behavior ... like onanism, or voyeurism, or both. They told me they caught him peeking over my fence while I was doing my yoga outside on the deck. I do it in the nude, you know. I told them I wasn't offended. I mean it's only natural that the boy would develop a healthy curiosity. It's flattering, actually. I think the Beaumont's are over-reacting to the situation."

"Oh!" Miranda wasn't surprised at the post-pubescent antics of Neal Beaumont, she'd been startled by Mitzi licking the end of her cock. She tried to shift her foot to move the dog away, but it was pointless. She could hardly kick the animal away and appealing to Mrs. Grimaldi for rescue would certainly require an explanation that Miranda would rather not provide.

"Oh yes! Quite out of proportion to the problem. They act like they're afraid he might climb over the fence and try to sexually assault me. I told them I can take care of myself. If he forces himself on me I'll show him a thing or two ... or three!"

"Yes, three."

Mitzi apparently liked the flavor of Miranda's cock. The dog was giving it a thorough tongue-bath. Each swipe of her tongue on Miranda's sensitive organ sent a jolt of pleasure up her shaft. A shaft

that was already beginning to stiffen.

Miranda backed against the mailbox post and relaxed into the inevitable. Mitzi wasn't going to stop until Mrs. Grimaldi took her away, and that wasn't going to happen until Mrs. Grimaldi ran out of information and/or questions. With a stout brace behind her, Miranda casually crossed her ankles, trapping the head of her cock between them so she could protect as much of it as possible from the dog and so it couldn't rise up and give itself away. All Miranda had to do was hold out longer than Mrs. Grimaldi. Miranda didn't think much of her chances.

"You know, Miranda, if you're going to be spending a lot of time in the sun, especially if you do it in the nude, you really should use a sunscreen. I do. You don't want your lovely skin to get too much of those cosmic rays. Bad things, cosmic rays. You know, you look bigger in the chest than the last time I saw you. I swear, you're even bigger than I am. Are sure you haven't had a growth-spurt?"

"Oh! No, Mrs. Grimaldi."

Miranda was torn between hoping Mrs. Grimaldi would stop looking at her boobs and being afraid she would notice what was going on closer to the ground. Mitzi's unwanted attentions had other things swelling besides her cock. Two of them were beginning to rise right under Mrs. Grimaldi's nose. If the woman moved any closer, she'd be able to feel their stiffness against her own clearly-defined nipples.

It was starting to look like Miranda might be about to lose the contest. Mitzi wouldn't stop and Miranda didn't dare try to make her. The stimulation was making Miranda's cock quite hard. And holding the end down with her foot wasn't going to work for very much longer.

Just at that moment, Mitzi discovered that Miranda's cock had begun to leak something. Something Mitzi thought was a marvelous treat. She stuck her nose into the cupped end of Miranda's cock and tried to lap it up faster than it was dripping out."

The intense feeling made Miranda want to cry out, but she clenched her jaw tightly and refused to make a sound. Tears came to her eyes and she blinked then away.

"Miranda? Child, you don't look well to me. You're turning very red, dear. I think you may have got a little too much sun today. You don't have sunstroke, do you?"

"No! I ... unnhhh!" Miranda wrapped one leg around her cock and hung on for dear life. If she lost control of it now, it would probably spring up right under Mrs. Grimaldi's nose.

"Definitely sunstroke. You should drink more water. Best thing for too much sun."

"No, I ohhhhh!"

Miranda knew she was past the point of no return. It was only a matter of seconds before she would climax, and when she did, Mitzi would be hosed with horse-cum and Mrs. Grimaldi would have a news item she'd be sharing for years. As much as Miranda thought she might like to give Mitzi a cum-bath, she didn't dislike the animal enough to want to drown it.

At that moment, fate smiled on Miranda. The door to a house down the street opened and Mr. Porter came out to water the plants on his front porch. With a fresh victim in sight, and a male one to boot, Mrs. Grimaldi said a hurried goodbye and dashed off to catch him before he could duck back inside.

Miranda rolled herself around until her breasts were pressed against the warm metal of the mailbox.



She wrapped an arm around it, reached down to lift up her skirt up a few inches in front, then she relaxed and let her orgasm roll over her.

“Uhhhhnnnnn!” She moaned, when she would rather have screamed.

Her cock jerked and streams of cum began to fly out and splatter on the concrete curb. “Fuck yes!” Miranda muttered as her body shook until the surge of hormones slowly drained away, leaving her in a post-orgasmic high that felt like nothing else on Earth.

Even with the tide of pleasure now receding, Miranda was still stuck. Her balls were too tight to allow her to walk in anything like a normal manner and her cock was still rigid enough to lift up the front of her skirt if she dared to release it. With only one leg on the ground and the other hooked around her cock, she was as good as nailed to the spot.

To avoid looking suspicious, she pulled a flyer out of the mailbox and held it in front of her face as though reading it. She stood there as long as she dared, waiting for everything to loosen-up so she could walk again and get to the house.

Eventually, the stiffness in her cock eased a bit so that she was able to keep it down by pressing on it close to the base. Her balls were still tightly snuggled up under her butt, but if she took teeny little steps, she could move without them hurting. There wasn't anything she could do about the thin trail of goo she left behind. She just hoped it would be mistaken for the trail of an especially large snail.

Her father came out to meet her halfway back to the house. He saw she was having trouble and put his arm around her and helped her up the driveway.

“What's the matter, baby?” He asked, as soon as they were safely inside. “I got worried when you took so long.”

“Mrs. Grimaldi happened, Daddy. And her little dog, too! She trapped me.”

“I understand. She's nabbed me a few times too. You just have to wait her out and encourage her as little as possible. She loses interest eventually.”

“I tried to do that. But it was hard with her dog licking me.”

“That's friendlier than usual for that noisy hairball. Oh! You mean the dog licked your... ?”

Miranda nodded. “I held out as long as I could. I was lucky. Mrs. Grimaldi got distracted just before I came all over the curb.”

“Thank goodness! The last thing we want is for someone like her to find out about ... Not that there is anything wrong with you being ... you know.”

“Yes, Daddy. I hadn't thought of that until I ran into her, but I totally understand. I can't imagine what kind of story she'd go around telling people about me if she found out. She was talking about poor Neal Beaumont like he was some kind of sociopathic rapist.”

“Baby, I know you keep hearing that LGBTF people are much more accepted nowadays, but that acceptance isn't as universal as the media would like people to believe. And several of our neighbors are on the far side of sixty. I'm sure they would be shocked out of their support-hose if they found out about your ... changes.”

"I know. And as far as LGBTF goes, I'm not a member of that club."

"But the 'F'? Aren't you a Futa?"

"No, I'm not. As I understand it, Futa are hermaphrodites. They almost made it LBGTM, for Multigendered, as in both human sexes, but so many people were already using the word Futa, I guess they went with that instead. I'm none of the above. Stallion Girls aren't natural variations, adaptations, or mutations. We're genetic manipulations. I guess that makes us an extremely rare Trans-species. I didn't really understand that until I met my 'creator' earlier. A geneticist named Angus McKay. Apparently he won the Nobel Prize. I didn't ask if it was for making girls grow a horse's cock and balls. I just assumed it was for something else."

"You never know about Scandinavians. Too many long nights and too much time to kill. They just might think something like that was worth a Prize. McKay ... I do remember that name from the news. It was a few years ago. Something about cloning sheep in Scotland."

"That must be him, Daddy. Angus is as Scottish as it gets. His accent is so thick you can cut it with a knife."

"He must have got bored with sheep and moved on to bigger challenges. Or they offered him more money. That's quite likely. The man I talked to while you were ... well, he said the horse-breeding thing came first because that's where the money is. This man McKay must have seen a drawing of their mascot and told them he could kill two birds with one stone. I can see how that would appeal to those people. Suppose they'd just engineered those genes into a real horse. It would cost them a lot more to transport it around the world to do the stud-service than it would to just buy you an airline ticket."

"And the horse would only work for a few months a year. I'll be working year-round doing appearances, performances, videos, photo-shoots, as well as fucking horses."

"I wish you wouldn't put it like that, honey."

"It is what it is, Daddy," Miranda shrugged. "I am what I am. I fuck horses for money. I get a bonus if I knock them up. This bad-boy here is raring to go to get inside a hot filly. I got a little taste of what it will feel like this afternoon. McKay had a fake horse-vagina he let me try out. It was nice!"

"So you're OK with having sex with horses?"

"Daddy, it's what I was made for. Or at least, it's what I was modified to do. It did seem bizarre at first, but then, so did having this stuff between my legs. The more comfortable I get with my cock and balls, the more I'm looking forward to putting them to use. Sure, performing will be lots of fun, but a horsecock belongs in a horse-pussy and that's just the way it is."

"As long as you're all right with it, I guess that's fine. It just sounds to me like you're getting paid to commit bestiality."

"What comes out of these balls is primo horse-spunk, not man-cream. If I get the horse pregnant, it can't be bestiality - can it?"

"Since you put it that way, I guess not."

"I told the woman who gave me these clothes that my job is Equine Insemination Specialist, and this is my equipment."

"That's good! It helps me to think of it like that."

"It's just that my equipment is like, grafted on. Which helps me remember to take real good care of it. And there's no guesswork about the service I'll be doing. I'll know exactly what's going on because I'll be intimately involved with the process. Does that make it sound better to you?"

"Yes honey, it does. Thanks."

"Good. Now I need to take a bath. I think I'm starting to smell like a horse too."

"You smell fine, but you go ahead. I took the shopping bags up to your room already."

Once in the privacy of her bedroom, Miranda took off the clothes Jean had loaned her. She started to sit down on her bed to take off her shoes as she usually did, but when she realized that would mean bending over with her balls in her lap, she sat on the stool in front of her vanity instead. She thought it might be uncomfortable to sit with her balls hanging over the edge of something, but as long as they were in their normal low-hanging condition, it was fine. In fact, she found that she didn't even need to sit on the edge, that she had enough slack in her sack to let them swing below the bench. Another advantage to that was that her cock could fall between her legs with a third of it resting on the floor, which very neatly got it out of her way so she could pick up her feet and pull her shoes off.

"Ohhhhh!" She moaned in relief when her feet were out of the high heels. "I don't think I've ever worn heels that high for so long. It feels so good to have those off!"

When she stood up, she saw that what she'd expected was true. That without the extra height the shoes gave her, the end of her cock rested on the floor. She tried walking, and also as expected, it dragged behind her. The friction of dragging it was an interesting sensation. Having it trail behind her heels was certainly different but she couldn't get past the feeling that having her dick on the floor was just going to make it dirty and a dirty-dick was an invitation to a urethral infection. With something that size, an infection might be a serious problem. Miranda didn't want to think of how many shots of penicillin might be needed to clear it up, of where they might need to be administered.

After some experimenting, she discovered that she could get it off the floor by going up on her toes, or she could clench her butt and tummy and tilt her hips to lift it up, but neither of those was good for more than very short distances.

Then she found that she could haul it up and hang it over one low-held arm. As long as it was flaccid it wasn't too heavy to carry like that. But since touching it tended to make it get stiff, the over-the-arm technique wouldn't work for long walks.

Her last try involved pulling it straight up between her breasts and letting the end fall over her shoulder. That had the same potential for causing a stiffy, and since most of the weight was still in front of her, she still had to use an arm to hold it in place.

Simply as an experiment, and because she could see how being able to get it out of her way might come in handy at times, she rummaged in her dresser until she found an old tube-top that she'd last worn when she was still smaller than a C-cup.

"Eighth Grade, I think it was," she thought. Not all that long ago, but my how things have changed since then!"

She pulled the tube over her head and down, so it was above her substantial boobs and under her arms. She could tell even without trying to shove her cock under it that this wasn't going to work, so

she pulled it down below her breasts. It was a bit loose there, but with her cock stuffed under it, it fit fine and even held her shaft against her body firmly enough to free both hands. The drawback was that there wasn't going to be much other than a poncho that she could wear over it, and that might make her look more than a little like Quasimodo. Still, it worked, so she decided to make the garment a regular item in her handbag.

"OK, it's bath-time!" She said, hoisting her cock over her arm and heading for the bathroom. "I've been naked in places I never expected to be, I've had stuff come out of me that I never expected to have inside me, and I've even had a dog lick me and make me cum. Out of everything I've done today, I never would have thought that the least of it would be a dog bringing me off."

She squirted in some bodywash and dropped in a few bath-beads, then turned on the water. As the tub filled, Miranda mused, "As much as I love being clean, I guess I need to come to terms with being nasty-dirty without it bothering me. I mean, if I'm going to be running around stables naked and sticking my hard dick up under horses' tails, I'm going to get kind of grungy. I can't have the customers see me standing there acting like a princess going, 'Icky-poo!' if some bit of dirt gets on me."

When the tub was full of hot water and fragrant foam, she picked up her cock and swung it over the side. She eased it down through the suds to the level of the water, thinking that if her cock could stand it, the rest of her would be fine.

"Hot! Hot-hot-hot! Ooooo, hot!" She said. "But it's a *good* hot!"

She let more of her cock slide down into the water, shivering with pleasure at the intense feeling of heat. When it hit bottom, she swung a foot over, then the other. Then she slowly eased down until her balls were just about the steaming water.

"This is gonna hurt," she said, steeling herself before making the plunge. "But it will feel so good when I get used to it."

She was right. Her scrotum was just as sensitive as her cock, and for the first few seconds, it felt just like she'd plunged her balls into a pot of boiling water.

"Yeeeowch! Oh, I should have waited. This is really too hot. I should get out. I really should."

But she didn't. And after several seconds the heat seeped into her body and she got used to the temperature. Then she slid down into the tub as far as she could to submerge as much of her body as possible. That left just her knees, her head, and her breasts above the waterline.

She lay and soaked for a long time, occasionally laving her breasts with handfuls of soapy hot water, as the day's stress slowly melted away.

She was still there when her phone rang. She'd left it on the bed, so it was well out of reach.

"They'll have to leave a message. I'm not getting out of this tub until the water goes cold."

Her resolve didn't hold. Long before the water reached luke-warm, she was out and toweling-off.

"It has to be Barry, calling to see how the interview went," she thought, happily. Then she remembered. "What on Earth am I going to tell him? Darn! I can't do this over the phone! That would be terribly rude. I have to tell him face-to-face that we're not ... that I can't ... oh hell, I can't do that either. I'm going to have to show him. He's not going to believe me otherwise. And I suppose I owe it

to him.”

Once she'd dried-off – an adventure of sorts in itself in that she had more to dry and more places she needed to maneuver the towel – she draped her cock over her arm and went into her bedroom to return his call.

“Hi, Barry,” she said when he answered, “I’m sorry I didn’t answer when you called. I was taking a bath.”

“You must be super-clean by now,” he said. “I called twenty minutes ago.”

“I was soaking. I needed it. Today has been a really different kind of day for me.”

“So, are you still bare-assed?”

“Oh, Barry! If you must know, yes. I’m still naked. I was just about to get dressed, but I thought I’d call you first.”

“Awesome! Listen, is your old man at home?”

“Yes, he’s here. Why?”

“Damn! We could have a lot of fun if he wasn’t there. I think there’s at least one room of that house I haven’t banged you in.”

“I can’t imagine which one that would be. I’m pretty sure we did it everywhere but the front porch.”

“I’m up for it if you are!”

“We sure had fun, didn’t we?”

“You know it. Say, didn’t you have an interview today? How’d that work out for you?”

“Really good! I got the job.”

“Great! So, what are you going to be doing? Something else where they have you running around in something sexy, I hope?”

“That’s what I was calling about. This job is everything I’ve been hoping for. I get to travel, do public appearances, videos, posters, and the money is amazing. But I had to agree to a long-term commitment ... and something else that you probably aren’t going to be terribly happy about.”

“Well, that sounds ominous. You’re saying something about the job is going to come between us? Look, if you’re worried about me being here alone while you fly all over to fancy places and stuff ... I can deal with it. And I’m not worried that you’ll meet someone else who’ll sweep you off your feet and spread your legs.”

“No, it’s not that. Look, just come on over and we’ll talk, OK?”

“Talk? Well, OK. I’m on my way. See you in a few.”

“Bye, Barry.”

“Bye, baby.”

Miranda put on one of her new casual outfits and spent some time with her hair and make-up. When the doorbell rang, she was ready - if not completely prepared to talk to Barry.

Barry Stovall was uneasy. Any time your girl used the words 'talk' or 'discuss' it never meant anything good. It was usually girl-code meaning you'd screwed-up somehow. Either he'd said something she didn't like or he'd done something she'd found out about. Like shooting his mouth off to his friends about how hot she was and how she couldn't get enough of his dick.

"I guess I'm guilty as charged on that score," he thought. "But hell, when you score with a hot-looking girl you should be allowed to crow a little. And she's a model too. Lingerie, at that. That's almost as good as nailing a girl from a centerfold. Man, I sure hope she's not going to dump me. That's happened before, but not very often. I just wish her old man wasn't here. I'd stand a chance at changing her mind about kissing me off if I could get my dick inside her. I haven't seen a girl yet who still wanted to bitch after I'd got my big ten-incher stuffed into her pussy."

"Hello Barry," Gerald said when he opened the door. "Please come in. Miranda will be down in a few minutes. I just heard her turn off the hair-dryer."

Gerald thought Barry looked guilty, as though he'd done something to make Miranda mad and he knew it. "Poor kid," Gerald thought. "He has no clue what he's walking into. I'd rather not be here for this."

"Listen, Barry. I'm working on something in my study that I need to concentrate on. Why don't you go on out on the patio and wait for Miranda? I'll send her out when she comes down. That way we'll both have some privacy."

"Sure thing, Mr. P. Thanks."

Once Barry was outside, Gerald waited by the stairs to have a word with his daughter, who had just started down. The clothes she had on looked positively old-fashioned. Especially in comparison to the things she normally wore. "But 'normal' has a whole new meaning now," he thought.

"Coming down easier than going up?" He asked.

"Lots. Nothing bumping, anyway. Am I decent? Can you see anything?"

"Just flashes. Don't worry, unless they're looking, no one will know as long as you take it slow. Barry's on the patio. I'll be in my study. With the door shut."

"Thanks, Daddy."

Barry looked anxious to her. "He's expecting something," she thought. "But he doesn't know what. I didn't do anything but worry him when I told him we needed to talk."

"Gee, Miranda," Barry said, looking pointedly at her long skirt. "What's with the clothes? Not becoming a nun, are you?"

"No, not a nun. Barry, I..."

Before she could finish, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her affectionately. After all the kisses they'd shared before, she couldn't very well act chaste now, so she didn't try to stop him.

The kiss went on longer than she expected, and became more intense the longer it lasted.

"He's a great kisser," Miranda thought. "He's a great fuck, too. Funny, yesterday I would have said he's a wonderful lover. I guess it's all those hormones. My thinking is becoming more ... masculine. I don't suppose I need to wonder why that is."

Encouraged by her response to his kiss, Barry pressed on. He eased up on his embrace, moving his left hand to the middle of her back while his right stole around to the front and tugged her blouse up out of her skirt. Before she could react to that, he deftly unhooked her bra and slid his hand up under the cup as it became slack. In the blink of an eye his hand was over her bare breast, her nipple pressed into his palm.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned into his mouth, her lips becoming more eager under his.

"Second base," he thought. "Heading for third. Damn she's got great tits. I forgot how big and firm they are."

Barry let his left hand drop to the base of her spine. He stroked it down her ass until it cupped her cheek, then he gave it a firm squeeze, pulling her to him, pressing her body against his so she could feel his swelling cock against her belly.

"There it is, baby," He thought. "I know you want it."

Miranda considered calling a halt before things went much further. "I should stop him. But he's really turning me on. He knows exactly how to touch me. His hands make my body feel like an expensive instrument and he is a virtuoso musician."

She stood and let herself be kissed and fondled, allowing her body to respond to him. Her nipples swelled. Her breathing quickened. She felt a familiar stirring below her waist.

"Wait. That tightness is a good bit lower down now. It's not something inside me getting ready, it's my dick getting hard. That's curious. My head is still running the show. It doesn't understand that this can't go anywhere. It thinks I should be getting wet about now, but that's so not what's happening."

When Miranda didn't respond the way he expected, Barry took the lead. He unzipped his pants, then guided her hand inside his fly. That did the trick. He felt her fingers close around his big cock and pull it free of his slacks. "Got you now, girl. They always go all the way once they get their hands on my dick."

Miranda wrapped both hands around Barry's hard cock. Her fingers encompassed it's girth with no trouble. Both her hands covered the whole shaft, leaving only the head bare. "He thinks he's big," she thought as she tugged on it. "And he is long ... for a man. But he's not that thick. Mine could probably swallow his whole. He's so focused on getting into my panties that he hasn't noticed it rising up between his legs."

Keeping her hands tightly around his shaft, Miranda pulled firmly on it, sliding the skin up and down while rolling her thumb around on the sensitive underside of his cockhead. In almost no time at all, she brought his cock to a state of throbbing rigidity with precum oozing out of the tip.

"That was quick," she thought. "I guess I've gotten better with my hands since I know what it feels like."

"'Fuck, baby! Ease up! You're gonna make me cum!'" She had him squirming, but not to get away. He was fucking her fists as much as she was jerking his cock.

Miranda ignored his pleas. She increased the tempo. "The shoe is on the other foot now. Isn't it Barry?" A second later she realized that she'd said that out loud.

"Hunh? UNNGGHH!" Barry's cock throbbed and jerked, a spurt of cum shooting from the end, arcing over and falling to the concrete. A second spurt just draped over her knuckle. There was no third.

"Fuck! Why did you do that?" Barry asked as she let go of his cock.

Miranda unzipped her skirt and pushed it down over her hips and butt. She had to shake her hips to get it to slide down over her turgid, but not yet fully-hard shaft. "My turn," she told him as she shook it free.

Barry took a step back and almost fell over a wrought-iron chair behind him. He caught the arm and managed to land in it rather than sprawl over it. His cock fell down to dangle over the edge of the seat, a thin string of cum hanging from the tip "What the hell?" He asked, stunned.

"Come on, lover," she said, reaching down to put her hands under her cock and raise it up so that the flared end was pointing at her boyfriend's face. "I did you. Now you do me."

"What the fuck is that thing?" Barry whined. His face had lost all trace of arousal and now showed only shock and confusion.

"This is my cock," Miranda explained in a patient tone. Then she made a short squat while opening her knees so her heavy ballsack could swing between them. "and these are my balls. I emptied yours for you. Now it's only fair that you do the same for me."

She stepped closer, and lay her cock on his chest. When he flinched, she slid it up so the wide end was just below his chin.

"I'd ask you to suck it for me, but I don't think you can get your mouth around it. Do you?"

"N.n.no!" He stammered, horrified at the idea of putting his mouth on the huge thing she was aiming at him.

"Then put your hands on it and jerk me off!"

Barry's hands twitched as though his strings had been pulled. Then he slowly raised them up and put them on her thick shaft.

"There. That's not so bad, is it? Go on. I know you know how. I bet you've done your own quite a lot."

Barry started to stroke her. Not very effectively, from Miranda's point of view, but it was a start. She unbuttoned her blouse and took it off, then shrugged her loose bra off of her shoulders, pulled it free and tossed it aside.

"You didn't say anything about my boobs being bigger," she said, her hands under both breasts as if presenting them to him.

"They ... they're ... amazing," Barry said, without much sincerity or enthusiasm.

"Thank you. And you can rub harder than that, dear. Don't worry, you won't break it. Here, let me help you."



Miranda reached down between her legs and wrapped her hands around the thickest part of her cock. Her lips parted and she moaned softly as she began sliding her hands up and down, giving in to the feeling of four hands touching her. She let her head tilt back and to one side as her eyes closed to slits.

Under their combined effort, Miranda's cock came erect quickly. She felt the delicious sensation of the skin on its flared head going taut. She licked her lips and opened her eyes to look down at Barry, who was doing a somewhat better job now that he'd got past the initial shock.

"He's not really into this," she thought, "but he's intimidated by me. By my cock. He doesn't look disgusted by it like I thought he would be."

A look of disgust on his face would have been a turn-off for her, but he seemed more curious and even awed by the huge shaft of flesh he was touching. She saw him look down at his shirt at a large wet spot in the center of his chest. She'd already leaked more precum than he had ejaculated.

Miranda smiled when she looked further down. Barry's own cock hadn't gone completely limp. It wasn't upright yet, but it certainly appeared to be experiencing a remarkably speedy recovery.

"Jean was right," she thought. "She said my cock would have a powerful effect on straight guys. She was right. Langdon Miles had a hard time letting go of it. And it's certainly turning Barry on. I may have to rethink what sex really means. I can't enjoy having a hard cock inside me anymore, but from all the evidence so far, I can still have sexual relationships with men. That takes a good bit of the sting out of not being entirely female."

Miranda felt her balls climb up between her legs and knew she was seconds away from cumming. The awesome surge of pleasure she felt build inside her was more intoxicating than the strongest liquor she'd ever tasted, and that included doing those tequila shots at Brigitte Pomeroy's eighteenth birthday party.

"Gonna cummm," she cooed to Barry by way of warning. To his credit, he didn't stop stroking her. In fact, his touch became firmer, as though he'd forgotten his reluctance about what he was doing. He stared at her cock with a clear expression of curiosity and expectation.

"He wants to see me cum. Well, he's about to get his wish."

At the last second, Miranda took pity on Barry. She leaned forward and pushed down on her cock so the end wasn't pointed at Barry's face. It helped, but not a lot.

"UUNNNGHHHH!" She groaned, as the contractions inside her began. A split second later, her cock jerked hard and a bolt of thick white cum slammed into the center of Barry's chest. The force behind it made it splatter across his broad chest and up under his jaw.

Her second stream caught him right on the chin, coating his neck and covering his mouth. Belatedly, he pulled her cock down so that the third and fourth blasts hit his already saturated torso.

"Damn, that's good!" Miranda declared as her climax passed over its peak but kept on rolling, her cock still throbbing and jerking powerfully, but no longer productively. She leaned back, her cock drooling white down across Barry's stomach until the gooey tip of it was touching his, now fully-erect manhood. She pressed the flared end of her cock against his shaft and rubbed up and down, coating his cock with her spend until it ran down and dripped from his balls. When she saw his re-hardened cock pointing up at her, it made her recall a perverse thought she'd had a few minutes earlier. She lowered the end of her cock until the cupped end of it pressed over the tip of Barry's

cock. A wiggle of her hips and she felt the head of his cock plug into the opening of hers. She tilted her hips down and let her weight force her cock down and onto Barry's, pushing it deeper into her hole.

Barry watched with a mixture of lust and shock as Miranda's huge cock began to devour his much smaller manhood. He was being dominated in the most primal fashion imaginable, but instead of going limp, his dick felt as hard as it had ever been.

The thick slime and the large bore of her horsecock allowed Miranda to slide it down over Barry's until he was sheathed in her urethra and she felt his mat of pubic hair tickle her flared head. The feeling for her was a totally new one, even though having a man's cock inside her was a familiar experience.

"Come on, lover." She coaxed. "You wanted to fuck me. Here is your chance."

Barry's hips began moving even before he was consciously aware of making the decision. As utterly bizarre as the situation was, his dick was like stone and the hot mass of firm flesh surrounding it felt even better than a tight young pussy.

"That's right, baby," Miranda said, her face a mask of intense desire. "Fuck me! Fuck my dick as deep as you can!"

Giving in to his urges and her demands, Barry put his hands around Miranda's cock and pulled it further onto his own until he felt the broad end of hers press against his groin, swallowing him completely.

"Yes!" Miranda hissed as the end of her cock stretched to accommodate the wider base of his. "Do it to me! Make me feel you!"

Encouraged by the familiar demand, Barry did his best to fuck Miranda. It was the strangest, kinkiest thing he'd ever done in his life, but it felt so damn good and he was so turned on by it that he had no trouble submerging any revulsion and surrendering to his desires.

The feeling of having her cock reamed from the inside rekindled Miranda's orgasm and reinvigorated her. Looking for even more sensation, she ran her hands over her body until they settled on her breasts as the spots that added the greatest pleasure. Pressing her hands into her yielding flesh, she rubbed the hard nubs of her nipples until they were almost too sensitive to touch.

The sight of Miranda responding to him allowed Barry to recover a small degree of the manly arrogance that had attracted her to him. As much as he wanted to make some comment about how he was making her feel, he suspected that it might not be a good time to run his mouth, so he shut up and kept fucking.

In due course, Barry's thrusts became more and more erratic as his need for release mounted and the pressure inside his dick became unbearable. Miranda felt it too, that rising wave of raw need that she knew would send her orgasm climbing to a new peak. The two of them got there almost simultaneously, the difference being that, for all the intensity of his climax, Barry's cock contributed little to the mix, while Miranda managed enough cum to flood his groin and drench his balls.

"Fuck, that was incredible!" Barry declared when his breathing had caught up with his need for oxygen. "I've never cum so hard the second time." That was mostly a lie. Barry's sexual capacity had permitted him a quick follow-up exactly twice before and both of those had been when he was fifteen and possessed of a nearly-constant erection and a recuperative period of less than a minute.

"Of course, I've never needed to get it up again right away before," he thought. "Once has always done the job up until now." He looked up at Miranda, who was quite clearly still enjoying one of those prolonged orgasms, the likes of which had made men suspect witchcraft in earlier times. "I wish I could cum like that. Hell, I'd give my left nut for a dick like that! Where the hell did that come from? I've seen pictures of shemales with dicks as big as mine and Futa with dicks about half her size, but that monster doesn't belong on anything human. And those balls! Shit! Wait a minute! I *have* seen something like this before. Yeah, Joey DiMarco showed me something in a magazine a few years ago. It was a cartoon of a girl with a horse's dick and balls. We thought it was the hottest thing we'd ever seen. But that was just a drawing. This is the real thing. Damn! What could have happened to make her like this?"

With her climax receding, if not actually winding down, Miranda's legs began to get wobbly. Rather than allow her to fall, perhaps even on him, Barry reached out and pulled her down onto his lap, then had to cope with a armful of naked girl, complete with huge balls and a nearly three-foot-long dick.

Grateful for the help, and still looking for sexual stimulation, Miranda turned her head and kissed him right on his cum-smearred lips. She even shoved her tongue into his mouth, dragging with it a flavor he'd rather have gone the rest of his life without experiencing.

While trying to prevent her hip from crushing his balls, Barry reached down under her butt to pull her up further onto his lap. Instead of her butt, he found his hand cradling one of her testicles. He was still trying to think of a polite way to snatch his hand the hell off there when she took her tongue out of his mouth and leaned back to look him in the eye.

"Barry, you're behaving a lot better about this than I thought you would," she said, breathlessly.

"Yeah, well..."

"No, really! I know it's got to be a shock to have your girlfriend grow a horsecock. It was a shock to me when it happened, believe me! I never thought you'd take it this well."

"Actually, I..."

"No, let me finish. I owe you an apology. I underestimated you. I guess I assumed you were the kind of insensitive, self-centered, egotistical, asshole who couldn't cope with not being the dominant male in a relationship."

"I'm what?"

"But here you are, my cum all over you, cuddling me in your lap and stroking my balls - which feels really good, by the way, so don't stop."

"No ... no, I won't."

"So I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I misjudged you. I'm also sorry that I've been so fixated on your cock that I've missed seeing those qualities until now. Barry, I have to confess something. I've been using you. I didn't realize it before, but I have a bad case of penis-envy. Or had, actually. I think that's cured now, don't you?"

"Oh? Oh, yeah."

"I guess I just got so fascinated with what you have between your legs that I ignored everything else."

And I'm so glad we were able to get past that in our relationship."

"Relationship. Right."

"And I know you'll be able to get past the part about me technically not being a girl anymore."

"Not?" Barry took stock of the situation. He'd just had sex with someone he couldn't honestly describe as human. It had been awesome sex, which made him very conflicted, in that it had involved something that should have made him feel debased and humiliated. For Barry, all 'relationship' meant was dating someone he could count on to put-out for him. Miranda had been a very ego-stroking conquest on account of her being a model and killer-cute and having a great rack.

The conflict he felt was because all those things were still true. She was still willing to have sex with him, even though fucking her that way had brought him as close to having a homophobic panic-attack as he'd experienced since Walt Burgess had tried to get him to suck his dick in seventh grade. She was still a model. At least she said she'd signed up for another modeling gig. She was still damn cute, especially curled up in his lap like she was. And she still had a fantastic pair of tits. She was just something else between her legs - something very different than any other girl he knew.

"She's special," he told himself. "Very special."

"OK," he said to Miranda. It was as close to making a commitment as he could bring himself under the circumstances.

It seemed to be enough. She smiled at him and snuggled closer, putting her head on his shoulder in that way that triggered his protective feelings.

"Just one little thing," she said, whispering into his ear. "You can't tell anyone about me. About my new job, my dick and everything. You never know how people will react and I don't want Daddy to be pestered while I'm off running around being Stallion Girl."

"Good name," Barry said, as he considered her request. Should he tell his friends that his girlfriend has a dick? Maybe that hers was way bigger than his own? Ditto for the hand-filling balls he was stroking. Did he want anyone to know that he'd tasted her cum? As for the rest ... no fucking way! Even if he dumped her onto the patio deck and ran out of the house right then, there were enough people who he'd bragged to about dating her that if anything about her became public, he'd never be able to look any of his friends in the eye again. Not tell anyone? Gee. Tough call.

"Not a problem," he said firmly.

"Thanks!" she said, happily. "Now would you like to come up to my room and take a shower? I can't let you leave here looking like you've been slimed."

"Yeah, I guess I would ... but what about your Dad?"

"What about him?"

"What's he gonna say about me going up to your bedroom?"

"Barry, what can he say? Two guys grab a shower together. Didn't you already do that in gym class at school?"

"Two guys? No way! Jeez!" He thought, his homophobia-meter peaking swinging between OK and

Gay and back again. "Shower together? Our soapy bodies sliding all over each other? Fuck yeah! Her rubbing against me with that damn big dick? Yeah man! Wait ... what was that again?"

To find the prospect of contact with someone else's dick to be less than loathsome startled him.

"I'm the bitch," he realized. "I must be. Her dick is so much bigger than mine. That makes me *her* bitch, not the other way around. Why doesn't that sound god-awful? Why do I keep looking at that thing? Why do I keep wanting to touch it?"

He worked a hand free and reached out to put it on the bulge of her cock where it lay across the arm of the chair. It didn't hurt and she sighed happily at his touch.

"Fuck it," he thought, and turned his head to kiss Miranda with his cummy lips. "I can do this."

The shower was fun for both of them. It was every bit the soapy, slippery, grab-ass frolic Barry thought it would be. He even manned-up and helped Miranda wash those parts that she had trouble reaching - like the far end of her dick, or so she claimed.

"You're not, like, jealous or anything?" She asked him when he hesitated to pick it up for her.

"What? Jealous? Me? Naw! Well ... maybe just a little. OK, maybe a lot. But you gotta understand, for a guy, size isn't just important, it's im-por-tant! A guy with a big dick swinging between his legs just *feels* superior."

"What do you go, get together and compare dicks to see who the alpha male is?"

"No! Hell no! That would be really gay. And not even gays do that ... as far as I know, anyway. No, it's not about who knows you've got a big dick. It's about *you* knowing."

"Oh. So it's an ego thing?"

"No! Well ... yes. I suppose you could put it that way. If being confident and self-assured is ego, then yeah."

"So, does my having a big dick threaten your masculinity?" She asked.

"Good question. I'd have to say no. And the reason is, there's just no comparison. If I see a guy with a dick two inches longer than mine, then yeah, I'll feel a little inferior and a little jealous. If he's got one twice as big as mine, I'll stand when he walks into the room, because he deserves respect. I'll know I'm inferior and I'll be a lot jealous. But something like this ... what is this? Almost three feet? This is so fucking out of any man's league that it's like ... well, it's like asking a Little Leaguer if he's jealous of a guy who's pitched a no-hitter in the World Series. He'll look up to him, sure. But jealous? How? Totally different league, and they both know it."

"That's not exactly what I mean. Does it bother you that I'm a *girl* with a big dick?"

"Even less. That's not a different league, that's a different game altogether. Heck, I've only seen a cartoon of someone like you - once."

"Really? Did it turn you on?"

"Did it? I must have wanked my dick raw thinking about that. Uh, this was years ago, you know. I was a lot younger."

“Sure. Do I turn you on now?”

“I think you already know the answer to that one.”

“Good! Wash my balls now?”

If someone had told Barry that one day he would be on his knees in a bathtub, looking up at his girl's tight little ass while running a soapy washcloth over her balls, he would have told them to go check-in at the looney bin, because their brains had obviously fallen out somewhere back up the road. Yet, here he was, tenderly washing a nutsack the size of a grocery-bag, and not feeling totally gay for enjoying it.

Later on, after they'd had more fun drying each other off, Barry pointed out a problem.

“My clothes are a mess. I can't put those back on.”

“Do you want to try on my robe?” She asked, starting to untie the belt.

He just looked at her for that dumb suggestion. It was a girl's robe. It was pink with white flowers on it. He'd sooner drive a Prius. That would be just as gay.

“OK, I'll go ask Daddy if you can borrow some of his sweats. He buys them large, so they hide how out of shape he is. Back in a sec.”

Barry watched her prance out of the room, with a foot of dick showing below the bottom of her cotton robe. “‘Prance’ is the word,” he thought with a grin. “She doesn't like dragging her dick, so she dances on the balls of her feet and swings that thing around to keep it off the floor. It's fucking hypnotic. I could watch that all day.”

“Daddy?” Miranda called through the closed door of the study. She knocked softly, in case he'd decided to take a nap on the leather couch in there.

“Come in, honey!”

She opened the door and stuck her head in. Her father was sitting behind his desk, holding a book.

“Daddy, do you mind if Barry borrows your sweats so he'll have something to wear home?”

“Sure. Ah ... wait a minute. Why can't Barry wear his own clothes?”

“They're kind of ... icky.”

“Miranda! You didn't!”

“Yes, I did.”

“OK, that's one way to let that cat out of the bag. How is Barry handling the situation?”

“Better than I thought he would.”

“Good on Barry! I may have misjudged that boy.”

“Me too. I thought he'd come unglued. But he's sticking with it.”

"Or maybe he's more stuck on you than I thought. I take it you plan to continue this relationship?"

"Who always tells me I need all the friends I can get?"

"That would be me. OK, all those things are in the back of my closet on the middle shelf. Take whatever you think will fit him."

"Thanks, Daddy!"

"One more thing. Have you told Barry about your new job?"

"Just that I'll be modeling."

"Nothing about the 'animal husbandry' duties?"

"Not yet. He's taking this really well so far. I don't want to risk giving him too much information, too soon."

"That's probably a wise move."

"Daddy? Are you still having trouble accepting me being like this?"

"It was a lot to take all at once. I'm better with it since you suggested thinking of it as a requirement for your new job. You know I've been worried about you having a good career that would carry you forward. I can stop worrying about now. Like it or not, you're committed to this horse-breeding thing now. If you're responsible with the money, you'll be able to retire by the time you turn thirty. I don't have a good idea how much you'll make from the other things, but any way I run the numbers, it looks like you're set for life."

"Um, things may be better than you think. I had a talk with Larry Richards after you left the building and I ... well, I got him to agree to give me a bigger share of the appearance fees and add a bonus to the stud-service too."

"It sounds like I also underestimated my little girl. How did you manage that?"

"I may have implied that I'd consulted a lawyer."

"Smooth. So, that scared him? It sounds like one of their other 'conversions' changed her mind and decided to bring legal action."

"I heard from a woman in their Marketing Department that I may be the only Stallion Girl who didn't have a nervous breakdown after her change. Apparently the applicants they usually get have a few loose screws going in. Afterwards, they just go to pieces."

"I can see how they might not attract the most well-balanced of people for that job. If you're the only mentally-stable Stallion Girl it's no wonder they're willing to bend over backwards to keep you happy. Hmm. It's also not something they can expect to repeat, unless they try kidnapping girls off the street and hope one of them likes it. You may be their sole success for some time."

"I'm not sure how I feel about being unique. I'd been hoping I would get a chance to talk to the other girls who've been through this. Now it looks like that may not be a good idea."

"I agree. I don't see how anything good could come from you meeting one of their failures. Certainly not until you've given yourself more time to adjust."

"You're right. I need to stay focused on doing it right, not finding out how some messed-up girl messed it up. OK, I need to get back to Barry."

"Sorry I took so long," Miranda said, handing Barry the set of baggy sweats. "Daddy and I had a talk."

"About me?"

"Not entirely. Your name did come up."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. He was impressed that you didn't bolt when you found out what had happened to me."

"I wouldn't do that!"

"Don't bullshit me. You would and I know you would. But the important thing is that you didn't, even though I know you thought about it."

"You know, you sound like a guy."

"It's the hormones. And you're dodging the subject."

"Doing my best. You want to know why I haven't run? I'm not real sure myself. I guess the same reason we're having this 'talk' and I'm not out the door with some excuse. You're... *different*. I know that sounds kinda obvious. I mean you're fascinating. And fun. And gorgeous. And all the other BS I know you expect me to say. You're more interesting now than you were before. If that sounds thin, I'm sorry, but it's the truth - no shit."

"I can live with 'fascinating'. Now you need to go. It's been a long day and I'm exhausted."

"That's cool. So, I'll call you, OK?"

"I don't know what my schedule is going to be, but I know I'm probably going to be real busy real soon. So it's better if I call you."

"Uh ... OK. Sure."

After supper, Miranda went right to bed. She wasn't terribly tired, but she knew after everything that had happened, Angus McKay would want her to get plenty of rest. After all, she was the custodian of some very valuable equipment.

Over the next two days, Miranda went through her closet and took out all the clothes she could no longer wear. Gone were almost all her dresses, for one reason or another. All her tops were now too small. Most of her skirts too short or too tight, something that had never been an issue before. None of her bras fit anymore. Panties were out of the question, except for three pairs of crotchless panties that a very presumptive male acquaintance had given her for Valentine's Day. At the time, she hoped they had been intended as a gag and she was unhappy to find that he expected her to model them for him. Now, it looked like those were the only ones out of a whole drawer-full that she would be able to wear.

"And I'm not real sure there is a point to doing so." She thought. "Everything I'd want inside will be hanging out. The only thing covered would be my butt. I wonder if they make jock-straps in my size. If they do, I'll need one with a cup the size of a bushel-basket! I guess that's something I can ask



Daddy about.”

After the purge, she had nothing she could wear to relax in. No baggy tops or shorts, no sweats or bike shorts.

“So I’ll be wearing nothing most of the time.” She realized. “Except for this robe, which is too short, I guess I’ll be a nudist at home.”

“No, I’m pretty sure they don’t make jocks in your size,” her father told her when she explained the situation. Anyone who needed something that large wouldn’t be playing sports. And don’t worry about the robe thing. We’ll get you prettier robes. All the robes you want. But you are *not* going to run around this house naked all the time. It’s ... distracting. You can still sunbathe that way, just give your old man some warning like you usually do, OK?”

“Whatever you say, Daddy.”

Miranda had been thinking in terms of bathrobes, but after hearing she could buy whatever she wanted, she realized that there were other kinds of robes that could work for her and they didn’t need to be terrycloth or fleece. Like going from a closet filled with short skirts and dresses meant to show-off her legs to one with maxi-dresses whose hem brushed her ankles, Miranda needed to change her idea of ‘relaxed casual’ from shorts and knit tops to something long, loose, and lightweight. She’d had her head in the ‘less is more’ mode of thinking about clothes and now she needed to shift to ‘essential coverage’.

“I need to change from thinking how to show my body to how to hide parts of it without smothering myself.” She thought. “I don’t need to go totally medieval here, but I am going to have to get used to wearing a lot more than I used to. The trouble is, everything I can think of that will cover me isn’t going to be particularly casual. Maybe that’s not a bad thing. Maybe it’s time I upped my games, clothes-wise.”

Over the next few days, Miranda searched on-line, ordering one of whatever she found that would a) fit, and b) hide her ‘equipment’ and c) look nice on her. It wasn’t that long a list, but she wasn’t sure how her father would react to boxes of everything from kimonos to druid’s robes to backless halter-top dresses started turning up on their doorstep. If he said anything, she planned to remind him that he did use the words ‘all you want’.

In the middle of the massive wardrobe-replenishment program, a box arrived that Miranda didn’t remember ordering. When she opened it, she found it contained the shoes that Larry Richards had mentioned.

Getting into them was something of an adventure. The heels were higher than anything she’d ever worn and they had two inches of platform built in as well. The difference was that instead of making her balance on a tiny spike heel and a sole smaller than the ball of her foot, these had a semicircular sole a good inch wider than her foot on both sides. The heel itself was acrylic and as clear as glass. It was thin, but still a lot bigger than a stiletto. Across the toe and all around the platform was a shiny black plastic band set at an angle to look like a horse’s hoof. Above that, the upper was just a zippered sleeve of leather tanned to skin-tone.

When Miranda pulled up the zipper in back, she found that the upper came to well above her ankle and was very stiff. So stiff that she could only lift her toes an inch or so and couldn’t twist them to the side at all.

“I won’t be breaking my ankles in these,” Miranda thought. “I like them already and I haven’t tried

them on yet.”

When she got to her feet, she felt more solidly-anchored than with any other heels she'd worn. The extra room for her toes was marvelous and the wide soles felt amazingly stable, even if she was a good three inches higher than she was used to.

The best part was that her cock would be well-clear of the floor. The rounded toe meant it wouldn't hurt if she accidentally kicked it, and she wouldn't have to watch out for it nearly as much.

“That makes them worth wearing even if they didn't look so nice,” she told herself as she looked at her feet in the mirror.

On Monday morning, Miranda arrived promptly at the photographer's studio. Expecting to be naked for much of the shoot, she wore a loose wrap-dress so there would be no elastic that might leave marks on her skin. She brought a garment bag with her cowgirl outfit and her new shoes, in case the photographer wanted some shots of her in it.

After the usual introductions and usual offers of refreshments, Miranda was placed on a stool in the middle of the set while the photographer and his assistant fiddled with lights and reflectors. The make-up girl searched her face for flaws in need of covering and seemed frustrated when all she could do was apply a little powder to mute the natural sheen of Miranda's skin.

“Whenever you are comfortable, dear.” The photographer told her, which meant it was time for her to disrobe.

Miranda stood up and the stool was whisked away. She untied the garment and took it off, holding it out to the assistant who was already reaching for it.

The reaction was everything she could have asked for. The photographer's jaw dropped. The make-up girl almost dropped her kit. The assistant's fingers failed to close on the dress and it fell to the paper-covered floor.

“Jules,” the photographer said after a long pause, “I want a footlight right here. Leave off the diffuser. I want to see some highlights on that ... thing. Dolores, dust her down but don't blend anything. Jules!”

“What? Oh, sorry. Right away, Kev.”

Miranda shifted her weight to her left leg and slightly bent her right knee, turning it out so her feet were at an angle to each other. She held her hands away from her body and stood straight while Dolores patted powder all over her.

The make-up girl worked quickly but methodically, hesitating only before tackling Miranda's cock.

“You'll have to forgive Dolores,” Kev said. “She's new. She's never seen anyone like you before.”

“It's OK,” Miranda told Dolores as she tentatively began to dust the top of her shaft. “Be quick and try not to tickle me. Fool with it too much and I may get an erection.”

“It gets bigger?” Dolores asked, incredulously.

“It gets harder. And we might have a problem calming it down.”

“Then you're not going to need me to fluff you?”

That took Miranda by surprise. She knew about fluffing, but she never thought she might be the fluffee. The idea of having another girl help get her hard excited her more than she thought it would.

"No, but I might need a bucket if things get out of control."

"Bucket. Right."

"Are you about done there, Dolores?" The photographer asked, impatiently when it looked like the girl was getting a bit too engrossed in her work.

"Sorry, Mr. Stallings. There is a lot here to cover."

"There certainly is. Now get your ass out of the way and let me shoot this beast."

The first part of the session went as Miranda expected. Kev spent an hour clicking away from a variety of distances and angles, while Miranda went through some standard poses.

"Let's take five," Kev said, setting aside his camera and shaking an incipient cramp out of his hand.

"Which way to the restroom?" Miranda asked, pulling her dress back on, since she would certainly feel cooler once she was out of the lights.

"Dolores will show you."

The make-up girl led her out of the room, down a hallway, turned left and went past an office. Then she stopped and opened a door.

"Will you need any help?" Dolores asked, politely.

Miranda smiled, remembering how she'd asked Langdon Miles for assistance before she'd learned to handle her cock.

"Not unless you want to hold it for me while I pee," Miranda said, jokingly. She was surprised when Dolores shut the door with the two of them on the inside of the small room and stood beside her, ready to lend a hand.

"OK," Miranda said, pulling open her dress. "Can you pick this thing up and get it aimed?"

Dolores bent over and hauled Miranda's cock up. Using both hands, she guided it over the toilet and aimed it at the center of the bowl.

"That's good," Miranda told her as she tried to relax. It took a few seconds before the first splash, and many more before it stopped. Dolores kept her aim true all the while.

"Ahh, that's better," Miranda said, just to keep the silence from getting awkward.

Dolores reached out and snatched a few sheets of paper from the roll on the wall and gently blotted the end of Miranda's cock before dropping the paper into the bowl and flushing the toilet.

"Doesn't this put a strain on your back?" Dolores asked, still cradling Miranda's member in both hands.

"Not really," Miranda told her. Dolores was clearly reluctant to let go and Miranda both didn't want to embarrass the girl, and she'd started to enjoy the personal attention as well.

"I'm sorry," Dolores said when she realized that she was deliberately prolonging the moment. "I just ... I just had to touch it."

"As long as you don't try to fuck it," Miranda said with a grin.

"God! It would ... it would destroy me! But ... it might be worth it."

Miranda remembered that Jean Herschel had told her about women who would be sexually attracted to her. She assumed they would all be older and very jaded women who were looking for a new experience and didn't much care what it cost them to have it. Dolores was none of that. Miranda thought she couldn't have been much older than she was herself.

"We better get back," Miranda prompted. She felt the beginnings of a stiffie coming on.

Dolores grudgingly let go. When the object of her desire failed to return to its normal dangle-angle, she seemed both surprised and pleased.

"Did I do that?" She asked.

"Yes. Now let's go before I make you do something about it."

Dolores was even more careful about shepherding Miranda back to the studio. If she took her eyes off Miranda's cock once, Miranda didn't see it.

"There you are," Kev said when she walked back into the studio with her cock leading the way at a thirty-degree angle. We were ... oh, my! Something is different. Someone has been thinking naughty thoughts."

"There are two ways to fix this," Miranda told him. "One involves a bucket of ice."

Kev shivered. "It's all right. I can work with this. I was going to suggest something like this anyway. I'm happy you're up for it."

"I'm going to be a lot more 'up' in a few minutes. I wasn't kidding about the ice. Or the bucket. If I cum, it will get messy."

"Just don't hit my lights!" He said, grabbing for a camera.

Kev started shooting, trying to document the progress of Miranda's erection.

Miranda tried to relax and slow things down, but she couldn't stop thinking about Dolores and how it would feel to have the other girl's arms wrapped around her cock, cradling it between her bare breasts.

"Yes! Yes!" Kev cried as Miranda's organ rose up higher and higher and her poses became more and more limited by its mass and the distance from her center of gravity. Her balls were already moving up and Miranda knew when they reached her butt that she'd be hobbled until they dropped back down.

"Magnificent!" Kev called. He was crouched down in front of her, snapping away at the mighty behemoth hanging over him.

"I'm glad you like it," Miranda said. "But it's only seconds now. You better be thinking about which way you want me to point this thing."

"We need to give you a target," Kev said, looking for inspiration, then looking desperately around the room for something inexpensive and appropriate.

"Me!" Dolores said.

"Fine! But topless!" Kev demanded.

Dolores went one better. She stripped out of her jeans, and yanked off her panties as well. Then she lurched across the set with her underwear caught on her sneaker.

"Leave it! I don't care about that. I can crop it out. Oh, this will be classic!"

Having Dolores' naked body for a target was the absolute last straw for Miranda. Her balls were so tight she was having to stand bow-legged and when she put out a hand to adjust her aim, she could already feel the orgasm starting to mount.

Time slowed to a crawl for Miranda. Kev's manic activity faded into the background. Even Dolores' heaving breasts and breathless expectation receded, replaced by complete focus on the tightening of muscles between her legs and the rising heat from her balls.

"Gonna ... cuuummmm!" Miranda moaned, her teeth clenched and her eyes firmly shut.

It seemed like a long time before her rising wave of ecstasy broke, but when it did, it was amazing. It made every muscle in her body go tight all at once, and the powerful sensation washed everything from her mind.

"Unnnnggggg!" she said, not even aware of what she intended to say, but needing to somehow express what she was feeling.

She was so lost in the moment that she missed the sight of Dolores being showered over and over with her cum. It was only when she was well-past the peak that she managed to pry her eyes open to see the girl backed against the wall, cum covering her body from her cheek to her thighs.

"Yyyeesss!" Miranda cried exultantly as she squeezed her ass-cheeks tightly as if that could milk more cum from her balls. "Oh, yesssss!"

"Stool!" Kev called. "Jules! Get her a stool. Damn, that was hot!"

"Good for you too?" Miranda asked through grit teeth.

"No shit," Kev said.

Miranda eased back onto the stool Jules placed behind her. It was difficult to straighten her legs with her balls as tight as they were. They also made it impossible to sit, so she reclined against the back of the stool with her butt on the very edge. She kept a foot on the floor for balance and tried to relax as much as possible.

The pose put her rigid cock close to vertical. In that position, the cum that normally dripped out of it instead oozed from the tip to run down the shaft. It glistened in the lights and Kev found this worthy of a new series of pictures.

"Magnificent!" Kev remarked again, apparently having found a word he liked. "Fucking magnificent!"

Delores seemed stunned by the experience. She leaned back against the wall and looked down at herself in clear disbelief at the amount of cum coating her body and the force with which it had been applied. After the initial shock wore off, she reached down and put a finger into the thickest part, dragging it up across her chest between her breasts. Then she used both hands to scrape handfuls of it off her stomach and began rubbing it all over her torso.

"That's good!" Kev told her when he noticed what she was doing. "I like that! Get up here in the shot. Here, step up to her cock and stick your tongue out. I want a profile of you with your tongue on it."

Dolores obeyed, but couldn't stop at posing. She pulled Miranda's cock to her and stood holding it between her breasts while she licked the upper part of the shaft.

The contact tested Miranda's heterosexual nature just as much as she had tested Barry's. She'd never tried anything with another girl beyond the usual teenage experimentation. She and Kendra Anthony had got buzzed on vodka and crawled into bed together during a sleep-over at Kendra's house. But that hadn't gone beyond some heavy kissing and light petting. Waking up hung-over in each others' arms the next morning was awkward for both of them and the decision not to repeat the experience was a mutual one.

Having another girl worship her cock like this bothered Miranda, but not enough to want her to stop. Miranda thought the fact that she was no longer technically female effectively removed this sort of thing from being in any way a lesbian act. Any vestigial reluctance she felt had to be a leftover from her previous life.

"I need to work on this sexual-orientation thing." She thought. "I'm about as male as you can be. I shouldn't have any qualms about doing it with girls. If anything, it's bestiality, since she's attached herself to my horsecock. But since that seems to be a really gray area for me ... and I've already had a dog bring me off, maybe I should just relax and not worry about it. Just go with the flow. Anyway, I don't think I could pry her off of there if I wanted to. And I really don't want to, so screw it. Dang, that sounds an awful lot like typical male justification - 'it feels good, so I'm gonna do it'. Maybe these hormones are already starting to rot my brain like McKay warned me. Maybe I need to cum more often ... just to keep that from happening. Now there's a plan!"

Delores worked her way down Miranda's cock all the way to her balls. Miranda pulled her left leg back as far as she could so Kev would have a clear shot of Delores licking and kissing her there.

Jules handed Kev a camera with a ring-flash attached and Kev moved in so close he almost became a third participant in the action.

Miranda smiled at everything going on. She'd had photographers zoom-in on specific parts of her body before. The lingerie layout had included several shots showing her only from her navel to mid-thigh. But now the focus was on a body-part she hadn't had before and it all felt so very ... fresh.

"How long can you keep it up?" Kev asked her at the next camera-swap.

"How long have you got?"

"Great! Would you mind doing a few action shots?"

"This isn't action enough for you?"

"Since we seem to have the opportunity, I'd like something with you being the aggressor."

“Whatever you need.”

“Marvelous! Dolores, do you mind? Jules, let’s swap that settee for that stool, please. Now, Jules!”

Kev had Dolores lie down on her back on the padded box with a drape over it that Kev called a settee. He had Miranda stand so that the end of her cock rested on Delore’s abdomen, then he had them go through several variations of that basic pose before he was satisfied that he’d fully-covered the idea.

“Dolores? Spread your legs, dear. Wider. That’s right. Miranda? Can I get you to put the tip between her legs? Just there. Dolores? Can you show me some fear? That’s fine. Everybody hold it there.”

Dolores managed to look scared without having to resort to any of her meager acting skills. The feeling of being threatened by something that big was sufficient to the moment. It was also incredibly arousing.

Miranda saw the lust behind the fear in Dolores’ eyes and couldn’t help but tease her a bit. Without being obvious about it, she let her stiff cock press against Dolores, spreading her pussy open just enough to let her feel the heat coming from inside. And a delicious feeling it was.

Dolores moved her knees further apart, opening herself to Miranda. She knew it was impossible for this to go any further. Miranda’s cock was so big, Dolores thought she would have better luck getting a traffic bollard inside her, but the chance to play-act at doing it was a powerful turn-on that was making her pussy boil-over.

Feeling Dolores respond to her rekindled the fire of arousal in Miranda. She felt her cock harden again, the flared end extending outward as thought trying to pull Delores’ pussy open even further so that it could crawl inside.

To Delores, the play-acting began to feel terribly real. In a matter of seconds, the situation had seemed to escalate from incredibly hot to imminent penetration and her level of arousal spiked so high that it triggered a minor climax.

Miranda saw Delores’ belly rise and her hips follow, thrusting her pussy up hard against the end of her cock. The demand was so blatant and sudden that it triggered something primal inside Miranda and she felt a now-familiar convulsion deep between her balls and her butt. It was followed immediately by a second, before the reflex passed.

Delores’ eyes went wide and her mouth flew open in a silent scream of terror. She’d felt the first spurt pass through her opening without recognizing it for what it was. The second left no doubt. She’d just been inseminated. In her mind, sex organs that big had to be equally potent. The fact that there had been no actual penetration was now unimportant. She had Miranda’s cum inside her and she was totally sure she’d just been impregnated.

Her body apparently thought so too. Her small orgasm blossomed into a major climax. Her back arched and all her limbs jerked as her eyes closed while the intense erotic pleasure flooded through her, drowning every other thought - including the fear that suddenly seemed miles away.

“Awesome!” Kev cried, needing a new word after having wrung the old one dry. “Fucking awesome!”

Miranda watched, fascinated by Dolores’ convulsions. She’d never seen another girl cum before and it was very much a new experience for her.

"Is that what I looked like?" She wondered, followed immediately by, "I did that! I made her cum like that! I feel ... smug! Now I understand those looks my lovers used to get. This is what they felt watching me lose control like that. Damn, I like this!. It's almost as good as an all-out orgasm ... almost."

When Delores settled-down enough, Kev reached out and pulled at her right knee. Obliging, Delores let it fall to one side, exposing the goo between her legs where it had begun to leak out of her.

Miranda anticipated what Kev intended. She lay her cock on Delores' other leg so that the tip of it was just inches away from the cummy mess she'd made of Delores' pussy.

"Ohhhh! Shit!" Dolores moaned, when the pleasure had faded enough to allow the fear to creep back into her mind. "I am so fucked!"

"What? Why?" Miranda asked.

"You ... you *have* to have knocked me up. I mean... *have* to have!"

"Not hardly," Miranda said, stifling a laugh.

"But ... all this... !"

"Well, I suppose you might have a pony," Miranda said, unable to stop herself. "Don't you like ponies?"

"Of course I like ponies! What does that have to do ... oh. OH!"

"Yeah, 'Oh'. Now I think Kev would like to get a wider shot. Do you think you could smile instead of looking like I just raped you?"

"Actually," Kev said, "I rather liked the 'just been knocked-up' look you had a second ago. That was super-hot."

Delores tried to recapture the moment, but the best she could do looked more like 'I just ate a bad chili-dog' than anything genuinely erotic.

"It's OK," Kev told her, trying to save her from embarrassing herself on camera. "I think I got what I need. I got more than I wanted, so this was a good shoot. I think we're done here. Jules? Do we have those towels? Yes. Get them both cleaned-up and show Miss Peters out please. I need to go upload these into a gallery for Mr. Richards. Oh, Dolores? I'll need you to sign a release."

"But Mr. Stallings! I'm not ... I can't ... I don't want to be..."

"You don't want your model fee? He didn't ask for a second girl, but after seeing these pics, I don't think Mr. Richards will have any problem paying it. And I'm sure there are other girls at that cosmetology school where I found you who would love to have this job. Don't think about it too long."

"Fine! I'll sign the stupid form!"

"Don't worry," Miranda told her as Jules handed them both towels. "I really doubt anyone you know will see these pics."



"No?" Dolores seemed less than happy with that news. Miranda understood completely. It can be a pain to do your best work and then hope that no one ever sees it.

Larry Richards was anxious about how Miranda's first session went. Everything had gone pretty well with the new girl - so far, that he'd started to worry that their luck would change and she would either go to pieces on them like the other girls or she'd walk in with her lawyer-friend and make demands they couldn't meet. When Kevin Stallings called to tell him the session had gone magnificently, he had a hard time believing it. When he got the email with the link to the gallery of pictures, he first poured himself a drink out of the bottle he kept in his file-cabinet. It took two swallows before he could bring himself to click on it.

"This whole thing was McKay's idea," he remembered. "Pruett hired him away from that research post because of his work with animals. He was supposed to create a genetically-superior horse and that's all. But he took one look at that cartoon and asked if we wanted to have that instead. Pruettt thought he was crazy, but I saw the potential and backed his plan. He gave us what he promised all right. It wasn't his fault if the only girls crazy enough to let us do that to them were just that - crazy. This is our last shot. If she can't hack it, I'll be fired and McKay will go back to square one. Well, here we go."

Richards clicked the link and stared at his screen.

"She's a natural," he said as he went through the photos. "She's got great tits and a beautiful face, and she knows how to pose. And her dick is killer. Pruettt just wants her to make enough to cover expenses until breeding season starts and she can start putting the white gold in those balls to good use. I think this girl will surprize him. She'll earn a lot more than her off-season keep. This will validate my whole Stallion Girl marketing concept. It may even go mainstream. It's not really that different from Futa after all. And that stuff is selling outside of the pure porn markets now."

When he got to the series with Miranda and Dolores, it was all he could do not to run down the hall and bang on his boss's door to tell him he was right.

"That's hot!" He said to himself. "I mean, that's really hot! These pics make it look like she actually fucked that poor girl. Man, if I could get a video of her doing another girl! That would sell better than one of her being branded. Speaking of which, I need to see if Marketing has come up with a design yet, even if it's rough. I can't let her back-out of that. I know a lot of our members will want to see her getting a hot iron on her ass. Hell, I want to see that myself. And to think she suggested it!"

Richards picked-out a few of the pics with just Miranda in them, both with her cock down and with it pointing at the sky.

"Better not send the shots with the other girl," he decided. "I don't want to promise something I'm not sure I can deliver. These will be enough for now. I'll send them to Ray Kilgore first. He's got a club out in Oakdale where he might want to try her out. After we see how she handles being on stage, I'll decide where we go from here. Damn, I hope she's as good with an audience as she is in front of a camera!"

An hour later, Richards' phone rang. It was Kilgore, wanting to talk about a weekend booking.

"The pictures are dynamite," Kilgore told him. "I want to try her out on the Thursday crowd, to see how she does. If she bolts like the last girl you sent, I'm not paying you squat. If they like her on Thursday, I'll keep her through Saturday. Same rate as last time. Deal?"

“Deal. She’ll be fine, you’ll see. This one is different. She’s got her shit together.”

“She better. Have her here at seven-thirty. She’ll go on at eight and again at ten unless I throw her out or she bails on me.”

“Don’t worry.”

After Kilgore hung up, Richards wished he could believe there was nothing to worry about. If the girl couldn’t handle being naked in front of a crowd of strangers, the whole plan could still fall apart.

Miranda arrived five minutes early after a twenty-minute drive. She’d been to Oakdale a few times, but never had a reason to go down the frontage road where the Club 711 was located. She’d never even heard of the place before Larry Richards told her she’d be performing there.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to come in with you?” Gerald asked, as he pulled into the gravel parking-lot in front of the club. The lot was only a quarter full. Gerald assumed that was normal for this early on a weeknight.

“No, Daddy,” Miranda said. “You really didn’t have to drive me over, either. But I appreciate the moral support. I’ll be through by eleven. You can pick me up then. OK?”

“OK. Good luck!”

Miranda opened her door and swung her legs out with her cock held between them. She slid out and got to her feet carefully. She wasn’t totally comfortable in the new shoes and the gravel didn’t help at all, but the ankle-support they provided made it a lot easier.

Her father waited until she’d made it to the wooden ramp, where she turned and waved ‘good-bye’. Once she saw the car move off, she put a hand on the rail and made her way up to the door. Inside was a small ante-room where a tall man with a very military-looking haircut sat on a high stool.

“Where do I find Mr. Kilgore?” She asked the doorman.

He looked her up and down. There wasn’t much to see. Miranda was wearing her father’s black trenchcoat with the belt tied in front to hold it closed. It was vastly too large in the shoulders and she’d had to roll the sleeves back so they wouldn’t hang down over her hands, but it was big enough and long enough to cover everything, leaving only her toes showing. She’d rather have worn the cloak she had ordered, but it hadn’t been delivered yet.

“And you are?” The man asked.

“Larry Richards sent me. I’m supposed to perform tonight.”

“Oh?” The doorman looked again, as if he might see better the second time. He looked disappointed when his x-ray vision failed him “Office is through there. Door on your left.”

“Thanks.”

Ray Kilgore wasn’t what Miranda expected. Truth be told, she wasn’t really sure what she expected, but the deeply-tanned, ruggedly-handsome man in his early forties wasn’t it. If he had been overweight, ugly, and balding with a bad comb-over, perhaps he would have fit her preconception a bit better.

“Miss Peters?” He said, looking up when she appeared in the open doorway to the office. “Please

come in. Very happy to meet you. Larry told me this will be your first time on stage.”

“Yes sir. The closest thing to it is some runway work when I was in modeling school, but this will be my first time as a Stallion Girl.”

“This won’t be that much different. You’ll be the opener for our regular show cycle. That kicks off at eight, ten, and midnight on weekends. Tonight it’s just the two shows and last call is at midnight instead of two AM. We usually have some kind of novelty act for the opener to get everyone’s attention. Since this is a private club, I can be as edgy as I like with the acts. Usually it’s a Futa stripper. Last year I had a pair of conjoined twins – but they went off to college. If I can’t book anything really unusual, I’ll fall back on contortionists. I don’t like to do that since the members have come to expect something out of the ordinary.”

“I understand,” Miranda said, just to show she was listening.

“I don’t expect you’ll have had time to work up much of an act. I just want you to go out there and strut your stuff for a few minutes. Clear?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I hope you aren’t planning to wear that coat on stage.”

“No sir.”

Miranda untied the coat and pulled it open to show Kilgore the cowgirl outfit she had on underneath. She was wearing the leather collar around her neck, the short vest that framed her large breasts with their rosy-pink nipples, the chaps that only covered the outside of her legs, and the specially-made shoes that turned her feet into hooves. She wore everything Ben had sold her except for the cock-collar and ball-stretcher, since those accessories would have made it difficult for her to sit in the car during the ride to the club.

“Oh, yes,” Kilgore said, after staring for what seemed to Miranda to be an awkwardly long time. “You’ll do fine. I know my crowd. They’re gonna love you. See Randy backstage. He’s my stage manager. He’ll set you up with some music. You better run along now. You’re on in twenty minutes.”

The doorman told Miranda how to get backstage.

“Down the left side, through those curtains. Randy won’t be hard to spot.”

On the way, Miranda took a look at the stage she’d be performing on. It was basically a runway that jutted out from the back wall of the room all the way to the middle, where it connected to a round part at the end. The only real difference between it and a fashion-show runway was the shiny brass pole in the middle of the round section and the continuous row of bar-stools that ran around it, separated from the stage only by a narrow counter for customers to set their drinks on.

As predicted, the stage manager wasn’t hard to spot. Miranda thought Randy would have stood out anywhere but a gay-pride parade. The puce shirt with the chartreuse scarf around his neck made him practically glow in the dim light backstage.

“I’m Miranda,” she told him. “Mr. Kilgore says I’m the opening act.”

“Did you bring your own music, dear?”

“No, he said you could pick some for me.”

“Well, let’s see what we’re working with here,” Randy said, fluttering his hands to indicate she should open her coat.

Miranda did so.

“My word! Aren’t we well-endowed! Top and bottom. And pretty too. Going western, are we? This is not really the crowd for western music. I may have something with the same vibe. How about Texas Flood by Stevie Ray Vaughan? A bit retro, but it fits your theme and has a slow beat that could work. OK? Good. Remember, the music is your cue. I’ll introduce you. The music will start, and you go on. When it stops, you get off – simple. Got it? Fine. Run hang up your coat in the dressing room while I get this programmed in. Don’t worry, it will be there when you’re done. It won’t fit any of the other girls. Doesn’t even fit you, you know.”

“It’s my father’s coat. I needed a cover-up and this was all I could find.”

“Whatever works, dear. Now run along.”

Miranda dashed through the door with the silver star thumbtacked to it, hung up her coat on a rack inside and dashed back to stand behind the center of the curtain. She slipped the wide leather collar onto the base of her cock and pressed it tightly closed until the magnets snapped shut, then she did the same with the ball-stretcher around her scrotum.

Now her cock hung well-ahead of her feet instead of between them. Her balls were pushed tightly against the skin of her sack and poked out behind her thighs and up below her butt. Rather than stain the leather chaps, she wiped her palms on her abdomen and tried to be calm and collected while she waited for the music to start.

Randy’s voice sounded very different coming from the sound system. Miranda would have sworn it was someone else. Someone ... manlier. As if that were possible.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Club Seven-Eleven!. To start our evening of entertainment, we have a truly unique act. Born a perfectly normal girl, she has been transformed by science into one of the true Wonders of the Modern World. I give you ... Stallion Girl!”

When she heard the first notes of the song, Miranda stepped through the curtain and into the spot lights.

“Don’t squint!” She told herself. “Spine straight, shoulders back, chest out ... and smile. You can do that blindfolded.”

Once on stage, she struck a pose to give her eyes time to adjust before she started her walk down the runway.

There was a brief lull in the noise from the room, during which Miranda heard a few voices. She couldn’t make out any of the words, but it seemed clear that these were the people who had never seen anyone like her before.

The moment lasted only a few seconds, then the audience began to applaud and whistle. Miranda took that as her cue to move downstage.

“Slowly,” she thought. “Don’t stride like they taught you. If you fall on your ass you’ll land on your

balls and that will hurt a lot!."

With the ball-stretcher holding her testicles out of the way of her legs, she wasn't limited to tiny steps. But instead of the model's march she'd been taught, Miranda let her cock set the pace. It swung back and forth ponderously as she walked, which made it perfect to use as a metronome.

"Left ... right ... left. One foot in front of the other. Don't rush. You're not in any hurry and this isn't a freaking race."

When she reached the end, Miranda stopped and faced the middle of the room. She posed again, turning left, then right to give everyone a good look at her. From there, the lights weren't directly in her eyes and she could clearly see the customers sitting around the periphery of the stage. Some of them looked shocked, their eyes wide and their mouths agape. Most looked ... mesmerised. A few just stared, their faces fixed in expressions of suspicion and disbelief. There wasn't a lot of blinking going on out there.

Miranda saw that the crowd was largely male. There were only a few female customers, so she couldn't get a feel for how she was going-over with them. She worried about that for a moment, then decided to drop it.

"Not my problem," she thought. "If Kilgore didn't think the customers would like me, I wouldn't be here."

Miranda rolled her hips to make her cock wave over the heads of those patrons seated closest to her, then she turned around and put both hands on the metal pole, sliding them down until she was bent over at the waist. This showed-off her big balls nicely and she was rewarded by a fresh round of applause and whistling.

She straightened up and walked around to the other side of the pole and backed into it until she felt the cool metal touch her. Then she bent forward and pushed against the pole, making it press into her scrotum, forcing her balls apart and around both sides of the pole. She held there, letting the audience admire her twin oval orbs as they seemed about to burst through the thin skin of her taut sack.

Unable to hold the pose for long, Miranda eased off pressing and stood up. She rolled around the pole and leaned back against it with legs open and her feet wide apart. She then flexed her stomach muscles, making her cock bob in the air.

"That's not real!" She heard a man directly in front of her say. It was quite distinct, despite the music. "It can't be. That's a fake dick!"

Insulted on behalf not only of herself, but of Angus McKay as well; Miranda stepped forward to the edge of the stage and bent her knees to lower the end of her cock down so that it hung directly in front of the skeptic. She intended for him to get a real close look at it and satisfy himself that it was genuine.

It startled her when, instead of being content with simply looking, he grabbed it right behind the flared tip.

"Oh!" She said. She tried to pull back, but he grinned up at her and held on tight, no doubt expecting it to come off in his hand.

The man's triumph proved fleeting. The unmistakable warm feeling of live flesh quickly convinced

him of his mistake and he let it go like he'd been burned. His reaction provoked some laughter from the people nearby.

Startled by the unexpected flash of pleasure from the contact, Miranda hesitated instead of backing away immediately. It was a long enough delay for a man to her left to work up his courage and reach out his own hand to touch her. Then someone else put up their hand and Miranda found herself walking the edge of the stage, offering her cock to those who wished to see for themselves that it was quite real. Most were satisfied with a simple pat, but some touches were more like caresses. Those were difficult for her to walk away from.

After she'd gone halfway around the circular section of the stage, Miranda was forced to stop the petting. Both because she'd come to her senses and realized that it probably wasn't a very good idea to let a bunch of strangers handle her, and because her cock was becoming stiff and it was getting harder and harder to keep it down.

With both hands pressing on her hardening shaft, she went back to leaning against the pole. There, she surrendered to the inevitable and released it, allowing it to rise up until the end was a good two feet off the stage floor.

She leaned back against the pole and let nature take its course. Higher and higher her cock rose, a perfect visual indicator of her level of sexual excitement. Miranda even helped it along by running both hands over her bare breasts and teasing her nipples until they became hard nubs on puffy mounds.

"I guess I knew I was an exhibitionist," Miranda as she savored the delightfully exhilarating rush of arousal. "I wouldn't have wanted to be a model otherwise. But this ... this is the ultimate exhibitionism. All these people are watching my cock get hard and me get hot and it's really turning me on! It's like having sex with a whole bunch of people all at once."

Once every inch of her cock felt totally rigid and she was sure it couldn't possibly get any harder, Miranda pushed away from the pole and tried to stand up straight with her hands on her hips. Her heavy cock standing almost straight out from her groin forced her to tighten her abdominal muscles and to lean back slightly to counterbalance weight of it. Once she had things under control. She decided to parade around the stage, back up the runway and back out again to let everyone get a good look at her immense erection.

"My balls are so tight they feel like they're going to explode," she thought. "If I didn't have this ball-stretcher on they would be up between my legs and I wouldn't be able to walk. I wonder what it will feel like to cum with this collar around my dick? Um ... I should have warned Randy about this. I might have a problem here. It probably won't be good if I blow my load into the audience. Anyone who got splattered with my spunk wouldn't appreciate it."

When Miranda passed by the curtain across the back of the stage, she saw Randy peeking out between a gap in the curtains.

"Hsst! A little help here!" She whispered as loudly as she dared. "Get me a bucket or something!"

Randy's eyes went wide as he grasped the problem. Miranda's choices for where her cum landed were limited to bad and worse unless he could provide an alternative.

Miranda made one more circuit around the stage before retreating to the relative safety the upstage area in front of the curtain.

“At least back here I probably won’t hit a customer,” she thought. “Although from the amount of pressure I’m feeling inside me, I may be shooting for a record.”

Miranda was just barely managing to hold on when the curtains to her right parted and someone stepped out. It was a red-headed girl carrying a plastic trash can. Miranda knew she was one of the other performers because she was wearing sparkly-red heels and a matching g-string. She was otherwise bare and her improbably-large boobs looked like bombs or torpedoes about to drop from her chest. She looked very unenthusiastic about having been picked for this, particularly when Miranda turned to face her and she began to suspect the magnitude of the task ahead.

Miranda stepped back to put more space between them. The girl started to follow, but Miranda waved her back. She’d just started to retreat when Miranda felt everything inside her go suddenly, intensely, tight. Her testicles made a run for home, but were thwarted by the stiff ball-stretcher that held them back.

“Damn! It feels like my balls are being torn off! Fuck! Here it comes!”

Miranda took one more step back and then had to brace. Her teeth clenched tightly, she tossed her head back. Her arms went out to her sides, her hands in fists to help her balance. Her cock jerked, cranking itself up to point at the high ceiling over the stage. Then she came.

“Hooooffff!”

The force of the first contraction felt like she’d been kicked in the stomach. Her catcher flinched, but it was almost a second before Miranda’s cock erupted. A blast of cum flew out and up sailing in an arc toward the unlucky girl clutching the trashcan.

The girl stepped back, held up the can and bravely stood her ground as the first bolt came at her, fortunately landing squarely in the can. Unfortunately, splashing off the bottom enough for a stray streamer to fly up and out, draping itself across her right breast.

Immediately after the first shot, Miranda’s cock dropped back, then jerked itself up again and launched a second blast every bit as high and far as the first. Now knowing what to expect, the girl held the can up and away from her as Miranda’s second was splashed into it.

The third load was smaller and weaker, not going as high, nor as far. The girl was just able to step forward before it hit the stage and it too landed in the makeshift cum-bucket. The fourth was smaller still, but still easily visible against the dark curtain as it leaped out of Miranda and into the waiting container.

After that Miranda’s cock stopped jerking so powerfully. It dropped down below horizontal and the next two wads of cum merely squirted out into the bucket that Miranda’s assistant now held close to the floor. Then it was all over but the slow draining stream flowing out of the end of her cock.

Only at this point did Miranda return to herself enough to hear the applause, the shouting, and the piercing whistles from the crowd. Unable to turn her body, she held up a hand and waved acknowledgment before reaching down to try to massage the rest of the cum out of her cock.

“Are you alright, dear?” Randy asked her, solicitously, after he and the girl had managed to get her backstage again. Already the next performer was on-stage starting her set.

“I’m fine. Really. Never better.” Miranda was again fighting the glorious feeling of being able to take on the world. If only her balls didn’t feel like they were on the verge of implosion from being denied

their rightful place - tight against the base of her cock, but jammed awkwardly between her legs.

"Maybe if I keep wearing this ball-stretcher it will make them hang lower and they won't hobble me like that," she thought. "And maybe not. I'm not sure I want them down between my knees. But it sure helps present them nicely. The audience seemed to like it when I stretched them around the pole."

Miranda was still standing there in the wings with the end of her cock waving above the trashcan just in case of any more drips when Ray Kilgore came backstage. He walked over to her, looked at her, then looked into the can.

"Wow! That's a monster load! Randy, was this can clean? Before ... I mean."

"Yes, boss. It's almost new. I just had to dump a couple of tissues before I gave it to Frankie and sent her out with it."

"Good. Randy, run get me one of those big snifters like they keep on the bar for tips."

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Peters, that was damn impressive. Not just this," he said, pointing at the trashcan. "But your whole performance. You really know how to work a room. It's just ... I wish you could have held back on the, uh, climax until the ten-o'clock show."

"Sir?"

"There's a bigger crowd in here for the later show."

"Sir?" Miranda said, smiling. "I can do it all over again at ten."

Kilgore got a strange look on his face.

"In fact," Miranda continued, "I'm already looking forward to it. I won't be as nervous then."

Kilgore raised his right hand and put it to his forehead with the palm down.

"Miss Peters, I salute you. I thought you'd be a good novelty bit as the opener. Now I'm considering putting you on at the end, as the star of the show."

Randy returned, cradling a glass while polishing it with a bar-rag. When he set it down on the floor, Miranda saw it was just under a foot tall and almost as wide. When Randy decanted the trashcan into it, her cum filled it to within an inch of the brim.

"Whooeee!" Kilgore said. "That is truly a load and a half. You say you can do that again at ten?"

"I'll do my best, sir."

"We'll see. Randy, find Miss Peters something better than a trash can to aim for. If not tonight, then tomorrow for sure."

"Go it, boss."

"Miss Peters," Kilgore said. "I think you're missing a golden opportunity here."



“How?”

“You should wear a garter around the end of your cock. That way, when you go fishing in the crowd like you did, you’ll reel it back with money on it.”

“Thank you, sir. I’ll do that.”

Larry Richards sat at the end of the bar farthest from the Club 711’s stage, a ball-cap pulled low to hide his face. He was nursing the last half of the bottle of beer he’d ordered when he sat down an hour earlier.

“Something else for you, buddy?” The bartender asked for the third time.

“Your best bourbon,” Larry told him. “Make it a double.”

“Right away sir!”

Larry smiled big enough to show every tooth in his head. Tomorrow was a work-day and he’d probably have a hangover all morning, but tonight he had something to celebrate. Tonight Miranda Peters had just validated the whole Stallion Girl program and saved his job.

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