

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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"Daddy! Daddy!" Miranda excitedly ran into her father's study, clutching a sheet of paper in her hand. With her nearly three-foot-long horsecock bouncing and bobbing between her ankles, she avoided kicking it only by way of nimble footwork.

"What is it, honey? Don't tell me they're sending you to another of those dives?"

Even after three weeks time, Gerald Peters was still adjusting to having a daughter whose genetic make-up had been re-engineered, making her part horse – a rather important, and at the moment, very visible part.

As long as she wore one of her Mother Hubbard dresses that covered everything from her neck to her toes, Gerald could still cling to the illusion that nothing had changed. The problem was that in the house she felt more comfortable in, and therefore persisted in wearing, clothes that exposed and even accented the parts that he found unsettling.

Today she was wearing a white cotton peasant blouse that showed a less-than-modest amount of her considerable bust. He could tolerate that. But she also had on a pair of yellow capri pants whose crotch was open from the waist in front to halfway down the crack of her butt in back. Through this gap hung her unarguably-monumental cock and her equally-impressive scrotum with its pair of testicles roughly the shape of ostrich eggs – only bigger.

She'd covered her cock by slipping a white leg-warmer over it, leaving only the flared tip bare. To Gerald, this only served to attract attention to the thing he tried his best to ignore.

"No, Daddy. Mr. Pruett is taking me to a show!"

"A horse show? At least that's better than sending you to another of those dives."

"That's a different kind of show. This is a trade show. Not much different from any other trade show, I guess. They'll have lots of horse-related stuff. According to their web site, they will have exhibits of everything from saddles, bridles, grooming tools, companies who build barns, stables, and trailers, to veterinary supplies and breeding equipment."

"And I suppose like other trade shows, they'll have pretty girls standing around to attract attention to the exhibits? Which means you'll be doing two jobs."

"That's right. I'll be both a model and an exhibit. Mr. Pruett sent me a pile of information I'll need to learn by this weekend. We're flying to Saratoga Friday morning and we'll be back Sunday night."

Gerald opened his mouth to express some fatherly concern over his child going away for the weekend with a man twice her age. Then he remembered that none of the usual paternal warnings were applicable to a daughter whose sexual organs were not only male, they were equine.

"Will you need me to drive you to the airport?" He asked, instead.

"Thanks, but when he found out I'd never flown before, Mr. Pruett said he'd pick me up and bring me back."

"That's very considerate of him."

"Yes, he has been going out of his way to be nice ever since Mr. Richards told him about my club

performances. I don't think he believed that part would work out as well as it has. I've already got bookings all the way up to the start of breeding season. And please don't call them dives, Daddy. They're clubs. They just cater to an audience who like their entertainment edgier than the usual bars or nightclubs."

Gerald had only been inside one of the places he'd taken his daughter. It certainly looked like a dive to him, but perhaps that was simply the ambiance the proprietor was trying to achieve. Just another edgy element for an edgy crowd. He'd made sure to be long gone before Miranda took the stage. He'd been there for her transformation and the messy aftermath, and that had been all the performance he cared to see.

"Good word, 'edgy'," Gerald thought. He considered that much better than 'perverted' or 'twisted' or any other words that used to describe outrageous things that formerly existed in dark places on the margins of civilization. Now, of course, many of those things were front and center of the mainstream. Pornstars were famous, not infamous. Their careers and marriages and divorces were documented just as meticulously by the entertainment media as those of regular movie stars. In fact, considering the sexual content of most films, the difference between mainstream and porn was only a matter of camera angles.

Formerly persecuted and suppressed groups like those included under the LGBTF banner were a potent political force, largely because the news media, hungry for any colorful or salacious content, provided so much free coverage that they hardly needed to pay for their own propaganda. Other groups, whose members advocated more extreme and still-illegal activities, were trying to ride into the light of acceptability on the coattails of the LGBTF's successes.

"Where did it start?" He wondered. "And where is it going?" The common element among all the acronymic groups was that they declared themselves in favor of freedom of choice. Choice to do what they wanted. Choice to be who they wanted. Choice to look like they wanted. Regardless of what other people might think about their choices.

People had exercising their choice of appearance for centuries. They used cosmetics, tattoos, branding, piercings and other, more extreme forms of body-modification. Then came plastic surgery, and gender reassignment, which allowed people even greater latitude to reshape themselves and to correct nature's 'mistakes'. Finally, there was genetic engineering, hopefully the last word on the subject since it gave people like Angus McKay the ability to rebuild someone's genetic structure on the spot, including splicing in heavily-edited DNA from another species. That was something that Gerald Peters would have thought impossible, had he not witnessed it himself.

"Witchcraft to the ignorant, ... Simple science to the learned." - a quote he recalled from an old story by Leigh Brackett, and one that predated Clarke's Third Law by over three decades. Gerald sighed, "It still seems like magic to me."

"Sorry, honey," He told Miranda after getting his mind back on track. "I guess I'm just behind the curve when it comes to today's entertainment. Dives certainly couldn't afford to pay you what you've earned in the last few weeks. The tip money alone is more than you made for that lingerie job. And the fees for your future, ah, equine insemination service? Well..."

Gerald had researched stud-fees. The figures were readily available on the Internet. Some of them topped six figures. Miranda's share of just one would be more than he'd earned from the sales of any of his books. Her dick wasn't the only thing of hers that was worthy of envy. Her balls were quite literally worth more than their weight in gold. He found what she was being asked to do for the money to be offensive, to say the least, but it was clear that in a few short weeks his daughter would

earn enough to be financially independent.

"She certainly won't need me to support her," he thought. "Rather the other way around. I might go back to accounting. It's not as much fun as writing historical romances about the Borgias, but my income would be more predictable. Then again, maybe not. My witness protection handler would have a fit if I did that. Carstairs is already unhappy with me for the attention Miranda is getting. He wouldn't tell me how he found out about her. For all I know, he saw her perform at one of those clubs and recognized her. What does it say about a man who watches a girl with a thirty-three-inch horsecock perform and looks at her face?

"I don't know why he's mad at me about this. It's not like I knew what was going to happen when I took her to the interview with that magazine. I mean, what kind of father wants that for his daughter? Surely Carstairs can't think I did it for the money? That's disgusting. But no more disgusting than what she's going to have to do to earn it. It's almost as bad as what my former employers did to earn their damn money. Drugs and whores. Which is worse, making a girl have sex with strangers for money or making her have sex with horses? It doesn't matter if one pays a hundred dollars and the other pays a hundred thousand - does it?"

Miranda was sympathetic to her father's problems because they shared more than most fathers and daughters. She'd only been thirteen when they had moved to a new city and acquired a new last name. At the time, she'd only been told it was so some bad men wouldn't find them. Like any other curious teen, she then spent a lot of time spying and eavesdropping until she found out the real reason - that her father had been the bookkeeper for a criminal organization that suspected him - correctly - of having shared the details of their business with the authorities. While the trials that resulted were long over, the defendants mostly captured, convicted, sentenced and the organization much reduced in power and scope, she knew enough to understand that their past was something that would have to remain secret - period.

Their new reality was that Gerald Peters had retired early and was now doing something he enjoyed. Something that let him stay home all day with her. And now she was the one who would be going out to work and leaving him home alone where he would be comfortably out of sight. She thought it was only fair that she should go off to work now. Especially since it was work she was now ideally equipped to do, thanks to Angus McKay.

Mr. Pruett arrived in a double-cab, dual-axle, diesel pickup. Miranda thought the huge thing was terribly impractical for city driving. It had to be an affectation, intended to show the IHBA members that Pruett was one of them, not some city-slicker who didn't know their business. She'd never ridden in something that tall before. Just climbing into the cab felt like scaling a ladder. Hoisting her rear onto the seat while holding onto the grab-bar was a different procedure than backing into a car. She had to make some adjustments, but she ended-up with her balls in her lap and her cock draped neatly over one leg with her long skirt covering everything.

"Looks like you've figured out how to wrangle your business." Pruett said, after taking note of how Miranda organized things. "You'll be happy to hear we'll be sitting in First Class. Wider seats and more legroom."

Miranda nodded, but didn't reply. She didn't know First Class from Cargo and didn't appreciate how cramped she would have been in Coach. She was busy taking in the view from the cab of Pruett's truck which made her nervous because it was so high. Things were fine as long as they were on residential streets, but when they drove through city intersections she felt like she should duck as they passed under the traffic lights. When they entered the tunnel leading to the airport she felt like she should crouch on the floor.

On arriving at the airport, Pruett pulled into the short-term parking lot. This was better than waiting for the shuttle-bus to carry them to the terminal from the long-term lot but still left them with a long walk.

Miranda had planned ahead and worn a pair of wedge sandals with cork heels that gave her the height she needed to keep her cock off the ground without killing her feet. This made it possible for her to keep up with Pruett while towing her suitcase along behind her.

"I gotta get me one of those," Pruett remarked, nodding at her wheeled case. His luggage was an old-style garment bag that folded in the middle so it could be carried by a handle, but couldn't be dragged.

In the terminal building, Pruett walked Miranda through the process of getting her ticket from the kiosk, figuring out which gate they would be departing through and then joining the queue for security screening before being allowed into the main concourse.

The line moved, if not quickly. It only stopped when someone with too much metal on them triggered the detector, or when someone was singled-out for special attention according to some criteria that only the security personnel knew. Miranda watched them disassemble an elderly woman's walker before leading her away for a detailed search. A few minutes later, they did the same to a Boy Scout in uniform.

"The pins on his sash probably have sharp points on them," Pruett told her, the sarcasm in his voice clear despite his low tone. "Can't be too careful. He might prick someone to death with those things."

Miranda's amusement at the whispered comment was cut off short when she found herself being politely but firmly being removed from the line and led off by a security agent and an armed airport cop.

"I'll meet you at the gate," Pruett called to her. "Thirty-seven B!"

Miranda nodded over her shoulder rather than risking the sudden fear she felt affecting her voice.

The room she was taken to was tiny. High up in one corner was a camera, its red light glowing. Three walls were acoustically-padded. The fourth had a large mirror set into it. Miranda had seen enough cop-shows in TV to know that was a two-way mirror. There were no chairs. The only furniture was a folding-table against the wall next to the door. A yellow X had been painted on the floor in the middle of the room.

Miranda tried to be patient. She knew she was no more a threat than the old woman or the scout, but neither of them had returned while she was still waiting in line.

After a few minutes that seemed more like hours to Miranda, a bored-looking woman in a grey uniform and blue came carrying a large, thick paddle-like device.

"Stand on the X," she told Miranda. "Hold your arms out from your sides and don't move."

Miranda did as she was told. The woman passed her paddle over Miranda, front, back and sides, paying particular attention to the bulge in the back of her full-length skirt.

"I need you to disrobe. Hand me each item of clothing as you remove it."

It was a short list. Having been warned by her father to avoid belt-buckles, jewelry, zippers or anything else made of metal, Miranda was only wearing a loose blouse, a bra with no underwire, and a skirt. She took off each item in that order and handed it to the security agent, who checked them before tossing them onto the table.

As Miranda expected, it was what she concealed under her skirt that had caused her to be singled-out for special treatment. And it was when she reached around to her side to undo it that the agent grew visibly tense.

Miranda undid the hook and pulled down the zipper. She pushed the skirt down and let it drop around her ankles. As soon as it hit the floor, the agent lost her blasé attitude.

"My word girl! What have you got between your legs?"

"My cock." Miranda said. She stepped out of her skirt. Raising her leg allowed her balls to swing down between her thighs, where the weight of them pushed against her cock, making the end of it swing forward.

The sudden motion caused the agent to jump, which made her seem much more human to Miranda.

"Don't worry," Miranda said, smiling as she handed over the skirt. "It doesn't bite."

The agent shot Miranda a stern look, as if to say, "It better not!"

"I, uh, I need to talk to my supervisor. I'll be right back."

The agent left in such a hurry that Miranda felt a breeze. The agent hadn't said anything about her getting dressed, so she waited, not daring to move from the designated spot.

In less than a minute, Miranda heard muffled voices outside the door. Then she heard a nearby door open and more voices from the other side of the mirror. Seconds later, the agent was back, with a very different attitude.

"Please turn around slowly and face the wall behind you," she asked politely, and Miranda complied, doing a half turn.

"Please bend over."

Miranda hesitated, unsure if she was about to have to endure a cavity search. Then she complied, bending forward far enough to put her hands on her knees. Through a narrow gap between her thigh and her genitals she saw the agent squat down and point a small flashlight up under her butt. She was relieved when the woman came no closer and remained well out of reach.

"OK, you can stand up now. Please turn and face the mirror. Now could you pick up your, uh, thing. I need to be sure you're not concealing anything."

Miranda reached down and hoisted her cock up, pulling it all the way up between her breasts and holding there by crossing her arms around her shaft and hugging it to her. The agent again used her flashlight to examine her groin.

"You can get dressed now. You're free to go. Please leave by the door to your right down the hallway. Your luggage will be returned to you there. Thank you for your cooperation and have a nice flight."

The whole spiel came out in one quick stream of words, after which the agent shut her mouth and pressed her lips firmly together.

"I'm a Stallion Girl," Miranda said, answering the question she knew wasn't being asked. "I'm the mascot for a horse-breeder's magazine."

The agent tried not to, but had to take a last look at Miranda's cock as she stepped back into her skirt.

"It's quite real," Miranda said. "And yes, it all works just fine."

Thirty-seven B was a gate at the very end of one arms of the terminal. It shared a large waiting area with three other gates. Miranda found Pruett easily. He'd taken a seat facing the inflow of travelers.

"Not too bad, I hope?" He said, while she was getting things sorted prior to sitting down in the narrow seat next to him.

"They made me take off my clothes. I thought they were going to peek inside me, but they settled for just getting a good look at the outside."

"I'm sorry you had to go through that. One of the perils of air travel today, I'm afraid."

"Have you ever been taken off and searched?"

"No. Never."

"Did they strip-search any of the other Stallion Girls?"

"No, the others weren't as obviously different as you. Their stuff was smaller and they could hide things more easily. You were a giant leap forward for McKay. He started off trying to make them so they could pass for Futa. When he gave that up he said it was much easier to get everything else into the, ah, package. No pun intended."

"Package?" Miranda asked. She knew what it meant. She just felt like needling Pruett.

"It's a guy-term. Means the same as junk or family-jewels."

Miranda looked at him sideways, doing her best to keep a straight face at his obvious embarrassment. She thought it was hilarious that the man largely responsible for having girls transformed into transspecies transsexuals was uncomfortable talking about the things hanging from her groin.

"Oh," she said, "naughty-bits."

"Yes."

"Unmentionables. Private parts. Tackle."

"Those too."

"Beef bayonet and bollockbag."

"I don't believe I've heard of that last one. Are you trying to embarrass me?"

"I think I'm succeeding."

"I think you are, too. Has anyone told you that you sometimes sound like a guy?"

"Yes. My boyfriend, Barry."

"Oh? How did he handle the news that you'd ... changed teams?"

"Better than I expected. We're still together."

"Really? He sounds like a remarkably adaptable young man."

"He surprised me. I thought he'd leave skid-marks going out the door. Daddy is having a harder time getting used to it than Barry."

"Well, fathers and daughters ... you know. Give him time."

"I am. I will. It's just that he's still trying to treat me like a little girl. Even before this, he was having a hard time thinking of me as a grown-up. Now, he has a lot more to deal with and he keeps trying to say and do and feel things that don't go with who and what I am now. He can't get past the horse thing at all. I thought he was getting better about me performing in those clubs. He came inside the last one, but he didn't like the place at all. He absolutely refuses to watch my act."

"Can't say as I blame him there."

"I'm surprised to hear you say that. Considering."

"Oh, that doesn't have anything to do with your new 'tackle'. I like that one, by the way. I think the members will too, if you remember to use it in front of them. It sounds ... outdoorsy. No, your dad would react the same if you weren't a Stallion Girl. No father wants his daughter strutting her stuff on stage in front of a bunch of strange men. It usually means he's messed-up somewhere along the line. I wasn't keen on the idea of letting our girls work the clubs in the off-season."

"Yes, I knew that."

"But Larry kept telling me that they needed to keep busy so they wouldn't have time to dwell on the changes."

"He told me it was about the money."

"Of course he did. He's in Marketing. Finding things to promote and ways to do it is his job. He's so good at it he comes across as sleazy sometimes. Don't let him fool you. He was worried about you. Did you know he went to your first night at the Club 711?"

"No! Really?"

"Had himself a little celebration when he saw how well you took to it. He came in the next morning with a hangover the size of Texas."

Miranda thought that sounded like Pruett was trying to polish Larry's image a bit. He was right about Richards having a sleazy air about him. It was clear that Pruett himself was making an effort to be nice to her. Maybe it was all just an attempt to keep her happy. From what she'd been told by others, her predecessors had been genuinely unhappy about their decision to take the job.

"No pressure there!" She thought. "I'll do my best. But not for Pruett and Richards. I'll do it for me. If I'm truly unique, then it's all my responsibility to make the best of the situation. This is really more than I expected or wanted out of what I thought was a simple modeling job. It would be really selfish to be unhappy about it, even if there have been some adjustments I've had to make."

When boarding was announced for their flight, an impatient crowd formed in front of the gate. Miranda and Pruett had to work their way through it to present themselves when the First Class and People Needing Assistance call was made.

When Miranda came through the last of them and shuffled forward to present her pass, she was surprised to find that her odd gait and wobbling rear bulge made the attendants assume that she fell into the latter category. She politely declined the offer of a wheelchair ride down the ramp, choosing instead to continue down on foot and at her best speed. One dictated by her need to keep her knees together so her balls wouldn't swing between her legs and get squished. She'd forgot herself a few times and the consequences had been very painful.

"We're in 3A and 3B," Pruett said, taking her suitcase and stowing it in the overhead bin. "I think you should take the window seat. Less chance of anything hanging out in the aisle and getting stepped-on by accident."

Miranda nodded and sidled in. Getting her butt down, her balls up, and her cock correctly draped required something of an effort due to the cramped space. It might have been easier to manage if she'd had the extra space of the aisle to work in, but that would have meant making more of a spectacle of herself than either she or Pruett wanted. This wasn't one of the bars she'd worked, where swinging her dick around brought applause. This was traveling on business, and modesty and decorum were the order of the day.

"Everything all right?" Pruett asked, once she had got settled.

"This is more comfortable than those hard benches in the terminal. But not by that much. I thought you said we'd have leg-room?"

"We do. Back there in Coach they're sitting six across and if the passenger in front of you reclines their seat, they're practically in your lap."

"Oh. Will I get to travel First Class on every trip?"

"Yes. I tried to save a few bucks once. I had the middle seat on a plane filled with people going to an Overeaters Anonymous convention. During the first leg of the flight, I wasn't sure if I would die from suffocation or being crushed. On the second leg, I was sure I would be gassed to death. I wouldn't wish that on anyone. Certainly not someone as valuable as you."

Miranda took that as a compliment - until it occurred to her that she really had no idea what Stallion Magazine had paid Angus McKay to head their project, or how much money he'd spent in the course of it, or how much they had paid in legal fees to defend themselves from lawsuits brought by disgruntled former Stallion Girls. If you added it all up, she probably represented a quite substantial monetary investment.

"I think I can get used to being pampered," she thought. "I'll certainly try!"

The flight was smooth, the attendants attentive, and the plane landed a few minutes ahead of schedule. If Miranda had any reason to be disappointed, it was only that the reality of air travel quite effectively ruined the glamor of the experience for her. By the time they reached the shuttle that

would take them to the car-rental agency, Miranda was ready to leave the whole noisy, smelly, crowded mess behind her.

"The show opens at noon," Pruett told her while they waited for the bus to fill. "We've got just enough time to get to the hotel, check-in, unpack, and get down to the convention floor to make sure the booth has been set-up correctly."

Miranda had been thinking about taking a nice hot shower and having a leisurely lunch in a quaint local cafe. Apparently the pampering she'd been picturing had practical limits attached.

Pruett saw her look of disappointment. "Trade shows are mostly work. If we're lucky, the crowd will be thin and we'll be able to take turns getting lunch at the snack bar. Then it will be hours of standing and talking. If you still feel like it tonight, I'll take you someplace nice for dinner."

"I'll look forward to it."

"Did you memorize all that material I sent you?"

"Yes. Don't worry. I've been practicing. I know my lines. If someone asks something I don't know, I'll bring them to you."

"Good girl! But if you do nothing all weekend but stand and look pretty, I'll still be happy."

"I did the 'stand and look pretty' thing for the photo shoot. We're here to promote the magazine and market my services."

"I saw those pictures. That's something else Larry was right about. I've decided to run a full-page photo of you in every issue."

"Like a centerfold?"

"Only no staple in your navel. I'll put you opposite the cartoon we usually run. Contrast the fantasy and the reality."

"Wow!"

"Did you really tell Larry you'd let us brand you?"

"Yes, I did. I don't know what got into me. Oh, I'll still do it, but we're having a hard time agreeing on the design. Everything he's shown me so far has been way too big or too busy. He must think my butt is the size of a billboard."

"Take your time. That's something we can only do once. And you'll be wearing it for a long time."

"Too true. Don't worry. I won't let him rush me into it."

The lobby of the hotel was a mob-scene. The line at the front desk was long and it took longer than Pruett expected to get checked in. Once they got to their rooms, Miranda found that hers was two doors down and across the hall from Pruett's.

"Daddy will be glad to hear that not only are we not sharing a room, we're not even in adjoining rooms," Miranda thought. "I'll have to give him a call later and let him know I got here OK."

After unpacking quickly, she changed into one of the dresses she'd brought. It was a simple cotton

print dress that could have passed for Civil War vintage, except for the scoop-neck that showed a generous amount of cleavage. Miranda thought it made her look 'country' and she hoped that people who owned ranches and bred horses would like it. It wasn't as loose as the skirt she'd worn on the plane, but she wouldn't be trying to hide what she was here.

The neckline made it necessary for her to change to a strapless bra. "And I can wear the dress off my shoulders if I need to show some more skin," she thought. "We'll see how it goes."

She'd just run a comb through her hair when Pruett knocked on the door. She took a last look in the mirror before following him. They went down to the convention office, where they signed in and picked up their green exhibitor badges. Then it was out onto the convention floor.

It looked to Miranda like total chaos. The hall was a huge cavern-like place with a ceiling high enough for a circus to pitch a big-top tent in it. There were rows of cloth-walled display booths running off in both directions and a small city of stand-alone exhibit booths past that. In the distance, Miranda could see displays of large farm equipment and someone had even erected a small barn.

There were people everywhere, going in all directions. Some were running, carrying placards and plants and boxes of flyers to exhibit booths. Some were strolling - early visitors or exhibitors who had finished setting up their booths and were off to check out the competition. Most were just milling about or standing and trying to talk over the noise. Miranda noticed a few show-models, identifiable by their clothing and their high-heels.

Pruett led the way to the Stallion Magazine booth. Roughly in the middle of one long aisle of booths, it was conveniently located adjacent to the IHBA booth, which effectively doubled their space since IHBA was technically the magazine's parent.

"Herman! Hey! Just in time!" The man could have been Pruett's brother. They both had that weathered look from a lifetime spend outdoors. He wore a dress shirt with a string tie, a suede jacket, jeans, and a white cowboy hat with a beaded band around it. Wearing the hat indoors told Miranda that he was probably losing his hair and wanted to hide the fact.

"Jim. Good to see you again," Pruett said with a big smile.

"Who's this now?" Jim said, looking at Miranda. "Don't tell me this is your new stud! She's gorgeous!"

"This is Miranda Peters, and yes, she's our new Stallion Girl. Miranda, this is Jim Hunter. Jim is the Membership Secretary for the IHBA."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hunter," Miranda said, offering her hand.

"Same here, my dear. I'm here to do some recruiting for the Association. I think that will be a good bit easier now that we can offer prospective members benefits that the local and regional breeder's organizations can't - you. Or more precisely, a substantial discount on your services if they sign up for a five-year or better membership. On behalf of the IHBA, we're very glad to have you on the team."

"Thank you, sir. I'll certainly do my best. If anyone asks about joining, should I bring them to you?"

Hunter seemed surprised. Miranda wasn't sure why that was. "Yes," he said, "you do that."

Pruett explained, "Miranda isn't just here to be decorative. She's a professional model and smart as a whip. I'm letting her promote herself."

"That's a change! Sounds like you really got lucky with this one, Herman. She's sure prettier than the last girl."

"You should see her dick. Angus outdid himself."

Hunter tilted his head over to get a look. Miranda shifted her stance to put her knee behind her cock and push it against the thin cotton material of her dress.

"Holy shit!" Hunter exclaimed. "That's amazing."

"That seems to be the general consensus," Pruett said. "Larry Richards has her out doing the club circuit. She's been very popular."

"Really? That's good. I know you weren't a big fan of that plan."

"I'm happy it worked out. When Angus had his screwball idea, Larry was all over the possibilities for creating additional income streams from the novelty aspect while also keeping them occupied during the off-season. My interest was mostly in the logistical savings from having a stud who could use standard commercial transport - something we proved this morning on the flight down here. Miranda manages herself quite well. She even got singled-out for special screening at the airport. I didn't expect that and I admit I was worried, but she did just fine."

"Ha! Those idiots pulled that on my wife last month," Hunter said. "Alice gave them hell the whole time. You could hear her halfway across the terminal. I hope it wasn't too unpleasant for you, honey."

Miranda shrugged. "It wasn't anything I haven't been doing on stage. The tips were just a lot worse this time."

"Oh that's rich! A sense of humor too! Herman, I think you've got a winner here. Now I see someone I need to go talk to. So if you'll excuse me... ?"

Hunter walked off toward a man in a white suit, a big friendly smile on his face.

"Did I do OK?" Miranda asked Pruett.

"You did better than OK. Now, the IHBA Board of Directors will hear from Jim that McKay's lunatic idea wasn't so crazy after all. That it finally actually worked-out. Jim's word will carry more weight than mine, because I had something to lose on the deal. I guess it won't come as a surprise to you that if you hadn't worked-out, there would be some heads on the block. Originally we had a five-year contract with the IHBA. Now we're renewed year-to-year. The Board can decide to switch to another publisher if they're not happy with the way things are going. Please don't tell anyone I told you that."

"Why?"

"Because I just handed you the keys to the fucking kingdom. You can hold our feet to the fire and we can't say squat about it because if you go on strike, we're royally screwed."

"Then why tell me?"

"Because you've been more than reasonable about this whole thing. Especially considering you didn't know what you were getting into. You've been acting like a real team-player, and I'd rather have that than another contract employee any time."

"Thanks. I'll try to live up to your confidence in me."

"That's my girl! Now let's see if we've got everything we're supposed to have here. Take a look at those boxes and see if your sash is in there."

"Sash?"

"You know, one of those beauty-contestant things. Larry's idea. He thought it would be a good conversation-starter for you."

In among the boxes of keychains, beer-coozies, and back issues of Stallion Magazine, Miranda found a bright blue sash with the Stallion Girl logo at the top and the words 'Stallion Girl' in gold sparkles running down it. When she slipped it on, it covered so much of her chest that she decided to pull the her dress down off her shoulders to compensate.

"That's definitely going to attract attention," Pruett told her.

He was right. Almost immediately, men began to stop and talk to Miranda.

The questions were predictable and she was able to answer them easily. They were mostly, "What's a Stallion Girl?" or "What are you doing later?" The former was easy. She could recite the details of her genetic modification in scientific or layman's terms. She could describe the process from a very personal perspective. And she could assure potential customers that she was quite capable of handling the job, physically and emotionally. Anyone wanting to talk price, she referred to Pruett.

The latter was less easy. The experience she had in deflecting unwanted attention wasn't quite what she needed to get them to leave in a good mood. She tried showing them the outline of her cock under her dress as she'd done with Jim Hunter. That worked for many, but some reacted the same way Langdon Miles had - by being more intrigued than unhappy to learn how different she really was. Those she did her best to let down easy, mostly by telling them she had a steady boyfriend - which was true. And by implying that she had a date for the evening already - which was only sort of true.

Two hours later, she needed a break.

"Sure," Pruett told her. "It's past lunchtime now. Go get yourself something at the snack bar and get off your feet for a few minutes. Here's a twenty, get whatever you want and bring me a sandwich and a bottle of water."

Miranda didn't bother telling Pruett that it wasn't just hunger or her feet that was demanding her attention. She'd started to feel a certain tightness that she knew would lead to a stiffness and then a need that would fog her mind until she did something to relieve it. It would be far better for her to take matters in hand first to head off the possibility of an embarrassing accident later. Instead of going straight to the snack bar, she planned to go up to her room and unburden herself there.

Her plan didn't work as she'd intended. It might have been that she turned right when she should have turned left at the end of the first row of booths, or it might have been that she turned left. Whichever it was, she wound up somewhere other than the elevator she and Pruett had come down in.

"There's the barn I saw when we came in the entrance. I'm on the wrong side of the hall. I'll have to go back. Crap! I'm getting an erection! Good thing not many people seem to walk all the way over here to look at these displays. Maybe no one will notice me."

Miranda's stiffening cock began to lift up the hem of her dress. She walked over to a small split-rail fence corral on one side of the barn. It was a fake, of course. They could hardly have planted the posts holding the rails into the concrete floor of the exhibit hall. Instead, the people who raised the barn had nailed square pieces of plywood to their bottoms and laid bales of straw on top to hold them in place. The floor inside the rail fence was covered in a thick layer of sawdust. It was a nice bit of staging, put there so the barn wouldn't look totally out-of-place.

Miranda put her foot up on the lowest rail to try to look nonchalant while she struggled to regain her self-control. Raising her leg allowed her cock to ride up so that it rested on the rail beside her foot. It also let her balls hang down between her thighs instead of being trapped behind them. It helped not having to fight things.

"Relax," Miranda told herself. "Be calm. Relax and everything will be fine."

Suddenly, she saw movement out of the corner of her eye. When she turned her head, she saw a horse had stuck his head out of the barn and was looking at her. His ears were turned toward her curiously. As she watched, he came out and plodded slowly in her direction. When he was just a few feet away, he stopped and lowered his head. Then he took a few steps back and turned slightly to one side while keeping an eye on Miranda.

"That's strange," a voice from behind Miranda said. "Viceroy is usually very friendly. It's why we went to the trouble of bringing him along."

Miranda looked over her shoulder without turning around. A young woman wearing a khaki blouse and a denim skirt came up beside her and put a hand on the top fence rail. She wore an exhibitor badge clipped to her collar. The skirt was short and looked like it had started life as a pair of jeans before having the legs cut off and the crotch removed and re-seamed.

"That's the way he acts when he runs into a stallion in the pasture. Viceroy is a gelding and he's intimidated by stallions."

"Ah," Miranda said, nodding. "I understand."

"Then maybe you'd explain it to me," the woman said, "because I don't."

"I'm a stallion."

"Sure you are."

"No, really. Look." Miranda pulled her dress up far enough to expose a foot of cock.

"Whoa! What is that?"

There was no one else around, so Miranda pulled her dress up to her waist to expose her entire shaft from the flared tip to the wide base. She gave the woman a good look before dropping it again.

"You're the Stallion Girl! I saw you on the exhibitor list."

"That's right. I'm Miranda Peters."

"Kimber Hackthorne. My family builds custom barns. Everything from that..." she pointed at the model, "to the really big ones."

"Pleased to meet you."

"You're like ... famous."

"Right now I'm like ... stuck."

"What's wrong?"

"My dick has a mind of it's own. Right now it thinks it's time to party and it won't listen to reason. I don't expect you to understand."

"I have three brothers. Seventeen, fifteen, and fourteen. I understand all too well about hard-ons, boners, and morning wood. Sometimes the easiest way to get rid of one is to give it what it wants - a helping hand. At least that's the line my brothers use when my parents are not around. A cold shower works just fine, too. But they never think of that."

"Got a cold shower handy?"

"No. But you're not one of my brothers. I could help you out, if you like. I've sort of done this stuff before. Only then it was while we were breeding real horses. My job was making sure the studs were ready to go. I've handled a lot of horsecock. Look, come over here into the barn so we can do this in private."

"OK."

Miranda got things as situated as possible and hobbled along after Kimber into the small barn. Viceroy followed them, but kept his distance.

Once inside, Miranda quit trying to hold her cock down. Released, it sprang up nearly horizontal, dragging the hem of her dress along with it. Miranda backed up against a pile of hay-bales and spread her feet apart to let her balls hang free.

"Wow!" Kimber exclaimed. "That's quite a set you've got there! I've seen smaller cocks on Clydesdales. And I've never seen testicles that big before! You must be incredibly virile."

"Thanks. That was the idea, I think."

Miranda reached out as far as she could to put both hands on her cock. Kimber watched in awe as she tried to encompass the girth of it and failed.

"Here," Kimber said, "let me help you with that thing." She took hold of the end of Miranda's cock and held it for a bit while she got used to its heft and firmness, then she began using both hands to stroke it.

"Is this OK?" Kimber asked.

"You're doing fine," Miranda assured her. "That feels good."

The truth was, Miranda was enjoying having someone help her. She liked it so much that she deliberately tried to hold back to prolong the situation.

"You're so hard!" Kimber said, giving her a squeeze. "Can I tell you something?"

It hardly seemed the appropriate time for a confession, but Miranda nodded anyway.

"Doing this with horses always got me ... excited." Kimber said in a hushed tone. "Doing it with you is getting me really wet."

Miranda remembered that there was a time when another girl admitting that Miranda turned her on would have made her uncomfortable, perhaps even revolted her. Now, she felt something like pride at hearing it.

"Big cocks used to get me wet too," Miranda admitted. "Now that I have one, it gets hard all the time."

"Would you mind terribly..." Kimber started to ask, then hesitated. "Would it bother you if I ... took my panties off."

"It wouldn't bother me at all," Miranda said with a grin. "You go right ahead."

Kimber let go just long enough to pull her panties down and off. She tossed them onto a nearby hay-bale.

Miranda saw that the cotton crotch was soaked through. "Want to go for a ride?" She asked Kimber.

"Do I!" Kimber said, yanking her skirt up around her waist. "I've just got to feel this thing between my legs!"

Kimber straddled Miranda's cock, pressing her damp pussy against the top of it.

"Oh, my!" She said as she rubbed back and forth along it, going all the way out to the end. "Is this good for you too?"

The feel of Kimber's heat on her cock and especially the look of arousal on her face made Miranda's cock feel like it had turned to steel. Her balls had become uncomfortably tight and she knew she wouldn't last much longer.

"Yes. It's good for me. Don't stop!"

Miranda couldn't help herself. She shoved her hips forward, pushing her cock hard up between Kimber's legs, savoring the wetness and the warmth.

"Ohhhh!" Kimber moaned.

That moan made Miranda feel empowered. She started jerking her hips, sliding her cock against Kimber's pussy, enjoying the ecstatic look on her face.

"Not long now," Miranda said through clenched teeth. "Cumming soon."

"I want to watch it come out!" Kimber said.

"Turn around. Be quick!"

Kimber backed off and turned, then backed onto Miranda's cock, allowing the broad head to push against her pussy before letting it slide past until she was again firmly straddling the shaft. She rode

it forward until the flared end pressed against her clit, then she rocked her hips, grinding against it.

That was the last straw for Miranda. Regardless of how much she was enjoying getting Kimber off, she knew she'd passed the point of inevitability.

"Here it comes!" She said, tensing every part of her body against the wrenching climax she knew was almost upon her.

"Do it!" Kimber shouted, and Miranda's cock began to erupt.

"Oh, yes!" Miranda said as cum spewed from her cock. "Hell yes!"

"Oh my God!" Kimber said. "I'm going to cum toooooo!"

Kimber shivered and shook as stream after stream of cum seemed to fly out of the cock that looked and felt to her like it was her own. She lost control of her legs and slid back down Miranda's shaft until she was sitting in her lap.

Miranda wrapped her arms around Kimber and pulled her back against her. She reached up and cupped Kimber's breasts with her hands, squeezing them gently through her bra. The two of them stayed like that until their orgasms gradually subsided.

"That was fantastic!" Kimber said, breathlessly. "Thank you!"

"Was that a fantasy of yours? To feel like you had a cock of your own?"

"Yes. It's stupid, I know."

"Not really. I had the same fantasy."

"Yours came true."

"It did. It surely did. Thank you for saving me from embarrassing myself out there. I have to cum pretty often or that stuff starts backing up into my brain."

Kimber laughed, "I've heard that one before!"

"Well, this time it's true. Look, I hate to do this, but I've got to run. I need to get something to eat and get back to work."

"I should go too," Kimber said, leaning her head back on Miranda's shoulder. "But that feels so nice!"

"What? Oh!" Miranda hadn't noticed that she was still massaging Kimber's breasts. She started to take her hands away when Kimber stopped her.

"No! Here." Kimber unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her bra cups up off her boobs.

Miranda couldn't stop after that. She touched Kimber in ways that she like to be touched.

"A damn big cock and you know how to play with my boobs too," Kimber sighed. "You'd be the perfect boyfriend, you know."

"Except that riding like that is as far as we could go. Otherwise we're talking real commitment."

"You mean sticking that monster inside me? For real?"

"You never heard of anyone doing it with a horse?"

"Well, of course. I knew a girl who did it with a Shetland pony on a dare. She was drunk on her ass at the time. She came like bombs, and so did the pony. She never did it again, though. That I know of, anyway. But you're way bigger than that pony!"

"So it's not impossible? People have been telling me things. I wondered if it was all BS."

"Nothing is impossible if you're willing to work at it. I have no doubts there are women who are into that. Not me. Not just yet."

Kimber turned her head to look at Miranda's face. Then, just like that, Miranda's lips were on hers.

Miranda thought kissing another girl would feel weird. It was different. But still quite enjoyable.

"This isn't me turning lez," she told herself. "By definition, it can't be. I'm very much male, even if that male is horse. I still don't know what it is for me to have sex with another person, no matter what sex. I'm starting to wonder what the heck it even matters."

Kimber's nipples felt like small pebbles. Her kiss was becoming more enthusiastic. Miranda knew they should stop. Physically, she knew she could probably go again. But Pruett wasn't paying her to lay around and screw all afternoon.

"Ha!" she thought, "Larry Richards would! He'd love to be in here with a camera."

Miranda had just about pulled together enough resolve to stop. Kimber got there first.

"Mercy! If we don't stop now, I'll be a wreck the rest of the day. My folks will know for sure what I've been doing. Well, maybe not exactly what, or with who, but they'll know I've been up to something."

"And you'll be fine going back like this?" Miranda asked, lightly rolling a finger around on each of Kimber's stiff peaks.

"No ... I ... we need to stop. Oh, damn! What are you doing later?"

"My boss said he'd take me to take me out to dinner. Would you like to come along?"

"Will your boss be OK with that?"

"He thinks he owes me. He'll be fine with it."

"OK then. I'll see you after the show closes."

"Come to my room. 708. Bring what you want to wear. We can get dressed there."

"OK. See you later."

Miranda waited to make sure her cock had drained completely and had relaxed enough not to be peeking out from under her dress, then she brushed herself off and headed for the snack bar.

Instead of eating there, she bought two hoagies and chips and two waters and brought it all back to

the booth. Pruett didn't seem too unhappy about the time it had taken her.

"Great!" He said. "I'm starving. You didn't eat there?"

"I thought I should get back right away. Getting this took longer than I thought. You go ahead and eat. I can handle things."

"I'm sure. You know you've got straw in your hair?"

"What? Crud!"

"Here, let me pick it out. Didn't go for a roll in the hay, did you?" Pruett said, laughing.

Miranda was just glad he was taking her tardiness well. "Actually, I did. I had to go, uh, relieve the pressure. I was lucky enough to meet someone willing to help me out."

"I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. But I am. Anyone I might know?"

"Kimber Hackthorne?"

"Brian Hackthorne's daughter?"

"I guess. The barn people?"

"That's him. I don't know the man that well. He raises a few horses, but he's not a member. He's been coming to the shows for years. Always builds a model on site and donates it to a local agricultural club after the show closes. The girl has been coming since she was little."

"I think she's my age or a year or two older. I didn't ask. I did ask if she'd like to go to dinner with us. If you don't mind, of course."

"No, that's great. Any chance to network is good. You never know who will steer some business your way. I didn't know Kimber was, uh, hmm." Pruett took a bite of his sandwich to cover the fact that he couldn't figure out what it was he wanted to say.

"What?"

Pruett chewed the bite thoroughly while he thought it over. When he swallowed, he said, "Nothing. It doesn't matter."

"That's about what I've decided. That it doesn't matter. Or if it did, it doesn't now. Or it doesn't apply. Pick one."

"How about, 'none of my business'?"

"Whatever works."

Pruett nodded and went back to his lunch.

Miranda had just about decided that her boss was something of a prude. He'd made no secret of the fact that he hadn't been in favor of her performing in clubs or doing any of the other things that Miranda now considered more fun than work. Now, his "none of my business" remark sounded like evasion to her.

"Strange," she thought, "considering the whole Stallion Girl thing might have been McKay's idea, but Pruett had final approval. Or did he? Maybe he told someone at the IHBA about the idea and they liked it. Jim Hunter certainly seemed enthusiastic about me. Or maybe he's just naturally like that. You'd want a membership secretary to be excited about the organization. It could have been someone on the board of directors. Or maybe the simplest explanation is right - Pruett is just uncomfortable with the idea that me having a horse's junk between my legs hasn't taken me out totally out of the game. I guess I am something of a walking Rorschach test for attitudes on sex. Different people are going to react differently to me. So far, the only general reaction has been curiosity. Sooner or later, I know I'm going to freak somebody out."

The rest of the afternoon passed without further incident. Miranda fielded questions about herself and tried her best not to sound like a broken record - saying the exact same thing over and over again. Some questioners pressed her for details of her physiology or expressed disbelief that something like that was even possible. For those, she did her trick of showing the outline of her cock under her dress. For the ones who insisted on having a peek, she told them that the magazine would be publishing photos of her and they could satisfy their curiosity by becoming an IHBA member. At which point she directed them to Jim Hunter.

When six o'clock finally arrived and people started to file out of the exhibit hall, Miranda was tired and her feet sore from standing for hours in high-heels. She wondered if she was really up to going out to eat with Pruett and Kimber.

"Go get yourself a hot shower," Pruett said, sympathetically. "You'll feel better. I'll meet you in the bar off the hotel lobby when you're ready."

"OK, you're probably right. The hot water will help my feet too."

Miranda was just finishing toweling off after her shower when she heard someone knock on her door. She hoisted her cock up between her breasts and let her balls swing behind her legs, then she clutched the towel to her and went to look through the peep-hole in the door. As she expected, it was Kimber Hackthorne, wearing a hotel robe and slippers. She was carrying a garment bag and a make-up case. Miranda opened the door for her.

"Hi!" Kimber said, as she came in. She put her case on a chair and laid the garment bag over it.

"Hi, yourself. Did you ride the elevator dressed like that?"

"Don't be silly. My room is one floor up. I came down the stairs. Just getting out of the shower?"

"Yes."

"You know you look ridiculous hiding behind that towel."

Miranda glanced in the mirror over the dresser. Kimber was right. The towel covered her from her chest to mid-thigh. Most of her cock was covered, except for the part rising up between her breasts to stand proudly beside her face with the tip even with her eyebrows.

"Come on," Kimber said as she untied the belt of her robe. "Don't be shy."

Miranda held her cock in the crook of her arm while she folded the towel and dropped it to the floor at her feet. Then she let go of her cock, letting it fall down between her legs. When it reached the floor, the end thumped into the towel.

"It looks bigger when you're barefoot." Kimber said. "I see why you have to wear such high heels." She opened her robe, showing that she was naked underneath. She dropped the robe onto the bed and went to Miranda, embracing her, pressing her breasts against Miranda's and offering her lips for a kiss.

Miranda had expected this. She'd even been looking forward to it, which sort of surprized her. She accepted the kiss, then she slid her hands around Kimber's waist to the small of her back and pulled their hips together, which forced the thick base of her cock between Kimber's legs and up against her clit.

"Oh!" Kimber said, breaking the kiss.

"Too rough?"

"No." She said as she rubbed herself against Miranda. "Do you need me to help you again?"

"I took care of that when I got into the shower. Sorry. I couldn't wait. I hope you understand."

"I guess I do. Maybe later?"

"Sure! I liked being between your legs. It was a new experience for me, but then, most things are. I'm figuring it out as I go along."

"Aren't we all? What are you wearing tonight?"

"Floral brocade. Gathered at the waist, it leaves a lot of stiff fabric that sticks out where I do. It hides my bulges."

"Won't that be heavy and hot?"

"Can't be helped. I have some light, form-fitting dresses, but I didn't pack them. They're for special occasions and I haven't been to one of those yet."

"What kind of occasion?"

"Mr. Pruett tells me that breeders buying my services will want to show me off to their friends. At their parties I'll be able to show-off as much as I like."

"I wish I moved in those circles!"

"Me too! I'm just the hired help."

"Poor Miranda!"

"You sound just a teeny bit jealous."

"Maybe I am. Just a bit."

"Thinking of applying for a job as a Stallion Girl?"

"Would you be offended if I said no?"

"Not really. It's a big adjustment."

"It certainly is!" Kimber said, pressing herself harder against Miranda's cock.

"If you don't stop that we'll be late for dinner."

"OK." Kimber said, reluctantly letting go of Miranda. "I'll stop teasing you."

As expected, the bar was crowded. Kimber and Miranda had to make their way through the standees to be able to look around. Finally, Miranda saw a hand waving and led Kimber in that direction.

Pruett had managed to claim a booth in the back, away from the bar and most of the people clustered around it. He was sharing it with a man who looked to be a decade older than himself. Sporting a head full of curly, steel-gray hair, the man was broad-shouldered and wore a pale-blue shirt that Miranda thought looked like silk. The shirt was unbuttoned far enough to show off a chest full of dark hair that was just starting to show gray. The light in the bar was too dim for Miranda to tell if the color was black or just very dark brown. His skin was dark. She was able to tell that it was deeply-tanned, but not seamed and weathered as Mr. Pruett's was. He obviously spent time outdoors, but wore enough sun-screen to protect himself.

"Come sit down with us," Pruett said. He had to speak up to be heard over the din in the room.

Miranda slid in next to Pruett's guest, leaving Kimber to sit next to her boss. Miranda thought she might have a problem, since the table was narrow and fairly low, but the bench seat was also narrow and she was able to keep her legs together and let her balls hang over the edge while draping her cock over her knee as usual. She was so adept at it that she was sure the man hadn't noticed her maneuvers.

One they were seated, Pruett made the introductions.

"Carlton, this is Miranda and Kimber. Ladies, I'd like you to meet Carlton Willoughby."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Willoughby." Miranda said politely, then waited for Kimber to do the same. She wanted to ask if he were the Carlton Willoughby, the little-seen, if not reclusive, heir to the Willoughby transportation empire, a business conglomerate dating back to the nineteenth century that, like many industrial empires, had started with railroads and later expanded to ships and even an airline. She wanted to ask, but she decided that whichever the answer was, it might embarrass the man. She also thought of asking if he was interested in horses, but that seemed an even dumber idea, given where he was and who he was with. Instead, she just smiled her friendliest smile and tried to decide if she hoped she was actually sitting next to a billionaire or if she hoped the opposite.

"Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Willoughby sir," Kimber said, her obsequious tone and wide eyes left no doubt that she'd made up her mind as to the identity of the man.

"Carlton, please!" He said. "If anyone 'sir's me, it makes me want to hold onto my wallet, because they're obviously just interested in my money."

"Carlton then," Kimber said, with a stunned look. Miranda nodded.

"Would either of you two like a drink?" Pruett asked, obviously pleased with himself.

Miranda's alcohol consumption consisted almost exclusively of egg-nog on Christmas Eve, champagne on New Year's Eve, and an occasional glass of wine with dinner. She wasn't a social drinker and she almost declined the offer. Then Kimber said, "White wine, please."

"Me too," Miranda echoed.

The waitress appeared remarkably quickly, given how crowded the bar was. Miranda doubted that was a coincidence. When she returned with the wine, she presented it with a flourish that Miranda suspected did not accompany her service to other tables.

"Now Herman," Carlton said, returning to the topic of an earlier conversation. "You were telling me that you wanted to introduce me to your new Stallion Girl. But neither of these lovely young ladies seems horse-like in the slightest. Or did I misunderstand you?"

Instead of replying, Pruett raised a hand and lowered it with a finger extended toward Miranda. Willoughby followed his indication and ended with his gaze directed at Miranda's face. He then walked it down her neck and over the considerable swell of her chest to her waist and then to her lap and the sizable bulge over the top of her right leg. To a close observer, nothing would appear to be amiss. Upon closer examination, it looked as though she had three legs, two of them crossed.

Willoughby picked up his glass and took a large swallow of amber liquor before speaking to Miranda. "I stand corrected. There is something very horse-like about you, and I was so distracted by your other stunning features that I missed it."

"Thank you," Miranda told him. She recognized the compliment, however obliquely it had been phrased.

"We're going out to dinner," Pruett said to Willoughby, "Would you like to join us?"

"I hope you didn't think you could introduce me to such lovely young ladies and then snatch them away! Especially one as unique as Miranda. But let me make you a counter-offer. Why don't you all come have dinner with me. On my yacht."

Miranda's polite smile didn't change, but her eyes widened at Willoughby's mention of his yacht. One glance at Kimber and Miranda knew they were of like minds on the subject. If Pruett turned down Willoughby's invitation, things would go very badly for him.

Pruett saw the stares directed at him and got the message. "That's very kind of you. We'd be delighted. We can leave after this round."

The silver SUV that pulled up to the hotel entrance looked perfectly normal. Until the driver got out and came around to open the door for them, Miranda would have thought it belonged to someone more ... ordinary than Carlton Willoughby. Inside, the vehicle was anything but ordinary. Cream-colored glove-leather covered seating faced a mini-bar with cut-crystal glassware below a flat-panel TV screen. The carpet looked deep enough to dive into.

Kimber got in first. She sat down on the far side and pulled her feet out of the way. Miranda followed, going through her 'adjustments' to get things arranged under her dress so that when she sat down, her balls would be in her lap instead of crushed under her butt. A miscalculation, combined with the awkward step caused her cock to end-up between her legs rather than draped over the top of her thighs. This left several inches dangling between her ankles, exposed due to her balls pulling the front hem of her dress up. She was forced into some very unladylike contortions before she could get things organized and back in place.

When she looked up after her gyrations, she saw Willoughby watching her from the open door.

"Sorry," she said.

"Not at all," Willoughby told her as he climbed in and took a seat between her and Kimber. "If anyone should apologize, it's me. My curiosity got the better of me and I couldn't resist. Don't you ever apologize for anything like that. Not for being what you are, certainly. Unique people shouldn't have to accommodate themselves to those of us who are merely normal."

"That's very kind of you." Miranda told him, wondering at the man who considered himself 'merely normal'.

When Pruett got in, the seating was close, if not tight. Willoughby's wide shoulders were the larger part of the problem, so he spread his arms and lay them on the seat-back behind Kimber and Miranda.

"Everyone comfortable?" Willoughby asked.

Miranda and Kimber found themselves pressed against Willoughby from shoulder to knee. Although they both suspected that he had deliberately maneuvered them into the situation, neither chose to complain and both considered the minor liberty a small price to pay for being treated to dinner on Willoughby's yacht. Instead, they snuggled in to enjoy the ride.

Willoughby reached up and pressed the intercom button in the headliner. "Back to the marina Charles. And please let Jacques know I am bringing guests for dinner."

"Yes Mr. Willoughby."

"I hope you all like fish," Willoughby said. "Having a chef is almost a burden at times. I can't simply ask him for a cheeseburger, you see? He considers that an insult. I have no idea what Jacques will prepare for dinner, but I know he has been shopping at the local fish market and I can safely predict that it will be the best you've ever had."

Miranda nearly laughed. The idea that wealthy people were compelled to live up to standards set by their servants was a new concept for her. It certainly fell into the category of 'problems she wished she had'.

Kimber didn't see the humor. She was still feeling the effects of the wine. Unlike Miranda, she drank socially, but wasn't accustomed to doing it on an empty stomach. A stomach that had been empty for some time, since she'd skipped lunch to save money and calories. For her, a junior member of a family whose income had waned considerably during the economic downturn, the opportunity to see how the top one percent lived was an adventure not to be missed and her focus at the moment was on doing whatever was required to keep it going. If Willoughby had unzipped his fly and presented his cock, she would have gone down on him without hesitation and done her best to keep from soiling his slacks.

The ride out the causeway to the marina was a brief one. When Charles pulled into a parking space close to the piers, both girls were ambivalent about arriving so soon.

After Charles helped them out of the car, Miranda expected Willoughby to walk down one of the long docks. There were plenty of large boats at the far end, many of which she thought qualified as yachts. Instead, Willoughby led the way to a slip close by, in which was moored a speedboat with two tall engines at the stern.

After boarding, they were shown to well-padded seats and buckled in. Charles cast off and took the helm. When he started the engines, the roar was so loud that Miranda almost jumped out of her skin. She wondered why Willoughby would need such a powerful boat just to ride out to his yacht. Just

ostentation, or was his time so valuable that saving seconds was important?

They backed out of the slip and turned south. The boat moved at a good speed, even though it sounded like the engines were barely idling. Miranda could see the lights on the islands on both sides of them sliding by. On and on they went, until they left the bay and turned west into the Gulf.

"I apologize for the long ride." Willoughby shouted to them over the din of the engines. "The bay isn't deep enough for Tyro's draft. She's anchored a mile off-shore."

Once in the open ocean, Charles opened the throttle and the boat practically leaped out of the water and raced away from land into the Gulf. In the distance was something that Miranda thought at first was a cruise ship. As they quickly drew closer to it, she realized that this was in fact their destination. Willoughby's 'yacht' had two rows of portholes below the main deck and two decks above it with a small pilothouse on top of that, making it essentially a floating six-story building.

Charles piloted the boat up to the stern of the ship and stopped. He grabbed a bundle of cables that were dangling down from a pair of davits and hooked them to a set of eyebolts set into the gunwales on each side. Then he took out what looked to Miranda like a garage door opener and pushed the button. Immediately, the sound of a winch came from above and the boat was hauled up out of the water. Twenty feet up, the boat swung in to come to a stop against a bumper that put it even with a short set of steps leading down to the main deck.

"Welcome to Tyro!" Willoughby announced. "Please follow me to the main salon."

Kimber reached out and squeezed Miranda's hand. When Miranda turned toward her, she mouthed the word, "Wow!" Miranda nodded, too stunned at the moment to think of anything to say. Willoughby's yacht was so far beyond anything in their experience that they couldn't be quite sure it was real, it even had a full-size swimming pool in the deck, something that made them stop and gawk.

"It's supposed to look like that," Willoughby explained when he saw them peering down at the water in the pool, which was a good two feet down. "In rough seas, or when we're underway, the pool tries to move like the ocean and, if it were any higher, waves would slop out onto the deck. It looks low, but it's still a good eight feet to the bottom of the deep end. Perhaps you would like to take a dip in it after dinner?"

Miranda nodded, obviously intrigued by the idea of swimming in a pool on a ship. Kimber opened her mouth to decline Willoughby's offer. She intended to use her lack of a swimsuit as an excuse. She changed her mind before uttering a sound.

"Miranda can't possibly wear a swimsuit," she reasoned. "She'll have to go skinny-dipping. So it would be rude of me to say I need to wear something. Anyway, if Willoughby wants to see us frolic naked in his pool, that's cool with me. I doubt he'll be looking at me anyway. He seems much more interested in Miranda. That's not a surprise, considering."

The salon was actually less ostentatious than any of them expected. The style was modern and elegant, featuring lots of dark heavily-varnished wood and stainless-steel. The room was large enough for a large party, but the furniture was arranged so that a smaller group wouldn't feel lost in it. The room only had one flat wall. The rest was a single curved wall of windows, giving a panoramic view of the Gulf on one side and the lights of Lido Key on the other. The thing that caught Miranda's eye was a row of photographs along the wall. They were all photos of horses and trophies, some of the horses had blankets of flowers over them. In every one, Willoughby stood next to the horse.

"Other than business," Willoughby told Miranda, "I have two interests. One is this ship. I suppose I was trying to keep up with the young tech moguls when I bought her. She's named after a consort of Poseidon. Flagrant hubris on my part, I admit. I spent more than I should have on her and I feel compelled to live aboard to justify it.

"My other passion is horses, as you can see. I have three stables across the country- Kentucky, Texas, and California. They've all produced winners, but like every breeder in the country, I'm always looking for something stronger and faster. That's why I agreed to underwrite the original version of Herman's program. Technology put those upstarts Allen, Ellison and Geffen in a position to afford ships bigger and better than mine, and nearly as good as the Arabs, so I decided that technology could give my horses an edge as well. Of course, when word got out about my support, the other IHBA members forced the board to back the project to keep it from becoming a private venture.

"Then Angus had his little idea. At first I agreed with Herman that it was a bad idea. I mean, actually making someone into a Stallion Girl? It was utterly absurd! No offense intended. But the possibility of seeing that cartoon brought to life appealed to more of the members than were interested in the genetic-selection side of the project. I suppose the emergence of Futanari onto the political scene had made everyone familiar with the idea of gender-crossing. Going from there to crossing species wasn't the huge jump I thought it would be. Anyway, the idea caught on.

"But, as with any bleeding-edge project, there were problems. Your predecessors..."

"Carlton!" Pruett interrupted. "Please?"

"No Herman, she deserves to know."

"I already know," Miranda said, "that I'm the first real success of the program. I know the other Stallion Girls couldn't deal with their transformation."

"To put it mildly. Or with what they were being redesigned to do." Willoughby continued. "Whereas, by all reports you are coping rather well ... so far. No problems looking forward, I hope?"

"You mean will I have any problem doing the actual breeding? I doubt it. I get a ferocious boner every time I think about it."

"Ha! I guess that answers my question. Thank you for setting my mind at ease. The last girl only managed one breeding before she went to pieces. I suppose you know what happened to her?"

"Carlton, I don't think she needs the details..." Pruett started to object again, but Miranda cut him off.

"McKay told me she had to be gelded." Miranda said. "That she couldn't handle the hormones."

"You knew that?" Pruett said. "I wasn't aware he'd told you. He should have kept that to himself."

"He was trying to warn me about the risks of fighting the transformation. Don't worry." Miranda said, reaching back to pat the bump under her tush that was her testicles. "I don't plan to part with these - ever!"

"Music to my ears." Willoughby said. "Shall we see what Jacques has prepared for our dinner?"

"Let's." Miranda told him. "I'm so hungry I think I can eat like a horse, too."

The meal was one of the best Miranda ever remembered having. She didn't know if that was due to Jacques' expertise at preparing it, or simply because it was so fresh it neither smelled nor tasted 'fishy' to her. The wine served with it was so fresh and light that Miranda drank more than she was used to and only switched to water after she started to get light-headed. She wanted to ask what kind it was, but didn't because she suspected that it was far too expensive as well as unlikely to be in-stock at the local grocery store.

After dinner, they returned to the deck. Willoughby and Pruett brought cups of coffee along and sat next to the lee-side rail where Willoughby smoked a cigar while he and Pruett talked about horses. Kimber and Miranda made a beeline for the pool. There was already a rack of towels conveniently nearby.

"Are you really going in?" Kimber asked. "I'm having second thoughts."

"Why?"

"Getting naked in front of two strange men? I've never done anything like this before. I thought I was up for it, but now I don't know."

"I get naked in front of strange men three nights a week now. Mr. Pruett has seen me naked before; also during and after. If they want to look, let them. Where is your spirit of adventure?"

"Well..."

"How many chances are you going to get to swim in a pool like this, on a ship like this? I haven't been near the beach in weeks, as you can imagine. No pool-time either. I'm going in. Would you get my zipper, please?"

Miranda took off her dress and her bra and laid them across a lounge chair before slipping her feet out of her shoes. To avoid dragging it across the wooden deck, she picked up her cock and carried it to the edge of the pool where she could stand with it hanging over the side. As she stood there enjoying the warm sea-breeze blowing over her skin, she noticed that Pruett and their host had moved to sit closer to the pool.

"Is the water cold?" Kimber asked, as she stepped out of her panties.

"I'll see," Miranda said. She moved her feet apart far enough for her balls to swing down between her thighs, putting the bottom of her scrotum almost even with her knees. Then she squatted down lowering her balls to the deck and her cock down toward the water. She stopped when the end of her dick dipped below the surface.

"It's warm." She announced.

"It's heated," Willoughby said. "I keep it at eighty degrees Fahrenheit."

Miranda smiled. "He could have said that before," she thought. "But then he wouldn't have got to see me test the water for myself. Despite his protests that he's more interested in me for the breeding side than for my entertainment value, I think Carlton is like most other men who are interested in me for my body. They want what they can't have and couldn't do anything with if they got it. I starting to think it's more complicated than what Jean thinks. My dick doesn't so much turn them gay as make them envious. It isn't so much that they want me as they want to be me. They can't admit that to themselves, so they're left with a lot of unresolved feelings. The female part of me makes it safe to desire me, while my cock just makes them jealous."

Miranda put her hands behind her neck, spread her elbows and arched her back to present her breasts to the breeze. She rocked her hips to make her cock swing back and forth and her balls bump into her legs. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the ash drop unnoticed from Willoughby's forgotten cigar. His and Pruett's conversation had ground to a halt while both of them gawked at her, completely ignoring a naked Kimber Hackthorne easing her way down the steps into the pool.

"You'd think I'd get used to men drooling over me." Miranda thought. "I haven't yet. I hope I never do."

Her reverie was interrupted by a tug on her cock.

"Are you coming in," Kimber asked, "Or are you going to stand there and show-off all night?"

Feeling more than a little busted for her obvious posing, Miranda slipped a hand under her cock and hauled it up before padding around to the steps. Jumping into the pool was out of the question. Diving might work, but she'd never tried it with her new enhancements and she could just as easily land badly as to cleave the water cleanly. Safer to just walk down the steps.

Her first swim was as much a process of discovery as everything else. Miranda had expected her junk to weigh her down, making swimming difficult or dangerous. Instead, she found that her dick was neutrally-buoyant while her balls were only slightly less-so. She'd never be able to manage a scissors-kick safely, but she could get around quite nicely using the breast-stroke and frog-kick, despite the drag involved.

They swam and played as long as they could. The warm wind was cooling quickly in the night. When they started to develop goose-bumps on their skin, Kimber and Miranda decided it was time to get out.

The two of them were just drying-off when two men wearing wetsuits and face-masks stepped out of the shadows. Miranda was startled by their sudden appearance and more startled by the dangerous-looking guns they carried on slings over their shoulders.

"Keep quiet and nobody gets hurt!" One of the men growled, menacingly.

By reflex, Kimber tried to cover her nakedness by hugging the towel to her chest with one arm and putting her other hand between her legs. Miranda held her towel by the short edge with her hands low enough for it to cover her from the waist down. She didn't bother trying to hide her breasts.

In only seconds, the gunmen had Willoughby and Pruett bound, gagged, and lying helpless on the deck. Only then did they turn their attention to Kimber and Miranda.

"Which one?" One of the men asked the other.

The second man looked from one girl to the other. "Drop the towels and raise your hands!" He ordered.

Two damp towels hit the deck simultaneously. Four hands went up.

"That one."

"Whoa!"

"Yeah. Can't miss that donkey-dick."

Without another word, the men safed and slung their guns. They grabbed Miranda and carried her to the railing. Before she could guess their intent, they both jumped over the side, dragging her with them.

The men had obviously done this before. They took the twenty-foot fall to the water in stride, coming back to the surface already swimming toward the inflatable boat waiting alongside the Tyro.

Miranda wasn't prepared for either the fall or the impact. She was almost knocked unconscious, even though her captors managed to hit the water first, which cushioned her landing. She came up coughing and out of breath, and so stunned that she helped rather than resisted being pulled into the boat by a third man. She was still too weak to object when a black bag was pulled over her head and cinched closed around her neck. By then, her options had all been taken away.

After that, it was a seemingly endless ride as the lightweight boat sped over the water, jolting and banging over one wave after another, each one catching her by surprise and knocking the breath out of her all over again. All Miranda could do was lie in the bottom of the boat and hope it would be over soon.

Eventually, the boat was throttled-back. Just before it slammed into the beach and skidded up onto the sand. Miranda was so battered by the trip that she had trouble getting to her feet, so one of the men hauled her up out of the boat and threw her over his shoulder. Then he climbed out of the boat and marched across the beach. They didn't go far before she was set back on her feet again, dazed and disoriented.

"Here's your package." One of their captors said.

"Yes, that's her." The new voice was male, and had an accent Miranda couldn't place. "Here is your payment."

"Pleasure doing business with you."

A hand gripped her arm and led her away. Her new captor took her up some steps, through a door, across a carpeted floor and down some more steps. All of which had Miranda stumbling as she tried to keep from tripping over her cock. After one more turn they stopped.

"Stand still and I will remove the bag over your head." The new voice told her from behind her back. "If you behave, you will not be harmed. Other than that, I make no promises. Understand?"

Under duress, even bald-faced lies can be reassuring. Miranda nodded her agreement to behave and the black bag was removed.

"As a show of good will, you may get cleaned up and attend to any other necessary matters. I will be back shortly, and we will begin."

The man was gone and the door closed and locked before her eyes could adjust to the light after being in the pitch darkness of the bag. When she was able to see again, she discovered that she was in a small, windowless room. The only furniture was a single bed with a small table next to it. The only light was a bare ceiling fixture with a single clear bulb in it. The harsh light it cast made the room seem even starker, but it did shine through a narrow doorway onto a tile floor.

"Good, there's a bathroom! Because I need to pee real bad."

Miranda climbed up to stand on the toilet seat, something she still felt strange doing. It was a trick

she'd learned because sitting down was out of the question and if she tried using the toilet while standing on the floor, her dick tended to fall into the bowl.

After relieving the pressure on her bladder, she used the shower to wash the salt off her skin. The only towel was the hand-towel next to the sink. After using it to dry herself off, she considered using it to cover part of her nakedness. She decided not to, because she thought it would make her look desperate and afraid to her kidnapper.

"I'm scared half to death." She thought. "But I will not let him see it! I refuse to give him the satisfaction of seeing me humiliated."

When she was as dry as she was going to get, she went and sat on the bed to think.

"What I don't understand," she thought, "is why they didn't take Willoughby. I guess I know why I was kidnapped - I'm sort of valuable. Whoever took me can get a nice ransom for me. Willoughby would have brought a lot more, though. Maybe even millions. So why didn't they snatch him? I guess it's lucky they didn't. He'll probably put up the money to get me back, even if Pruett doesn't. The black bag business is reassuring. It sounds like the work of professionals. That's good. Amateur kidnappers make mistakes that they have to cover up by killing the victims. If these are pros then I just have to sit here and wait and eventually I'll be released once the money is paid. As long as I haven't seen any faces, they have no reason to kill me. But whatever did he mean by 'we will begin'? Begin what?"

She was still sitting there, dreading the immediate future and holding tightly to her small shred of hope, when the door opened again and her captor stepped into the room - bare-faced.

"Oh no!" Miranda said, when she saw that the thread she'd been clinging to had just been snatched away.

"What the hell?" The man said. "Why am I suddenly scary? You were fine earlier."

"You're going to kill me!"

"What makes you think that?"

"You're supposed to be wearing a mask or something." Miranda told him. "I've seen your face, so you have to kill me."

"Good point. I didn't think about that."

"You didn't think about it?" Miranda said, furiously. "What kind of dumb kidnapper are you?"

"I'm not ... nevermind. I will not dignify that accusation by arguing with you. I said you would not be harmed if you behaved yourself and I meant it. How long you will be here and how much you have to endure depends entirely on the degree to which you cooperate. Do I make myself clear?"

The man sounded very much like a schoolmaster scolding an unruly student. It was odd, but reassuringly familiar and Miranda suddenly felt chastened.

"Yes sir."

"Good. Now, Miss Peters, please stand up and turn around. Put your hands behind you."

Miranda complied and the man snapped a pair of handcuffs on her wrists.

"This is just a precaution. In case you should get any more strange ideas before I have a chance to fully explain your situation to you. Now come along. Everything will be made clear soon."

The man took Miranda by the elbow and led her out of the room and down the hallway to another room with lighting even worse than the one she'd just left. Four floodlights crudely mounted on the wall nearly blinded her.

"Please excuse the lights. They are here to make sure the camera has a clear view of everything."

"Camera?" She said, blinking and trying her best to keep her eyes open.

"Yes, you are being recorded. Nevermind why at the moment. Please step over here. Do you recognize this device?"

The man pointed at what looked very much like a small metal drum mounted horizontally on four sturdy legs. The drum was just waist-high on Miranda and there was a clear plastic tube running out the back and into a large glass jug sitting on the floor...

"No." Miranda said at first. Then she noticed that there was a hole in the end of the barrel and the opening looked rather familiar. That part looked a lot like a device Angus McKay had in his laboratory.

"Really? She said. "That's what this is about? You want my sperm?"

"And I will get it, too." The man nodded. "That's a commercial collection unit, but I'm something of a tinkerer and I've added a few touches of my own to expedite the process. I hope you appreciate them."

"Good grief," Miranda muttered. "I thought you were going to ransom me."

"I'm sure that is what the police will think, if your friends are unwise enough to summon them. And they and the FBI will waste time and resources on that theory. But, as attractive an idea as it is, it is more risk than I am prepared to take for the money I could expect to gain. No, your real value is in those over-sized testicles of yours. A resource I plan to exploit. I already have buyers willing to pay quite a lot for an ounce or two of your semen. A lot of buyers, actually. So I will need to extract as much as possible in the time available."

"How can you let me go?" Miranda said suspiciously. "I can identify you."

"But you won't do that. If you are interrogated, say I wore a mask or I didn't remove your blindfold or whatever story you like."

"Why would I do that?"

"Miss Peters, you don't know me — but I know who you are. I know who your father is, although he doesn't know me personally. You see, he was responsible for damaging an organization I had invested a lot of time and money in building. For that, I must exact revenge, even at this late date. Normally, that would involve an execution whose only benefit to me would be to discourage others from similar betrayals. Your unique situation presents the possibility of other options than simple bloodshed.

"When the two of you were taken into the witness protection program I lost track of you, but I never forgot you. A few weeks ago, an associate of mine whose tastes in entertainment are somewhat

eclectic showed me a photograph of a performer he'd seen in one of the clubs he frequents. While your body has changed dramatically, your face is still recognizable as that of Melinda Petrone, daughter of Georgio Petrone, my former accountant."

"Oh."

"I see you understand now. I have people watching your every move. I know where you live. If I think you have said anything helpful to the police, I will have your father killed. And if you think your Federal friends can make the two of you disappear again, I suggest you reconsider. Your current vocation makes you highly visible and even if you choose to give that up, your present condition makes it impossible for you to hide effectively. I will be able to find you."

"And if I don't say anything?"

"Then, from time to time, you will be required to make another payment on your father's outstanding debt. Think of it as buying his safety on an installment plan. Now please step up to the extractor and I will get you hooked-up."

Miranda thought his plan seemed very thorough, if not inescapable. Even if she could find a flaw in it, there was no way she could put her father's life at risk. She chose acceptance over recalcitrance and cautiously moved closer to the machine.

"Good. Now if you would ... oh, sorry. I suppose you'll need help getting it in."

The man lifted Miranda's cock and slid the end through the padded opening. It felt exactly like the hand-held device McKay had used on her. Without thinking, Miranda moved closer, pushing her big dick completely into the cushioned sleeve until her hips pressed against it. Then the man turned a crank on the side that lowered the device, forcing her to widen her stance until her feet were just over shoulder-width apart and her balls hung straight down.

"Comfortable?" She was asked.

"I guess."

"Good. Now stay right there while I adjust the strap."

He pulled a web strap around her lower back and threaded it through a buckle tightly enough to hold her so she couldn't back away. Once she was secured, he picked up something that looked like an elongated plastic egg with an electrical cord running out of the narrow end.

"This is one of those personal touches I was telling you about. Just something to help you along. Now bend over, please."

Miranda's eyes got real wide. She watched while he squirted clear goo all over the egg. She noticed that it had a flange at the base where the cord came out.

With one hand forcing her to bend over the top of the machine, the man reached behind her and proceeded to insert the slick object into her rectum.

"OH!" Miranda nearly screamed as the egg stretched her ass. Suddenly, the handcuffs made sense. If she'd had a free hand, she would have tried to slap him as hard as she could. "Is this ... OW! Is this really necessary? Oh, FUUUUCK!"

The man didn't seem to want to discuss it. He just kept pushing until the wide part was through. At that point the shape of the device and the tightness of her anal sphincter sucked it the rest of the way inside, where it was held in place by the wide part at the end.

Once in, the pain of its passing began to fade, leaving her with a feeling of fullness. That, the touch of the flange on her anus and the cord coming out of her ass like a tail remained to remind her it was in there. As an experiment, she wiggled her butt and tried to force it out, but quickly found that the egg wasn't going anywhere until her captor removed it.

"Now let's proceed!" He said, almost gleefully. He flipped a switch on the side of the machine and Miranda felt a low vibration run up and down her cock.

"How is that?" He asked.

Miranda frowned at him and refused to answer. The truth was, it felt pretty good. The vibrations alone would be enough to make her cum ... in time.

He flipped another switch and a pump inside the device started. It went Thump-Shluuk, Thump-Shluuk, Thump-Shluuk, and with each Shluuk Miranda felt it suck firmly on her cock.

Another switch made the egg in her ass began to vibrate, and Miranda realized it would be futile to try to hold back.

"At least this is going to be over quickly," Miranda thought. "Between the vibration and the sucking, I won't last very long. My dick is already getting hard."

"I won't ask how that feels." The man said. "I can tell from the look on your face that it is having the desired effect."

Miranda tried to give him a dirty look, but with everything he was doing to her, she thought it probably came across more as a filthy leer.

"Just one last extra." The man told her, leaning over her shoulder from behind. "I saw this on the Internet and decided since I already had the pump ... well, here you go."

His hands came around in front, holding two clear plastic cups, each with its own clear tube attached to the center. Pressing against her back so she couldn't squirm away, he placed one over the end of each breast. Once he was satisfied they were in the right spot, he twisted a valve on them and the cups latched onto her, quickly drawing her boobs in until her nipples were sucked partway into the tubes.

"How is that now? Does that feel good?"

Miranda looked down at her chest. A third of each breast had been drawn into the cup, filling it completely. The suction on her boobs was just as insistent as the suction on her cock. It was strong enough to make them bounce a little, but not enough to be painful.

Despite her resolve to deny him the satisfaction of knowing how the device was making her feel, she found herself nodding in answer to his question.

"I feel like it's consuming me." Miranda thought. "I'm being milked top and bottom. There isn't any part of me that isn't being stimulated. Ohhh, this can't last long. My dick is as hard as a rock. My balls are already trying to climb back inside me. I'm not going to be able to keep myself from

cumming, even if I wanted to. At this point, I don't want to. He's right. He's going to get what he wants."

Miranda gave up any idea of resisting. He wanted her to cum and she wanted to cum. She realized that she needed to cum. Even if the damn machine were shut off right then, she would still try to make herself cum by humping it.

Her orgasm built slowly, but inexorably. Without the need to exert herself, she waited passively and let the machine do all the work to bring her off.

It didn't take long. Her cock was so hard it felt like it was about to explode. The pressure inside her had built to the point where ejaculating would be as much relief as pleasure. The blunt point of the egg felt like it was resting directly on her prostate, it's size and weight increasing the pressure and the vibrations ratcheting up her need to the point of desperation.

Finally, she felt the surge that meant it was starting. She hung her head back and let it happen. There was a second of hesitation, then a clenching sensation inside her, followed by the first huge blast of cum shooting out of her cock.

"AAAAAUUGH!" She cried with joy and relief.

The second bolt was almost as big and the sensation just as intense. So was the third. The fourth nearly so. The fifth was less. After that, the continuing contractions were just dry-firing, even if the waves of intense pleasure that accompanied them continued to make her jerk and twitch.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" She grunted as the muscles inside her tightened again and again, making her butt twitch and her balls jump.

Finally, she ran down enough to be able to open her eyes and focus. The man was still watching her closely.

Miranda looked down at the glass jug on the floor. The interior was coated with her cum and more was being added as the pump struggled to catch up with her prodigious output.

Miranda took a deep, satisfied breath and turned to look with no small degree of pride at the man who held her captive.

"Impressive!" He said, nodding. "Now do it again."

"What?"

"You heard me. Fill it up."

Miranda's droopy eyelids flew wide open. She became instantly alert and instantly terrified.

"You're not serious!"

There was no reply. Just a stare.

"That's a gallon jug!"

"Yes, it is."

"And you expect me to fill that?"

"Yes, I do. You will remain where you are until you have. And the camera will document every second of those enormous testicles being utterly drained. I need the recording to prove the provenance of the product I will be selling. I believe it will have some entertainment value as well. Some of my customers rather enjoy watching pretty girls being degraded. An interest of mine as well, I must admit."

Miranda wanted to scream at him that he was insane, that he was crazier than a hundred bedbugs, but she realized that wouldn't be productive. She looked at the jug. Creamy white goo slowly ran down the inside to join that already sitting on the bottom. She tried to get an idea of how much more it would take to fill. The answer she arrived at was ... lots.

"It's not impossible," Miranda thought, helped greatly by a whopping big dose of hormones telling her she could conquer the world. "I can do this. It won't kill me. I may wish I was dead by the time I've filled his damn jug, but I don't think being forced to cum until I can't cum any more will kill me. I sure hope not."

"Water," she told the man. "I'll dehydrate. I need water."

He reached into a box on the floor and brought up a half-liter bottle of flavored sports-drink. He twisted off the cap and held it up for her to drink.

Miranda gulped thirstily. She finished the bottle, cleared her throat, and tried to relax.

"Fighting it won't do anything but drag it out," she reasoned. "I need to let it take what it will and not resist."

It was a good fifteen minutes before she came the second time. A remarkable rate of recovery, by any standard. The volume of cum she managed was only slightly less than the first and she was very glad to see the level in the jug rise visibly. Again she compensated for the fluid loss by gulping the berry-flavored drink.

Her third climax took twenty minutes to achieve. By then she was nearly delirious, but still determined. Cumming gave her almost as much pain as pleasure. This time she gulped down two bottles, the second one mostly to be doing something other than trying to cum again.

Her fourth orgasm took another twenty minutes. When it happened, it found her mostly numb. She felt it fully, but her ability to react had all been burned-out. Instead, it was simply a relief to have passed another milestone.

When she came the fifth time in just over an hour, she was barely conscious from the repeated sensory overload of so many orgasms in such a short time. Her response was only to open her mouth so liquid could be poured in.

For the sixth, her body was operating on auto-pilot. She was so lost in a sea of continuous pleasure mixed with pain that by then she barely noticed yet another double wave of ecstasy and agony crash over her. She regained only enough of her senses to notice that the demands of the machine had ceased and she apparently would not be required to perform yet again.

Miranda woke up with the light of the bare bulb shining in her eyes. She was back in the tiny bedroom, lying on the thin mattress of the narrow bed. It took several minutes for her to get it together enough to try to roll over and even longer for her to manage to sit up. Once she had, a single thought dominated her awareness.

"Damn, my balls ache!"

She touched them as gently as she could, intending to try to massage some of the pain away. She had to stop because they were too sensitive to touch.

She checked her dick, thinking it might have been rubbed raw from the constant sucking. Aside from looking slightly bigger, particularly at the flared tip, it didn't seem that much worse for wear. At least, it didn't ache like her balls.

"How long have I been out?" She wondered. She wasn't wearing a watch and there was no clock in the room, but she had the impression that she'd been either unconscious or asleep for a long time. Hours, maybe.

It was a struggle, but Miranda managed to get to her feet. The bad part was when her balls had to take their own weight again. That made them ache even worse and the pain nearly drove her to her knees.

Unwilling to risk bumping them with her legs or her cock, she waddled bowlegged to the closed door with her dick over her arm. When she put her ear to the door she heard nothing. Then she tried to get her brain working to figure out what that meant, if anything. While she was thinking it over, she put her hand on the doorknob to brace herself. It turned and the door swung open, nearly making her fall into the hallway.

She froze where she was, but couldn't hear a thing.

"Unless he went to make a run to McDonald's for some McMuffins™ for breakfast and just forgot to lock up, I think he's gone. I think I know how to make sure, though."

When she looked into the room at the end of the hall, she saw that the four floodlights were still attached to the wall, but the camera was gone. As was the jug of semen and the machine used to extract it.

"I think he's really gone." Miranda said. "If he were coming back, he would have left the door locked. And since he took his machine with him, it probably means he intends to use it on me again. I'm really not looking forward to that, but if that's the price I have to pay to keep Daddy safe, then I guess I'll just have to let him strap me onto the damn thing whenever he wants. Now I think it's time I got the heck out of here."

After pulling the top sheet off the bed and making herself a crude toga out of it, Miranda struggled up the stairs to what she hoped would be freedom.

"Nice place." She thought, looking around. The room was big, but not opulent. It had large floor-to-ceiling windows facing the ocean. She remembered coming across the sand and up the outside steps before descending the stairway to the lower level where she'd been kept.

"It's a rental." She said, looking at a list of rules taped to the front of a binder on the counter between the living room and the kitchen. "Although probably not rented to whatshisname. If anyone. Now where's the phone?"

Pruett answered his cell on the second ring.

"Hello?" He said, concern heavy in his voice.

"It's me."

"Miranda! Thank goodness! Where are you? Are you all right?"

"I'm OK. Did you call the cops?"

"Willoughby wouldn't let me. He said we should wait until we heard the kidnapper's demands first. He thought if we paid quickly and kept the police out of it, they wouldn't hurt you."

"Sweet of him. Remind me later to ask him how much he thinks I'm worth. Right now I just need a ride back to the hotel."

"Are you sure you don't want the police?"

"What time is it?"

"Just before ten. Why?"

"Calling the cops is pointless. The kidnappers are long gone. Probably for hours now. Just come get me, OK?"

"All right. Where are you?"

"A rental house on the beach." Miranda read the address off the binder.

Pruett repeated it back and hung up. Then Miranda sat down to wait.

Forty minutes later, Willoughby's car pulled into the broken-shell covered parking space and Miranda waddled her way over, arriving just as Charles opened the door for her. Inside were Willoughby and Pruett, but no Kimber.

"Did Kimber get back to the hotel all right?" She asked.

"Yes," Pruett told her. I took her back last night. She was pretty shook-up. You should probably let her know you're OK as soon as you get a chance."

"I will."

"What the hell happened?" Willoughby asked. "Herman said you asked him not to contact the police."

"When I woke up the place had been cleaned-out. Probably hours ago. The cops won't find anything in there and I'm not going to be able to tell them anything. You may not want me too, anyway."

"Why on Earth not?"

"It wasn't a kidnapping ... exactly. They never called to demand a ransom, did they?"

"No. We sat up all night waiting for them to call."

"I'm sorry about that."

"You're sorry? And why wouldn't we want to involve the police, now that you're no longer in danger?"

"Because they got what they wanted and they let me go."

"What they wanted? I don't understand. What did they get?"

"Did you know there is a black market in horse semen?"

Silence. Miranda tried her best to tell if it was a stunned silence or a guilty silence.

"I'll take that as a yes," She told them and neither man argued with her. "Aren't you going to ask how much they took?"

From the looks on their faces, neither man had considered asking that. Miranda only brought it up because she was dying to tell.

"A gallon." She said.

"A what?" Pruett said. He looked as impressed as Miranda could have asked him to be.

"A gallon." She repeated, managing to keep the smirk off her face. "He had some kind of tricked-out horse-masturbator that he used on me. He ran it until I passed-out. When I woke up, my balls felt like they were going to implode. I'm better now, but they're still very sore."

"Do you want to go to the hospital?" Pruett asked.

"Why? Is there a medical treatment for having your nuts drained?"

Pruett laughed. "Not that I'm aware of. It just takes time to recharge."

"I'm not even dehydrated. I even enjoyed it ... the first four or five times I came. The last two or three were the most painful, but by then I'd cum so many times that I didn't give a shit."

"It almost sounds like you're bragging." Willoughby said.

"Wouldn't you be?"

"I definitely would!"

"There you go. I just want a nice soak in a hot tub of water and a late breakfast. Then we can get back to work selling my services to some paying customers."

"If that's what you want. Then that's what we'll do." Pruett told her.

Willoughby just stared at her, obviously impressed.

Miranda decided that she'd probably bragged enough, so she shut her mouth and leaned back against the wonderfully-comfortable seat to enjoy the ride.

"Next time." She thought. "Next time, I'll be ready! But ready for what? Ready to run? Or ready to let him strap me into that thing again so I can see how much more of that I can take ... or I can give. A gallon. Jeez! Can I really do better than that?"

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