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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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"How was your trip?" Gerald Peters asked his daughter as he held the door for her while she maneuvered her rolling suitcase over the threshold. Once she was through, he leaned out and waved at the oversized pickup sitting at the curb. He thought there might have been a return wave, but he couldn't be sure through the tinted side window.

"Informative," Miranda answered tersely behind his back.

Miranda's personality could normally be described as bubbly. While not the sharpest knife in the rack, judging by her grades in school, she nevertheless had a normally-unfailing effervescence and enthusiasm that made her likable for other reasons than her intelligence. To hear her describe a trip in monosyllabic terms startled Gerald.

"Oh?" He said, trying to stay calm. It was perfectly possible that her mood had nothing to do with him.

"Ah," he began, reaching for an air of innocence he wasn't really feeling at the moment. "What did you ... learn?" He almost said 'find out', but that would have seemed to admit that there was some guilty secret lurking about, waiting to be discovered.

"That you haven't been completely truthful with me." Miranda parked her rolling case beside the coat-tree in the foyer. She sat her make-up bag beside it and turned to face her father. The movement made her long, loose skirt twirl around her legs, pulled by something long, thick and heavy underneath.

That 'something' was no secret to Gerald. He'd been present when it had manifested and had watched, stunned, while it grew to its current enormity and then demonstrated to everyone present that it was quite real and fully-functional. Despite this, as long as Miranda kept it hidden, he could pretend it wasn't there. A flimsy pretense that was frequently spoiled by his daughter's choice in clothes or a simple motion that called it to his attention.

Manfully, Gerald lifted his gaze and fixed it on his daughter's face. "How is that?" He asked, clinging to the fading hope that this might yet be a trivial matter that Miranda was blowing out of proportion.

"I was kidnapped by the man you used to work for."

"What? No!"

"Yes!"

"Did he hurt you?"

"Not ... really. But he used me pretty good."

Gerald's initial reaction to that news was the same as any father hearing it from his daughter. Except Gerald had to think twice about it, and then realize that he still didn't understand. And then again to get that she was being deliberately obtuse and perhaps even protective in not giving him the details right away.

He kept quiet as Miranda went on to say, "He told me you used to be his bookkeeper, but that you went to the police."

"They came to me, actually. It was an offer I couldn't refuse."

"So he's the Godfather? He didn't sound Sicilian."

"No, he's Bulgarian. I don't know his name. I've never heard him called anything but The Bulgarian. And he didn't make me the offer, the Federal people did. They said I could testify and they'd protect me or they would make it known that I'd been talking to them. Trust is a very fragile thing with people like him. He would have had to assume that I'd become a liability."

"Daddy, tell me this didn't have anything to do with Mom's death."

"No! Honey, that was just a horrible accident. One thing had nothing to do with the other."

"You told me we were hiding from some bad men. You led me to assume that they'd been hired by Gramma Louise. I figured out later that wasn't true."

"Well, it was convenient. I wanted a simple explanation that wouldn't give us away if you let anything slip, so I consolidated things. When Louise found out about what I'd been doing for a living she assumed that your mother's death was somehow connected to it. She wanted someone to blame and I was the obvious choice. With your mother gone, I didn't have the same motivation to stay in that job. A clean break sounded good. Especially if it got us away from Louise as well. The safest thing all around was for us to disappear."

"I knew most of that. But it was a shock to meet The Bulgarian."

"Does he know..."

"Where we live? Yes, he does."

Gerald turned to the door and leaned over to peek out the narrow window beside it.

"Don't worry," Miranda said, "He's not coming for you. This isn't about revenge. He said too much time has passed for that. No, he's using you as leverage on me."

"On you?"

"He wants something I have. He said as long as he gets it, he'll leave you alone."

"What could you have ... oh! Of course. But I thought that was only valuable if you did ... it personally."

"I thought so too. For legitimate breeders, it's very important. If I sire any winners, their stud fees could be worth more than the winner's purse of any race. But there is a Black Market for everything, and there the rules are different. In this case, it's people to whom winning is the most important thing. Not being able to register the horse will keep them out of the major races, but there are a lot of unsanctioned races and a lot of private bets on them by people who avoid publicity religiously. I imagine some of them may even be banned from legitimate racing anyway."

"And The Bulgarian is supplying these people with your ... seed?"

"That's right. A DNA test would prove what he has is the real thing. He can even show that he got it from me."

"How would he do that?"

"He has a video of the ... collection process. And before you tell me how shocking that is, remember, the magazine is selling videos of me demonstrating my ... virility. So this isn't even a new thing. Anyway, he shouldn't be coming around for a long time. He's got a gallon of the stuff to sell before he needs more."

"Did you say a 'gallon'?"

"Yes. Impressive, isn't it? I thought it was. And it didn't really take me all that long."

Gerald's stunned look was everything Miranda could have asked for in a reaction.

"OK, that wasn't my doing. He was in a hurry and he wanted to get every drop he could as quickly as he could. Afterward, I felt like I'd been completely drained, that I wouldn't need to cum again ... ever! That lasted about twenty-four hours. Then it was back to wrestling with regular boners and urgent needs. In fact, I better run on upstairs. We had slight turbulence most of the fight and the captain kept everyone in their seats the whole time. I can use a little relief about now."

Gerald dragged his daughter's luggage up the stairs for her. Miranda could manage stairs fairly well, but only if she allowed for the inertia of her ample appendage by counterbalancing its swing with a motion of her hips and the pair of hefty testicles bulging beneath her butt. The result was obscenely hypnotic, even with her genitals hidden under an ankle-length skirt. Anything that interfered with her rhythm risked making her trip, and that could be catastrophic if she landed wrong.

With Miranda up in her room, her huge member wrapped in a thirty-gallon black plastic trash-bag so she could safely unburden herself of yet another load of horsey-spunk, Gerald went back to his study to think about his situation.

"That bastard! How dare he take this out on my little girl!" Gerald muttered as he dropped into his chair, his knuckles turning white as he made his hands into fists.

"But then, she's not little any more. Nor is she technically a girl, something I can't seem to get my head around. I can tell when she needs to go jerk-off because she starts to talk like a man. After, she'll be all feminine and back to being herself again, but when her hormones are up, she sounds like a jock in a locker room. Talking about how much she'd cum! She was practically bragging!

"Where was I? Oh, right. I guess there's no magic about The Bulgarian finding us. He probably hangs out in just the sort of nasty places like that prick Richards has been sending her. It's no stretch of the imagination at all to picture him or an associate of his seeing her there and coming up with a way to exploit the poor girl. It must have been irresistible to him once he found out who she really was. He must think there's no way I can get back at him. Unfortunately, he's right. I can't risk telling the FBI about him because it would only put her ... us ... in more danger. And asking WitSec to move us again would be pointless since Miranda has become a celebrity, even if only in a small and mostly-closed circle. And a celebrity who can't just put on a pair of sunglasses and walk away from it. Damn! What a thing to be famous for! Having a horse's genitals between her legs! It's just so damn surreal! Of course, even I have to admit it's kind of hot too. There's just something primal about something that big and that male between the legs of a beautiful girl. I suppose that explains why some boys who declared themselves psychologically-female balked at going all the way through gender-reassignment. And why so many girls chose to have themselves turned into fake Futas at about the same time that the real ones were starting to come out of the closet. Popularity be damned! It's all unnatural and it's all terribly wrong! And to think I contributed to this. I donated my daughter to the cause!"

Gerald's internal debate continued to bounce around inside his skull, ricocheting from one thing he couldn't do anything about to another he had no control over to a third that had nothing to do with him, driven by the guilt he felt over something he hadn't known - which was what would happen to Miranda once she agreed to go to work for Stallion Magazine. Eventually, the futility of his position would lead him to the bottle of vodka in the bottom drawer of his desk and he would ease his troubled mind by anesthetizing it with just enough alcohol to make it hard to follow the arguments raging inside his head.

Miranda lay sideways on her bed, her firm breasts barely sagging to either side of her chest, her hips at the edge so her testicles could hang over out of the way. Her turgid horsecock arched out from between her legs, the end wrapped by the mouth of a heavy-duty plastic trash-bag and secured with a heavy rubber-band an inch wide. This had proved to be the most secure way to deal with the copious blasts that erupted from her cum-cannon of a cock, to trap it all in a makeshift condom for easy disposal. The trash bags were much cheaper and easier to obtain than the purpose-made collection bags Dr. McKay used.

Still floating in the strong afterglow from her orgasm, Miranda waited patiently for the last dregs of cum to drain down her two and three-quarters-foot-long shaft and into the bag. Experience had taught her that if she didn't wait, she risked making the carpet look like the house was infested with large snails.

"You'd think I'd get jaded, cumming so often," she mused, happily. "Or at least that I'd get used to it. But I haven't. Each time is just as good as the first. Every time it feels fantastic! I love the wonderful tension I feel deep inside me when my prostate gets full and I know it's time to do it again. Then my dick starts to go hard, and that feels good too. I even enjoy the slight ache in my balls that I get right after I cum. This is all so totally different from before. Before, it used to take longer for me to get to where I could climax. My orgasm would last longer too. That was good, but it wasn't nearly as powerful as it is now. Ejaculating is a completely different thing. It takes all the middle-ground out of it. No more small orgasms. They are all big ones now. I guess one measure of how big is how much I cum. It never occurred to me to think about that before that man showed me just how ... productive ... I could be.

"I wonder if it will be different when it's time for me to do it for real. I mean, masturbating is great. It's even necessary. But how will I feel when it's time for me to mount a real mare? I'm pretty sure it won't be a problem. At least that's what I've been telling everyone. Every time I think about it I get wood, but when it's finally time for me to do the job they hired me to do, will I be able to get it up? I can't really be sure. I feel weird about getting a stiffie when I think about the back-end of a horse, and I suppose that's normal - since I'm now part horse. But it still makes me think I'm some awful kind of perv when I get turned-on by the idea of doing it with an animal. I'm sure it can't be bestiality if a horse-cock goes into a horse-pussy and cums horse-jizz to make a baby horse. Can it? Even if the horse-cock is part of me and the balls the jizz comes from are hanging between my legs?

"I guess the bigger question is, why doesn't this bother me more than it does? The other girls they tried this on became unglued several different ways. They had to think they could handle the change of sex or they wouldn't have agreed to it. But maybe not the magnitude of the change - another way of saying they couldn't deal with hauling around a big honking dick and a giant pair of balls between their legs. Not the maintenance involved - jerking-off several times a day. But I think the thing they really had the toughest time with was being more than one species. There can't be anything in anyone's experience to prepare them for that. I'm not surprized that they couldn't get it up when it counted.

"None of which seems to be bothering me, except for wondering about why it doesn't. I know I'm not

playing for the other team now. I'm not human-male, I'm horse-male – a stallion. And that makes me feel ... awesome! Powerful! As for the size of my junk ... I'm bigger than any of the others, and I feel like that makes me better. I know that's typical male thinking, but it is how I feel about it. I have a bigger dick than any guy and, I suspect, even most real stallions. The best way to describe how I feel about that is ... proud. If that's my hormones talking, then so be it. Maybe Angus tweaked the hormone thing and finally got it right. I dunno.

"So it all comes down to the same question. Horsey-nookie. What's it going to be like? How should I go about it? Is foreplay involved or do I just jump right in and screw her brains out. Did just think of an animal I'll be servicing as 'her'? Is that wrong? How do real stallions feel about it? Heck, they probably don't care. It's all instinct to them. Stupid oafs. Wham-bam, and back to the barn for a blanket and a bucket of oats. Not even a thank-you-ma'am. I just realized I don't even know if mares cum. If they do, I guess I'll have to do my best to make it good for them. I've had guys leave me hanging before and I'll be damned if I'll do that to one of my ... dates? OK, I'm probably over-thinking this. I'd say this was getting weird, except that this has been way beyond weird, starting from the very first day."

Miranda reached down between her legs to lift her cock up so the cum could drip off the end before she removed the bag. Instead of a nearly-limp length of meat, she found a rapidly-rising erection and a fresh need to cum starting to grow inside her.

"This soon? Damn, I just came! Just! Oh well. Don't look a gift horsecock-boner in the mouth. Tee-hee!"

Taking a firm grip on the base of her cock. She pulled her knees up so she could put her bare feet on either side of her shaft. Using both hands and feet, she started stroking as much of her prodigious member as she could manage. The results were swift. In only a minute she had a raging erection. Five minutes of dedicated stroking later, her cock blew a fresh load of thick jizz into the black bag.

"Damn, that feels good! I want to do this all day! Hell, I probably can do this all day. What the heck, McKay said I couldn't overdo it, that I'd just run out of steam. I know if I try to push it, it will hurt, but if I take it slow, I should be able to jerk-off endlessly."

Hunger and thirst eventually put a stop to Miranda's experiment with perpetual self-stimulation. She let her cock drain one last time and then rolled the heavy rubber-band off the mouth of the bag and up her shaft, pulling it as high up as she could so it rode snugly on the base of her cock. This helped shut off any further leakage and kept her shaft slightly erect, which made it easier to manage and reduced the chance that she would trip on it. After that, she carefully tied the bag shut so it could be safely carried outside and placed gently into the trash bin. She used to empty the bags down the toilet, but after a close-call with an overflow, she changed to letting the trash-collectors risk the mess.

Without bothering with a bra, Miranda pulled on a top thin enough so her still-sensitive nipples wouldn't rub. Then she tied one of her long wrap-skirts around her hips. The length of the skirts she had been able to find on the rack didn't cover everything if she tied them around her waist, so she pulled them down low so that the top rode just below the base of her cock and was held out away from her body by its bulge. Her reasoning was that it was better to let the top of her dick be seen than to advertise its full size. It also left the rubber band visible, to keep her from forgetting it, lest it turn 'slightly erect' into 'fully erect' and force her to take matters in-hand before that became really necessary.

The skirt was only for her father's benefit anyway. A few weeks hadn't been long enough for him to

become accustomed to seeing her with her appendage swinging free and unencumbered. So she tried to make it easier for him by not waving her organ under his nose.

When she got downstairs, she stuck her head in her father's study to ask if he'd thought about supper. When she saw he had nodded-off and was snoring, she backed-out and slid the door shut.

"I should probably have taken a nap too," she thought. "Instead of having a masturbation marathon all afternoon. I'll go see if there's anything I can fix for supper. I'll let Daddy sleep until it's ready."

Miranda's cooking skills were minimal. That was just one of a long list of domestic activities she had avoided in the pursuit of her modeling career. In the absence of leftovers to reheat, the best she could do was canned soup and cold-cut sandwiches. Her father was still asleep when she took a tray in to him, so she left it on his desk with a kitchen towel draped over it and went back to the kitchen to eat hers.

She was just finishing the last of her portion of the chicken-noodle soup when the phone rang. Miranda dropped her spoon and ran to answer it before it woke her father, but the closest extension was in the family room and the ringing stopped before she could get to it. By the time she got the phone to her ear, the caller was already saying, " ... to speak with Miranda, if she's there."

"It's OK Daddy," she said to her father, "I've got it."

"Hrmm," her father mumbled sleepily and hung up.

"Hi, Mr. Richards," Miranda said to the caller, whose always-smarmy voice she'd recognized.

"It's 'Larry', please. Look honey, I'm sorry to be calling so late. I know you just got back from Sarasota, so I wanted to be sure you hadn't forgot about the booking tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? No, I hadn't forgotten." Miranda wracked her memory. The last couple of days had been so eventful and intense that they had pushed everything else out of her mind.

"The Forge ... in Leadville. Right?" She hoped her tone didn't betray how relieved she felt at recalling that information.

"First show at eight. Try to be there by seven."

"Don't worry. I'll be there. I won't be late."

"Good! OK, have a good night now. Bye."

After hanging up the phone, she looked in on her father, who was just dipping a spoon into the bowl of soup she'd left for him.

"I can heat that up, if you like," Miranda offered.

"It's fine. What did he want?"

"He called to remind me that I'm booked for a performance tomorrow."

"Oh? Where?"

"Leadville."

"I didn't think there was anything there anymore. Not since the mine closed."

"It's a place called The Forge. And that's all I know."

"Good name. Using the town's mining history to attract tourists."

Even as he said it, Gerald doubted that Larry Richards would be sending Miranda to a place that catered to tourists.

"I haven't had the courage to watch it, but I'm sure what she does on stage isn't a family-friendly act," he thought, starting to take a bite of the sandwich to keep his mouth occupied so he wouldn't have to talk. "Even in the sleazier places, she's going to attract a strange crowd."

"Would you like me to drive you over?" He asked, the sandwich almost between his lips.

"It's an hour, both ways. I won't get back until sometime until midnight. Thanks, but I can drive myself."

Rather than respond to that, Gerald chewed. Miranda's driving terrified him, even before her change. She'd always been easily distracted and didn't pay close-enough attention to the road. Now, she had to sit in such an odd position behind the wheel that he felt she was even less in control of the car. But he knew that if he said anything, she wouldn't take it well.

"Promise me you'll be careful?"

"I promise."

"Thanks for bringing me supper. I, uh ... fell asleep."

"I should have had a nap too. Instead of spending ... well, at least I get to sleep late tomorrow. I'll go clean up the kitchen, then I've got to do my exercises. I'm behind on those."

"Don't worry about the kitchen. I'll take care of that. I need some exercise too, before I get stuck in this chair."

Miranda went back to her room and unset her alarm-clock so it wouldn't wake her in the morning. Then she put on one of her many workout videos and got undressed while the introduction played. She followed-along with the instructor as closely as she could, only occasionally changing things that were now anatomically-challenging for her, when they weren't outright impossible.

"I wonder if they make videos like these for Futas," she wondered, as she reached down to drag her bulging scrotum through her groin so she could lie back on the mat as the instructor directed.

"That might be more my speed. A lot of girls got into that whole 'chicks with dicks' craze a few years ago. Some just had their clits enlarged because plastic surgery was cheaper than gene-therapy, but I know there were a good number who went all the way and had themselves turned into the real thing - hermaphrodites. I remember the Feminists went ballistic over that. For some of them, it was like the girls who did it were betraying their sex by defecting to the enemy. For others, it was the ultimate in independence from men. Why would a woman need a man when she could be both? I think they're still trying to figure out if a real Futa having her own baby is cloning or incest. I haven't heard of anyone being arrested for either, yet. They're probably just hoping the fad will blow over before anyone tries to make an issue out of it.

"Even Daddy wasn't sure I hadn't become a Futa at first. But while I've got a guy's junk now, it's neither fake nor real in the way that either kind of Futa is. I'm trans-species, as well as being transgendered. That makes me a horse of a different color. Ha! I'll have to remember that one."

Since jogging was out of the question for her now, Miranda went through two exercise videos and one on yoga as a cool-down. In the middle of the third one, her dick began to stiffen, so she reached underneath it and hooked her thumb into the rubber-band, pulling it down and letting it snap back. The sharp pain made her suck in air through her teeth, but it also very effectively killed her incipient erection. That trick was only good for brief reprieves. She knew that, once awakened, the beast between her legs would not be denied for long.

After a tug-off and a shower, Miranda put on her slippers and flannel robe and went downstairs to watch TV. As she passed her father's bedroom, she saw that his door was closed and the light was off.

"Well, he's getting older," she rationalized, not understanding that her father wasn't really old enough to need to be in bed before 9:00pm.

Since she would be up late doing a performance, Miranda stayed up watching TV after the news programs had gone off. When she caught herself nodding off around 1:00, she decided that was late enough and went to bed.

"Are you sure you don't need me to drive you?" Gerald asked her as she was putting her suitcase into the car. "It's no trouble, really."

"Thanks, but I should do this myself. I need to get used to traveling alone. I'll be on the road a lot once the second part of my job starts. I don't want to be a burden and make Mr. Pruett take me everywhere. I need to show I can get around on my own."

The truth was that she fully-expected to be picked-up in transit to have more of her stallion essence harvested by The Bulgarian and she thought it would be safer for Pruett if he wasn't there when it happened. It would also allow her to make up whatever story she liked to cover her absence.

Rather than decide what she would wear for her performance at The Forge, Miranda had packed everything that she thought might be useful. Her western outfit had been fine for some of the places she'd been, but she'd learned that not all audiences were the same and she needed to be flexible about how she presented herself.

She still wore her father's old trenchcoat while traveling to a performance. She considered it lucky, since she'd worn it to her first show and that turned out so well. But mainly she wore it because, while she more than filled the top and had to leave the uppermost buttons undone, the rest was roomy enough for her to arrange her junk comfortably and keep it covered so she wouldn't startle the truck-drivers who might look down into her window and get an unexpected eyeful. Wearing nothing but the coat meant arriving with no marks on her skin from elastic waistbands or bra-straps. Those showed too clearly under bright stage-lights.

The drive to Leadville was easy, even though it meant going down some unfamiliar roads through a rural part of the state. Miranda had no trouble finding the town. But locating the place where she was supposed to perform proved to be more difficult. She drove all the way through the small town without seeing any sign of, or to, The Forge. It didn't help that all of the businesses on the main road were closed, either for the evening or permanently.

She pulled off the road in front of a building that had formerly been a convenience store, intending

to turn around for another pass through town, when she realized that Nature was calling.

"I don't believe I've got to pee. Again! I stopped just a half-hour ago. And I haven't seen anyplace I could go since then."

Miranda looked around. The building was boarded-up and the gas-pumps had been removed. Stark graffiti covered the front with undecipherable messages covered by Nazi symbols. It was obvious that no one would be around to care if she sneaked a pee in the shadow of the building. The sun had already dipped behind a hill and it was starting to get dark, so the chance of someone seeing her was slight.

"Hey, guys do it all the time. Or, I think they do. What the heck."

She got out of the car and headed for the darkest corner of the building. Since she was wearing flats to drive, she had to carry her cock to keep it off the ground. When she got to the shady spot she'd picked, she found it was blocked by a tangle of rusty wire-fence. It looked like someone had tried to pull it down to get to the side of the building - possibly with the idea of breaking-in without being seen from the road. The rest of the parking area was bordered by the kind of low, metal guard-rail you see beside highways, complete with dents and scrapes from decades of careless drivers in a hurry to get their cigs and beer.

With her need becoming more urgent by the second, Miranda went along the rail until she found a spot between the posts where she could stand. She unbuttoned her coat and pulled it wide, letting her breasts hold it open while she hoisted her cock over the rail. As an afterthought, she shifted her stance and allowed her balls to swing through to hang in front of her thighs, then lifted them over as well so she could lean her legs against the rail. That way, she didn't have to keep her knees together - something that resulted in an awkward and unsteady stance.

"Aaaaahhhh!" She said, as her stream poured down into the shallow ditch on the far side of the rail for a few seconds and then stopped. "I would have thought I could pee more, given the size of my dick. That wasn't much more than I did before. I guess my prostate is just so darn big there isn't room for my bladder to get too full. It still feels really good to let go like that. Much better than when I had girl-parts. Oooo! That cool metal feels good on my balls too."

At just that moment, she heard the sound of a car pulling in behind her. It startled her for a moment, but when she turned her head, she saw that it was a marked Sheriff's Deputy car.

"Better than a couple of gomers in a pickup, looking to drag me into the bushes, I guess. Oh, darn! Am I about to get arrested for public urination? Not again. The last time was in New Orleans and I was really drunk and decided to squat between a couple of parked cars. I didn't even look to see that one was the Police."

"Miss? I need you to keep your hands where I can see them and turn around."

"Sure thing," Miranda said agreeably. "Just give me a second to finish-up here, OK?"

There was a sound Miranda couldn't identify. She turned her head to see a man in his late 20's with a nice build, wearing a dark-blue uniform. The low rays of the sun shone on his dark, curly hair and his strong jawline, making him look dramatically-handsome. A smile had just started to spread across her lips when she made the mental connection that the sound had been a pistol being drawn, cocked, and pointed at her back.

"Raise your hands and turn around slow."

Miranda's raised her hands up beside her shoulders and started to turn. She stopped when she felt the sharp edge of the metal rail start to bite into her scrotum.

"I ... uh, have a problem here," she said over her shoulder.

"What's that?"

"I'm ... uh, caught on the rail. I need to use my hands to get free."

There was a long pause. Miranda tried to wait it out without moving a muscle, but when the silence became awkward, she felt further explanation was called-for.

"Look, I had to pee really badly. I didn't think I could make it anyplace else so I thought I'd just take a leak over this rail. Only now my ... I'm hung-up and I need to use my hands to get free. Do you mind?"

After another long pause, the Deputy said, "All right, but if there is a weapon in your hands when you turn around, female or not, I'm going to blow you into next Tuesday."

"Thanks! I guess." Miranda said, lowering her hands slowly. When she had extricated herself, she turned slowly, carefully cradling her cock in both hands.

"Holy Hackensack! That is a big dick!"

"Thank you. I'm glad you like it."

"No, I meant..."

"I know what you meant. You think it's out-of-place."

"Got to admit this is the first time I've seen a rack that nice and a dick that huge on a girl, much less one as pretty as you. Now, would you mind telling me just what the hell you are?"

"I'm a Stallion Girl."

"Sure you are."

"No, really! Look, I can explain, if you promise not to shoot me."

"Hunh? Oh ... sorry," he said, lowering the gun. "Look, this was suspicious activity, see? Nothing else going on this shift, so I thought I'd check it out. Uh, I'm Dez Rogers."

"Miranda Peters. Pleased to meet you."

"So ... Stallion Girl? Not that it doesn't fit you..."

Once the gun had been holstered, Miranda gave Deputy Rogers the short version of her story, the part about her being the magazine's mascot and how she made extra money by performing, but not the part about how she came to be like she was, or part about the horse-breeding. She'd learned that was usually too-much-information to share with people she'd just met.

"So I'm supposed to be working tonight at this place called The Forge. Only I've been all the way through town and I haven't seen it or any kind of sign pointing to it. I was just turning around here to drive through and look again when nature called."

"It's a block off Main, closer to the middle of town. Go down three blocks and jog over one to your right. They don't have much of a sign, but you can't miss it because it's the only place still going on that side of town."

"Thanks, May I close my coat now?"

"I really should frisk you. You still could be packing."

"You already know what I'm packing."

"Yeah, I guess I do. I'm just wondering what caliber that thing is."

"That's a question no one has asked before," Miranda said, glancing down at her cock. "I don't have a clue. What do you think?"

She raised the end so Dez could get a good look at it. It was starting to stiffen from all the handling and it almost slipped out of her grasp.

"Looks like it's got a mind of it's own," he said. Then he peered at the hole in the tip. "That's a 20-gauge, at least. Is it loaded?"

Miranda raised her cock out of the way and moved her thighs together to present her balls for inspection. "What do you think?" She asked.

Rogers gave a low whistle, then said, "I think that rig qualifies as a deadly weapon. Maybe I should take you in."

"You're looking pretty dangerous yourself," Miranda told him, looking at the bulge she'd noticed along his inseam when she looked down before. It was bigger now, and still growing.

Dez self-consciously turned his hips and tugged on his coat to hide his erection.

"Don't be shy," Miranda said. "I get this reaction from guys sometimes."

"I'm not gay," Dez said defensively.

"And I'm not a guy," Miranda told him, moving closer and letting her cock drop. "No matter how it looks down there."

As soon as she was within reach, his hands went to her breasts as it drawn to them. The warmth of his palms on her nipples felt wonderful after they had been waving around in the breeze. She reached for his fly and took hold of his zipper. She had it halfway down before he spoke up.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?"

"I've shown you mine. Come on. It's only fair that you show me yours."

There was no reply, so Miranda pulled the zipper all the way down and slid her hand inside. She pulled it out again, it was full of tumescent cock. She wrapped one hand around the base of it and squeezed, while stroking it with the other. Where before it had been growing slowly, now it practically sprang to life.

"You really know how to handle a dick," Dez said, huskily.

"I get a lot of practice. You seem tense. Relax and let me bring you off."

Taking lack of an answer for consent, Miranda continued working on the Deputy's shaft, stroking the length of it, except for the head, which she avoided. In a short time, the cock in her hand was as hard as oak.

"Please..." Dez started, and took a hand away from Miranda's breast to reach down and do what she wasn't. Miranda intercepted it and placed it back where it belonged.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

"Yes!"

"I don't think so. Make it harder for me."

Miranda felt him push his hips forward and strain to comply with her demand. She turned to one side so she would be out of the line of fire and began stroking him very lightly, using just her fingertips. When she felt it start to jump, she slid her hand to the tip and used two fingers to rub the sensitive underside.

Deputy Rogers' body jerked like he'd been electrocuted. A bolt of cum flew out the end of his cock and sailed away into the gathering dark to splatter on the cracked asphalt a good six feet away. Miranda kept rubbing while keeping control of things and was rewarded with a couple more good spurts before Dez staggered back against his car.

"Gah! That was intense!" He groaned, his hands waving over the still-twitching cock he didn't dare touch quite yet.

Not content with her success, Miranda dropped to one knee and seized his bobbing cock in both hands before planting her mouth over the head and flicking her tongue rapidly across the magic spot while sucking firmly. For her effort, she was rewarded with a strong contraction that produced a few final drops of salty cum and an almost violent reaction from Deputy Rogers.

"Aaaaauughh! Omygodomygod! Oh stop! Please ... stop!"

Miranda took mercy on him and released his cock. He pressed both hands against his groin, framing his throbbing, overstimulated member with the purplish-red head.

"Now you're looking good," she told him, admiring his bloated erection and the ridges and veins standing out on it. "Are you sure you wouldn't like me to play with it some more? I think I can get you off again."

"Nooo! Damn, it's so hard it feels like it's going to explode. What did you do to me?"

Miranda got to her feet and brushed the grit off her cock where it had been lying on the ground. "You've got a muscle-spasm. I get those too, if I play with mine for a long time before I let myself cum. Don't worry, it will ease-off in a few minutes."

"Your dick is getting hard too," he said, looking down at Miranda's 30-degree dangle.

"This isn't bad. I took care of business before I left home. It will go back down in a minute if I don't encourage it."

Miranda closed her coat and fastened the top three buttons, leaving the belt undone and the coat

open below her waist so her cock could hang outside, allowing it to cool-off quicker.

Dez cautiously reached a hand down and gently touched his dick. "Still damn hard," he said. "Going to be a while before I can get this back in my pants."

"Poor baby!"

Dez eyed the long shaft arcing-out from Miranda's groin. "Yeah, I've got nothing to talk about, have I? You know, I sure would like to see you fire that thing. Shit. Does that sound gay?"

"I think we're past that. If you want to watch me cum, I'll be doing three shows tonight at The Forge. That's my big finish."

"Listen, about that ... that's a rough joint. The locals who were stuck here when the mine closed go there to soak their sorrows in alcohol and the rest are bikers and rednecks looking to raise hell. Since there's nobody left around here for them to bother with that shit, things can get wild."

"On a Monday?"

"Any damn night of the week. Nobody complains or I'd be in there three times a night."

"Deputy Rogers, I haven't really been to a 'safe' place yet. I'm not exactly mainstream entertainment, so I play some strange places. I appreciate your warning, though."

"Well, I had to try. Look, I get off at nine. Maybe I'll go change and then stop by to see your show."

"I'd like that. Gee, I hate to leave you like this."

"It's OK. I'm gonna need to pee myself in a minute."

"Watch out for that rail. It's sharp on top."

"I'll do that. Have a good night now."

It was almost 8:15pm and Miranda stood behind the curtain, waiting to go on for her first performance. Dez had been right about the mix of customers. When she'd peeked through the curtain, Miranda had seen a mostly male crowd, split between men with hunched shoulders, clutching brown bottles of cheap beer; men wearing leather and metal, looking around for anyone worthy of a beating; and skinny guys with ball-caps covering shaggy hair, wearing ragged denim jackets over ratty t-shirts and eyeing the bikers with surly expressions.

The few females in the audience all appeared to be with the bikers. One looked like an experienced biker-chick, but two had to be newbies who were still too young to drink legally. All of them seemed to be competing to see who could show more skin, either to flirt with the bikers or to tease the rednecks who had all come stag. To Miranda, things seemed ... unstable.

"That's not an audience," she'd thought, "It's a temporary truce. Western-wear isn't going to work for this crowd," she'd thought, and went back to the dressing-room to look through her bag to see what else she could pull-together that wouldn't come off as comical in such a charged atmosphere.

Now she stood in mostly regular clothes. Regular for her, anyway. A pair of tall heels worn out of necessity. A wrap-skirt - worn higher than usual. And two tube-tops - one with rhinestones that she wore in the usual place, and a second, plainer one, that she wore low around her hips under the skirt.

There had been no announcement, and no one introduced her. At the first notes of Thunderstruck by AC/DC, Miranda stepped through the curtain onto the stage into a room half-filled with people who were completely unprepared for what they were about to see. Inclined to wonder how this would work out, she had to admit that it was unlikely that she could shock this audience.

The reception she received was underwhelming. She drew a smattering of applause from those not focused on guzzling beer, and a few desultory whistles from the contingent of skinny white guys. Obviously this was not a crowd that could be easily-impressed by a big-chested girl in a tight top and long skirt. At least two of the girls out there with their butts planted on guy's laps had busts comparable to hers. One of them might even have been real.

Miranda paraded slowly out to the center of the stage, being careful not to show herself in profile. She wagged her hips a bit and rolled her shoulders enticingly and waited for the music to build. At the first words of the vocals, she began to roll her stretch top up. Hooking her thumbs under the band, she peeled it up and over her head. This got the attention of most of the audience, some of whom cheered while others yelled encouragement.

Miranda clasped her hands behind her head and turned her shoulders left and right, giving everyone a good look at her boobs. When the novelty of that started to wane, she reached down and pressed her palms to her thighs. Standing with her feet shoulder-width apart, she slowly pulled her skirt up, first over her calves, then up above her knees, stopping below mid-thigh.

The whistles continued, but sporadically. Bare legs alone weren't that exciting.

Trying to time the tempo of the song, Miranda held her bunched skirt in place with one hand, then reached behind her and grabbed her scrotum through the fabric while tugging at the other tube-top - the one holding her cock pressed into the crack of her butt.

When she released it, her horsecock swung down between her legs, the tip almost brushing the floor. It swung there for a few seconds like a pendulum, moving forward and back. While it did, she pulled the second tube-top up and off.

The whistling came to an abrupt halt. All the eyes in the room turned toward the stage as everyone stared at Miranda.

"Well, I have their attention," she thought. "Now lets see if I can keep it."

She walked bowlegged to the front of the stage, keeping her cock moving by rocking her hips. She pulled her skirt higher to expose more of her shaft.

"That ain't real!" One man shouted.

"Gotta be fake!" Another agreed.

Miranda anticipated something like that. She let go of her skirt and tugged at the tie, letting it fall to the stage at her feet and stepping away from it, completely naked but for her shoes. Now everyone could see that her cock wasn't a fake held by a harness, but was actually a part of her body.

"Fuuuuck!" A familiar voice shouted, perhaps an admission that their earlier assumption was wrong.

Miranda reached one hand down and swept up her cock, using a shake of her hips to give it enough inertia to let her bring it up between her breasts and lean it against her shoulder. As soon as it was out of the way, she widened her stance further, then released her scrotum to let her testicles fall

down into the gap between her legs. They fell heavily and hung there, swaying slowly as they bumped against her thighs, the bottom of her sack nearly to her knees.

“Holy shit!”

“Good Gawd almighty!”

“What a pair!”

Now that she had everyone’s complete attention, Miranda maneuvered her balls back behind her thighs and lowered her cock. She put her hands on her hips and paced up and down the front of the small stage, letting her cock swing in time to the driving music. By now she even had the attention of the customers who were otherwise absorbed in their own woes.

There was no stage-side seating in this club, so she couldn’t do her trick of trolling for tips with her cock. Here, the audience was kept back from the edge of the stage by a low metal fence with spikes intended to deter even the most persistent drunk from climbing up to get to a performer. Miranda felt slightly uneasy that such a precaution was needed, but given what Deputy Rogers had told her about the regular outbreaks of violence, she was grateful it was there. Even ringside tables weren’t that popular, she saw. From the stains on those tables, reaching up to the front of the stage, there had been some performers so unpopular that members of the audience chose to shower them with beer rather than drink it.

Miranda went to the edge of the stage and stood with her hands behind her head and her elbows wide. She closed her eyes and moved her hips to keep her cock swinging and jerking.

She relaxed and focused on the deliciously-erotic feeling that being watched gave her. Slowly, her cock began to stiffen. It didn’t get significantly longer or thicker. It was too dense for that. But it did begin to rise.

At first, the tip thickened and widened. Then the end lifted itself up as if it were some huge constrictor waking from slumber. Then her shaft hardened, gaining very non-human definition and lifting itself up until it was only a few degrees below horizontal. Her toned abdominal muscles stood out in the bright lights as Miranda leaned back to counterbalance that much weight held so far out in front of her.

Her eyes still tightly shut, she tensed and jerked her hips, making every effort to get her cock as hard as possible. Only when she felt the tightness in groin that meant her erection was as hard as it could get did she open her eyes. At this point her cock would stay completely hard until it had fulfilled its mission and emptied her balls.

The whistling and shouting had stopped. The atmosphere in the room was one of admiration, respect, and envy as everyone gawked at her. She couldn’t hear them over the loud music, but she could see their lips move as many of the men made comments to their friends or just to themselves, because some stuff has to be said, even if it’s just ‘holy shit’.

Slowly, because of its mass, Miranda turned left and right to give everyone a look at her rigid cock. Once she’d done that, she faced front, closed her eyes again and let nature take its course.

The wave of arousal she’d been resisting now swept through her. It made her nipples harden, her balls rise, and her cock jump as it tried to become harder still. The second wave heightened the feeling of lust that the first had engendered. The third brought with it that wonderful feeling of inevitably – that meant she was going to cum, and soon, and nothing could stop that from happening.

No provision had been made for the event. When she'd asked, the manager laughed and told her he didn't give a shit, that they usually had to hose-off the floor anyway because of the blood, spit, and spilled beer, that if she wanted to jerk-off he didn't much care where her jizz went.

Miranda had taken him at his word. She intended to let-fly out into the darkness beyond the stage-lights. Anyone in the way could either move or get spattered with horse-cum.

"Expensive horse-cum," she mentally amended. "These guys have no idea that they are about to see several thousand dollars go to waste, just because I need to keep my balls producing so I'll be able to do my real job ... and keep emptying them so I can stay sane. The Bulgarian didn't realize that he went to a whole lot of trouble for nothing. All he had to do was keep me locked-up and wait. In time I would have given him everything he wanted without him even asking. Oh, oh! Here we go. I can feel it building. Any ... time ... now!"

She tossed her head, her shoulders went back, lifted her chest up, and clenched her butt as if to prevent her balls from crawling back inside her body. She felt a powerful contraction between her cock and her ass and then a tremendous surge of climactic bliss accompanied by an equally-massive blast of cum erupting from her cock.

There was a sudden scurrying as her audience saw the powerful stream surge out of her and it sank into them just how far it might fly. The closest table was tipped-over in the rush and two were abandoned - one with drinks still on it. Everyone got to their feet, as the sense of urgency spread. No one was sure if they were in range and no one wanted to be in the wrong place when it landed.

Ground-zero turned out to be a spot even further-out than anyone anticipated. The lone and largely-besotted occupant of that table belatedly saw it coming and tried to escape, but only managed to tip his chair over backwards. He landed on the floor just as the tabletop, his beer and the few bills he'd left next to it got splashed with translucent goo.

On stage, Miranda clenched her fists and pumped her hips, letting loose a second stream with a similar trajectory that draped itself across the same table just to the right of the previous hit. On the floor, the unlucky customer crawled away and took cover behind the up-set table.

Three shots later, Miranda's cock was reduced to twitching and oozing, although the dollops running over the edge of the stage in front of her would have been considerable for anyone else present.

"Aauuuuuuggggghhhh!" She groaned, her climax still going strong, even though her cum-cannon had run dry. She was still in that position when the applause began.

"Whoo!" She muttered when the crest had passed and her eyes had stopped trying to roll back for a peek at her brain. "Good one! These guys seem to have liked it too. Feels like I almost strained a muscle in my cheek. I wonder what I look like while that's happening? Someone should take a picture. Maybe it's best if I don't know. I probably look horrible. But then, who's going to be watching my face while I'm cumming? That reminds me, I haven't seen the finished layout from the photoshoot. I need to go see Larry about that. Damn, that was a good one! I've got what, two more shows tonight. Then the drive home. I think I'll sleep-in tomorrow. But first, I've got to get off this stage without falling on my face."

The avalanche of sensation and hormone-purge faded, and with it the torrent of disorganized thoughts going through her mind. Miranda tried to unclench muscles she'd tensed without thinking.

"Got to wait for my balls to drop-back before I can get my legs together and walk right. I forgot that would be a problem without that ball-stretcher. I wonder if real stallions have this problem too?"

Probably not.”

To cover her momentary distress, Miranda bent down to pick up her clothes, turning the motion into a bow when she realized that the applause was still going on.

“They seem more appreciative than I might have thought. This place must not usually book ‘edge’ acts like the others. They probably haven’t seen anything like me before. Good to know I have wider appeal than just the jaded crowds.”

Miranda got off the stage, trying not to hobble while doing it. As she went through the curtain, she looked back and saw a waitress walk over to the table she’d slimed with a rag in her hand. The woman picked up the money using two fingers, nudged the mug of beer over and wiped the trails of cum off into the litter of peanut hulls and cigarette-butts on the floor. Miranda couldn’t see the expression on her face for the lights, but she very much wished she could.

Two hours later, Miranda did it all again. She saw no reason to vary her performance, since it had worked well the first time and audiences usually turned-over between shows.

“Not here, apparently. It is a bigger crowd. Second show usually is and the place is almost full now. But the bikers at that table haven’t moved. Neither have those guys in the ball-caps over there. Even the man I almost hit the first time is still here. He just moved further back ... and I hope that’s a clean mug. They moved the table he was sitting at. What’s that there now? A tarp? With tape across it? What the ... They can’t care that much about the floor in this place. Oh! I get it! Someone wants to see if I can shoot as far this time. I’m sure they’re betting on this too. Oh well. Whatever keeps them out of trouble ... like starting fights and breaking chairs over each other.”

If Deputy Rogers had come to see her, Miranda couldn’t spot him in the larger crowd. Although he might still be there in one of the darker corners, or at the far end of the bar. She thought that might be smart for him to avoid the light since he’d want to avoid being recognized by those patrons he’d met professionally.

Her timing was better the second time around. She managed to stay in-tempo with the music and she managed the reveals more cleanly. This time, because of the hold-overs from the first audience, there wasn’t the same element of surprise and the shock-and-awe was missing altogether due to the word-of-mouth that had spread over the last two hours. This time, the audience cheered loudly at the appearance of her cock and again when she showed her balls. The noise continued almost unabated while she paraded the stage and as she prepared for her second orgasm of the evening.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” The bikers chanted, and it was quickly picked up by most of the others. Her cock began to elevate, but slowly. Miranda thought she should help it along, so she put both hands under it and hauled it up until it was standing up between her breasts wobbly, but mostly vertical.

She pressed her boobs around the shaft and jerked her hips, tit-fucking herself with her own cock. The motion also made her balls swing back and forth between her legs, and repeating it got them going faster and higher until they were slapping her ass in back and flying up straight-out in front of her.

The crowd loved it. The rhythmic chanting got louder and more emphatic the more energetic she became.

“Hungh!” Miranda grunted as her huge testicles slammed into her butt. “I thought being this rough would hurt, but it’s not too bad. The audience seems to like it, and it’s really turning me on. I’m not going to be able to keep this up much longer. I can feel things starting to get tight down there

already.”

When her dick was as hard as it could get, she stopped jerking her hips and carefully lowered it into position, leaning back at the same time to counterbalance its weight. She had just enough presence of mind to make sure she was facing the right direction before surrendering to the hormonal torrent that crashed over her.

Just as her climax soared to the peak, she braced, tensing her ass and her abs at the same time as she felt the muscles inside her contract.

“Munnngghhh!” She grunted again, her eyes squeezed tightly shut and her arms out, trying to keep her balance as her body was wracked with a powerful orgasm. For the second time, cum blasted out of her cock into the air, a white streak that soared out past the floodlit stage to vanish into the darkness beyond.

Miranda couldn’t have opened her eyes even if she’d thought to try. But she heard the cheer that went up.

“Must have been a good one,” she thought in the brief moment before the second contraction hit her. After that, it was all she could do to stay on her feet and ride-out her climax.

It was over all too soon. Several seconds of intense ecstasy, combined with a series of violent contractions that left her feeling enervated and exhilarated at the same time, like she could conquer the world ... as soon as she caught her breath.

“Whooo! Good one! Damn, I love this job! Getting paid to jerk-off my dick. Who would have thought that was a career-option? Of course, I wouldn’t have thought simply having a dick to jerk-off would be a possibility. I should write Angus McKay a thank-you note. That pervy little Scot.”

Miranda took a huge, deep breath and tried to relax. She wouldn’t be able to move until her balls dropped back to their normal position. Until then, she’d be stuck. Not utterly. She could walk off in a near-squat, looking like she had a case of terminal bow-leggedness, but she preferred not to do that.

“Maybe I should offer Angus a hand-job. I’ve gotten pretty good at that. Practice makes perfect, and I’ve been getting a lot of that, both on myself and on Barry. And now Deputy Rogers too. I don’t really know why I did that to him. One of those good-idea-at-the-time things, I suppose. It just seemed like a friendly thing to do. He did look like he could use a hand – hah!

“Really, why did I do that? I mean, I wasn’t turned on. Not that much anyway. Calling it a friendly gesture sounds like rationalization. What did I get out of it? I even went down on my knees to blow him. I would have too, if he’d been able to stand it. Was I trying to prove I can still satisfy a man even though I’ve got different equipment now? Maybe. But I don’t feel sexually insecure. If anything, I feel more self-assured than I ever did before. That’s probably the hormones.

“It can’t be that I’m still fascinated by penises. I mean, I am. But mine is bigger and better than anyone’s, so I hardly need to go looking in guys’ pants for one to play with. It’s not that I wanted to prove I’m still sexually-desirable. I’m a porn-star, according to Larry’s numbers on pre-orders for my videos. That’s practically the definition of ‘desirable’.

“I’m sure Jean’s theory about half of men wanting to submit to me is right. Maybe that works both ways. Maybe I was trying to show my dominance with Dez by making him pop his cork for me. Yeah, that feels right. He caught me in an embarrassing situation and I needed to turn the tables and assert myself. Only I did it by seducing him and making him cum for me.

"Now that really sounds right. I wasn't the passive one, letting myself get nailed on the hood of a car by some horny guy looking to get himself a quick piece. I turned him on, then I made him get hard, then I made him cum. I was the aggressor during all that ... and that is a very different feeling. Being able to go up to a guy, drag his dick out, make him shoot his stuff, then walk away and leave him standing there with a boner and a pair of empty balls- that is what sexual power feels like!

"It's weird, the outcome was kind of the same. He got off. I didn't. But I came away feeling ... well ... smug about it. That means it's not about who does what to whom or who gets off and who doesn't. It's about how you feel about it afterward. I felt empowered - a lot like I feel now, standing here buck-naked, waving my dick around in front of a crowd of people, many of whom are probably wishing theirs was a quarter the size of mine. Damn, I love this job! I never knew I'd learn so much about myself. I guess I never knew there was that much to learn. And now I'm wondering if those horse hormones are making me smarter. I doubt they do that much for horses. If they did, the horses wouldn't be the ones wearing the saddles."

After her last performance of the evening, Miranda picked-up her check, packed her case, and got ready to leave. She put on her father's coat, tucked her cock up inside the waist and secured it in place by cinching the belt tightly. Then she left by the side door.

The Forge wouldn't be closing for another hour and a half, and there were still several trucks and bikes in the gravel lot next to the building. There was a street-light next to the entrance in front of the building, but around back where Miranda had parked was very dark. She didn't see the figures approaching her, but she heard their feet crunch on the gravel.

"I bet you think you're pretty special," one of them said to her.

It was a female voice. When she took a drag on the cigarette hanging in the corner of her mouth, the glow was enough to show that she was one of the biker-chick wannabees - a girl a year or two younger than Miranda herself whose ambitions were being a gaudy accessory on a large motorcycle and a portable party-girl.

"Yeah," the second girl agreed, her voice muddled by beer she shouldn't have been able to buy for herself, and probably hadn't. "You think you're hot shit. Don't you!"

Miranda wasn't sure how to respond, or even if she should. The two girls were obviously just drunk enough to be belligerent, but too wasted to have planned what to do after they had braced Miranda in the parking lot.

"Whatever," Miranda replied, figuring that any answer she gave would be received the same way. She tried to go around them, but the pair shuffled sideways to block her.

"Where you going, hunh?"

"Home, if you don't mind."

"An' what if we do mind?"

"I'm still going home. Unless..." Miranda had the sudden flash that the situation was one where the most-sober person could set the agenda.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you two want to party."

"You kidding? We're always ready to party!"

"Yeah! We ... wait ... what?"

"Doing it on stage is a kick, but it can't beat the real thing. Know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Well, how about it? Are you two up for it?"

"Hunh?"

Miranda hadn't bothered to buckle the belt on her coat. Thinking she only had to walk to her car, she'd just tied it loosely. Now she tugged it free and let her cock slide out and down from where she'd bent it around her waist. She was wearing flats, so when it uncoiled and fell free, the end slammed into the gravel, startling both girls into taking a shaky step back.

Miranda reached down and hauled her cock up with both hands.

"How about it?" She asked. "You want to wrestle my anaconda?"

Her eyes had adjusted to the dark by this time and she was able to appreciate the looks on their faces as they realized that things weren't going the way they'd expected.

"Come on," Miranda said, encouragingly. "I know you've both had some experience with big dicks, haven't you?"

"Um, sure," the first girl said, obviously not sure at all. The second just stood by, silently staring at the shadowy monster draped across Miranda's hands.

"Then my dick shouldn't be too much of a stretch for you," Miranda said, with just enough emphasis on the word 'stretch'. "How about it? You ready to ride a stallion? It's an experience you'll never forget, I promise."

Neither of the girls was wearing a bra and their physical reaction to being close to something as massively-male as Miranda's cock was becoming apparent, even in the near-darkness. One of the girls plucked at her top, as though it had suddenly become too tight. The other shifted from one foot to the other, either a sign of nervousness or the crotch of her panties was growing damp.

Walking her hands down her shaft, Miranda stepped forward and hooked the flared tip of her cock under the front of the short skirt of the second girl. The reaction she got was terror mixed with lust.

"Oh! I ... um..."

"I can feel your heat," Miranda told her as she pressed her cock into the gap between the girl's thighs. "I know you want it. Hop up onto that hood there and lose those panties."

Miranda was surprised when the girl did exactly what she'd been told. She backed on to the hood of a blue Impala, raised both feet and expertly slipped her panties off before spreading her legs and pulling her skirt up around her waist.

Miranda wasn't at all prepared for how far things had gone. She'd thought that both girls would be so put-off by her offer that they would have run for their lives. Still, she knew that it wasn't likely that the girl had anything like sufficient mileage on her pussy to be able to handle a third of

Miranda's dick, so this farce would be over very quickly.

Miranda rubbed the head of her cock through the girl's slit, marveling at how wet she'd become so quickly.

"Frankie?" The first girl said, in a tone of disbelief. "You're not really gonna let her fuck you, are you?"

"I have to, Ginny," she said, reaching down and pulling her pussy-lips open as far as she could.

Miranda knew this wasn't a good idea, but she'd started it and she wanted to see how far it would go. After all, maybe the girl had been fucking some farm animal on the side and would be able to take some portion of Miranda's length.

Miranda's cock was well on its way to rigidity. The prospect of getting into someplace tight and warm and wet was having the predictable effect, despite Miranda's reservations. While the head was still pliable, she squeezed it together and pushed the narrow edge into the girl's opening. There was so much lubrication that it went in easily and almost before she knew it, the whole head had slipped inside.

"Fuck!" Frankie cried breathlessly, at the moment when she felt herself violated by an organ never meant to go where this one was going. "Oh, fuck!"

The girl's hips gyrated as she squirmed, the end of Miranda's cock tightly plugging her so tightly that there was just a thin ring of flesh around the shaft.

"Please!" Ginny pleaded. "Take it out. You'll fucking kill her with that thing!"

Miranda found the idea that her cock might be a lethal weapon to be quite a turn-on. Now completely hard, she felt its skin grow taut and the rim around the tip expand even further inside Frankie, something that she realized would make it very difficult to remove.

"By design, obviously," Miranda mused. "Wouldn't want it slipping out of a mare before I was finished breeding her."

"Which this girl is not, of course," she thought with a twinge of guilt that edged its way through the fog of arousal she felt. "This has gone far enough. Probably too far. I need to start thinking of an exit-strategy."

Miranda fought against her instinctive desire to push deeper. She started to, but the rational part of her mind pointed out that if she could somehow magically get all two-feet-plus of dick into the girl, the end would be coming out of her mouth. Instead she reversed and pulled back. The slippery friction of the motion was intoxicating. Several short-strokes later, Miranda realized what she was doing.

"I didn't mean to really fuck her. I just thought that putting the head in would be enough to discourage her. I really should stop now. But she's enjoying this as much as I am. Maybe just a few more and I'll take it out. Just a few. Wow, she's nice and tight! But she won't be much longer if I don't get my damn dick out of her!"

That helped. Miranda managed to resist the impulse to keep going and instead eased back until she felt the resistance of Frankie's narrow opening grip her cock behind the head.

"Ohhhhhh!" Frankie moaned, feeling how she was apparently stuck on Miranda's huge cock.

The sound was intensely-erotic, and didn't help matters at all. Impending orgasms can be highly contagious.

"Uh oh," Miranda said to Ginny. "She's gonna cum."

"No shit. I thought she was cumming already. I'm about to, just from watching this."

"She's gonna make me cum, too. Real soon!"

"No! You can't! I mean ... we saw you shoot your stuff in there. If you do that in her..."

Whatever Ginny was imagining would happen was lost as both Frankie and Miranda had their climaxes. Frankie jerked so violently that she slid down the car's hood, impaling herself further on Miranda's cock.

Miranda was in no condition to prevent it. She was fighting a powerful urge to thrust forward and had managed to defy her natural instinct by pulling back. The feeling of Frankie's cervix plugging itself into the end of her cock was more than she could handle. It seemed as if her cock reacted all on it's own, firing three thick streams of cum into Frankie.

The first made Frankie dig her heels into the car and arch her back as the hot torrent poured into her, filling what small space was left that Miranda's cock wasn't occupying and sending Frankie into a wholly-uncoordinated orgasmic fit. The second stream had no where to go. It was forced to squeeze around the double seal of Miranda's wide cockhead and Frankie's tight ring and squirt back up Miranda's shaft, coating it with cum that shone white in the dim light.

"Oh no! So much cum! You knocked her up for sure!"

Miranda was in no condition to explain the genetic impossibility of that. She was oblivious when the third stream erupted out the end of her cock. With no place to go, and the seal already breached and thoroughly lubricated, Miranda's ejaculation blasted her cock free of Frankie. It also made a rather big mess of the girl, the Chevy, and Ginny, who happened to be bending over at the moment with the unfortunate intention of helping disconnect her friend from Miranda's dick. At the opposite end of the action, Miranda was far enough outside the blast-zone to miss all but a few drops that landed on her coat.

Now free, Miranda fell forward, her cock sliding up Frankie's abdomen and across her chest, leaving a trail of thick slime all the way up to her ear.

"It would have come out her mouth," Miranda chuckled, drunk with a post-orgasmic endorphin rush.

Frankie was also high as a kite. She wrapped her arms around Miranda's cock and hugged it tightly, then turned her head and kissed it.

"Sorry," Miranda said, reluctantly dragging her dick out of the girl's grasp. "Not a good idea. I can cum again quicker than you'd believe. We need to let it cool-down."

"Unless," she said, turning to Ginny, "you want to give it a go too?"

"Nooooo! I don't ... I mean, I really want to know ... That was so hot! But look at her!"

Frankie lay limply on the hood, unable to do much other than roll her head back and forth. Her

knees pointed in opposite directions on either side of the gaping, gooey, oozing mess between her legs.

Miranda knew she should be ashamed, but what she felt was far from it. She had to fight the smile that tried to creep onto her face.

"Girlfriend," Ginny said to Frankie, "I hope you think that was worth it."

Frankie smiled and nodded slowly as she tried to regain control of her arms and legs. "Proud of myself," she murmured. "Biggest cock ever! Don't care if I'm preggers."

"You're not." Miranda assured her. She stepped back and let her cock drop to hang at an angle so the rest of her cum could drain out. "Unless you're part horse too. I wasn't kidding about the stallion thing."

"You mean that horse's dick is really a horse's dick?" Ginny asked.

"You missed my billing. Most places make a big deal out of having Stallion Girl perform. And yeah, these are really horse-balls," Miranda said, raising her cock and turning toward the streetlight to show her testicles.

No sooner had she exposed them, than Frankie slid down off the Impala landing on her knees with her face between Miranda's legs, where she began kissing her balls affectionately.

"Now that's a new sensation," Miranda declared, as Frankie's head bobbed between her thighs while she tried to cover all the territory. She'd cajoled, coerced, and seduced her boyfriend Barry into doing a lot of things for her, but he'd never kissed her balls.

"You really can't get me pregnant?" Ginny asked, one hand cupping a breast and the other down the front of her skirt, alternately rubbing her clit and dipping her fingers inside, apparently checking her current diameter while she considered letting Miranda enlarge it.

"Really."

"You promise not to put any more of that inside me than you did Frankie?"

"No promises. I may get carried away and ream you good. I almost did with your friend. You take your chances."

The element of danger excited Ginny. She pulled her blouse open and took her breast out and started rubbing her nipple. The hand down her skirt began moving steadily, no longer tentative, but determined to prepare herself for something she hadn't yet said she'd said she wanted to do.

Frankie decided to help things along. Staying on her knees, she turned to Ginny, reached up under her skirt and pulled down a tiny pair of panties. When Ginny stepped out of them, Frankie stuck her face up under her friend's thigh-length skirt.

Miranda didn't need to see to know what was going on. The look on Ginny's face was enough.

"Unngh!" Ginny groaned, and backed against the car, her feet moving apart to give Frankie more room.

"Let me get in there," Miranda said, "Before I get hard again."

Frankie obliged. She took the end of Miranda's cock and guided it to Ginny's sopping-wet pussy. She gently squeezed the still-flexible head down and pressed it against Ginny's opening. Miranda winced at the rough treatment of a sensitive part, but pushed and felt it pop through before resuming its original shape.

"AAAUUUGGHH!" Ginny groaned loudly. "Jeez! That's fucking huge!"

"Wait until I get it hard," Frankie told her, and went to work using her tongue on the underside of Miranda's shaft.

Ginny leaned back on her elbows and braced. Her legs trembled and her belly rolled as she surrendered her body to Miranda.

Despite what she'd told Ginny, since Miranda had just cum, she had better control of herself and wasn't likely to do Ginny any worse damage than what an aggressive gynecologist might do during a pelvic exam – albeit one done post partum.

"Fuck!"

Miranda wasn't sure if that was a request, or simply an expletive. She leaned forward, pushing her cock deeper against firm resistance. It was clear to her that Frankie was likely the more sexually-experienced of the two, because Ginny was so much tighter.

"Gah! Stop! Hold on! Give me a minute!"

"You should have let me fist you like Jake wanted. He said you'd have it easier during group scenes if you were looser."

"Well I'm sure gonna be looser after this! Hell, I think I'll be able to do a double with Big Phil and Roman. Sadie can't even do that."

"Ready for some more?" Miranda asked.

Ginny nodded and clenched her jaw. Miranda pushed deeper and heard Ginny's breath hiss through her teeth. When there was no further complaint, she went still deeper, stopping only when she felt the knob of Ginny's cervix hit the end of her cock. When Ginny didn't object, she pressed harder, until Ginny's insides began to yield and her breath was coming in short pants. Miranda slid another three inches of cock in and stopped as Ginny began to tremble. Slowly, the trembling escalated to shaking, until Ginny held up a hand.

"Back off a bit," she said, and Miranda stopped pushing. "Good. That's better. Now fuck me ... slow!"

Miranda obliged. She began a slow, steady withdrawal that ended when she felt resistance from the other direction, then she pushed back in again, stopping short of her deepest penetration before doing it again ... and again ... and again, each time gaining a little more speed until Miranda's cock was moving like a piston and her balls were swinging wildly.

Ginny was so caught-up in the experience that neither Miranda nor Frankie could say for sure if she had cum, was cumming, or was on the verge of cumming. From the way she rolled her head with her eyes wide and her mouth open, it could have been all three.

By the time Miranda came, Ginny was as close to unconsciousness as you can be with your eyes open. She only reacted slightly when Miranda's cock filled her to overflowing and beyond and lay

there unmoving while Miranda waited for her tumescence to subside before pulling-out.

"What's going on out here?" A familiar voice came from close behind Miranda. "Jesus Christ on a crutch! I didn't think that was possible!"

"Hi, Dez. I thought you left after the ten o'clock show ... I didn't see you inside or I'd have said goodbye when I left."

"You better move on. The boys inside may be wondering where their girls have got to. They don't care much for guys who dip their dicks in pussy that doesn't belong to them. I'm sure they won't make an exception for you. For sure if they see what you've done to this one."

"To both of us," Frankie bragged, holding up her skirt so Dez could see the coating of cum on the inside of her thighs and the still-gaping gash above. "But he's got a point. They can be kind of possessive. And mean too, when they've been drinking. Which is usually."

Miranda leaned back and her cock came free of Ginny with a truly disgusting sound. That was followed by a deluge of cum from an opening that no one would call tight again without a good long rest followed by lots of Kegel exercises.

"Yeah," Dez said, after staring for several seconds. "That's gonna piss them off. Here, let me help you with your stuff."

While Frankie tried to rouse Ginny, Dez got Miranda to her car. From the way he practically dragged her across the lot, she got the idea there really was something to fear.

"Would those bikers really do something to me for fucking their girls?" Miranda asked as he put her case in the back.

"I only know what I've heard. The word is that anyone who had the balls to do that - wouldn't have them much longer. Now that could be just one of those stories they tell to scare-off guys who might be thinking about poaching. I hope so, because yours are trophy-grade, and neither of us wants to see them hanging from a Harley's handlebars. But like I said, I don't really know if they'd do that to you and I'd rather not find out by seeing it happen. So you get going, and don't stop to pee on your way out of town."

Miranda wasted no time getting into her car and preparing to leave.

"Do you really drive like that?" Dez asked, seeing how she had to scoot so far forward to let her balls hang over the edge and spread her knees wide around the wheel and her cock draped over the console with the head lying on the passenger seat.

"Nevermind. Just go. I'll be right behind you as far as the county line, in case they figure it out and come after you."

With the streetlights of Leadville in her rear-view mirror, Miranda tried to shrug-off the news that she might have made enemies.

"I'll fuck whoever I like! I mean, if they're up for it. Those two didn't take much convincing. They might have been younger than me, but they were both a long way from being virgins. Of course, they're a good bit further from that now, but that was their choice. I'm amazed that I was actually able to get my dick into them, even if it was just the narrow end, and almost soft at the time. Once I got hard though, things were different. I never knew pussy could stretch like that - and I used to

have one! I sure as hell wouldn't have ever let anyone with a dick like mine get anywhere near me with the thing, much less drop my panties for it in a parking lot. I guess I was a lot less of a free-spirit than I thought I was. Oh damn! I should have thought to ask them if that 'tit-fighting' Jean was telling me about is a real thing or if she was just messing with me. After what Dez told me about how hard-core bikers can be, I'm starting to think that might be for real. Not that I'd really want to try that. Now, if it was 'dick-fighting', I'd definitely be up for it."

"I've got good news and bad news," Larry Richards told her, after she'd gotten comfortable on the couch in his office.

From the smile on his face, Miranda assumed the bad news couldn't be all that bad, that he was just trying to be funny. She smiled back, trying for the same insincere grin, and waited for him to drop the other shoe.

"The bad news is - we're going to have to cancel your Thursday club booking. The good news is - Mr. Pruett has you down for your first breeding job this Friday. I guess he wants you rested and ready-to-go for that. Um, you're still fine with this part of the job, right? No second-thoughts or anything?"

"My attitudes about some things have gone through a few changes in the last few weeks," Miranda admitted. "But not about that. It doesn't even sound strange to me any more. But I guess I won't really know until I get down to it, will I?"

"I want you to know we wanted to set this up for a ... I suppose 'friendly' is the wrong word to use ... let's say rather a more 'understanding' customer, and one fairly close-by. Just in case you got cold-feet, or needed more time, or there was some other temporary problem, so there wouldn't be as much of a chance of negative word-of-mouth."

"So I won't have an audience for this one?" Miranda asked, to see if she'd understood Larry's equivocation correctly.

"Not this time. Herman told me that Mr. deVries agrees that it will be better all around to keep the number of people involved to a minimum. It will just you, Mr. Pruett, Mr. deVries, and a couple of wranglers in the room at the time."

"I appreciate everyone's concern, even though I'm used to being in front of people. A model can't be shy about working with people watching, after all."

"Yes. We were very fortunate to get someone with your training."

"Even if how I use it is so totally different from what I expected. Let me ask you something on another subject. Have you publicized my service schedule like you have my performance schedule?"

"I don't know what Mr. Pruett has been telling people, but I haven't been sharing that information. Nor has Herman told me any more than I needed to know to avoid double-booking you. Most of our members and customers like to keep their business confidential. Particularly when it comes to something that has the possibility for being controversial, if it were to become public."

"Controversial? Really? I didn't think ... nevermind. Look, I don't want this to sound like I'm turning paranoid or anything, but there may be people who've seen me perform who think they have some reason to dislike me and may want to do something about it."

Larry's fixed smile dropped from his face at that news. "Perhaps it's just as well that you won't be

performing in public as much for the next few months. Is this anything to do with the people who kidnapped you?"

"No, I haven't heard from them. Hopefully, they will be satisfied with what they got. For a while, at least. This is about some other people who might think I've done something to offend them."

"We talked about how different audiences in different places might react differently to you."

"We did. I have had some people walk out on me. And I've had a few who thought I was the most horrific thing they'd ever seen. But mostly the reaction has been favorable, even admiring. No, this was a group of bikers that may have a quarrel with me."

"It sounds like this wasn't something to do with your performance. Could you have done something to make them mad at you?"

"I may have ... accidentally ... unintentionally ... let my dick slip into a couple of their girls."

"You what!"

"I boned some biker-chicks in the parking lot of that club in Leadville. They wanted it. Heck, they loved it."

Larry was quiet for close to a minute, which was certainly a record for him, at least in Miranda's experience with the man.

"I wouldn't have thought that was possible," he said, at last.

"It was a bit of a surprize to me too. Jean warned me about women she called 'size-queens'. I thought she meant someone who was already into that sort of thing. These two just took one look and had to have it - and damn the consequences. One of the locals warned me that the guys they were with might be unhappy with me for..."

"Yes, I can imagine why they would be pissed at you. Well, spilt milk and all that. I don't suppose it occurred to you at the time that this might be a problem?"

"I got caught-up in the moment."

"You thought you could get your dick wet and be out of town before anything hit the fan."

"That too."

Richards sighed. "You've changed, you know? The hormones are messing with your head."

"Tell me something I don't know! You try walking around with a spooze-bazooka between your legs that you have to wank-off every few hours so it doesn't turn you into a drooling sex-fiend! I masturbate so much now I think I qualify as a professional onanist. And I'm not just talking about jerking-off on-stage."

"Maybe you're not doing it often enough."

"Maybe this is just normal for the 'new me'. And maybe a chance to do get something warm, willing and wet around my cock was too good to pass up. But I'll talk to Dr. McKay before I leave. I'll see what he says."

"Good."

"Does the magazine carry insurance on me?"

"Why would you ask that?"

"I'll take that as a 'yes'. What kind?"

"You know how actors sometimes insure their faces? And dancers their legs? Well, we have a policy on your testicles."

"How much?"

"A million dollars."

"Wow! Really?"

"Each."

"OK, now I feel like I should be wearing a steel jock-strap. You know, I was going to ask Carlton Willoughby how much ransom he would have paid to get me back. But that sounded kind of ungracious when I got the chance to do it. Still, I suppose it's good to know just what the boys are worth. Now I guess I better go talk to Dr. McKay and then see Mr. Pruett about Friday."

McKay wanted the usual samples of blood and semen, only one of which Miranda was uneasy about providing. After masturbating in public a few times, it felt very comfortable for her to slip her dick into the soft sleeve of the collection device and make a quick deposit with the lab staff watching.

"Your volume is up," Angus remarked as he eyed the bulging transparent bag. "Density is down, which is good. It means you're doing better at keeping things flowing."

"I try," Miranda said. "I was wondering ... is it possible for me to, you know, 'get better' at this by doing it more?"

"D' you mean can will you ejaculate more if you ejaculate more often? You're quite correct. Of course, you'll experience a reduction in volume in the short term, but your prostate is like any other organ or muscle, exercising it makes it expand. By all means, keep it up. Or should I say, 'keep getting it up'. If you do too much, you will know it. But it can't harm you, physically."

"Good. Fine. I will." Miranda stopped at that. She wasn't sure she understood the explanation of why quantity was important to her and she didn't want to try putting it into words for Dr. McKay. As soon as she'd wrung her cock dry, she left the lab.

Herman Pruett seemed excited. For him anyway. Miranda thought this was probably because of the approaching moment when his part of the reason for making her a Stallion Girl would be realized, much as Larry Richard's had when she'd appeared on stage for the first time.

"How do you feel?" He asked, when she had seated herself in one of his office chairs, her balls nestled in her lap and her cock draped over one arm.

The question sounded so abrupt that Miranda almost suggested he call Dr. McKay and ask for her lab results.

"I'm good," she said, instead. She reached over to pat her bare cock affectionately. "I'm all ready to

use this thing for what was designed to do.”

“Good! Good. This should be very straightforward. No parties, no audience ... although I suppose we don’t have to worry about you getting performance anxiety, do we?”

“No, I think I’ll be able to get it up and get it off with no trouble. Practice makes perfect, you know.”

“Anyway, Jan deVries has agreed to make this as low-stress as possible. His place is just past Lakedale on Route 19. I thought I’d pick you up at ten and drive right over, get it done and then have lunch in Lakedale on the way back. Unless you think you’ll need more time?”

“No, I’ll give the beast a quick whack when I wake up, then hold it until it’s time. I should be cocked and locked by the time we get there.”

“Good! Say, has anyone mentioned that you’re sounding ... nevermind.”

“Sounding more like a jock in a locker-room? It has been mentioned. Goes with the territory, wouldn’t you say?”

“Yes, you’re probably right. It’s just a bit jarring, that’s all.”

“You mean, because I still look the same above the waist?”

“Actually, you look, ah ... more female above the waist. As that blouse makes very clear.”

“Why, thank you! I don’t hear that nearly enough. A side-effect of the hormones, I guess.”

“McKay said it was a possibility. He told us that only the actual sex-organs would be altered by the treatment. That secondary sexual characteristics might actually be accentuated by the subsequent hormonal changes. It seemed counterintuitive to me, but he appears to have been right - as usual.”

Jan deVries seemed every bit as nice a man as Pruett and Richards had promised. He was there to meet them when they climbed down from Pruett’s big pickup. His smile was obvious, even if it was mostly hidden under a bushy mustache that had gone mostly gray. Vitality and energy shone from his eyes as he greeted each of them.

“Pleased to meet you, Miss Peters,” he said, giving her hand a warm squeeze while scrupulously keeping eye-contact. If his gaze had wandered, Miranda wouldn’t have objected. She was used to being scrutinized closely by IHBA members. She was sure they looked at horses they were thinking of buying equally intently. Lately, she had become used to lots of people staring at her.

“Call me Miranda, please.”

“Miranda, then. Welcome. Herman said we shouldn’t mess-about, so I guess you’re ready to get to work?”

“Yes sir.”

“Well, come on this way. The mare is all ready.”

deVries smile faded as he looked over Miranda’s shoulder. He paused and Miranda heard a female voice behind her.

“Jan! Are you forgetting to introduce me?”

Miranda turned to see a woman striding toward them. She was wearing jodhpurs and riding boots and carrying a crop, as though she'd just come from a ride. She had curly black hair that fell past her shoulders. Her brown skin could have been a combination of genes and sunbathing. She showed a generous amount of it in a khaki blouse she wore unbuttoned far enough to make it clear that her impressive breasts neither had, nor required, the support of a brassiere.

Where deVries had politely maintained eye-contact, his wife blatantly looked Miranda up and down with eyes that seemed almost predatory.

Miranda had dressed for work. Other than a pair of platform wedge mules to give her sufficient height to keep her dick off the ground, she wore an ankle-length cotton skirt and a tie-front blouse that wasn't much more than a bandanna with arm-holes. Both were things she wouldn't mind getting dirty, and were meant to be easy to take off easily. Under the appraising gaze of this woman, she felt she should have worn something nicer.

"Sorry, my dear. This is Miranda Peters. You know Herman, of course. This is my wife, Maria."

"Miranda," Mrs. deVries said slowly, as if tasting each syllable. "How very nice to meet you." Her accent wasn't heavy, but was enough to tell Miranda that her native language had probably been either Spanish or Portuguese.

Maria walked over to Miranda and kept coming, stopping well inside her personal space. With her hip touching Miranda's, she put her right arm behind Miranda's back and gave her a hug, pulling them together from breast to thigh.

The smile on Maria's face was friendly, but Miranda thought she detected a look of hunger in the woman's eyes. Releasing her from the embrace, Maria slid her hand down Miranda's back, lightly trailing it over her rear, and stopped with the tips of her fingers resting on top of the bulge Miranda's testicles made in the back of her skirt.

At first, Miranda thought the touch was inadvertent, that Maria didn't realize what she was doing. When when she saw Maria's smile widen, she knew it wasn't an accident.

"She wants me," Miranda thought. "I can't tell if she's one of those women whose appetites run to the seriously kinky, but she's being way too friendly here to simply want to be my pal. Well, she's older than me by a few years, but she's still very attractive and I don't think I'd mind terribly much 'getting to know her'. I wonder how her husband would feel about that. He's not paying me to service his wife. But surely he has to know if she's doing it with his horses. How would he feel about her getting it on with the hired stud too?"

Maria was looking down, so was her husband. Miranda didn't need for it to be unanimous for her to understand what was happening. She could feel her cock lift the hem of her dress so it could peek out into the sunlight. She tugged the wrap-skirt around so her stiffening cock could rise through the overlap instead of having the cloth draped over its sensitive end. Now everyone could see how quickly it was becoming erect.

"My goodness!" Maria blurted. "It's even bigger than I thought it would be!"

"We really should get on with this," Pruett put in.

"Yes," Miranda agreed, "I think you're right. We need to go."

"This way," Mr. deVries said, waving an arm in the direction of the building to their right.

With their host leading and Herman at her side, Miranda walked purposefully into the stable and past a row of empty stalls toward a double-door at the end.

Miranda didn't need to be told that this was their destination. She sensed it. Behind those doors was a mare in heat. Her mind might deduce it, but her body seemed to know through other means, either sound or the smell of pheromones. Whichever it was, she could feel herself responding strongly. Her cock was already almost horizontal and appeared to be leading her down the stable hallway like a water-witch following a dowsing rod. Her balls were rising as well, forcing her to take short steps on stiff legs. They felt heavier than usual and they had acquired a slight ache. She wanted to lengthen her stride to reach her goal sooner, but she feared the pain of trapping one between her legs. All of this increased the sense of urgency she felt with every step she took.

"Here, take this" she said to Pruett, pulling loose the knot holding her blouse together. She shrugged it off, throwing her shoulders back. The motion made her breasts rise up and she felt how her nipples had gone taut and hard.

Miranda tossed the blouse at Pruett, then reached down and tugged at the Velcro tab at her waist. It took two tries before she was able to release it, then she pulled her skirt open and walked out of it, not even looking to see if anyone picked it up.

That left her bare but for her shoes. Miranda would have walked out of them - except her clenched toes held them onto her feet. She was having a hard time walking with her cock fully erect and throbbing, sticking straight out from her groin, the weight of it trying to pull her off-balance. Her jaw was tight as well, her nostrils flared and her jaw tight. Tightest of all was the base of her cock, completely blocking the back-flow of blood.

"Damn, I'm so hard!" Miranda thought. "I've been hard before, but not like this. My dick is throbbing like it could explode any second! I should hold it so I can walk better, but I'm scared to because touching it might make me cum. I can't lose my load now!"

Because of Miranda's awkward gait and Pruett hovering close by, deVries reached the door first. He pushed it open and called in, "Buck! Judy! Get ready! Pull that mounting block over!"

Miranda brushed past Mr. deVries, not slowing at all in her stilted but purposeful pace. In the room a blonde girl younger and shorter than Miranda held a reddish-brown horse on a lead. A broad-shouldered man wearing a red-plaid shirt was pulling a set of three broad steps into place behind the horse. With no time to take in anything further about the room, Miranda headed straight for the steps.

The mare seemed aware that her stud had arrived. She shifted her hind feet apart and twitched her black tail to one side.

"You better brace," Miranda thought as she stepped up onto the lowest step. "Because I've got something for you and here it comes, ready or not!"

Looking up at the mare's hindquarters, Miranda could see a black slit with a small knob jumping at the bottom of it. Even though she'd never seen one before, she knew instantly what it was.

"Horses got clits! Who knew? I guess I would have, if I'd bothered to do any research on this instead of thinking that instinct would get me through. But right now, for better or worse, instinct is in total charge."

Miranda stepped up onto the second level, which allowed her balls to slip between her thighs and

made her throw her arms wide to balance as the trailing leg had to swing wide around them. Getting onto the third level was awkward because the motion made her cock drop and she had to bend down to keep it from pitching her forward.

When she managed to struggle upright, Miranda saw that her wide stance put her hips at just the right height. Her cock was in-line, but aimed high. Using both hands, she pushed on it until it looked right, then she waddled forward a half-step and made contact.

"Sssssssss!" She hissed at the sensation of her cockhead forcing its way inside the mare. The animal jumped a bit, then became perfectly still. With her cock securely in, Miranda took her hands away, clenched her ass-cheeks and shoved her hips forward, sinking the narrow part of her shaft fully into the animal.

"This is it! This is where my dick really belongs! Whoa, this feels awesome!"

Miranda made her hands into fists and held her arms out to her sides with her elbows bent. Her knees were slightly bent and every muscle in her body was taut. Every fiber of her being screamed for her to push her cock deeper.

Her senses ablaze with erotic sensation and driven by instinctive need, Miranda shoved her hips forward as hard as she could.

Her reward was to feel her cock slide even deeper until almost three-quarters of it was buried in the mare. Then she felt the cupped head of her cock bump into and slip into place against the mare's cervix. That novel sensation pushed Miranda over the edge.

"Fuck! I'm gonna..." Was all she managed to blurt out before the climax hit her, consuming all thought as it flooded her body with intense pleasure, making her twitch and jerk all over. She became aware of her prostate contracting so hard it felt like it was being crushed, but the pain she thought she should have felt was drowned in the overall orgasmic flood.

She stayed there, frozen in place, her rigid cock pulsing as bolt after bolt of cum was pumped down her shaft into the mare. The process seemed to take a long time, which was totally fine with Miranda.

"Totally ... fucking ... amazingly ... fantastically ... awesome! This is so much better than jerking-off!"

After spending many weeks getting used to being a girl with a horsecock between her legs, Miranda now felt more like she was the attachment; a nearly superfluous appendage of her huge organ, now in its natural element doing what it was meant to do.

A sense of desperate need blindsided her and Miranda remembered to breathe. She inhaled deeply, just as the muscles in her legs betrayed her after being tensed so hard with no oxygen.

"Catch her!" Pruett called, and Miranda felt a rough pair of strong hands take hold on both sides of her waist. She tried to take a step back and felt her foot slip off the top step to land jarringly on the second, but the hands holding her kept her from pitching backward.

Miranda watched her cock being dragged out of the mare as she was pulled away. It seemed to be coming out clean, until the head came free, then a big glob spurted out, splashing over Miranda's chest and running down across her stomach. After that, the mare's opening closed, sealing the rest inside.

Miranda smiled through the fog of her ongoing orgasm and turned her head to the burly man holding her.

"Thanks," she mumbled, her body still trembling, making her breasts quiver and her legs untrustworthy.

When she turned back, she saw the other handler standing by the head of the mare, holding onto the halter with one hand and the lead with the other while standing to one side as far as she could to get a better view of the proceedings. The girl was staring at Miranda with an expression of utter astonishment. Or rather, she was staring at Miranda's still-rigid cock bobbing torpidly with a thin string of cum dangling from the tip.

"Judy, you can take Sadie back to her stall now," deVries said. When there was no reaction from the girl, he said, "Judy! We're done here."

"Yes, sir." The response was still delayed, but Judy did manage to tear her gaze from Miranda and lead the mare away.

"Are you all right?" Pruett asked Miranda, his tone one of concern mixed with relief.

Miranda shuddered, regretfully and unsuccessfully trying to quell the echoes of the climax that still resonated through her. "Time to act professional," she thought. "If they know how much I enjoyed that, they might not want to pay me as much to do it. I just hope I can fake it."

"I'm good," she assured all three men, even though she was obviously having trouble getting down off the platform. "That just took more out of me than I expected. Whooo!"

Pruett held up her clothes. "Would you like to get dressed?"

Miranda looked down at her cum-spattered torso. She tried to keep her enunciation clear as she said, "Not yet, thank you. I need to clean-up a bit first. Is there a hose handy?"

"There is a wash stall right across the way, but that's just cold water. We do the grooming in the big barn." The man holding her upright offered. Miranda remembered that his name was Buck and counted that a small victory as she tried to get her senses back in order.

"I think we should take her up to the house and let her use the bathroom there," deVries said.

"The wash stall will be fine," Miranda said, thinking she really didn't want to be paraded around the place any more than necessary in her present condition. "I don't need any special treatment."

"If that's what you want," deVries said, reaching for the door. When he opened it, he found his wife standing on the other side. deVries gave her a hard look that only the two of them understood.

"I said I wouldn't stay and watch," Maria said, defensively. "And I didn't. I never agreed to vanish completely. Is it over? That didn't take long at all."

"All done. We're taking her to the wash stall to hose her off."

"You're what?" Maria's incredulity was mixed with a healthy dose of derision.

"My idea," Miranda put in, mostly to cut short a potential argument. "I pulled out too quick and caught some back-splash. It's nothing a quick hose-down won't fix. And a cold shower would do me good right now."

Maria deVries looked at Miranda and took in her unsteadiness and her fluttering eyelids and how obviously still in the throes of a huge climax she was and conceded the point.

"Very well," she said, looking at her husband. "But I'll do the hosing. You two go down to the sunroom and have a drink. We'll join you when we're done."

Jan deVries threw up his hands in a placating 'I surrender' gesture. His face bore a look of grim resolve.

Even though Miranda had never been in a wash stall before, she suspected this was a nice one. The floor was covered with rubber mats to prevent the horses from slipping on wet concrete. The entrance had what looked like shower-curtains pulled back on both sides. Curtains that Maria pulled closed once she and Miranda were alone in the stall.

Miranda wondered at first if the horses were modest about bathing, but then decided that the translucent plastic curtains were just there to keep the water from getting the floor wet outside the stall. It was just coincidence that they also blocked the view of anyone passing by outside.

"Why don't you lean against the wall?" Maria suggested as she lifted the hose-nozzle from its hanger and uncoiled a few feet of hose from the reel.

Miranda complied, gratefully leaning against the cool concrete-blocks. She moved her feet far enough apart to allow her balls to hang straight down. The end of her cock was now pointing down rather than up, but the rest was still very stiff and had only dropped a few degrees below horizontal.

"And that's the real reason for the cold water," she thought. "This bad boy is taking his own sweet time about going down. A cold shower should set me right and get my dick to relax enough to let me walk out of here like a human instead of a penis with legs."

Maria turned the tap and water gushed from the nozzle in a strong spray that hit the black floor-mats and was deflected in all directions. Quickly, she turned the tap back, then adjusted the nozzle so the spray was wider and finer. When she was satisfied with it, she turned and pointed it at Miranda.

The water fell like a spring rainstorm on Miranda's naked body. The chill of it made her tense and suck her next breath in through her teeth. Hanging her head back, she forced herself to spread her arms and press her palms against the wall behind her. The shock of the water did help clear her head, but the cold made her nipples even harder than they were before, which did nothing to quench her slow-roll climax. If anything, the new sensation made things tighter that needed to loosen-up.

Maria lowered the spray, sweeping it slowly down across Miranda's abdomen. When it hit her cock, she flinched, making it jump up and into the strongest part of the spray.

"Right there," Miranda said, though a tightly-clenched jaw. "Hold it there."

Maria held the hose steady, letting the water wash away the cum. She waited patiently until it was clear that Miranda's erection was subsiding. Then she lowered the nozzle and turned off the water.

"Good?" Maria asked.

"Some. My dick thinks there was supposed to be a herd of horses needing to be serviced. I'll be better in a few minutes."

"I'm afraid this is the only towel," Maria said, holding up an orange cloth like the one Miranda's father used when washing the car.

"Better than nothing," Miranda said, holding out her hand.

"Let me," Maria responded, unfolding the cloth.

Miranda shrugged. Cumming hard should have left her sated, at least for the moment, but she was still feeling frisky. And she was curious about Maria deVries. Miranda wouldn't have been so unkind as to think of her as a trophy wife, but she was clearly a couple of decades younger than her husband and she'd already made it clear that she was the sexually-adventurous type.

Miranda stood still, while Maria came close and ran the towel around her throat and over her shoulders, blotting-up stray drops.

As she moved the towel lower, Maria spoke in a confidential tone, "Jan doesn't like me to watch them breeding the horses. He says it makes me too excited. When I heard that you were coming, he made me promise not to watch. But I couldn't stay away. I had to meet you. I had to see for myself ... I'm sorry. You must think I'm terrible."

"Not at all. I'm used to the attention. Did you know that I also do performances in private clubs? Or I did, before the breeding season started."

"I had no idea! Although I suppose Jan will refuse to take me to see you. He can be so irritating at times. He has these wicked, wicked fantasies about me and the horses."

"Really?"

"I'm sure he thinks because I like to ride them so much that I'm ... you're going to think this is absurd ... that I'm having sex with them."

"But you're not?"

"Of course not! I won't say I haven't wondered about it. I think we have all had that fantasy. But such a thing simply isn't possible. Not even with a horse whose cock is smaller than yours. Which most are."

"Don't be so sure of that."

"That most horses have cocks smaller than yours? All of ours do. I'm sure of that. Not that I've measured them, but one can't help but look."

"No, I meant that it's not impossible. It's just a matter of flexibility and determination. I know."

"You've done it? You've had sex with women? Um, vaginally?"

"Two, so far. And yes, I got more of my dick into them than I expected I could. It was a definite improvement over jerking-off."

"That's remarkable! Um, you're dry everywhere but ... would you prefer to do that yourself?"

"You can keep going, if you like. Let me lift it up for you."

Miranda put both hands under her cock and leaned back, hauling it up like a fisherman with a deep-

sea fishing-pole. Her massive shaft swung up to nestle between her breasts with only a slight curve in it. While the cold water had quenched some of its heat, being close to a woman so clearly interested in her body had rekindled the fire.

"I go thirty-three inches on the slack," Miranda said, trying to keep a prideful tone out of her voice and largely failing.

Maria said nothing. With her eyes wide and her breathing quick, she set to work blotting and rubbing Miranda's cock. The small towel was dwarfed by the task, but Maria was diligent about using it and was careful not to miss a spot.

"It isn't any longer when it's hard," Miranda told her. "Just stiffer. It's like one big muscle that can be firm or flexible. I guess that's good that it doesn't work like a man's cock, or I'd pass-out from low blood-pressure every time I get an erection."

"Oh?" Maria said. Miranda thought it was unlikely the woman had heard a single word she'd said.

"Would you get my balls, too? Thanks."

That seemed to sink in. Maria dropped to her knees and began patting Miranda's ostrich-egg-sized testicles. She ran the towel behind her scrotum and pulled them forward. Miranda wasn't terribly surprised when Maria kissed one and then the other.

Standing up, Maria suddenly embraced Miranda and kissed her passionately on the lips. Just as suddenly, she broke the kiss and pulled back, but didn't step away.

"I'm sorry!" Maria said. "That was wrong. I shouldn't have done that. I don't know what possessed me."

Miranda braced her upright cock against her chest with one hand and reached out to Maria. She hooked her index finger into the khaki blouse and thumbed the button loose, then she dropped her hand down to the next.

As Miranda thumbed that button through the hole, Maria tugged her blouse free of her tight riding pants. When it was free, she helped Miranda get it open, then she pulled it wide, baring her light-brown breasts and their darker-brown nipples.

Miranda closed the gap between them, pressing against Maria so that their breasts were mashed together and her cock was trapped between them. Before Maria could react, Miranda rocked her hips back and then pushed up sliding her cock through their shared cleavage.

Maria used her hands to press more of her flesh against Miranda's cock. "Jan sometimes wants to do this," she said, watching the huge column of flesh slide up and down. "But he can't do it like this. He barely pokes through. It's awkward. I didn't understand why some women think this is hot ... until now."

"I sometimes do this to myself on stage. It's better with someone helping."

"Would you mind if I..."

Maria didn't finish the question. She was interrupted by a female voice from the other side of the curtains.

"Mrs, deVries? Your husband asked me to check on you. Is everything all right in there? Do you need any..."

At that point, Judy stuck her head through. " ... help?" She finished, her voice trailing off.

Maria jerked, but didn't move away from Miranda and Miranda didn't stop humping her cock between Maria's breasts.

"We're just fine." Miranda said. "As you can see. But I can use another hand with this beast. It seems that doing that mare wasn't enough to satisfy it. Maybe I came too soon."

"Horses don't last very long," Judy said in a halting voice, her eyes fixed on the vertical shaft of flesh that had her mesmerized. "With them, it's over way too fast. You came in Sadie just about as quick as Bombardier comes in me."

Maria seemed shocked by the girl's confession. Miranda realized she'd been right, just about the wrong person. Maria was highly-sexed, but not a size-queen.

Miranda smiled. "I think I might have more staying-power now the pressure of my job is off. Would you like to show Mrs. deVries what you and Bombardier have been up to? She's not completely sure it's even possible."

Judy didn't bother answering, she just peeled off her knit top before shoving her denim shorts down past her hips and kicking them off, along with her panties. She walked over to Miranda and Maria wearing only a pair of heavily-stained canvas shoes and a hand between her legs. Three fingers disappeared while Miranda watched.

"Bombardier usually doesn't get hard until he's inside me."

"Then we better hurry. How do you want to do it?"

"When I'm good and wet, I bend over and back onto him. I'm pretty wet now. Still, actually. I got really turned-on watching you with Sadie. You made her cum, you know. I could tell."

That piece of news made Miranda happier than she'd been all week.

"Well, bend over and brace yourself. We need to do this right now before I get totally hard."

Judy bent over and took hold of the hose-reel, which seemed satisfactorily anchored to the wall. She shifted her feet apart and looked back expectantly.

Maria reluctantly stepped away from Miranda and backed up with both hands cupping her breasts.

"You have to help," Miranda told her. "Judy is a much smaller target than the horse and my aim isn't that good."

"Thanks for the compliment," Judy said, shifting her weight from one foot to the other impatiently.

"What can I do?" Maria asked.

"Help me get it in."

Maria wrapped her hands around the thinner end of Miranda's cock and pulled her toward Judy's upturned rear. Judy reached back and parted her nether lips, showing a pink target with a red

center that parted to reveal a rapidly widening hole.

Maria guided Miranda to the bulls-eye. Judy expertly tilted her hips and shoved back as soon as she felt the tip of Miranda's cock touch her. Then Miranda was in with even less resistance than she'd had with Sadie. Although she remembered that she'd been fully-hard then.

"Mmmmm," Miranda moaned, savoring the feeling.

"Are you all right, Judy?" Maria asked.

"Good," the girl gasped, clearly overwhelmed. "I'm good. Just give me a sec, OK? You're a lot bigger than Bombardier."

Miranda tried valiantly not to let a smirk take over her face. She lost the battle.

"Whenever you're ready," she told Judy. "But it feels like we're already past the point of no return."

Maria looked puzzled.

"I'm going to cum," Miranda explained. "In, out, or whatever. I'm going to cum."

"I want you to cum in me!" Judy begged, making Miranda that much harder. Then she began to push herself back onto Miranda's cock.

Maria watched in awe as Judy made inch after inch of Miranda's monster vanish inside herself. The girl seemed determined to make the absolute most of the opportunity she'd been given. It was only when she'd taken over a foot that she paused.

"Sorry," Judy said, her voice quavering so badly she was barely understandable. "Give me a second. Just a second, then ... oh, OH!"

What happened next was apparent to both Maria, who knew what all that shivering and shaking meant, and to Miranda, who felt the girl's pussy contracting wildly on the end of her dick.

Slowly, Judy's climax diminished. With her knuckles still while where she gripped the hose-reel, she tried pushing back even further onto Miranda. When a couple more inches disappeared into her, she was forced to quit.

"Thas ... that's it. That's all I can ... Oh god! Fuck me!"

Miranda felt her cock swell just that extra bit further when Judy spoke. The girl was a marvelously snug fit and she'd managed to take nearly half of Miranda's cock. A feat Miranda wouldn't have believed if she hadn't seen it.

"Thank you, Bombardier," Miranda thought to herself. "You really stretched her deep. I hate to do it, but I've got to see if I can go deeper."

She pulled back slowly just a bit, then pushed forward, trying to be as gentle as she could while her cock practically screamed for release. She pushed in hard and held it for a few seconds, then pulled back before going in hard again. Every time she pushed in, Judy would arch her back and twist to one side or the other, as if trying to find a way to accommodate the new addition. After forcing another couple of inches in, Miranda could feel Judy's opening being stretched by the thicker part of her shaft. She wiggled her hips around a little until she felt things loosen up enough, then she started stroking in and out at a slow tempo, becoming just a little bit more aggressive on each

stroke.

Sooner than she expected, she was moving at a satisfactory pace. One that would allow her to maintain without risking an unbidden orgasm. She hung her head back and surrendered to the moment, trying to hold herself just at the brink of a climax for as long as possible.

Judy proved to be the limiting factor. That first climax never really stopped, it had just waned a little before growing bigger again until she was on the verge of losing control and becoming a quivering mess.

"Cum ... cum ... oh, cummmm!" She pleaded.

Miranda assumed that was meant for her. She relaxed and allowed nature to take over. Less than a minute later, she felt that familiar feeling of onrushing inevitability and surrendered herself to it.

"Yah!" She snarled through her clenched teeth as she pushed forward as hard as she dared. "Take it, girl! Take it all!"

Miranda's orgasm was everything she hoped it would be. But then, they all were, really. Judy jumped nicely as Miranda blasted her with the first bolt of cum. She saw the girl hang her head, as though the weight of it had become too much to hold up any longer. With the second, she felt some back-pressure, after which a small spurt escaped and fell onto the rubber mat below.

Without making an actual decision to keep the mess to a minimum, Miranda pulled back until the flared rim of her cock-head was pulling against the girl's well-stretched opening. Her next eruption caused no back-flow, only a low moan from it's recipient as it filled the void Miranda's cock had occupied seconds before.

Two more good pumps and Miranda's tensed body began to relax while her cock continued to drain into Judy.

"Oh wow!" Miranda said, consumed by an orgasmic high and the awesome sense of relief that went along with it. "That was great! Was that good for you too?"

Judy didn't answer, but her head moved as though she were trying to nod.

"Am I as good as Bombardier?"

Another nod, this time a fraction more vigorously. Then a hoarse verbal answer, "Yes. Oh, yes."

"I don't think I have ever had an orgasm like that in my whole life," Maria said. "Just watching that got me off a little. My panties are soaked."

"I can feel you clamping-down," Miranda told Judy. "You don't want to do that until I get my dick out of you. Otherwise we'll be stuck until I go soft, and with you hung on my dick, that may take a while."

Judy nodded, but wasn't able to stop what was happening.

"Can you give me a hand getting her off of me?" Miranda asked Maria. "Just hold her while I try to pry it loose."

"Uh, OK."

Miranda leaned back until she began to pull Judy with her. With Maria bracing the girl, Miranda shuffled sideways until she felt her cock start to pry its way out. After that, things happened quickly.

"Ungh!" Judy groaned, just as Miranda's cock-head popped free of her body, followed by a surge of cum that was shut off almost immediately by Judy's opening closing. The girl fell over onto her side on the wet mat, curled into the fetal position with her eyes shut.

"I thought that would have wrecked her," Maria told Miranda. "I expected her to be all loose."

"I guess she got used to fucking Bombardier," Miranda said. Then she added with a tight smile, "I hope I haven't ruined her for him."

"You're terrible!"

"I know. Blame the hormones. Sometimes I think there is more testosterone than blood in my veins."

"I think you're great." A faint voice came from the floor.

"Are you all right," Maria asked her.

"I will be ... eventually. I think. I'm just ... help me sit up?"

When Judy was upright, she put both hands on her belly and cradled it.

"Does it hurt?" Maria asked.

"I feel ... full."

Just at that moment, Judy's body relaxed and a flood of cum gushed out of her onto the floor. She leaned back against the concrete wall and tried to help it along as much as she could.

"That's a lot," Maria observed. "Isn't that a lot?"

"I've done better," Miranda said.

Both Judy and Maria stared at her as if she were crazy.

"Well, I have! Now I think both of us need to be hosed-off."

Judy stared down between her splayed legs at the now-sluggish stream of cum still flowing out of her. "You got me good. I'm going to be leaking the rest of the day."

"I wouldn't mind seeing that," Miranda said smugly.

"Don't tease the poor girl," Maria laughed. "Buck is sure to notice if her shorts are wet and smelling of horse-cum."

"And running down my legs. Buck won't mind. He helps me out with Bombardier and he keeps my secret. He likes to watch."

"My husband would probably like to watch too. He thinks I'm the one doing it with the horses. He pretends to be angry, but I'm sure thinking about it turns him on."

"Really? And I go to so much trouble to keep from getting caught. Have I been giving Buck a free

show all this time for nothing?"

"Speaking of shows," Miranda said. "Is there any way you'd be interested in letting me fuck you in a video?"

The 'are you nuts' look she got wasn't enough of an answer for Miranda.

"Hey, I had to ask. I did some pretend-stills with a girl that we think are going to be really popular. One of the raunchier club's owner asked about it too, but I didn't think it was doable until lately. Look, think about it. If you change your mind, talk to Larry Richards at Stallion Magazine. He can set it up."

Judy's look mellowed. "I'm good with Mr. deVries watching me get it on with Bombardier. It's his horse, after all. He should get to watch if anybody does. If I decide to come-out to the world, I'll make that call. OK?"

"Fair enough."

One more rinse and a much quicker dry and Miranda and Maria were ready to rejoin Pruett and Jan deVries. Judy was still sans shorts. She said it was only until she could get someplace where she could do some internal cleaning, but Miranda thought she was in the throes of one of those freshly-fucked afterglows and just wanted an excuse to show-off.

"Uh, just one thing," Miranda said. "Were are my clothes?"

"Mr. Pruett had them," Maria said. "Just like a man, to walk off with them like that. He's probably grinning right now about you walking around naked."

"Not him. That's Larry Richard's territory. Pruett probably just forgot. Well, I can't wear the towel. I'll just have to go buffo."

"There isn't anyone here who hasn't seen you naked, if that makes you more comfortable. Jan told the rest of the hands to stay away."

"Actually, so many people have seen me naked by now that I feel just as comfortable this way. Clothes just protect the eyes of the ignorant and the innocent. I miss my shoes, though. That means I have to carry my dick."

"That's my job," Judy put in. "I'm the wrangler. I deal with horse-cocks all day. And some of the night."

"I think someone is feeling proud of herself," Miranda said. "OK, but I'm not waiting for you to go clean-up, so you'll be walking in there bottomless. Unless he's really dense, this means your boss will figure out about how you've been using his property."

"So OK, I was going to confess anyway. I'll be getting Mrs. deVries off the hook too."

"No!" Maria said suddenly. "Don't do that. Let the man have his fantasy. Besides, now that I know it's possible, I may decide to try it ... someday. Just not with Miranda. She'd kill me with that thing."

"I hope you don't think I started-off with Bombardier! You have to work up to that. If you like, I can train you."

"We better go before I commit myself to something. Even if I don't regret it later."

The scene in the sunroom was as Maria predicted. Pruett and her husband were sitting in wicker chairs, sipping from amber liquid from glasses, talking man-talk while staring out at the scenery past the paddock. Miranda's clothes were on a table by the door, completely forgotten in their rush to get to the bar.

"Sorry we took so long," Miranda announced. "It turns out, I needed seconds after servicing Sadie. Judy was kind enough help me crank that out."

Judy stood there supporting two-thirds of Miranda's cock with a self-satisfied smile on her face. It took a few seconds before the men could see past what she was holding and notice that Judy was bare down-there. And a few longer for them to note the glossy smear down the inside of her thighs.

Once what he was seeing and hearing got past the alcohol haze, Jan deVries hand twitched enough to spill some of his smoky-dark bourbon onto the reed mat on the floor. Herman Pruett controlled himself better. He forestalled any accident by taking a large sip and setting his glass down.

"I hope I'm not offending anyone," Judy said. "But Miranda cums an awful lot, and I didn't want to soak my shorts."

deVries sat, stunned. Pruett was quicker with a response.

"Don't worry, Jan. We'll only charge you for inseminating the horse. The girl was a freebie."

"Great guns girl!" deVries said at last, nodding at what she was holding. "Did you really take all that?"

Judy smiled at the image of her with Miranda's cock fully-sheathed in her body. Like that would ever be possible. "Let him have his fantasy" Maria had told her.

"I came like bombs, sir. She made me cum harder than Bombardier does."

"Well, I'm not surprized. She's at least half-again as ... wait ... what? Bombardier?"

"I apologize for doing him behind your back, sir. I understand if you feel you need to fire me."

"He won't fire you," Maria said, looking right at her husband. "Not if he wants to see it for himself."

"Maria! Are you a part of this?"

"A man who hires a girl to have sex with his horse shouldn't have a problem with another of his horses having sex with a hired girl."

Jan deVries struggled to find a flaw in that logic and failed. He was having trouble getting past the mental image of cute little Judy Perkins taking on one of his stallions.

"Ah. Well. I suppose ... I suppose you have a point. And I hardly think you raped Bombardier. He had to be willing for you to pull that off. Look, just don't do it again ... without me there to supervise, that is. Now I think I could use another drink. Herman?"

"I'm good. We need to get moving, anyway. I promised Miranda lunch on the way back."

"I'm starving," Miranda said as Judy and Maria helped her get dressed. "I could eat a horse. Wait, let me rephrase that..."

"Jan, it's been good doing business with you. I hope we'll be coming back when another of your mares comes into estrus."

"At your prices? I'll have to see if I can afford it, Herman - even if I get another two-for-one. Have a safe drive back."

The good thing about Pruett's full-size pickup was that Miranda could sit with her legs far enough apart that she could keep her balls on the seat between them instead of hanging them over the edge where their dangling weight would be yanked every time the truck hit a bump in the road. There was even enough room to let her now-flaccid cock drape through the valley between her testicles with the end resting comfortably on the carpeted floor-mat and still keep everything covered by her skirt. Smaller cars made things much more difficult for her and none of the positions she'd tried in them could be called comfortable. Sports cars with bucket seats were pure torture. There was no way to ride in them that wouldn't mean crushing her balls.

"Which means that the thing about sports cars being phallic substitutes is totally true," Miranda mused. "The guys who buy them must have balls the size of peas. Which puts Mr. Pruett in a whole new light. Unless none of that was a consideration when he bought this truck."

"You want to tell me how all that business came about?" Pruett asked, jolting Miranda out of her vehicular/testicular reverie.

"You mean Maria deVries and me? I didn't mean to try to seduce her."

"Was that how it went down?"

"It seemed like that's where we were going. But honestly? I was horny and she was curious and probably nothing would have happened but a little heavy petting until Judy stuck her head in."

"deVries had the idea that Maria might be taking advantage of you. He sent Judy to break it up. He didn't know he was throwing a lit match into a bucket of gasoline."

"You want the truth?"

"Always."

"That was all on me. Doing that mare got me so hot I couldn't stop. I probably would have had to jerk-off twice more to get it all out of my system except for Judy being there to help drain my dong. I know I shouldn't admit it, but that mare's was the best pussy I've ever had."

"Been getting a lot, have you?"

"OK, the best so far. Judy Perkins included. My point is, you were right. I was a little worried about being able to come through on the breeding end of the job."

"No worries now?"

"Not a one. I'm looking forward to the next time."

"Think you can do two in one day?"

"Careful, you'll get me going again and I'll have to blow a load out the window."

"I'm serious."

"Me too. I know this undercuts my bargaining position when my contract runs out, but damn, I love this job!"

"So my takeaway here is to make sure to schedule the meet-and-greet stuff ahead of the real business and to get you away from temptation afterward so you don't fuck everything in sight? At the rates we're charging, you won't be getting any group jobs."

"I could handle it."

"I don't doubt you could. But you need to keep that thing reined-in."

"You're thinking I might get the itch and rape a bystander?"

"We need to make sure you have an outlet that doesn't involve compromising the core business."

"Wasn't that what Larry pitched?"

"It was. But we both assumed it was an either-or proposition. You clearly need both if you're going to be able to keep your dick in your pants ... er, dress."

"There was one thing that took enough out of me to keep me chilling for hours. Remember the night I spent strapped to the kidnapper's homemade extractor?"

"You did say you somewhat enjoyed that."

"The first three times, it was great. After that, it started to hurt, then I just got numb. The point is, it sucked enough out of me to keep my dick dormant for a whole day afterward."

"You think it will take that level of stimulation to stifle your urges? OK, we'll discuss this with Dr. McKay. If he says it won't do you any harm, then I'll see about building you your own fucking machine. If the people who snatched you off the yacht could put one together, it can't be that difficult."

The following day at the Stallion Magazine offices, Angus McKay listened patiently as Miranda described the apparatus in detail.

"Actually, much of that is based on good scientific principle," he told her and Pruett. "Some of it is just male fantasy, but if you say it was effective, I won't argue the point. The thing that concerns me is the amount of suction being applied. You canna extract what hasn't been secreted yet. Trying can cause damage. As long as the pressure is kept low, the rest of it is strictly a matter of preference. As for building such a contraption ... I'm a Doctor, not a mechanic. Heh, heh!"

"You're also not a comedian," Pruett told him. "That joke is fifty years old. Can you suggest someone who can put this together for us?"

"I'd ask the people with some experience in the field. The same company that made the AV unit Miss Peters has already used. Acme Veterinary Products."

"Acme? Is that another joke?"

"You'll have to ask them. That's what it says on the device. They're here in town."

'In town' turned out to be in an industrial section behind a shuttered factory next to an abandoned railroad switching-yard. Just getting there took the better part of an hour. Locating the Acme facility

involved another thirty minutes of following a UPS truck whose driver told them he would be stopping there, but who couldn't change his route for them.

"I'm guessing they don't get many visitors," Pruett said as he turned into the empty and unkempt visitors' lot in front of the one-story building.

The faded sign said they were in the right place, but the door was locked and pressing the button next to it seemed at first to be a waste of effort.

"Here comes someone," Miranda said, her nose against the cloudy glass with her hands cupped to block the glare.

A figure waved at them through the glass, then fumbled with a ring of keys until locating the correct one.

"Sorry! I thought you knew to come around back. Haven't had this door open since God knows when. I'm Glenn Fletcher. I'm the owner. Well, me and the bank anyway. Come on in."

Saying Fletcher was below-average height would be as kind as saying he was a little overweight. Several inches shorter than Miranda, with a white shirt was pulled so tight across his belly that it gapped-open between two of the buttons. His tie was loosened and was so badly stained that it looked like he had worn it to a pie-eating contest. Pruett assumed the man was not married because no woman would let her husband go out looking so unkempt.

"Herman Pruett. This is my associate, Miss Peters. We spoke on the phone."

"Yes, of course," Fletcher said, offering Pruett his hand before doing the same to Miranda, whom he found somewhat distracting, since her heels put her chest even with his eyes. "Howwoww ... how do you do?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

"Good. Good."

The following pause was so Fletcher could continue admiring Miranda's upper torso. Something she tolerated with good grace, and even inhaled deeply a couple of times for his enjoyment.

"Mr. Fletcher? Mr. Fletcher?" Pruett prompted.

"Oh! Sorry. Mind wanders sometimes. Did you say something on the phone about wanting to purchase one of our products. We do all our business through distributors, you know. I can point you to one of their web-sites."

"This is a bit of a special-order," Pruett explained. "And since you're a manufacturer, we thought we should talk to you directly."

"Special order you say? Don't remember the last one of those we had. Or any, for that matter. Still, I can let you talk to Vince. He's our designer. Always after me to retool something or other. If you can get him interested, I'll put together an estimate for you. Which of our product-lines are we talking about?"

"The Artificial Vagina." Miranda told him. "With some accessories."

"Accessories, hunh? Yeah, Vince will love that. He's big into bells and whistles. Most end-users just

want stuff that's rugged and durable. They want to buy one and have it last forever, not whistle Dixie while they use it. Come this way. We can talk in the conference room if they cleaned it up after the party. Ten years in business. We had a stripper come ... ah, um, well, the staff is all men, see. Anyway, have a seat and I'll get Vince."

The conference room was just a partitioned-off section of what otherwise would have been factory floor. The tables were all folding models and so were the chairs. A third of the large room was being used for storage. Miranda and Pruett brushed confetti off of chairs before sitting.

The wait was brief. They could hear the conversation from down the hall.

"Just hear them out. They came all the way out here, the least you can do is listen and nod. If it's not going to be practical, we won't do it."

"Uncle Glenn, I haven't got time for this. I need to finish redesigning that balling gun. I know I can convert the old stock of spring-loaded ones into magnetic types."

"I let you mess with that item and look what happened. The damn things jammed every other time they were used. We had to recall the whole run. Trust me, you've got time for this. Get in there."

Vince looked like his clothes came off the rack at Geeks 'R Us. Wrinkled shirt with the cuffs folded back to stained and worn elbows, khaki slacks an inch too short, and even a pocket-protector. His hair was black and shaggier in back than it was in front, like he'd been trying to save money by cutting it himself.

"Vincent Danvers," he announced in a voice a shade too nasal to be pleasant to the ear. "Chief Design Engineer. How do you do?"

Pruett didn't need a playbill to know the basics of the situation. It was obvious. This had to be Fletcher's sister's kid, a couple of years out of college with a degree in Mechanical Engineering, who got taken into the company because he was family, and was trying to make his mark by reinventing things that needed no reinvention. Pruett's level of optimism dropped and he wondered how much of his time was about to be wasted. Surely there was some paperwork that needed doing back at the office.

"So, what is it you're looking for? A custom AV?"

Vince addressed Pruett, and only glanced at Miranda. Then he did a double-take and glanced again, only he wasn't just gawking at her boobs. It was as though he recognized her from someplace and couldn't remember where.

"Yes," Pruett said, getting Vince's attention again. "Floor-mounted, rather than portable. With a pump and collection jar. A vibrating egg ... to be inserted anally. And the unit needs to be larger than your current model."

"How much larger? How big of a dick has your horse got?"

"Call it three feet."

"That's not a horse, it's a fracking elephant!"

"It's neither a horse nor an elephant."

"Then what the heck is it?"

"It's not an 'it', it's a 'she' and she's sitting right here."

Vince turned his head, thinking he was missing something. Then his eyes went wide as he figured it out. "Got it! I recognize you now! We get all the trade mags in the office. I saw your page in the last issue, next to the usual cartoon. But that had to be photoshopped, right?"

Miranda swung her knees out from under the table. She got to her feet and unfastened her skirt before unwrapping it and draping it over her chair. She put both hands under her cock and pulled it up above the level of the table before turning and letting it drop onto the well-worn top, where it uncoiled to its full length directly in front of Vince. It fell heavily, demonstrating its substantial mass by landing with a resounding thump as it tried to span the width of the table and came close to succeeding. Specks of dust and multicolored confetti flew up along its length.

"Does this look photoshopped to you?"

Fletcher had jumped up and Miranda thought he might bolt from the room, but he caught himself and edged back to the table to stand next to her as if trying to prove he wasn't afraid. "Startled me there. Heh. That thing for real?"

"Very much so," Miranda told him, leaning over the table to show her behind. She squeezed her thighs together firmly to pull her scrotum tightly across her protruding testicles, showing their size and outlining their ovoid shape. "And so are these."

A sound from her right made Miranda turn. Vince had taken out a tape measure and was busy unreeling it.

"Um, could you, ah..." he said, holding out the end to Miranda. She took it and pressed it against the base of her cock where it was attached to her body.

"Thanks."

Vince walked around the table to where the end of her cock rested mere inches from the edge. Holding the tape taut an inch above her flesh, he bent over at the waist to read it.

"Thirty-three and three-eighths."

"It won't turn you gay if you touch it. I promise. Don't be squeamish."

"Ah, sorry. OK then, I'll need to collect more data-points to make sure your AV fits perfectly."

"Help yourself."

Vince measured her circumference at three-inch intervals from the base of her dick to the tip. When he got there, he paused again.

"Would you mind if I probed your, ah, penis?" He asked, indicating his intent with his hands.

"Why?"

"I want to fit a custom end to give you the best fit. It will reduce the total amount of suction needed to achieve complete evacuation. The deeper it goes, the tighter the seal will be."

"Something eight inches long and an inch and a half thick will fit very nicely."

Vince looked at her questioningly, puzzled at how she would know that off the top of her head.

"My boyfriend likes to stick his dick in there. And I know exactly how big that is because he's told me more than once."

"I just remembered," Pruett said, clearly trying to think of something plausible. "I need to call the office. I'll be down the hall."

"Yah, me too," Fletcher said. The two of them left together, closing the door behind them.

"I guess that was more information than they wanted to hear," Miranda said.

"Could be. Hey, I don't judge! But I am surprized that you have a boyfriend."

"I was kind of shocked myself. My Dad was sure I would never see him again after I grew ... this. What, did you think I changed to liking girls after I became a Stallion Girl?"

"You don't?"

"Actually, I've decided that all sex is good, no matter who or what you're doing it with."

"You must be pretty hard on girlfriends."

"Let's just say I'm doing better than I expected with my former sex. Are you going to be able to give me what I need?"

"I think so. Parts are no problem. We've got most of what I need in stock. Have to fab the shell and support from scratch. Floor-standing, right? You plan to use this standing up?"

"Sure. Make a little below hip-high on me. I'll probably be standing with my feet apart. And I'll want something I can hang onto while it's running. My legs get shaky when I cum really hard."

"Got it. Your boss said you want a vibrator up your butt?"

"No bigger than a hen's egg, please. My prostate must be the size of a softball, judging by how much I cum. And it refills really fast. I want to make sure I get everything out."

"So the collection jar should be... ?"

"At least a gallon."

"You're not serious!"

"Vince, this thing is supposed to suck my balls dry so I can keep my sanity and so I don't get crazed and fuck things I shouldn't. We wouldn't want one of them to be an engineer who thought I was joking when I wasn't."

"Right. A gallon, minimum. Anything else?"

"Can you add a pair of cups for my breasts? Just for the stimulation. I don't expect you to extract anything from them."

"I understand. There's a video of that on this site where this girl with big tits gets tied-up and has her, ah ... nevermind."

"So you like porn? Did you know I have a video coming out? Check the back pages of the magazine. You should be able to pre-order it. You can tell your uncle it's research. Maybe he'll let you expense it."

"I'll do that. Oh, I'll need to know what size to make the cups."

Miranda unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it open.

"Do you want to take a guess or will you need to measure these too?"

"I'm a stickler for accuracy. I'll need complete and thorough measurements."

"I thought you might."

On the way back to the offices, the silence made Miranda feel she needed to apologize to Mr. Pruett.

"I'm sorry if I embarrassed you back there."

"Don't worry about it."

"I knew it was TMI as soon as I said it. You know, for someone who is fine with altering a girl's genes to turn her into a super-stud horse, you seem awfully uncomfortable with the realities of the situation."

Pruett sighed. Something Miranda hadn't heard him do before. He was obviously one of those guys who like to project a 'real man' image, and real men don't sigh any more than they eat quiche or knit. He opened his mouth as if to say something, then shut it again and drove in silence for three blocks before speaking.

"I almost said that was your fault. It's not, of course. It's a shoot-the-messenger reaction. Yes, I am uncomfortable hearing the details of how you and your boyfriend get it on. Firstly, because that's really something I would be uncomfortable with you sharing if I was in his place. And second, because when this whole Stallion Girl thing got started, it grew out of what had been a cute little piece of harmless fantasy - the cartoon mascot."

Pruett glanced over at Miranda, who nodded to show she was following him.

"When we decided to let McKay make it real, the concept was still a fantasy to everyone involved. The only one who had any faith that he could pull it off was McKay. The rest of us just held out our hands for the money from Carlton and the others and went along with the program. Eventually, we were in so deep that there was no backing out. Even once Angus pulled it off, it seemed so unreal that it was easier to hang onto the fantasy and ignore the reality. Since neither of the first two girls were able to ... function afterwards, they weren't around long enough for us to get to know them as people. We had more face-time with their lawyers."

"Your case was completely different. For me, anyway. That was because you brought your father along. The look on his face when he saw you after your ... transformation ... That's something I'll never be able to forget. That right there made the whole thing real for me."

"You felt guilty."

"I did. It's because you've turned out so well that I don't feel any worse than I do."

"Larry mentioned something like that too. Only in his case it was less from the heart and more from the pocketbook."

"I'm sure McKay feels grateful too. But he'll never admit it. He's way too involved with trying to sell this to the Nobel committee so he can retire a double-laureate. Crediting any of his success to the subject isn't something that would occur to him."

"He does acts like he was more comfortable when I was still in his test-tube."

"Don't you worry your pretty head about us. You've adapted marvelously well to being a Stallion Girl. You're living our fantasy for us and you're having the time of your life doing it."

"It shows, hunh?"

"It does. No, I'm stuck seeing this from a paternal point of view. Excuse me for ducking out. Every gritty detail I learn reminds me how your father would feel if he were the one hearing it."

"Oh."

Miranda thought that explained why Pruett was providing so much personal service and why he was so amenable to her whims and why he'd shown no interest in seeing her on stage as well as why he hadn't chewed her out for trying to seduce the wife of an important client. She didn't see any way she could fix Pruett's problem, not did she feel it was her place to do so. "We all live with our own set of consequences," she reasoned, "I'll let him live with his."

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