

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Miranda was on her way to Blaisdell Farms for her second breeding session. This one would be different, as Pruett had explained.

“Think of this as your society debut. I know you can handle the shows, Larry tells me your club, performances went well, and I’ve seen you charm VIPs like Carlton Willoughby. Now that we know you can handle the actual job, it’s time we introduced you to some more of the IHBA members. With so much in common, these people socialize quite a bit. Especially those in this part of the state. Seems like every event is worthy of a party.”

“And I’m the entertainment?”

“You’re the reason.”

“It’s OK. I’m fine with being the entertainment. I just hope they aren’t expecting a show. I can’t do both at once. The breeding part is too overwhelming for me to make it flashy.”

“No, you do what you’re there to do, which is to inseminate their horse. Don’t worry about theatrics. I saw how ... focused you got last time.”

“Biological compulsion. Meaning my dick took control and the rest of me was dragged along. I’ve felt that from both sides now. It happened the first time Barry and I ... got together. This was before, of course. I couldn’t stop myself then either. I just had to have it. I was so desperate I let him take me bareback. That was stupid, but I was so...”

Pruett cleared his throat to interrupt her. “I promise that when the time comes, I’ll make sure nothing gets in your way.”

“Thanks. I think we can blame my breeding-frenzy on the hormones working the way they’re supposed to. But the other stuff ... either I have poor impulse-control or I’m just naturally highly-sexed.”

“Hmph!” Pruett snorted. It was just short of a laugh.

“This needing to masturbate all the time isn’t really the burden I thought it might be. I always enjoy doing it. It’s just that it can be ... inconvenient, you know?”

Pruett didn’t reply. Miranda saw him press his lips together into a thin line and interpreted that to mean he wasn’t comfortable with the conversation and didn’t want it to continue.

“Anyway,” Miranda went on, “I wanted to thank you for agreeing to buy me the Extractor. That’s going to help a lot.”

“You’re welcome,” Pruett told her, glad that she’d finally arrived at the point. “Fletcher’s estimate wasn’t quite as astronomical as it might have been.”

“Uh, that may have been Vince’s doing. He seemed quite enthusiastic about handling the project. He thinks he has what he needs on the shelf and he can make the rest himself. His uncle is probably just glad to have something to keep him busy and out of his hair. Vince may be borderline OCD. I think most geniuses are. Of course, not everyone who is compulsive is a genius.”

Pruett had his own suspicions about what Vincent Danvers had been enthusiastic about handling.

Miranda had already told him about how Acme's Chief Designer had been very thorough with his measurements. He suspected that was less about getting accurate data and more about getting touchy-feelie with her. Larry Richard's reports on sales of Miranda's first video showed a level of interest that clearly went beyond the niche trans-gender community and even the gay market. Straights had to be ordering it as well. More proof that Larry had been right and he had been wrong about the appeal of a real-live Stallion Girl. As if any more were needed. He'd already eaten that helping of crow. Miranda was well on her way to becoming a minor celebrity in a niche market. But the world was a big place. Even niches could be populated with a large-enough number of people to be very profitable. While the videos and live appearances weren't a fraction of what they would make from her stud-fees, money was, after all, money. You never knew when that extra dollar might make a difference. That was a point he'd made more than once in meetings, so he couldn't object if Larry had repeated it back.

Driving the fence-lined two-lane roads through the rolling hills in his over-sized pickup truck, Pruett seemed in his element. Much of the other traffic they passed was split between trucks pulling trailers, imported SUVs, and even fancier sedans. Half of the vehicles they saw had logos on them belonging to some farm, ranch, or stable.

"What's a farrier?" Miranda asked, after they passed one truck.

"Someone who shoes horses. Why?"

"I thought that's what it meant. The sign on the back of that last truck said 'Grace Miller, Farrier'".

"Grace has been shoeing horses since I was a teenager. She's never going to retire. Why? Don't tell me you're surprized that a woman does that kind of work."

"I guess I sound sexist, don't I?"

"A little. She doesn't do the smith-work. The shoes are all lightweight alloys now, not hammered iron bar-stock. Still, it isn't light work. Gracie still swings a mean hammer. And not just for a woman her age. She's got to be in her seventies now."

Miranda fell silent. She was wondering what she'd be doing at that age. Her present career could only last so long. Age wouldn't be the limiting factor. She thought it was far more likely that Dr. McKay, or someone like him, would create a new-and-improved Stallion Girl and she'd be put out to pasture - a more-than-normally appropriate metaphor in her case.

"Better make hay while the sun shines," she thought. "If I do the best I can now, I won't have to worry about having a job down the road. I'll be independently wealthy and able to do anything I like. According to Daddy, my club appearance fees and tips have already put me well ahead of what I could have expected to make doing lingerie catalogs."

When they arrived, a buff young man in white slacks and a poorly-fitting bright-green jacket over a snug white t-shirt came over to open her door. Miranda recognized the colors from the signs they had passed on the way. They were the same colors that the jockeys would wear when riding horses raised there. The fact that the jacket fit so poorly had to mean that the young man was a temp who'd been hired to open doors and park cars for the day.

"Welcome to Blaisdell Farms," he said as he swung the door open for her. Miranda suspected that the enthusiasm of his greeting had more to do with her appearance than his pay scale. Although if she had to guess, based on the muscles she could see straining the seams of his too-small coat, she'd say he was a sports-jock of some kind who had lucked-into a simple job with a chance to make some

extra money. Perhaps more than usual for parking cars, considering the kind of people who would likely be there today.

Since she'd be attending a party before getting down to work, Miranda had dressed accordingly. She wore her hair pulled back from her face to show-off her expertly-applied makeup. After a debate with herself over the obviousness of it, she'd decided to wear it in a pony-tail. To offset the naivete that projected, she wore her black, ankle-length dress made of sheer stretch nylon. The effect was very much like she'd pulled on a full-body black nylon stocking. The dress was club-wear, meant to be seen under low or poor lighting, where it would obscure much and show little. Pulled tight over her chest, flanks, and rump in the direct rays of the afternoon sun, it was quite transparent, much like a tinted car window. It had sleeves that came to her elbows and a 'V' neckline dropped low enough between her breasts to offer unnecessary proof that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Miranda had anticipated one potential problem area. As she turned to get down out of the truck, she held her small purse in front of her groin so that it covered the bulge made by the base of her cock. She was unaware of two other spots until the gaze of the valet brought them to her attention.

"Thank you," Miranda said, taking the offered hand as she maneuvered down from the cab. The dress wasn't designed to allow her legs much freedom. Other than jumping, the only way she could get down was to extend one foot below the other and hope nothing would flop out and dangle free while she was in mid-step.

As luck would have it, something did drop into view for a second, but the attention of the valet was so glued to her bust, that he completely missed seeing the end of her cock fall into view before Miranda could get her feet together again.

"This is not a club appearance," Miranda reminded herself once again. "I won't be stripping. At least I don't expect them to ask me to. My appearance today will have a purpose other than just entertaining people by showing-off. Like Mr. Pruett says, this is my real job. I need to keep it classy and business-like."

Pruett handed his key to the young man and gave his arm to Miranda. Wearing sky-high heels was almost second-nature for her now, but these were new and more stylish than practical, making her less steady on her feet than usual. Combined with the restriction of her tight dress, having his support seemed an excellent idea.

The valet started the truck, but paused to look through the windshield at Pruett leading Miranda to the front door. As she walked away, he admired the way things moved under her clingy dress. Too many things, he realized. With a puzzled frown, he stared after her, wondering how it was that she seemed to have four ass-cheeks and three legs moving around under her dress.

"I shouldn't have let the stable-hands talk me into smoking that doobie with them before the party," he thought, blinking firmly to try to erase the illusion. "Their weed is stronger than the shit I'm used to."

Despite the precaution of taking Mr. Pruett's arm, Miranda was feeling confident in her ability to perambulate without difficulty. Before leaving home, she had applied a liberal coat of oil to her scrotum. The slickness allowed the ostrich-egg-sized testicles inside to slide easily between her thighs, reducing the chance that she would make a misstep and crush one between her legs. A few unfortunate accidents had taught Miranda that testicular pain was one of the worst things she could experience, and avoiding it should be a priority.

Despite the lubrication, walking in the tight dress still required a great deal of coordination and

grace. She had to time the motion of her feet and knees with that of her cock and balls and keep everything moving along with metronomic precision. It was this somewhat hypnotic combination of movements that entranced the valet, who watched her all the way to the door before putting the truck in gear.

Once inside, it became clear that Pruett had timed their arrival so the other guests were present when Miranda arrived. She appreciated the consideration, since it gave her the chance to make a Grand Entrance. It also meant she would be introduced once, rather than over and over. The advantage to that was that anyone who wanted to talk to her would introduce themselves, making it much easier for her to keep names straight.

After Pruett's room-wide presentation of her, there was an awkward moment of near-silence, broken only by the voice of someone Miranda suspected ran her mouth so continuously that she'd learned to inhale while talking so no one would have a chance to interrupt her. As the moment dragged on, Miranda kept her smile in place and looked around at the guests.

The men ranged in age from mid-forties to seventies. They were mostly dressed in country-casual. Meaning jeans and boots, with open-collar shirts. Some wore jackets and a few of those sported string ties.

The women were mostly younger, or trying to look that way. There were some obvious trophy-wives - former models by the way they held themselves - along with women whose looks were more a matter of character than cosmetics. Young or not, they'd all taken the party as an excuse to dress-up. Miranda thought more than a few were wearing dresses not too long off the runway of one fashion-house or another. She was glad she'd managed to fit-in stylistically, even if she was well-down the scale on price.

The men were staring at her, even the one with the woman who wouldn't shut up, although her escort kept glancing her way whenever he thought he could get away with it. No fools they, Miranda suspected. They were all waiting to see how their wives were going to react before committing themselves. If the claws came out, it would be wisest for them to hang back. Still, they all seemed to be trying to summon-up their x-ray vision so they could penetrate the material of her dress. Not that much power would be required for that. Miranda had known people would want to look and she'd chosen this dress to accommodate that desire.

The women were staring too. Not as blatantly as their spouses, but still missing nothing. Miranda tried to pose without being obvious about it. A difficult task for someone who had been taught to strike a pose smartly rather than sneak-up on one carefully, but she did her best. She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, turning her whole body to survey the room. As she did, she moved her feet far enough apart to allow her testicles to hang between her thighs, letting them push her long shaft forward, emphasizing her differences without being overtly blatant in showing them off.

Her patience and slight attempt at subtlety seemed to be working. The stares became less glaring and more curious. Eventually someone had to step forward.

The arm snaking around her waist took Miranda by surprise. She jerked, which added a bit more movement than she'd intended. The sudden motion of her hips twitched her long shaft like a thick bullwhip, causing the end of her cock to slap audibly and meatily against her ankle.

"Oh!" She said, startled by the sudden pain and unexpected sound. She moved her hips to let things go back to a neutral drape. Another jolt like that might trigger an erection and end the party prematurely.

With her 'official duty' coming up, she hadn't dared take any steps that would prevent an incident at the party, but reduce her effectiveness in the breeding-stall. The result was a slight ache in her balls coupled with pressure low in her abdomen. Angus McKay had warned her more than once about the consequences of letting that go on too long, since depriving herself of release too often and for too long would result in an increased sex-drive - something that was already a major factor in her life. The possibility of turning into an oblivious sex-fiend who spent every moment stroking her dick to one more climax was not a pretty future to contemplate. When it did seem attractive to her, she knew she needed to take immediate action.

"Love your dress," a voice said into her ear as lips brushed her cheek. "It shows you off perfectly."

"Hi, Mrs. deVries!"

"I think we're on a first-name basis now," she said, hugging Miranda affectionately. "Call me Maria."

The full-frontal contact caught Miranda by surprise. She felt Mrs. de Vries press herself firmly against the top of her cock. Miranda heard her inhale sharply. Then she pushed away and held Miranda at arms-length. Miranda couldn't be sure if the contact was intentional or not, but Maria's reaction certainly seemed genuine.

The warm greeting by one of their own broke the tension in the room. Other women then came over to introduce themselves, followed by their husbands. In no time at all, Miranda found herself at the center of a group that slowly rotated around her as each guest introduced him or herself, offered some pleasantries about nice she looked or being happy to meet her and then moved along to give someone else a chance to do the same. Miranda thought much of it had all the sincerity of the farewell she'd heard from the flight attendants on her last plane-trip, but she smiled and thanked them all just the same.

With the ice broken, Pruett felt comfortable enough to step away for a moment. When he returned, he brought Miranda a glass of white wine.

"Thanks," she said as he handed it to her. She saw he was holding a bottle of beer in his other hand. She had to look twice to see that it was an imported brand she'd never heard of.

"You going to be OK?" He asked in a low voice. "I need to go talk business with some people."

Miranda nodded and turned back to the women who had stayed to chat with her. She had anticipated some of the questions they might have. She hoped they wouldn't be argumentative or too personal. The very first question proved her wrong on both counts.

"What on Earth could possess such an attractive girl that she would let someone do something like this to her?"

The bluntness of the question told Miranda that the woman asking had to have an emotional connection with the question. She knew someone might ask something like that, but she was shocked to hear it put so forcefully, almost accusingly.

"Take a chill-pill, Janet," one of the other women cautioned. "I bet your grandmother said the same thing to you when you got your ears pierced."

"It's not the same thing at all!"

Miranda thought she noticed a slight slurring of the words. She thought it was possible that the

glass of wine in the woman's hand wasn't the first of the day for her.

"Maybe not, but it's her body and her life and she's entitled to do whatever she wants with both."

The woman turned to Miranda and said, "I'm Patty Richardson. Please excuse Janet. Her daughter went off to school in Europe and came back with implants. And I don't mean she had her boobs done. No, she had things put under the skin of her face. It's quite ... startling."

"It's grotesque, is what it is!" Janet retorted. "At least she didn't have herself turned into one of those Futas!" She then turned away and marched off in the direction of the bar in the far corner of the room.

"Janet didn't take it well," Patty said. "As you can see. She didn't mean to offend."

Miranda wasn't sure what she should be offended about. Even though this should be the last place any confusion would exist about her, there might be some lingering misunderstanding here, so she decided to clear the air.

"I'm not offended. I'm also not a Futa. Either kind. The real ones are born with working male and female genitals. Then there are those who have it done cosmetically." She was going to go on with that, but she realized that some of those present had probably had cosmetic treatments, only something other than one to enlarge her clitoris to the point that it could pass for a penis. Miranda shut her mouth to keep from putting her foot in any deeper than she had. The fad was for the result not just to pass, but to be obviously larger than any normal penis, although none of them that Miranda had seen were anywhere close to being in her league. But then, who would choose to have something hanging from her groin that she would be in constant danger of tripping over? The current fashion was for faux-Futa hemlines to match the length of their outsized shafts. The idea being to allow it to flash occasionally when slack. An obvious game was for their dates to try to make them aroused, rendering it impossible to hide their erections.

Patty noticed her embarrassment and tried to reassure her. "Relax, hon. Most of us have had some kind of work done. Chin here, lips there, eyes, tummies ... Whatever it takes, you know? You just went farther than any of us. That took real courage, to change your sex, and to do it so ... completely."

"Thanks, but changing sex was the least of it. I came to terms with that fairly quickly. No, it was changing species that was the hard part."

"You look human enough." another woman put in. Miranda remembered that she had introduced herself as Lola Walcott.

"You haven't looked low enough. The parts that got changed are between my legs. That's all horse now. Don't you get the magazine?"

"My husband does. He keeps it in his desk, along with the other magazines he doesn't want me to know he has. Men! They act like little boys sometimes."

"I saw the one with your photos in it," Patty said. "I had a hard time believing something that ... big, was real."

"I get that a lot. Usually they think the pictures were photo-shopped. They weren't. I really am that big down there. It has taken some getting used to. Sometimes I wish Dr. McKay hadn't been quite so successful. He could have made it a foot shorter and I would be just fine with that. But I guess you

could say I've grown attached to it now."

That drew the polite laughter the obvious joke deserved. Miranda used the time to sip at her glass. The wine was very light and sweet without being cloying. She hoped it wouldn't go to her head.

"I'm curious about how someone as attractive as you are came to do this kind of work," Lola said.

Miranda had made up her mind that admitting that she'd been turned into a Stallion Girl by accident wasn't a piece of information she should share. It wouldn't reflect well on the magazine and it might cost her the job. If that happened, she'd be very short on career options, none of which would pay as much as her current rate. She'd anticipated this question, and she was prepared to dance around the truth.

"I was a model before, but not a terribly-successful one. There is a modeling aspect to this job," Miranda said. "I am the magazine's mascot. My photos will be a regular feature. When I interviewed for the position, they decided very quickly that I was their perfect candidate, mostly because of my background."

"But to undergo such a radical change!" Patty said. "Was it worth it?"

"Frankly, I get paid more doing this than I could have ever made as a model, even if I made it to the top of my profession. I'll probably be able to retire at 30, although I hope I'll be able to keep working longer than that."

"But the sacrifice!"

"What sacrifice? My sexuality? I worried about that too. But if anything, I almost get too much sex now. My boyfriend can't possibly keep up with my needs."

"You have a boyfriend?" Lola asked.

"The same one I had before, which surprized me too. Men are fascinated by me. It wasn't more more than an hour after my change when I got asked for a date by a guy I met in the Men's Room."

"In the where?"

"Of course horses usually go outside, but I'm used to indoor plumbing. My equipment is male, so I qualify for admittance to the male facilities. I've had some shocked looks, but so far no one has objected to me being there."

"That's certainly a different place to meet men," Patty agreed.

"Excuse me," a new voice said, and a woman barely older than Miranda edged into the group. "I'm Sheila Blaisdell. It's very nice to meet you, Miss Peters. Pardon me if I'm coming into the conversation a little late. I had to see to a problem with the caterer. I must apologize ... I'm afraid I may be the only person here who hasn't heard of you. My husband handles the business, you see. All he told me was they we'd be meeting someone very special who was coming to help us breed our horses. He thought that was enough explanation. Like I could read his mind for the details."

Miranda nodded and waited politely for Mrs. Blaisdell to run down and get to her question. She thought the woman might very well be right in thinking she was the only one present who didn't know the first thing about her role as a Stallion Girl and she was looking forward to seeing the woman's reaction when she found out.



"So, what exactly is it you do, Miss Peters?" Sheila said, concluding her roundabout approach to the point.

"I do the actual breeding, Mrs. Blaisdell. I have been altered through genetic manipulation. I have the genitals of a stallion and my sperm has a combination of genes tailored to make me the finest sire a thoroughbred could have."

Most of that was Miranda's stock spiel from the shows she'd attended with Pruett. It was usually followed by handing the prospective customer a brochure and directing them to her boss if they expressed interest in obtaining her services. This time, Miranda just stopped talking and waited to see what the response would be.

Sheila blinked. Then she smiled. Then she cocked her head slightly to one side as she parsed what she been told.

Miranda waited patiently with her attention fixed on Mrs. Blaisdell, which precluded anyone else from jumping into the silence as it stretched on. She understood the woman's confusion. She'd experienced the same 'I know what I heard, but I can't seem to grasp the meaning of the words' reaction herself.

When Miranda saw Sheila look down, she shifted her feet and, with a practiced movement, used one knee to press her horsecock against the material of her dress so it was outlined in relief. Under the sheer material, the pose was more effective than usual. A good bit more than just the general shape could be seen, including the ridge around the flared head.

"Oh ... my ... God! That's fucking huge! Uh, pardon my French, but isn't that fucking huge?"

A few smiles appeared on the faces of the other women, and a couple of discreet chuckles that were quickly masked or stifled. Miranda nodded her agreement with Sheila's assessment.

"Not to boast or anything," she said, preparing to do exactly that, "but even for a horse, I'm very well-hung. Although I haven't had any complaints ... from anyone. Yet."

"Anyone? Oh, you mean the horse!" Lola said. "How do you know that the mare... ?"

"Had a good time? Horses have orgasms, Mrs. Blaisdell."

This information appeared to be news to many of the other women present as well. Although Miranda noticed that Patty Richardson nodded as she sipped her drink.

"Perhaps I should say 'we' horses have orgasms, since I should probably include myself if we're talking about sex."

The silence that followed that remark made Miranda think she might pushed the 'horse thing' a bit too far. Then Sheila Blaisdell pushed things even farther.

"So you actually copulate with animals?" She asked, her tone divided between incredulity and disgust.

"I have nearly three feet of horsecock hanging between my legs." Miranda said. "What should I copulate with, if not a horse?"

"But you sounded like you actually enjoy it."

"I do. If I didn't enjoy it enough to be able to have an orgasm while doing it, the whole thing would be pointless."

"So, my husband hired you to ... service our horse," Sheila said, "does that mean we get to watch you do ... what you do?"

"That depends on the arrangement you have with my boss. But I don't have a problem with you being there while I work. Just don't be disappointed if it's all over very quickly."

"Don't tell us you have a problem with premature ejaculation!" Patty said. "Not with something like that between your legs."

"Disappointed that I don't have the stamina to match my size? It's the horse part of me. We studs don't mess around. It's wham-bang-thank you ma'am and back to the stall for us. Seriously, if you've ever watched horses mate, you know it's just that quick. In-out and on with the feedbag."

"Doesn't that make it kind of unsatisfying for you?" Patty asked.

"Don't confuse duration with intensity. That's something I learned from experiencing things from the male point of view. Fortunately ... and this is going to sound like a cliché ... there are other things I can do. Things that don't trigger that instant reaction. For instance, I masturbate ... a lot."

"That must take quite a bit of effort," Lola said. "For something that size, I mean."

"It does. I always appreciate assistance. Fortunately, there are lots of people who are willing to lend a girl a hand. Even men. I've been told that a big-enough dick can turn any man gay. I don't know about that, but guys do get into really big dicks, even if they aren't theirs. It's like after a certain point, they realize that they can't compete with it and just get behind appreciating it. I really think that's why the original cartoon was so popular and why the whole chicks-with-dicks thing took off like it did. Guys didn't feel threatened or jealous, just impressed and awestruck. A lot of men who don't consider themselves gay have no problem being with a Futa or even a Trans. He looks at the cock between her legs and automatically prefixes 'cock' with 'girl'. Then he's fine with it, even if it ends-up going someplace he's never had one go before."

"And Stallion Magazine is using you to tap into that," Lola said, sounding a bit cynical.

"Hey, business is business," Miranda answered. "Like Patty said, a girl has to use what she's got. I wouldn't have become a model if I didn't enjoy attention. Now I'm unique, which means I'm in demand for more than just inseminating horses. That photo-spread in the magazine is just part of that. They also sell videos of me and I do appearances at clubs in the off-season."

"So you do porn as well?" Sheila asked. Miranda could hear the clear tone of disgust for the word.

"Porn went mainstream some time ago," Patty said, jumping into the conversation. "In fact, I did porn in college."

"You what?" Sheila said.

"I did videos while I was a Freshman in college. It was a way to make money and have great sex. When you're nineteen and away from home for the first time, that's an irresistible combination."

"Goodness, Patty! Does your husband know?"

"It's how we met. Guys fall all over themselves trying to date you once they find out you're a pornstar. Greg still likes to put on one of my old vids while we make love. They, um ... inspire him."

"I wish something would 'inspire' Roddy," Sheila said, looking over her shoulder.

"Perhaps you should buy him one of Miranda's videos," Lola suggested.

"Maybe I will," Sheila said, looking at Miranda. "If watching you work gets a rise out of him, maybe I will."

The rest of the party passed without any further probing questions or personal revelations by anyone. The chit-chat became routine and Miranda found herself getting bored. And her new shoes were killing her feet.

Pruett saw Miranda shifting from foot to foot and interpreted it as a sign that she was getting excited. Rather than risk a messy incident, he went straight to her side.

"You OK? Are you about to have a problem? Do you need to get on with things?" He asked her in a confidential whisper.

The problem to which he referred had been quiescent for some time, but Miranda seized on his offer anyway. "Yes, I think I'd better get on with it before things get out of hand, if you don't mind."

Pruett craned his neck, looking in the direction of Rod Blaisdell. He waved and pointed and Blaisdell excused himself from the conversation he'd been having and made his way over.

"Is it time?" Blaisdell asked. "You mentioned that there might be a limit to how long we could keep Miss Peters standing around."

"It's time. We should start over now. Sometimes she has a very short fuse."

"Not from where I'm standing," Blaisdell said, chuckling. He took out his phone and thumbed it. "But I'll let the stable know we're coming."

Once Miranda knew her services would be needed shortly, a certain prophetic inevitability kicked-in and her cock began to stiffen. With a fixed smile, she excused herself from the group standing with her and began moving toward the door.

Once outside, into the fresh air and away from the crowd of people, Miranda managed to get a better grip on herself. The long bulge in the front of her dress paused in its attempt to escape, but still put something of a strain on the material.

"How far is it?" She asked Pruett.

"Over there," he told her, pointing to a long low building a few hundred yards downhill. "Rod will take us over in a golf-cart."

"That's good. My feet are killing me!"

Pruett smiled crookedly and nodded. Clearly, it wasn't the first time he'd heard a woman say that.

They walked to the corner of the house and arrived just as Blaisdell pulled up behind the wheel of an electric cart sporting a bright green canvas top. With him was his wife, Sheila, who hopped out as soon as the cart came to a stop.

"Come on dear," Sheila said to Miranda, "we'll drive you over."

Miranda took one look at the clearance she'd have in the front seat and shook her head. Getting a full-on erection there would create difficulties.

"I'll ride in back, if you don't mind."

The back was open, with a low shelf intended for golf-bags, and a higher, shallower one for people or cargo to sit on when the cart was used for other things. Sitting there made the lower shelf a foot-rest. As she had when climbing down from the high cab of Pruett's absurdly-large pickup, Miranda had a problem managing the step. She chosen the long dress because it effectively hobbled her cock. Now that that appendage was trying to distance itself from her ankles, they were the more encumbered. Rather than waste time trying to maintain a high degree of decorum, Miranda reach down and yanked up on her dress until the hem was at her knees. From there, it was much easier for her to get a foot up, pivot, and plant her tush on the narrow seat. The good part of sitting in back was that the seat was narrow enough to allow her balls to ride cradled in the dress below her thighs. The downside was that the lower half of her cock was exposed and poked out between her shins.

"Wow!" Sheila exclaimed. "Roddy? Have you seen this? Oh, right. You've got the magazine."

Sheila's little black dress was on the other end of the hem-line spectrum. She had no trouble stepping onto the back of the cart, but had to do some tugging and butt-wriggling to make herself decent once seated.

Once the two women were safely in the back, Pruett got into the passenger seat and Rod drove off toward the stables at a blistering eight miles per hour. Miranda reflected that she couldn't complain about the speed, since even a turtle-slow conveyance was better than walking that distance in her heels. Once she'd thought of that, she decided to go ahead and take them off, both because stable floors can be messy and this was a new pair; and because she knew things could start to happen very quickly once she was close to a mare in estrus.

The task was only made slightly harder than usual by being in a moving cart. It would have been much more difficult if she had been trying to put them on under the same circumstances. Even so, it seemed to make a fascinating show for Sheila Blaisdell.

"It's like having a third leg, isn't it? You really have learned to accommodate it."

"I wish I could control it like a leg. Mostly my problem is that it has a mind of it's own and when it's hard I have very little control over it. My dick wants what my dick wants."

"That sounds like something a man would say."

"I get that a lot. I live in a very blurry world, gender-wise. Am I male or female? You could argue that either way. A DNA test wouldn't decide it. Too many extra chromosomes. I'm like the elephant in the story about the blind men trying to describe one. What I am depends on what part each man is touching."

"What do you feel like you are?"

"I started out female, so I tend to think of myself as female. That works until my dick starts telling me it needs some attention. When that happens, it kind of takes control until I can satisfy its demands. At that point, I'm just a horny guy looking to get my dick wet and I talk and act like it. Later, once things have calmed-down again, I get my femininity back. It sounds weird, but it feels

perfectly normal while it's happening. We are all at the mercy of our hormones. I just have a wider variety and a bigger supply than most people."

"Has it been a difficult adjustment for you?"

"It's really hard to find clothes that fit and are OK to wear in public. I really miss short skirts, short-anything, actually. Even men's clothes aren't designed for someone with equipment like mine."

"I meant emotionally."

"Not terribly. I won't pretend it didn't take some getting used-to at first. Or that it feels totally normal to me now. But I've never had that 'I'm in the wrong body' feeling that seems to be common to transgenders. I'm in my body. It's just got some mods that aren't factory-original equipment."

"Now you're really sounding like a guy!" Sheila laughed.

"That's because the male part of me is in total charge right now. I'm getting a monster boner and I need to fuck something really badly."

"Well, try to hang on. It won't be long now. We're almost there."

When the cart arrived at the stable entrance, Blaisdell drove right through the doorway, took a sharp left into a long passageway and slowed to a speed closer to a fast walk. As they whirred along, curious horses stuck their heads out of the stalls to watch them drive past. It seemed to Miranda as if some of them did a double-take when they saw her ride past with her growing erection. She suspected that was simply her imagination, but, in a perverse surge of exhibitionism, she tugged the hem of her dress higher to expose more of her nearly-horizontal shaft. The horses may not have noticed, but Sheila Blaisdell did.

"I was right," she said. "Before, when I said that was fucking huge? I was right. It is fucking huge. Does it get any bigger?"

"Not really. I think I'd pass out from the drop in blood-pressure if it did. It just gets harder and stiffer and tries to rise-up."

Sheila looked like she wanted to ask something else, but decided against it. A few seconds later, the cart came out of the door at the end of the long stable and stopped next to a small corral. On the far side stood a man holding a haltered mare. In the middle was an obviously temporary platform made of a sheet of plywood laid over a couple of saw-horses. Next to it was a wooden crate that was apparently to be used as a step to get up onto the platform.

"I guess I can't expect everyone to have a nice mounting step for me to use," Miranda thought. Then, nearly giggling - "Maybe I should look into some stilts?"

Everyone got out of the cart. Sheila reached out a hand to Miranda, who took it gratefully as she tried to get down while still keeping her balance. Once she had both feet on the ground, she pulled her dress up and peeled it off over her head before holding it out to Sheila.

"You didn't think I did this while dressed for a party?" She asked, when Mrs. Blaisdell hesitated taking the dress.

"No. I guess you wouldn't."

Miranda took a deep breath, savoring the fresh outdoor air after the sour smell of the stable.

“That wasn’t a good idea,” she thought. She’d caught the scent of a mare in heat and it was having a predictable effect. Her cock strained to become as hard as it could and she was forced to lean back to counterbalance its weight.

Rod Blaisdell was already at the gate, pulling it open. Miranda waddled through, her cock waving turgidly ahead of her and her balls bouncing against the backs of her thighs. She made for the makeshift platform at a fast amble, and used the inertia she built-up to carry her up the step onto the plywood. It felt much more stable than it looked.

The stable-hand took a second to be shocked by the sight, but when Blaisdell waved him over, he recovered and led the mare over and got her into position.

The horse turned and looked back at Miranda. It’s expression was unreadable to anything but another horse, but it seemed to comprehend what was about to happen because it shifted its weight and braced in anticipation.

“Let’s hear it for instinct,” Miranda said to herself. “We all need it at times like this.”

“Tail!” Miranda barked, not exactly addressing the horse, but also not willing to divert more focus that necessary from the effort it took to keep things in check until the right moment.

Pruett stepped in and tugged the mare’s tail aside. Miranda bent her knees, leaned forward, and stepped forward. The end of her cock bumped low, then slid up and in. Immediately, she pushed forward.

“Hngh!” She thought when her push halted with only a foot of cock inside. “Did I get a virgin this time? This is one tight pussy.”

No longer worried about aim, Miranda bent forward. She scrunched her toes, trying to get a grip on the platform, then she put more of her weight into a thrust. Her effort met with slight success. She gained a few inches. She knew it wasn’t nearly deep enough to guarantee success. For that, she had to be much deeper before she came.

The sensation of having her huge cock wedged tightly into a hot, wet hole nearly overwhelmed Miranda’s senses. She might have lost herself in the intense fog of arousal, but for three imperatives. One was an instinctive drive to spend her seed in the mare, to inseminate it. Another was physical need. Pressure was building rapidly inside her. Her balls were tight and throbbing and an ache was growing in them that she knew would become serious pain if she didn’t achieve release.

The third was simple desire. She wanted to climax very badly. She longed for the massive surge of ecstasy she knew she would feel when she came.

Biting her lip to distract herself from the almost overwhelming forces driving her to cum, Miranda pulled back slightly and gave several short strokes before trying again for depth.

It worked. She felt her cock slide in until once more she felt the contact that meant she was in position. After that, everything was automatic. No distraction or exercise of will or concentration could stop it now. To Miranda, it seemed as if time slowed down. What could only have taken seconds, seemed to take minutes. The tightness and dull ache she felt in her balls peaked. The involuntary tensing of the muscles of her butt that spread up her back and over her shoulders, pulling them back so that her breasts rose up on her chest. She felt something low in her belly

clench powerfully. An almost electric surge shot up into her head, then she felt that same contraction again.

“Cummmmming!” She groaned through her teeth.

The surge of pleasure within her soared to an incredible height ... and held there while the intense contractions went on, and on, and on, until at last they began to slow and the peak was replaced by a warm glow and the feeling of having been utterly drained.

Her job done, Miranda backed away, pulling her cock out of the mare. When it came free, she took another step back before sinking to her knees and then rocking back to sit on her ankles. She sat there, just breathing heavily, while a light-headed euphoria settled around her like a thick cloud of sweet smoke.

“You OK?” Pruett asked, reaching up to steady her, but not sure where to put his hand.

Miranda realized her eyes were closed. She tried to open them, but they would only go halfway. A shudder went through her and she felt her breasts wobble on her chest. For some reason she thought that was terrifically funny. She turned her head to look at her boss, but found it impossible to keep her gaze level.

“Fucking fantastic.” She told him, with a slur in her voice. As soon as the words left her lips, she realized that it sounded unprofessional to say, but at the moment she was beyond caring about professionalism, or much of anything except the marvelous feeling radiating through her body.

She rolled her head and looked around, wondering how long she'd been sitting there. Apparently not as long as it seemed to her. The mare was being led out of the corral by its handler. The Blaisdells were nowhere to be seen. She looked back at Pruett, who seemed to have also just become aware of the absence of their hosts. At that moment, a high squeal followed by a throaty moan revealed the location Rod and Sheila Blaisdell – the first empty stall around the corner. Likely the first place they found with any degree of privacy.

“Your performance appears to have been quite inspirational,” Pruett remarked.

“Yah. I've seen a few couples duck-out during my club performances. At first I thought they were walking out on my act. But I figured it out when I noticed them pawing each other.”

“You need me to help you down?”

“In a minute. I'm still shaky. I need to rest a bit. Is my dick still dripping? I can't see, it's hanging over the edge and I don't want to try to get too close. I'm afraid I'll fall off.”

“Some. You didn't make as much of a mess this time.”

“I kept pushing so it all got forced into her womb. That's going to be one seriously knocked-up horse!”

“Good. I'm glad to hear you're getting better at this.”

“I did my best, but it's hard to focus on technique in the heat of the moment.”

“Yes, I know.”

The almost curt reply reminded Miranda that she was probably learning things that Pruett, along

with most men, already knew. That gave her some insight into past sexual relationships.

"I thought that 'I couldn't help myself' was just male BS for being selfish," she thought. "Turns out there's a point where you really don't have much - or any - control over what's happening. I think I owe a couple of guys an apology. After a certain point, you really can't help yourself - you're committed."

"Is there a hose handy?" Miranda asked Pruett. Looking down her shaft she could see it was wet most of the way up, but there hadn't been any blow-by that she could see. Still, getting the slick off would be easier to do before it started to dry.

"There's one on the fence behind you. You want me to drag it over here?"

"I think I can get down now. I'll go to it."

With Pruett's help, she stood and made her way down to the ground. Standing on the dirt and the straw felt good. It seemed a natural thing. Her cock was still plenty stiff enough so she could walk without needing to support it. It wagged from one side to the other as she walked over to the fence and Miranda had to adjust her stride to the shifts in weight. This resulted in a slow, almost regal gait as she worked to keep her balance.

The nozzle was dripping. Pruett pointed it away before squeezing the trigger to see what would happen. The result was a firm shower - just about right for hosing-down a sweaty horse.

Miranda stepped up onto the bottom rail of the fence. Then she turned back and faced Pruett with her arms braced on the top rail, her back arched, hips thrust forward, and her cock pointing into the corral. It looked very much like she was doing a dance movement.

"Ready," she said, bracing against the possibility of the shock of cold water.

The Blaisdells reappeared just as Pruett turned the spray onto Miranda. They stood with their arms around each other as he hosed her cock off.

The hose-water was a bit of a shock to Miranda, even though she was anticipating it. The spray wasn't strong enough to be painful, but the temperature was cool enough to make it feel like ice on her stiff horsecock.

"Too strong?" Pruett asked, seeing her shudder.

"No, just getting used to it."

Pruett waved the spray high for a second and Miranda's abdominal muscles tensed in reaction to the cold droplets. This raised the end of her cock higher in the air. Pruett took advantage to reach in and spray its underside. Then he turned off the water and draped the hose back over the reel.

With the Blaisdells for an audience, Miranda decided she'd do something mischievous. She jerked her hips out and clenched her abdominal muscles. This made her cock swing out and up. She relaxed and let it drop back, then she clenched again. After three times, she had it moving quickly enough to fling the water off and the few remaining drops of cum out. She stopped when the end touched the rough fence-rail on the down-swing. Getting splinters in it would be a very bad idea.

"What?" Miranda said when she saw Pruett try to hide a grin.



"That puts me in mind of an elephant's trunk," he said with a smirk. "Don't suppose you can pick up a peanut with it?"

Miranda was giddy enough that Pruett's remark struck her as terribly funny. She began giggling, and her giggles made her breasts jiggle and her cock swing. Curiously, it swung in a counter-clockwise circle, which Miranda found even funnier.

"Careful." Pruett warned. "Maybe you better get down off of there before you lose your grip."

It wouldn't have been much of a fall. She was only a foot off the ground, but pitching face-first into the dirt would be both unpleasant and embarrassing. Then, still snuggled up under her bottom, her highly sensitive and quite tender testicles might get squished. Landing wrong could be bad in so many ways.

Miranda looked down, turning her torso so she could peek past her bare breasts and her cock. The water had made a muddy puddle that didn't look at all inviting. Since she was turned anyway, she let go with her right hand and swung around to face the fence, catching-hold again when she'd completed the turn. From there she stepped back and down left foot first until she stood on dry ground.

"Here is your dress," Sheila said, holding it and her shoes out to Miranda.

Miranda pulled the dress over her head and arms. She worked it down over her breasts, but left it bunched around her waist.

"I'll have to wait a bit for this bad-boy to chill-out." Miranda said. Her cock had lost some of its stiffness, but only in the lower third. Above that, it was still pretty hard and getting her dress down over it would be more of a struggle than it was worth. Rather than leave it half-on, Miranda pulled the dress back over her head and handed it to Pruett. Having just performed her bestial duty fully nude, modesty seemed more than a little silly. After seeing her fuck a horse, no one would be likely to object to her nudity. It was, after all, the only practical uniform for the job.

"Well," Pruett said to the Blaisdells, "are you satisfied?"

Rod looked shocked. Sheila blushed.

"With the insemination? Of your mare?" Pruett prompted.

"Yes," Rod said, recovering quickly. "Quite satisfied. We'll go back up to the house and I'll write you a check."

"That will be fine. Actually, I was thinking you might tell your guests how well Miranda performed."

"Oh! Of course. Yes, she was very ... inspiring."

The trip back to the house was similar to the one to the stable, with the difference that without her dress to support them, Miranda's testicles hung down over the edge of the shallow seat in the back of the golf car. As the car drove along at its leisurely pace, they bumped against the sloped fiberglass panel meant to support golf-bags. Miranda expected that to be slightly painful, but the jostling actually helped sooth the mild ache she experienced in them after a really big cum. Having them out in the air helped too, so she hauled her cock up across her thigh and let it hang out the side of the car where it could get some fresh air too.

"You seem very comfortable with your body," Sheila told her. "Have you always been so ... comfortable being naked?"

"I was a lingerie model ... before. Did I mention that? And I did a little figure work. But the last few weeks I've spent strutting around on stage showing-off everything I've got in front of live audiences instead of just a camera. If I was ever the slightest bit modest, that's long gone now. What clothes I wear are mostly to keep from shocking people in public who aren't prepared to see someone as different as I am. And yes, in a perfect world I wouldn't have to worry about that. The PR guy at the magazine wants me covered because he doesn't want me giving away something that he can sell. I don't have a problem with it because I think it's just simple politeness not to weird people out."

"I suppose I'm just terribly impressed with how you handle being so ... different."

"We're all different, in one way or another. I'm just different in a big way."

Just then, Rod drove the car through a narrow opening in a white rail fence separating the grounds of the house from the rest of the property. Miranda's cock was sticking out just far enough to strike the fence-post a glancing blow as they rolled through.

Miranda grabbed her cock halfway down the shaft and protectively pulled it back. The impact hadn't hurt so much as it startled her, but she reacted the same as if it had.

"Poor dear!" Sheila exclaimed. She reached to help Miranda and found herself with her arms full of horsecock. Without batting an eye, she examined the large organ for signs of injury, all the while stroking it.

Miranda sat and accepted being handled without protest or comment. Women at ringside tables often wanted to touch her cock while she was showing it off during performances. She'd allowed them quick strokes, but she was curious to see what Sheila would do with more quality-time.

If Miranda hadn't just cum, the affectionate stroking would have had more of an affect on her. As it was, she was just getting to the mellow post-orgasmic stage and the fondling felt quite relaxing. She made no effort to stop Sheila or to retrieve her cock. She just luxuriated in the gentle stimulation.

Sheila examined Miranda's horsecock in detail. She touched every part of it that she could reach. Her fascination with it was clear as crystal. She even peered into the end while running her finger around the flared rim. Then she held it against her cheek as she turned to Miranda.

"You must have a lot of fun with this bad boy," she said.

"Oh, I do. My sex-drive matches the size of my dick. Careful, or you'll get me hard again."

"We wouldn't want that," Sheila said, squeezing it playfully.

"Not unless you want to try it on for size."

Sheila Blaisdell looked like she'd received a sudden electric shock. Miranda thought she could sense the sudden surge of pheromones flooding through her body. Sheila's legs parted, pushing her short dress up and introducing the clear scent of recent sex into the air. The mere suggestion had been enough to rekindle her sexual fire. Slowly, she pushed the end of Miranda's cock down between her legs until the end was pressed firmly against her pussy.

Miranda looked over her shoulder. Pruet and Rod Blaisdell were engrossed in talking about past

Triple-Crown winners. Neither was paying attention to what was going on behind them. They hadn't even noticed when Miranda's cock took a lick from the fence. She settled back to see what Sheila would do.

Sheila's face showed every iota of the sexual compulsion that had come over her. Her lips twitched and she breathed through her teeth as she pulled harder on Miranda's cock, pulling the pliant head tightly against her. Her legs moved further apart and her hips tilted as she struggled.

Miranda could feel her heat and the wetness as it coated the end of her cock. She'd assumed that after such a huge cum, she'd be sated for a good while, and her cock seemed willing to sit this out. But Sheila's urgency was stirring something low-down in her abdomen, nevertheless.

Frustrated at not being able to force such a large object through her opening, Sheila settled for rubbing it up and down her slit, raking the ridged head over her clit again and again.

Miranda felt a sudden and unexpected contraction - a distant echo of those she'd experienced a few minutes earlier, but enough to make her cock twitch and pulse as it delivered.

Sheila's tight grip on the shaft behind the head turned what would have been a forceless drool into a firm squirt, firing the bolt past her labia directly into her vagina.

"Ulp!" she said, her sculpted eyebrows jumping up. She turned to Miranda with her eyes wide and her lips forming an 'o'.

Miranda smiled back reassuringly at Sheila's shocked expression. A little horsey-cum wouldn't do Sheila any harm. She retrieved her cock and lowered it down between her shins, where it hung and dripped.

Sheila had felt Miranda's cum shoot up inside her. Now, she felt the gooey mass her start to flow back down and she quickly put both hands over her pussy and clamped her knees together as tightly as she could. Desperation and alarm replaced shock on her face.

"Try to hang on," Miranda urged her, while trying hard not to giggle at the woman's predicament. She's basically done it to herself, after all.

The alarm in Sheila's expression faded as she saw the humor in her situation, but returned when she realized that that didn't make it any less real. "What am I going to do?" She hissed, trying to keep her voice in a whisper.

"We're almost there. Can you make it to the bathroom?"

"I don't know! I'll try. Stop laughing. This isn't funny."

"Sorry. But it is, you know."

"Maybe later it will be," Sheila said. "Right now it's not."

When the car stopped beside the main house a few seconds later, it surprised both Miranda and Sheila. Sheila was forced to take her hand away and hope that she could manage not to embarrass herself. She tugged the hem of her dress down as far as she could, even risking ripping the fabric.

"I suppose I should get dressed now," Miranda said. "Who's got my stuff?"

Pruett handed-over her dress and her shoes. She put on the shoes before stepping down from the

back of the car, then she pulled the dress over her head, deliberately struggling a bit with it to keep the male attention on her and off of Sheila.

"That didn't take very long at all," Rod Blaisdell remarked, looking at what Miranda assumed to be a Rolex on his wrist.

"Miranda said she was quick," Sheila said.

"Perhaps we could let your guests know everything went as planned?" Pruett suggested.

"Sure thing," Rod agreed. "Glad to."

"I just need a few minutes in the powder room," Sheila said apologetically, her knees firmly together.

"Surely you can hold it a little longer," Rod told her.

"I'm not sure I can, dear." Sheila told him. "I'll be back in a bit. I'm sure Miranda would like to freshen-up too."

Without further discussion, the two marched up the walkway and turned to go around to the back of the house. Miranda followed Sheila closely, trying to shield her from view. As soon as Sheila had turned the corner out of sight, she shoved a hand back under her dress, then made a dash for the steps.

The two went up the steps, onto the deck, in the back door, down the hall, and into the bathroom so quickly that anyone noticing would have only been able to report a flash as they ran past the doorway.

The room was just a powder-room, with only a sink and toilet. There was barely room for the two of them. Miranda had to twist around to get the door shut behind her. Sheila was already seated with her dress pulled up around her waist. She bent over forward and braced the heels of both hands on the front of the seat.

"I had no idea you were so ... virile," she told Miranda, with a short laugh of relief. Possibly to cover the nasty sounds she was making.

"Remind me to tell you about the time I came a gallon."

"You're not serious!"

"Well, it did take a while to fill that jug. I was being ... milked."

"You're not serious! You mean, against your will?"

"Oh yes. The person doing the milking didn't care about the provenance of the genetic material he was stealing, that any resulting foals couldn't be registered."

"Even I know how important that is. So how did you get on the Registry's list?"

"DNA testing, I think. The magazine has their own geneticist. I assume he could authenticate everything he'd done. I was taught to pass questions like that on to my boss. I just provide the insemination service."

"Well, you do an excellent job of it, judging by what's coming out of me. I can't imagine how much you gave that mare. I'm not an expert in these things. Roddy handles all that. But it does seem like way more than enough to ... you know, do the job."

"You know how guys will try to tell you they cum by the quart? I nearly do. Is it too much? Probably. Dr. McKay wanted me to be as virile as possible. I'm pretty sure I turned-out to be more than he expected, but I have to admit that quantity-wise, I'm a raving success."

"Size-wise too!" Sheila laughed. "I wonder if sex with you has spoiled our mare?"

"You'll have to ask the mare," Miranda laughed back. "Seriously, despite functioning as a stallion, I can't claim to have any insight into the sex lives of horses. I suspect it's pretty-much pure instinct, though. That, or pheromones. Something sure gets my dick hard when I'm around a mare that's ready for breeding. Outside of that, the idea of screwing a horse doesn't do anything for me."

"How do you feel about oatmeal?"

"What? Oh! Funny! I can take it or leave it. A pile of hay doesn't make my mouth water and I can't sleep standing-up. I haven't been turned into a horse. Even though my junk is a part of me, it's what I am, not who I am. The effects are mostly hormonal and I'm learning to cope with them. Getting the chance to do what I did today ... that helps a lot. Both in getting relief and making me feel like I'm doing what I'm supposed to be doing with this thing. Everything else is just jerking-off, you know? I get relief that way, but no true satisfaction."

When the two women returned to the party, their entrance was spoiled. Spurred by Pruett, Rod Blaisdell was already making the announcement that Miranda's task had been executed successfully.

"... no problems that I could see. It was all over very quickly. Miss Peters was all business - very straightforward. I could tell she was very keen on getting right to it. No hesitation there. I wish I could say the same about some other breedings I've seen. I swear, sometimes, you'd think the stallion was gay the way they fumble around. We'll have to wait for the vet to confirm it, but I have no doubt that Miss Peter's efforts were effective. She may be unorthodox, but I have to admit that she got the job done."

The party went on from there, but after handing out a few business cards, Pruett was ready to leave. After answering five different versions of 'did you enjoy it?' and running out of ways to say 'hell, yes' politely, Miranda was ready to leave as well.

The valet wasn't ready for anyone to be leaving so soon. He'd taken the opportunity to see if the stablehands' weed was really as strong as he'd first thought. When Pruett and Miranda came out of the house, he had to make a real effort to get his shit together and act-straight.

Pruett seemed oblivious to this. Miranda recognized the effects - awkward walk, hesitation, and, when he got close, the widely-dilated irises of his eyes.

"Big-ass pickup ... right?" He asked, his verbal editor slipping a bit.

"That's the one," Pruett answered.

Miranda was still feeling the afterglow and a slight giddiness, which she thought put her about on par with where the valet was, mentally. She decided to have some fun.

She knew the valet would turn her way before going for their ride, so she positioned herself in his

path and stepped close when he turned.

“Whoa!” He said, jerking to a halt at finding her so close. “Excuse me! I, ah ... um...” He managed to stop inches from bumping into her prominent chest. She got to see him go from looking to see how close he’d come to her to outright staring at her boobs, which, in the bright sunlight, were veiled rather than concealed by her dress.

Miranda twisted her torso left, then right. The valet’s head swiveled to track the motion. She thought he looked like a cat following a spot of light.

“The truck?” She asked, in a soft voice.

“Huh? Yeah, right. Truck. Be right back.” And he took off for the field where the cars were parked.

“You are something of a distraction in that dress,” Pruett said, by way of a compliment.

“That’s not it. Not all of it, anyway.” Miranda giggled. “He’s stoned.”

“What? The bastard better not scratch my truck!” He looked like he wanted to chase after the valet.”

“I think he’s been stoned before. He’ll be fine.”

“He better be!”

The valet’s driving was slow and very cautious. He even checked twice that the truck was in park and that the brake was set before climbing down out of the high cab to hand Pruett the keys.

Pruett grunted, took the keys, and passed over a couple of bills as a tip. Then he made a production out of checking for damage.

“That cab is pretty high,” Miranda said to the valet, “and my dress is kind of tight.”

His enthusiastic nod of unconditional agreement to her statement made him look like a bobblehead. He clearly understood both parts of her statement, but didn’t draw a conclusion from them. She decided she needed to elaborate.

“Would you mind helping me up?”

“Yes’m! No problem.”

With the valet holding the door and standing by for support, Miranda reached out her left hand for the seat and put her right on the valet’s shoulder, mostly to distract him while she made a quick ballet-like move with her left leg, resulting in both her horsecock and balls being pushed to her front so she wouldn’t sit on either when she landed on the seat. Then she put her foot up onto the nerf bar hanging below the cab. Even though the bar was meant to make it easier to get into the truck, it was still a big step, and harder for someone in heels. Miranda tried to step up, but her foot slipped and she lost her balance, falling back against the valet, who wrapped his arms around her before she could fall to the ground.

“Got you, ma’am,” he said, his mouth close to her ear.

Miranda inhaled deeply and found that he did indeed have her. His left hand was firmly cupping her breast. His right was on her abdomen, supporting her. Two inches lower and he would have been touching the base of her cock.

"Thanks," Miranda said, taking another deep breath, this time for the valet's benefit.

The hand didn't move, but the fingers parted and one flicked over the bump her nipple made in the thin fabric of her dress. The effect on her was instantaneous. Her nipple hardened and the skin around it began to swell. The finger moved back, retracing its path. This time, it took the long way around, circling the prominence rather than climbing it.

After so much time spent focusing on her horsecock, Miranda had almost forgotten what it felt like to be touched like that. Her last date with Barry seemed far in the past, and she discovered that she really missed a man's touch. She made no effort to escape, and this encouraged the valet.

The fingers moved again, this time trapping her stiffening nipple between them. He rolled it left, then right, then tugged gently but firmly.

Miranda's lips parted and a low moan came out, a soft sound she swore she didn't intend to make.

"I shouldn't be doing this," she thought. "But I'm not doing anything. He's doing it all. I suppose it couldn't hurt to let him have a little fun. And he certainly knows how to touch a girl."

The valet's right hand began to move downward and Miranda reacted well-before it could reach someplace it shouldn't. She took him by the wrist and guided his hand up to her other breast, where it clung with no further encouragement.

The truck was tall enough that only Miranda's head was higher than the level of the seat. It was also wide enough that even when Pruett climbed up behind the wheel, he still couldn't see anything below her neck. Which he wasn't. Looking, that is. As soon as his butt hit the seat, his phone rang and he answered it, turning away for privacy. With the passenger-side door standing open, Miranda and the valet were effectively screened from any direction but the field of parked cars. Even if someone did look their way, all they could see would be their legs.

The valet took advantage of this and Miranda's passive acquiescence to reach up and slip his fingers into the deep V of her neckline. Miranda thought he might slide his hands inside, and was more than surprised when he pulled the stretchy fabric out and down over her shoulders, baring her to her waist.

"OK, I didn't expect that! I thought he'd just want to cop a feel. Well, it's not like anyone can see us. Still, I'll have to put a stop to this before Mr. Pruett finishes his call."

Her high, round breasts didn't stay exposed for long. They were quickly covered by a pair of hands that squeezed them gently, as if he were checking if their firmness was real, then more firmly, as though testing how much roughness she would tolerate. Apparently satisfied on both counts, he caressed her breasts again before sliding his hands forward to resume tweaking and tugging on her bare nipples, teasing them into plumpness.

"Damn, he's good at that," she thought as she squirmed with pleasure as though she were trying to escape - but not actually wanting to succeed.

The valet pulled her back so he could feel her body writhe against his. He shoved his groin against her ass so Miranda could feel how hard he was. When she felt his cock slip between her cheeks. Miranda clenched her butt, trying to get a grip on it through the layers of cloth separating them. It felt like quite a large lump. Curious, she moved her hands behind her, straining against the fabric of her dress pinning her arms to her sides. To be able to reach meant pulling her shoulders back, which made her breasts rise higher on her chest and pressed them more tightly into a pair of eager hands.

This encouraged the young valet, whose caress became a grip as he tugged even more firmly on her nipples, stretching them up and out, forcing Miranda to rise even further up on her toes than the high heels put her.

The switch to rougher play drew a hiss from between her clenched teeth, but otherwise she made no complaint. Instead, Miranda arched her back until her head almost lay on the valet's shoulder. She groped with both hands, finally coming into contact with his groin, and finding there a swelling cock that - once upon a time - she would have considered more than ample for her needs. She unzipped his fly and reached inside to wrap her hand around it before dragging it out. Once freed, she used both hands to minister to his manhood in much the same way that she had so often done for her own.

"He may know how to handle a breast, but I know how to stroke a cock. If I bring him off it will end this," she decided. "Hopefully, before things go any further."

Her expert touch surprized the valet. He stopped trying to press against her and eased back to give her room to work her magic on his cock. It was only a matter of seconds before she had him fully-ripe and throbbing. When she traced the sensitive rim of his cock-head with her finger, he shuddered. She touched the tip and found that he was copiously oozing pre-cum, which she smeared liberally on the head of his cock. When it jerked in her hand, she knew she had him right on the verge of cumming.

Miranda planned to toy with him briefly before giving him relief. She even had a spot on the ground picked out to aim for when his cock went off in her fist. That plan crashed when she felt him pull away, not only jerking his cock out of her grasp, but releasing her breasts as well.

"Wha?" she gasped, not able to cut past the buzz of arousal in her head.

Even when she felt his head bump into her ass, she didn't understand. It was only when she felt the hem of her dress that had been around her ankles suddenly slide up to join the rest of it around her waist that she figured it out. Before she could react, she felt the firm, slick head of his cock pushing between her exposed legs, just at the bottom of the cleft in her equally-exposed bottom. Without thinking, she leaned forward and shifted her feet apart, tilting her hips forward to raise her ass and give him a straight shot at slipping inside her. At the last second she realized that was a terrible mistake.

"Oh no! Wrong, wrong, wrong!" She thought, panic seizing her. "This just went way too far!" She clamped her legs together as tightly as she could to forestall his approach to an entrance that was no longer there.

"C'mon, baby," the valet moaned softly into her ear, "Your body can't lie to me. I know you want it. I know you need it. I just want to give you a little something to remember me by. A little something to take home with you. I'll be quick. I'll be done before your friend gets off the phone, I promise."

Miranda was torn between being insulted that he would ask for her to allow him relief at her expense, flattered that she would turn him on this much, and understanding the urgency of his need. Her empathy was the consequence of having experience on both sides of the game.

Frustrated by her resistance, he pressed harder and gained some ground before being stymied. Suddenly, he took a new tack, one that Miranda wasn't prepared to defend against. Instead of pushing forward, he dropped his hips down and angled his cock upward. The tip wedged itself in her asshole before she could stop it.



"Oh damn! He tricked me. I thought ... Oh no! He's really going to do it! And I've never had ... Oh damn!"

Driven by constant, inexorable pressure, his cock slowly forced her sphincter to open wider and wider until the head popped through and he had penetrated her. Even given the prolonged inevitability of the event, her eyes still opened wide with the shock of the moment and her mouth drew into a tight 'o' of surprise at the sensation.

"Gotcha!" He whispered, triumphantly declaring victory. "Damn, baby! You made me work for it! This your first time taking it in back? Must be, you're so tight. But this ass is mine now."

Miranda gasped. She'd been taken, roughly and painfully. Yet she was confused about how she felt about her situation. Her own cock was dangling in the breeze, its wide tip swinging in slow circles in the neighborhood of her ankles. Her testicles rested on the front of her thighs, their bulk and weight a constant reminder that she was now very, very male. So why did she feel more feminine than she had in a long time? Just because some jock had his dick up her butt? Or because she'd actually enjoyed being forcefully subjugated by such a virile example of young manhood? Both were entirely new experiences, so she had nothing to guide her. Her ass had been invaded. 'Incensed' would be the mildest reaction she thought would be appropriate, but she just wasn't feeling that. 'Excited' was more accurate, and that added to her confusion.

"If all of me was as male as I am between my legs, this would feel horribly gay. But it doesn't feel like that at all. In fact, I can't even imagine what 'gay' feels like, so I must still be basically female - despite appearances to the contrary. Maybe I couldn't stop him from sticking his cock in me because he was right - deep down inside I really do still need to be fucked, even if it is in my ass."

She felt him shift around, getting ready for the final assault on her tush. She felt him pull back to see how firmly-stuck he was, then he began pushing inward again.

With no further means to resist, and - she grudgingly admitted - little desire to do so, Miranda decided to surrender to the inevitable. Not daring to open her legs she turned her toes in, raised her butt as much as she could and pushed back against his thrust.

"That's right baby," he whispered huskily into her ear. "Give it up to my dick."

Miranda's eyelids fluttered as inch after inch of his thick shaft slid up into her ass. The pain she felt wasn't so much agonizing as it was exquisite. A distinction that made her clench her teeth and keep silent instead of screaming her head off.

His cock forced her sphincter to open wider and wider, something her eyes matched as her mind filled with concern about the amount of stretch she could tolerate without permanent damage. The actual amount of time it took for him to finish impaling her couldn't have been more than a minute. To Miranda it could have been an hour.

Only when he was fully inside her and not pushing any more did she realize that her whole body had been tensed and that she'd been holding her breath.

"Whoa! Damn! He feels huge back there. My ass hurts like hell, but at least the worst is over. The end of his cock is way up inside me. I can feel his hairy balls tickling me. Humph! Maybe I should show him what real balls look like," she thought, looking over her shoulder at the young man who had conquered her body. "But it would be cruel to spoil his victory. I did nothing to stop him. I even encouraged him. Now he's got me right where he wanted me - stuck on his cock."

She felt his hands release her hips and begin to circle her. Afraid he might do something courteous, like try to rub her clit while banging her ass, she again pulled them up to her bare breasts.

“Suit yourself, baby,” he said, sinking his fingers into her yielding flesh. “You got a fantastic body. This is a great rack. And my prick is loving it up in your tight little ass. Come on now. Get it in gear. A hot babe like you should know what to do with a hard dick inside her. Work it for me. Show my dick how much you appreciate it taking your ass-cherry. Get me off. Make me cream you good.”

Understanding that time was not anyone’s ally at the moment, Miranda gave in to his demands. Playfully, she clenched her cheeks, tugging firmly on the root of his cock. She rocked her hips forward and back in a slow twerking motion. At first it was difficult. Despite having his fat cock go through there, her asshole was still plenty tight. Friction and minimal lubrication made it more than a little painful. But she found that if she relaxed as fully as she could back there and rolled her hips around for a while, then it became easier to slide up and down his pole without it hurting her. Soon, she was moving at a pace that wasn’t too uncomfortable for her and seemed to please him.

“It hasn’t been very long since I came last. But his cock is massaging my prostate from the inside and my dick is starting to get the hint. Damn, I wish we had more time! This quickie isn’t going to cut it for me. I just hope I can get him off before my own cock betrays me.”

Her efforts came to fruition with little warning. Miranda felt his hands leave her breasts and clamp onto her hips, jamming her firmly down onto his cock while it spasmed, spewing his seed deep inside her in a couple of forceful jets. Seconds later, all the pent-up tension in his body evaporated and she felt him relax against her.

“That was fucking great!” He told her, huskily. And he started to pull-out.

“Wait!” She said, quickly trying to regain control of her abused butt-hole after trying so hard to make it relax. The pain had become a burning that was masking all sensations from back there.

“I think I have some cream at home that may help,” she thought. “I can tell I’m going to have to be careful about sitting-down for a while.”

“Not ready to let it go, hunh? Feel good back there, does it?” He held her and pushed into her harder, grinding his hips in a small circle. The motion made the end of his cock feel like it was stirring her insides. “But you can’t keep it, baby. As much as you want to.”

“OK, but go slow. You’re kinda big. It may take me a while to close-up again back there. I’d hate to ruin this dress. And if I make a mess on my boss’s seatcovers, he’ll be pissed.”

“I guess you noticed I’m an ass-man. I can tell you’re into it too. But you’re really too tight, you know? You should get a butt-plug.” He told her as he eased out of her while she tried to force herself shut. “Something to keep your asshole stretched and ready for action. Then the next guy who wants to tap your ass won’t have to fight so hard to get it in you. Get loosened-up some and you’ll be able to take dick like a real pro.”

“Oooo, what a kinky idea! I’ll think of you every time I put it in me. What is your name, by the way?”

“Leo. What’s yours?”

“Miranda.”

“Pleased to fuck you, Miranda.”

“Likewise, Leo.”

His cock came free without trailing anything disgusting behind it. Miranda watched, clenching her ass tightly shut while he crammed it back into his pants, where it made quite a large bulge.

“I don’t believe that whole thing was in my ass!” she thought.

Then Leo bent down to pull Miranda’s dress down for her. In passing he planted a kiss on her rear, which Miranda thought was terribly sweet. He stood again, and Miranda reflected that they’d just performed an act that would have been illegal under the laws of the previous century – defined either as sodomy or bestiality. She wasn’t sure which carried the harsher penalty, but she was relieved that most of those old laws were either being struck down by courts as invasions of privacy or simply weren’t being enforced by police who had more important things to do than concern themselves with who was screwing whom where.

Legal trivia aside, Miranda had just had more-or-less normal sex with an actual male who only thought of her as a ‘hot babe’ who had a ‘great rack’ and a ‘fantastic body’. Despite not having enjoyed the proceedings as much as her partner, Miranda was very pleased at the outcome. So pleased that she suspected that the smile on her face would last for some time.

“Everything OK out there?” Pruett asked, his phone call concluded at last.

“Fine,” Miranda answered, a bit too quickly. She wormed her way back into the rest of her dress with some interference from Leo, who seemed to want to pay his parting respects to two more parts of her anatomy. “Just doing some fraternizing with the help.”

“Member of your Fan Club? Well, whenever you’re ready. That was Larry on the phone. He wants to know if we can work another photo-shoot into your schedule. Apparently something racy for one of our foreign editions.”

When Miranda heard the word ‘racy’, she wondered how that could be much different from the things she’d already been photographed doing. Then Leo spun her around so quickly that she almost missed doing her one-leg pirouette, sweeping the other leg around so her junk wound up discreetly tucked behind her. She found herself being pulled away from the open door as Leo bent to administer goodbye kisses to each breast.

When the kisses threatened to become a prolonged obeisance, including sucking strong enough to make her think Leo actually expected to get milk from her, Miranda was forced to put a stop to it.

“Enough!” She hissed, extricating her flesh from his demanding mouth. She struggled to get her dress back into place. Even with her breasts properly situated, it looked like her hugely-swollen nipples were about to poke through the fabric. “You made those big enough before!” She told him accusingly. “Now they look positively obscene! People will notice!”

“Yeah. So?”

“You’re bad! You screw me and then you want everyone to know what you did to me?”

“Of course! After I’ve nailed a girl, she always wants to go out and strut. To show everybody that she just got fucked and how much she got off on it. That’s why I turned your high-beams on. On a pair of tits like yours nobody will miss them. In that dress you way as well be wearing a neon sign saying, ‘Just Got Fucked’.”

"You're right about that!"

"Just give 'em a yank every couple of minutes so they'll stay high and proud."

"I'll try to remember."

"I know you can't wait to get out of here. It really makes a girl feel like showing herself off when she's got a big load of cum sloshing around inside her. Seems like the hotter they are the more they want it again after I've shot them full of jizz. Doesn't matter what hole it's in, you just got to go out and let everybody know you're ready for more. And baby, you are as hot as it gets. I bet you're already thinking about getting your ass topped-off, right?"

"I'm thinking about it all right!"

"Oh, hang on a second. I think I got a marker here someplace. I want to write my name on your butt so the next guy who straps you on will know I was there first - that I was the one who taught your sweet ass to take dick."

While Leo was checking his pockets, Miranda scrambled up into the cab all by herself. She got situated with everything tucked-away before Leo finished his search and came up empty-handed. Sitting primly with her legs slightly apart and her junk shoved down between them and out of sight, she leaned down for a parting kiss.

She didn't get one. Instead, Leo whispered, "Isn't that uncomfortable?"

"What?"

"Sitting with your balls like that."

"What?" Miranda was so shocked she lost containment of her slick testicles and they escaped their trap, jumping up into her lap and dragging her co-conspiratorial cock with them.

"That looks much more comfortable," he said as he closed the door. "Nice meeting you, Stallion Girl!"

Miranda was still trying to form a word other than 'what' when Pruett drove away.

They were out on the main road again before the silence was broken.

"I know that look," Pruett said, not turning his head. "I have daughters. They get that same expression when they're not sure if they should be happy or mad."

"He knew! He let me think he didn't. But he knew."

"Who? Fan-boy back there? Be surprised if he didn't. Leastwise, when we left. The Blaisdell's staff must have clued him in. Probably teased him too, if he didn't know before."

"I was happy when I thought he didn't know. Now that I know he knew, I don't know how I'm supposed to feel."

Pruett nodded as though he followed the logic of her statement. Miranda glared at him, suspicious of being patronized. She hadn't been entirely clear on what she'd said herself.

"Don't overthink it," Pruett told her. "Don't let what you think overrule what you feel. You'll just

make yourself unhappy when there's no need. When you have a choice, take happy every time."

That sounded uncomfortably like sound advice to Miranda. She sat back and tried to get in touch with her feelings. Leo had been playful, sweet, demanding, crude, arrogant, sexist, aggressive and appreciative. All totally normal human things. Their 'encounter' had been fun, however rushed. The sex hadn't even been that unsatisfactory for Miranda, which was something that puzzled her.

"I got fucked in the ass," she thought, going over the event in her mind. "The bastard practically raped me. It hurt! I didn't cum. Yet I feel ... oddly satisfied. Like him taking me that way was good for me too. He said I needed it. Maybe he was right. Or maybe I'm enough of a 'guy' to be able to empathize with their ... our needs. I've had that feeling of just really needing to fuck something - anything, too. So I understand. But ... Crap! Pruet's right. I am overthinking this. I got fucked and didn't cum but I enjoyed it anyway. Nothing wrong with that. Heck, I may even be up for another butt-fucking some other time. Have to remember to carry lube with me, though. Just in case the next guy is as well-hung as Leo. Gee, now I have a way to judge the size of a man's cock that doesn't involve comparing it to my own. When a girl swings a dick bigger than any man's, it really affects the way she looks at men. I've been thinking with my dick too much and forgetting that the rest of me is still female. I think I just had an attitude-adjustment as well as a rectal-realignment."

Reminded of that, Miranda clenched her ass to make sure it was shut. It certainly felt ... looser since Leo's intrusion. She raised up on one cheek and slid her hand under to make sure she wasn't leaking. Everything seemed OK, but she tried to sit tighter anyway.

"Leo was right about one thing - I am taking something of him with me. I just hope it doesn't leak out!"

Later on, down the road, Miranda happened to glance down at her breasts. Without thinking about it, she reached up and yanked on her nipples, ignoring the sharp pain as necessary to the purpose.

When Pruet dropped her off at home, Miranda went straight up to her room without stopping to speak to her father. That was unusual, so consequently, he thought he should give her a minute to get changed, then go up and see if she was OK.

Ten minutes later, he knocked politely on her bedroom door before opening it to find her completely naked, squatting over a mirror on the floor, with her cock stretched-out on the carpet, pulling her ass-cheeks apart with both hands while trying to look down her back at the reflection. Only a contortionist could have achieved it.

"Are you all right, honey?" He asked.

"Daddy!" she squeaked, scrambling to get up and hide the mirror at the same time. Neither was successful and she came very close to sitting on her testicles. She ended-up sitting spread-legged on the floor with cock over her shoulder and her scrotum cradled in both hands, feeling as embarrassed as she imagined she looked.

Gerald Peters considered his options. He really wanted to roll his eyes and shut the door again, but that wouldn't have been very fatherly. Pressing her for an explanation would either produce an elaborate story that he would have to pretend to believe, or the truth, which he suspected might be worse.

"Anything I can help you with?" He asked, after due contemplation.

"No. Thanks. I ... uh ... no."

“OK then. I’ll just leave you to ... whatever it is you were doing.”

“Fine.”

As he walked down the steps, he thought, “Honesty is important between a father and daughter. But sometimes it’s best if you just don’t know.”

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