

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



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"You want me to do what?" Miranda asked, her tone both incredulous and accusatory.

Kevin Stallings was used to dealing with temperamental models. He kept his own voice low and reasonable.

"Simulated. It will just be simulated. They want something more hardcore than what I've shot for the domestic market. Different countries – different standards. What does it for the average reader here seems tame to someone in Denmark. Now Derek here will just stand behind you and I will shoot at an angle so it appears he is taking you from behind. Of course, we need you hard for this. Ah, will you need a pill for that?"

"No, thanks. I think I can get it up without chemical help." She said it calmly, professionally. Her previous timbre wasn't driven by her unwillingness to comply with Kevin's request, it was just that learning that the Danish edition of Stallion Magazine had specifically asked for a layout with an anal theme was a bit of a shock. It had been just the day before that she'd been a mildly-unwilling participant in the real thing. It sounded just a bit too coincidental that her boss had been on the phone listening to Larry Richards, his Promotions Manager at Stallion Magazine, tell him he'd arranged for a photo shoot on behalf of the Danes – and that they wanted to see her with a dick in her ass. All that going on while she was at that very moment standing beside the truck, squirming on a cock buried balls-deep in her butt.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark," she thought to herself. "Or that Niven guy was right, the perversity of the Universe does tend toward the maximum. But why is it suddenly so focused on my rear end?"

Miranda looked over at Derek, her co-star in this photo shoot. A man she'd never actually been introduced to, but with whom she was supposed to be in intimate physical contact for most of the afternoon. Make that 'simulated' intimate physical contact.

"He looks just like that statue of David in Daddy's Art History book. Except he's shaved his pubes, oiled himself up, and has a cock bigger than my boyfriend's. I wonder if he's going to have a problem with being close to mine. I can see how cock-proud guys might get weirded-out if they meet a girl with a dick – and it's way bigger than theirs. I guess if he really was that squeamish, he wouldn't have taken this job."

"Sorry," she said, apologizing to the photographer for her momentary lapse of professionalism. "Larry didn't tell me about that part. He just said it would be 'racy'. I'm good. I'm ready to start when you are."

"Great! Let's get you oiled and we'll make some pictures."

Miranda shrugged out of her long silk robe, which was all she had on. It wasn't really street-clothes, but even though it was lightweight, it covered everything and would pass for a dress if nobody looked too close. She'd put it on before lunch and kept it on so she'd arrive at the shoot without any impressions on her skin from bra-straps or dress seams. Marks from elastic panty waistbands hadn't been an issue for a while now. No panty made could come close to containing her 34-inch-long horsecock or her ostrich-egg-sized testicles – the things that made her a Stallion Girl.

Her unwieldy cock was actually a little longer than her legs, so the ridged and slightly-flared end of it easily reached the floor. When not wearing her usual five-inch heels or her stiff leather support band around the base, she had taken to standing so it lay across her toes. She sometimes wondered

if that had been a miscalculation on the part of the genetic engineer responsible for her unique condition, or if this was some little joke of his to give her a cock so big it dragged the ground. She hadn't suspected Dr. Angus McKay of having much of a sense of humor when it came to his work, but you never know.

Derek had been standing-by patiently. She saw that he'd been aware of her appraising his physique and now that she was also naked he was returning the favor.

"Nice abs," she told him, grasping for something to break the ice.

"You're pretty good yourself."

Miranda looked down. The view from that angle consisted of - left to right - breast, big toe of left foot, bulge of base of cock, tip of cock covering toes of right foot, and her other breast.

The makeup girl had already started applying oil to her back, so she couldn't run around looking for a mirror to validate Derek's kind compliment. The best she could do was run her hands over her abdomen.

"He's right," she thought. "There's muscle there I hadn't noticed. Must be from hauling this cock around for the last several weeks. Aside from a low bulge running from it to my navel, it's all concave down there."

With the compliment validated, meaning he was probably sincere, Miranda smiled and struck a standard pose - shoulders back to bring her full, round breasts higher on her chest, leg bent and knee forward - which dumped the end of her cock onto the studio floor.

"Dammit!" She snapped.

"Can I give you a hand with that?" Derek asked, stepping to her side.

"Hunh?" She mumbled.

He reached down and scooped up her cock with one hand. Cradling it at just about the mid-point, he used his other hand to lightly brush-off the tip where it had touched the floor.

"Thanks," Miranda said, noticing that Derek was being very casual about the whole thing.

"No problem."

"So, what kind of work do you do?"

"You mean besides this? Construction mostly. Gets me outdoors and helps me stay in shape."

"Yeah, I can see that," she said, picturing him in the sun with his shirt off, covered in sweat. "But I meant what kind of modeling."

"Pretty much anything that I can get. I've done a fair amount of porn, mostly gay but some other too. Some commercial stuff - mens clothing ads, that sort of thing. I'm not trying to make it a career. It's just a way to earn some cash between construction jobs."

"I guess your gay porn experience explains why you're not uncomfortable holding my dick."

"Well, I have worked with other girls with dicks. Futa porn is hot right now. Their dicks were

nowhere near as big as yours, though. But a dick is just a dick. It's what you got, not who you are."

Miranda thought that was a remarkably enlightened attitude. She almost said something inappropriate and terribly sexist, but changed it to, "I'm glad to hear you feel that way. See, you'll be my first guy. That I've worked with, I mean. Mostly I've been solo."

"Some of the guys I've worked with have been real pricks. No pun intended. Their egos are all tied-up in their dicks. If yours is bigger than theirs, you're their enemy and they try to screw you if they can. Again, no pun intended. Although sometimes it is literally true. I had one guy who really did a number on my ass."

"Me too! And it was like, my first time, you know?"

"I hope you won't let one bad experience put you off."

"Actually, it wasn't that bad."

"Yeah, that's the thing about sex. No matter how bad it is, it's still pretty good."

"Like pizza!"

"Yeah, like pizza. The only way you can mess up pizza is to put anchovies on it."

"How true!"

The makeup girl had been working while they chatted, and with Derek helping, she'd finished coating Miranda from head to toe and from balls to tip. As soon as she got up off her knees the photographer was ready to go.

"All right people, let's get to work!"

Miranda and Derek walked carefully onto the set - really just a roll of paper hanging on the wall and pulled down and out onto the floor. Lighting made it appear to be much further away than it was.

The first few poses Kevin wanted were just establishing shots and so he could get his focus and framing set and make adjustments to his lights. Derek stood behind Miranda so he wouldn't block her cock in the shot. Kevin directed him to put his hands on her hips, then her waist, then her breasts.

For Derek, this was routine stuff. His dick kept it's cool. Miranda wasn't used to having a man's hands on her during a shoot. She began to get turned-on, something that pleased Kevin, since it made her nipples stand up and pose for him. It also had an effect on her cock. That beast started to get hard, first raising its tip from a limp dangle to a perkier pose that looked more like a pig's snout on the hunt for a tasty acorn.

Miranda's cock rose up slowly as though it were being hoisted by a crane. The base stiffened, lifting the whole, but with the lower third still arching downward. The end swelled, its flared tip opening wider, exposing the central hole and pulling it open until it looked like the business-end of some fleshy cannon.

At peak hardness, it still arched slightly down from the base to the lower third, while that pinker, more sensitive section was able to reverse the curve and hold the tip higher.

"Wow!" Derek said in her ear. "The pictures don't do it justice. It's even more impressive in person."

"Thank you," Miranda replied. She hadn't needed him to speak to know he found her cock impressive. He was standing close behind her with his arms around her. Close enough for her to be able to feel the end of his cock rise up to nestle into the lower end of her ass-crack.

She tried to stay professional about his proximity, but that was proving to be difficult. Her cock was already starting to feel like it was made of steel in need of tempering in someplace warm and wet. At this point, showing it any love at all would push her right down that long, delicious slide to an explosive orgasm.

From their past work together, Kevin knew that once she got fully-hard, he had a limited amount of time to work with. In her present condition, even a slight breeze could be enough to set her off. When that happened, all he could hope was that she wasn't aiming at his lights or anything that couldn't be taken out back to the alley and hosed-off. The tarps covering boxes and bits of staging that might be in range of one of her cum-blasts were proof that he'd learned to take the danger seriously.

"OK, honey. Can you bend over for me? Brace on your knees if you have to, but I'd like to try a few shots with your hands on your butt, spreading your cheeks for Derek."

Miranda followed his direction. After moving her feet apart to improve her balance and allow her ballsack to swing free, she bent over at the waist and reached behind her to pull her cheeks apart and expose her anus.

Released from being held down by her butt, Dereks cock jumped up, brushing past her wrinkled opening on the way and making her flinch at it's passing. She couldn't see, but his solid ten-incher had risen to a point halfway between horizontal and vertical.

"That's great!" Kevin called. He clicked away with his camera right in front of Miranda, then started to move to one side for an angled shot of the two of them.

"Fantastic! OK, now I'd like to see the entry. Reactions please, people."

Derek edged forward and pushed his dick down until Miranda could feel the heat of it. He held there for a second, then he told Kevin, "Sorry man. I'm rock-hard and the only way I can keep it here is to hold it. Is that OK?"

"Not really. Miranda, would you mind terribly if Derek..."

"Whatever you need," she replied. She wasn't tiring yet, but she could feel her back muscles starting to get tense. She knew she wouldn't be able to hold this pose for the hour or so that Kevin might decide he needed to get the 'perfect shot'.

Derek leaned in and plugged the end of his cock into her hole just far enough to hold it in place. Miranda's reaction to this got Kevin to move back around and point his Nikon at her face.

After a several more shots, Kevin was ready to move on.

"OK, fakery time. Derek, slide your dick between her legs and I'll try to make it look like you're in her."

"Check. Uh, problem."

"What?"

"Something in the way."

"Oh. Right."

Unlike most models, who could hide a dick there, Miranda had something blocking that bit of chicanery- her scrotum. Kevin stood and scratched his head. He'd totally missed this when he'd mentally blocked-out his shots.

"Oh, whatever!" Miranda said sharply. She reached around behind her, grabbed hold of Derek's dick and held it in place while she backed onto it.

"Irk!" she squeaked when the head popped through her sphincter. It didn't really hurt, and that was part of the surprise, along with the fact that it had gone in so easily. "Must be the oil," she thought.

"Oooooookaaaay!" Kevin called, relieved that he wasn't going to have to find a solution. "Let's hear it for the little trooper. Way to take one for the team!"

"Just get on with it," Miranda told him.

"Right! Sorry."

With that, Kevin was back on track. After ordering his assistant to pass Derek a bottle of lube, he quickly covered several angles before calling, "OK, a bit deeper, please. And watch your hands! Don't put a shadow in my shot."

"You sure you're OK with this?" Derek asked her as he liberally coated his cock with lubricant, pressing down to make sure some of it ran down into her ass.

"I'm sure. Just do it."

Miranda felt Derek ease in fractionally deeper. Even though he was being considerate, she somehow felt he wasn't doing it right. Frustrated, she wiggled her ass further onto his dick, something Kevin carefully documented.

"Go for it!" Kevin encouraged her. "Show me you want it!"

With that permission, Miranda let down the last ounce of restraint and pushed back, forcing Derek's cock completely into her.

"Ohhhhhh!" She moaned. "Fuck me!"

"Dammit, I wish I was shooting video!" Kevin cursed. "I had no idea we'd be going here." It still didn't stop him from snapping-away with the camera in his hands.

Recognizing her sincerity, if not understanding her need, Derek began a slow-motion reaming of Miranda's asshole.

"Yes!" She hissed through clenched teeth. "Do me!"

"Gladly!" Derek replied, shoving into her as deep as he could, making her balls swing and her cock bob so violently, it almost came up and hit her in the face. Miranda raised her head higher, which made Kevin happier since her slack-jawed expression and her arousal-clouded eyes were just what he wanted.

Derek settled into a sustainable rhythm, with Miranda rocking back in concert with his strokes, making her ass slap against him with an audible smack. The deepest point of each stroke forced her open just a bit further and allowed him to go just a bit deeper into her ass. With an additional application of lube to keep the friction under control, they were able to go on for several minutes until the awkward pose started to put a strain on Miranda's back. She put her hands on her knees for support, leaving Derek to take care of things back there.

"Great stuff!" Kevin called, completely absorbed in his work. "Just great!"

Derek pulled back until just the head was in, then slowly pushed in again, then paused.

"Gotta stop," Derek groaned, obviously close to the edge.

"Don't you dare stop!" Miranda snapped. "And don't pull out either!"

"You want me to cum in you?" Derek asked, stunned. That was like the cardinal rule of porn. You never wasted a money-shot.

"Wonderful!" Kevin practically squealed. "Creampie her! Then pull out and show me."

Derek nodded. He'd done a few of those. All he had to do was back out at the last second, leaving the head of his dick just inside and blow his load before pulling completely out.

"Fuck me!" Miranda called again. She realized that she was seriously getting off on simply being able to say the words and have them mean something. She hadn't realized how badly she missed simply being fucked rather than being the fucker. It took so much of the stress out of it if all you had to do was relax and enjoy it.

Derek's well-thought-out exit plan went straight to hell as he felt his balls jump, announcing the onrushing, inevitable orgasm that was already upon him. He grit his teeth and held on as hard as he could while he slid back out of Miranda's hot ass.

Even though rushed, his timing was perfect. A torrent of cum poured out of him and just inside her asshole. He gave it a few seconds, then pulled completely out and shifted to one side. He reached across with his far hand, so as not to block the shot, and pushed Miranda's cheek to one side, revealing an open hole that cum rolled out of, falling down to spatter on her balls.

"Monumental!" Kevin said. "Never thought I'd get this. Never!"

Miranda waited as patiently as she could, but the pressure was mounting and she knew her time was almost at hand. When she heard the click of Kevin's camera slow, she asserted herself.

"My turn!" She almost snarled. "Put that thing back in me!"

Startled, Derek complied. As soon as he was fully-sheathed, Miranda stood up, reminding both Derek and Kevin of a rearing stallion.

With her rampant erection waving high in the air, she threw her hands back, catching Derek behind the neck with one while her other rested on his thigh. A shudder went through her and she turned her face up to his just as her cock jerked. A second later, cum began pouring out of it, not in violent pulses, but in a graceful arc that landed well-short of any of Kevin's tarps.

"Awesome!" Kevin cried, thrilled at getting something new as well as seeing that the cleanup from

this shoot would be much easier than usual with Miranda.

The fountain only lasted a second. Miranda's huge cock looked like it was about to subside when it jerked again. Once again, after a short delay while it traveled the length of her long cock, cum poured out of the end like cream from a garden hose. Twice more, white streams arced through the air, splashing into a growing lake on the studio floor.

"And that's why I bought that shop-vac," Kevin said to himself. "That girl can really shoot!"

"I can..." Derek stammered. "I can feel her cumming. It's so ... powerful! Man, this is amazing."

Miranda's climax went on well after she had run dry. Able to feel her prostate still clenching, Derek held her tightly, both hands on her breasts.

"High-beams," Miranda murmured in barely-audible voice.

"What?" Derek asked.

"My nipples. Play with them. Be rough."

Derek wasn't surprised at her request. He was surprised that she specified 'rough'. Women usually couldn't stand rough treatment after a climax. They were always too sensitive to further stimulation. But then, Miranda wasn't strictly-speaking a woman, so perhaps she had different needs. He obeyed, rolling her nipples between his fingers, then tugged on them firmly.

"Yes!" She cried, bucking against him, driving his cock into her. He'd taken a pill earlier, so his dick was still plenty firm, but now he felt it actually trying to get back into action.

Derek grunted and jerked his hips, ramming his dick up into her, almost lifting her off the floor.

"Yes!" She called again. "Oh yes!"

"Damn!" Derek thought. "She cums a bucketful and that's like ... foreplay? This girl must have the constitution of a horse, as well as the dick! Time to up your game boy, if you're going to keep up with this one."

Kevin was almost beside himself. To get this much action out of a session usually took all damn afternoon. And here they were, not even an hour in. He went for his camera and got back to work. "Glad I bought those high-capacity memory cards."

Derek surprised himself. Although the pills could keep him erect, they couldn't make his dick so hard it felt like marble instead of flesh. With Miranda writhing on it, that's exactly how he felt.

"She can sure take it," he thought as he rammed into her over and over. "Let's see just how much she can handle."

Gathering his strength, Derek pushed in as deep as he could, then pushed up onto the balls of his feet. With a grunt and a heave, he hoisted Miranda up on her toes, then lifted her off them, leaving her supported by the dick in her ass, her hand behind his neck and his grip on her nipples.

"Aieeee!" She squealed as she felt her asshole taking her weight. Out of reflex, she clenched her ass as tightly as she could so those muscles would take part of the strain that might otherwise have wrecked her anus.



Being lifted into the air with her back arched made her big cock rise almost vertically. When she clenched her butt, the pressure inside her forced more cum up her shaft to come pouring out of the tip, cascading in sheets back down her cock, coating it in white goo – an event that Kevin eagerly documented.

Panicked, she stretched her legs down, her toes desperately seeking purchase and support, but only managing to push Derek's cock deeper into her ass, forcing it even further open as her grip on it began to fail.

Sensing her desperation, Derek lowered her down until her feet were again on the floor.

Her legs wobbly, Miranda started to pitch forward. She tried to hold onto Derek, but her hand slipped off his oily skin just as he released her breasts. She would have gone down face-first, but for him grabbing her hips and pulling her back against him. Desperately seeking a hold, she reached back on both sides to grab his wrists and held on fiercely as Derek used his renewed erection to rail her.

"Oh! Oh this is ... really ... more than I bargained for," she thought weakly. "I hope Kevin is getting everything he needs. I hope the Danes are happy with this shoot. I hope Leo sees the pictures."

Derek's rhythmic strokes made her cock bounce up and down. Every time it rose up, it threatened to smack her in the face, she wanted to turn her head away, but she knew Kevin wouldn't be happy with that, so she forced her chin up and tried to lift her head out of the way. The downside to this was it left her breasts exposed to the blows. After a couple of good thwacks she let go of Derek's wrists and tried to grab it in self-defense. It only took a couple more thumps to her breasts and her face for her to abandon the idea of grabbing it. Instead, she waited for it to come to her, then she wrapped her arms around the unruly beast and hugged it to her, pinning it between her breasts as she struggled upright.

In this position, Derek's influence on it through the force of his strokes was all vertical. It slid up and down between her boobs in the classic titty-fuck pose she used in almost all her club performances.

"Good!" Kevin called. "I love it! Squeeze them around it!"

Accustomed as she was to taking direction, she obeyed. She pushed her boobs against both sides of her cock, her nipples trapped between her fingers, and she held on to ride-out Derek's burst of energy.

Minutes later, she felt him gather himself to cum again. When she felt him tense and press into her while his cock pulsed and jerked, she felt a sense of relief that was close to ecstasy.

That feeling was topped a few seconds later when she felt his cock pull out of her well-fucked ass and she experienced a sensation of void and emptiness that made her want to beg him to put it back in.

The third sensation she felt was her legs giving way under her, dropping her to the floor to land on her hands and knees. Not willing to risk squatting on her balls, she let herself roll slowly to one side, her knees up under her boobs and her head resting on the sky-blue paper. She suspected that the thump-thud behind her was Derek following her example, but she was too exhausted to raise her head and look.

"I think that's all for today," Kevin said, unnecessarily.

Miranda would have flipped him the finger, but it didn't seem worth the effort. "Nap time," she thought, as she closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, she was still lying in a heap on the floor, but someone had kindly draped a sheet over her. There was a loud whining sound that she suspected was responsible for interrupting her nap. When she was able to focus better, she saw that it was Kevin's assistant, vacuuming up her puddle of cum. The shop-vac seemed to be straining at the task, which put a smirk on Miranda's face.

Not ready to risk sitting-up quite yet, she rolled over onto her back. The motion was hampered by the fact that her cum-coated horsecock had stuck to the paper under her and almost had to tear itself loose. From this position, she could see that the photo-floods had been turned off and only the fluorescent tubes overhead were on. That made a big change in the ambiance of the room. With the bright lights on, it was easy to pretend that she was in some other world, one where fantasy ruled and reality was kept at bay by the blinding illumination. Now, it was just a converted shop, with walls stripped to the brick and rafters exposed, all illusion gone.

Turning her head the other way, she saw Derek. He was sitting on a towel in a canvas folding chair, his butt close to the edge so his cock and balls could dangle off the edge. His head was hung back and his eyes were closed. He looked exhausted.

"Poor baby," she thought. "I wore him out. Well, we wore each other out."

Miranda rolled to her other side so she could rest her head on her palm with her elbow on the floor. She admired Derek's adonis-like physique, from his hairless chest to his ripped abs to his pendulous genitalia that slowly swayed with his breathing.

That last seemed particularly fascinating and she watched it as a cat watches a moving object it is deciding whether to pounce upon or not. Eventually, she remembered that there was something she needed to check and she rolled over onto her hands and knees with her face close to the floor. Tentatively, she put a hand behind her and slid it over her butt and into her crack. She ran her middle finger down along her crack until she felt it come to a spot where her flesh seemed to end. Her finger paused at the edge of the hole, then ventured out into space, seeking the far side. When she didn't find it in what she thought was a reasonable amount of time, she pulled it back and took an alternate route, instead tracing the rim of her gaped asshole.

After much fluttering and retracing and bridging, she determined that her opening was as wide as the distance from the tip of her finger to the second joint - large enough to drop a ping-pong ball into.

"Is that a lot?" She wondered. She had been able to touch herself there and have the pad of her finger cover it completely. Cautiously, she curled her finger into the hole, wondering just how deep it went and what was at the bottom of her bottom.

She'd extended her finger until it was completely straight and still hadn't felt anything when something diverted her attention. She looked back at Derek, to find him fully-awake and watching her.

Startled, she felt her ass suddenly slam closed around her finger tightly enough to trap it for a second, until she could summon the presence of mind to relax her butt. Protectively, she held her hand behind her as she rolled onto her side, facing Derek.

"You OK?" He asked her.

Miranda nodded. "Fine. Groggy. Tired."

"Yeah. Me too. We did a day's work in a little over an hour. I didn't know you were that into it."

"Me neither. I guess I got carried-away."

"No shit. Your ass OK?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure how..."

"Let me see."

Miranda hesitated, then, "He's been in your ass, dolt!" She told herself. "Let the man have a peek at it."

She got back onto all fours and crawled around so her butt was facing Derek. She raised it up and lowered her head while looking back at him so she could see his expression.

"Open up," he told her.

She reached back and put both hands on her cheeks, pulling gently.

"Now relax."

She did, and felt her asshole slowly open like a flower in the sun. Derek leaned over for a closer look.

"How is it?" She asked, when he didn't say anything. She failed miserably at hiding the anxious note in her voice.

"Beautiful," he said.

Of any words that she could have possibly expected to come out of his mouth, that one was not on the list. Miranda was stunned into silence.

"Seriously," she said, when she found her voice.

"Seriously," he said, sounding like he was agreeing with her. "Really, you're fine. You just got stretched a bit. It's nothing to worry about."

Miranda's suspicious reaction appeared to amuse him.

"You said you'd done anal before."

"Yes ... yesterday."

"That was your first time? Wow! You're a fast learner."

Miranda wasn't sure if that was meant as sarcasm or if he was sincere. It must have shown on her face because Derek's next words were placating.

"I mean, you were so ... enthusiastic. You really got me going. Usually I can control myself better than that."

At that point Miranda noticed that Derek's dangling dick wasn't as limp as it had been. Then she became acutely aware that they were both still naked. All of a sudden, that seemed to take on an

erotic quality that made two spots on her chest begin to crinkle and stiffen. Before she could stop herself, she put a hand on one to massage the stiffness out.

Derek became very attentive to that casual motion.

Conditioned to having an audience, Miranda rose up on her knees and used both hands to play with her nipples, only not in anyway that would take the stiffness out of them.

"What was it you said earlier? Something about 'high-beams'?"

Miranda tossed her head and smiled. "One of the many crude things someone said about how women react to sex."

"Oh. I've heard that one. Something about flashing their high-beams as a way to attract attention."

"That's it. Only it's supposed to show that you just got fucked and how much you enjoyed it." Miranda was surprised that her nipples weren't terribly sore from Derek's rough handling. They were sore, but not bad enough to discourage her from playing with them. And obviously not too sore to stop them from quickly going back to full-bloom. In fact, they looked even larger to her.

"That was a quick recovery! Never more ready than when you just did," she said to herself.

Derek's attention to her performance faltered. She saw him glance down and realized that he had noticed her cock moving. Growing stiffer made it slide out in front of her ... and toward where he sat. It looked very much like a large snake stalking its prey and Miranda was sure that similarity had occurred to him too. It became particularly apt when the end raised-up off the floor, as though it was about to attack. That's when his attention shifted altogether.

"Don't worry," she said, "It doesn't bite."

"Then what does it want?"

"You," she said, jerking her hips to make her cock jump toward Derek, making him flinch as the sudden movement.

"Do you know what 'docking' means?" She asked.

"Yeah, but I'm circumcised and you ... or do you mean...?"

"My big cock is hungry," she told him in as seductive a tone as she could manage, "It wants to eat your dick."

Derek eyed the opening in the end of Miranda's cock. It certainly looked like it could swallow his dick whole.

"What the hell," he said, getting down on his knees. "I'm up for it. But this is absolutely the kinkiest thing I have ever done. What do I do?"

"What do you think?"

"OK." Derek wrapped his hand around her cock like he was picking up a live anaconda. Holding his own in his other hand, he brought them together. They had just touched when a glob of clear fluid oozed out of Miranda's cock, coating the head of his.

"It just spit on me," he said.

"It's hungry. Hurry up and feed it."

Derek eased the head of his cock into Miranda's opening. It was a snug fit, but he felt it stretch to accommodate him. As he eased further in, Miranda said, "Mmmmm! Nom nom nom!"

"That's not helping!"

"Then hurry up! This is like my boyfriend's favorite thing."

"Really?"

Miranda wasn't sure if his incredulity was about her having a boyfriend or that he got off on fucking the end of her cock.

"Well, you may have done this before, but I haven't," Derek concluded.

"How does it feel?"

"Like your dick is swallowing mine. It's weird, but nice."

"Don't be a wuss. Stick it all the way in."

Derek obliged, pulling her cock completely into his until the flared end pressed against his groin.

"I can feel you getting harder," Miranda told him. "You must like this."

With Miranda's cock stiff enough to stay put on its own, Derek took his hand away and experimented with rolling his hips to see how it felt.

"It feels good," he told her, "But it's odd being this far from you. I feel ... exposed. Which is really strange, considering."

"You watch me and I watch you," she told him.

"I get the best of that deal," he told her, making her smile.

"I dunno about that," she thought. "Plenty of entertainment value in watching a man get off."

Kevin Stallings was in his office downloading the photos he'd taken from the camera's memory card to his computer and drumming his fingers impatiently while watching the progress-bar creep across the screen. Then his assistant stuck his head in the door.

"Mr. Stallings? You need to come see this."

"See what, Warren?"

"They're at it again."

"Leave them alone, they're on their own time."

"No, you really gotta see this. It's something new."

Stallings got up and stuck his head out the door far enough to see down the hall into the studio.

"Fuck me! That is something new. Hand me that camera, the one with the 28mm lens."

Thus armed, Kevin rushed down the hall and into the studio, turning on the photofloods as he went.

"Go away, Kevin," Miranda told him. "You said we're on our own time."

"And miss this? Sorry, but you've just invented the first new thing in sex this millennium. You're back on the clock. Time and a half."

"Double!" Derek said.

"Done!"

Miranda frowned. Kevin agreed way too easily. They might have got him up to triple or even quadruple their rates. Although she was actually being paid by the magazine and was so far ahead of where even her father expected her to be financially that for her, negotiating more money was little more than a game. She knew Derek needed it more than she did and when it was time to make Kevin pay-up, she'd make sure he got what he was due.

With Kevin kneeling beside them, Miranda and Derek began jousting with the same lance, each seeing what they could do to enhance the others pleasure as well as their own. It very quickly turned into a staring match, with both of them watching each other's eyes.

"Let me know when you're about to pop," Miranda said.

"You first," Derek responded, but she could hear the doubt in his voice. This was Miranda's game, and she knew she was winning.

Not that Derek wasn't trying. He was pulling-out all the stops - flexing his pecs and tightening his abs while she squeezed her boobs and played with her nipples.

The game went on for a long time, since both players considered cumming to be losing. Kevin was ecstatic. There was more posing going on than he could shoot with cameras in both hands.

Eventually one of them had to go over first. Miranda thought it would be Derek, from the way his eyes kept flickering shut and his jaw hung down. She felt his passion pull her along, dragging her closer and closer to the edge until she was hanging on by a force of will that was evaporating so quickly that she didn't realize it at first when she tipped-over the edge.

"I...," she began, about to claim victory. Then she felt the rush and the contraction deep inside her and she no longer cared about victory or the game - only cumming."

As intimately-connected as they were, Derek knew instantly when Miranda lost it, and stopped fighting, allowing himself to fall into the abyss along with her.

Miranda's cock jumped, tugging on Derek's. She felt a return twitch and the two cocks erupted and tried to fill each other. It was no-contest. Their combined cum shot out of the end of Miranda's dick, swamping Derek's groin with sticky white goo.

"I win!" Miranda claimed, slumping backward on her butt with her knees splayed apart and her feet bent back under her butt.

Derek shook his head, either disagreeing or declining to argue the point. His balls ached. He felt sapped, but not exhausted.

"Low-impact sex," he thought. "I've spent more energy jerking-off. But damn, that was hot!"

Derek looked down at the place where he and Miranda were joined. He reached down and felt the cock that was encasing his and stroked it.

"See," Miranda said, "I told you it wouldn't bite. Now we better separate them, before they get too attached to each other."

"And before you turn my balls to dust. That was the most I've ever cum in such a short time before. I might be able to go again, but I'm sure if I did, I'd be leaving here with my balls in a sling."

Derek eased himself back out of Miranda. Kevin documented the gooey condition of his dick, then called to his assistant.

"Warren! Wet a couple of towels and bring them in here!"

"Thanks," Derek told him.

Kevin shook his head. "Least I can do. This place hasn't got a shower and the crapper is the size of a small closet."

"Don't get too grateful," Miranda warned him. "Remember, those last pics belong to the magazine too. You can't sell those to someone else."

"Yeah, I know. I doubt Larry will be including them in the stuff he passes along to the Danes. But if I know him, he'll find something to do with them. They'll surface somewhere, sometime. And it better be with my credit on them!"

Miranda and Derek sponged-off as best they could before leaving the studio. Miranda smiled when she saw Derek ease himself into his tight jeans.

"Does it hurt?" She asked. She hoped he wasn't in too much pain, but she thought he deserved to suffer just a little for being so rough on her butt."

"My balls are throbbing from cumming so much," he admitted. After a few seconds thought, he added, "Yours aren't?"

"I recover pretty quickly."

"So I noticed."

"It takes a lot more than that to make mine ache. But I know how you feel."

Miranda put on her platform mules and got into her silk robe. When she tied the belt, she noticed Derek watching her.

"What?" she asked him.

He chuckled and pointed. "High-beams."

She looked down at her chest. The thin material did nothing to hide the condition of her nipples, which were still very swollen from all the rough handling. She tugged her robe tighter, which only made them more distinct under the paper-thin cloth.

Derek licked his lips.

"He's got nothing left, yet he still looks at me like he thinks he might be able to get it up again," she thought. "He's either an incurable optimist, or an incorrigible lecher, or this is just the way he is normally. Maybe I've got a touch of it too and just haven't realized it yet. Sure, I like looking at guys like Derek, but I hope I hide it better than that. He's almost drooling on himself."

Once she saw Stallings count-out Derek's pay, Miranda went out to get in her car and drive home, where she planned to take a nice, long bubble-bath, and perhaps an equally-long nap.

When she walked out of the studio, she had to stop and take a moment to adjust to the dramatic change in light and temperature. Inside had been strongly artificial and cool. Out here, both the light and the temperature were much warmer. She paused to let the afternoon sun shine on her face and to take a deep breath of fresh air.

The parking spots in front of the studio were metered, so she would have had to run out every hour to feed them. That was out of the question, so she'd parked in a pay-lot down the street. She'd talked to Kevin about the parking problem, but all he'd said was, "I park in the same lot. It's safe, and it's not that far. Besides, I know you can expense it back to the magazine."

She was just about to start walking, when a couple of teenage boys sauntered past, trying to look cool. Both their heads turned to look at her and she smiled politely back. One of them turned his head forward again and one did not - and walked right into one of the parking meters planted next to the curb.

The jangle of the coins mixed with a loud "Oof!", then he slid down the meter to sit down hard on the concrete sidewalk with his legs on either side of the metal pole.

"Are you all right?" Miranda asked, as she crossed over to him.

His friend came back and stood next to him, looking down. His scornful expression had no trace of sympathy. "Fool!" He said. "Got caught looking didn't you?"

That seemed both cruel and uncalled-for to Miranda. She thought the accident was partly her fault. If she hadn't stepped out when she did, nothing would have happened. She decided that someone should show a little compassion and it seemed that was up to her.

When she was beside the young man, she raised her right foot and crossed it over in front of her cock, hooking it with her ankle and pulling it behind her as she knelt. The movement was performed so smoothly and gracefully that, unless you were watching for it, it would pass unnoticed.

"Are you all right?" She repeated.

Clutching his stomach, he looked at her and forced a smile. "Damn meter sucker-punched me," he gasped. "Be OK in a sec."

Miranda couldn't miss how his eyes kept sliding away from hers to stare at a point well below her chin.

"I don't think you're badly hurt," she told him, once she realized he was more focused on her boobs than his injury. "Can you stand up?"

Instead of answering, he pulled a foot back and reached for the pole. Miranda caught his arm and



tried to help. Realizing that she couldn't manage by herself, she looked up at the boy's friend and saw he was distracted by something behind her.

"Hey!" She said, trying to get his attention. "Little help here?"

The standing boy shook off whatever had been distracting him and stepped around the pole to take his pal's other arm. Between the two of them they got the injured boy to his feet.

"You sure you're OK, now?" Miranda asked one more time and got a sheepish nod in reply.

"OK, try to be more careful and watch where you're going. Bye!" She turned and started down the street toward where she'd parked.

She was only twenty feet away when the uninjured boy couldn't contain himself any longer.

"You idiot!" he hissed, grabbing his unfortunate friend by the front of his t-shirt and shaking him. "Did you see?"

"Knock it off! I saw a pair of righteous knockers, is what I saw. And no bra! Now leggo-a-me!"

"You missed it!"

"Missed what? I didn't miss the damn parking meter. That mother hurt! Aught'a be a law about girls with tits like that walking around without a bra on. A guy could get seriously injured!"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you. I gotta show you. Come on to my house. My Dad likes to play the horses and he gets this magazine all about them. Something in one of them you gotta see."

"That's like eight blocks from here! I'm not going all the way back there to look at some dumb horse magazine unless you tell me why."

"Shit! Look at her!"

"I see a fine piece of ... what the fuck?"

"You see it now, hunh?"

"What's she got going on under her dress?"

"What's it look like?"

"Two asses. Or one ass and ... naw! I musta hit my head when I fell."

Wait til she steps off the curb. Watch around the bottom of her dress. There! Didja see it?"

"What was that?"

"Her dick, dimwit. She's got a dick as long as her leg. I got a good look at it when she knelt down beside you. It's a monster! The magazine's got pictures of her showing it off. And her balls too! You wanna see the magazine now?"

"Why? We can look at pictures anytime. We got the real thing right there right now! Come on!"

When the pair caught up to her and split so one was on either side, it was hardly a surprise to

Miranda. She'd heard the first part of their conversation and she could imagine the rest. She didn't stop or slow down. If they wanted to talk they could walk along with her and once she got to her car, she'd be rid of them.

"Hi!"

"Hi!"

"I guess that meter jumped out in front of you, hunh?" Miranda asked the one on her right. He appeared to have completely recovered from his accident.

"Yeah. Shoulda been more careful. Something distracted me."

"Thanks. I'll take that as a compliment. I'm Miranda."

"Uh, I'm Zach."

"Ryan."

"Pleased to meet you both. Was there something you wanted to ask me, or did you just want a closer look."

"Well ... both."

"Shaddup, dumbass!" Ryan told his loose-lipped friend. "I, uh, just wanted to know if I hadn't seen you, like somewhere, you know?"

Their ineptitude was so endearing that Miranda decided to have some fun with them. Nothing cruel. She could remember being their age, which wasn't that long ago.

"I dunno. Where do you guys hang out?"

"No I mean, like in a magazine."

"It's possible. I've done some modeling. What magazines do you read? Other than comics."

"Uh, Stallion?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah? Yeah what?"

"Yeah, I am who you think I am. And no, I'm not going to show you. People pay a \$20 cover-charge for that privilege."

Both boys reached for their wallets.

"And you have to be 18."

"Aww!" They both spoke in a chorus.

"Sorry. That's the rule. Try again in..." Miranda looked closely at them both and made a guess. " ... two years."

"Shit!"

"Fuck! Uh, excuse my French."

"How about an autograph instead?" She offered.

"Yeah!"

"Cool!"

That plan failed when neither of them could come up with anything to write on, or with. All Miranda had in her purse was her keys, phone, wallet, lipstick, a compact, and a couple of wadded-up tissues with lipstick smears on them. And one folded-over sticky-note that hadn't been in there when she'd left the house. Miranda opened the piece of yellow paper. Written on it was a phone number and the message, "Anytime - Derek".

Miranda smiled smugly and refolded the note, but not before Ryan had managed to read part of it.

"So, is Derek your boyfriend?"

"I think he'd like to be. He's just a guy I..." Miranda paused, not sure how to describe it for Ryan and Zach, neither of whom needed to know what had gone on between her and Derek. "... worked with," she finished, knowing it sounded evasive.

"You mean like naked modeling and stuff?" Ryan asked.

Miranda wasn't sure if she should answer that.

"'Cause we know that place we saw you come out of does stuff like that. We cruise by here when we can to see what we can see, you know?"

"So what have you two seen?"

"Not a damn thing."

"Yeah, they got paint all over the windows and stuff," Zach said, sounding like it was something terribly unfair, done specifically to thwart his voyeuristic aspirations.

"That's to keep the sunlight out so it doesn't mess-up a picture, not to keep you Peeping Toms from seeing in."

"Oh."

"So when I walked out, I guess you two thought you'd got lucky, hunh?"

"Well, I guess we did, didn't we?" Ryan said.

Miranda didn't know what to say to that. If Ryan and Zach thought walking her to her car made their day, who was she to contradict them?

The parking lot was just a couple of empty lots where two buildings had been torn down. The rough brick wall of the remaining building still showed clearly where its neighbor had been. A gate had been added with an attendant's hut, but the man whose job it was to collect the fees preferred to sit outside and read with his chair leaning against the shady side of the hut. Miranda thought he looked old enough to be doing this after retiring from something else. He looked up as they walked onto the lot.

"Those two bothering you, miss?" He asked, looking at Ryan and Zach with obvious suspicion.

"No," she replied, "Just walking me to my car. Thanks."

"Yeah," Ryan said, "We're a couple of scouts, doing our good deed for the day."

The attendant watched the trio until they passed beyond the first row of cars, then he went back to his book.

"Gotta get my eyes checked," he muttered to himself. "Startin' to see double."

Miranda's car was on the end of the second row. That made it possible for Ryan and Zach to jockey for position for who would be able to hold the door for her as she got in the car. Zach won, by backing into his friend and pushing him out of the way. His reward was seeing Miranda sit down and scoot around in a reclined position with her butt on the edge of the seat. She opened her knees wide and raised the hem of her robe so she could reach down between her legs and pull her cock up and over her thigh. She draped it over onto the passenger seat before covering it with an old gray raincoat of her father's that she kept in the car for that purpose. It also came in handy in case of rain.

Zach was so stunned that he forgot his job was to close the door behind her. Miranda had to pull it shut herself.

The air in the car was stifling. As soon as she'd got it started, Miranda ran the windows down on both sides to let the heat out. Zach and Ryan were still standing alongside the car, staring.

"Get your eyes full?" She asked.

"Uh, yeah. Jeez! That's a big one!"

"Yes, it is."

"Told ya!" Ryan said. "That there is the biggest damn dick I ever saw!"

"Yeah," Zach agreed. "Even bigger than Terry Michaels'."

Miranda was waiting for the air-conditioner to kick-in and blow the hot air out. She had time to chat. "Who is Terry Michaels?"

Ryan and Zach looked at each other as if hoping the other would volunteer an answer. Ryan gave in and spoke up.

"He's this guy in our gym class that likes to show-off how big his dick is."

Zach held his hands up to show how big that was. Even allowing for exaggeration, it was quite respectable. Easily in her boyfriend Barry's league and possibly bigger.

"I guess he brags about using it to steal your girlfriends, hunh?" Miranda suggested.

"No, that's not it," Ryan said. "Terry's gay."

"And he's a bully," Zach added. "Not a good combination."

"He likes to pick on guys that aren't as strong as he is. He'll catch you after school and tell you you

can either get down on your knees and suck his dick, or you can bend over and take it up the ass. Huh! Like anyone would want that something that big in their ass!"

Miranda thought that a couple of days earlier she would have agreed with him without a second thought. Now, that sounded like an interesting challenge.

"If you suck him off so you don't get the crap kicked out of you, he'll tell people he's turned you queer. Like, right in front of your friends, he'll tell everyone how much you loved it – how you slurped his load and liked the taste so much that you kept on sucking, trying to get more. He'll tell everyone how finally he had to pry you off his dick to get you to stop. Really humiliating shit, you know?"

"Did he do that to either of you?" Miranda asked.

Again, the two looked at each other. Apparently this wasn't a comfortable subject. Ryan looked almost angry that Zach had brought it up.

"No way! Of course not!" Ryan said, unconvincingly. "But there's this guy ... Kenny Vickerson. He wasn't the most ... you know ... manly guy around before Terry got hold of him. But I never thought he was actually gay, just maybe had a low-T problem, you know? Heck, I used to hang with him and he never tried to hit on me or anything. But now he sure thinks he's gay. He's all touchy-feelie and swishy and stuff. He even grabbed my ass the other day. I wanted to punch him, but he seems so much like a girl now that I couldn't do it."

"Yeah," Zach added, "And he looks kinda like a girl too. He uses make-up. And not that Goth crap either. I think he swiped one of his sister's bras too. Got it stuffed with toilet paper, same as her. Any day now he's going to come to school wearing a skirt. It's like Terry's dick really did turn him gay."

Miranda wished she'd kept her mouth shut. She'd run into bullies in school too. But none of them had tried to use sex to dominate people weaker than they were. Threats, lies, and rumors, sure. But messing with someone's sexual identity was going too far.

"Has anyone tried to report this guy to the school or anything?" She asked.

"I think someone tried," Ryan said. "Only they did it anonymously. The assistant principal came around and said he was hearing some rumors of stuff that he didn't want to hear about anymore on account of it could be a problem for the school and we shouldn't be making problems for the school. He said we needed to deal with things ourselves. That we should, like, man-up."

"I'm sure that helped!"

"Yeah, he may as well have told Terry to keep up the good work."

Miranda thought about what they'd said. "I don't think Terry is really gay," she told them.

"What?"

"Why?"

"I think Terry really likes girls, but he's either scared of them or maybe he had a bad experience with one, so he's decided it's safer to be gay. He picks on guys who aren't gay for sex, which he gets by force. It's like why rapists rape. Not for sex, but because they're trying to prove something to themselves. Guys who rape girls are sometimes trying to prove they're not gay when they are. I

think Terry is trying to prove to himself that he is gay when he's really not."

Ryan and Zach took a moment to think about that. Then Ryan said, "That makes sense. Terry stays away from girls. When he has to be close to them, he gets all antsy and stuff. Like he's scared of catching the cooties from them. But even if you're right, what can we do about it?"

"You need to get Terry laid."

"Hunh?"

"What the hell? How do we do that?"

"I'm sure there's some girl you know who'd be willing to make the sacrifice. Someone who'll give poor Terry a mercy-fuck. Maybe take him on as a challenge?"

"Well, there's Cammy Duncan. They call her..."

"I can imagine," Miranda put in before Ryan could finish. "Tell Cammy that Terry has a terrible crush on her, but he's had a bad experience with sex and he really needs her to make the first move."

"You think that will work?" Zach asked.

"Worth a shot. Right?"

"Yeah. Say, how come you know so much about this stuff?"

"You're kidding. I have to be the world's leading authority on sexual identity confusion. Think about it."

"Oh, right!"

"Hope everything works out. Bye now!"

When Miranda pulled up to the gate, the old man had resumed his post. She passed him the ticket and a \$20 bill. He scanned the ticket, made change and leaned out to hand it back to her with a receipt. And that's when Miranda's cock moved under the raincoat.

Zach and Ryan's description of Terry Michaels and his perverted proposal to straight guys had caught her imagination. She'd been wondering how she would answer his challenge - bend over or get on her knees and suck. If her testosterone level was running high, as it usually was, she might open her skirt and show him that hers was way bigger than his and turn the question around on him. But if she was feeling feminine, she might just take him up on his offer. But suck or fuck? Now that her ass was 'in-play', would she let him take that route? Perhaps she would start off sucking - just to get him hard and slick - then turn around and spread her cheeks for him.

Considering the situation had wakened the beast. Her cock was beginning to stiffen, which made it rise-up under the raincoat. When the attendant leaned out to hand over her change, he saw the motion and it startled him.

"Cripe! Oh, damn! Sorry, miss. I dropped your change. Hang on there. I'll get it."

He hit the button to raise the gate, then came out of the booth and around to the window. Miranda had pulled-up close, but he was able to reach down and snag both the bills and the receipt off the

curb. She was too close for him to reach the window on her side, so he went around to the other window.

"Sorry about that," he said, apologizing again as he stuck his head in and reached across. "I thought I saw ... holy shit!"

The last was due to the end of her cock lifting its cover and peeking out. The attendant jerked back sharply, hitting the back of his head in the process.

"Ow! Jeez! My head! Damn! What the hell is that thing?" He backed out, then leaned down, rubbing the back of his head. "You know, you're not supposed to leave pets in your car. I'm supposed to report stuff like that."

"It's not a pet," she said, trying to be as reassuring as she could.

"Well what in the Sam Hill is it then?"

Miranda was stuck. There just wasn't any way she could talk her way clear, so she chose the simplest way.

"It's my dick."

The attendant opened his mouth, then closed it, then gave her a hard look.

"Your what?"

"My dick. My cock." She pulled the raincoat away. Free of the weight, her cock twitched again and tried to roll over.

The old man looked at the end, which was up off the seat. His eyes followed the length of the thick slab of flesh all the way back to where it merged into her groin. "Fuck me!" He said. "You're one of those..." He paused, groping for the word.

"Whatever you're going for, I'm probably not it," Miranda explained, grateful that her balls were hanging off the seat between her legs, and therefore out of sight and not needing additional explanation.

"Well what is that thing?"

"My horsecock."

"It sure is that! Damn thing must be a yard long!"

"No, it really is a horsecock. And yeah, it's close to that."

"Okay, that can't be real. You're pranking me, right?"

"Touch it if you don't believe me."

"You think I won't?" He put his hand down and grabbed her cock just behind the flared end, just as he would if it had been a snake. He gave it a tug, possibly expecting it to come loose.

"Ungh! Easy there! You never have your hand on a dick before?"

"Only my own. You're not shitting me about the horse thing?"

"No."

"How did that work? You get a transplant?"

"No, genetic manipulation. It's ... complicated."

"I bet it is."

"Look, I don't want to be rude, but if you keep holding my cock, you're going to have to buy me dinner."

"Heh! Maybe I'll take you up on that," he said, and she wasn't sure if he was teasing her or not, but he did release his grip on her. "But then again, you're out of my league. In more ways than one. Here, let me help you cover this monster up again."

Miranda handed him the raincoat and he spread it out, then he gave the lump under the coat a parting pat.

"Can I ask you one question? You're a good-looking girl. Why would you let someone do this to you?"

"Probably the same reason you sit out here all day long. They pay me."

"They don't pay me near enough to let them mess with my dick. But I get what you mean. Like how some girls get their tits pumped-up big. So they can make money showing them off."

"Well, some just like how they look with bigger boobs. But yeah, for some models, bigger pays better. A lot better. There are a lot of other girls with dicks, but none like mine."

"Never seen any but yours. I expect I don't need to see any others now." He stood up and tapped the roof of her car. "You have a nice day."

As she pulled out of the lot, Miranda glanced in the rear-view mirror. She was just in time to see the old man shove his hand down his pants to shift his junk to a more comfortable position.

She smiled at that. "Never too old, I guess. I keep thinking I'll weird people out, but so far I'm just not seeing it. If that old guy didn't have a problem with my dick, I guess I'm not as freaky as I thought."

Miranda had intended to drive straight home, but instead found herself turning down 5th Street and heading for Bent Ben's shop.

"I'll just have a look around," she told herself. "I haven't been there in a while."

Ben's was in an even less-frequented part of town than Kevin Stallings' studio. Having a head shop on the ground floor should have meant that curbside parking would be scarce, but marijuana hadn't been legal for all that long and their customers were accustomed to parking elsewhere and entering by a side-door so it wouldn't be obvious that they were patronizing the place. For Miranda, this meant a spot right in front of the door to Ben's was available and there was no one on the sidewalk to see her go through the contortions necessary to get her and her sizable equipment out of the car and into an upright, modest position.

Negotiating the stairs to the second floor was just a matter of rhythm and timing, something that



was becoming second-nature to Miranda. She even arrived at the landing and breezed through the beaded screen into Ben's shop with her cock counterbalancing the sway of her hips. She had barely parted the beads when she jolted to a stop. The sudden jerk made her cock swing forward, billowing out the thin silk robe that she hadn't expected to be wearing anywhere other than in the car. A decision she was regretting more each second.

"Oh crap!" she thought. "It's Mrs. Grimaldi!"

Even from the back, the yoga pants and tight knit top were unmistakable. It was Marie Grimaldi, Miranda's neighbor and dedicated amateur snoop. Military interrogators weren't as determined as Mrs. Grimaldi when it came to extracting information. The woman relentlessly collected the details of her neighbors' lives, and just as relentlessly shared them with everyone who would stand still long enough to listen to her. 'Privacy' was not a word in Marie Grimaldi's vocabulary.

"What the heck is she doing here? Scratch that. I don't really want to know. If she turns around, I'm doomed. She'll grill me like a New York strip. Where can I hide? Where?"

There was no cover to be had in the small shop. It was all glass cases and counter-top displays. But the shop had an alcove where the DVDs were displayed separately. Miranda dodged to her right and skipped through the doorway. Tiptoeing in five-inch platform wedges was nearly impossible, but Miranda did her best.

The alcove was hardly larger than a shower stall and never meant to provide more than the illusion of privacy. Two people could have stood in it, if they were prepared to be intimate. All around the walls were racks of videos with lurid titles and equally lurid covers. Miranda noticed that they were arranged by fetish. Interracial seemed to be popular. As were stories involving babysitters, public nudity, gang-bangs and a whole shelf of the chicks-with-dicks genre.

Miranda picked up one that promised that the actress had the 'biggest girl-cock'. The cover photo was partly obscured by a graphic - obviously meant to imply that the girl's appendage came down to below her knee.

"Hmph!" Miranda snorted. "I doubt she's packing more than eleven inches. A foot, tops." Then it dawned on her that one day soon, one of her videos just might be there on the same shelf. She was torn between shame and pride at that. Then she pictured Mrs. Grimaldi seeing it and the shame level rose sharply.

"Too late to worry about that," Miranda thought. "Larry has obviously already got the magazine going out to people other than the IHBA members. That kid Ryan had seen one, so I know they're out there. Sooner or later I won't be able to hide from anyone. Not even Mrs. Grimaldi, unfortunately. Speaking of whom, what is she doing here? And if she's shopping here too, why am I hiding?"

Miranda peeked over the DVD case she was holding. Mrs. Grimaldi was still standing at the counter next to the cash-register. Ben had just come from the back and was handing her an object. It had straps and buckles dangling from a foot-long black shaft as thick around as a can of shaving jelly.

"A strap-on? She's buying a strap-on? And a big one at that! Who is she planning on..." Miranda's speculative chain of logic ran headlong into a wall. She tried to avoid Marie Grimaldi as much as possible. She hadn't spoken to the woman more than four times all year. The last time she'd been going on about her neighbor's teenage son, Neal, and his understandable adolescent sexual interest in his chronically over-sexed and perpetually under-dressed neighbor.

"Nooooo." Miranda thought. "She wouldn't. He wouldn't." Miranda pictured Marie with the big, black phallus strapped to her hips, Neal bending over and spreading his... "No! Don't go there! More likely it's the other way around. She's buying it for Neal to use on her." An image of skinny Neal using the strap-on to pleasure Marie was both more plausible and a good bit more palatable.

"He's probably having control issues," Miranda reasoned. "And rather than help him learn to hold on, she decided to get him something to solve the problem another way. With someone his age, it can hardly be stamina. Boys his age can get it up three times an hour. But a woman like Mrs. Grimaldi might find that unsatisfactory."

Without making a conscious decision to do so, and without any sort of plan, Miranda stepped out of the alcove and crossed the small shop to stand right behind her neighbor.

"Why Mrs. Grimaldi!" She announced in a loud, clear voice. "Funny meeting you here!"

Marie whirled, cramming her purchase into the brown paper bag Ben had handed her. Miranda would have paid a lot of money to see a look of shocked embarrassment on Mrs. Grimaldi's face, and here she got it for free.

"Miranda! Why child, you startled me!"

"Picking up a little something for the weekend? A party favor maybe?"

"No! That is ... yes. I mean. This isn't..."

"And such a big one, too. I wonder who is going to be on the business-end of that?"

"Well, I..."

"You? My hat's off to you, Mrs. Grimaldi. It takes a woman of experience to take something like that."

"No! I'm not..."

"Oh, you're going to use it on someone else? I see."

Mrs. Grimaldi's eyes darted around like those of a cornered animal looking for an avenue of escape. Miranda stood between her and the only door, so eventually she had to focus on her.

"What's this?" Marie said, reaching out and snatching the forgotten plastic DVD case from Miranda's hand. "'Fantastic Futas'? 'Biggest girl-cock'? Why Miranda, I had no idea you were into porn! Much less fetish porn!"

"Oh, yes. I'm very into it. In fact, the next one of these you see may just have my photo on the cover."

"Well, I suppose everyone is entitled to whatever bizarre thing does it for them. If you ... what did you say?"

"Mine is bigger than hers."

Mrs. Grimaldi blinked several times, the universal signal for 'lost track of what just happened'. "Your what, dear?"

"My dick."

Miranda flexed her knees enough to allow her balls to swing through her legs. The movement pushed her cock forward, making the end snap forward briefly and forcing the full length of it to press against her robe. The robe parted, revealing the full length of the horsecock hanging from Miranda's groin to below her ankles.

Marie tried to step back, but her retreat was blocked by the counter behind her. She leaned against it and grabbed the edge with both hands, allowing the DVD and her purchase to drop to the floor together.

"You've dropped your cock, Mrs. Grimaldi." Miranda said. "Maybe you see one you like better?"

Marie was stunned beyond words. She'd known such people existed, but she'd never thought she'd see one in person. She certainly never expected it to be one of her neighbors.

"That can't be real!" Marie thought, her mind rejecting the sight before her eyes out of pure reflex. "It just can't ... no! I've seen Miranda in shorts. Mini-dresses. This is a fake. It's got to be. She's pranking me for being nosy. I suppose I've had it coming, but..."

"That's not real," she declared with as much certainty as she could manage.

"I get that a lot," Miranda said. "Want to take a closer look?"

Miranda reached down and hauled her cock up with both hands. She lay the all-pink end of it in Mrs. Grimaldi's ample cleavage with the tip just below the woman's chin.

"Ladies," Ben interjected in a tone of worried reasonableness as he steadied a display of nipple-jewelry on the counter. "Can we not do this in here?"

Reacting to the physical contact, Marie grabbed Miranda's cock with both hands. As soon as she felt the warmth and resiliency of it, she knew it was real.

"What? How? Why?" She stammered, staring down the bore of Miranda's cum-cannon.

"You break it - you buy it," Ben warned.

"Horsecock. Genetic manipulation. Originally for money and fame, but I've grown quite fond of it in the short time I've had it. What do you think of my dick? Magnificent, isn't it?"

Marie nodded, numbly. Her jaw hung down, leaving her mouth open far enough for Miranda to be able to see her tongue moving.

"May I have it back now?" Miranda asked, politely.

"Oh! Of course, dear." Marie blinked again, as though waking from a dream. "Sorry. It's just so..." She lowered Miranda's cock, carefully bending down so as not to drop it. She only took her eyes off it when Miranda closed her robe.

When she straightened, Miranda could see two clear indications that Marie Grimaldi found her horsecock more than academically interesting.

"Maybe we should continue this conversation later," Marie suggested. "When we have more time. I'd love to know all about it."

"I know you would. And I'll tell you everything. But ... you have to promise me not to tell anyone else about my ... differences. I'm trying to keep my personal life under the radar."

The look of pain on Marie Grimaldi's face was a difficult thing to see. Miranda thought she might as well have told the woman that she wanted her to cut off some part of her anatomy.

"And if you keep your promise," Miranda continued, "I promise I won't tell Neal's parents what the two of you have been doing."

"What? I swear, Miranda. I swear I haven't been taking advantage of that boy. I just ... didn't discourage his advances. He tries so hard to please. Lord knows, he swings a big enough stick, but we women can outlast any man alive. He gets frustrated with himself for not being able to keep up with me. I blame all that online porn for that. It fosters such unrealistic expectations. I thought I'd get something to help him keep going while he was recovering, you know?"

Hearing that Marie hadn't been so much taking advantage of Neal as taking advantage of the situation made Miranda feel a bit better about things. Her expression must have revealed her thoughts.

"You didn't think I was buying this to use on Neal, did you? My word, honey! I'd never ... and aren't you the one with the kinky imagination! Although I suppose you must be open to some really kinky things to be willing to turn yourself into a ... a..."

"Stallion Girl," Miranda supplied, seeing that Marie was groping for a label.

"Good name. It fits you."

"It's a job title, actually. I'll tell you all about it later, OK?"

"Of course! Come by anytime. I must be going now. See you later."

"Later."

As Mrs. Grimaldi left, Miranda and Ben were treated to the sight of her spandex-encased rump, rolling as she went. She was out the door and going down the steps when Ben remarked, "I heard that her husband died of exhaustion. Must have died happy."

"Thinking of risking it yourself?" Miranda asked.

"If I was fifteen years younger, maybe I would."

Miranda made a mental estimate and came up with an upper-limit for Ben that - less his fifteen years - would put his target for tangling with Marie somewhere in his 40s. That made her think about Mrs. Grimaldi, a woman whom she had simply labeled as 'older' without actually considering how old she could be. Now that she was doing the math, she came up with the somewhat shocking information that 'old Mrs. Grimaldi', while at least a decade Miranda's elder, had to be in her 30s.

"At most!" Miranda muttered, shaking her head. "And she's sure holding on to her figure. Unless those are implants."

"I don't really care." Ben said, surprising her. She hadn't intended to speak aloud. "Men usually aren't as picky about that as women are. As long as they look good, they're fine."

Without a conscious decision to do it, Miranda started to cup her hands under her breasts as she

mentally compared her boobs to Marie's. Ben noticed.

"Don't worry about it. Yes, hers are bigger. Bigger than they really should be on a woman her size. But she can carry them. It's her attitude. She's got that Fuck Me sign hung on her and she wears it well."

Miranda took a moment to appreciate Ben's point of view. To her, Marie Grimaldi had always seemed a gossipy, oversexed embarrassment to her gender. Now that Miranda's gender wasn't what it used to be, she had to re-evaluate that position. Particularly in light of the fact that Miranda had probably had more sex in the last two days than Marie, and certainly a greater variety of it.

"I am not the one to be making judgments!" Miranda scolded herself. "Not about Marie and not about Neal. He's lucky to have someone willing to help him wring-out all those male hormones that would otherwise be making him crazy. And didn't she say he was above average in the dick department? She can certainly handle something like that better than some innocent teenage girl who doesn't know what sex is yet. I remember I thought it was all about romance and rainbows and sparkles, not trying to choreograph an encounter in the back of a Volkswagen with a guy who was about to finish before I was ready to start. That wasn't sex, it was competitive contortion! I remember feeling relieved when Barry said he wanted to do me on his car rather than in it. The risk of someone seeing us was lots better than the risk of getting stuck and needing the Fire Department to cut us out."

"And what can I do for you today?" Ben asked, jolting her out of her reverie.

"Surely you're not interested in buying that DVD. You're twice the girl she is," he said, indicating the cover on the box.

Miranda smiled at the compliment, then frowned as she tried to figure out the basis for gender in the comparison. Were either of them girls, if both of them had cocks bigger than any man? She looked at the photo again. She couldn't tell which flavor of Futa applied to the person pictured and she couldn't decide if it really mattered. Miranda found herself wondering what it would be like to be with someone like herself. The model was attractive enough...

Miranda hauled herself back to the present before that train of thought took her someplace that would make getting home problematic.

"I'm looking for a butt-plug," she told Ben.

Ben didn't bat an eye. He pointed to a display to one side of the shop. "I've got a good selection over here," he said. "Do you know what kind you're looking for?"

"Kinds? There are kinds?"

"You've never used one, have you?"

"No. Someone suggested that I get one and wear it so I'd be, um..."

"Ready?"

"Yeah."

"I've got just the thing. Silicone, so it's soft and flexible and you can wear it all day. Those hard plastic ones are a pain in the ass. That was a joke."

"Oh. Hah!"

"OK, no more humor, I promise. What size do you want? Sounds like you're just getting into anal and you're not up for the really big stuff quite yet. So ... a trainer?"

"Yeah. Sure."

"Got the perfect thing. It's a set of three, so you can start small and work your way up as you get your ass loosened-up."

"Sounds perfect."

"Unless you'd like one shaped like a dragon?"

"Nooo, I don't think so."

"Sure. I'll ring this up for you. Paper or plastic?"

"Paper."

"Perhaps you'd like to wear one home? I'd be happy to help you try it on."

"What? Well, I..."

"You ever wear one before?"

"No."

"Then I better show you how to put it in."

Ben opened the box and took out the smallest of the three plugs. He pumped out a handfull of hand-sanitizer from the dispenser next to the register and slathered it all over the plug before wiping it clean with a paper towel. Then he got a tester of scented lube from another counter and expertly swirled a bead around the tip of the plug.

"Now," he announced once he had it ready, "bend over and spread-em."

Miranda turned and hesitantly bent at the waist while looking back over her shoulder.

"Grab your ankles," Ben ordered, firmly.

Miranda complied. As her head went down, she felt him pull the hem of her robe up and toss it onto her back. Then he pulled her cheeks apart with one hand and pushed the plug into her asshole in one quick move. It snuggled up inside her by itself, leaving only the flange riding in her butt-crack.

Miranda was upright again in a flash, both hands cupping her butt while she got used to the new sensation.

"Feel OK?" Ben asked.

Miranda rocked her hips and rolled her ass. "Um ... yeah. It feels good," she said.

"You'll tend to clench," Ben warned her. "Don't worry, it won't fall out. Just relax and enjoy it. You'll know when it's time to move up to a larger size."

"Uh, thanks."

"That'll be \$47.95, with tax."

"Sure. Here," she said, handing over her card. She marveled at how a simple thing suddenly became very different since she was doing it with a plug in her butt.

Ben was right about the clenching. She caught herself doing it almost immediately. She also found that her posture was very much better with the plug in her. She felt taller, almost like it was trying to lift her out of her shoes.

"I thought it would be more ... uncomfortable. But it's not. It doesn't feel like it's stretching me at all. That's probably because I've been stretched pretty good already there lately already. Maybe I'll move up a size when I get home."

"I wonder what Barry will have to say about me wearing this? He's never shown any interest in anal. Maybe he's not into it. Or maybe he thought I wasn't. I guess I wasn't, but here I am with a plug in my butt, so I guess I am now!"

Miranda was very careful about getting into her car. Things were complicated enough there. If she had to sit differently because of the plug, it would be a problem. To her pleasant surprise, the soft plug wasn't that much of an issue. She could feel the lump in her anus, but it wasn't bad enough to make her want to take it out.

She had so little trouble driving home that even before she got there, that she'd go ahead and try to next size up.

When she walked in, she stuck her head into her Father's study to let him know she was back. He was bent over his keyboard, writing. There were books open all over his desk. He looked up after a few seconds.

"Hey, what have you been up to?" He asked.

"A photo-shoot with Kevin Stallings. I told you, remember?"

"Oh, that's right. Sorry. I've had my head in this story and I keep having to check to make sure I don't slip-up and put in a reference to something out of the period. That's the trouble with writing historical fiction, so much can trip you up."

Gerald Peters looked at his watch. "You're home later than I expected. Didn't get caught in traffic, I hope?"

"No, I stopped to do some shopping."

"Ah! More clothes? I can't say I approve of some of your new duds, but at least they're deductible."

"Yes. I'm wearing it now. What do you think?"

Miranda was playing with him. Her father only noticed her clothes when they showed more of her than he was comfortable seeing.

"Very nice. It looks good on you."

"Thanks! Want me to remind you about supper later?"

“You do that. I get so wrapped-up in writing that I’d never eat if it wasn’t for you.”

“OK. See you later.”

[Go to next part](#)