

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Up in her room, Miranda looked in her big mirror to see if she looked any different with her butt-plug in. She decided that she was carrying her hips a bit more forward and her tummy seemed flatter, but either of those could have just been her imagination.

"Nothing there to tip anyone off," she thought. "But I do feel different. Now, I wonder if a bigger one would feel much different?"

With only one garment to remove, Miranda was quickly naked. She left her shoes on, rather than deal with trying to keep her dick off the floor. She turned away from the mirror, bent over at the waist and wrapped her arm around her dick to get it out of the way as she looked back between her legs at the reflection of her butt in the mirror.

"I guess it's pretty invisible unless I bend over real far. Like this, I can see the flange where it rides my crack."

Miranda reached up with her other hand and hooked two fingers around the flange. Tentatively, she pulled on it, trying to gauge how much force it would take to remove.

"That's in there pretty good," she found. "I guess my ass has got adjusted to having it there. Figures this is the new 'normal'."

She set her jaw and tilted her head back as she pulled harder, forcing her hole to open and give-up the plug. Slowly, her ass relinquished its prize.

"Oof!" She said,, when it popped free at last. "That was harder than I thought. I guess it's the putting it in and taking it out that will be the problem here. As long as I leave it be, I'm fine. Still, I don't think I should wear it more than a few hours a day."

After a thorough cleaning, she put it back in the box. Then she took out the next-larger plug of the three and washed it as well. Once it was clean, she looked it over. It was the same length as the other two, the flange was the same, but the bulb that held it in was wider, as was the shaft that would be holding her asshole open while she was wearing it. Where the one she'd just taken out was as thick as her thumb, this one was nearly twice that.

"Actually," she thought, admitting that she was probably rationalizing, "this one is more the right size for me. It's still smaller than anyone I might have fuck me there, but Leo was right, it will make it easier for me when they do. I don't know if I'll be able to 'take it like a pro', like he said, but I won't spend so much time adjusting if I start-out bigger."

After experimenting with a few approaches to inserting the larger plug, Miranda settled on one that involved holding it pointing in the right direction with one hand while sitting down on it, so her weight would push it in. After a couple of tentative tries, she remembered that lube would be a good idea.

A quick rummage in the drawer of her bedside table produced a small bottle of scented slickum. She drizzled some around the tip and dashed to a chair before it had time to drip off. Holding the plug in place, she lowered herself onto it. The first try was a miss, but on the second she felt her asshole embrace the tip.

"Ahh! Here goes!"

She pursed her lips in an 'O' and let her weight push her down onto the plug. The tip slid through her sphincter easily, but then things slowed to a crawl.

"Too late to do this quickly," she thought. "Nothing to do but grit my teeth and get on with it."

She gradually allowed all her weight to come down onto the plug, but that only squashed the soft silicone. It continued to spread her open, but at its own infuriatingly slow pace.

"Come on ... come on ... come on!" She muttered, impatient for the grueling trial to end. Her ass felt like it was being asked to take more than it could handle. She would have stopped, but she could feel her asshole getting wider and wider every second.

"It didn't *look* that much bigger than the other! But it sure feels like it is. How much longer is this going to take?"

Almost as soon as she asked the question, the widest part of the plug slipped through. Instantly, her over-strained ass yanked the rest in, slamming the flange into her crack and allowing her sphincter to close on the shaft.

"Whunngh! Damn! Did I get the wrong one?" A glance at the box showed that she hadn't.

"Training, hunh? Jeez, I wasn't as ready for this as I thought. I am so not looking forward to taking this thing out! But, as long as it's in, I may as well enjoy it."

Gingerly, she stood up. She could feel the plug keeping her stretched. It was definitely bigger than the first one. The part that was inside her was bigger too. Where the first one had been a pleasant pressure back there, this one felt more like an invader. She could feel it pressing on ... things.

She leaned back and reached a hand down to slip a finger under the flange. It was so tight against her that she could only get the tip of one finger under it, and even that made her asshole clench involuntarily.

"Ooookay! That's going to be in there until I can relax my butt. Things are just too touchy at the moment. Better leave it be."

The first thing she noticed was that she was very limited in how she could walk. Where the smaller plug had inhibited her only slightly, making her feel like she was being held up by her ass, this one strongly resisted any stride longer than a few inches. Walking would be changed to mincing until things loosened-up.

"Maybe I'll just lie down for a few minutes and give it some time to settle-in."

Miranda eased her butt down onto bed, but quickly realized that sitting was going to be uncomfortable until she got used to the new level of anal stretching. So she lowered herself onto one cheek, then her side and her shoulder and finally rolled onto her back.

"Damn! Why am I doing this? Oh yes - in case I decide to let an elephant fuck my ass. It makes perfect sense now."

Twenty minutes later, the tension had eased a bit. She managed to relax things back there enough to be able to appreciate the sensation of fullness and to remember the sensual pleasure of surrendering her ass to Leo and Derek. She even tried wiggling her butt a little, but quit when she felt unfamiliar things move inside her.

"It's pressing on my prostate. That's what I felt when Derek had his dick in me and my cum just flowed out rather than spurting. It makes me cum sooner, and it robs the force behind it. Oh well, can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs, I suppose."

Things had improved enough to allow her to sit more or less normally. Which was good, since she was already limited in that regard, having to perch on the edge of things so her scrotum could dangle free and leave room between her legs for her cock.

Several deep, cleansing breaths later, and she tried standing. That went fairly well, although she quickly learned that she was still hobbled, being limited to far less than her usual stride.

"I think I can work that out. Maybe I should take a walk to see."

Wearing a wrap-skirt the size of a poncho hanging low on her hips and a midriff-baring off-the-shoulder blouse to compensate for the hot full-length skirt, Miranda slipped her feet into a pair of her most comfortable heels and set off.

Her first trial was getting down the stairs, something she found she was having to re-learn yet again. Before modeling school, she'd simply skipped down, inhibited only by her natural top-heaviness. After, she'd always done it the way she'd been taught - spine straight, extend leg, point toe, ease down. With the addition of her equine genitalia, her center of gravity had become variable, so timing had become important lest she trip on something or squish something.

This was just something else to which she had to adapt, and she held tightly to the railing while she worked-out just what would and would not work for her. It took time, but when she finally reached the last step, she thought she had all the movements down.

As she passed the study, she saw her father still immersed in his writing, and she went on past without interrupting.

"He really needs to take regular breaks," she thought. "I need to try to get him out of that room more often."

The few steps in front were no problem and Miranda was soon moving along nicely, heading down the walkway to the drive. From there, she went to the street and turned right.

"I'll take it slow and see how far I can get. No reason to push things. This is about learning to relax and let the plug do its job. Ha! I can't believe I'm actually taking Leo's advice and training my asshole to be ready when some horny guy comes along and wants a piece of me! I suppose I should be carrying that little bottle of lube with me too. Damn Miranda, you are such a slut! He, he!"

"You know, that's an odd bit of consideration on my part. I know what it's like to feel the urge. To have those hormones bubble-up inside me and make my dick hard with hardly any provocation at all. I am arguably more male than any guy around, yet I feel the need to submit to someone with a dick smaller than mine and I'm deliberately making changes in my body to allow that. Do I miss being female? Am I trying to compensate for losing my pussy? What sex am I, really? Female? Male? Both? Maybe I should join one of those support groups for people having sexual-identity problems. Except there aren't any groups for people like me. Since the only others like me have rejected what they let themselves be turned into, I'm probably unique."

"Should I be feeling lonely? Is being the only Stallion Girl something that should be isolating me? I don't feel isolated. I don't even feel lonely. I've got more friends now than before, really. Well, some of the people I know now are really work-friends. If someone who gets paid to shove his dick up my

butt qualifies as a friend! But Derek seemed like he wanted to be my friend. I'm pretty sure he wants to have some kind of relationship with me. I should call him. Come to think of it, I should call whatisname, that lawyer I met when we were taking a leak together. Langdon! That's it, Langdon Miles! How could I forget him? I hope he remembers me. Seriously, girl? You think he's going to forget someone like you? You made him pee on his shoes!"

"I've still got his card someplace. I should get in touch. Let him take me to dinner or something. I really should call Derek too. And Barry! I haven't seen Barry in over a week. Lonely? Who's got time to feel lonely? I'm to the point where I'm having a hard time scheduling people I want to see. The life of a successful model, I suppose. Ha!"

"Anyway, is it hormones making me feel like I need to still put-out for guys? Is this just the same friendly consideration that makes gay guys give one another a reach-around while they're fucking each others ass? Is what I'm feeling a gay thing? Am I a gay, transgendered, transspecies, girl? Does that even scan? It's even stranger than a sweet transvestite from Transexual, Transylvania. Maybe I'm like Frankenstein's monster - one of those examples of things 'science should leave alone'? I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that Angus McKay never took any of this into consideration while he was figuring out a way to do this to me! Well, it's all my problem now. I'm the one who has to cope with it."

"Hmm, I seem to keep wandering away from the crux of this. Nevermind what other people did or didn't do to me. Why am I doing this to myself? Let's go back to when Leo put the idea in my head. He told me I was too tight back there. He didn't mean it as criticism. He thought he was giving me good advice. And I guess it was. At least if I intended to do more anal. And I know where that led. Kevin was fine with doing simulated. Derek didn't expect to get his dick into me. All that was my own doing, even if Leo did plant the idea in my head. Of course, Leo told me a lot of stuff that I'm not sure how to take. Like wanting to strut after sex. I admit I've done some strutting before sex. Trying to get the message across to the guy I was with that I wanted him. Afterward ... I never thought about it. Until now, that is. Now that the idea is floating around in my head I'll probably do something just like that. If I haven't already, that is. Something caught Ryan and Zach's attention pretty good! I must have been strutting then and not realized it, so maybe it is something I've been doing without realizing it."

"Funny. The one thing Leo said that I thought was over the top was that he wanted to sign his work - to put his name on my ass so the next guy would know the trail had been blazed before. I couldn't let him do that. Not with ink I couldn't be sure I could get off before my next shoot. I'm not sure if one of Pruett's customers would care if some guy's name was on my butt, but I'm still also a model, and I have to be careful about my skin. Still, I can't help wishing I'd let him do it. So I could do more than imagine someone seeing it and knowing that my ass was fair game."

"I guess that's really it. I got butt-fucked and I liked it and I wanted to do it again and I did and I liked it some more and now by wearing this plug I'm committing myself to more of the same. If I want to get into the 'why' of the thing, then it could be that I miss the feeling of a man inside me and I'm trying to recapture that the best way I can. Or, it's something kinky that I've never done and I'm enjoying getting into it. The first means I can still think and act and react like a woman, which is good news, because I still think of myself that way. The second means I'm a nasty bitch who loves doing kinky shit - and I totally can't argue with that! I suppose it doesn't have to be one or the other. Could be both at once ... and probably is."

When Miranda finally got her head out of the thick cloud of introspection, she saw that she was standing in front of Mrs. Grimaldi's house.

"As much as I'd like to blame this on coincidence," she thought, "I know that isn't it. I must have meant to come here. And now I'm going to walk up and knock on her door. Yes, I am. I'm going up that walk and knock. Here I go. Any time now. Oh fuck it!"

Her firmly-summoned resolve got her as far as the door. She raised a hand to the antique knocker and got as far as lifting it. Then she heard the sounds coming from inside.

"I guess she's busy. And I don't think I have to ask doing what ... or with who. OK, maybe with who, but it's almost certainly Neal Beaumont. Darn, whatever they're doing, they're doing it pretty enthusiastically. OK, I better go."

Miranda had just decided not to knock after all when a short, sharp, high-pitched sound startled her and the heavy knocker slipped from her grasp and hit the metal plate soundly.

"Oh fuck! Damn damn damn! Should I run? Wait and apologize and then run? Crap! I'll wait. Maybe they didn't hear it. Maybe they're so ... involved that they won't come to the door. Maybe I'll just stand here and melt from embarrassment."

The noises from inside ceased. Miranda heard someone trying to whisper emphatically and not doing a great job of it. A few seconds later, the door opened a crack and Miranda saw Mrs. Grimaldi's eye looking through it.

"Miranda!" Marie said, her tone one of happiness and relief. She opened the door wider and practically dragged Miranda inside before shutting the door behind her.

Marie Grimaldi was naked and poorly hiding the fact by holding a white cotton jacket in front of her.

A furtive movement in the hallway caught Miranda's attention. Part of a head and an eye were visible, peaking around the doorjamb.

Miranda took a deep breath and forged ahead into what she was sure was going to be one of the most awkward conversations she'd ever had.

"Hi, Ms ... Marie! I was just out for a walk and I thought I'd stop by and say hello. I'm so sorry if I interrupted anything." Then, just because she was sure things couldn't get any more awkward, "Hi, Neal!"

"Hi," Neal said back, then thumped his head on the jamb as he realized he'd just outed himself.

"Come on out, Neal. Miranda knows you're here. And she can guess what we've been doing, if she didn't know already."

Miranda took that to mean that she shouldn't let Neal know that his secret hadn't been revealed before that moment. She nodded slightly to Marie to acknowledge this, and an undeclared pact between the two of them was created.

"I'm ... uh..." Neal said, remaining mostly out of sight.

"I think it's safe to say that Miranda has seen cocks before," Marie told him. "Probably bigger ones than yours. Come on out and say hello."

Neal shyly shuffled out and came over to stand next to Marie. The sight of his naked body made Miranda's breath catch in her throat. Not because of his less-than-impressive physique. He was rail-

thin. Probably not much heavier than Miranda, even though a couple of inches taller. His ribs showed. But he was more than well-endowed. The erection that depended from his groin would have looked out of proportion on a man a hundred pounds heavier and a half-foot taller. On Neal, it was one seriously impressive dick. Just as impressive was the fact that, unlike most boys his age, it was too heavy to point upward.

Neal noticed Miranda staring and tried to cover himself with his hands. The futility of that made Miranda want to laugh.

"Don't be ashamed of what you've got, Neal." Marie scolded him.

Neal blushed and removed his hands, putting them behind his back. Both Marie and Miranda used the chance to admire his manhood. Once he realized that, he tightened his abdomen, making the angle of his dangle increase, although it was still well below the horizontal.

"You see the temptation I've had to endure?" Marie asked. She reached out a hand and wrapped it around Neal's dick close to the base. "I admit, it didn't take much to wear me down."

Marie squeezed and Neal smiled. Miranda admired the glossy-red head and the veined shaft. She saw that Marie's fingers did not overlap, and the spot she was holding wasn't the thickest part of him. That seemed to be a tie between the round knob of a head and a spot two-thirds the way down his shaft.

"Feel how hard he is," Marie suggested. "He can keep it like that for hours! At least, it seems that way at times."

Miranda was going to pass on her offer, but Neal turned toward her and stepped close enough that she hardly had to reach, so she did. His dick was every bit as hard as Marie said. She tried to encompass it with her own hand and failed. Keeping her fingers curled, she stroked him all the way to the narrow spot behind the head. There, she gave a friendly squeeze and was rewarded by a small drop of precum appearing at the tip.

"I'm sorry I interrupted the two of you," Miranda said, feeling like she'd had to break a spell to be able to speak again. "I just..."

"Tit for tat?" Neal asked with a sly grin. The direction of his gaze left no question of his meaning.

"Neal!" Marie said in an admonishing tone.

"That's quite all right," Miranda said, more to Neal than Marie. "I've had guys try to talk me out of my clothes before. And I suppose he does have a point."

Miranda noticed that Marie had discarded the cover-up she'd held when she opened the door. Her figure had been no mystery to anyone because of her preference for tight-fitting clothes, but now Miranda got her first look at the all-over tan that Marie had acquired from spending all that time lying around nude in her back yard. She also got a look at a pair of breasts that, while substantial, seemed to require so little support that they appeared to defy gravity. Miranda was instantly jealous. The urge to show that her chest was comparable gave her the unneeded excuse and she pulled her top up, then off over her head.

"Well Neal, what do you think?" Miranda asked, posing with her shoulders squared and her chin up.

The hand that cupped her breast seemed to know what it was about. The touch was neither too

tentative nor too firm when it tested her. Neither was his thumb too aggressive when it rolled her nipple. Although Miranda recognized the movement as the same as one would use on a videogame controller, it still had an effect and she felt her tender flesh respond to his touch.

"I should leave," Miranda thought, yet she stood perfectly still while Neal stroked her nipple to plumpness. "I shouldn't be doing this. Really."

"I should...," she managed to say aloud, then stopped.

"You should," Marie said, understanding perfectly well what was going through Miranda's head. "But you won't. Stay and play with us for a bit."

The voice was close beside Miranda's ear and she became aware of the heat from Marie's naked body.

"Besides," Marie went on, "You have something to show Neal, don't you? I don't think he's ever seen anything like it. At least, he's never mentioned it to me. Not that we talk all that much. Usually he just bangs on my door when he needs me and I can't get undressed quick enough."

"Sure," Miranda said, acknowledging to herself that letting Neal in on her secret wasn't any worse than having done the same for Marie. They were all going to be keeping secrets, now. And anyway, from the rate at which her cock was stiffening, that cat was going to be out of that bag very soon, anyway.

"That's one impressive dick you've got there, Neal," Miranda said. "But I think mine is bigger."

"Hunh?" Neal's confusion washed over his face.

"Want to see?" Miranda asked, reaching for the tie that held her skirt around her hips.

"Uh, sure," Neal said, sounding none too sure.

Miranda tugged the tie loose and unwrapped the skirt with a bullfighter's flourish. She gave her hips a jerk that set her cock in motion, making the end of her turgid shaft move in a figure-eight ahead of her feet.

Neal gawked. Miranda looked at Marie, and saw that she had one hand protectively between her legs.

"Don't worry, Marie. Neal will have to have done a real number on you for me to be able to get this thing in you."

"No, it's not ... I just ... may I touch it?"

"Sure. It won't bite ... hard."

Marie jerked back the hand she'd extended, then gave Miranda a look that made her laugh.

"I've seen pictures of girls with dicks," Neal said. "You're only two clicks away from anything on the net. But nothing like that!"

"Then you haven't been looking at pics of horses. This is a real horsecock."

Miranda explained about her job modeling for the magazine, then reached down to put both her

hands under her cock, just at the point where the thicker, darker skin turned pinker and lighter. With a practiced, shove of her hips and a firm heave, she hoisted it upright between her breasts.

"Check out my balls, too." She said, allowing her scrotum to swing through her legs before closing the gap behind them so they were presented front and center.

"Damn!" Neal managed to say at last. "Damn!"

What happened next was something Miranda would remember long afterward. Faced with a set of obviously-superior male genitals, Miranda wouldn't have been surprised to see Neal act embarrassed, even droop. In fact, the opposite happened. Instead of losing his erection, it became even bigger and harder, as though it was trying to compete with Miranda's monumental phallus.

"Looks like Neal is up for the challenge," Marie said. "I've never seen him like this before. You don't mind...?"

"Go ahead," Miranda told her. "I've got a ways to go here. I'll just watch."

Marie took Neal by the arm and steered him down the hall and into her bedroom with Miranda following. There, she crawled onto the bed, towing Neal along with her by the dick. Without releasing her prize, she lay back, spread her legs, and guided him in with a practiced hand.

Once the head of his dick was in, Neal needed no further assistance. With an expert move worthy of a professional pool-player, he stroked his cock straight in and without pause, straight back. Each stroke was a little faster and a little deeper, until Neal was moving with the speed and precision of a reciprocating engine and Marie was writhing in ecstasy.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she said, making it a sound like a mantra. Her arms were straight out to her sides as she tried to brace against Neal's thrusts. Even though each one was a few inches short of pounding into her balls-deep, her boobs were still sliding up and down her chest.

Miranda found the speed and ease with which the two of them had resumed where they had left off when she so rudely interrupted them to be remarkable. She continued stroking her own dick, but no more than necessary to keep it rigid, not letting herself go past the point of teasing, lest she start to slide down the steep slope to orgasm and ejaculation. There wasn't much she could do by way of participation here, but she could be an appreciative audience.

"Do it!" She said. "Fuck her! Make her feel it! Come on Neal!"

Miranda wasn't sure how much direction she should be offering, if any. So she left off any encouragement to go faster, deeper, or harder. The two of them very clearly had done this before, and should certainly know how to get each other off by now.

"That's so hot!" She told them. "Neal, you are a stud, give it to her good!"

Whether in response or not, Miranda couldn't tell, but Neal squared his shoulders, moved his knees further apart, and redoubled his efforts.

Marie gave a gasp and opened her legs wider, yielding to him even more. Miranda saw her take a grip on the sheets with both hands, throw her head back and set her jaw as if to keep from screaming with pleasure.

Neal's cock was almost a blur. His heavy balls swung wildly back and forth between his skinny

thighs, something that gave Miranda sympathy pains in her own testicles.

"They can't keep this up!" Miranda thought. "He's like a machine running out of control. And I swear she's cumming hard already. Damn, if I still had a pussy, it would be sooo wet right now."

The sight was so intoxicatingly erotic that Miranda had to stop stroking her own cock. Instead she held it balanced in front of her with as light a touch as she dared. She was sure that it was close to being so hard that it might go off if she breathed on it.

She was so tensed that the plug in her ass felt like it had grown twice as large. But by this time, it had stretched her to the point where that was a pleasurable feeling.

Miranda rolled her ass around to enhance the delicious feeling of tension back there. She moaned and quickly fell into a humping motion, tensing her ass around the plug, swinging her balls, and thrusting her cock into the air in front of her face.

With no actual physical contact on her cock, her need to cum eased back to a controllable level and Miranda's breathing eased until she was hissing through her teeth.

Suddenly, Neal started losing his rhythm. His thrusts became jerky. Then he pulled-out and wrapped his hand around the base of his dick.

Miranda was awestruck at the sight of Neal's cock. She'd seen big, hard dicks before. There was one right in her face. This one was special. This one looked almost too hard. The veins on Neal's shaft stood out in sharp relief. The shaft underneath looked like a bundle of sticks the veins were holding together. The head was huge, shiny, and close to purple. The last time she'd seen anything close to that was when Glen Detweiler had tried to impress her with his sexual prowess and used a cock-ring that was too small and had come close to strangling his dick. She'd had to pick the rubber ring out of his flesh with her fingernails while Glen did his best not to cry.

Marie groggily looked up at Neal. She put up a hand as if trying to help, but she was obviously too out of it to be able to do anything and her hand fell back after weakly waving around.

Miranda crawled up onto the bed behind Neal. She slid her cock between his legs and up onto Marie where it lay heavily between her breasts. She pressed her own boobs into Neal's back and reached around his waist.

"Relax, Neal." She told him. "I got this. Just take it easy and let Miranda coax all that nasty cum out of your balls."

It wouldn't have worked if Neal hadn't been so skinny. As it was, his torso was so narrow that she could easily reach every inch of him. And every inch she touched felt like stone.

He was all good and slick, so Miranda started with a long milking stroke that went all the way out to the head and ended with a quick twist of her hand that wiped over the purplish knob. After a few of those she felt Neal relax a bit, then start to move his hips to get more friction with her hands.

Following his lead, she wrapped both hands around his shaft and stroked him firmly, letting him set the pace.

"That's right, baby," Miranda cooed in his ear. "Just let it go. Let it just come on out."

Neal was cooperating, it was his dick that was being obstinate. Miranda had just moved on to

playing her fingers around the shiny head when she felt Marie's hands start to stroke her own cock.

"Unnnh!" Miranda moaned as Marie worked her. "Neal? Are you watching this? You ever see a couple of girls do this for real? I'm going to jerk you off and she's going to jerk me off and we're all going to cum together, OK?"

Neal nodded. Miranda twisted one hand around so she had a stranglehold on Neal's cock just behind the head. Then she flicked her finger rapidly across the sensitive underside.

Neal reacted instantly and strongly, bucking hard once, twice, and the third time, Miranda felt his cock jerk and then throb as cum shot out in a high arc that splashed down on Marie's chest and neck.

"Unnnngggghhhh!" Neal moaned, as much in relief as in pleasure.

Miranda moaned too. All in pleasure. She pushed her hips forward and tensed as the muscles inside her began to contract and the fireworks began going off in her head.

Marie hung on gamely, still stroking as Miranda came. The larger plug in her ass restricted her powerful bursts to a series of gushing floods that quickly coated Marie and soaked the bed.

Miranda lay her cheek on Neal's shoulder and went with the flow, rocking slowly in time with her ejaculations.

When they both finally ran down, Neal was the first to speak.

"That's a lot of cum," he said, flatly.

"Yes, that is," Marie declared in agreement. "I'm about to drown in the wet spot."

"Better let her up," Neal suggested, but didn't move.

Miranda was as limp as a boiled noodle, everywhere but her cock, that is. That beast was still stiff as a board and would take several more minutes to go slack. "As slack as it ever gets," Miranda reminded herself.

Slowly, almost grudgingly, she eased back, dragging her cock with her. When she'd gone far enough, she put a foot down on the floor. After a quick look behind her to target a convenient chair, she lunged backward and fell more than sat in it.

Neal was next. He fell back away from Marie and rolled to one side so he was sitting on the edge of the bed.

Marie swam her way to the other side and got her feet down, then she pulled herself up and ran for the bathroom, leaving a trail of drops of whitish goo behind. Neal and Miranda heard the curtain being pulled, then the shower come on.

Neal turned his head to look at Miranda, sprawled in the chair, her butt perched on the edge and her ballsack hanging to within inches of the carpet, with her cock lying straight out in front of her between her splayed legs.

He smiled. She smiled. "Was it good for you, too?" They both asked together, as if on an unspoken cue.

When the giggling ran down, he again looked at her. "How did you know how to do that?" He asked.

"You're kidding, right?" Miranda indicated the huge dick between her legs. "I get a lot of practice with this thing. They fixed me so I have to cum regularly or I'll go crazy."

"Yeah," Neal said, nodding. "That's pretty-much the way I feel too."

Miranda opened her mouth to clarify her statement, but closed it again without uttering a word. She realized she'd just learned something about men, and she realized that it would be better to STFU, than to explain why she and they were different.

"I thought it was just me," she thought. "I mean, I know he doesn't mean he'll literally go crazy ... or maybe he does. But McKay *did* mean literally, and he knew why - my brain will marinate in the hormones. Is that so different from what Neal meant? We're both running on a biological imperative. Heck, when it comes to sex, we're *all* running on a biological imperative!"

When the fog in Miranda's head began to clear, she realized that there were things that needed to be done.

"Sheets," she said to Neal. "Get the sheets off the bed before the mattress gets soaked, or she'll have to buy a new one." Miranda didn't explain that she knew this from experience involving a wet-dream she'd had after going to bed without masturbating first.

"It's OK," Neal said. "She's got a plastic cover on under there."

"Ah! Cum here before, have you? Still, we should do the courteous thing, don't you think?"

Neal nodded sheepishly. He took one side and Miranda took the other, and they folded the soaked sheets up into a pile with the dry side out.

To her surprise, Neal knew where the washer and dryer were. He carried the bundle and she unfolded it and crammed the mess into the washer so it wouldn't turn into a giant ball and never get clean.

"Can I ask you something?" Neal asked her as she shut the lid.

"Maybe when I know you better. Just kidding. Ask away."

"Do you ever take those shoes off?"

Miranda laughed. "Of all the things he could ask," she thought.

"I wear heels because my dick is longer than my legs. If I don't, it drags the ground."

"Wow! Um, would you mind if I, uh..."

"Tell you what, I'll take off my shoes if you carry my dick for me. Deal?"

Neal nodded eagerly, so Miranda unfastened the thin straps around her ankles and stepped out of her heels.

"Hey, you're a lot shorter flat footed."

"Yep. Here. Don't drop it."

Neal spent several seconds trying to figure out the best way to hold nearly three feet of cock. Eventually, he settled on putting one hand at the mid-point and holding the free end just behind the end with his other.

Miranda felt like she was on a leash. With her shoes in one hand, she picked up Neal's cock with her other and off they went.

Navigating the back hall was awkward, but neither of them let go of the other.

When they got back to Marie's bedroom, the shower was off and Marie was toweling herself dry. She'd noticed the stripped bed.

"You didn't have to do that."

"Couldn't just leave it. The great smelly mess was mostly mine, anyway."

Marie smiled as she noticed the mutual arrangement they had come to.

"I see you two are getting to know one another."

"Well enough to ask personal questions."

"I asked why she kept her shoes on," Neal said, shrugging with his hands full of cock.

"I see. And you thought you would return the favor. I'm glad to see that we're all getting along so well."

Miranda and Neal exchanged a look. Marie went for fresh sheets. When the bed was remade they all climbed back on. With Miranda and Neal's ongoing entanglement, he wound up in the middle.

"So," Miranda asked, "What do we do now? Anyone ready to go again?"

"Gawd!" Marie said. "Please, I need a rest. I'm not as young as you two."

"I need a few minutes," Neal said. "But I'd like to do it again. But we need to wait on Marie."

"Do we? Marie? Do you mind?"

"No. You two go ahead. I'll sit this one out."

"So, what can we do?" Neal asked, with a smile.

"How do you feel about anal?"

"Always wanted to try it."

"Marvelous."

"You'll need some lube," Marie said, reaching for her bedside table.

Getting Miranda's plug out turned out to be more difficult than she thought.

"How did you get it in there?" Marie wanted to know.

Miranda was ass-up and face-down on the bed, her balls resting between her knees and her dick

stretched-out in front of her, the end lying beside her face. Both Neal and Marie were behind her, staring at the narrow plastic flange that seemed to be stuck in her crack.

"I sat on it. It went in OK. So did the small one. It was hard to get out, though."

"Pliers?" Neal suggested.

"Let's not resort to hardware just yet," Marie said. "Dear, can you push for us?"

Miranda did her best. Nothing seemed to be happening.

"My fingers are small," Marie said, "Let me see if I can slip one under there. Honey, push again."

Miranda complied. Marie grabbed the flange. Neal reached in with one hand to help and put the other one on Miranda's back to brace.

"This is gonna hurt," Miranda observed.

"We'll be quick," Marie promised.

"Nooooo!"

"OK, we'll be slow. It will hurt longer."

"Just take it out."

It didn't take all that long, but it hurt a lot. Miranda tried not to be a baby about it, but she wasn't sure she was entirely successful.

When it was over, Marie and Neal surveyed the result.

"Hmm."

"Gee!"

"What? Am I wrecked?"

"It's lovely, dear. A puckered rose. Hang on one second."

Miranda waited patiently. Then she felt something drip into her hole. Lube, she assumed. She braced herself for what would come next.

The head of Neal's cock, even semi-flaccid, was large enough to make her flinch, but she recovered quickly once it was inside.

"Mmmm. More." She moaned.

Neal complied. With Marie drizzling lube on his shaft, it went in smoothly. She felt the fat head burrowing deeper inside her. That was followed by another stretching as the widest part of his dick slid through. After that, it was even more dick, rearranging things as it went, until she felt him bump into her butt.

"I'm all-in!" Neal remarked in an astonished tone. "Never been able to get it all in before."

"I'm jealous," Marie said, taking up a perch on a pile of pillows at the head of the bed.

"You got a deep ass," Neal told Miranda.

"I do *now*," Miranda thought. "I could swear that thing is about to come up my throat!" Since she wasn't exactly in distress, she decided that a little bravado was in order. "So, are you gonna fuck me or what?"

"You want it hard and fast?"

"Start slow. You're big."

"This from the girl with three feet of cock between her legs," Marie observed. "She's just being a baby again. Rail her good."

"Wait now! Hungh!"

"How's that?"

"Not Hungh! bad."

Neal took a grip on her hips and pulled the two of them tightly together, forcing himself even deeper into her. She was sure he had straightened her colon. "Be better when my dick gets real hard again," he told her.

Miranda tried to raise her head up and say something especially biting, but the cock up her ass was making her go cross-eyed. She thought she'd save it for when she wasn't so ... distracted, if she could remember what she'd meant to say.

Gradually, Neal's erection regained much of its former rigidity. After that, he started to build up speed. When Miranda didn't complain, he went into his next gear.

"Unngggghhhh!" She moaned. If she'd intended that to mean something, even she didn't know what it was. She was having a difficult time concentrating.

Neal's thrusts made Miranda's hips rock, which rubbed her cock on the fresh sheet. The friction soon made it stiff enough for the end to rise up and the flared head to expand.

Seeing this, Marie climbed down off the bed and went into the bathroom. She came back carrying a waste-basket with its plastic liner. She set it down next to the bed, then got the bottle of lube and knelt down on the floor in front of Miranda. After coating both hands, she reached out and wrapped them around Miranda's pink shaft, holding them in place while it moved back and forth between them.

Neal's efforts alone would have been quite enough to bring Miranda off. Once her cock was erect, a climax was inevitable. With Marie helping, the timetable became greatly compressed.

Unwilling to remain totally passive in the face of a coordinated effort, Miranda forced herself up onto her elbows and then her hands. When she managed to raise her face to Marie, she found her lips instantly enmeshed in a kiss. As the kiss deepened, Miranda reached out one hand and pulled Marie onto the bed facing her.

Marie quickly grasped what Miranda wanted. She knelt straddling Miranda's cock, then spread her knees and lowered herself onto it so that the shaft ran through her groin, sliding against her pussy.

At first, she tried to embrace Miranda, to press their breasts together. She didn't understand when

Miranda pressed her hips back and away. Not until she felt the flared end of Miranda's cock slide across her labia and flick her clit.

Marie moaned. A deep, moan right into Miranda's mouth that seemed to echo down her throat.

Their respective movements made it difficult to maintain a kiss, so the two of them found another way to share – they used their hands to fondle each others breasts while looking into each others eyes.

While Neal was very much engrossed in his work on fucking Miranda's butt, he couldn't miss the fact that he was now fucking two women at once, even if one was by proxy. Rather than focus on his own pleasure, or even Miranda's, he shifted his attention to what Miranda's cock was doing to Marie. To his mind, this made his own dick close to a meter long, and there is no man alive who would not find that to be intensely erotic.

"Oh shit!" Neal said, as the image in his head ratcheted his own pleasure up and off the scale of his previous experience. He buried his dick in Miranda and, instead of thrusting into her, he changed to humping her, as if she were a human strapon.

This caused a chain-reaction that passed from Neal to Miranda to Marie and back again as each realized that they were about to climax, and that each other was, as well.

Marie ground herself against Miranda's cock. Miranda rode Neal as though he were a bucking horse and Neal, lost in his own torrid fantasy, closed his eyes and hung his head back.

Trapped in a feedback loop of sexual frenzy, no one knew who was the first to peak. For them, it was as if they were suddenly all cumming with no one spark to blame.

Sometime later, Miranda raised her head and opened her eyes. Marie was lying on her back on the floor, an arm across her eyes and a hand cupped protectively between her legs, as if warding-off any additional sensation. Miranda saw her tremble, then heard her moan.

"You OK, Marie?" she asked.

Marie nodded, not quite ready for conversation.

The weight on Miranda's back was, as she expected, Neal. He'd collapsed with his hips on top of her butt, but he'd managed to fall to her right so he wasn't crushing her with his full weight. Not that he weighed that much, but Miranda was glad he'd spared her.

"Neal?" She asked, nudging him gently with an elbow. "You awake?"

It took him a few seconds to reply. "Yah. Just resting. That was fucking awesome."

"That was some awesome fucking. Um, don't take this wrong, but is your dick still in me?"

"Hunh? Yeah. I guess. I don't remember pulling-out. Did you want me to? I didn't think it mattered if I came in you."

"No. I don't mind you cumming in me. I'm just kinda numb back there right now and I wondered..."

"Yeah. My dick is numb too. We really had us a time there. Hang on. Let me try ... uh oh."

"Easy! Hold on. Damn, don't tell me we're stuck! And stop laughing!"

"Sorry! I can't help it. This is a problem I've only dreamed about. Having my dick get stuck in a beautiful girl's butt."

Miranda had her mouth open to say something, but she shut it again when she heard Neal's somewhat back-handed compliment. Instead, she said, "Thanks. It seems to be my day for getting stuff stuck in my ass. First that plug, now you." She tried flexing some internal muscles. That told her that Neal was buried deep. Even though his dick was now slack, it wasn't going to come out easy.

"Hold on!" Marie said, struggling to roll over and get to her knees. She reached for the trash basket to brace against, but set it aside carefully after seeing what was sloshing around in the bottom.

"Why?" Miranda asked.

"I want to see this."

"Oh."

Marie leaned over Miranda and managed to get her head between her and Neal.

"I don't think you're really hung-up," she said. "I just think there's so much of him in you that it feels that way. You just need to take it very slow trying to get un-stuck."

"OK," Neal said. "Miranda? You ready?"

"Go for it. Ooo! Easy! Easy. Eaaasy!"

"Dead slow astern. Yeah, I got it."

"And watch my nuts!"

"Sorry! I was trying to get some leverage."

"Gee, you'd think a guy would have more consideration..."

Miranda felt someone kiss her left testicle.

"Does that make it feel better?" Marie asked.

"Absolutely."

Neal made a noise that Miranda interpreted to mean that Marie was giving his balls the same attention she was getting. She thought about pointing out that Marie might be making matters worse instead of better, but then Marie might stop, and she really didn't want that, so she kept quiet except for making a happy moan.

Slowly, gradually, Neal's cock came backing out of Miranda's butt. At some point in the process, Miranda felt enough sensation return that she was able to tell when the wide part was passing through, then when the head came free.

"Oooo! I feel ... empty!"

"Looks that way too," Neal observed. "Maybe I should put it back in?"

"Don't tempt me. Is it ... am I closing-up back there?"

"Um, not that I can tell, dear," Marie said. "Do you want your plug back?"

"I dunno."

"I think it will fit better now."

"That bad, hunh? OK, plug me up. I guess I should ... wunghh! A little warning next time, OK?"

"Sorry. I thought it would be easier if I did it quick."

"Yeah, that's what Ben thought too."

"Oh, is this what you were buying when we ran into each other at Bent Ben's?"

"Um, yeah. Same time you ... wow!"

"What, dear?"

"Nothing." Miranda had just realized that the demonstration of Neal's sexual stamina she'd just witnessed meant that if he wasn't meeting Marie's needs, then the woman had a sexual capacity that belonged in someone's record book. She rolled to one side to look up at Marie with newfound respect.

"Thanks."

"Thanks for what, dear?"

"Thanks for inviting me into ... this."

"Well I certainly hope you enjoyed it enough to do it again some time."

"Yeah, sometime soon," Neal agreed. "But I gotta grab a shower, then I gotta get home. It's getting close to supertime."

"I need to get home, too. I have to make sure Daddy doesn't forget to eat. He gets his head into one of his stories and doesn't come out for hours!"

"He likes to read, hunh?"

"No, he writes. Historical fiction."

"Oh. I like fantasy myself. Conan the Barbarian. Howard, you know?"

"Ah. OK."

"Shower," Marie reminded him.

"Right. Hey, nice meeting you, Miranda! Wow, that sounds totally lame now that we, uh, you know."

While Neal got clean so he could go home not smelling like he'd spent the afternoon fucking the neighbors in every available hole, Marie helped Miranda locate her clothes.

"What do you think of Neal?" Marie asked.

"Honestly? I think the two of you are good for each other. Have the two of you been, uh, together long?"

"No. He caught me in a moment of weakness after my personal trainer quit. Raoul said I was too demanding."

"Couldn't keep up, hunh?"

"To be fair, I was something of a drain on his energy. When I realized Neal had an interest in me, I just couldn't resist. When I found out what he had and what he could do with it ... well!"

"Yeah, I get it. He needs someone with experience who can ... well, we wouldn't want him surprising some unsuspecting virgin with that thing, would we?"

"Goodness no! She might be traumatized for life!"

"I'm feeling a bit traumatized myself. But in a good way. My the way, where is Mitzi?"

"She's having a day at the doggy day-spa. She and Neal don't get along. Well, actually, she likes him a bit too much. She's developed this oral fixation on him."

"She likes to lick his dick?"

"Yes, exactly. I hope she didn't learn that from me."

"No, I think she may have acquired a taste for dick somewhere else."

"You don't mean..."

"I do mean. Remember the time at the mailbox when you were telling me about Neal peeking at you over the fence? Mitzi was having herself a fine time licking my dick under my skirt."

"Really? I remember you did seem ... distracted. Did she..."

"Make me cum? Oh yes!"

"Well! I'll certainly have to have a word with her about copying her momma. Although this is one case where I might want to copy her."

"That sounds like a proposition."

"I do have a weakness for big ones. I was hoping we could get together sometime - just the two of us?"

"You see what kind of mess I can make. If I don't have a dick in my ass it's a lot worse."

"I've seen what kind of sex-drive you have. I'm guessing you like to play with yourself a lot."

"You have no idea!"

"I'd like to help you out with that, if you'll let me. Like I said, I have a thing for big cocks, and yours is the biggest I've ever seen."

"All right. But there is something you should know. When I said this was a horsecock, I wasn't

kidding. It doesn't just look like a horsecock – it *is* a horsecock.”

“I don't understand.”

“I mean, I fuck horses with it. And I get them pregnant. Well, that's the idea. No results yet, that I've heard. Won't be long now. Just waiting on...”

Marie was silent while Miranda rambled to a halt. Then, “Have you ever fucked a woman?”

“Well, yes. Two, actually. A couple of biker chicks who were really into partying – two on one, DPs and stuff. Even then it was a tight squeeze. Why? Are you thinking of becoming number three?”

“Thinking, yes. Just thinking right now. I can't help wondering what it would be like.”

“I understand. Don't rush into anything. I wouldn't want to spoil things for you and Neal.”

“Yes, there's that. Today was fantastic. You two seem to get along fine. I wouldn't want to make him jealous or anything.”

“You would think that guys would get penis-envy around me. I haven't seen that yet.”

“I bet you bring out a lot of homoerotic feelings, though.”

“Could be. There's certainly been no lack of interest. I've heard it put another way – that a dick this size can turn any man gay. That may explain why there is such an interest in doing me in the ass.”

“Your cock brings out their homosexual side, so they get the urge to do you anally, which is safe for their fragile male egos because you're still mostly female?”

“Sounds right.”

“Good, because dearie, that's as deep as I can get into male psychology. Usually my interest stops at getting them into me.”

“That used to be where mine stopped too. But ever since my life changed, I've had the chance to look at things from a lot of different point's of view, you know? The real mind-fuck is when I get behind a mare in heat and I start thinking about making her cum.”

“Don't take this wrong, but that's more than I really need to know about that, OK?”

“No problem. That's the part of this that weirds a lot of people out. I usually try to avoid talking about it. But I promised you I'd tell you everything.”

“And I promised to keep it to myself. And I will. As much as it hurts not to run down the street sharing with everyone.”

“Aha.”

“What?”

“Is that what that is? Sharing?”

“I know. You think I'm an incurable gossip.”

"Well ... I do think you might have had a career as a reporter."

"You're being kind. I'm a nosy blabbermouth."

"There's a difference?"

"You have a point. I think Neal is out of the shower. Would you be a dear and walk him home?"

"Why? You think he might get lost between here and there? He lives next door."

"No, silly! I think it would help if he were seen with you."

"To deflect suspicion away from you. I get it. Sure. Does this make me your wingman?"

"Winggirl? I honestly don't know."

Neal showed Miranda the route he usually took going home. They went out the kitchen door to the garage, then around the side of the garage down beside the hedge to the sidewalk. That way, they couldn't be seen by the neighbors on that side at all and wouldn't be in sight of the Beaumont house until they got as far as Marie's front walk.

"Should we like, hold hands or something?" Neal asked. Miranda thought he was doing a terrible job of looking casual, but she wasn't sure she was doing much better.

"If you like."

Neal glanced at Marie's window, then jerked his head back, realizing that was exactly what he shouldn't be doing.

"Don't worry," Miranda told him. "This was Marie's idea. She won't mind if you make it look good."

Neal smiled and reached for her hand. They went as far as the Beaumont's front walk holding onto each other, then Neal turned ... but didn't let go.

Miranda couldn't protest, not without wrecking the illusion they were trying to project to Neal's parents, so she let herself be towed all the way to the ivy-shrouded porch. Once there, Neal pulled her to him and proceeded to kiss her.

At first, Miranda was startled. But since they'd already been much more intimate already, she could hardly object to a little kiss now.

The trouble was, it wasn't a 'little' kiss. Neal was pulling out all the stops. He put his arms around her, squeezed her tight, groped her butt, and even copped a feel of her breast while trying to shove his tongue down her throat.

Miranda put up with it stoically. Then she realized that Neal was either a follower of Stanislavsky, or he was just taking advantage of her and the situation. Either way, she couldn't let it go on.

"Hold it!" She ordered, breathlessly, pushing him back far enough to prevent immediate re-engagement.

"What's the matter? Didn't you like it?"

"I liked it a little too much. Any longer and you'd have made me hard."

"This soon? My dick feels like it's DOA. I couldn't get it up with a crane."

"Then why...?"

"Do I need a reason to kiss a beautiful girl?"

"Smooth, Casanova. But what about your parents?"

"Not home. Dad won't be home for another half-hour. Mom must have run out for something. Her car's not in the driveway. Want to see my room?"

"You're dangerous!"

"How do you think I talked Marie into having an affair with me?"

"I thought you waved your dick and made her clothes vanish."

"You talk like a guy, you know?"

"Yeah, I know. It came with the package."

"Good one!"

"I'll be here all week. Look, I'm not entirely sure how we all got involved in this..."

Neal smirked.

"OK, so I do know. We've all got a bad case of terminal horniness."

"We're made for each other!"

"So, we need to be especially careful of each others feelings."

"You have feelings for me?"

"Stop that! Boy, you let a guy cum in your ass and he starts to think you like him. Stop smirking!"

"Yes ma'am."

"Look, I stupidly assumed that you both were things you are not. She's not a bubbleheaded gossip and you're not an emotionally-fragile teenager."

"She's not?"

"She has boundary issues. She wants to share and she doesn't know where to stop."

"And me?"

"You're a hazard to every virgin in the city. Stop smirking. You look innocent, but you've got a dangerous weapon there and you're smooth enough to be able to talk a girl out of her panties before she knows what she's getting into - or what's about to get into her. You need to be selective about where you point that thing or you could traumatize someone."

"Uh oh."

"What?"

"That's my mother driving up."

"Oh fun. How do I look?"

"Gorgeous."

"You're incorrigible. I mean, is my hair OK. Is my dick showing?"

"You're good."

"Look who I'm asking. Should we go meet her, or what?"

"You're nervous about meeting my mother!"

"I'm not your girlfriend."

"No, you're my lover."

"Please don't introduce me that way."

"I don't hear you denying anything."

"Fine! We're lovers, just ... Hello, Mrs. Beaumont!"

The front door had opened and Neal's mother stood in the doorway with a neighborly smile.

"Why Miranda Peters! I haven't seen you since the housewarming party the Hathaway's had for you and your father when you moved in. How is he, by the way?"

"He's good. I..."

"Have you had a growth spurt? You look taller."

"I may have grown some. I was..."

"Please excuse my manners. Would you like to come inside?"

"Thank you, but I've got to get back and start supper."

"You cook?"

"All Daddy does is open cans. If I don't want chili all the time, I have to cook."

"Are you still in school?"

"No, I finished last year. I'm working now."

"Oh? Doing what?"

"I'm a model."

"How wonderful! That must give you a lot of free time."

"Not as much as you'd think. They keep me pretty busy. I travel a lot. All over. That's probably why you haven't seen me around much."

"So, how do you know my son?"

"Actually, we just met. I was taking a walk around the block and just stopped to talk."

"That's nice. Neal needs to socialize more with people closer to his age. I think he's trying to grow up too quickly."

"I'm standing right here, Mom."

"People mature at different ages, Mrs. Beaumont. Maybe Neal is more mature than you give him credit for."

"That sounds like you're defending him."

Miranda suddenly became aware that something in the way Mrs. Beaumont was looking at her had changed. "I fucked up!" She thought, the polite smile freezing onto her face. "Why did I say that? I don't know him that well. Not well enough to stick-up for him to his own mother!"

"As I said, Neal needs friends closer to his age. I hope you can find time to get to know him better. He's really a nice boy."

"Uh, sure. I'll try."

"I hope we'll be seeing more of you. Perhaps you and your father could come over for dinner sometime?"

"I'll tell him you asked. I'm sure he'd appreciate a break from my cooking."

"You do that. Now, I have some things to put away, so I'll leave you two alone. Goodbye!"

The door shut, leaving Miranda and Neal outside. Miranda waited a few seconds before saying, "Your mother is trying to fix us up."

"I think you're right."

"She wants me to distract you from your unhealthy obsession with the widow next door."

"And you're doing such a great job of it already."

"She thinks I care for you because I defended you to her."

"You don't?"

"You are starting to get on my nerves."

"Sorry! I think it's funny."

"It's ironic. I'll give you that. Marie thinks she's saving poor innocent girls from falling prey to you and that pussy-wrecker of yours."

"Ha! Yours is a lot bigger than mine."

"With a great big cock comes great..."

"Are you *really* going to use that quote?"

"Well, it fits. You are going to meet girls who think they're ready for what you've got there, but they're not. And you will be the one who has to make the decision to keep that dangerous beast caged, even though it's trying hard to get out and ravage some poor analogy that I'm dragging on way too long."

"Thanks. I was getting worried about where that was going. Do you feel ravaged?"

"Oh, yes! But I was ready for it and I enjoyed it. At least, I thought I was ready for it. But I did enjoy it. The point is, what would happen if you got carried away and screwed some girl who regretted it and blamed you for ruining her life? Are you ready to carry the guilt? Not to mention looking over your shoulder for her family?"

"Did you ever do anything like that?"

"Let's just say I need to avoid the members of a certain motorcycle club who think my balls would make great ornaments for their handlebars."

"Ouch! All right, you made your point. I won't try to seduce anyone who I don't know can cope with being ravaged."

"Good boy!"

"When can we, ah, get together again?"

"I'll have my father call your mother and set a date for dinner."

"Really?"

"Welcome to the real world of awkward relationships, Neal. Your mom is trying to fix you up with a nice girl who is part horse, and keep you away from a woman who needs you so much she's willing to share you to keep you coming back."

"Is that what this was about?"

"Relationships can be very messy things."

"No shit."

"Neal!" The shout was muffled by the closed door, but perfectly understandable.

"Yes, Mom?"

"I need you to come get your books off the dining table! Kiss Miranda goodbye and come in!"

"Can't argue with my mother," Neal said, reaching for Miranda.

"I suppose..." Miranda's response was cut short. There followed a kiss so intense that to escape it, Miranda had to fight both Neal's determination to drag it out as long as possible and her own desire to surrender to the moment.

"Mmwunnghh! Enough! Stop!" She said, breathlessly, prying her way free of his kiss, if not his embrace. "Please! You'll give me a hardon and I'll have to walk home with my dick sticking out from under my skirt! Go help your mother!"

When Neal let her go, she turned and started away immediately, rather than engage in any further conversation or discussion or argument, or anything else that might give Neal an excuse to get his hands on her again.

She was across the street before she felt safe.

"Damn! That boy can kiss! I definitely see why Marie is so attached to him. He's Casanova, Jr. Although I suppose it's possible he learned some of that from her. The irony is, if I'd met him any other way, I'd write him off as being too young for me, only average-looking, and way too skinny for my taste. Honestly, I've got to admit that he's probably a better lover than Barry. I get the impression from Barry that he's more into me for what I am than who I am. But that's probably just Barry. We were never more than accessories for each other. The model and her hunk boyfriend. Wow! Listen to me. One afternoon of threesome sex and I'm already thinking of Barry and me as past-tense. Am I that fickle? Am I just now admitting it to myself? Or was the last couple of hours that good? I think I better table that one until I have a chance to chill."

Supper was warmed-up leftovers, but Miranda's father didn't mind and Miranda didn't care. She was a cook only in her own defense and not because she had either an interest or a talent for it. They were halfway through the meal before she decided to bring up the matter of the invitation.

"Daddy? I went for a walk this afternoon. I went past the Beaumont's house and Mrs. Beaumont asked if we'd like to have dinner with them one night."

"Beaumont? The dark-red brick place down the block? Ivy all up the walls?"

"That's them."

"Sure. I guess. Be good to get to know the neighbors. We really haven't done much socializing since we moved-in. Don't they have a son? Skinny kid? Looks like a stiff wind would blow him away?"

"His name is Neal. I think his mother is trying to get Neal and me together."

"Hmph! Kid must have trouble getting dates. Isn't he a few years younger than you?"

"I guess. But Barry is that much older than me."

"Yes, but..."

"But! Are you about to say something it being all right for men to date younger women but not for women to date younger men?"

"Um ... no?"

"Good! I'd think you would be supportive of me hanging out with younger people. I mean, with all the adult stuff I'm doing now."

Miranda knew that was cheating. She'd often used the opposite argument when trying to get her way with her father - that she needed to grow-up and learn to be an adult.

Gerald jumped at the chance to think of her as his little girl again, with little girl problems that could

be solved by generosity or fatherly advice.

"Of course! Of course. Anytime is good for me. I should probably take a break every now and then. Say, not to throw a wet blanket on this, but what happens when ... Neal, is it? ... when Neal finds out about your ... ah ... difference?"

"Oh Neal already knows about that. He's cool with it."

"Oh." Gerald tried to grasp how someone else could so easily come to terms with something that he was still struggling to accept. The whole girl/penis thing was still very foreign to him, even though – if the media reporting was right – society seemed to have accepted it as part of the 'new normal'. The girl/horse duality still seemed so alien that it did little more than glance off the surface of his consciousness whenever it came up. That bit of reality was still something he chose to deal with by not thinking about it.

"Do his parents know too?"

"No, and I don't see that they need to know."

"Wise policy."

"You've made that speech often enough. I guess it finally stuck. What people don't know can't hurt them or you. Except the reason for that has sort of evaporated, hasn't it? I mean, this 'keep your head down, we're in hiding' business is pointless now that the man we were hiding from only has to pull up out front and honk the horn to get what he wants."

"I hate it that he's using you to get revenge on me. I'm the one who betrayed him, after all."

"I think the revenge part is just leverage. He's all about the Benjamins and revenge isn't a good investment. As long as he can pump me for something he can sell for big money to his criminal pals, we have nothing else to fear from him." Miranda shrugged. "I still think it's hilarious that he thinks he has to blackmail me into giving him something that I dispose of by the bucket-full every day."

"That's actually how a lot of business works," Gerald said, grateful to be able to steer the subject in a new direction. "You take something someone doesn't want from one place and sell it somewhere else to someone who is thrilled to get it. It's called adding value. Zero plus any value is no longer zero. Recycling is a good example of this. Trash in your home has a negative value – you pay someone to take it away. Someone turns around and ... with a little repackaging ... sells it to someone who does something with it that adds enough value to make you want to buy it again. That reminds me, I got an email from the bank this morning. The direct deposit for the last, um, job you did came through."

"How am I doing?"

"Let's just say your balance is well into six figures."

"Wow!"

"Yes, 'wow'. Don't forget to give me the receipt for anything you buy that could be deductible. No reason to let the IRS take any more than they're entitled to."

"I won't." Miranda said, thinking about the purchase she'd made at Bent Ben's. That receipt was going to be torn into tiny little pieces and flushed down the toilet so her father would never see it.

She shifted in her chair as she remembered that she was still wearing the middle-sized butt-plug.

"I can hardly tell it's there now," she thought. "I probably should back-off on the plug thing. Neal's cock went in pretty easily, so there's no reason for me to go any bigger. It's not like *I'm* going to be fucking *myself* in the butt."

As soon as she thought it, Miranda pictured it - squatting with her cock bent in a circle, the end jammed into her ass.

"No," she decided. "That will never work. I might manage to get it in there, but then it would get stiff and pop right out. If I could manage to keep it in place, it would hurt like hell having it bent around like that."

"Penny for your thoughts?" Gerald asked, his voice shocking her out of her reverie.

"Hunh? Oh, nothing. How about Friday for dinner with the Beaumonts? Now that I'm not performing, I can do stuff on weekend evenings again."

"You're assuming they don't 'do stuff' on weekends. Why don't you suggest Thursday and see what they say?"

"That's tomorrow."

"Did you have plans?"

"No, it's just I wanted some time to decide what to wear."

"How hard could ... never mind. One day I'll learn not to ask questions like that."

After cleaning the kitchen, Miranda went up to her room. She quietly locked the door, then got undressed. She lay on her back on the bed, pulled her cock up and lay it across her chest, raised her feet until they were above her head, and pulled her scrotum up so her testicles lay on her stomach. In this position, by straining her neck and tilting her head to one side, she could almost see her asshole.

"At least I can reach it without falling over," she thought.

The plug in her butt came out much easier than it had earlier, when it had taken the three of them working together to extract it. She got up and carried it to the bathroom where she cleaned it thoroughly before returning it to its place in the box with the other two.

After due consideration and employing a hand-mirror to help her get a good look, Miranda decided that it would be better to step-down in size rather than forgo a plug altogether. There was a little too much gape back there for her to feel safe not wearing anything at all, so she inserted the smallest plug in the set. It went in quite easily, with no discomfort at all, and seemed reasonably secure once it was in place.

"I suppose that will shrink some if I can manage to keep cocks out of it for a couple of days," she mused. "I'd like it to stay open, but not so much that I'll risk having an accident, or maybe that someone could slip and fall in. Ha!"

She looked at the clock to see if it was too late to call Neal's mother. She decided that it was still early yet, so she looked up the number and dialed. Three rings later, it was answered by a familiar

male voice.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Neal!"

"This isn't Neal, this is his father. Who's this?"

"Oh! Sorry Mr. Beaumont. This is Miranda Peters, from up the street. Your wife invited my father and me to have dinner with you and I was calling to accept."

"Yes, she mentioned that. Look, hold on a second will you?"

Miranda heard a rustling noise, then a few seconds of silence, then the sound of a door being opened. When Mr. Beaumont came back on, the acoustics on his end had changed. It sounded to Miranda like he'd stepped outside.

"You still there?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I'm here."

"Look, my wife can be very protective of Neal. She gets a little enthusiastic at times. It sounds to me like she may be pressuring you into this. If that's the case, I apologize. I remember meeting you and your dad a while back. You're a stunningly-beautiful young lady and I want you to know I understand if you're not as interested in Neal as she'd like you to be. Is this making any sense?"

"Yes sir, it is. But it sounds very much to me like you are both underestimating Neal. He has some outstanding qualities."

"That sounds a lot like the old 'he has a wonderful personality' back-handed compliment. I agree that he's a nice kid, but even as his father, I can't see him dating a model."

"Mr. Beaumont, may I be perfectly honest with you?"

"Hunh? Sure."

"Your wife left me and Neal alone on your front porch for only a couple of minutes. In that brief time, your son managed to get me to kiss him, and was making good progress toward seducing me until I managed to summon enough resolve to resist. Mr. Beaumont, Neal is not the awkward, socially-inept boy he appears to be. I strongly suspect that in a couple more years, once he puts on a little weight and get control of his natural gifts, there will be a line of girls at your front door who want to date him. I'd just like to be at the head of that line."

There was a moment of silence during which Miranda waited patiently while Mr. Beaumont tried to picture his son as a ladies' man.

"Oh. Seduced, you say? I admit, I never thought of Neal as a Lothario. Well ... um, that puts a very different face on things. I suppose I'll have to have another talk with him about ... things."

Miranda wanted to suggest that Neal might be ahead of his father when it came to ... things, but she kept her tongue still while Mr. Beaumont found his way back to the subject of the call.

"So, of course we'd love to have you for dinner. Um, is Thursday good for you?"

"Yes sir, Thursday is good."

"Seven o'clock, then. I'm looking forward to seeing you and ... Greg?"

"Gerald."

"Gerald. Right. Goodbye then."

Less than half an hour later, the phone rang. Miranda saw by the caller-ID that it was the Beaumont house, so she picked it up straightaway.

"Hello."

"Guess what I'm holding in my hand." Neal asked.

"Um, gee. I dunno. Your dick?"

"Seven condoms. What the hell did you tell my father?"

"I ratted you out. I told him you almost seduced me on your own front porch. What happened?"

"He walks into my room, hands me the condoms, and asks if I need any money for dates. He's never offered to give me a dime before. I always had to do something to earn my crappy allowance. And I'm really grossed-out by the condoms. I know they come twelve in a pack and he gave me seven which means the other five ... I don't want to think about it."

"Sorry. I bet they won't fit you."

"Actually, they will. Or would. I'm *not* using these things!"

"I understand. So ... what size are they?"

"Super-magnum, why?"

"No reason. Just curious."

"Look, you can have them. But they're totally not going to fit you."

"No, I have specially-made ones. When I'm not just using a garbage-bag."

"Right. So, he gives me a thumbs-up, tells me not to break too many hearts, and walks out whistling."

"OK, I may have laid it on a little thick."

"You think?"

"Look, is this an improvement or not?"

"Oh, I guess. And thanks. He's in the den now, telling my Mom she should cut me some slack, that I'm not a little boy any more."

"You're a long way from that. Sorry if I blew your cover."

"I guess this means she won't be pestering me about where I'm going all the time. Are you really

coming over tomorrow?"

"Looks like."

"That's going to be more than awkward, you know."

"Probably. Just be chill. It might even be fun."

"I'll try to keep that thought. See you then."

"Goodnight."

"Night."

Miranda expected to hear from Larry Richards sometime the next morning. Kevin would have sent Larry the photos as soon as he'd culled any duds. Larry would have passed them along to the Danes to see if they met with their approval or if a re-shoot would be needed. In a connected world, this mean the biggest lag would be the different time-zones. She knew that going east meant later in the day, and Denmark had to be several zones away, so they would have had most of the day to review her work. When the phone rang shortly after 10:00, she was mildly surprized that it had taken so long.

"Miranda! Larry here!"

"Hi, Larry. How are you?"

"I'm just great babe. Just peachy. The Danes loved your stuff. Said it was just what they wanted."

"Good. No retakes then?"

"Nada. Listen, that was some really hot stuff. Way past what I expected."

"Thanks."

"Especially the second set that Kevin sent me. Like wow!"

"You're not going to use those, are you?"

"Not in our mag. Nooo. That's more deep-fetish stuff. I'll find a market for them, sure. But it hasn't been that long since pics like those were strictly under-the-counter material. To be honest, I wouldn't have believed that kind of thing was possible."

"Surprise, surprise!"

"Listen, if I do find a buyer, they may be interested in more than just the one set."

"You want more?"

"I want video. Is that a problem?"

"'In for a penny', I suppose."

"Good girl!"

"Can we use the same guy? He and I sort of clicked, which is how all that happened."

"Anything you want. I'll get back to you. Oh, hey! Herman said to tell you your gizmo is ready."

"Great!"

"Yeah, they want you out there for a fitting. Whenever you can make it."

"I'll go over this afternoon."

"Love ya, babe! Bye now!"

Miranda rolled her eyes. Larry was in full 'Larry-mode'. Every time she saw him, she expected him to be wearing a leisure suit and cuban heels with his hair slicked-down. He had that sleazy salesman thing down pat.

As soon as she got off the phone with Larry, she called Acme Veterinary Products and asked Glen Fletcher for a good time to come over.

"I expect any time you get here will be a good time for Vince," he told her. "And thank you."

"Why are you thanking me?"

"Your special order has kept Vince out of my hair for days on end. I'll be hard-pressed to find something else to keep him occupied after this. I'll let him know to be on the lookout for you. Just come around back when you get here. Anyone here will know who you are. Vince put your magazine photo up in the break room."

"OK. I'll see you after lunch."

The next two hours passed slowly for Miranda. The last time she had looked forward to something this eagerly was when she expected a man in a red suit to deliver it. After fixing a couple of sandwiches and eating one, she took the other in to her father.

"I hope you like toasted ham and cheese," she said as she sat the tray down on a side table.

"Anything is fine, thanks. I don't suppose you know if grapeshot was used as a weapon in the Battle of Barnet during the War of the Roses?"

"Sorry, no."

"It's not like anyone is going to have first-hand knowledge to refute it if I put it in, but there is always some history buff who will complain if I get it wrong."

Gerald looked up from his work and noticed for the first time that Miranda was dressed to go out. If she planned to stay home, she would have been wearing something more casual and probably revealing. Although he had to admit that she was getting better about flaunting her genitalia in his presence.

"You going out?"

"That thing that Vince is building for me is almost ready. I have to go over for a fitting. Would you like to come?"

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not." Gerald felt guilty about it, but there was no way he was going to be comfortable watching his daughter submit to the inhuman demands of a machine, even one she'd

commissioned.

"It's OK, Daddy. But this is going to help me a lot. If it helps me go longer in between needing to masturbate, it will be a big improvement."

"I understand, honey. But I'd really rather not watch you ... you know. I saw you ... do it, that first time and I really don't need to see it again."

Miranda leaned over to give him a peck on the cheek.

"Don't forget we're having dinner with the Beaumonts tonight. Seven o'clock."

"I won't forget. Is what I have on OK?"

"You might change your shirt before we go. Wear the blue one. I'm more concerned about what I'll wear."

"Hmmm." Gerald tried to be responsive, but noncommittal. His contributions to discussions about his daughter's clothes usually boiled down to suggesting that she show less and cover more. This time he thought that advice was probably unnecessary, since she was going to make an attempt to pass for normal.

"And that will be a nice change of pace," he thought, trying not to let what was in his head show in his face. "While I like it that she's accepted the ... change, so well; she has gone a bit overboard at times. The nudity I could barely tolerate. But when she was trying to decorate it with ribbons and frills and things, that was too much. She's better about that now."

"I'll try to get back before five," Miranda said. "I don't want to get stuck in traffic."

"No," Gerald agreed. He recalled her unorthodox posture behind the wheel and winced. He'd wanted to offer his services as her chauffeur, but that would mean he would be taking her places he'd rather she not go to do things he certainly didn't want her doing. Better if she drove herself. Better for him, anyway. More guilt he didn't need added to his conscience.

"Drive careful!" He called as she left his study.

Saying Acme Veterinary Products was in an out-of-the-way location would be like saying the ocean tends to be a trifle damp. No one would ever be likely to stumble across it on their way to anywhere else because there simply was nowhere else to be that was as badly located. Even though she'd been there before, Miranda was still confused by the maze of chain-link enclosing a myriad nearly-identical industrial sites, most of which appeared closed. The rest looked to have been turned into dumping grounds for stuff that no one was willing to pay to have hauled to the dump.

She would have assumed the one that was her destination was closed too, except that she could see a line of cars parked in back that had to belong to the employees.

After pulling in next to the last car - actually a beat-up pickup with no tail-gate and what looked to be a wire hanger for a radio antenna - Miranda walked across the gravel lot toward a set of steps next to what she assumed was the shipping dock. She made it up the steps and into the building before someone noticed her.

An older man wearing a sleeveless denim shirt and jeans with a pair of gloves stuck in his belt saw her and hustled over to greet her.

"Miss Peters! Been watching-out for you. Come on with me. I'll show you the way. Boss said you'd be coming by today. I'm Pete, by the way."

"Pleased to meet you, Pete."

"Watch the boxes. We're puttin' together a shipment for one of our distributors."

Miranda followed Pete as he weaved his way through stacks of different-sized cardboard boxes, each labeled with it's contents. The labels were mostly all-Greek to Miranda. She had no clue what a 'balling gun' was, or what you shot with one, although it did sound ominous. The ones she could read, like 'cow boot', made some kind of sense - if you knew why a cow would need boots. The only one she thought she understood was a crate labeled 'stallion catheter'.

"And that's why I try to keep my dick off the ground," she thought, "So I don't need to have one of those things slid up into me. Yeowch!"

"You know," Pete said to her as they walked past rows of metal shelves, "you're a real celebrity around here. See, we make a lot of stuff that goes out of here and gets used and we never hear nothing about it. Unless it's something that boy Vince went and 'improved'. You're the first critter we ever made anything for that could say yea or nay about how it worked for them. Take those teat cannulas ... OK, maybe that's a bad example. You wouldn't be needing to use those." Pete clarified their function by pantomiming using one to inject something into Miranda's breast through her nipple, something that made her cover them with her hands. "But we got a bunch of sizes and types of emasculators. Even one that would take *your* balls off before you could blink. Just slide it up between your legs and *zip* - they're gone. You'd be a gelding before you knew what hit you. Um, OK, so that's not the best example either. I'm not explaining this too good."

"You're telling me this is the first thing you've made that you could get feedback on from the horse's mouth."

"Exactly! Heh, yeah. We make a lot of stuff here and we wholesale a lot more, but this will be the first time any of it got used and we got to hear how it went from the critter it got used on. Probably also the first time Vince gets to hear if he fucked-up or not without I have to unload a bunch of returns. That right there would be a nice change. Not that the boy ain't smart, mind. But he tends to run off his imagination instead of hard fact, if you know what I mean."

"I know the type. I'll let him know if something isn't right."

"You do that. He's setup right through here. You go on in."

Miranda's first impression of the device Vince Danvers had built for her was that it had everything and the kitchen sink on it. The pedestal had places for her feet to go that had little rubber mats on them. The main support was on a hydraulic shaft to permit adjustment for height, even though Vince had taken exacting measurements that should have made that unnecessary. The bar across the top for her to hold while the machine was operating had handgrips in three different places. There was a padded shelf below the opening for her dick for her balls to rest on. There was so much chrome on the thing that it looked like it had been designed by someone who also did custom hot rods. Miranda was impressed at the effort and alarmed at the implication of thoroughness.

"What do you think?"

Miranda jumped at the sound of the voice behind her. Vince came in, literally wringing his hands with joy at being able to show her his creation. She almost expected him to cackle with laughter and

cry, 'It's alive!'.

"Except for the shell and part of the support, I was able to use off-the-shelf parts, like I thought. The pump, the container, the vibrators, most of the controls are pieces of other products. It's a real shame this is a one-off. I think these would really sell ... if there were anyone who needed one but you, that is."

"It's ... remarkable!" Miranda managed to embrace some of Vince's enthusiasm. "How does it work?"

"There's only one control. Just grab the bar anywhere and it starts. After you put your dick in, of course. Everything is automatic after that. When you're done, just let go and everything goes into a self-cleaning mode for a couple of minutes and then it all resets. Couldn't be simpler!"

"You think it's simple! So ... is it? Can I try it?"

"Sure thing. I tried to make it foolproof. Uh, not that..."

"It's OK. Go on."

"Just stick your dick in, step up here, lean over and grab hold. Then hang on. I'll monitor on this diagnostic panel so I can make adjustments if needed."

"Right. OK, let's get started."

Miranda pushed her skirt down over her butt and stepped out of it. She unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged it off. She stepped up to the machine, realized that it was too low to use with her shoes on, and kicked them off.

He dick went in smoothly. When her hips pressed against the padded shell, her balls came to rest comfortably on the padded shelf. She leaned over and reached for the bar.

"Uh, if you want to use this," Vince said, holding up a small ovoid with a flange at one end and a cord coming out of it. "You have to insert it manually. I couldn't find a way to make it automatic."

Miranda took the egg and reached behind her. She had left her butt-plug at home, so the way was clear and the vibrating egg went in as smoothly as she could have hoped.

The instant her fingers closed on the grips, the machine started. Twin pads slid out from the sides and wrapped around her to cup her butt and pull her firmly against the machine.

"Too hard?" Vince asked.

Miranda shook her head.

The top of the machine opened and two clear plastic hemispheres rose up to cover the ends of her breasts. There was a soft hiss, and she felt herself being sucked in. The sucking continued until her nipples were pulled an inch and a half down the tubes at the bottom of the cups.

"Not too strong?" Vince asked.

Again, Miranda shook her head. The anticipation she felt made her distrust her voice.

Another hiss, and her cock was drawn deeper into the machine. She felt something push against the

tip of her cock, filling the concavity at the end, then something else began to slowly invade the opening in the middle. It was rotating as it went, feeling like it was being screwed into her dick. That sensation was indescribable and her face must have shown it.

"That's the collection tube," Vince told her. All your semen will be sucked into it so none can get loose inside and foul the mechanism. That's operated by a variable-speed peristaltic pump so nothing comes into contact with what we're collecting between you and the collection container but the tube. It also makes the cleaning cycle quite a simple matter to engineer."

Miranda nodded. She felt a low vibration start inside the machine, then it began a rolling, pulling type of massage on her dick at the same time the cups on her breasts began to pulse and the egg in her butt started to vibrate.

The total effect was hypnotic. Her body was being manipulated in a way that seemed calculated to bring her to the peak of arousal in the shortest time. She felt her body yield to the demands the machine was making, her cock growing hard, her breasts heaving, and her breathing become shallow and quick.

"Unnnnggghhhh!" she moaned, and Vince made a note on his pad.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" He said, reaching down to one side of the machine, he brought up a gooseneck tube with a mouthpiece on the end and positioned it in front of Miranda's mouth.

"In case you get dehydrated. It's one of those blue sports-drinks. I didn't know what you'd like, but you can fill it with whatever you want."

The vibrations and the massaging weren't perfectly synchronized. Miranda almost mentioned this as a flaw, but after feeling the difference as waves of pleasure that washed over her and through her as the harmonic moved from one spot to another, she decided that was a feature instead.

Miranda felt as though her body was some kind of musical instrument that Vince's machine was playing at a virtuoso level. It was totally in control of her, draining her will as it made the pleasure inside her dance to its tune.

Her climax came upon her so gradually that she was surprised when she went from one level of ecstatic pleasure to a higher plane. She simply felt herself ejaculating, with the greedy machine easily keeping pace with her gushing cock.

"Aaaaaahaaa!" And Vince made another note.

Miranda shuddered. The machine neither paused nor changed gears. It simply went on, gently stimulating her, manipulating her, drawing her deeper into a sexual fugue that seemed endless. Miranda followed its lead willingly, eagerly anticipating the next confluence of pleasure that would bring her to another climax.

One climax caught her with her head back and eyes open, staring at the ceiling but not seeing it. The next she was facing down with her eyes closed. Other than that, the feeling and the intensity was the same. Instead of forcing her to climax as the Bulgarian's cruder device had done, this one was coaxing her along, leading her body, teaching it to follow a path of least resistance from one orgasm to the next.

None of the orgasms she experienced were mind-numbing, body-wracking affairs. And so none of them placed a particularly hard demand on her body. They simply went on and on and on, until her

mind was so saturated with whatever hormone came with the orgasms that she began to find it difficult to focus on anything but the rising tide of the next one.

"Don't forget," she heard Vince say. His voice sounded like he was speaking from somewhere down the hall. "All you have to do to stop the machine is let go of the bar."

Stop? Miranda almost laughed. Why on earth would she want to stop? This was something she never wanted to stop. This was pure nirvana. This was ... something she had to stop while she still could.

The jolt she felt as she tore her hands free of their grip on the bar wasn't physical, but it may as well have been.

"Huaaagghh!" She moaned, taking a deep breath. She clamped her lips onto the mouthpiece and sucked greedily. Whatever flavor it was didn't even register with her. It was wet. That's all that counted.

"Huh, how long?" She asked, trying to work the feeling back into her hands.

"About half an hour."

"Felt like a lot longer. Felt like... *forever*."

Miranda cleared her throat and pulled back. She expected to have to pull herself free of the machine, but the only thing drawing her back was her own reluctance.

"How ... ahunh. How much?"

"Looks like a good two quarts. I'd say that was damn impressive, but I don't know what your usual output is. I believe your target was a gallon. Until now, I would have said that was unrealistic. I think in another half hour you could have done that easy."

Miranda nodded. "Yeah, but then I'd have to take a good long nap. And I've got to ... to ... something. Can I sit down for a bit?"

Danvers dragged a chair over and Miranda gratefully dropped into it, legs splayed, balls dangling, and the end of her still rigid cock waving in the air a foot above the floor. Aside from feeling like she was still in the slowly diminishing throes of an orgasm, she felt fine. 'Fine' defined as not being totally drained or utterly exhausted. Vince seemed to have found a way to coax the cum out of her rather than force her to give it up. The result seemed to be more production in a shorter time, with fewer side-effects. Negative side-effects anyway. Not including the fact that every part of her body seemed to be quivering and her head felt like it was a helium balloon, bobbing around on a string.

"You're a genius," she told Vince. She managed to get her head pointed in his direction and keep her eyes open if not exactly focused on him.

"Thank you. I've tried to achieve the maximum effect with a minimum of energy expended. I think of it as finesse over force. I take it you're satisfied with my work?"

"Yeah, you could say that. You could say you just made me cum more than any man has ever done."

"That sounds like high praise. Thanks. Anything you can think of that I need to change or add?"

"A timer. Something to shut it off if I - uh - lose track of time."

"There is an auto-stop to prevent the collection container from overflowing."

"That's good. But sometimes a girl doesn't want to have her balls drained completely. I love a challenge, but mostly I just want to be able to go longer before my dick starts demanding my attention, you know?"

"I'll add a timer. I'll make it so you can't reset it while it's still running. You'll have to get off and let it go through the cleaning cycle before you can go again."

"Perfect. Where are my shoes?"

"Here," Vince said, retrieving her platform wedges, "Let me help you."

Miranda let Vince get her feet back into her shoes, then help her to her feet. Standing, she noticed that in heels she and Vince were close to the same height. In a fit of post-orgasmic spontaneity, she pulled him to her, threw both arms around his neck and planted her lips on his.

"Mmmphhff!" Vince was surprised, but not shocked. After waving his hands in the air for a few seconds, he put them on her bare back and slowly slid them down to rest on her butt.

With her lingering erection riding high between his thighs, Miranda rubbed her body against Vince like a cat. Mostly like a cat in heat. Only after a thorough and prolonged kiss did she ease-off.

"Thanks." She said, peeling herself off of him, but only so far as to let some air in between her body and his.

"D ... don't mention it."

"I'm not making you uncomfortable, am I?"

"No." His reply was higher-pitched than he would have liked.

Starting on his chest, Miranda slid her hand down Vince's body until she reached his crotch. Locating his junk, she gave it a gentle squeeze before following the lump to the end, where her fingers encountered a sticky wet spot.

"Oh! I was going to give you a hand, but I see you got there ahead of me."

"Yeah, watching you get off was more than I could take. Sorry."

"Don't be sorry. I'm not. Want to help me get dressed?"

"No, actually," he said, smiling. "But I will."

"When can you deliver it?"

"Uncle Glen said a guy at the magazine wanted it to go to someplace downtown."

"Oh, right. That would have been Larry. He said they wanted to do a video of me using it. How heavy is it?"

"Two-fifty. Most of that is the base. I didn't want you to be able to push it over."

"It felt plenty sturdy. I can get Mr. Pruett to help get it back to my house afterward. Now I need to

get home and figure out how I'm going to convince a neighbor couple that I'm a normal girl."

"Good luck with that."

"Yeah. See ya."

Miranda drove home with all the windows down, thinking the wind would help clear her head.

"I feel a lot better now than I did after the Bulgarian's machine," she thought. "It's like the difference between being made love to and being raped. Now why do I still want to have another go on the more brutal of the two? Masochistic streak? Or did that one do something for me that Vince's much better machine didn't? And why the heck am I wondering when that gangster will come around again to collect his ransom? Am I actually looking forward to that? Gee!"

After three runs through her closet and after pulling out a third of all her clothes, Miranda still hadn't decided what to wear to the Beaumont's.

"I just don't have any casual stuff that's also modest! I have things I got to wear while traveling, but those are pretty severe, not to mention plain. Those are for not being noticed. I want something nice for tonight. I'd like to impress them, not look like I should be sitting next to Gate 23B, waiting for a fricking 757!"

"OK, basics. I need something long and full from the waist down. Can't let anything show, under or through. Thick and stiff. Too bad crenoline petticoats went out of style. Not that I have one. I do have this canvas skirt. It's heavy as heck, but it's stiff enough not to let any bulges show underneath. Khaki isn't a great color, but what am I going to do? It's really too short. If I'm standing it should be OK, but when I sit down something may peek out. Unless ... If I wear it really low on my hips ... Then the base of my dick will make a bulge. Unless I hide that with something. Don't I have a scarf ... Ha! This one! It's a little cowgirl-ish. Who wears polka-dots anymore? But it's long enough to go around my hips and the pattern breaks up the lump."

"Right. Now what for a top? You know, maybe modest isn't the way to go here. Maybe I can get away with something risqué instead? Hey, I'm a model. I can always claim it's the new fashion. OK, something distracting. Blue will work. Goes with the khaki skirt and the scarf. Blue, blue, blue, where are you? Hmm. My bolero jacket? But I haven't got a blouse to wear under it. Whoa! Can I get away with just wearing the jacket? No blouse or even a bra? Miranda, you are a nasty girl. Whatever will the Beaumonts think? Heck, as long as they don't think, 'that's a damn big dick under that skirt', I seriously don't care."

After that, it was simply a matter of spending another half-hour picking the right shoes to go with the ad hoc ensemble. Eventually, a pair in brown suede with fringe dangling all over turned-up. Although she'd liked them in the store, now Miranda thought they looked too much like pom-poms for her feet, but the color was good and the fringe would draw the eye from anything else that might show under her skirt.

"And they were on sale. Forty percent off, if I remember right."

With everything complete, Miranda critiqued her appearance in the mirror. The skirt was fine. The shoes were acceptable. The jacket was the only question. It had a short, braided cord across the front, with a loop and button closure that left a two-inch gap when hooked. With nothing on under it, it showed her off from neck to navel. It gave the bare minimum of support, and virtually no control. Any sudden movement could be disastrous.

"Daring, that's what that is. Totally daring. I better be careful, or one of the girls will peek out. Good thing this jacket is lined."

Gerald's reaction was predictable and similar.

"Are you sure that's what you want to wear to visit the neighbors'?" He asked, as diplomatically as he could.

"I know. It's borderline scandalous. But I'm trying to distract them from noticing anything else."

"It's a bit over the border, if you ask me. But if that's what you've picked to wear, I'll try not to look too shocked. I can't speak for the Beaumonts, though."

"Don't forget to change your shirt."

"Right. I'll be back in a sec."

Standing at the Beaumonts' front door, Miranda had a fleeting sense of impending doom that seemed determined to hang around past the 'fleeting' stage. When her father reached past her to press the doorbell, she had a sudden urge to grab his arm to stop him.

She was still considering making a dash for it when the door opened and Mr. Beaumont waved them inside.

"Come in! Come in! Evelyn is in the kitchen, putting the finishing touches on dinner. She'll be out in a bit. Please, come into the living room and make yourselves comfortable."

He stuck out the hand without the drink in it to Gerald. "Gre ... Gerald! Good to see you again. Been awhile. Come in."

Turning to Miranda, he held out his hand again, but in a more awkward position, making her reach for it. When she looked up at his face, she understood why. Her strategy was working better than she could have expected.

"Ah ... Miranda! Good to see you again. I, um, you're looking lovely tonight."

"Thank you Mr. Beaumont."

"It's Harry, please. Can I get either of you anything to drink?"

"Yes," Gerald answered immediately, then realized he'd responded to the 'anything' part. A beat later he said, "Whatever you're having is fine."

"Bourbon it is." Harry moved over to the sideboard and picked up a glass. "Anything for you, Miranda?"

"No, thank you. I'm still a bit ... that is, no thanks."

"Suit yourself. Neal should be along any time now. I know he heard the bell. Lord knows what he's up to up there."

Harry handed Gerald the glass with two fingers of amber liquid in it and sat down in a leather recliner, leaving Miranda and her father to choose between a wing-chair and a sofa. Miranda went to the sofa and, holding her skirt out away from her in front as if trying to keep it from being wrinkled,

perched on the edge with her balls behind her knees and her cock clamped behind her ankles.

Harry sipped. Gerald sipped. And Miranda checked her posture to make sure nothing had shifted in the wrong direction. Harry's eyes kept drifting in the direction of her chest, which might have been a bit creepy, but tonight was sort of the idea.

"So, what is it you do, Harry?" Gerald asked.

"Insurance. Relax, I'm not going to try to sell you any. I'm an actuary. I calculate how many of our customers are likely to be paying their premiums next year so we know how much we need to charge new ones to be able to pay out the ones who are leaving us. How about you? What's your game?"

"Accounting. Or it used to be. I got lucky with some stock options and was able to retire early. Now I dabble in fiction."

"So you're home all day? Ah, here's Neal. Neal, you know Miranda. This is her father."

"Hi Miranda. Nice meeting you, Mr. Peters."

"Same here, Neal."

"Neal, why don't you go see what's keeping your mother?"

"Sure thing."

"Miranda, Evelyn tells me you're a model."

"Yes, sir."

"I guess that's a lot more interesting than insurance or accounting."

"I get to travel a lot. Trade shows, catalogs, magazines, personal appearances, that sort of thing."

"I can see how a pretty girl like you would be in demand. What magazines have you been in?"

"Mostly trade publications. In-house stuff. I just did a shoot for a Danish monthly. I don't think I could pronounce the name, even if I could remember it. I'm sure it's not sold in this country."

"I didn't know modeling was such a broad field. I suppose I was thinking about just fashion and TV."

"You promised me you wouldn't talk about work, dear." Evelyn Beaumont said, patting her husband on the shoulder as she walked into the room with Neal right behind her.

Miranda wanted to jump up and hug the woman. She'd gone as far as she could without painting herself into a corner with prevarications.

Evelyn sat down in what was obviously her chair, to the right of her husband. Neal squeezed in next to Miranda and leaned back. When she felt his hand on her far shoulder, she turned her head and gave him an icy stare until he moved his arm and put both hands on his knees.

"He may know how to get into a girl's panties," she thought, "but he still has a lot to learn about being discreet."

"Dinner is almost ready," Evelyn announced. "I'm just waiting for the rolls to get done. They always

seem to take a few minutes longer than the package says.”

“I think you’ve just given away one of your secrets, dear.” Harry told her, chuckling.

“Pillsbury is hardly a secret. No one bakes anymore.”

“Certainly not me,” Miranda said. “I can work the oven, but it has to be out of the bag and into the pan.”

“Which puts her one up on me,” Gerald added. “Everything I put in that oven comes out burnt. I understand the range. And I can microwave with the best of them.”

A faint ding from the kitchen seemed to be the signal that Evelyn was waiting for. She led everyone into the dining room. Harry paused at the sideboard to freshen his drink. Gerald knocked-back the last of his bourbon before accepting a refill.

The Beaumont’s dining table was a smallish oval, so there was no head or foot of the table. Miranda was seated on one side, with Harry Beaumont to her left and Evelyn, Neal and Gerald across from them. Aside from putting her out of reach of Neal and his wandering hands, Miranda couldn’t read anything into the arrangement. Happily, the table was covered by a large, checkered tablecloth that hung far enough down on her side to allow her to slide back in her chair and open her legs sufficiently to allow her cock and balls to sit between them. The downside was that, while the table was ample for two, five was a bit of a crowd to squeeze in around it. Miranda had to be careful about keeping her elbows tucked-in due to the close proximity of her host.

Dinner was baked chicken, green peas, steamed carrots and a basket of rolls. Basic food prepared simply that was still better than Miranda usually managed and well beyond the quality of the bar-food she’d had to endure at a couple of her club appearances. While eating, conversation was limited to comments on the food and harmless discussions on the weather and scheduled trash collection in the neighborhood.

After the plates had been cleared, Evelyn brought out a pie that everyone knew had been on the grocery store shelf the day before, but no one – not even Neal – was rude enough to identify as such. After a spoonful of topping was added, the pieces were distributed along with cups of coffee. Harry opted for a brandy as well, and Gerald followed suit.

“Have you decided on a career yet, Neal?” Gerald asked.

“Haven’t got a clue.”

“I understand. I didn’t decide on accounting until my Junior year at University. That was when I realized that I needed to pick something and while I was pretty good at math, there were few jobs out there for theoretical mathematicians.”

“How about you?” Harry asked Miranda. “Was modeling something you always wanted to do?”

“Pretty much. I guess I never got past playing dress-up when I was little.”

“You must have been a darling child,” Evelyn said.

“I bet all the little boys chased you around the schoolyard, didn’t they?” Harry laughed as he said it and reached down to pat Miranda on the knee.

She would have jumped if she hadn't seen it coming. Their chairs were almost touching, though and there had been a bit of accidental rubbing going on throughout the meal. Still, he was awfully close to touching the wrong thing.

When he didn't withdraw his hand immediately, she assumed he was waiting for some kind of response to his comment, so she said, "I suppose there was some of that."

"I just bet there was!" Instead of taking his hand away, Harry gave her leg a friendly squeeze, but left it resting where it was.

With his fingertips brushing things she really didn't want him coming close to touching, Miranda was in a quandary. Mr. Beaumont had clearly drunk more alcohol than he should have. Looking across the table, she thought she could detect a slightly glazed look in her father's eyes as well. Calling attention to a little affectionate touching would only result in attention also being called to something she very much wanted to remain out of sight and out of mind for everyone present.

She did the only thing she could think of under the circumstances. She moved her legs just slightly farther apart to put just the tiniest bit more distance between Harry Beaumont's hand and the thick shaft of her horsecock.

Harry responded to the movement by sliding his hand higher up on her thigh and spreading his fingers.

Miranda moved her legs still further apart, only realizing once she'd done so that her left knee was now pressed against that of her host, something that encouraged him to expand his exploration to nearly a full-on grope.

"Mmmm!" Miranda moaned, more in frustration at not being able to escape the situation than anything sensual. Although if she wasn't able to get his hand out of there shortly, that was a possibility.

"Miranda?"

"Mwha! What? Sorry, Mrs. Beaumont. I must have zoned-out there for a second."

"I asked if you would like some more coffee."

"No thank you. I'm good."

Unable to tolerate it any longer, Miranda dropped her left hand into her lap, intending to knock his hand away, or pry it off her leg, if necessary.

It wasn't necessary. As soon as she moved, he did too. Instead of brushing his hand, she knocked the linen napkin out of her lap and onto the floor. She could feel it touching her ankle. Her face must have shown something, because Mrs. Beaumont asked, "Something wrong?"

"Dropped my napkin. Clumsy me."

Neal started to push back from the table, preparing to retrieve the piece of cloth.

"No!" She said, perhaps too sharply. Having Neal crawling around under there might create more problems than it would solve, since she had no doubt that, given the chance, he would get playful. "I'll get it."

Miranda scooted her chair back and began a maneuver involving a sort of corkscrew squat that she hoped would bring the napkin within reach without disturbing the position of things under her jacket or allowing anything under her skirt to show out or through. Despite her many hours of practice at hands-free genital coordination, it was anything but easy.

Harry helped. He scooted his chair back as well, but turned toward her. This put his knees in her way, so he helped again by moving them apart.

That's when Miranda, already on her knees and leaning down, noticed the long, thick bulge along the inseam of Mr. Beaumont's trousers.

"Whoa!" She thought. "That may be bigger than Neal's! Damn! You're staring! Stop staring! Dammit, your dick is bigger than his. Quit admiring it. You know, you'd probably have to work your way up to the largest size plug in the set before you could risk tangling with that. I wonder how his wife copes with that thing? She can't possibly take the ... OK, that's enough! Get your darn napkin and get up!"

Miranda's fingers had just closed on the errant piece of cloth when Harry again decided to contribute some additional assistance. He reached down and groped blindly, narrowly missing hitting her in the side of the head. When she jerked away, the back of her head hit the underside of the table. The sudden motion had a secondary effect. It caused the loop of braided cord to slip off the button on one side of her short jacket, allowing the jacket to fly open, leaving both breasts hanging free.

And that was the moment that Harry Beaumont got lucky. One second his outstretched hand was groping for the napkin, the next it was filled with a bare breast.

"I don't believe this!" Miranda fumed inside her head. "Could I screw this up any worse?"

The answer arrived almost immediately. Without realizing it, she had managed to put a foot on her skirt. As soon as she started to rise up, it was yanked down past her hips.

With desperation and frustration wrestling for the upper hand in her head, Miranda dropped the napkin, ignored the hand that was cupped under her breast, and made a two-handed grab for her skirt, trying to restore her modesty before Harry could get a look at anything more than the crack of her ass.

Unbalanced, she pitched forward, her face falling right into Harry's lap with her cheek pressed against his dick. The only upside was that Harry was startled into letting go of her boob.

"Well, it just got worse. I give up. I fucking give up!"

Miranda turned her head and opened her mouth and put her lips around the bulge, mouthing it firmly but not using her teeth.

Harry froze. Whether shocked sober or simply stunned into immobility, Miranda couldn't guess and didn't care. She used the respite to squirm back into her skirt, refasten her jacket, and retrieve the napkin. Only then did she release Harry before carefully, and with great decorum, rise up to resume her seat at the table.

"I had my foot on it," she said, by way of explaining the difficulty she'd had. Then she turned to a stiff Mr. Beaumont and said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he replied, mechanically.

Miranda reached for her coffee cup and took a sip, savoring the flavor while she waited for whatever was going to happen next to transpire. Should chaos ensue, she planned to meet it with as much dignity as remained to her.

"There's a full moon tonight," Neal announced, out of the blue. "Miranda? Would you like to go take a look at it with me?"

Eager for any excuse to escape the possibility of further adventures with the father, Miranda leaped at the chance. "Sure!" She replied, brightly.

She stood quickly, and with a smooth and practiced move, rearranged herself into her usual fore-and-aft walking mode before following Neal out of the dining room. She didn't dare look back at his father, but she was curious about his expression.

"The moon isn't full," Miranda said, leaning over the wrought-iron railing and peering up through the strands of ivy.

"I know. I had to get out of there and that was the first thing that I thought of. What was all that business under the table. Did you get lost?"

"I stepped on my skirt and almost got up bare-assed."

"That's a problem I've never had."

"You would if you had to wear something the size of a bedsheet for a skirt."

"I guess I would. Why did you wear that..."

"It's a bolero jacket. And that was supposed to attract attention away from the other stuff."

"I think it worked. I saw Mom looking. I know Dad was looking. And I was certainly looking."

"Hey! Don't! Alright, smart guy. Hook me back up!"

"Don't worry. It's dark out here. Nobody can see. Let me play with them a little. You owe it to me for teasing me with them all during dinner."

"I wasn't ... oh well." Miranda decided to give in on this one. She shrugged, then rolled her shoulders back and surrendered. "Get it out of your system."

Neal didn't exactly maul her, but he was very thorough about playing with her boobs. He touched her everywhere, even bending down to kiss them both. It was when he started sucking her nipples that she had to call a halt.

"Enough! You'll get me all worked-up. And I've got to go back in there and say goodnight."

"I wouldn't want to get you all hot and bothered."

"The hell you wouldn't! You'd just love to..."

"Neal!" Harry called as he opened the front door. "Come help your mother with the dishes."

"But Dad..."

"Don't 'Dad' me. Get!"

Neal 'got'.

Hoping that Harry's eyes hadn't adjusted to the dark on the porch, Miranda quickly crossed her arms to hide the fact that her breasts were exposed.

"I was hoping to have a quick word with you," Harry said, keeping his voice low and moving close to her.

"Oh? About what?"

"About what happened..."

"Nothing happened. Nothing that needs to be discussed." Miranda did her best to appear casual as she tried to defuse whatever Mr. Beaumont was about to say. She certainly didn't want him apologizing for something that was partly due to her own clumsiness, and which she was quite willing to put behind her. She leaned back against the rail and spread her arms to put her hands on it at her sides. Only after she'd done it did she remember that her jacket wasn't hooked and she'd just bared her boobs to him.

"I appreciate your understanding," he told her, taking immediate advantage of her clear need to have her breasts held in two manly hands.

"This evening isn't going at all the way I thought it would," Miranda thought as she submitted to his handling. "Damn! Like father, like son."

Harry pushed her back against the railing, forcing her to lean back over it. She suspected he was about to press himself against her and that was something she had to stop or he would have felt something pressing back. She put out a hand to hold him back, but quickly realized that wasn't going to work and changed tactics. Instead, she slid her hand down between his legs until she had hold of his dick. That stopped him just as quickly as it had when she'd touched him earlier.

"Show me," she urged him in a breathy whisper. "I want to see it."

Harry took one quick look over his shoulder to make sure no one was looking out the window, then he released Miranda's breasts to yank his zipper down and take his cock out.

Miranda wrapped both hands around his organ and tugged. She let one hand slide down the thick shaft and into his fly until she found what she was looking for. Cupping her hand around his balls, she dragged them out, being careful not to scrape the delicate skin on the metal teeth of his zipper.

Standing in his shadow of the only light, Miranda couldn't see it as well as she would have liked. But she could feel the size and the weight and the firmness and that was enough for her to know that Beaumont Sr. was more of a man than Beaumont Jr.

Thinking that he could see her better than she could see him, Miranda looked up as she let her mouth fall open. Then she stuck out the tip of her tongue and slowly licked her lips.

She was right about him being able to see. It was suddenly a tie between her dropping to her knees or him pushing her down. She barely had time to sweep the end of her cock back so it ended up

lying across her Achilles tendon.

She put the taut rounded head of Beaumont's cock against her lips and kissed it, then parted them far enough to allow it to slip inside.

Beaumont moaned and put his hands on her head. She was afraid he might try to force himself deeper, but his touch was light, not demanding.

Miranda wrapped both hands around his shaft, one above the other. She slid her mouth down until the tip of her tongue was against the small loose bit of skin on the underside. She sucked firmly, but not too hard, then she began flicking her tongue side to side as fast as she could.

Beaumont reacted like she'd hit him with a stun-gun. The light touch on her head turned into a vise and his hips jerked so hard that if she hadn't had a firm grip, his cock would have been shoved straight down her throat.

"Hnnnggggh!" He groaned through clenched teeth, and slowly got control of himself until he was merely tensed to guitar-string tautness instead of jerking around uncontrollably.

Satisfied that she was safe from being forced to swallow his whole cock, Miranda slid one hand down to again cup his testicles, closing her fingers around them gently. When they moved, she would know he was about to cum. She briefly toyed with the idea of swallowing, but dropped it just as quickly as it had occurred to her.

Beaumont's balls jumped. Quickly, Miranda pulled her mouth away and aimed his dick over the rail. Right on cue, it began shooting streams of translucent cum. They vanished into the dark beyond the porch, but she could hear them as they splattered over the shrubs. Miranda held it steady until it had fired its last then used her expertise to wring the last few drops out.

She let Beaumont put his cock away, using the time to get back to her feet and corral her boobs back inside her jacket.

As soon as they both had everything adjusted, Beaumont said, "I think that's the quickest anyone has made me cum. You certainly know your way around a dick, even one the size of mine."

Miranda wanted to say that she was something of an expert at dealing with big cocks, but reconsidered since that might be misleading and she didn't want to be put in a position of having to explain the comment. Her only reply was a smile.

"I guess I know what Neal sees in you. I'm still not clear on what you see in him."

Miranda smiled and traced a finger down the inside of his thigh. "Can't you guess?"

Beaumont smiled broadly enough for Miranda to be able to see his teeth in the dark. "Takes after his old man, does he?"

"Oh yes!"

"Glad to hear that. He turned shy when he hit puberty. Locking the bathroom door and things. I was afraid his development had been stunted or something. Um, he hasn't hurt you, has he? When Evelyn and I started dating, it took quite a while for her to get used to me. Although I have to admit, she was persistent about it."

"No, we found a way to manage. Although at one point I was sure it was going to come out of my mouth."

"That's my boy! Well, I see that you two are more suited for each other than I thought. It sounds like you weren't entirely honest about how long you've known each other."

"It was only a little longer, really. I only lied about being able to resist being seduced. I have a weakness that I am just now discovering. Neal came along at just the right time to scratch that itch. Now don't you think we should go back in before someone comes looking?"

"I doubt we're running much of a risk. Evelyn and Neal think I'm having a heart-to-heart talk with you about dating Neal. They won't intrude. Your father is probably close to passing out on my couch. That can happen if you follow vodka with bourbon."

"Vodka?"

"You didn't know he'd started drinking before he got here? It's a myth that it doesn't leave a trace on the breath. I noticed it right off. I was trying to catch-up, but I think he's a better drinker than I am."

"Oh! No, I didn't notice. He had ... a recent shock that he has had a hard time getting past. I know he keeps a bottle in his desk. I didn't know he'd had any before coming here."

"I see. Drinking alone is a dangerous habit. You drink less if you do it socially and have to hold up your end of a conversation. You also get to see yourself mirrored in your friends' behavior. That can be somewhat sobering as well."

"You're saying I need to find him a drinking buddy?"

"I'm saying I wouldn't mind knocking-back a couple with him on occasion. I need that mirror as much as he does. I think we saw a bit of that tonight. I apologize for getting too ... friendly during dinner."

"I think I may have brought that on myself. I tried to show how terribly fashionable I am and it backfired."

"If this is the new fashion, I am all for it!"

"Like a lot of fashion, it's not very practical. I tend to pop out if I'm not careful."

"That is not something a man would consider to be a calamity. From the way you described your work, you must spend a lot of your time wearing revealing clothes."

"Sometimes none at all."

"Really? That Danish magazine?"

"Total nudity."

"I think I understand that skirt then. You wear so little while you work that you tend to compensate by covering-up in your off-time."

"I think you may be onto something there."

"Damn shame."

"One of the people I do work for told me I needed to wear more in public. He said if I walked around showing what I've got, that was just giving away what people would otherwise pay to see."

"That son of a bitch! But I see his point. 'Why buy the cow if you can get the milk for free?'"

"Were you thinking you'd like to milk me?"

"I am now. Would you prefer being hooked to a machine or are you the old-fashioned type of cow who likes feeling a man's hands on her teats? When I was little, my grandfather had some cows on his farm out near Mill Springs. He taught me how to milk them by hand. I got pretty good at it. I could show you, if you like. I might not get anything, but I bet I can make you moo."

"I think we'd better go inside before you start something I know you won't be able to finish."

"Maybe I'm just warming you up for Neal. Do you want me to go get him for you?"

"That's very tempting."

"Tempting enough for you to drop your skirt and bend over that railing?"

"What? Again? It was more exciting in the daylight."

"Oh, well-played!"

"Does that mean I win?"

"Let's call that a draw. Now I think we really should go in before my wife starts to wonder just how deep this conversation has gone."

"I give up! This is making me crazy. If you don't stop, you'll get me har ... um, you'll make it hard for me to walk home."

"I was hoping to stall long enough for something to get hard again."

"Mr. Beaumont, am I to be your son's girlfriend or yours? We need to clarify that point."

"I was sort of hoping we could share."

"As much fun as that might be for me, would it really be fair to Neal?"

"I suppose not. Lucky Neal."

"Thank you. Now I think I need to get my father home while he can still walk."

Once they were across the street, the light from a pole a couple of houses away made it easier to navigate. The night air also cleared Gerald's head a bit.

"What was that all about?" He asked, looking back toward the Beaumont's as if judging how far his voice would travel.

"What was what about?"

"You and Beaumont were out on the porch an awful long time."

"We had a talk."

"What about?"

"Guy stuff."

"You're not ... OK, so what kind of 'guy stuff'?"

"If you have to know, we were talking about you."

"Me?"

"You drank too much."

Gerald opened his mouth to refute that, then shut it again. Finally, he said, "OK, I may have had a little much. But I was just trying to be sociable."

"Funny, Mr. Beaumont said he was trying to keep up with you."

"He did?"

"He suggested that the two of you become drinking buddies. He said it would help both of you drink less. He made a good case for it, actually."

"Hunh! Well, I'll be damned!"

"So, you going to go for it? You have to promise me that you'll only drink when you've got someone to do it with."

"Ah! I get it. Clever girl."

"I have my moments."

"OK, no more vodka shots to help get through the afternoon. I'll wait until I've got someone to get plastered with other than my old friends Jimmy Beam and Jack Daniels."

"Whatever. Just promise me, OK. It hurts to think that I'm the reason for your drinking."

"I promise, honey. I promise."

Later that night, Miranda lay in bed with the light off, thinking about the day she'd had.

"How did I get that involved with Neal's father? Scratch that. *Why* did I get that involved? You'd think I was the one who'd had too much to drink! Was I flirting with him? Since when does a blow-job count as flirting? Did I even do that right? Did I bring him off too soon? Should I have let him cum in my mouth? No, I got that one right. It wouldn't have been cool to kiss Neal with the taste of his father's cum in my mouth. If he's going to be tasting anyone's cum, it's going to be mine!"

"Dammit, did I do all that because I'm trying to prove to myself that I'm still female? Or is it because in my head I really am still female? How can I tell the difference?"

"It was a good thing I went to Acme to try out my little helper. If I hadn't had my hormone count lowered, Harry might have gotten a rise out of me out on his porch. That would have been awkward! 'See, Mr. Beaumont? I'm not your son's new girlfriend, I'm the stallion he's sodomizing. He's just so

fascinated by my big horsecock. It's really putting him in touch with his gay side.' Heck, I probably would've got to see his head explode! One of them, anyway. I suppose that whole thing could have turned out much worse than it did. Maybe I should just be grateful that the evening ended on a good note. Well, tomorrow is another day."

On that note, Miranda rolled onto her side and went to sleep.