

My Boyfriend's Girlcock
- A Short Story -
By Razmagurk

"Holy shit!" My jaw dropped as her jeans hit the floor. "What the fuck is that?"

"Uh..." Cassie blushed, "my dick?"

"I can see it's a dick! Why do you have a dick!?"

"Because I'm a girl?" She tilted her head in perplexment. "In case you somehow missed that in the two years we've been dating? Why are you acting like you've never seen my dick before? You're making me self-conscious."

"Oh my god," the room spun. "It wasn't a dream."

"Aw," she laughed and gave it's turgid immensity a few quick strokes to bring it up to full mast. "You were dreaming about my dick, baby?"

"No!" I turned my head, trying not to look. My heart pounded. "There was... oh god, how do I even start? There was this genie, okay?"

"Wait, you had a genie dream too?"

"I-" I gulped as I glanced down at the monstrous sex-stick sticking straight out from between my girlfriend's supple thighs. "I don't think it was a dream."

"Look, baby, it's sweet that you like my cock, but you're acting kind of weird."

"Sorry, sorry." I put a hand to my head. How did I even begin to explain something like this? "Look, maybe you better sit down, okay?"

"Okay?" she sat down on the end of her bed, her rock-hard dick pressing against her belly button. Oh my god, it was huge. It almost pressed up against the underside of her tits.

"Listen, Cas, there was this genie. I was drunk and horny. I may have made some wishes. Some sexy wishes."

"Oh?" she smirked. "What did you wish for?"

"I wished... oh my god, this is so embarrassing."

"What is it?" she rubbed my arm. "Come on baby, you know you can tell me anything."

I blushed. "Do you know what a futanari is?"

She blushed harder.

"I think I might have..." I continued, "I think *that stupid genie* might have turned you into one."

"Charlie, baby, what are you talking about?" She looked down past her heavy tits to the obscenely throbbing cock and churning balls sat between her widely spread legs. She looked back up at me quizzically. "I'm the same as I ever was."

"You have a dick!"

"Yes? I've always had a dick." She grabbed her pulsing manhood in one delicate hand and gave it a few contemplative waves. To her it might as well have been the most casual thing in the world. "I thought you liked my dick? It's never been a problem before."

"Oh my god," I sat down next to her and wrapped an arm around her. "Sweetheart, this is worse than I thought. It's just like all those stories - you don't even realize what's been done to you. You're completely oblivious that this is all just... wrong."

"Charlie, stop. There's nothing's wrong with me!"

"Girls don't have dicks!"

"I-" she blinked in disbelief, the revelation obviously too much to bear. "Excuse me?"

"Girls don't have dicks. I know it's hard to believe, there's probably some kind of magic at play that's made you think its normal, but the truth is-"

"Baby," she interrupted, "*all* girls have dicks."

"Wh- what?" I froze.

"Well, I mean... some transgirls don't, but like..."

"No, no, that's..." my pulse elevated. I reached for my phone. "I can prove it. Here, look..."

"Prove what?"

"Oh my god." I dropped my phone.

She picked the thing up and raised an eyebrow. "Baby, why are you looking up porn when I'm literally sitting here with my pants down around my ankles?"

"I was..." My head spun, I tried to blink away my disbelief, tried to will the world back in to some order, but reality wouldn't be denied. All I could do was sit and stare as she scrolled through page after page of

naked, well-hung women. Even the least endowed of them seemed to have a cock that would put a horse to shame. "I was trying to show you that women don't have dicks."

"Honey..." She looked piteously between me and the irrefutable evidence in front of us. "Are you sure you're feeling okay?"

The room spun. What the hell had I gotten myself into?

"The genie, she must have..." I put a hand to my head. "She must have turned every girl in the whole world into a futanari."

"I'm not a futa!"

"You're a girl with a dick!"

"A perfectly normal girl with a perfectly normal dick!"

"Then what the hell is a futa!?"

"I can't believe I have to look this up for you. Here, look." she typed the term into the google on my phone. All the blood drained from my face. "See? Guys with cocks."

"Do - do they not normally?"

"What?" She laughed. "No, honey, men have pussies. Soft juicy pussies. Trust me, I'd know. Look, I don't know what's gotten into you, but it's not funny. Were you going through my browser history or something because this is all -"

I stood up and dropped my pants.

"Holy shit," her jaw dropped. "What the hell is that!?"

"It's my dick!"

"Why do you have a dick!?"

"Because I'm a guy!!!"

"Guy's don't.... Fuck," she swallowed, "look at that thing. You weren't kidding. Does this mean you're like, secretly trans or something? Have you just been hiding it this whole time?"

"No! I told you, it was the genie!"

"Right, but why wish for a dick if you aren't -"

"I did not wish for a dick!"

"Look," - she blushed. Damn, she couldn't take her eyes off it. - "I'm not saying it like it's a bad thing."

"Wait, what?"

"If that's... you know," she wiggled. "If that's what you're into. I think it's kind of cute. Not that I'm a lesbian or anything. You - you weren't looking at my browser history, were you?"

"What? Why?"

"When you started talking about futa I thought maybe... I mean, I might be," her voice fell into a whisper, as though she were afraid even to admit to herself out loud. "I might be into that."

"Oh my god." I put my hand over my head and fell back onto the bed.

"Can I..." she loomed over my cock as it bounced half-hard in the air. She glanced around conspiratorially. "Can I touch it?"

"Only if -" I looked red-faced into the equally crimson mien of my loving girlfriend. "Only if I get to touch yours too."

"Deal!" she laughed.

We crawled into a rough 69 on the bed, her dick was still rock hard, still swaying in the air before me. Only now however, so close to my face, did I truly appreciate it's weight, it's girth, it's strength. It smelled musky and weirdly feminine and it sent my heart pounding like only pheromones can.

She put a finger on the head of my shaft and pressed it down before letting it go. She grinned as it sprung back up then giggled and did it again.

I reached out gently to grab at this strange lurid rod before me. It surged hotly in my hand, throbbing and needy and alive.

It was bigger than my face. Was it supposed to be bigger than my face? This was no ordinary dick, this was a monster cock, a true beast. I blushed. The genie knew what I liked.

I didn't have a lot of experience with cocks, but I decided here and now that this dick - my girlfriend's futa fuckstick - was my favorite.

"Oh my god," the words slipped unbidden from my lips, the cadence betraying my shortness of breath. "You're huge."

"Aw," she giggled, flexing her pelvic floor and causing the dick to jump in my hand. "That's really sweet of you to say, but you don't have to. I know I'm only an inch above average."

"What?" How was that even possible? I could barely fit my hand around it. Her balls were like ripe eggs.

"I can't believe how cute yours is." I trembled as her fingers wrapped around mine. Shit. She was good. Not too tight not too gentle. She had always been so awkward with my dick before. But now - ah fuck, I threw my head back. Of course she was good at this, she had one of her own, she had a lifetime of first-hand practice.

Wait, hold on. "Cute!? I wished for it to be 9 inches!"

"Yeah," she squeezed my aching shaft and made it jump. "It's so delicate and petite and manly! Just the way I like it."

I blushed. Somehow knowing that her dick was so much bigger than mine just made it hotter.

I returned my attention to the sex machine before me, the build up of sexual energy from my girlfriend's ministrations driving me further in my own horny quest for satisfaction. I took her balls into my other hand and rolled them around just like she was doing to mine. She was panting now, moaning with each soft stroke down her immense length. All of the pleasure that she was delivering into me echoing back into her stronger as I followed her lead. She gasped and she squirmed and she mewled. Was her dick more sensitive? Or was it just the feminine reaction to cry out?

Not that - shit - not that I was lacking in the pleasure department. My own enormous cock pulsed within her grip, the new size of my ramrod erection bringing with it greater intensity than ever before. Or maybe that was just - my hips shook - maybe that was just the work of a hand far more skilled than mine.

I slid a thumb around her purple head, it was turgid and spongy and surprisingly soft. How could something so soft be so hard? Hard as steel, hard as the arousal pounding through her blood, hard as the need coursing through my own.

I stroked faster, building, matching her pace. I let my own horny frustration and fetishistic impulses take control, I let a lifetime of fantasies bubble their way to the surface.

"Ah, fuck!" she cried, her cock twitched and a drop of precum beaded out like morning dew on the stamen of some mighty flower. I swallowed. The smell hit me like a train. I ran my tongue along the shaft and licked it up.

"Okay," she pushed me away. She was biting her lip. Had she been watching? Her breathing was as hot and fast as my own. "That's enough playing around."

"Huh?"

"You've got me all worked up." She spun back around, hands groping as she crawled along my body. Her eyes were locked with mine as she licked her lips. There was a tint of raunchy lust, that familiar driving sting I knew all too well from when my own dick was calling the shots. Her hand was still gripped around my dick like a vice as she scooted forward to eye level. She squeezed and rubbed her thumb along my frenulum, I squirmed.

"Hi." I said, leaning in for a kiss. she was playing at being coy, at being flirtatious, but the way she bit my tongue as she pulled away left no doubt as to her state of mind.

She kissed back harder, her desperate need clear with every little gasp. Our bodies pressed together, her big soft tits pressing into my chest, the warmth of her gentle body elevating tantrically even now.

She pulled her hand off of my dick and ran her fingers through my hair.

Our dicks touched. Sparks erupted.

The head of her monster ground into my own as she ran her hands down my back, grabbed my butt, and pulled me in closer. Her dick pulsed against mine. I could count the beating of her heart.

"Fuck," I smirked. "I don't think I've ever seen you so horny, Cas."

"Sorry," she blushed. "You know how it is. I've only jacked off like four times so far today, and the sight of you with this- this *thing*..." She pressed her hips all the harder into mine, her cock sliding off mine and sandwiching our dicks frenetically between our pelvises. "It's just got me so worked up."

She repositioned her dick back against mine and leaned in for another kiss. My head swam as I pulled away. Four times a day? I was normally lucky if I could catch her in the mood more than once a week.

"What?" She pouted. "What's that look for?"

"Nothing," I laughed and shook my head. "Just thinking how lucky I am to have you. I love you so much."

"I love you too." She furrowed her brow, likely suspecting I was up to no good. How was I going to explain to her that she'd never have to go horny again?

I pulled away and looked down at the sight of my futanari girlfriend, her short breath sending her tits aquiver as her hips pressing gently into my own, our dicks squeezed together by our desperate heat.

It was amazing how easily her dick overwhelmed mine as she rubbed hornily against it, our dripping precum mixing into a fragrant lube. I gave her a quick buck and she shuddered, she returned it and I gasped. Her balls enveloped mine completely. I was the little spoon to my girlfriend's massive meat pole.

She pulled herself back into me, wrapping her arms around my back and cradling her head in my neck, She squeezed, trying to bring us together, trying to do away with the physical space between us and grind the soulflame of our passions until we were one. I squeezed back all the tighter, closer to this girl than any other.

We kissed again, completely entwined, her heavy tits pressing into my chest, our dicks pressing, grinding, coming dangerously close to orgasm time and time again, bodies held together in shivering intimacy.

I trembled as she nibbled on my neck, as she blew into it. Normally I was the one making her feel good but now she was taking every opportunity to seize the initiative.

Soon our bucking increased in pace, the pretense of romance fading as we grew bolder and raunchier, the looming promise of orgasm driving us to increasingly animalistic copulation. We had both given over completely to the burning need in our dicks.

"Ah!" Her pulse quickened as she pulled away, her body turning red, her cock twithing aggressively in the air, her fists in balls. I knew the reaction all too well. She was trying not to cum.

"Are you alright?" I grinned.

"I'm fine." she took a few breaths. "Sorry, it's just... Fuck," she squeezed my dick. "You're getting me so hot baby. God, you have no idea." She couldn't tear my eyes off my cock, I don't know if it was me or it she was speaking to.

"You don't know the half of it." I groaned, hips bucking into the cold air.

"I don't want to cum yet though. Not yet."

"Oh?"

"I think that's enough foreplay." her horny excitement took on a predatory tone. "Bend over."

"What?"

"Bend over, baby, I'm going to stick it in that tight little ass of yours, just the way you like it."

"What!?" my eyes bulged. "No way! absolutely not!"

"Oh come on, why not!?" There was a desperation in her voice, a fear. It was like the notion of not getting to sticking her fat cock in my butt was the worst thing she could imagine.

"I'm a guy!"

"Yeah, and guys get fucked! Come on baby, I know we mostly save it for special occasions, but you know how much I love that tight ass of yours. Look how hard you've got me. Come on, just the tip? If you don't like it, I'll stop."

"No, what? It should be you bending over! I should be the one fucking *your* ass."

"Baby," she snorted in laughter. "that's hella gay."

"Oh my god. And me getting fucked isn't? I thought you were into guys with dicks?"

"I am! I want to see that cute little thing bounce as you ride me all night long. Isn't this what you wished for? Didn't you want a girl with a dick to go to town on you. Don't you want me to make you feel so fucking good, baby?"

"I..." I swallowed and glanced away. My face was hot. I had never considered what I'd actually do with a futanari girl if I ever got one. I looked at her eager member as it throbbed hotly in the air before me.

I traced my eyes up along my girlfriend's supple body and into her pleading eyes. Despite everything, I smiled. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen her so excited for something. This was the girl I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. She sparkled in anticipation, in desperate horny need.

Wouldn't I go to the ends of the earth to see this girl happy?

I looked back down at her dick. My heart was on overdrive, not least of why because of my peaking arousal. This thing had such a commanding presence. I smiled. It was all for me wasn't it? I was the reason it was so big and hard and itching to go. Was I really considering this?

I took a breath. She was right, this had been what I'd wanted, hadn't it? For futa to be real... even if I hadn't exactly thought things through this far. "What the hell?" I thought. If anybody is going to be fucking me at least it's her.

Besides - I swallowed hotly - I wanted to see just how good that dick could make me feel.

"Okay," I tried to hide the excitement in my voice, "but be gentle."

"I love you so much, baby" She leapt in excitement.

"I love you too. I'm serious though! Go slow. I don't know how you're even going to get that big fat thing in my butt."

"Oh come on, your acting like this is the first time we've done this."

"For me, it is, okay?"

"Mmm," she purred, "Then I'm going to pop your fucking cherry all over again."

She threw me backwards on bed with a ferocity I didn't know she had. Her dick pressed against the quivering hole of my ass. She held a small bottle of lube in her hand and squeezed some out onto her trembling cock. When had she grabbed that?

Wait - her bare tits bounced as she rubbed the slick oil along her length - were her boobs bigger?

My heart pounded at the sight of my futanari girlfriend standing over me. She was right, this was what I wanted. And I didn't want it any other way. I could see the frantic need pulsing through that dick. I felt wanted. I felt loved. And goddamnit, I loved her back.

"Gentle!" I turned and presented my waiting rear.

She bent me over the bed, my cock dangling down beneath me. She ran a finger from the length of my dick all the way down to my balls and then started to fondle. Her squeezing was cheeky, experimental. She giggled. She was as obsessed with them as I was with hers.

She spread my cheeks and rested her dick between them, gripping either cheek and squeezing my butt around her cock for one, two, three thrusts. Now it was slick with lube, the cold fluid sliding down my thigh onto the bed. Fuck, we should have put down a towel.

"God I love your ass." She slapped it and made it jiggle as she slid another long stroke, then my breath grew short as she rested the head of her battering ram at the gates of my canal. Here it was. Now or never.

"You ready?"

"Do it." I gripped the sheets in preparation.

"Ask nice." She pulled her cock up and let it slap back down on my hole.

"Huh?"

"Tell me what you want." She slapped it again.

"You're making me beg?"

"Mmhmm." She bit her lip. "Tell me you want it."

"I- I want you to fuck my ass."

"And why should I do that?" she teased.

"Please!" I played along. "I need it! Fuck my ass with your enormous girl-dick, I want to feel your heat inside me. I want you filling up every inch of me. I'm so horny that I can't even think straight, make me your bitch!"

"Mmm," she sighed sweetly. "Good boy."

She pushed. The wind left me. I saw stars.

It was - fuck it was hard to think. It was like an immense feeling of fullness and a screaming in my brain that this was not what my body was designed for. I thought I would hurt, I thought it would break me, but somehow my boy-butt gave way for this monster dick like the well-trained fuckhole that it apparently was in this world. Not that that made it any less surprising, oh no, not that that made it feel any less good as she slid inch after slow inch inside me.

She stopped, dick inside me, and flexed. My brain struggled to seize some form of coherence but it couldn't. All I could focus on was how there was this one little spot she was nestled up against and how tongue-lollingly, eye-rollingly good it felt when she pressed into it and how - fuck - and how the sensation seemed to be growing, expanding unbelievably through me, the pleasure consuming my whole consciousness.

It was like - I had nothing worthy of comparison. It was like the escalation of pleasure approaching orgasm, but climbing without limit. My cock had nothing on this. Its warmth pulsed and echoing out into my whole body. I shook.

"Jesus christ." I gasped, struggling for words. "Baby you're so fucking big oh my god."

"Aw, you like the way I fill you up?" she giggled and gave my balls a little squeeze from behind. My whole body surged.

"Yes!" I groaned. The pleasure was mounting. "Wait, what's so funny."

"That's just the tip baby." Somehow, she found a way to slide in even further. "You like it? You want more?"

"Huh?" I glanced over my shoulder at this vision of a woman standing between my spread legs, sure enough, a good half her cock still glistened patiently at my entrance. She smiled coyly and pressed just a smidge harder, forcing another moan from my lips. "Yesss!"

She obliged. She thrust into me, my eyes rolling into the back of my head as her cock filled up parts of me I didn't know existed, it's girth grinding along that sensitive spot the whole time. The hot brain-shattering sensation of being filled increased in urgency until at last my brain would think about little else

"Oh god. Oh god. Oh god."

"You like that?"

I couldn't speak.

"Yeah, you like that. Fuck you're so hot baby. I love you so fucking much." She pressed her tits into my back and gave me a kiss on the neck, as her hips somehow found ever more girth to put inside me.

"I-" It was through gasps and cries but it had to be said "I love you too!"

And with that the fucking began in earnest.

In and out, slowly, gently at first, as she promised, but soon our rising carnal passion took charge once again.

I wasn't used to being the bottom. She was normally so sweet, so demure in bed, but this - I could tell in no uncertain circumstances - this was a girl who knew how to fuck a boy raw.

She spun me around, legs dangling off the bed. My stomach bulged as she bottomed out. My dick flopped in the air as she grinned down at me in delight.

She reached down and wrapped a hand around my cock, playing with it like a new favorite toy. My body exploded at her touch. All the erotic charge that had been building up suddenly rushed to explode through my dick all at once. Precum poured out of me as each thrust squeezed my innards.

"Mm..." she hummed between thrusts. "not yet." she pulled her hand away and winked.

"Ha?" No, fuck, please! I needed it.

But she bottomed out hard and all was forgiven.

"You like that? You like my cock in your ass baby? Can you feel it filling you up? You want it harder? God, look at your boydick flop as I pound into you, look at it bounce. You're loving every second of it aren't you?"

"Mrr...."

"What's that?"

"More!"

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Her balls crashed into me. She was done holding back. Each thrust was a lightning surge of sensation, like my ass and my cock and my body were all linked by a live wire thrashing about in a thunderstorm.

It was all I could do not to gurgle and faint.

"Oh god baby" her own voice had shifted to a gasping cry. "I'm going to... "

Her hand grabbed the shaft of my cock tight and shook as she pounded her finale into my ass. It was an explosion of euphoria as all of our unpeaking sexual bliss erupted into an inferno of orgasm shooting out my dick so hard that it splashed up onto her tits just as she bottomed out, as she ground pulse after frantic final pulse. We bucked and we ground our hips, ancient instincts aching to get as much cum into the other as possible.

And then it was over, and she fell on me, the fat log of her dick still half hard inside me as we collapsed messily onto the bed.

I was naked and I was panting and all I could think about was how close I felt to her in that moment, as her dick pulsed inside me. I pulled her in close and she curled up on my chest.

We lay there panting, exhausted, lost in the fog of post orgasmic bliss.

“Oh wow.” I finally managed to say, through parched lips.

“Mm, you liked that baby?”

I shivered in appreciation.

“Good,” she smiled. Fuck I loved her smile.

We kissed. Slow, romantic, sensual.

“There’s um.” She blushed as she pulled away. “There’s something I should tell you.”

“Of course. What’s the matter?”

“You- oh my god how do I phrase this?” She glanced away, embarrassed to meet my gaze. “You - you weren’t the only one the genie visited.”

“I what?”

“And I think we may have... sort of... maybe... wished for the same thing?”

“Holy shit.” I stared flabbergast. Horrified.

But god damnit my dick gave away the game.

“Round two?” I could feel her dick hardening again within me her lurid nipples pressed into my chest.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

The End.