

A Thousand Windows – Strap-on World
A Glimpse in four Parts.
By Razmagurk

Part 1 - Conviction

"Confidence, girl!" Kinsley nudged her friend. "That's what you need."

"Sure," Kaylee sighed. "Easy for you to say. You haven't had to struggle for a date your whole life."

"Yeah," she laughed. "Cause I put myself out there."

"That's one way of putting it..." The girl standing next to Kaylee was practically busting out of her top. She was hot! A paragon of femineity. Kaylee was... well, she wasn't unattractive, but you wouldn't know it from the way she was dressed. She had engine grease under her nails. She wore glasses.

"Hey, you've got to flaunt the goods if you want to do business, that's what I'm saying! Come on, Kay-bear, you're always like this. I finally got you out of your cave to do a bit of shopping, lets make the most of it! This is the perfect time to reinvent yourself! Leave Carlos in the past. You're going to look great, I promise."

"You think?"

"I know it! And look, step one?" she gestured to the boutique before them. "We have got to get you a new dick."

Kaylee blushed as they made their way inside. Dildos lined the walls in high shelves, arrayed one above the other, sorted by brand and size and shape and color. Tall walls of glittering factory fresh phalluses. Other women milled around, occasionally pulling one down to their hip to size it up. The store was surprisingly busy for this time of day.

"I... I don't know about this." Kaylee took a hesitant step back.

"Come on!" Kinsley grabbed her hand and pulled her in, eyes glittering at the selection. "It'll be great!"

Kinsley giggled as they made their way through the aisles, her head swiveling from display to display, scanning for the perfect deal. Kaylee followed, steps behind, eyes glued squarely on the floor.

"Ooh! How about this one?"

Kaylee's friend hefted a silicone member off the shelf and put it in her reluctant hands. It was heavy! Were they supposed to be this heavy? Curiosity getting the better of her embarrassment, she ran a hand along it, carefully inspecting its shape and texture. It was strong and well made and easily six inches longer than the one currently sticking out from the fly of her jeans.

"It's uh," she blushed. "A little big?"

“Uh, yeah? Big is totally in this year.” Kaylee put a hand on her hip to draw attention to prodigious size of her own large strap-on, bouncing heavily beneath her short and playfully ruffled skirt. God, Kaylee had a whole look going on: her dick - ceramic and lilac and flowery - not only matched her girlish skirt, but her nails and the highlights in her otherwise blonde hair as well.

Kaylee ran a hand along the thing once again, frowning. It was true, wasn't it? Big was in. All the girls on tv these days had cocks down to their knees. She thought back to the magazine ad that had prompted this little excursion. She didn't know how movie stars could walk around with those things and not trip all over them.

She normally considered herself above all that sort of thing, but she couldn't deny just the tiniest smidge of jealousy. God, what kind of a girl wouldn't be jealous of that? But celebrities could afford to walk around all day with a third leg. She worked with machinery! What was she going to do if her dick got stuck in a lathe, huh?

She tried not to think about the high fashion show she'd seen where the girl's dick had been so big it had dragged along the ground. She swallowed. Hotly.

“You don't like it?” Her friend frowned.

“It's uh, a little much?” Her pulse pounded as she stared at it.

“Ah, good point, its powerful, but it's not something you'd want to wear around the house, you know? What are you thinking? Realistic, abstract? If you're going to be somewhere fancy or formal, we'll want to do something in glass or ceramic, but for most silicone will do. Oh my god, they do amazing things with silicone these days, it's all super high tech. Oh, and look!” She pointed giddily. “There's the new line of flared tips! Horse cocks are very en vogue right now, you'd look great in that!”

Flared tip. Kaylee's face grew all the redder as they approached the display.

“I- I don't know about all that. I don't want to be too out there, you know? I've always just gotten by with something super basic. Practical?” She nervously squeezed the small rubber dong strapped to her hips. “No one wants to see a girl like me walking around with something big and sexy thing like that.”

“Oh, honey, what?” Kinsley pulled her friend into a hug, boobs pressing into her face. “No, I will not stand for this! Kay-bear, you are beautiful and the world should know it! But you see? This is exactly what I'm talking about. No wonder you don't have a boyfriend.”

“Hey, I have a boyfriend!” Kaylee bristled. “Had. I've... had a boyfriend.”

“And you haven't been out of the house in 6 months. Come on, it's time to let it go, it's time to put yourself out there again and absolutely kill it, girl. And nothing says ‘I'm young, fashionable, and down to fuck’ like a 12-inch Victoria's Secret horse cock!”

“Okay, fine!” Kaylee took the thing in her hands, one gripping the shaft, the other cradling the balls. God, and she thought the other one had been heavy. “If it makes you happy, I'll try it on, okay?” She held the thing up experimentally to her hips. “But I'm going to look ridiculous.”

"That's the spirit!" Kinsley pulled her into another hug, but this one would not last.

"Ooh, and you know what?" She gleefully dragged Kaylee once more down the aisles. "While we're at it, let's get a few more! This would look really cute on you, too. Oh, and this! And this one's on sale!" She let out a girlish squeal as she grabbed an entire armload of prospective penis prosthetics.

"Excuse me, sir!" she called out to one of the store's clerks as the two of them arrived at the changerooms. "Do you have this in any other colors? My friend here needs to look her *sexiest!*"

The clerk looked up and over at the two girls, running his deep blue eyes along Kaylee's body and lingering around her modest strap. Her heart pounded. She couldn't even remember the last time a boy had really looked at her. God, why did he have to be so cute?

"Uh," he returned his gaze to her eyes and gave her an understanding, empathetic smile. This was not the first over-eager friend he'd dealt with. He looked over at the product in Kinsley's hand. "We also have that one in Plaid and Red. We also have a limited-edition ribbed version for valentines, but it's only available in Pink."

"Ooh there we go!" Kinsley's eyes sparkled.

"No!"

"What's wrong with pink? Pink is cute! I love pink."

"Just..." Kaylee looked back down at the lilac floral pattern on her friend's ceramic strap-on. "I have nothing against patterns or rainbows or spikes or bumps or whatever, but if I'm going to have a dick I want one that looks like a dick, you know? No pink."

"Fine." Kinsley rolled her eyes. "Your loss. I'll be back for that one later for myself. Can we see the red?"

The clerk pulled out a box with a luxurious scarlet model within. Kinsley gushed.

"And is this change room open?"

"It is." he smiled. "Just let me know if you need any more help, okay?"

"Great! Thank you!"

Kinsley pulled her friend behind the curtain, giggling like a child with a new doll.

Sometime later, Kaylee stepped out a completely different woman. Her hair was down, her glasses gone, and Kinsley's colorful ruffled skirt shimmied around her hips, the high cut in the front rising to reveal the new monster red strap on swelling in the air before her.

"Are you sure about this?" she hissed, face flush.

"I'm telling you," Kinsley stepped out behind her. Somehow she even managed to make Kaylee's boring jeans hot. "You look great!"

Kaylee took a few experimental steps towards the mirror, then stopped dead in her tracks at the sight. Oh god, the way it bounced, the way it swayed! She turned to get a glimpse at the way it hoisted her skirt up, playfully lifting the ruffles of the girlish skirt. She relished the pull and swing of the thing's momentum. She had thought she'd look horrible but instead she felt so... powerful. Sexy. Confident.

She put her hands on her hips and gave a few exploratory thrusts in the air. The sensation pressing back on her privates was like nothing else.

"Yeah girl!" giggled her friend. "See? You like?"

"I - I look ridiculous." Kaylee bit her lip as she eyed herself over in the mirror. "A girl as short as me has no business with a dick this big!"

"Ridiculously hot! That just makes it all the better. I'm not the only one who thinks so. Look!"

She looked over at the store clerk, who averted his appreciative eyes just a moment too late.

"See?" Kinsley nudged. "He's into you."

"He is not!"

"He totally is! Go on, ask him out."

"What!?" Her face reddened again. "No way! I'm not about to just start asking out random dudes, no matter how good I look in this!"

"Aha! See? You know you look good!" Kinsley grinned. "Girl, trust me, you are missing out. Confidence. You don't think you're going to be running through this guys dreams all night? Come on, do yourselves both a huge favor."

"I don't care how much confidence you think I need, I'm not going to just--"

"Excuse me, sir!?" She called out from across the store. "Can you help my friend test this one out?"

"Kinsley!"

The boy went almost as red as Kaylee.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" She ran up to apologize, dick bouncing. "My friend didn't mean that! She was -"

"S-sure." he glanced away bashfully.

"Wait. What?"

"We don't normally... uh... test the merchandise, but I mean," he glanced around conspiratorially.

"Maybe this once? It does look really good on you."

“What?”

“Follow me to the back room?”

Kinsley held up a hand for a high five, but Kaylee’s gaze was firmly locked to the clerk’s wide hips and his fat fuckable butt as he sashayed his way to the back room.

She trembled. She knew she shouldn’t. She wasn’t the sort of girl to just randomly hook up with random guys like this. But damnit - she bit her lip - it had been 6 months since the breakup. Maybe it was her libido screaming at her not to screw this up. Maybe it was just the power of this bad girl strapped between her legs, eager to unload on that boy’s hungry behind. Maybe Kinsley had been right all along.

She followed, a few footsteps behind, her giant crimson dick swaying before her.

“See?” Kinsley laughed. “What did I tell you? All you needed was a bit of confidence.”

Part 2 - Joy

Katherine had been 18 for all of one day now, but she wasn't a woman. Not quite yet, anyway.

Everybody she knew was there, gathered around her: her family, her friends. Her boyfriend Kyle was grinning at her from across what remained of the cake. They were all laughing and smiling.

She had always been the baby of the group; her birthday was months after the closest neighbor. Never though had it been as bad as it was now. The rest of them had already crossed over, they were all enjoying the perks of womanhood while she languished in girlishness.

But that was about to change.

The restaurant was a quiet din in the background, the cake had been eaten, and she was staring at the intricately wrapped box in front of her. It was the second last gift to be opened - Kyle had said he'd give her his gift a little later, much to the jeers of her peer group - and it was the biggest by far.

"It's, uh, a little larger than we agreed, isn't it, Darling?" Her mother tutted softly to her husband.

"Well, what can I say?" He grinned bashfully. "It's our little girl's big day, isn't it? You know how the fashions go these days."

Wait, was it - ? Could it be?

She was shaking in excitement as she tore through the wrapping. Never in her life had she been so eager. Her friends laughed.

It was!

She stared at the box that lay inside, eyes boggling, brain not believing the sight it was seeing.

The new La Vie en Rose XXL, *Wild Sower*, from the Life Of Passion line.

"Oh my god!" She squealed, tearing the lid from the box to reveal the forearm-sized dildo within. It was true. It was real. Everybody was cheering, her eyes were tearing up, great globs of happiness splattering against the glittering silicone.

This had been her dream. She... she hadn't even gotten her hopes up. She had tempered her expectations. Her whole life she had to settle for second best, for off-brands and generic clothes, her parents never willing to splurge on her happiness.

But this - she put a finger to it - it was real! It was real and oh god it had */six/* layers of silicone. She could feel it moving like flesh beneath her fingers. This cock - her cock. */Her/* cock! Big and strong and sexy. A woman's cock! At last.

She was a kid no longer.

"Thank you!" Her voice broke. She wrapped her arms around her parents. She hoped the volume of her cry would make up for the inadequacy of the words themselves. "Thank you thank you thank you!"

"You never forget your first." Her mother smiled warmly. "Happy birthday, Katherine."

"Just be sure to take good care of it." Her father cautioned. "We're not getting you a new one if you lose it. Treat it with the respect it deserves."

"I will! I promise! I'll polish it every night!"

"The rest of the squad is going to flip!" she laughed, returning to the box and running a hand along the thing's silky-smooth material. "Khloe Defleur showed up with a ten-incher hanging down between her leg, but this is going to blow them all away! Thank you thank you thank you thank you."

"Anything for our little girl." They grinned proudly.

Her boyfriend poked at it, his eyes wide in stunned awe.

"Like what you see?" she blushed.

He nodded eagerly.

"Oh my god, you've got to try it on!" chimed Kelly.

"Yeah!" came a murmur of agreement from the rest of her assembled friends. "Try it on!"

She blushed and rose to her feet, happy to oblige. She was the only girl - no, woman - in the restaurant who didn't have a thick rod sticking out from her crotch. She was eager to join her proverbial sisters.

After a bit of fumbling, she slid the straps up her long legs, glad she had worn a skirt today, and lined the thing's sensors up with her labia and clitoris, as instructed in the booklet, to take advantage of the thing's full tactile feedback that was the brand's biggest selling point. Her mom and big sister helped adjust the straps, then stepped away.

"Ta-da!"

She wiggled her hips in sheer glee, her great big dick waving around in front of her. It wobbled and jumped and thrust in the air as she adjusted her skirt over top it. She couldn't stop grinning. Even just the weight of the thing pulling her forward as it swayed and slapped was enough to send her into a fit of giggles.

She gripped a fist around it confidently, striking a pose out of a magazine even as the echo of sensation feeding back into her clit sent her knees wobbling.

"Well?" she laughed. "How do I look?"

"Beautiful." Her boyfriend grinned back at her from across the table, drinking in the sight. "How does it feel?"

"It's - It's perfect!" She was crying now. Wiping tears away from her eyes. She knew tears were for kids but in that moment they just flowed out. "I've never been so happy."

Her friends laughed. Some were eyeing the monster dong jealously, but most were just happy to be a part of their friend's big day.

"Now," her boyfriend whispered, "what's say we help you test it out, huh?"

"Wait, what?"

There were catcalls and a giggle from her friends.

"My gift." he said, louder. "I want to help you break that thing in. I want to be there with you to take you across the threshold, I want to help you make a woman of yourself. If - if you'll have me, of course."

Her heart pounded. She looked down at the thing in her hands. It felt like a baseball bat. How long had she dreamed about this? How many late nights had she fantasized about stuffing her dick as far down her boyfriend's juicy ass as possible? Of hearing his sweet moans as he took every inch of her new womanhood?

But no...

"Kyle, I - I can't..." she blushed. "I can't possibly ask you to take something like this for our first time. Look at it! Baby, I'd - I'd break you in half."

More laughter.

"Actually, uh," his blush matched hers. He scratched at the back of his head. "I've kinda been practicing?"

"What?"

"Your parents told me what they were getting you... and well... I wanted to make sure that I'd be able to handle it, no matter how big it may be."

He turned around, pulling down his jeans, there was a thick plug in his ass, almost as big as the beast between her legs. Her breath hitched. Had he had that in the whole time? There was another cheer and some wolfwhistles.

"I've been training for months!" He shook his ass tantalizingly. "I wanted to be a good boyfriend, I wanted to be here for you in a way no one else can. I don't know if I'll be able to take it, but for you? I want to try."

"Wait, Kyle knew?" she turned to look confused at her parents.

"He's a keeper." Her mom winked.

“What do you think?” With a pop, Kyle pulled the plug out, his asshole was well lubed and gaping. Ready, hungry. It was everything she had fantasized about. “I’m ready if you are.”

“Yes! Kyle, of course!” Her heart pounded. She navigated her new dick around the table, careful not hit anybody or knock anything down. She’d have to get used to the new appendage.

Finally, she squared herself up behind her boyfriend, her strap-on slapping against his round rump. She tried to pay it cool, she tried to act like the mature woman she now was, especially here in front of all her friends and family and the increasingly large crowd of curious restaurant-goers looking over at the party. But, well, if her girlish enthusiasm happened to shine through as she fucked her wonderful boyfriend silly, who could blame her?

“Ready?”

He nodded, hands gripped into fists. He trembled as her phallus circled his hole, as she rubbed it’s sheer overwhelming womanhood all over his quivering beautiful boy butt.

“Oh god!” he cried out as she slid in. Her own breath spilled out in gasps as the high-tech dildo’s feedback system communicated his heat and tightness to her clit with micro-orgasmic precision.

With trembling knees and an over-eager thrust, she plunged her new monster into the waiting hole of her lover.

“Oh god!” he cried, stars in his eyes, hips roiling and bouncing as they tried to accommodate her sheer girth.

“Gently dear,” her mother laughed. “Don’t break him yet.”

“Oh god, listen to those moans!” laughed Kennedy.

“Fuck his butt, Kat!” cheered Kelly. “You got this!”

They were all squirming in their seats, the women no doubt fantasizing about breaking a boy of their own, and the boys, well...

“Oh my god!” Kyle gasped again. “It’s incredible!” There were stars in his eyes as her inartful strokes finally resulted in her bottoming out. He quivered as it slid out and then back in, their hips dancing, their bodies learning. The grooved shaft rubbed a blistering assault along his engorged prostate. “Kat?”

“Y-yeah?” They looked each other deep in the eyes. Hers were glittering now too, the dildo transferring every inch of the pressure right onto her own clit, she was feeling it just as much as he was.

“I think -” He sighed in bliss. “Kat, I think I might love you.”

“Oh my god,” her voice hitched “I love you too!”

There was another catcall from the gathered party as they leaned in to share their first kiss, their first real kiss: with tongue and him bouncing impaled on her womanhood. She thrust her hips forward and

he bounced, their hands locked together, bodies pressing tight. Together they screamed out their first orgasms.

Her family cheered, her friends cheered, and as cliché as it is, it seemed like the whole restaurant cheered enthusiastically along. Women looked on nostalgically, thinking of their own 18th birthdays, while men eyed the bucking boy jealously.

She was a girl no longer. No longer late to the party, no longer the one standing out.

At last, she was a woman.

And she had so much time to make up for!

Part 3 - Envy

"Oh my god," Kate slapped her hands down on the desk. "Can you believe the nerve of that girl?"

"Uhg, right?" Kira sighed, her big fake grin still plastered to her face as they watched the new hire walk blithely towards the elevators.

"Where does she get off dressing like that?" Kate flopped back in her office chair. "This is a place of business! She's strutting around like she's dressed up for a night out on the town! And did you see the way her tits were flopping around?"

She looked down at her own tits and adjusted her work blouse. Not that she and Kira weren't friendly on the eyes themselves, not that they weren't showing skin too, but there were limits!

"Maybe she slept her way through the interview?" Kira raised an eyebrow. "You know how Kinsley is."

"Oh my god, that would be just like him, wouldn't it? A girl walks in with those big slutty tits and that shameless strap-on? God, it's just so... it's so..."

"Big!"

Their eyes were locked, hearts pounding in their chests, on the girl's deluxe horsecock as she pulled it up out of the way of the closing elevator doors.

"It's massive! Way larger than anyone has any right to wear to an office! Like what is she compensating for, huh?"

"And that skirt!" Kira groaned.

"So short! You could totally see her straps."

"I don't know," chimed Kennedy, rounding out their trio of office desks, "I think it's kind of cute."

"Oh my god," Kate sighed, "of course you would!"

"Men." Kira rolled her eyes.

"Oh please," he laughed off the comments. "You're both just jealous because her strap-on's bigger than yours"

"Jealous!?" Kate roiled. "Jealous! Why would I be jealous? I have the biggest dick on the floor."

"Second biggest," chimed Kira.

"Third biggest," corrected Kennedy. "If they stick the new girl here."

"Wait, hold on," it took Kate a second to do the mental math. She turned on Kira, eyes narrowing. "Are you saying yours is bigger than mine?"

“Uh, yes? Come on, Katie, we’ve been over this like a dozen times. I have a good, like, half inch on you.”

“No no no, I can’t believe I’m still hearing this. How can you still think that that pencil dick of yours is in any way bigger than mine. Look!” Kate stood up, one leg on the desk, legs spread wide, gripping her huge strap-on with both hands and slapping it onto the desk with a thud. “This thing is massive.”

“Massive sure,” Kira rose once again to the challenge, presenting her own extra-long dong. The air was electric, their two dicks all but slapping against each other. “But that fat chode of yours can’t compete with the sheer length of mine!”

“Oh god,” Kennedy sighed, “not this again.”

“Kennedy,” Kate barked. “Go get the tape measure.”

“Oh please, you don’t even measure it right, you’re supposed to go from the base!”

“Ladies, please!” Kennedy held up his hands. “There’s more to life than the size of your dicks.”

“You stay out of this!”

“Uhg.” He rolled his eyes. “Women.”

It took another twenty minutes before their rivalry had died down, neither side relenting, but both convinced they were in the right. Normally that would be the end of it. For now, anyway. This time though, things were different. This time there was a new rival to consider.

And it wasn’t just her, was it? All across the company the dicks were getting bigger. It was the /style/ wasn’t it? Suddenly, the two women weren’t quite the biggest around anymore, were they?

And that? That wouldn’t stand.

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“Well?” Kira grinned as she walked in the next day. She felt good, she felt powerful. A brand new La Perla *Venis Magnum* thrust proudly out from between her thighs. It was thick and it was long and it bounced confidently before her like a whip. “What do you think?”

But all her confidence faded away when she rounded the corner to her desk.

There, between Kate’s legs, wobbling in front of Kennedy’s shocked face, was a brand new La Perla *Venis Magnum*, thrusting powerfully from between her thighs. It was thick and it was long and it bounced confidently before her like a whip.

“Is that -” Kira’s face went completely red.

“Oh my god,” Kate’s jaw dropped. “Are we wearing the same cock?”

Kennedy burst out laughing.

Kira gritted her teeth. On her it looked great, but on her co-worker, it felt so... *feeble*, so sterile.

"No, no, this can't be!" Kira shook her head, running over to compare her length side by side against her workmate's.

The two gawked down at their twin monstrosities, then looked away angrily.

"No, see? Look, mine's... mine's clearly bigger!" Kate preened, adjusting her hips to try and sell it. Yours is all... you're not wearing it well at all!"

"Like hell!" Kira put her hands on her hips. "Kennedy, get the tape measure"

"No."

"What?" they turned to look at him.

"I said no!" he put his arms over his slim chest. "I'm tired of getting caught up in your dick measuring contests! Where does it end, ladies, huh? You know what? I say this is a good thing. Now you're both tied for first. Congratulations."

"You don't understand!"

"You're right, I don't. This is crazy. God, what are you even hoping to accomplish with those things, huh? Look, as a guy, as someone who's been around, let me tell you, seeing a girl with a big swinging strap-on like that is hot, sure, but the size isn't all that matters. It's how you use it."

The two looked at him, neither quite letting the bashfulness they were feeling through. They looked back down at their enormous, boy-breaking faux dicks.

"He's right." Kira sighed. "This has gotten a little out of hand, hasn't it?"

"Uhg, absolutely." Kate rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "I just... I saw that new girl and I just couldn't stand the thought of her showing us up like that. We've had the biggest dicks of this company for years now. That means something, you know?"

"Exactly! I just couldn't bear the idea that she'd come in and ruin what we have here."

"And now there won't be any questions about who has the bigger dick," laughed Kennedy. "We can all just get on with our days."

"Your right." Kira laughed as well. "Like you said, it's just a matter of who uses it better. "

"Right!" Kate laughed too, grinning.

"Wait... hold on." The laughter died away. Kira raised an eyebrow. "You're thinking that's you, aren't you?"

"I mean," Kate chuckled. "I don't need to say it. I think its pretty obvious. Why, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying I fuck more boys before breakfast than you do all day."

"Oh no you don't!" Kate gripped a fist. "Don't even think you can come up in here and start talking that kind of trash with me, I am a fucking machine!"

"Yeah, inelegant and artless!"

"Oh, you skank! I'm a goddamn virtuoso, and I can prove it! Kennedy?"

"Yeah?"

"Bend over."

"What? Oh, come on, Kira don't tell me you're -"

"Do it!" Kira rubbed a hand up and down her dick. "let's put an end to this once and for all."

Kennedy looked agog between the two of them, then held up his hands in surrender.

"Fine!" he sighed, "If it'll shut the two of you up!" He pulled down his pants and grabbed a well-loved bottle of lube from his desk.

He tried not to let them see the smirk on his face as he oiled up and presented his bubbly ass for fucking. Spending the morning getting pounded to one orgasm after another by his all-too-enthusiastic workmates may not have been the most efficient use of the company's time, but hey, it sure beat the hell out of listening to them argue.

Who knew? Maybe this would even become a regular thing. What's a horny office-boy to do?

"I'll go first." Kate stepped up, her big fat cockhead pressed right up against his sensitive bud.

"Wait, how come you go first?" Kira slapped away Kates's dildo with her own. "I should go first!"

"Like hell!" Kate parried, their dicks sliding off each other in the air. Kira Reposted but Kate slapped her back down.

"Oh my god!" cried Kennedy. "I cannot believe you two! Will one of you just hurry up and fuck me already?"

Part 4 - Contemplation

"So," asked her husband. "How is it?"

"It's uh..." For the dozenth time, Kay put a finger on the head of her dick and pressed it downwards. The way it sprang back up was hardly like a doorstopper, but in her brain, it had the exact same appeal. "It's weird?"

How was it? What a question. It was a medical miracle is what it was. Decades of research by women from all across the planet.

"Like, bad? Uncomfortable? Is it cramping?"

"Oh. No! No. Not bad. Just..." She flicked it again, relishing the sensation. "You spend your whole life wearing something, you get used to the weight and the way it presses and swings, it becomes a part of your body, you know? Even if she can only feel it by proxy, a woman's strap-on is as much a part of her as her boobs.

He nodded. He knew how obsessed they could become.

They stepped out of the taxi. All eyes were on them as they made their way to the lobby. No - she corrected herself - all eyes were on her. On this strange vision jutting out from her hips. A real cock. Or as close as medical science could provide. They were jealous, shocked, aroused. Most had never even heard about the RealDick technology, hadn't been following the fashion industry. It wasn't for them. At least, not yet anyway.

In a few years as the surgery cheapened, it would only be a matter of time. Everybody would have one.

But Kay was a model. She was used to the attention. She strode powerfully forward. The whole world was her runway. So let those bitter jealous women stare, let them take their pictures. And let those who recognized it for what it truly was, rejoice, for this was the future.

God, her dick was dripping - Dripping! - at the thought.

"Kay?"

"What?" she looked back up. "Sorry. God, it's like... you live your whole life with this thing strapped to you and now, for the first time, it actually feels alive! And not just pins and needles, not just the rough pressure. Every single inch is stuffed with ten times the nerves of a regular dick. It's like being able to read brail with your... well, with your dick."

He laughed.

"Well you certainly seemed to be enjoying it last night." He snaked an arm around her waste as they rode the elevator up to their suite. "The extra control is nice too."

"Oooh yes. Proprioception!" She wriggled her hips at every delicious syllable. "But it's more than the sex, you know? It's like... walking around with a work of art."

"Is that we're calling it?" he raised an eyebrow and looked sweetly down into her eyes. "You know you've always been a work of art to me."

"I mean it! Baby, think about it. Everywhere you go you see girls with strap-ons! Society is obsessed with them."

"I've noticed."

"And god, who wouldn't be? The virility, the confidence! Who wouldn't fall in love with that? No matter how far back you look, no matter what period of human history or where, what do you see? Women with dicks! In all of the art there's this fantasy, this dream! It's a fundamental aspect of womanhood."

"Mmm, I love it when you get all philosophical," he nuzzled her neck.

"I'm serious!" She stuck out her tongue. "Think about it! The Venus rising from the seas, dick in hand! Ancient warrior queens buried with honors along their gilded chastity-caged lovers, glittering golden dildos still proudly attached! Paintings and statues and sculptures and frescoes and, and fashion! God, don't even get me started on all the fashion trends. All of it orbiting around this one central idea."

"So it's a good dick?"

"The best dick! That's what I'm saying! This?" She gripped the thing for emphasis, then sighed softly at the surge of endorphins it released. "This is the culmination of all human history: a woman with a dick. It's like something out of science fiction! We live in a world, a beautiful egalitarian world, where a woman can finally have that thing women have craved since the dawn of time! I have become that which countless generations have only been able to dream."

"So it's a very good dick."

"You're a guy," she laughed. "You wouldn't get it."

"Like, okay, I know I'm not first girl with a real dick, there's all kinds of trans girls out there and I don't want to erase their experience. Hell, I'm not even the first girl to undergo the surgery, but the way this feels? The way people look at me? I feel like we're at the cusp of some shining new era!"

"I don't know," he teased, pulling her into their penthouse apartment. "If it's as good as you say, I think another demonstration may be in order." He snuggled in close. "If you're up for it, that is?"

She took in his familiar smell, his closeness. Her dick pulsed - pulsed! - with need and eagerness. She could feel the blood pounding through it, she could feel it slickening in preparation to delve once more into the hot waiting hole that was the man she loved.

She bit her lip at his forwardness, but it seemed he was just as eager to play with their new toy as she was. And god, how present it seemed now, how here. She could feel the cold wind blowing against the heat of it, her raging perpetual erection and the heavy swinging of her golf-sized balls.

There was this strange synergy, this harmony. The pounding need of her arousal, so familiar, was now fed all the harder by this flood of new hormones, this */dick energy/* pouring through her, merging, dancing with her own feminine desires. It felt so true, so right to every aspect of her identity and womanlyness. It was like her whole life something had been broken and now it had been made whole, and that thing was a hungry fuckstick.

She wished she could better express it. She wished she were a poet. But no, she was a model. All she could do was embody it. To be that energy in that moment, and what that energy was was */horny/*.

And god, it felt so good.

“Why don’t we take this to bed?” she grinned.

They fell upon each other like a tempest. Thunderous and sweeping, hands soft along skin, pressing flesh against pressing flesh, but for all their romance and tenderness, they were both eager for something more.

“Oh fuck!” she cried out as her hips slapped against his wide, manly hips.

He could do little but moan in response.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped again. “Your so tight! So hot! Oh my god I can feel every inch of your ass, baby, oh my god!” The poetry had fallen from her brain. The pressure, the pleasure was too much. Though hardly their first time since she’d come home from the surgery, it was still like nothing she had ever experienced. The deep primal urge, that biological womanly need to sexually dominate, to express her newfound perfect womanhood! Every buck and thrust was like a geyser finally exploding to the surface.

“Right there!” He cried out, grunting as her cockhead flared against his prostate. “Fuck, that’s the spot!” She could feel the difference in texture, she could feel its size sliding against her head as she ground herself into him. She could feel it with a resolution a thousand times finer than her finger - millions of nerves precisely engineered for this exact purpose, each and every one of them screaming out in hot, tight, ass-pounding pleasure.

The hormones, the horny happy chemicals that surged through her every time she so much as laid hands on this miracle, were now a tornado swirling around the pleasure center of her brain, sweeping up all that they touched.

It was a level of pleasure her body had never before experienced. How could she hold back? How could she resist?

She came. She came hard. Then she came again and again and again and again. Each time she could feel the fluid surging through her dick like a hose, spraying out and drilling at force into her husband’s fat fuckable ass, breeding him until he was overflowing with her cum. She screamed until she ran out of breath, hands gripping tight around him as she struggled to retain some semblance of sanity amidst the typhoon.

“Oh god,” she panted and fell backwards.

He laughed, a chuckle emanating from a low, raunchy, blissed-out groan.

"What?" she nudged him stickily.

"You got up to five minutes this time."

She blushed. She was still getting used to the sensation. The other girls had said eventually she'd be able to go for hours, but that it would take lots of practice to get there. Well, if it was practice like this, she was more than happy to partake.

"So?" he repeated the question, pulling her naked form closer towards him. "How is it?"

"Mm... yeah." She wrapped an arm around him and rested her head on his chest, both their hearts still racing. "I like it. I think I could get used to this."

If she wasn't careful, she could get addicted.

"Well -" he said, running a finger along her still twitching, still rock-hard dick and coming away with a load of her thick scientifically-engineered cum. "I think I might like it too." He licked the cum off and gave her a wink.

"Oh?" Her dick surged, already ready to go again.

"Maybe." his head hit the pillow. "We might have to do some more... experimentation. To be sure."

"Of course." She laughed.

They lost track of time, cuddled up together, basking in their mutual presence and vulnerability. But finally, she could remain comfortable no longer. She stood up.

"What's wrong?"

"I was just thinking... you know what the best part about all this is?"

"You mean besides the mind-blowing sex?"

"I can pee standing up!"

He fell back laughing as she ran off to the bathroom. Her cum-stained stick cold and catching every soft caress of the wind.

This. This was going to change everything!

The End.