

Big Femme

I got your religion right here!

Grace Mansfield

PART ONE

He rolled over and put his back to me.

"What's wrong?" I asked. My husband had never refused my charms before. I'm a petite five foot two, not much in the way of breasts, but a pleasant face. But whatever my shortcomings, or blessings, depends on how you want to look at it, my big lug of a husband had never rolled away from me before.

"Nothing," he said, his voice muffled by his face being covered in blanket.

"Don't give me that!" I'm small but feisty, and I sat up, grabbed his shoulder and pulled.

He wouldn't turn. So I tried sitting on him and pushing on his shoulder with my weight. He still wouldn't turn, so I grabbed a hold of his best friend, and realized the problem.

"Heysoos Xristo!" I shouted, "What the hell?"

And, finally, a little help from my grasping hand, he turned over.

His cock was HUGE. John is a six footer, and he has a normal cock, six inches. But now his tool was a foot long, and swollen, and it wasn't even hard!"

"I don't know what happened!" and he was blubbering. I tell ya, it doesn't make a girl feel good to see her manly man crying.

I jumped out of bed and turned the lights on. He tried to curl back into the blankets, but I wouldn't let him. I yanked and tugged, finally got ahold of his dick, and pulled.

Groaning, embarrassed, he turned over and I got a good look at his penis.

It was, indeed, 12 inches long. And it was fat. And the veins were big and throbbing, and it wasn't even hard.

Throbbing? But not hard?

"Get dressed," I snapped.

"What?"

"We're going to the hospital." I was already getting dressed.

"I'm not going to no—"

"Shut up! You are!"

"I ain't!"

I sat on him, I gripped his dick in two hands and held it up. "This is serious, A guy's dick doesn't swell up like a balloon for no reason! You're going to the hospital. And if you refuse I'm going to call the cops to help me get you there."

"But I don't...I don't..."

I knew what his problem with hospitals was. It was his problem with everything.

He had a severe case of 'shy.' Whenever he got around other people he would get tongue tied, be unable to talk, or even nod or shake his head. He had always been this way, and it was probably the reason I was able to snag him. Other girls thought he was weird, but he sort of intrigued me, so I took the time to work under the shy and found a beautiful man.

"Okay," I soothed. "Don't worry. I'll be with you every step of the way. I'll do all the talking."

He softened up. This was always the way with us. We rarely went into the public, but when we did I did the talking.

"And you have to admit, this is serious." I grabbed his dick again. It was terribly bloated. A big, saggy, bright red blimp.

"I mean, this isn't even hard. What if you get a boner in this condition...it might blow up!"

"Oh," and that sort of frightened him.

"So get dressed, and let's look into this. Come on."

By cajoling and pleading I managed to get him into his clothes, and there was another problem. His pecker wouldn't fit into his pants.

"Uh oh," he muttered, looking down to where his over-sized sausage hung outside his jeans.

I tried to stuff the thing into his pants, but it was no go. The thing was just too big and the crotch of his pants was too small.

And, tell the truth, I was a little afraid of touching it. I mean, what if it did blow up?

"You could go unbuttoned?"

"I ain't goin' around all unbuttoned and my cock hanging out."

I nodded. I understood. If some old biddy got a sight of that monster they'd have a heart attack.

"Okay, okay, I have a wrap around."

"What's a wrap around?"

"It's a skirt that wraps around and then you button it."

"I ain't wearing no dress."

"So you're going naked? Get out of those pants."

Miserable, he shucked his jeans and I held my wrap around to his waist. Yep, just barely, but it made it around him. It was a red print thing, and I wrapped it around him and tied the sash.

There he stood, a big man in a dress, but I didn't dare snicker. "Okay, get out to the car."

He picked up his jacket and carried it out. I finished dressing, grabbed a hat, and was 30 seconds behind him.

I drove. I had heard stupid stories of men whose dicks got so hard the blood all went down there and not up to their brains, and they fainted. I had thought the story a joke, but now I wasn't so sure. His dick was probably as big as his head, and if all the blood went down there there would definitely be a shortage. All I needed was for him to get a hard on and faint and run into something.

The night was dark and we cut down the road like an arrow. We passed big fields and saw only the shadows of standing cows.

"Uh oh," he said.

"What?"

"This is my brother's jacket, it's too small."

"Put it on anyway, you need to at least make a show at covering your chest."

So he struggled into a jean jacket, and it wouldn't button in front and it was too short, and it even showed a bit of his midsection.

"Oh, man." He moaned.

"It'll be all right."

We arrived at the hospital and drove right to the emergency parking lot. We got out of the car and I got a look at my hubbie in the bright lights. Uh oh.

He had on work boots, new ones that he was breaking in, and in the right light they looked like the stylish kind of boots some girl in the big city would wear.

And the wrap around looked like a tight skirt, showing off his hips and butt.

And the jacket showed skin like it was, again, stylish. And the front was open and his muscular pecs actually looked a bit like...mounds.

My manly husband looked like he was wearing a girl's outfit!

"Here," I hissed and I threw him my hat. I wanted to help him cover up a bit. I knew that if he got embarrassed enough I wouldn't be able to get him into the hospital with a back hoe.

He put on the hat, and this only caused another problem.

On the farm we wear hats, and we get lots of buzzing insects, and the sun shines on the back of our necks, so we sew a flap of material on the back to cover our necks. I had had the bright idea, being so stylish myself, of just putting part of a wig on the back of my hat. Hair looked more girlish, like me, and it was soft and warm in the winter, and...and now my hubbie was wearing a hat from which flowed long curls.

I had made him look more like a girl, not less.

But we had been walking, and we were now under the electric eye and the emergency room door opened up before I could repossess my hat.

And, to be honest, if I took the hat he would be embarrassed. Maybe nobody would say anything and everything would turn out all right.

A young nurse rushed up, "Ma'am, what is the trouble?" she burbled, all efficient.

Before I could do or say anything, John started talking.

Talking! Just like a normal person! Well, he was a normal person, except for the shyness, but...talking? After a lifetime of never saying anything?

But, what was worse was that he matched his speech with actions.

"I woke up a few hours ago and my dick was all huge. Look." He lifted the edge of the wrap around up and there hung his dick. Big, huge, a monster among monsters, red, throbbing, head the size of a tennis ball, down to his knees.

The nurse had straightened up in surprise at his voice, a man's voice coming out of a woman's stylish body, and then, seeing the dick, she had simply fainted. Her eyes opened wide, her knees gave way, and she just slumped to the floor.

All hell seemed to break loose then. One of their own fainting, doctors and nurses came out of the doors and through the windows and from behind potted plants. They clustered around the girl who had fainted and patted her hand and somebody put some smelling salts under her nose.

The girl gasped, shook her head, and sat up. She pointed at John. "Him!" Then she fainted again. Which was fine with me, because she was hogging all the doctors, and now a couple of them inspected John and me.

"Are you okay," a nurse asked me. I pointed to John.

"Are you all right, ma'am?" One of the doctors asked John. And, son of a bitch, John started talking again! Like he had never talked before in his life!

"I woke up a few hours ago and I felt funny, and I felt my dick and..." this time he didn't do show and tell. One nurse fainting was enough. "...and it was big and swollen.

"Can you show me?" asked the doctor.

So John looked around, ducked his head a little bit, and lifted the flap of the wrap around.

Another nurse fainted, a couple of them put their hands to their mouths and gasped, and even the male doctors looked a little stunned.

One young guy even blinked and had the temerity to say, "We're going to need two stretchers."

John and I sat in the doctor's office and waited for results. He had been given a gown, but he was still wearing the hat, and he still looked a little girly.

"John? How come you're talking?"

He just shook his head, the hair coming from under his hat gave a shimmy. It actually looked pretty nice. I tried to imagine him with a full wig, or, maybe, even his own head of wavy hair.

"I mean, you never talk much, but when that doctor called you 'ma'am' you just started speaking normal.

"I don't know," he mumbled.

Then the doctor walked in. He was followed by two other doctors, and they all had that bland expression doctors have when they're going to give you bad news.

"What's going on? Did you find out what is wrong with my husband."

The doctor, his name was Smide, gave me a funny look then.

"Ma'am," he was addressing me, but suddenly John was talking.

"Did you find out why my dick grew so big? I never heard of anything like this. Can you tell me what's wrong?"

I stared at John. So much talking. He had just talked more in ten seconds than he did in a year.

"Well, sir," and I saw him suddenly huddle up, shrink into himself, and I knew his speechifying was at an end, and suddenly I knew why. "Sir...we have several problems here."

"What?" I asked.

"Well, your husband has two conditions. One chronic and one, uh, latent."

"Well?"

"The first one is called acromegaly. It is a condition, usually is felt in middle-age, though kids seem to get all the press on it, where the pituitary gland produces too much growth hormone. This results in an increase in size, the sudden growth of hands, feet, facial features, that sort of thing."

"But...his dick?"

The doctor seemed to be a little embarrassed by my coarse language. I wondered if he would be embarrassed if his wife had suddenly grown a gigantic pair of elephant ears.

"That is unusual, I haven't found any records on this phenomena, but we're still doing preliminary research."

"Okay, so John is growing body parts too fast. What's the second thing...this 'latent' thing?"

"Well, your husband fits into a very small and special category. He is what we call biologically hermaphroditic."

"What?"

"When he was born, we checked his records, he had the sex organs of both male and female. Corrective surgery was done and—"

"Wait! What? Are you saying John is a girl?"

"No...no. Hermaphroditic means having the sex organs of both male and female. His parents felt that John was more suited to be male than female, so they elected to—"

"So he's a man."

"Well, yes. But his body at birth presented as both male and female, and his parents decided he should be male. "

"So they sewed his vagina up."

"Well, that's a crude way of putting it, but...yes. The actual terminology would—"

I waved my hand.

"So what does that have to do with his dick growing big?"

"Well, I was getting to—"

"Are you making this shit up?"

He was starting to get irritated at me, as if I gave a rat's ass. And he said to me, "Ma'am—"

But John took it as if the doctor was talking to him. "I remember mama dressing me up as a girl. Papa hated it, but Mama said I pleased both her and papa. But when I hit puberty and my dick started getting hard all the time she..."

John went on and on, and I stared with my mouth open. The big lug was a talking fool! After a lifetime of being shut up he was talking like he was the only one in the world.

Finally, the doctor broke in. "Sir," John shut right up, "if you folks would let me explain."

And, stunned by John's new found vocalizing, I put a hand on his arm to quiet him, and I even shut my trap.

"John was born both man and woman. He still has female hormones in his body. The acromegaly is making his dick grow larger, and that's where the real problem is."

I blurted, "What?"

"It's going to continue growing, and when it reaches a certain size the nerves and blood flow will be constricted and...we'll have to operate."

He shut up.

I spoke, "Operate? What kind of an operation?"

"It's called a penectomy. We remove his penis—"

"What?" John blurted. I shushed him.

"We remove his penis. We can surgically transition him, a few hormone therapies, and he can present as a woman."

"You're saying my husband's penis is going to fall off so we have to make him a woman."

The doctor opened his mouth, then closed it. That is exactly what he had said, but he didn't want his fancy words translated into simple English.

One of the other doctors, the man, cleared his throat. "I'll be in charge of the penectomy. If I can explain a few things?"

"I wish you would."

"First, your husband has some time left as a man. It's probably better to leave him be for a while. In fact, there are things we can do to keep him male for a while."

"Like what?"

"Well, I know this is awkward, but more sex will delay the acromegaly. The release of sperm, the constant emptying of the testicles, it will delay the change."

"Use it or lose it."

He blinked, and nodded.

"What else?"

"Well, there is anal sex, pegging it's called, and..." While he talked both John and my mouths dropped. I had never of such things. Then I looked at John. If my husband was going to be a woman, then this was what we had to do. Lord help us.

The other doctor, a woman, cleared her throat.

"Yeah?"

"I'll help you with counseling."

"Counseling? Like marriage counseling? We don't need no marriage counseling."

"Transition counseling."

That was when it hit us. Transition. Hermaphroditic. John, my manly man of a husband, was going to change sexes.

"Did your mother really dress you up like a girl?"

"She did." We were home now, and sitting in the living room, our minds churning over what we had learned. "She used to make me wear a dress all around the house. She even put make up on me a couple of times. Papa used to get so mad, but she didn't care. Now that the doctor told us about this herm...herm...sex thing, I guess she felt cheated that I got made into a boy and not a girl. I guess she wanted a daughter."

"Huh."

He was still wearing the wrap around skirt, it was the only thing he felt comfortable in, that his dick and balls would be hidden by.

"You started talking, you know."

"I know." He looked guilty.

"When anybody called you ma'am you started to talk. When they treated you like a man you shut up."

"Yeah. I know."

That was one thing about John, he might be sexually...weird, but he wasn't dumb.

"Well, there's only one thing that bothers me."

"What?" he looked at me.

"This sex thing. You gotta have more sex. I don't know if...your dick...it might be too big for me."

"Oh."

"Maybe we better try it out."

"Oh. okay."

And, tell the truth, as soon as the doctor had told us more sex would delay the inevitable, I had been hungering for that cock.

Heck, in my whole life I had only fucked three peenys, and they were all John's size, or close to it. And now, right on my doorstep, was a big dick. A REALLY big dick, and, as long as I'm telling the truth, there isn't a woman alive who doesn't wonder if a big dick is better. And now I had my chance to find out.

"Come on, slick," I stood up, grabbed his hand, and pulled him towards the bedroom.

He followed along, a smile appearing on his face.

I pushed him on the bed and lifted his wrap around skirt, and, here is where it gets weird. He was in the wrap around, and wearing the too small jacket, and he...I imagined him as a woman.

I stood over him, staring down, letting my mind create big tits, a narrow waist, and hair...hair... "Stay here," I ran back into the front room and got my hat, the one with the hair down the back. I ran back into the bedroom and put it onto his head. Bingo. Wearing a dress, a jacket that exposed his midsection and made his pecs look a little like boobs, and the long hair. And I was suddenly horny.

I hadn't been horny before, just wondering, but now, seeing the possibilities of John as a woman, I felt my juices flow. Which was good. The size of his dick I needed a little extra lubrication.

"What?" he asked, staring at my suddenly lust crazed features.

"Nothing," but my voice was throaty, horny, dripping with desire.

I climbed on him and sat right below his dick. God, it was a monster. 12 inches, and fat, and I began to stroke it with both hands.

Fortunately, he was a shower and not a grower. If that dick had grown any bigger it would have split me in two. But it stayed the same size, just got harder, and began to throb.

"Oh, yeah," grunted John.

"Oh, yeah," I murmured, eyeing that mammoth pole of flesh.

I ran my hands up and down the sides, feeling the thick veins. The red turned a little purple and pre-cum began to ooze.

"Do me, baby."

"Not yet," said. I was in awe. I just wanted to stroke it for a minute, and admire it, and imagine what it was going to feel like when he plowed that puppy into me.

"Fu..." he half mumbled, lurching his hips a little.

I grabbed his balls with both hands and squeezed.

"OOOHHH!"

I grabbed his cock and stroked.

"YEAHHHH!"

Then I squatted over him. I placed that tennis ball of cock head into my slit, and I began to sit.

"Hunh hunh...oh..."

Yet I couldn't get it in my snatch.

"Fuck!" he snapped, frustrated and wanting a little relief.

I ran into the bathroom and got out the lube. I ran back in, slathering my hole with it. Then I used both hands to coat his pecker.

"Oooh, that feels good."

I perched over him again, placed the head of his dick between my lips, and tried to relax.

John was going out of his mind. He always was a horny bastard, and now he was getting the treatment. And I am sure that in his mind, fuck or lose it had become fuck or die.

He grabbed my waist and this moved me off balance, and he thrust, and I fell.

"OOOWWW...OHHHH!" I felt like I was being blown up from the inside, that I was a tire being filled with air and ready to pop. then the pleasure replaced the pain and I shut up. My eyes were wide open, as was my mouth.

John just lay there for a moment, holding me in place, and he laughed. "You look funny."

"Wha...?"

"You're drooling."

And it was true. My mouth was slack and I was actually drooling, salivating, and the liquid splattered on his belly.

"Here," he said. And he thrust up and pulled me down.

I...have...never...in...my...life....

It felt like a battleship had just come into dock. It felt like my very womb was being penetrated. All my nerves screamed out, a mix of pain and pleasure that became super pleasure.

I tried to squat, to lift up, but I couldn't get my legs under me.

"Here," he said, and he flipped me over, and now my impalement was complete, his full weight was shoving that stupendous hunk of man meat into my innards.

I gasped, couldn't breath, and though he had just started, I was already close to cuming. I felt the white hot heat churning in my groin. I felt the waves of goodness sweep over me, and he began pounding that monster dick into me. In and out, in and out. I couldn't move. I was being rag dolled. I couldn't breath and still he kept sliding that long...long...long pole into me, crushing me, expanding me. Then pulling it out...out...out.

I felt the veins, thick and throbbing, rubbing against my rim and into the channel. I felt the big head. I felt his monster balls slap against my rump.

"OOOOOO!" I came, and came and came.

But John didn't.

But he knew that I didn't like sex after I had cum, so he pulled out. Oh, the disappointment on his face. To be robbed when he was so close.

"Hold on, hold on," I muttered, trying to come down from the heights.

He lay next to me, circled my nips with one big finger.

I finally came to myself, and I sat up.

"Are you ready?" he asked eagerly.

"Are you kidding? I won't be ready for a week after that!"

Again, the disappointment crossed his face.

"Don't worry, I'll help you get off."

He smiled.

I began stroking him again, and I even tried to get his cock head into my mouth. It was no use, but I knew that stroking him would finally get him off. At least he was super horny and close.

So I stroked, and I licked the under part of his head, and finally, finally, I felt him start to jerk, to spasm, and I could feel big spurts of semen shooting up his dick.

He came, his eyes went wide and he actually yelled, and an unusual amount of sperm came out of his dick.

Well, of course, his balls were bigger.

And he gave me at least 20 big, thick ropes, juicy streams of semen, rich with chunks. He covered my face and my chest, and there were even a couple of spots on the ceiling.

Then he lay back and sighed. "Oh, God, That was good. That was the best cum I ever had."

And I knew, big was better. But I also knew something else.

"John, we have a problem."

"What?"

"You need sex, and you need a lot, but I can't give it to you."

"You can't?"

"John, I feel as stretched as...as stretched as...I feel like somebody just shoved a watermelon up my ass. Well, my cunt. I can't do that every day, and especially multiple times a day, like you're going to need. And, call me old fashioned, I don't want to have a cunt that's all stretched out of shape. Why if any other man tried to fuck me, not that I would fuck another man, but if he did, after you fucked me, it would be like him sticking a pencil into a glass. His dick would rattle around. Heck, you opened me up so much I thought my insides were going to fall out!"

John frowned. Actually, he looked ready to cry. "But I gotta fuck! Or lose my dick! That's what the doctor said!"

We sat there and thought about it. And we talked a bit. And we came up with a few ideas.

"There's always the cows or the horses," I suggested.

"I ain't gonna fuck no animal!"

I understood that. But now that we had brought up the subject of fucking something other than I... "How about my friends?"

I had lots of friends. And I always listened to them carrying on about how their husbands didn't care, or their dicks were too small, or some other drivel.

Heck, I would start with the gals at my church. They were a varied lot, skinny and fat, big tits and small, but always complaining—I had even heard some of them praying—and wishing for a big-sized dick.

"Your friends?"

"Sure."

"But they're all church goers!"

"People who go to church like sex. You ever seen how many begats there are in the bible?"

"Well, yeah, but..."

"Furthermore, this is a mission of mercy. Once I explain the situation they'll be glad to come help you out."

"But you're my wife!"

"And I always will be. But listen, if they can fuck you for a year or two, extend your amount of time as a man, then that's that much longer that I will be able to take advantage of you. As a man. And when it's all done, and you have to...you have to have your..."

"Dick cut off," he finished for me.

"Thank you, your dick cut off, then they will all be done with you, and you will be left with me."

He mused over that, thought over that. Lying on his back he said, "So I got to fuck all your friends. Hmmm."

"Why, sure! You always remarked on how Bessy had the biggest tits this side of Iowa, wouldn't you like to feel them? Suck them? Maybe even fuck them?"

"Oh," the light came into his eyes.

"And what about Donna? That girl has been eying your pants for the longest time. Won't she be surprised?"

We both giggled at that. The idea of prude Donna finally finding out how the other half, the big dicked half, lives. Why, her eyes would pop right out of her eyes and roll around on the floor.

John asked, "What about Rhonda? Would you care if I fucked her?"

"Why, Johnny! You randy old goat. You want that old hen?"

"She ain't old, and...I just sort of like her. Would you mind?"

"I'll call her first on the list. In fact, maybe we should just have a church social here and ask for, uh, contributions. You know, help for your condition. Then I could tell everybody, and maybe you'll even get some pussy right there on the spot."

"Could we?"

"I'll go in and arrange it right now."

PART TWO

That night we held our first meeting, and it was a doozy.

Nine girls from the church showed up, and we all sat in a circle and held a prayer, then we talked about getting new hymnals, the back shed at the church needed painting, and charitable projects we wished to engage in, which brought everybody's attention to me.

"You called us together, Judy." That was Wanda Bratton. A slender woman with some decent ta tas and smiles for everybody. Even though we knew her husband was a goat who wasted his seed on whores. "What is this emergency project you need help on?"

"Well, ladies, I'm going to be talking a little medical here, it's a medical problem, so don't be worried if I cross into some racy subjects."

They all giggled and said they didn't mind racy subjects, and Wanda blurted, "As long as I'm in the race." And we all giggled some more. Then I started.

"My husband, John, he has a medical condition."

There was a chorus of sympathy.

"You see, he was born a man...and a woman. It's a medical condition, and his parents decided to have him be a man, so they suppressed his...womanliness."

"Did he have a...sorry, girls, a cunt?" Wand asked.

"He did. Apparently he still has it. It's just sewed up inside him."

"Oh, that poor dear," whispered Rhonda.

"Now, the problem is, he's contracted some sort of condition, sort of like elephantiasis. You know, that thing where people's bodies swell up?"

"Is he getting fat?"

"Well, not really. Sort of. I mean..."

"What do you mean, Judy?" Donna asked.

"It's his penis."

Eyes opened. Surprise. Even shock.

"His...his peeny? His thingy?"

"That's right. And the condition is that it's really big now, and the only way to relieve the pressure is for him to have sex. A lot of sex."

"Oh, that nasty thing," muttered Donna the prude, but her eyes were glinting so much they were almost steaming. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, here's the thing. He needs a lot of sex, or his dick is going to fall off. Now, we're prepared for him to be a woman, but the doctors recommend keeping him a man as long as possible. That will make his transition to womanhood easier."

The girls sort of blanked out for a moment. Every one of them got a far away look in their eyes, and I just knew they were thinking about one thing...a big dick.

Heck, Bessy was deprived because her man said she had 'cow tits.' Stupid man, not seeing her blessings. And Donna was such a prude she limited her husband to once a month, but who knew how that was affecting her? Rhonda, poor dear, was getting a little older, and she had to be missing a good dicking or two. And Wanda never got any. Her stupid husband was going to Billy's Bar and wasting his seed and actually paying for it! More than stupid.

Wanda, "So it would be an act of mercy to help John through these troubled times."

"It would," I nodded.

Rhonda asked, "I wouldn't mind helping him, of course I would have to pray for him. That would be true charity. Would he mind if I prayed to God while I, uh...you know?"

"John is always praying during sex. He yells out 'God!' And 'Jesus!' All the time."

Rhonda sat back with a satisfied smile on her face.

Bessy: "And he doesn't mind my big...cow tits?" She lifted one, and it was big, and we all oohed and awwed.

"Personally," I leaned forward, "I've always thought John would like to experience a more full breasted woman. I mean, look at my buttons."

The girls all shook their heads and made clucking sounds.

Donna stated, "And it is all to give succor. To aid in a distressful time. It is the purpose of our little group."

"Of course it is. Why, you don't think I would ask this if John was...not having this condition?"

"Well, no. I just wanted to be sure."

So we voted, and every last one of the ladies volunteered to come to the aid of poor John.

"Can we see him now? His condition?" Donna wiped a bit of drool from her chin.

"Of course. John?!"

John had been in the kitchen. He was wearing just a blanket. He stepped into the living room and stood there. "Uh, hi." He was so embarrassed.

"John, could you show the girls your condition?"

John opened the blanket and the ladies all gasped.

It was huge, hanging to his knees, and it was red, and there was even a drop of pre-cum forming on the end of it.

"Oh, my," breathed Donna.

"I think he's going to need a lot of charity," Rhonda spoke in a low voice.

"Would you like a contribution?"

We all turned to Bessy.

"You mentioned a, what do they call it? A transition? Surely that is going to cost money?"

"Of course it is," I reassured her. "And any contribution would be greatly appreciated.

"She's just trying to get to the front of the line." I don't know who said it, but all the ladies nodded their heads in agreement and reached for their purses.

"Well, Bessy, it looks like you won the lottery."

She giggled. "It's better than Bingo. Can I help him now?"

"Of course you can." I turned to the other ladies. "Now, I don't know how long he'll last, but there's coffee and donuts on and dining table if you wish to wait and take a chance that he'll last."

The ladies all rushed into the dining room and began slaughtering the donuts. I was glad I had bought extra, and I made some coffee.

Meanwhile, Bessy took John into the bedroom. Heck, she dragged him into the bedroom, and I heard the bed springs creak as first he lay down, then she got on top of him.

Then waiting for the coffee to percolate, I heard the bed springs again, and I frowned. They hadn't even bounced. Surely they couldn't be finished so soon.

Then Bessy poked her head into the kitchen. Her face was red and she motioned for me to come out and speak with her.

"Uh, I'm awfully embarrassed, but...do you have any lubricant?"

"Oh, my gosh, I am so sorry!" I bought a couple of jars and forgot to put them out. I rushed into the bedroom, into the bathroom, and brought out two jars of 'Slip and Slide' super lubricant.

Bessy giggled and I apologized again. Then, "is there anything I can do to help before I go back to the ladies?"

"Well, if you could help me up..."

Bessy was rather large, and our bed was high, so I helped her get up on it, then I helped her grease up. I slathered gobs of lubricant on her pussy, and she giggled some more, and got red in the face, and I didn't wonder if she wasn't having a couple of mini-orgasms.

Then she was perched over John, and I helped her fit his cock to her lips, then I didn't need to do anything. She was heavy, lost her balance, and slid right down his cock. Her eyes opened large, her breath caught, and she said, "Oh, my!"

"Now, John," I cautioned. "You be gentle with these ladies."

"I will," he nodded and gulped. The feeling of a pussy other than mine sliding up and down on his cock was getting to him.

"And don't you cum too soon."

"I'll try, but...but..."

"But what?"

"She's got such nice boobs!"

Bessy giggled again, and I smiled. "Her husband thinks they're cow tits."

"Hiram's an idiot then!"

"Oh, Johnny, that's the nicest thing anybody has ever said to me." She giggled, and he thrust upwards with his hips. Her eyes went wide. I knew that pleasure was spearing up through her innards.

"Okay, John, I'll leave you to her ministrations, but remember, no fast cuming. I don't want to have to return anybody's donations."

"Oh, I wouldn't ask for my money back." Her voice was breathing, bouncing in time to John's thrusts. "I would just ask for seconds."

"You got it, girl. But don't you try to make him cum too fast then."

"I...I...wo....wo....n't!" He was fucking her so hard her chin was bouncing up and down and making her stutter.

I left the room, listening to the sound of bed springs being abused.

John did three ladies before he squirted, then he surprised me by saying he thought he could do it again if he had a half hour to rest.

None of the ladies left, and he was able to get through four more.

It was near midnight before everybody left, and then the ones who hadn't fucked him promised to return first thing in the morning. And the ones who had been fucked promised to return as soon as they were recovered. And I had to chuckle. A couple of the woman were dazed, fucked stupid, and they all walked a little bow-legged.

As I counted money that night I wondered how long John could keep his dick on. If he could last a year we could retire and cruise the Bahamas for the rest of our lives.

The next day the ladies showed up, and they brought a few friends with them. They stood around on the porch and chatted, and listened when, every once in a while, the woman inside would start moaning or even yelling as they came.

But things looked to be off to a good start, so I took a short trip to town to pick up more donuts and coffee. If things continued like this the ladies of the town would be round like donuts and walking like they always had to pee.

When I got back, the doctor was there. Doc Smide, and he was talking to a couple of the ladies, and he had a bulge in his pants like he wanted to be administered to. Well, of course, with that much estrogen flowing men would definitely be feeling a resulting upsurge in their testosterone.

"Whacha need, Doc?"

"I brought some medicine for John. How's he doing?"

"Well, the ladies are making sure he stays a man for a good long time. This medicine, it ain't gonna take the lead out of his pencil, will it?"

"Oh, no. With his hormonal balances we don't need to reduce his testosterone, and it looks like the ladies will be taking that out of him, anyway. These pills will help him develop breasts. They work pretty fast, and with his natural hormones they'll work even faster. So I suggest you go out and buy a couple of bras."

"Okey doc," I quipped. I took the medicine, thought about throwing it away, then decided not to. I liked the idea of John having his own set of ta tas.

So the doc left, and business continued. It was late in the morning before all the girls were satisfied and left, and I fed John his first dose of something called Pueraria Mirifica. He took several pills, looked down at his chest and sighed.

"What?"

"I don't know. I was sort of expecting titties to just sort of pop out."

I laughed. "Give it an hour or two."

He laughed. "Yeah, I guess that is pretty dumb, but..."

"But what?"

"You know...I've always been envious of tits. I see woman walking around, the way people admire their chests. It must be nice to be admired."

I thought about what he said, and I reached a decision. I popped a couple of pills in my mouth. "Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose."

He grinned. "Yeah, baby. Big tits rule!"

In the afternoon more girls showed up. And the next morning. And it was pretty obvious that the word had gotten out. We live just outside a town of 2000 people, and that meant that there were about 1,000 women in town, and I think they all knew and wanted to help.

So the days passed, and a week, and the real trouble started on Monday after Sunday.

Well, yeah, it's always Monday after Sunday, but the significance here was that church attendance was down. Women were too tired, or too happy to be dragged down by old Fire and Brimstone, which was the nickname for Pastor Garney. And since men didn't attend unless their women dragged them along, the church wasn't even half full. And it didn't take a genius to figure out what was happening, and Pastor Garney showed up at the house early Monday morning.

There were maybe twenty gals lined up, eating donuts and drinking coffee, when the pastor's old station wagon cruised up the drive. He managed to run over a couple of Magnolias and knock over a wheel barrow before he came to a stop. He stepped out of the car and glared at everybody.

He began walking towards the house, spouting his stuff.

First he tried Hebrews 13:4: "let the marriage bed be undefiled, for God will judge the sexually immoral and adulterous!"

Then he shouted out some Jude 1:7: "those who indulge in sexual immorality and pursue unnatural desire will undergo a punishment of eternal fire!"

And then, from Revelation 17:4: "Women hold in their hands a golden cup full of abominations and the impurities of sexual immorality."

Leviticus 21:9 was a good one: "she who profanes herself by whoring, profanes her father; she shall be burned with fire!"

But my favorite was Jeremiah 3:9: "Because she took her whoredom lightly, she polluted the land, committing adultery with stone and tree!"

I mean, really? Fucking stones and trees? That woman must have had a real pair of ovaries!

But, as the women getting a bit restive, I decided I needed to take a hand, and I did know my bible.

I shouted at him: "Isaiah 58:10: Feed the hungry, and help those in trouble. Then your light will shine out from the darkness, and the darkness around you will be as bright as noon."

He blinked, then made the sign of the cross and yelled at me. "Deuteronomy 23:18: "You shall not bring the fee of a prostitute or the wages of a dog into the house of the Lord your God in payment for any vow, for both of these are an abomination to the Lord your God."

One of the ladies yelled out from the porch, "Donations aren't fees or you would have gone broke a long time ago!"

I grinned. I yelled, "Luke 11:41: But give that which is within as charity, and then all things are clean for you."

And it went back and forth. The preacher against the harlot. Except it wasn't me that was whoring. If anybody it was John, and how can a man be a whore, eh?

I suppose you could say John was a 'whorer,' but since it was all for medical purposes that seemed sort of lame.

Anyway, after a half hour of that Pastor Garney got tired, or maybe just out shouted, a lot of the ladies were piping up with their own bible verses, and he left.

I breathed a sigh of relief. I was tired of yelling. It's hard work. But the trouble was only starting. Pastor Garney must have called some husbands, because about noon time they started showing up.

First was Hiram, who had called his wife 'Cow tits.'

"You come home now," and he marched up on the porch, grabbed her wrist and started to drag her across the gravel to his truck.

Then, to everybody's surprise, Bessy dug her heels in. She stopped, and since she was a hefty girl and he was a stripling of a man, he stopped.

"You ain't fucked me in five months, and the last time you told me I was fat and ugly and had cow tits!"

The ladies on the porch all gasped.

"So now I have to contribute to the well being of a man and you get your feelings all hurt? Where were my feelings when you called me 'cow tits?'"

"But, honey, I'm sorry, I didn't know..." he stammered, and Bessy surprised us again. She slapped him right in the face. SMACK. His head turned sideways and her hand print could be seen on his red cheek.

"Now you go home, and I'll be home when I finish fu...when I finish administering my Christian charity to this poor man."

Defeated, and definitely outweighed, Hiram slunk back across the gravel, got in his truck, and drove away.

Next was Wanda. Her husband, Jason, came down the driveway in his sport's car. He got out and stomped across to his wife. And he outweighed her.

He grabbed her wrist and started to pull her, and then, surprise of surprises, other women moved in to help her.

"You let go of Wanda, you drunk asshole!"

Drunk asshole? This was a Christian woman, but, darned if her words didn't make me proud. Sometimes you have to turn the other cheek, but this was one of those times when you want to get an eyeball for an eyeball.

Jason stopped as women lined up in front of him, then surrounded him. He looked at his wife. Wanda rubbed her wrist, and she finally spoke up. "You been going down to the whorehouse at Billy's Bar for years now, and now you get upset because I'm getting fu...I'm administering charity to a poor afflicted man! Begone you Philistine!"

The rest of the ladies started yelling at him then.

"Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery." Out of the bible, but I didn't know where.

"Get out, get out, you murderer, you scoundrel!"

And so on.

Lord, I think those ladies knew the biblical curses better than they knew the prayers. But maybe that's just because Pastor Garney was so Fire and Brimstone.

"At any rate, a few rocks were thrown and Jason retreated to his car and zoomed away. Gone to Billy's Bar, no doubt.

And that was the way it went that afternoon. And not only did the women curse the men, and throw rocks at them, but when they did go home...they came back the next day. So apparently they didn't need all the sisterhood they experienced on this day to keep up their courage. Charity will do that to you, you know. Make you stronger. It certainly made John stronger. All their charity made the months pass, and the months would become years. And John would thoroughly enjoyed his last days as a man.

But then, one day, not a month after the girls had given the men their comeuppance, I looked at John and I marveled.

"Honey?"

"Yes, dear?"

We were having sex. I had let the ladies push me aside for a while, and I had finally asserted myself After all, I was married to him, and isn't it right that a woman should give her husband a little charity

"You got titties."

"I do?"

He looked down at his chest and, sure enough, he had these little bumps under his nipples, and his nipples were puffy looking and standing straight up. "Oh my gosh!"

"Say, these look pretty good." I hadn't sat on him yet, and I leaned forward and touched a nipple.

"Ooh!" and he covered the nipple with one hand.

"What? Does it hurt?"

"It feels good. It gave me a tingle all the way down in my dick."

"Then take that hand away!" I pushed his hand aside and I put my lips to his little mounds.

"Oh, yeah!" he moaned as I sucked.

I used my teeth and pulled, and he about went out of his mind.

"Oh, God! That feels too good! Don't stop!"

I wasn't about to. Heck, I knew he had good staying power, and I wanted to make sure he was good and horny. And, I know this sounds funny, but sometimes it feels good to have a good gush of squirtem up your quim. All that white liquid warming your insides, dripping out. It gave a woman a sort of...I don't know...a 'successful' feeling.

So I sucked, and I grabbed his balls, such as I could, with my hands. And I laid on top of him, all awkward, but sucking and massaging and having the time of my life.

And he groaned and moaned, and, finally, I jumped up and squatted over his dick.

Oh, God, it was good. That big thing penetrating me, turning me inside out, making me feel like God himself was screwing me.

"Oh, baby," he groaned. "You're going to make me cum."

"That's the idea!" I panted, my chest heaving, and suddenly I froze. I looked down.

"John!" I gasped.

He opened his eyes and looked at me.

"I've got tits, too!"

And, sure enough, and they were a little bigger than his. I had a couple of small bumps before, but now they were big bumps. I was going to have to start wearing a bra! I was going to bounce when I ran! And, the weird feeling of exultation inside...I was going to be womanly in shape, as well as essence.

"Oh, honey," and he grabbed my chest, palmed my nipples and rubbed.

"Ahh...ohhh!" And I couldn't help it, I had intended to stay the distance, but I erupted. "OOOH!!!"

But, it was okay, my orgasm caused John to burst.

"GAHHH!"

And we squirted so close together we might as well have been one. He kept pushing his hips up, and I kept sitting harder and harder, and I could feel his gism filling me up.

As I have noted, John was a big cummer, made bigger by his condition. I could feel his big gun, pulsing like a jackhammer, and I could feel squirts against my inner walls. And they went on and on and on.

"God!" He finally muttered, relaxing, satisfied.

Shortly after that I collapsed on him. And I played with his titties, which made him giggle and push me away. Poor, sensitive John.

So there we were, two titty monsters.

Oh, I know we weren't that big, but we started playing with womanly things. Things like dresses. Lots of the women in church knew how to sew, and they would measure us and bring over the most darling outfits.

I liked it, because I was getting shape and looking more and more womanly.

John liked it because wearing a dress let his cock breath.

And, one day we started playing with make up.

Now, I don't know if you've noticed, but Christian women usually wear the nicest make up. They like looking good when they go to church, and who can blame them, eh? I mean, God would much rather have a good looking woman on her knees than some ugly slattern.

So my tits grew, I wore nice outfits, and it was fun to paint my eyes and color my lips.

And John courtesy of the hormones he was taking, and courtesy of his own natural estrogen taking charge, becoming predominate in his body, began wearing dresses more and more, and his breasts filled out the top, and his waist shrunk, and his hips began to get rounder.

And he liked to look good, too. Not a day went by without us playing with make up, and exploring styles and fashion.

And, we played with long nails, and hair styles, and we just had the most girly fun.

And then, one day, I looked at him and said, "John, go get the measuring tape."

So he did, and here is the thing. He was spending a lot of time in bed, being charitably contributed to by the ladies of the town. And I was busy counting money, or fixing him food, for all the shrinking of his waist he seemed to be eating more food, or being on top or under him, so I just hadn't noticed.

"What?" he asked, handing me the tape.

I didn't say a word, just measured him, and, sure enough, he was taller. And not just by a little.

"John, how tall are you?"

"About six foot."

"Nope."

"What?"

"You measure out at almost six foot six."

"What? How could that..."

But we knew.

"You got that acromegaly thing. And it ain't just your dick growing anymore."

"But...my whole body? Why haven't I noticed?"

"Cause you're always lying down. Or I just ain't lookin' at you."

"But that...wow!"

Now that we knew what was happening, we kept a close watch on his height, and here is where it gets interesting. As he got taller he didn't get fatter, or weird looking.

He got heavier, the floorboards would creak under him, but only a little bit. He was getting more...proportionate!

A regular woman, I looked it up in Google, might be 36 by 24 by 36. But he was measuring out at 48 by 32 by 48. I mean, he was...STACKED!

But it was all proportionate.

"You don't think I'll get too tall someday, do you?"

"No matter how tall you get, lover, I will always love you."

And, one more interesting thing, in this saga of interesting things, his dick didn't grow.

But it did grow softer. And, finally, one day, it was just too soft.

The ladies were all lined up, but they had known what was happening, and what was coming to pass.

Big John's dick was dead.

Lord, thinking back, it was funny. But when we went to the hospital they made a big procession. All the ladies in town drove their cars, or their trucks, or even their backhoes or graders, and they followed us to town, giving a big long, honking dirge.

Honk...honk...honk...honk...honk...

All the way to town. All together. Birds flew out of trees, citizens, which means the males, stopped what they were doing and watched.

And I often wondered if they were rejoicing. Big John was dead, maybe they would get their wives back.

We arrived at the hospital, John got taken in, and all the girls cheered and whistled and stomped their feet so loud the hospital sent out somebody to make us be quiet.

And he got his dick cut off.

A penectomy.

But, interesting enough, not the balls. The doctor told us the balls would make good ovaries, they just had to push them back into John's body and let nature readapt them for their new purpose.

John came out of the hospital, and he was a new...woman. And he seemed happier for it. He walked out the door, ducking to get out, he had kept growing and now he was over seven feet tall, and he straightened up and faced us.

He hugged me, and thanked me, and he hugged all the ladies as he could and thanked them for their Christian charity. Then we went home.

But that's not the end of the story.

A couple of months later John and I were talking. We had just made love, I had found the most darling dildo, and we were talking about what it's like to have male orgasms versus female orgasms.

"Male Os are harder, faster, and female Os take their time," he explained.

"Really. I always wondered what it would be like to have a male orgasm."

And we talked and then we kissed and went to sleep.

I slept good that night. I didn't have Big John's dick, but I did have a dildo, and it felt wonderful. It felt wonderful to both of us, and we used it front and back until we thought the darned thing would break. But, heck, if it did, we would just get another one.

And I stirred in my sleep, dreaming dreams of dildos and John and how wonderful life was. And I felt a warmth inside, and I was dreaming, but I was just aware enough to know that I was having a wet dream.

Imagine, me having a wet dream. That's sort of reserved for men, but women can have them, and I felt so loosey goosey in my dream, and I felt myself moving my hips, and then it burst over me. I groaned and moaned and felt the world just simply explode. It was like creation had just shattered into tatters.

Then I felt a shaking. John was waking me up. "Honey? Judy?"

"Wha...?" I brushed his hand away. I wanted to wallow in the depths of my orgasm for a while.

"Honey!" but he was insistent.

"What?" I came awake.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, but..." I felt different. I looked down the bed. "Oh, my God!"

John looked down, and he repeated after me, "Oh my God!"

And we stared. Then he pulled the covers off. There, sprouting from my junction, was a nicely formed dick. And it was dribbling bits of goo from my dream.

I looked at John, and he looked at me.

"Honey," he said, "I'll call the girls. I think we need some more charity!"

EPILOGUE

We got charity.

Apparently, my parents hadn't told me that I had been born with two sexes, and they had decided it would be best if I grew up female.

So, the game was on again, and I looked forward to the months of the girls helping me make the transition. I would miss being a woman, especially after just getting my tits, but, oh well. Whatever God wants...God gets.

Oh, and one last thing. Big John's dick.

When they took it off we had the doctor's save it. We took it to a taxidermist in town, and had it stuffed.

It hangs over the mantle piece, a reminder of days gone by.

Funny thing, every Sunday more and more ladies show up here. We drink coffee and eat donuts, and we sit in rows and we watch that dick mounted on the wall.

Funny. It was so heavy we had to have it mounted on a cross piece, and now, if you turn your head a little and use your imagination, it looks like a cross.

And sometimes we ladies talk about it, about how Pastor Garney's church went bust, and how he is always seen getting his coals raked at Billy's Bar.

And sometimes we talk about how we should probably pray a little, make our Sundays a little more...spiritual.

Then we look at the dick, and somebody whispers what we're all thinking.

The Church of Big John's Dick.

But, really, it is:

The Church of the Big Dick.

And we all know what we are praying for.

END