

TEENAGE DICKGIRL

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Teenage Dickgirl

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Hi! My name is Noelle, and I am a dweeb. Really. I am scruffy and clumsy and crap. I only have the nerdiest friends and I haven't worn stylish clothes in years. Just so you get my look: I usually wear some shapeless jeans, a big black t-shirt with some rather ironic metal or fantasy image (I especially like the three wolf-moon one, but it doesn't work for me.) and a shirt on top. To make my hair look less horrible, I tend to wear caps or hats, but for some shitty reason, whenever I try to put on a cap of some team, they start losing horribly. I can't do that, so I

try to stick to nondescript stuff.

So yeah. I'm crap and ugly. I still got zits. I haven't had a good hair day in ages. I have a weird way of standing and I'm clumsy as fuck. Although I'm a nerd, I'm obviously not very clever and my grades are ... yeah. Shitty.

I mean, it's probably going to work out in the end, but for now ... Nah.

To make things worse, I have a dick.

Now, a lot of nerds have dicks. The guy nerds at least. My problem, though, is that I'm a girl. I got boobs, although they don't look like much, and I have a vagina. With a dick on top. I don't seem to have balls though, but I'm not sure that's a loss. There's also the clit question, and the answer is: My cock kinda does the same thing, but there's like something in me that's also very, very nice to work with. Just so you get an idea: I have a vibrator. And when that thing is in me and I jerk off with my other hand ... That's nice.

Really nice.

The thing is, I was born this way and my parents couldn't make up their mind, so they let me be me. I'm kinda happy about this, but also kinda not. It's super awkward and another reason for me not being into sports: If I don't get sweaty, I don't have to shower. If I don't have to shower, I don't get fucked over for being a freak.

Things like that.

Anyway, there's a guy I love. He doesn't know, obviously. Big, hunky jocks don't usually see people like me. I could actually be invisible to them. His name is Alex and he's massive.

I know, I know, nerds usually aren't into big guys like that, but ... bear with me. I've been into superhero stuff all my life. Metal too. I love muscles on a guy. Seriously. And that guy, he's got them in spades! He's not really tall, but he's big, with broad shoulders and a chest like a linebacker. Which he is, obviously.

Also, maybe it's just me, but for a jock, he's got kind of a soft side, if you get me?

I have been spending a lot of time dreaming of him, but I don't think he notices me. Besides, even if he did ... Would he date a girl like me? With a, you know, dick?

I've been talking to Bran lately. He's kinda my best friend since forever. He's a cool guy, as far as nerds are concerned. He plays bass, is good at crafts and he's really funny.

Before you ask: No, he's not into me. He likes the girly girls.

I tried figuring this out soon enough, by showing him some futa porn and check out his reaction. He didn't like it. So I decided to not ruin our friendship. It's not

worth it and he's not my type.

Whatever. Bran told me that the jocks had asked him to fix one of their sports things, just some machine that was broken, and he obliged. As I said, he's a cool nerd. And as he was fixing that thing, he could listen to them talk and they talked about girls. Cos that's what jocks do, right?

So here's the thing: Of course, I had to ask Bran to tell me everything. I never thought I'd have a chance, but I wanted to know how far away I was. It was stupid of course. That's basically setting yourself up to get hurt.

I mean, what do I do when he says he loves big titted bimbos?

Right.

Anyway, the guy said that he loves fit girls. So much for that. I'm not gonna compete on that one.

But Bran said:

“Hey, Noelle, calm down. Listen, there's more!”

I was all:

“Yeah, right. More shit I can’t do.”

And he said:

“Not really. But ... I swear he was awkward about this.”

“Awkward. Really. Why would a fucking jock be awkward?”

“I don’t know. I mean, that guy probably has some confidence issues. He’s short and pumped up. That’s a telltale sign.”

I shrugged.

“Seriously? That’s the big thing?”

“No. What I’m saying is: That guy is hiding something that’s awkward for him. There’s a thing he doesn’t want the others to know.”

“So the next thing you’re gonna tell me is that he likes stupid nerds in big t-shirts?”

“Nah. That’s not it. You know me, right?”

“Kinda, yeah. Since forever?”

“Right. So you know I like my girls girly?”

“Girly. Sure.”

“But you know what it really means, don’t you?”

“You like bimbos.”

“I like bimbos. Now, you can’t just run around and say: ‘Ooh, I like bimbos!’ That’s the best way of not getting any.”

“And your point is? It’s not like you’re getting any girly girls either.”

“That was uncalled for. What I’m saying is: If he says he likes fit girls, it means he likes muscle girls.”

“Yeah, right. Dude, he’s a fucking jock. Of course he likes fit girls. That’s all there is for him.”

“Okay. Sure. But here’s a thing: The guy’s single. No girl at all.”

“So maybe he’s gay?”

“Maybe ... But I trust my weirdar.”

“Your what?”

“My weirdar. It’s a radar for weirdness. That guy is weird. And he has weird tastes.”

I rolled my eyes and sighed:

“Okay. So maybe he’s into muscle girls. What does it change? I’m not a muscle girl.”

“Yeah. But you are in a good position to train ...”

“Why, because I have a dick?”

He shrugged. I shook my head.

“Listen, let’s drop that shit and listen to some music.”

And we did just that.

So here’s the thing: Fucking Bran was onto something, and his idea was starting to roll around in my brain until it finally won me over. I mean, the thing is, I am a girl with a dick. I don’t have a moustache or anything, and my body hair is normal. I have boobs, for fuck’s sake. But that thing with the higher testosterone level ... It’s not really wrong.

Maybe I should try it. Just to give it a shot. If it doesn’t work, it’s fine too. After all, the worst thing that could happen is that I get rid of my back pain. That wouldn’t be bad either.

I’d have to be really discreet about it, though. Nothing out in public.

If it works, fine. Once I got something to show, I can try. If it doesn’t, I won’t.

Of course, there’s also the whole dick situation, but I’ll cross that bridge when I come to it. Definitely.

I started working out the next day. Nothing serious for now, just getting some instructions on the net and hitting the school gym in the off hours. I didn’t want anybody around, and as long as we were careful, students could use it freely. You also had to clean up after yourself, but that was obvious.

To start, I picked a workout plan that seemed okay, but I soon realized I found it way too easy. That was nice for me, but also weird. I moved up the weights and reps pretty quickly. Maybe not being a girl-girl was actually useful for this.

I got results pretty soon too. Nice results. My arms were firming up in no time, my back got straighter and my legs got stronger. To be perfectly honest, I went from blarg to okay, but it was quite cool to witness it. Seriously. I was having a kind of fun too. Working out was boring, the results were interesting. That was a good deal for me.

There was another thing too: The more I trained, the more I thought about Alex, and the thoughts were getting hornier and hornier. I pumped iron and my cock got really happy. I could feel it poke against my tracksuit a lot, and the more it rubbed against the fabric, the hornier I got. I was producing wet spots on my outfits a lot and the smell was ... even worse than gym funk.

The thing is, Alex' muscles were turning me on. I imagined myself in his big arms, running my fingers over his abs, and getting a grip of that ass ...

Yeah. Totally not creepy. I wonder if other girls get in the same shit? I mean, I know I'm not normal, but I didn't think I was completely crazy.

All the while, I kept to my style. I didn't want trouble and I was kinda shy about all this. People would ask questions if they knew about my workouts, right?

Okay, who am I kidding? There's no chance in hell anybody would even notice. No one cares about me or my looks.

Also, I didn't feel like changing my style anyway. So I stayed with the metal shirts and that was fine by me. Besides, I bought most of them at concerts and they were baptized in beer (not mine though), so yeah. It was me and my style.

I did get some better workout gear, though. I found a shop online that sells nice metal-themed stuff, so I actually own a Brutal Carnage tracksuit and a Vambrace tank top.

When I'm alone at the gym, I blast the music on my little speakers. They kinda fuck up the basses, but it works well enough if I put them on one of those jumpy boxes for the crossfitters.

A few months in of working out I was at the gym again. I was doing bench presses and I think I was handling some pretty nice weights now. I was in the last set, things were okay, the music was loud and motivating and I was also a liiittle horny already. That was the best part: Jerking off in the showers after a good workout. I tried it on the bench right after I was done, but then I had to clean it, so yuck. Better not make that mistake again.

Anyway, I was just in the middle of the set, I had the weight well-supported and, of course, I screwed up.

Fuck.

I slipped and the stupid bar slid and I tried to hold it, but it fell and I barely managed to make it not hit my throat, but I was suddenly trapped under that

thing!

I did my best to get a grip on it and push it back up, but it must have been the wrong angle and I couldn't get it to move. Fuck! I strained against it, tried to change my position or wiggle out from under it, but ... no.

I don't think I was in any immediate danger, but the idea of spending the night trapped under that stupid shitty bar was ... horrible. Not only was it dangerous and boring, it was also incredibly embarrassing. Imagine getting discovered the first thing in the morning, caught under a barbell, while also probably having pissed your pants.

Of course, I immediately managed to make a bad situation worse. The moment I thought about it, I felt the urge to go to the toilet.

Sometimes, I really hate my useless, stupid brain: Understanding calculus is too much, but coming up with two dozen ways to embarrass yourself in ever worse ways, yeah, that's when I get creative!

So I was caught, and there was nothing I could do. I already started coming up with weird excuses on how that happened while my phone continued playing the most energetic metal mix known to mankind. It was only getting worse every moment ...

That's when I realized I wasn't alone. I couldn't hear him over the noise of the music, but someone was approaching. It was Alex.

I think all I wanted right then was die of a heart attack. Or maybe just disappear. Melt into the background. Get annihilated by a rogue black hole. Something. Please.

He looked at me and took the barbell, lifting it up easily and putting it back in the rack.

I sighed happily for a moment before blushing into the deepest available shade of crimson. I was getting darker by the minute.

“Thanks ...”

It was a mumble, and a bad one to that.

He looked down on me and replied:

“It’s okay. I was just wondering what the music was and ... Are you alright?”

“Yes, yes ...”

The blushing got worse, if that was even possible. At least, he didn’t just say “noise”. That was a good sign. Also, thank Satan that my cock was shrivel-small right now. The last thing I wanted was to shock him right now.

I sat up, crossing my legs to hide it.

“Thank you for helping me. I ... I would have been stuck here for the night if you hadn’t shown up.”

He nodded.

“It’s a dangerous exercise to do on your own. You should really have a spotter ...”

Okay. Now that was an opening, right?

“You’re right. I should ask Bran.”

Fuck.

Fuckfuckfuck.

FUCK!

No. No. Abort! Undo!

He nods.

“Sounds like a good idea.”

Fuck, I hate myself on so many levels.

And he left.

Shit. I could have had it. Sometimes, I just want to kick myself in my own stupid ass. I fucking deserve it too.

That thing put a dent into my motivation to say the least. I fucked up, and I actually didn't want to involve Bran. Of course I didn't. Maybe I could re-summon Alex? On the other hand, I didn't want to come across as stupid. If I got stuck again, he'd think I'm a dumb bimbo.

Okay, he'd never think that, but I don't think he'd respect me.

So I took two weeks off. That was a stupid decision too. Do you think I managed to stop myself from eating my training diet? Of course not. I fucking blew up. The combination of the protein stuff and the anti-depression chocolate was bad. I mean, I don't really care about my look, but I got kinda used to the buffness and watching my boobs, butt and belly swell back up ... Yeah. Weird.

After two weeks of sobbing, I looked at myself and decided I preferred the buff

look. Seriously. I felt better that way. I loved the feeling after a good pump. Was I addicted? Probably. Was I feeling better? Certainly.

So I did just that.

I didn't actually give up on Alex. (Definitely not. There was still a lot of jerking off involved.) But I somehow started pumping iron because I liked it.

I didn't return to the gym for a while, though. Instead, I worked out from home for a bit, careful about not doing any stupid exercises anymore. I got myself a basic weight set, nothing fancy, but it was enough for now. I also kept my phone close so I could call for help. Bran was wondering why I told him to stay ready should I call him, but he understood.

Working out from home was also a good thing because I could just rub out a quick one whenever I got too horny. Plus, I could do it in the nude, or at least in a relaxed outfit, not that my regular gym outfit was actually anywhere near the gym bunny stuff.

I was starting to feel quite satisfied with myself. It felt cool to walk the school corridors and know that I was buff and strong under my outfit. Like a superhero or something. Secret identity ... I mean, I already had that with my dick, but ... It was awesome.

Now, if I only had the balls (ha!) to make my move on Alex ...

The end of the term was soon approaching. I wasn't going anywhere. I avoided Alex as good as I could, but I was still really into him. It was crappy.

On the muscle side of things, I was starting to outgrow my home set. What was I going to do now? Buy a new one? With what money? The diet and the supplements were draining my resources already and the cash I got for the various celebrations was getting sunk into concerts, merch and protein. Just because I was turning into a musclehead didn't mean I was going to stop being a metalhead. Besides, Brutal Carnage had just announced their next big tour and I had to fucking save for tickets!

What did I do?

Well, I caved. I packed up my things and got back to the school gym. As I changed into my workout gear, I couldn't help staring at my reflection. I was kinda hot now ...

Seriously. I had worked hard and it paid off. I had those nice buff shoulders, some cool biceps on those arms and a rather hard pair of pecs that gave my boobs a boost. They looked great like this. The pecs and the boobs. Damn. All that training had really firmed them up and I had to admit that they felt great too ...

The abs were also a thing now. Nice. Nice ... They weren't really ripped or anything, but they were there. I ran my fingers over them and had to say:

“Fuck yeah. Abs.”

So much for intelligent commentary.

My legs, my butt, it was all kinda great. Seriously. I was looking really fit. I was no bodybuilder, obviously, but the cheerleader chicks had nothing on me anymore. Get me on the wrestling team, and I'd fit right in.

Just looking at myself made me hard. Damn. That was a bad sign, wasn't it? If you got turned on by yourself, you were definitely going to stay single forever.

I shook my head to clear it and got dressed. I did put on my new workout gear, though. I sorta grew out of the boring tracksuits and got myself some leggings as well as a rather tight tank top. It was patterned to look like Skarna Doomkiller, Champion of the Dark Queen Serana. I'm a fantasy nerd too. Yeah, I know. Forever alone, here I come.

The thing is, the Skarna outfit looked really good on me. The leggings followed my muscles and the red and copper pattern made me looked ripped. The top was even better with the printed-on horns on the boobs and the abs with horrible symbols on them. I probably should have gotten the long-sleeved version. Also, maybe the leggings weren't such a good idea because my cock was kinda unhideable, but fuck that!

Anyway, I got to work.

Just as I was going through my third set on cable flies, Alex walked in. I stopped. I stared. I almost let the handles go.

Fuck.

Fuck.

FUUUCK!

What was going on?

I stared at him.

My mouth hung open. I was literally shaking.

He stared at me and took a deep breath. Then he took another one.

Then he said:

“I’ve got two tickets for Brutal Carnage. Come with me, please ... That would be awesome.”

“B-b-brutal Carnage?”

Something was weird with his voice.

He smiled awkwardly. He blushed. That hunky guy, the apex jock, blushing. I slowly lowered the weights and released the handles.

“You see, Noelle, I’m ... I’m just a teenage dickgirl ... like you ...”

As a proper young lady, I saw it as appropriate to fucking faint.

I woke up a bit later, lying on one of the exercise mats. There was a cool wet towel on my forehead. He ... she was right next to me and asked:

“How do you feel? You passed out. Are you okay?”

Her voice was soft now, kinda smooth and nice. I couldn’t help noticing the mass of her muscles so close to me. I closed my eyes for a moment, then asked:

“Is this a dream?”

“Nope. I wanted to talk you for a bit, but you disappeared. Bran called me when you went to the gym, so I came over. I’m sorry for just showing up like this, but I’ve been really eager to see you again ...”

Uh. What? What the hell was going on? I was having a hard time processing all of this.

“Are you serious? You like me?”

“Sure. I mean, I didn’t know you were like me, and I am happy that you are, but ... I was into you since I first saw you.”

“You could have said something.”

“Honestly: No. I didn’t know how you’d react. And the way I was looking, I couldn’t be Alexandra to you, right?”

“Yeah. That sounds familiar.”

“That’s the way it goes, huh?”

I nodded and said:

“Okay, so for me, this is a fucking lot to unpack. So, what do you say, I finish my training and then, I treat you to a cup of coffee and you tell me everything? Sounds good?”

“Sounds awesome.”

Fuck. Somehow, her being her made her even better. I loved that soft face and those wonderful muscles ... Damn. I was falling in love on top of already falling in love. Is that a thing? It is now.

To cut things short, we got the coffee, we talked, and we went to the concert. It was awesome. Like, awesome awesome? Beyond awesome. Awesomest.

We were both geared up on point, which basically meant wearing black shirts and jeans, i.e., my normal outfit. Still, it felt good to be there with her. The music was loud, the crowd was into it and we just happily moshed along until we were both sweaty, tired, bruised and kinda deaf. As we stumbled home, taking the long walk through the night city, I was super happy.

I took her hand and said:

“That was incredible. Thank you for taking me along and for being brave enough to talk to me.”

She blushed, ran her hand through her short hair and replied:

“Yeah. That was risky. And it was stupid. But it worked, so there’s that.”

“So we’re together now?”

She nodded slowly:

“I guess? I mean, this is the best thing that could happen, right?”

“Us both being into muscles? Running into another dickgirl? Who’s also a metalhead? Yeah. That’s one in a million.”

She tightened her grip.

“I don’t know how we’re going to handle this, but for now, I’m just glad you’re there. Being a freak alone sucks.”

“Being freaks together is nice.”

We kissed.

When we finally got home, we were both really horny already. I mean, we’d both never actually had real sex, you know? I once sucked off a guy on a kind of weird dare/date thing, and it was stupid, and Alex ... She had gone down on a couple of girls and had fucked one of the cheerleaders once in the dark. She didn’t want to freak her out with her vagina and had chosen that. The girl, Florence, hadn’t been into it.

Florence.

What a name.

Whatever.

We fell over each other, with me almost falling on my face as we headed upstairs. We ended up in my room, I got her out of her shirt and got a good look of her pecs. Yeah. Those were some mean slabs of beef, I tell you. She did have small boobs, but they somewhat blended into her chest. She didn't wear a bra, obviously. I put my hands on them, giving them a bit of a squeeze and she flexed them, making her pecs ripple and jump.

“Fuck yeah!”

She grinned and alternated them.

“You gotta teach me how to do that!”

“Definitely.”

I followed her muscles downwards and got to her abs. She had a fucking sixpack and it was amazing. I wanted to lick those bricks! For now, I touched them,

running my hand over those cobblestones before going sideways and up, taking in her lats. She had this v-shape and it looked so fucking good on her. She obliged me by spreading them like wings for a bit. I almost came in my pants. I embraced her, touching those pythons and feeling very, very happy about it. She was big and I kinda felt my fetish act up. Those arms were so strong and hard ... Yeah.

I felt her strong hands on my shirt and she started pulling it off my back.

When she got my tits out, she liked what she saw. She gave them a good squeeze and I got hard. I mean, I was already hard, but now, I got hard-hard?

My cock poked against her thigh and she grinned. She undid my fly and got it out.

“Wow ... It’s big ...”

Yeah, it’s not. I mean, it’s not small either, and I appreciated the compliment, but ...

I digress. She put her hand on it and rubbed it and that felt really nice. Then she licked it. I felt a shiver all over me and grinned.

“Whoa, girl. Be careful or I’ll cum right away ...”

So instead, she ran her finger over my pussy lips and even inside it. I let out a sharp breath and whispered:

“Damn ...”

I got her cock out too. It was a bit like mine, maybe a little thicker. Nice. I touched it and she bit her lip.

“Ooh ... That’s nice.”

“Hey, gotta return the favor ...”

I played around with it for a bit and said:

“Sooo ... this is great, but ... How does that work, exactly?”

“How does what work?”

“Fucking? I mean, we’ve both got dicks and pussies ... How do we even put them into each other?”

Alexandra giggled. It felt so weird because she was big and buff and I had thought of her as a dude not long ago and there she was, being all girly ...

“Yeah, I don’t know ... Maybe the other way round?” She started making gestures with her hands. “Something like that?”

“I don’t get it.”

I have to admit that I wasn’t fully focused then. I was way more interested in that girl’s awesome buff muscles. Just tracing those thick beefy arms ... Yeah ... I licked my lips. She shivered and said:

“I get on my back and you get on top of me, but with your face away from me and your crotch on mine and ...”

“Uh, okay ... Yeah. I think I get it. That’s gonna be really weird.”

“And you’ve got to promise me you’re not going to fart!”

That hurt. (Actually, it didn’t, but whatever.) I did my best to sound offended:

“Hey! I’m a lady! I don’t fart at people!”

“I was just making sure this wouldn’t ...”

“No problem. Sooo ... Should we try this?”

“Sure! Get on it!”

I grinned and managed to maneuver myself on top of her, slowly positioning my pussy on top of her dick.

“Ooh ... okay, that’s nice ... How does it feel for you?”

“Awesome ...”

“Cool. Here I come ...”

I took my own cock and gently inserted it into her. She gasped.

“Mhm ... Nice ...”

“Fuck ... That feels great ... You’re so wet ...”

“You too ... Okay ... That’s ...”

She suppressed a moan.

So far, so good. We were having a bit of a moment right then and it was ... interesting. Still, she had to ask:

“Now what?”

“I dunno? Maybe I can move back a little and ... ooh ... oookay ...”

“Fuuuck ... Slowly ... girl ... Noelle, be careful ... I’m gonna ...”

She flopped out. Me too. Our dicks touched. It was weird. She came, sighing deeply as she shot her load against my leg. I stared at her and said:

“Wow. That was ... something.”

“Uh. Yeah. Sorry about that.”

“No problem. First time, you know?”

“Yeah ... Wow ...”

I rolled to the side and looked at her cum on my thigh.

“That’s a lot ...”

“I’ve been waiting for a while ...”

“For me?”

“For myself to be courageous enough.”

I turned around and kissed her.

“Thank you ...”

“Hey, I spoiled it.”

“Nah. You didn’t. Besides, I’m still hard.”

She chuckled and said:

“Okay, then get on your back and I’ll make it up to you.”

I did as she told me and she took my cock and gave it a caress. It jerked reflexively and I felt a tension in me.

“Yesss ...”

She went down and ran her fingers along the lips of my pussy. I gripped the sheets. That was awesome! Alexandra continued working my bits and I felt that the energy in me was getting stronger and stronger. She said:

“I like your thighs ... They’re really strong.”

I put my hands on her traps and grinned:

“Girl, you’re a fucking beast and you like my muscles?”

“I do. If you want, I can train you. I guess you’ve got great genes, and you’ll be huge in no time!”

The thought turned me on. She could see it. I was completely unable to hide it. She licked along my cock and said:

“Imagine us two, being big, muscly dickgirls, listening to metal and being awesome.”

I nodded, only stopping when she engulfed my cockhead as she sank two fingers into my pussy.

“Aw yesss ...”

I shot my load against her pecs moments later. She laughed and said:

“You’ve been saving yourself too, right?”

“Nah, you’re just making me so fucking horny.”

“This is going to be so awesome!”

“Okay, so the fake tan is ready and now, it’s time to suit up!”

I grinned at Alexandra as she was all nervous. Okay, I was nervous too, but somehow, she was all mother bear-y on me. Which is kinda weird on account of us being the same age, but that’s what being a mass monster does to people. I mean, she was looking incredible in her tanktop and hotpants and it probably should be her going on stage now, but she never wanted that. We’d been together for a couple of years now, and I’m still so horny whenever I look at her. She let her hair grow out and she now had a big metal fan mane, and she’d been pumping iron like crazy, making herself as big as possible. At 220 pounds and counting, she was my fucking idol. She was barrel-chested and huge, with a massive midsection and those killer abs. The boobs were there a little more since

she stopped dieting the moment we decided we'd be together. Still, the sheer mass of her pecs was overpowering them. Also, with shoulders like these, who needs boobs?

I kissed her as she pulled the suit top over my boobs. I was fucking ripped and looking amazing. I was also really hungry, but that's the whole point, right? With her help and a lot of hard training, I had soared through the weight classes and I was a heavy weight bodybuilder myself now. Getting accepted into the contest had been a bit of a chore, but I managed to prove that I was a girl, albeit one with a little extra. Also, the other girls here were so full of roids, no one was really innocent anyway.

Alexandra continued fussing around with my top. I raised an eyebrow:

“Hey, I can do it too ...”

She shook her head:

“Stay still and no fidgeting.”

“Okay, Mom!”

I rolled my eyes, she sighed and rolled hers too.

“There, perfect.”

I looked at my reflection. Yeah. Nice!

The suit top was great. It had a lot of rivets on it and was made of the shiniest black fake leather we could get. I originally wanted the red one with the inverted pentagrams, but the judges said no. Spoilsports!

Anyway, I was looking amazing. Alexandra checked my hair once more, then said:

“Okay, now it’s the bottoms. Hold still.”

She got down and slipped the thing up over my pumped, uber-thick thighs. I really had to cut the training for a bit to maintain some kind of symmetry. That was kinda sad because I loved them being huge. Well, as soon as this was over ...

She carefully worked my cock into the suit’s bottom. It had been padded to conceal my dick a little. That was necessary so the judges wouldn’t be overwhelmed. Feeling Alexandra’s fingers on my penis made it harden.

She groaned:

“Oh, come on ...”

“Hey, I got the sexiest girl in the room, I get to be horny!”

“Can’t you be not horny for just one minute?”

“You could suck me off, you know? That would fix it.”

She looked down, maybe even thinking about it and said:

“One more word and I’ll slap you. Now get pumped up.”

With a chuckle, I did as I was told. The contest was my idea, so I might just as well win it, right?

Moments later, I stepped outside on stage with the other big girls. I smiled at Alexandra as I went past her and blew her a kiss. I’d have to get some tickets for a concert for us after this. A little reward for me bitching around during the preparation. Then again, she loved how ripped and awesome my muscles looked. After that contest, she was gonna get fucked hard with my big cock. We had mastered that pose now, and feeling her in me as I went into her ... That was definitely great. I still couldn’t believe she managed to talk to me.

I should have tried way earlier.

Whatever. She’s my teenage dickgirl at heart and she’ll always be. Now to win this!

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Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.