A Phallus Bride ch-3

“I was beginning to worry over you. You are later than usual in getting home. What happened?”

“Miss Matsudo kept me after school.”

“Are you in trouble?”

“No. At least I don’t think so.”

“Well you had better tell me what went on this afternoon.”

“Mom, some weeks ago I made what I thought was a funny remark as our class was ending. It was that first day that I was riding the trains. Miss Matsudo made a remark about me becoming a member of the train group so I chimed in and told her I would enjoy seeing what she looked like with her slacks down around her ankles. She kinda laughed and that was that - at least as far as I was concerned. Then today, she asked me to stay after class.”

“Then what happened?”

“She took me into the teacher’s lounge and before I knew what she was going to do, she unfastened her slacks and let them fall! MOM, she’s got a cock!”

“Oh! I see. I suppose in some fashion that may be partly my fault. You see honey there are females who do have the male appendage instead of slits. Here, in this country, they are called, ‘Futanari’. What happened then?”

“Well for the longest time, I just stood there with my mouth wide open and stared at her cock.”

“What did you think of her ….uh….appendage?”

“Mom I was completely hypnotized by the sight of that cock”

“Was it unusual in any way?”

“No it wasn’t unusually large but I just had never seen a cock up that close. She put her fingers around it and she began swinging it in front of my face. Mom, I couldn’t take my eyes off of it. Then she put her hands upon her hips and she kinda thrust her hips forward and that made her cock jut out even more. She looked down upon me and said,

“Come slut! Pay the homage that is due to the god phallus. Service him with your lips!”

Before I knew what she intended, she put one of her hands on the back of my head and began pulling my head and face closer and closer to her cock.”

“Did you take it into your mouth?”

Mom’s question embarrassed the hell out of me and I wasn’t at all sure that I should give her the truthful answer. Finally, I just kind of meekly nodded my head.

I was completely astonished when mom began to laugh.

“Honey that is not an uncommon thing for girls to do to boys. And even some girls like having it done to them. It is called, ‘giving them a blow job’. How far did she thrust her cock into your mouth? Tell me, did she come in your mouth?”

“She pushed her cock – I just could not address that awful thing that she had thrust into my mouth as a, ‘phallus’ –it was so far into my mouth that her pubic hair was rubbing against my lips. I thought for sure that I was going to choke and then she began jetting her spunk into my mouth and throat! And she kept telling me to swallow her spunk.”

“Did you? Swallow her jism that is?”

I couldn’t look mom in the face so I bowed my head and said – rather weakly – “Yes”.

“Did you like its taste?”

Again, with bowed head, I nodded.

“Well now you know what is involved in having sex with a male – or, for that matter – a Futanari. Susan you have three openings in your body and some men like to use all three. What happened then? Did she send you home?”

“Not right away. Her phallus didn’t seem to get any smaller after she shot that stuff into my mouth and, for several minutes, she looked down at me and I looked up at her. Mom, I had the craziest feeling that, in some queer way, Matsudo and I were joined together!”

“What happened when she finally pulled her cock out of your mouth?”

“She uttered the strangest thing.”

“What did she say?”

“She said, ‘Come slut! Pay the homage to the god Phallus that is his due. Lean your tits upon that table before you and take the god into your opening.’

“I didn’t know what she exactly wanted me to do so I bent over the small table that somehow had appeared in front of me. I tried to utilize my hands and elbows to hold me steady but she screamed at me,

“No you ditzy cunt! Use your hands to offer your opening to the god!”

“Mom I really didn’t know what she wanted me to do, but I reached back and took hold of her phallus and began rubbing it up and down and in circles around my hole. You know that, except for that time with you, I haven’t had anything as big as her phallus in my ass and it seemed to have increased in size because of my sucking.”

“How big was her cock?”

“I don’t really know. It must have been at least eight inches long and it was so big around that I couldn’t get my fingers all the way around it. She didn’t do anything but just stand there and tell me to, ‘take it, slut’! I kept on rubbing my hole with the head of her phallus and – honestly, mom – I was getting hotter and hotter. I wanted it inside of me more than I can say. I was desperate to have that scary –but, wonderful thing in me! At last, I, somehow, got the tip of her phallus’s head lodged in my hole. I thought for sure that she would begin pushing it into me, but she didn’t!”

“What did she do?”

“Nothing! But somehow that instrument began working its way into my ass! I knew when it hit my sphincter and I felt some pain as it was pushed on through and into my bowels.”

“What did you do?”

“I began complaining rather loudly. I was almost shouting, ‘don’t go any further! I can’t take it!’ But that phallus kept sliding deeper and deeper into my ass passage with each objection I voiced. Mom I had no idea what was happening. Soon I must have had six or seven inches of human meat in my ass and I could feel still more inches of rigid meat sliding into my ass. Finally, it could go no further. I felt her pubic hair against my buttocks and I knew that all of it was in me. Then she said to me,

“Now you are a full-fledged member of the Phallus group. You have fucked yourself on the representative of the god’s phallus! It is well that you have done this to yourself as a sign that you are of a lascivious nature. When your mother reveals her secrets to you, you will be prepared to embrace them as her kind embraces them!”

“Mom I didn’t know what she was trying to tell me. Do you?”

“Yes my daughter I know, but you are not of an age to be told those secrets just yet!”

For several minutes, both mom and I were silent. Then mom said.

“Honey I have heard of these secret, unholy cults and I think that you have just become a member of one of them! Did you come from her cock penetration?”

“Mom that was even funnier. She wasn’t moving at all and neither was I, but we both must have begun to scale the hill of excitement – at least, I did!”

“Then what happened?”

“We were both held fast together by her phallus in my ass. Then she began to tell me some other things.

She told me that she performs in one of the sex clubs on the strip and SHE ASKED ME IF I WANTED TO BE IN HER ROUTINE!”

“She asked you to join her in the sex club?” I nodded. “Well, what did you say?”

“I told Matsudo that I would have to talk to you first.”

“Did she tell you what you would be expected to do in this sex act?”

Now that all the embarrassing details were finally out, I felt a little braver so I told mom, “She would want me to suck her phallus and then I could fuck myself as I had done that day. She said that the customers really got off on watching a young girl discarding all of her inhibitions and fucking herself!” I paused before going into all of the other details. “She also said that both of us would be almost naked.

Mom, she said that the only real way to feel as though you are naked is to have some clothing on even if it is just a little belt around your middle.

If I were to join her act, I – like her – would be bare below the waist – except for sandals and some thigh –high stockings. She said that the audience didn’t pay very must attention to our faces – they spent most of the time staring at our bare cunts and asses.”

I still had my skirt on even after she had made me suck her phallus so she made me take it off. Mom, she is exactly right. With my jacket and shirt still on, but nothing down below, I felt like I was being displayed to anyone who wanted to look me over.”

I waited for mom’s answer, but it was slow in coming.

“I have three questions. Would these performances interfere with your school work? Would you be paid for these performances? And, what do you want to do?”

“Miss Matsudo said that I would be able to keep up with all of my school work and, if she thought I was falling behind, then she would see that my time in the club was severely limited. And, yes, I would be paid. How much she didn’t say. As for wanting to do this, right now I think I do, but, to be honest, I’m not really sure. What do you think?”

“Baby, I’d rather you not do this. At least not until you are older. After all you are just fourteen and I don’t consider that you are old enough to be performing in a sex act – particularly in a sex club that is dedicated to some old time god. We really have to know more about this arrangement. Now that you are a fixture on the trains, you will be getting sexual treatments at least ten times every week. Certainly that should be enough even for a demimondaine like you.”

I was a little disappointed by mom’s answer, but somehow I knew she was right so that ended my rather short theatrical career – at least for the time being.

I also felt guilty for I hadn’t told mom all that had happened to me that day. For example, I hadn’t admitted to mom that I knew that it was me who was pushing my ass backwards onto Matsudo’s phallus! Even now, as I re-thought those experiences, I couldn’t bring myself to call her thing a, ‘Cock’.

Nor could I tell mom about how Matsudo had treated my body. As her phallus was being forced deeper and deeper into me, she reached around my hips and placed her hand upon my mound. Then her finger began an insidious circling motion on and around my little sex bud. My excitement level began increasing rapidly until I couldn’t stand it any longer. I began screaming and crying all at the same time as my orgasm ripped through my belly and bowels.

My orgasm reached its zenith and I slowly began coming down off that peak of excitement, but Matsudo did not stop her rubbing of my sex bud. Several minutes passed and then I started that awful, but lovely, trip back up to my orgasmic level.

How many times this terrible routine was repeated – I don’t really know, but finally, she withdrew her phallus from inside of me and let me fall onto the floor. I lay there for a pretty long time before I felt awake enough to get up.

Miss Matsudo was sitting across the room in a huge chair. She had a hard, evil smile upon her face and, as I stared at her, she said to me,

“We of the, ‘Phallus Group’ have you now! You belong to us! Hereafter, you will conduct yourself as a Phallus Group member.”

“Mom once more I didn’t understand what she was trying to tell me! I must have looked quizzically at her for her expression increased in severity and her eyes took on a hard glint.

“Miss Matsudo, I don’t quite understand what your meaning might be.”

“You ride the train every day.” I nodded. “Both to and from school.” Again I nodded. “And you ride in the female sex car!” I nodded because I knew that she knew this to be true. “Henceforth, as you prepare to enter that train car, you will remove your skirt so that you may be seen to enter as a member of the Phallus Group. Every female in that car will recognize your allegiance to our group and react accordingly!”

Frankly, I started to object, but something in her bearing and attitude stopped me from complaining.

Since the very next day was a school day, I was faced with acting out this conundrum without any real preparation.

I had felt nervous on my first day as a train rider, but this was even worse. I wanted to cry out for you, but, somehow, I knew that I couldn’t do that. I was being forced to accept womanhood.

The train pulled into the station – the doors opened – the passengers departed –and I stood there frozen. Then, almost as an automaton, I pushed my skirt down my legs and stepped out of it.

“I WAS NAKED!”

The crowd surge carried me in through the doors and into the car. There was a huge intake of breath as the other females saw and recognized my nakedness. I took a place – standing, of course – alongside one of the seats and waited almost breathlessly for the train to begin its passage to the next station.

Calmly, the female who was sitting in the seat at which I was standing slid her hand up along my buttocks! As I had been told, I did not turn around to look at her. Somehow, I stood there almost statue-like as she continued to fondle me. Then, a female who was standing next to me, slid her hand onto my cunt and began fingering me. Gradually, my experience had taken on its usual demeanor. Nothing was ever said about my nakedness and, as I left the car to go to my school, I hesitated just long enough to slip back into my skirt. My initial naked ride had been completed!

Both Miss Matsudo and I smiled at one another as I walked into the class room and proceeded to my desk, but nothing was said.

I did give her one slight indication that I had fulfilled her dictate of the day before. As I slid into my seat, I made certain that my skirt was up around my waist and my cunt was naked! I thought – for a minute – that she was going to laugh out loud, but she didn’t.

Then, after class was over, I approached her desk.

“Well Susan how did your first ride as a naked train representative go? Okay?”

“Yes and no. I wasn’t nearly as embarrassed as I thought I would be and, judging by the number of hands that roamed over my …er… private parts, the other riders seemed to enjoy my presence and appearance. There was one thing that did bother me somewhat.”

“And what was that?”

“On my previous trips, I was always able to identify the other girl-riders because of their uniforms. And, while I still saw several of them on this trip, I was the only – you know – naked one on board that train. Why weren’t the others naked, too?”

“Susan, I suppose that was my fault. I had not informed you that there are very few of us who are committed to the worship of the phallus. So now you know that you are really unique. You are a member of a select group and – as time goes by – you will meet more of your sisters. Believe me you will never be sorry for becoming one of the Phallus Brides.”

Mom sat there for quite a while before she gave me a cryptic answer.

“Do not concern yourself over this attachment to the Phallus Group for it will stand you in good as you get older, but, by virtue of your birth, you are a member of a much more ancient and fundamental animal group.”

That statement left me even more nonplussed than Miss Matsudo’s comments.

I added Miss Matsudo’s final comments for mom’s benefit,

“Mom she told me that we will meet every Friday after school is over and we – as she said it – will have a lot of fun. I got the impression that she means to fuck me one day of every week. What do you think?”

“I think you have become Miss Matsudo’s classroom slut!”

“But, what should I do?”

“Enjoy what she gives you. It will do you no harm and it may make you a more proficient Demimondaine.”

“There is one other thing that I don’t quite understand. Why does she insist upon fucking my ass and not my cunt?”

“Oh baby! Many, many men prefer to use your rear entrance because it opens into a passage that is quite large. You say that her cock was about eight inches long?” I nodded. “Well your cunt could not take all of that inside of you! Men – in particular – like very much to get all of their cocks into a girl’s body and your ass offers them the only passage that is long enough to accomplish that. Besides, one aspect of sexual relations is the implicit surrender of one of the participants and that is you! What more vulnerable position than being on your knees as he thrusts his cock into you could there be?”

I thought this over for a very long time and I finally accepted mom’s description of sex.