

Chapter 2 – Breaking Dawn

"Mom, I look ridiculous!" Ruby whined.

"You look adorable, sweetie"

In front of the mirror of her mom's room (the mirror in her own room was carefully placed to only show a reflection above the belt), Ruby was trying to tuck her flaccid but still prodigious penis between her legs and pull down her skirt in a futile attempt to hide the unhideable. This thick pole was never very cooperative. Only the last foot was somewhat malleable when not erect. The base of her horse appendage was quite rigid and only came to life when aroused. Wrapping the whole thing around her waist and pretend to be fat wasn't an option no matter how many times she tried. Oh, what Ruby wouldn't give to just be fat.

The skirt was, as she feared, extremely short by her standards, even more so with the front hiked up by her groinal bump. Ruby could wear underwear, but they were modified to accommodate her needs. To this insecure girl, they were the most unsexy garments ever designed. Basically, it was male underwear, size small, but with the fly ripped opened and a button sowed on top, so it could wrap around a penis of supernatural girth. Along with the button, Ruby's mom always sowed a little pink bow to try to give these manly briefs a hint of femininity.

Ruby was blinded with self-doubt but she was indeed, as her mom would say, an attractive young woman. Charming at the very least. However, if she forgot to be insecure about her third leg, it was to be insecure about her teeth. They were on the large side. Enough for her mouth to rest agape if she wasn't paying attention and to ever-so-mildly affect her speech. The two were purely coincidental but whenever she was mocked, bullies were happy to point out how both things, along with being of above average height compared to her peers, were characteristics of a horse. Her clear piercing blue eyes and beautiful womanly figure with long athletic legs might as well have no value to her. The rare times she looked at herself in a full-length mirror, like today, all she saw was a thick, long horse penis.

"Stop messing with it, just let it hang proudly. There's no more hiding, so the best thing to do is be proud."

"I hate it. I hate my life. And I hate you!" Her mom knew she didn't mean that. They had been through so much together.

Ruby regretted what she said but was angry enough to pretend she didn't. "I'm wearing my sock!"

Ruby's mother had anticipated this request. "I understand this is a difficult transition for you..."

"No doy!"

"...so yes, you can wear your sock. But I want you to know that you do not *have* to wear it. Your... peculiarity doesn't define you. It's more like a... (Ruby's mom was treading lightly here) like a majestic tail."

"Are you fricking kidding me right now?"

Ruby's sock felt tighter than the last time she had it on. A frustrating reminder that she was still growing... down there. She rarely put the damn thing on. Her mom had knit it for her years ago. A long cock-cozy, like a sweater for a snake, it covered her penis from base to tip in bright alternating colors. Ruby felt more stupid with it on, but, in public, that was a million times better than showing flesh.

Other than intense staring, constant pointing and less-than-subtle whispering. No one talked to her during the bus ride or walk through the school corridors. She kept her eyes down and held her school bag in down in front the entire time. She couldn't cover the entire thing even at arms' length and then only from a narrow angle. It acted more as a security blanket.

"Nice cock!"

That was the first thing a student said directly to her. Ruby's face was already flushed from standing in front of the whole class, introducing herself at the request of her new teacher. The eruption of laughter from that primitive insult got her to turn her namesake's color.

"Settle down!" The teacher tried to get control of her class back but Ruby just ran back to her desk, desperate to hide her rainbow striped cock-sock underneath. She did not get a chance to introduce herself after all.

Class eventually resumed. Ruby's classmates might have still been mocking her, it was hard to tell. She was focused on trying to turn invisible and even the teacher's words were lost to the void. When the bell rang for lunch, Ruby waited at her desk for everyone to leave first so no one would see her get up. The plan was to then find a dark corner to curl up and die. Regrettably, even leaving the safety of a two-square-foot piece of wood required more courage than she had left.

Students eventually came pouring back into the classroom. She had spent the entire lunch hour hiding. As the teacher began talking again, Ruby realized how badly she had messed up. Having taken no time to empty herself, she was starting to feel the intense pressure in her loins and there was no way she was going to ask to be excused and walk down the classroom aisle with everyone laughing and pointing. She endured the expanding pain for the entire afternoon class. She had imagined a million ways how today would be shit and reality turned out even more shit somehow.

When the bell rang a final time, Ruby waited yet again for everyone to leave. Finding a dark corner to curl up and die was now her second priority. The risk of missing her ride home was eclipsed by the risk of having an accident on the bus. She had never waited that long before and had no idea how much time she had before losing all control.

It took Ruby a pathetically long time to finally find the bathrooms with long detours to avoid areas where students were still congregating. She then spent another few moments of hesitation searching for a label that would prove this was the girl's bathroom before remembering an all-girl school probably didn't need any. The simple act of using a public bathroom had always terrified her. What if someone came in and peeked through the stall's cracks... or over... or under... and saw her masturbating her donkey dong or shoot her never-ending load. Or what if the only available stall had a neighbor. How quiet would she have to be for someone 2 feet away not to notice she was performing extra-curricular toilet activities? Public bathrooms were an absolute last resort and now it seemed it would have to be a daily event.

It turns out she didn't need to worry about any of that because the real world was far crueler. Standing guard in front of the handicapped stall, in her school uniform, was a serious-looking girl with messy brown hair. Even if desperately in need of a toilet, Ruby still immediately turned back to leave and avoid any human interaction. In her panic, she had forgotten which way the door opened and pushed on it pointlessly for a second, which was all the time the creepy student needed to close in and trap her against the door. This suspicious bouncer was shorter than Ruby but was still scaring the pre-cum out of her with her crazy eyes. The bully instincts were quick to detect that Ruby was trying to hide something behind her schoolbag. She had a brief moment of confusion before putting back her loco gangster look.

"Yo, Chelsea, come check this out!". From the guarded toilet, a more attractive but equally mean-looking, long dark-haired girl came out. Before the door swung back shut, Ruby saw this stall was like a clown-car of students.

As Chelsea made her way to the standoff, Ruby's assailant regained her composure and threw a very clever insult Ruby had never heard before.

"This is the *girl's* bathroom, dick... face."

Ruby remembered to close her mouth.

"Don't be mean" Chelsea scolded. "I've heard about you. When someone tells you the new student has an elephant trunk sticking out of her skirt you tend to not believe them. So, what's your deal? Why do you wear that thing?"

"I'll just go somewhere else, it's OK." Ruby's voice was shaking pathetically.

The oddball started getting curious and tried to lift up Ruby's skirt but she kept it pushed down with all her might. Mad at not getting her way, she grabbed Ruby by the colorful sock with both hands and began pulling and shaking it around. Ruby squealed in pain; she was extremely sensitive right now.

"I think it's real, Chels"

"Well, now I really wanna see you take that piss. Be our guest!" Chelsea backed up and did a welcoming bow to her new best friend. There was no way Ruby was taking a step forward.

Chelsea snapped her finger. "Oh! This is perfect. This is the only bathroom in school that has a urinal. Rosa, bring out the urinal!" The walls of the stall shook a bit and a freakishly tall girl came out dragging a skinny girl half her size with completely drenched blond hair. She had clearly been dunked in the toilet and stayed under for a long time, Ruby gathered, from her desperate breaths.

"Woah" The tall girl finally understood what everyone was talking about and stopped moving forward at the sight of Ruby's wool anaconda.

"Let me install it for you, real quick." Chelsea simply threw the blond girl against the wall.

"Wow the resemblance is uncanny, just like the real thing. Open-wide, urinal" The blond girl opened her mouth obediently. She had just now noticed Ruby, herself, and was eying her up and down, especially down, completely mesmerized.

"I... I don't need to go anymore." But the two goons were dragging Ruby towards the improvised urinal. One of the hands reached down and grabbed the end of her long sock. It pulled... Once the first half of the cock was out, the rest easily slid off from its own weight. Everyone's eyes widened, especially the girl against the wall, as the horse cock was revealed in the flesh.

"Jesus Fucking Christ" the tall girl said when the last bit of sock unhooked from the tip of the long horse dick and it flopped back down between Ruby's legs. Her cock was swollen and counting seconds with its twitches because of her urgent need to cum. She could only hope the other girls wouldn't recognize these telltale signs. She had let her guard down fighting to hold on to her sleeve and now crazy-eyes had manage to lift her skirt for a better look.

"There's a hole in the undies for the cock. That's too funny"

Chelsea weighed in "Sorry, we gotta cut those off. Freshmen don't get to wear underwear, school rule." And before Ruby could argue that she was not technically a freshman, the wildcard of the pack produced a pair of sharp-looking scissors and gave them a few practice-cuts *snip snip* while the muscle held her by the arms. Between fight or flight, Ruby's brain chose... freeze. Once the blades got close she didn't even dare kick her legs for fear of getting poked. Luckily, the crazy bitch had long mastered the art of cutting off undies, but even still, this one gave her pause. Having to deal with three leg holes was a lot for her challenged brain.

Chelsea used Ruby's cock sock as a sling to lift the petrified girl's horse tip towards the equally petrified blond girl's face without touching it directly with her hands. Ruby, now completely exposed and incapacitated, had nowhere to look but in front at the poor thing they wanted her to pee on. Even with no makeup and wet hair from toilet water, she was easily the prettiest girl in the room. Having been bullied all her life for her physique, Ruby couldn't understand why such a beautiful student with perfect teeth and no apparent deformity could end up in this situation.

The top half of the martyr's shirt was also drenched from her hair raining down. The thin white fabric of the poor bra-less girl's school uniform clinged to her perky pear-shaped breasts and revealed the large puffy nipples in plain sight. Ruby had never imagined a girl when trying to relieve her inner-balls but looking at this vulnerable, pretty thing, mouth still opened, but with shining green eyes full of defiance, was quickly exacerbating her situation.

After a few seconds of jeering and misplaced encouragement from the bullies, Chelsea realized that she was no longer supporting Ruby's cock with the sling, it was supporting itself. Taking a step back she also spotted the thin string of precum connecting the tip of the pulsating cock head to Ruby's ankle.

"Ho-ly-shit, is that cum? You're not here for a number 1, you're here for a number... 3! Fuck, you are a freak in so many ways!" Hyena-like laughter from all three skanks echoed in the bathroom. "Piss-bucket, this is your lucky day, you get a promotion! Suck the horse off and transform into a beautiful cum-bucket."

"Please." Ruby was usually way more eloquent but, in panic mode, that is all she could say.

The two lackeys joined forces once again to push Ruby forward. Her erect cock was now dangerously close to the face of her partner in misfortune. Without arguing, the blond girl leaned forward and pressed her lips against the bump above the urethral process of Ruby's bestial cock. Being three inches in diameter, it was like trying to fit a whole sports bottle in her mouth. Seemingly unsure on how to proceed, she began giving shy licks randomly around the large pee slit. This was a completely different sensation for Ruby than her mom's handjobs and, since she was already struggling to keep the gates of heaven and hell closed, it only took a few seconds before feeling that sensation of passing the point of no return. Along with relief came guilt and anxiety. The flow was coming, nothing to do now but try to pretend you don't enjoy it, as usual.

The blonde girl didn't stop her lapping, unaware of the incoming wave aimed straight at her mouth. The first blast of sperm hit her square in the face but she stood her ground and faced the next spurts even as they lasted for longer and longer. Before her face was completely caked in dripping semen, Ruby saw that the brainwashed hapless girl was trying to keep her eyes and mouth open through it all. The ropes of thick semen erupting out of her cock got so long, it was more of a constant stream and the pretty blond head was soon completely drenched in cum. The ordeal lasted for several minutes of non-stop ejaculate. At first, the three bullies were hunched over from laughing so hard and playing a game of don't-let-the-rivulets-of-cum-touch-your-shoes-on-their-way-to-the-drain. But they became visibly uncomfortable the longer it went on. Towards the end, no one was laughing. The joke had gone on for far too long. This was a level of torture they weren't used to, and while they all were thinking it, no one wanted to seem as weak as to say "alright I think I've seen enough."

When Ruby's cum fountain dwindled, dumb and dumber released their restraints and the exhausted, 50-pound-lighter futa fell to her knees in a small splash of cum. The pungent smell familiar to Ruby alone, was assailing the nostrils of those who could still breath.

"Fuck, I felt some on my leg." One of the bitches said.

"Alright... let's bounce. See you tomorrow, cum bucket." Chelsea commanded her troops to withdraw.

The two victims sat in silence after their assailants left. Ruby snapped out of it first and pleaded, almost crying: "I am so, so sorry. Oh my god. Are you OK?" Ruby wanted to help clean her up but didn't know where to start.

"I'm OK" the blond girl finally said through the layers of cum, after scooping some of it off her face.

"Don't be sorry, you were amazing!"

"What? No, I just froze up. I was useless. I'm such a freak. I shouldn't even be here."

"Is that how you think it went?" The blond girl now only had a thin coating of cum on left on her face.

"I've known these assholes for more than a year and they never sounded this nervous around anyone. They are not going to mess with you again, that was painfully obvious."

"I must have given you a concussion. Do you know where we can get you cleaned up? It took me ten minutes just to find this bathroom"

The two schoolgirls did the cleaning they could with a sink and toilet paper, then made their way sneakily to the gym leaving a trail of cum footprints for the janitor to find later. Ruby waited in the locker room by the communal showers' entrance listening to the water cascading while shaking her head at the disaster that was her first school day.

"Where did you get that?" Ruby asked, referring to the black Swingline and trying to change the subject from this superhero nonsense. Wait, did she hear that right? Sexy?

Dawn sighed. "When they're not dunking me in the toilet... they like to put things inside me in the morning and make me carry it around all day."

"What? Inside you?" Ruby was puzzled.

"Like... up my butt..."

It took a few moments for Ruby to even process this revelation. "They need to be stopped, this is insane!"

Dawn stayed perfectly calm. "You did stop them today. You totally freaked them out. Sorry... bad choice of words."

Ruby was floored. Was she talking to someone who had it worse than her? Someone that needed her help? This was a foreign concept and it had shattered the walls of her fragile ego. "I mean, I can try to freak them out tomorrow too, but you'll have to tell me what to do because I have no idea what you're even talking about."

"OK, it's going to sound crazy, but you know like in prison movies, you don't mess with someone because they belong to someone else. Tomorrow they meet me here as usual, ready to put god-knows-what in my ass but you're already there... fucking said ass. Total power move.

"What? How are we going to fake that? Like, under a blanket?"

Dawn shook her head "Nope, they won't be fooled. It would have to be for real."

Ruby turned around "That's not happening, I hate to bring up the concussion again, but I really think you should get it checked" She then remembered she was only wearing a bra and quickly turned back, embarrassed.

Dawn got very serious: "If you don't want to do it because you don't want to get involved with those girls or me, I one-hundred-percent understand. I don't want to drag you in my problems and I would still think you're an amazing person even if you prefer never being seen with me again."

"That's not..."

Dawn raised her voice a little bit for the first time, it was shaking with emotions "*If* you don't want to do this because you're afraid you'll hurt me, then *you* are the one who is concussed. It's not gross if it's from you. It won't hurt, not really, if it's from you. It won't make me want to kill myself... if it's from you."

With those grave words, silence took over the locker room. Ruby looked at the floor and her freak stick was in way, true to form. She spotted the faint scar near the base of the shaft. It was easy to forget, so pale and so thin on such a prominent mass of flesh. She almost died that day. 4 years ago, was it? When she tried to cut it off. She didn't care if she died, she just wanted to get rid of it. The blade didn't make it very far in. Still, it was enough to turn the bath water red and she had to be rushed to the emergency room. A lot changed that day. Her mom made it her life's mission to raise her daughter's self esteem. Motivational audio books, seminars, psychologists... Ruby felt so guilty after what she'd put her through that she agreed to it all.

"I'm a girl." Ruby didn't know why she brought this up. She really wanted Dawn to know for some reason.

"I know. I mean, you can tell right away, but I also saw... underneath. Briefly."

After another few seconds of awkward silence, Dawn added: "Is that something that bothers you? That people might think you're a boy?"

"Yeah..."

"Fuck people" Dawn laid out her entire ideology in two words.

"Fuck people" Ruby agreed. ... "Let's do it."