

Doubly Endowed

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There was a very real sense in which Eunice could be considered doubly endowed. Not only was she a very attractive young girl, possessed of a proud pair of breasts, with good-sized nipples, and a slender figure, she was also possessed of an asset which even in these more enlightened times was a matter for comment. The unsuspected side-effect of the gender determination drugs of an earlier generation was still uncommon enough that those, like herself, who were blessed with more than the one set of characteristics, would stand rather apart from other people.

However, although some might still consider Eunice a freak for having a quite impressive penis and testicles instead of the vagina and clitoris more normal for her gender, she was one who had become expert at using her peculiar assets to her advantage. In fact, as she sat next to her best friend, Enid, in the university student common room, at the table and on the couch where they always sat, she saw no reason to hide her assets at all. Just as anyone passing by could easily see the heave and thrust of her bosom, coquettishly revealed by a partly unbuttoned blouse, so too could they easily catch a glimpse of her flaccid penis as it trailed out on the polyvinyl seat from underneath the microskirt she chose to wear. Eunice was not a girl to conceal her assets, and when her assets were double the usual quotient, then why hide that fact either? And what people made of that, well, she just didn't give a fuck. Most people were stupid anyway.

Enid and Eunice were holding court as always, pockets stuffed with pills and tabs and plastic bags, all carefully weighed out and counted, all ready for sale to anyone who knew just why the two girls always sat in the same place, out of sight

from the bar and the food counter, in the shadow of a pillar, where their transactions were hidden from prying eyes. And if anyone did want to bring an end to the lucrative business that kept the girls in restaurant meals and expensive clothes, then Eunice knew exactly how to turn her feminine charms and her unusual endowments to devastating advantage.

She liked fucking anyway. Whatever twist of DNA coding had given an otherwise feminine woman such an extraordinary appendage had also given her rather more sexual desire than was normally found on a woman. And she didn't mind if she did the fucking or she was the one being fucked, although she was wholly without the benefit of a vagina. And Eunice was a lucky girl. Whether she was to find a woman or man with whom to make love on those many occasions in a day when she wanted to, she knew she could always rely on Enid, whose own sexual appetite was similarly great, although she was as biologically normal as a girl could be. But a girl who was so beautiful that the mere sight of her, let alone the tender touch of her long slim fingers or the pursed kiss of her full red lipsticked mouth, was sufficient to arouse Eunice's penis to full erectness.

Enid loved Eunice's penis when it was stiff and she'd often tempt it into life, even here in full sight of anyone who was positioned in such a way to see round the pillar and past the dangling installation that had been placed by the arts department. But Enid was only one of Eunice's many regular lovers, although by far the most frequently enjoyed. Anyway, Enid had her own lovers. Lovers who would be shared with Eunice's own on those occasions when the girls' appetite for sex reached orgy

proportions. And then one room or other in the university halls would be filled with the naked sweating bodies of three, four, five or more students, in a polysexual, polyamorous, polytechnic polonaise of passion.

Eunice even had a secret lover, little Amelia: such an innocent looking girl with glasses and plaits who most would think was destined for the convent and who displayed as much apparent interest for sex as a eunuch or a nun. But Amelia was a girl who got pleasure from the masochistic fun that Eunice relished imposing on her. No punishment was too cruel. No humiliation too severe. Amelia was Eunice's sex slave. And Eunice enjoyed every moment of their secret sadomasochistic liaisons. Amelia knew well the taste of Eunice's shit, the warmth of Eunice's urine and the bruises brought about by Eunice's slaps and punches. And underneath the demure clothes she wore, Eunice had endowed on her lover not only scratches and bruises, but piercings and jewellery, including a padlock to her vagina for which only Eunice had the key.

Surely, Eunice had everything. She had the lovers. She had the pleasure of every sexual fantasy. She had the body of a woman. And she had the genitals of the most well endowed man. And she also had the brains that were enough to let her cruise through a university student life with the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of inconvenience. The provision of services, narcotic or sexual, made her student loan a mere trifle that she maintained for appearance's sake. And the main purpose of further education, to be educated, was something she achieved with remarkably little effort, doing just enough to keep her enrolled beyond each landmark

examination. And helped by Amelia and others where necessary, including her easily tempted tutors, in getting through those annoying pieces of coursework, whose deadlines were always looming, so that she could pursue a life where she could satisfy her boundless desire.

“You had enough gawping at my cock, Brian?” Eunice asked the skinny, slightly pockmarked boy opposite her who was fiddling with a small plastic bag.

“You what?” he retorted, but his eyes were drawn back again and again to the tip of Eunice’s penis as it poked out from underneath her microskirt and trailed over the dark blue seat, a glimpse of purple glans showing as a small pond in the encircling foreskin.

“You fucking heard me! I bet you want me to fuck you up the arse and then for you to lick the shit off my dick again. Is that what you want?”

“Sshh!” hissed Brian in genuine alarm. “You don’t want others to hear you.”

“Don’t you want your mates to know you’re a closet homo, Brian?” sneered Enid. She put a hand on Eunice’s glans and stroked it lovingly. “You like a bit of meat, but you want your mates to think you do the poking.”

“Stop it!” Brian cried in alarm. “Anyway I’m here for business.”

“Business, eh?” Eunice said with scorn. “If all you and your cock-hungry mates can afford is twenty-eight tabs, that’s not what I call fucking business. And if you want any more you’re going to have to pay upfront. I’m not a fucking charity. And I’m not a fucking bank. Discounts don’t start till you hit the quarter-weight or the ton. And you pissy cocksuckers are just going to have to pay full whack till then.”

“But I sort of thought, Eunice...”

“You fucking thought wrong. A fuck is a fuck is a fuck. It doesn’t give you any fucking privileges. In fact, you should be grateful I give my cock away for nothing from time to time. There’s a lot of professors would pay through the fucking nose for what you got. So, fuck off, Brian! You want fucking more, you and your mates have got to scrape together a lot more pretty polly.”

Eunice and Enid laughed as they watched Brian go away.

“He might give good head,” Enid chuckled, “but it’s not in his head he keeps his brains.”

“Yeah!” agreed Eunice, flipping open a packet of cigarettes, pulling two out and offering one to Enid. “These fuckwits don’t know when to stop when it comes to shovelling pills down their fucking necks. He’ll get the extra cash, you see. Come back for a ton. And maybe that quarter-weight he’s been going on about. And it’ll all be gone in a weekend.”

The two girls settled back against the wall, watching the to-ing and fro-ing of the other students, while puffing out rings of smoke through their mouths and nostrils, balancing the cigarettes vertically in their fingers, their long legs stretching from the slim pretence of covering hinted at by their microskirts down past their knees and slender calves to the dainty pumps on their feet.

“Fuck! She’s a looker!” exclaimed Eunice.

“Wassat?”

“That girl there. The tall one with the long black hair. She’s alright, she is.

You don't see many girls like that in a semester!"

"Hey, Eunice. What about me? I thought I was the one."

"Yeah! You're the one. You're fucking *it*, Enid!" agreed Eunice leaning her head to one side and kissing Enid gently on the lips. "But she's a real fucking head-turner, she is!"

Enid crumpled up her forehead and studied the girl who was standing by a wall reading the various student notices. She was tall and she had long black hair that came halfway down her back. She had a shapely figure and a sweet face, but she dressed rather modestly, almost demurely: a flared skirt to her knees and a tee shirt under her cardigan that was tasteful rather than striking.

"I dunno, Eunice. She's okay. But she's not a fucking stunner. But you like them a bit frumpy, don't you girlfriend?"

Eunice blushed slightly. This was a not-so-subtle reference to the time when they were both blitzed out of it and Eunice confessed to Enid about her sex slave. A secret now shared, and somehow lessened by the sharing. When would Enid want a bit of action? Somehow, Eunice liked the exclusivity of having her own sex slave. It made her masturbatory fantasies the richer when they were realised in actuality.

"This girl's different. I dunno. She's not just a good looker."

"Fuck! You're soft, you are, Eunice," laughed Enid. She placed her hand on Eunice's penis. "Well, actually you're not soft at all. That piece of skirt's got you fucking stiff. You're not going to be able to stand up without your skirt ripping!"

"Don't be fucking stupid!" Eunice responded, adjusting herself as she eased

herself up, so that her erect penis pushed upward and outward, and then tied her sweater round her waist so that the bulge in her skirt couldn't be seen under the crossed sleeves tied at the front.

“You gonna talk to that girl?” wondered Enid.

“That's the idea!”

Eunice strode off, her sweater around her waist, and her skin bare from the rise of her breasts, where her blouse was truncated, to her waist, a gleam of silver shining from her pierced navel. She stood boldly next to the girl.

“You a badminton fan?” she asked bluntly.

The girl started, surprised at being addressed so abruptly.

“Yes. I play badminton. And hockey and lacrosse.”

“Good sports, aren't they?” Eunice agreed. “You're new here, aren't you? My name's Eunice. What's yours?”

“Eunice?” mused the girl as if recalling something. Eunice wondered whether the girl might not have been warned about her. Her notoriety was extensive and there had been many coded references to her and her activities in the student newspaper. “My name's Yolanda. But I'm not new here. I just don't come into the student common room very often.”

“Yolanda. That's a pretty name. Yolanda. I like the sound of that. I'd like to get to know you better. Would you like to come out for dinner this evening?”

“Dinner?”

“A proper restaurant. Not the student refectory.”

“That sounds expensive.”

“I can pay. What do you say?”

Yolanda hesitated. Perhaps she was just overwhelmed by Eunice’s swift action, but then Eunice was not a girl who would let anything deter her from what needed to be done. And if it meant she had to work fast, then that’s what she had to do.

“Are you asking me out? As if for a date?” asked Yolanda.

“Well, of course. It’ll be fun, won’t it?”

Yolanda looked Eunice up and down, from her delicate and expensive pumps, past her knees, thighs, folded sweater, bosom and that self-confident face. “I’ve heard about you, Eunice,” Yolanda spoke nervously. “You’re not quite the same as other girls, are you?” She nodded towards Eunice’s groin.

“Is that a problem?”

“No problem. But I hope you won’t think I’m rude, but I fear I shall have to decline your kind offer of a date.”

“It doesn’t have to be tonight. Any night you like. Just say.”

Yolanda sighed. “I’m very flattered that you’re so keen to make my acquaintance. But it’s not because I’m busy that I would rather not join you or any of your friends for a dinner date. Or any other kind of date, for that matter. Please don’t take offence, but that’s all there is to it.”

And with that, and without waiting for Eunice to formulate a reply, Yolanda spun around on her heels and strode off out of the student common room. Eunice

stood, feeling unaccustomedly rejected and almost on the edge of dejection, but her penis remained rock hard and stiff: its head threatening to emerge through the sash that secured her microskirt to her slim body.

It was Amelia however who was to get the most physical manifestation of Eunice's frustration in her lack of success in picking up Yolanda. Amelia had shit pasted over her face, urine jetted down her throat and her arse was left a red and blue mass of ruler slaps and spanks. And it was only after a very vigorous bugging, that once again brought blood to poor Amelia's stools, that Eunice was sufficiently satisfied to once more secure Amelia's padlock and make her way to Enid's bedroom in the hall of residence, where she could enjoy the more tender sex that the two lovers much preferred to share between them,

However, Eunice wasn't to be that easily deterred. In fact, Yolanda became almost an obsession for her. She found out when and where Yolanda would be playing hockey or lacrosse and dawdled around the perimeter of the pitch where the girl was playing, her hair tied back in a pony-tail, her legs striding out as she swerved and shimmied around, more often in possession of the ball than not, her short skirt flying up and revealing a tantalising glimpse of the white knickers beneath, and a determined look on her face. Fuck! Eunice was almost beginning to see some point in these pissy girlie games that Yolanda was so skilled at. But after the game, Yolanda always vanished from sight and Eunice stood unaccustomedly alone wondering why she'd even bothered.

"Fuck!" Enid exclaimed when Eunice announced her plans. "You must be

fucking demented! When did you ever get into hockey? I thought you liked soccer. And you've only ever watched it as far as I know."

"I dunno. I sort of thought I need a bit more exercise. All this blow! It's just not healthy!"

"Don't be so fucking wet! You get loads of exercise in bed. I don't know anyone who fucks like you! It's that fucking Yolanda bitch, isn't it?"

Eunice blushed, but she hid it by blowing out a huge ring of cannabis smoke, which grew and grew into a huge hoop before dissipating into wisps. "That's fucking libel, that is. But there's a lot of good skirt on the hockey pitch, I can tell you. Those sporty bitches! They've got figures to fucking die for!"

"But no fucking tits!" snarled Enid, blowing out her own smoke ring from the spliff before returning it to Eunice.

Eunice was soon to discover that she was no expert at hockey, but at least she got to share the changing room with Yolanda. And with plenty of other girls. But it was with these other girls, not Yolanda, she got the sex she was beginning to crave more and more with the girl who'd persuaded her to spend time away from the student junior common room and her usual company. And they weren't bad. These fit girls had pretty good bodies really. The exercise had tightened the muscles on their stomachs, legs and arms: nothing lax and puffy there! And perhaps one or two might feel a bit weird to have a woman's penis thrust into their cunt, but Eunice loved to introduce her new supply of bedfellows to novel experiences that they might otherwise only fantasise about.

But Yolanda... Eunice might share the changing room with her, but Yolanda never took a shower with the other girls, having been given privileged access to the private staff showers, so Eunice never even got the opportunity to see in her naked glory the woman who obsessed her.

“Yolanda!” she pleaded, surprising the girl as she left the changing rooms, smelling sweetly of talcum powder and with her bag slung over her shoulder. “Why do you avoid me?”

“Eunice. If you think that pursuing me onto the hockey pitch is going to change what I think of you, then you really aren’t as bright as your grades imply.”

And with that, Yolanda strode off, her firm buttocks shifting up and down in such a sensuous way under her skirt and arousing Eunice’s penis to such a firm erection that it was painful as it pressed against the metal buttons of her jeans. And this was an erection that just wouldn’t go! Amelia was truly battered and bruised when at last Eunice was able to relieve herself of her frustrated semen, a thin trail of blood running down her forehead and welts rising on her buttocks.

However, Eunice was not going to let any kind of put-down put her off forever, however it emotionally bruised her. And even if she could transfer that pain onto wretched Amelia, she wasn’t going to capitulate that easily. She realised though that Yolanda’s affection was going to require even more effort. She just hoped it would be worth it.

She spent more and more time on the hockey pitch, taking the time to practise alone in the gym to build herself up to the level of fitness that she discovered was

necessary to perform well at her chosen sport. And the rewards as she swerved around the pitch, hockey stick clasped in her hands, were becoming steadily greater for her. She even sought out the coach for that extra tuition that was offered to those who felt the need. And on the pitch her lust towards her fellow players was gradually transforming into respect for their sporting expertise. In fact, she began to see virtues in the skill of players towards whom before she'd only felt contempt for their relative lack of physical beauty. And this respect was doubly felt towards Yolanda who was not only a sight of such great loveliness that she could barely restrain her penis even during the matches in which they played together, but was the very model of sporting excellence.

"I hardly see enough of you these days!" complained Enid. "You're always off playing hockey and stuff. And when you're not whacking your stick about after that pathetic little ball, you're fucking gym slip skirt. Business is suffering, sweetest! I'm not bringing in half the fucking money by myself."

"Team up with Beatrice, then. She's always wanted in!"

"Yeah! I could. But Eunice. It's not just the business that's going down. What about us? We hardly ever fuck these days. And it's ages since we last got real smashed together. What's happening to us?"

Eunice ignored Enid's uncharacteristically emotional plea. "I'm busy. Right! I've got other things to do. And I'm getting the hang of hockey now. I'm doing pretty good at defence. The coach said I was fucking good, she did."

"And I guess you're fucking her as well, aren't you?"

“So fucking what if I am!”

However it wasn't only the coach who'd noticed that Eunice was playing much better. And Eunice didn't want to admit to Enid that the coach's comments had actually come despite, rather than because of, Eunice's advances. The coach was just not interested in getting to know Eunice in a more intimate way. As she explained to a dejected Eunice, she was a one-man woman and had no interest in infidelity.

“I was very impressed by your play today!” Yolanda complimented Eunice as the two girls left the changing room. “If you hadn't stopped that ball, we'd have been lost.”

Eunice was genuinely grateful for Yolanda's praise. But then she'd been getting increasingly sappy lately. Why! She'd even given Amelia the key to her padlock and, worse still, encouraged the girl to get together with that bespectacled boy from Business Studies that Amelia had confessed she'd taken a shine on.

“It's practice, that's all!”

“Well, you've certainly been doing that! And you must have cut down a bit on the drugs as well. You're pretty good now, you know. I thought you were pretty awful when you started playing. Crap, to be honest. But now... You're not all bad!”

Eunice was genuinely pleased with Yolanda's praise. So pleased she returned to her room, lay down on her bed and masturbated furiously until she at last ejaculated. And so much release did it give her that she collapsed in an exhausted heap on top of her sheets and fell asleep without needing even the smallest puff of dope.

And Eunice was even more pleased when, the following day, she repeated her offer, made several times before, but with increasingly less frequency, that she and Yolanda should go out for a meal together, and this time, rather than dismiss the suggestion, Yolanda nodded.

“Yes. Why not? Where do you suggest?”

Something dislodged itself from inside Eunice’s chest and ascended to the back of her mouth. She hadn’t really been expecting a positive reply this time. She’d almost resigned herself to another night fucking Rhoanna, the star of the premier lacrosse team she’d been seeing rather more frequently. Eunice gasped, barely able to voice a reply.

“I know just the place!” she eventually replied.

And the place Eunice took Yolanda to was a very plush restaurant, with beautifully crisp linen tablecloths and matching serviettes, attentive waiters and a menu that was entirely in French. Fortunately, Eunice remembered enough from her schooldays to pronounce the names sufficiently well to bring a smile of admiration from Yolanda who sat opposite her, chin resting on her cupped palms.

“You are a woman of surprising qualities,” Yolanda remarked. “I was told to be warned about you. I was told that you were just some kind of drugged-up slut with some pretty dodgy notions about sex and relations, but there’s so much more to you!”

Eunice felt the warmth of the compliment spread across her face and shoulders. She was genuinely lost as to what to say. But she nodded, while under the table her penis just grew and grew into an aching hardness that even the substantial

well-presented cuisine could not defeat. Indeed, only by the final course was her penis any less stiff as she concentrated hard on Yolanda's enthusiastic accounts of games of badminton, lacrosse and hockey where she'd played especially well.

It was not Yolanda's words alone that she relished, though she discovered in herself an enthusiasm and appreciation for the sports that she'd once never believed possible. Yolanda was transformed in her eyes from not just a beautiful girl, but to surely the most beautiful, witty and sophisticated woman that the world had ever known. As she gazed into Yolanda's pale green eyes from across the table, her entire being was melting into the kind of adoration she'd once imagined she could feel, but never actually had until that moment.

Throughout the evening, Eunice rehearsed to herself the words she would say to Yolanda to persuade her to stay the night with her. She had almost resigned herself to further rejection, but nonetheless the proposed phrasing pushed itself again and again to the uppermost regions of her mind as she regarded Yolanda's beauty. And that beauty was less and less to do with Yolanda's manifest physical beauty and more and more with the girl's bright sparkling eyes, the shining smile and that delightful indentation in her cheeks when she grinned. And she fancied she saw a sparkle of lust behind those green irises. Her heart hammered inside her chest as, while walking away from the restaurant towards the taxi rank, the moment of reckoning approached.

But it was Yolanda who made the move.

“Do you fancy a coffee? It's the least I can do after you paid for such a wonderful dinner.”

“A coffee?”

“Yes. I’ve got a cafetière. And some Columbian Roast. That was the best meal I’ve ever had!”

“You think so?”

Yolanda grasped Eunice’s arm affectionately. “And delightful company too!”

Predictably the coffee was just a pretext. But a pleasant one, too. The coffee cleared Eunice’s mind in a way that a spliff never did, its aroma awakening her senses while her penis pressed hard against the contours of the mid-length skirt she’d agonised over buying from that expensive store in the town centre. But soon the skirt was off, and with a shyness Eunice hadn’t felt since her early teens when she first revealed her naked body to that girl from two years above her, she stood bare and nude, her penis erect and her nipples prominent and stiff on her full bosom.

And then Eunice had a shock. All her life, she had thought herself somehow unique. She knew she wasn’t the only one whose gender identification had become irreparably confused in the early days of gender selection drugs, but the cases were so few and far between. But now, as Yolanda stood in front of her, equally naked and even more desirable, Eunice could see for sure how her special characteristics were not so unique.

“You too?” she gasped, feeling slightly giddy, and not just from the bottle of Rioja the girls had shared.

“Me too!” agreed Yolanda, her erect penis as long and stiff as Eunice’s own, set incongruously on a body of such feminine beauty that it defied all or any of

Eunice's skills of expression.

“Gender determination treatment?”

“A curse and a blessing both!” agreed Yolanda, her penis quivering from side to side as she approached Eunice, a broad smile on her face, her eyes sparkling with desire and those dimples on her cheeks filling Eunice with a desire she had never before believed possible.

Eunice and Yolanda were since that day inseparable. Both hid from the world beyond their shared assets, their double endowments, but shared with each other a passion that even for Eunice no longer needed the additional distraction of other lovers. Amelia settled for her myopic Business Studies lover and discarded her body jewellery. Enid and Beatrice became an item. And Eunice and Yolanda had each other. Although Eunice sometimes yearned for the pleasure of a woman's vagina, the tightness of Yolanda's arse being sometimes an obstacle to the intensity of her swollen desire, as she lay with her on their shared bed, their sweat-drenched bodies soaking the sheets, Eunice felt fortunate indeed to have a lover so beautiful, so understanding and so much like herself. And she felt doubly so from Yolanda's frequent assurances that this was the only love that women of their kind would ever need.

And Eunice was sure, as she took her lover's penis between her teeth and nibbled at the swollen glans, that this was true. She was a lucky girl. She had everything she could ever want in life. And in Yolanda everything she could ever want was always there. And it was all theirs to share.