

Herm Noir

All characters in this work are (TM) their creators, Foo is (TM) their creator.

It was a dark and stormy night. The kind of night where all the angels upstairs have to go to the bathroom at exactly the same time for hours on end. 'Least that's what my Sunday school teacher told me. So I always wear a hat.

My name's Roland. Roland...I forget my last name, but Roland's a pretty silly name for a private eye. Which I am. But as being a 1930's style private eye in the twenty-first century is pretty silly, its not that big of a deal. I've got two things on my desk. One's a box of tissues. I keep it loaded. The other's a porno mag. It keeps me unloaded.

Business was slow, as it always is when you're seventy years behind the curve, but when a beautiful near-naked dame in a tight red dress came in my door, I realized that three weeks of no business were quite worth it. Her dress was so tight I could see a message embroidered on her panties. It said "This is the one pussy you don't get to have, because I'm your sister, Roland."

Actually I'm pretty sure I thought that. But seriously, you could see everything on Alexandra's body. I cursed my creator silently, to have given the world such a hot and sexy vixen and then make her my sister so that I wouldn't even spring a boner when she entered the room. But she insisted she had a case, and with three weeks of no business under my belt, I knew I'd be taking it.

"It's my friend Stacy..." she said. "Stacie's been turned into a...herm!"

"A what?" I asked, although fChan had long since educated me on such things.

"A herm. Shemale. Chix w/ dix. You know damn well what I'm talking about."

"What's so bad about that? I mean, aren't a lot of furs herms?" I began to light up a cigarette before remembering I don't smoke. Whose lighter and smokes were in the drawer I will never know.

"Well furs are usually BORN as herms. They don't just turn into one spontaneously."

"Well I don't see the issue. What's wrong with being a herm?"

"She's not just ANY herm. She's got just this huge dick. I mean it's almost a foot long. And it's so hot...and hard...and...And it shoots just gallons of spooage. Every time she orgasms she looses so much spooage she ends up being at risk for dehydration..."

"I know people who'd pay good money to see that."

"Yes well you don't have to share an apartment with her, and you definitely don't have to clean up afterwards."

"True."

"You've just gotta find out what or who is turning girls into herms Roland!"

"Why me, as opposed to the police or Board of Health, or something?"

"Because if you don't do it, then we'll have NO STORY!"

I cursed. I knew she was right. If I didn't do this, there wouldn't be any story at all, and everyone would be wasting their time. I had to make a decision.

"All right. I'll take the case. It'll be \$50 a day, plus expenses." I said.

"You know no one's going to actually pay you any money, right?" Said Alex.

"Yeah, I just like saying that."

"Just checking." She said. As she did so, she walked out slowly, sultry, giving her ass more than a little wiggle. I cursed God again and prepared to go out into the pouring rain to have a genuinely silly adventure.

Like all good detectives, the first thing I did was head down to my favorite bar to get wasted. No point in going after a bunch of sex-crazed herms playing with their newly-equipped dicks while sober. I ordered a scotch. On the rocks. Make it a double.

Normally an ugly little coyote named Jake is the one mixing the drinks. His face would shatter a mirror, but he can get me drunk faster than anyone I've ever met. He musta been out sick today though, because in his place was a beautiful, scantily clad raccoon girl. She didn't mix drinks so well, but as her tits kept felling out of that sheer black dress she had on, I was in no mood to point that out. She leaned over the bar, letting her tits finally seek freedom in the face of the only patron in the bar that night. If all the blood hadn't rushed away from my head when I saw her nipples, I might have realized how suspicious that was. She licked her lips and grinned at me.

"Well what's a private dick like yourself doing out on a night like this?"

"We always come out on nights like this. I think it's called 'Anthropomorphism of Nature', or whatever it is when the scene is set by the weather and environment. It's a kind of private-eye cliché of sorts."

"Oh is that so?" she asked, leaning even farther forward. By now her tits were right up in my very happy face, and it was all I could do to keep myself under control.

Then I saw it. A cock sock! And it must have been at least a foot long, and she wasn't even hard! I leapt off my stool, pointing my finger at her in the most accusative way I could with a massive boner sticking out in front of me. "You're a HERM!" I shouted. She just giggled and continued her crawl across the bar, slowly moving herself over it as her massive sock-sheathed dick wagged idly out from underneath her dress. From out of nowhere, two other herms came into view. One was clearly a husky, wearing those little leather cuffs I like along with some knee-high boots. Not exactly practical,

but seeing as shi already had her massive erect dick ready to go, she wasn't here to discuss practicality. The other, a cowgirl in a miniskirt, was moving in as well, and was similarly equipped. They were coming at me from three sides, and I saw no way out.

"We're going to fuck you, Roland..." said the raccoon.

"Yeah...We're going to show you the true beauty of Dr. H's work..." said the husky. They were on me in an instant, pulling off my coat and setting it on a nearby coat hanger. Before I knew what was happening they had my pants off and me on all fours. And without my hat, even! The husky walked forward, her massive erection bobbing in front of my face.

"Are you ready?" shi asked. Shi never bothered waiting for a reply, as shi started cramming the length into my mouth as soon as I opened it. At the same time, the raccoon girl started cramming hers up my ass.

I won't lie and say that having herm dicks crammed in both ends is an entirely pleasurable experience. Well okay, it is. It was great fun really. You should try it. But if I didn't resist then I'd be a really lousy private eye. I tried to mumble out something threatening, but it's hard to talk with a dick in your mouth.

"You still resist us..." said the husky. Clearly shi was the ringleader, and the sexy coon girl was just a foot's worth of distraction right up my ass. "Maybe we should show you our true power..." said the husky, gesturing to the cowgirl. Shi was stroking her long pink member with genuine eagerness, and was already drooling pre in a steady stream. By the time I'd taken everything in, she was shooting long, hot jets of white sticky cum, coating the right side of my face, my back...My entire right side really. It came out under almost fire hose pressure, and it was several seconds before it finally came to a halt. When it finally did I was completely soaked with what smelled like whipped cream. The herms all giggled.

"Do you think he's had enough?" asked the coon girl.

"I think he's ready to see the doctor..." said the husky.

"Can you EVER end a sentence in anything but ellipses?" asked the coon girl. "And why do I have so few lines?"

When the husky gal turned to reply, she accidentally clubbed me with her massive, sopping dick and I was out like a light.

When I came to, I was cuffed down to a giant metal bed, as is always what happens when you wake up in a creepy science lab. Which is exactly where I woke up. An assortment of various kinds of insidious looking medical equipment was scattered around, and a mad-scientist appearance was quite pervasive. The three herms from before were in front of me, and looked as though they'd gotten pretty tired of waiting for me to wake up. One of them was prodding my chest with hir finger.

Just then, a vixen wearing nothing but a lab coat and a cruel smile walked in. She was beautiful...Ravishing...And also my sister.

"Alex? What are you doing here? And what's with the lab coat?"

"I'm Dr. H, duh. I'm the one who's been turning all of these girls into herms."

"Then why did you ask me to find out that was turning everyone into herms at the beginning of the story?"

"Girl's gotta have a hobby." She said. She grinned and reached down below her waist. With a gasp, I noticed that she, like her friends, had something a little extra added. A huge, not-yet-erect cock, dangling over a pair of oversized balls. "Now prepare to taste my hermonizer ray!"

The Hermonizer Ray hit me like a train. I bounced and thudded around on the table theatrically, although in all honesty it didn't hurt. I looked down, expecting to see my dick increase in size and shapely muscular chest turn into something a lot more booby. But nothing happened.

"Huh. Guess it doesn't work on guys..." said Alex. "Oh well. Let's fuck!"

And so they did. Alex took center stage, with the other three herms cramming themselves into her mouth, ass and pussy. It was a hermy fuckfest, and great gobs of pre were leaking out of every orifice Alex had. Soon they all started cumming, and the spoo got all over the place. It's a good thing the place was well tiled and drained, as gallon after gallon of spoo eventually found its way down the drain. It was agonizing to watch, not only in that I couldn't join in but in that the table holding me put kept me from touching myself. It was hours before they were finished, and even then it seemed that they quit only because they were tired and dehydrated, not because they grew tired of fucking.

"Well Roland, it looks like we're going to just have to leave you hanging." Said Alex with a wave.

"What do you mean, Alex?" I asked.

"I mean that the writer can't decide how to end this story, so he's just going to cut it off right here and hope that Foo doesn't care." Shi replied.

"What the hell? Hey, I can't be left like this, I'm the main character of this porn story and I haven't gotten to cum yet! And who the hell is Foo? What's with-

THE END