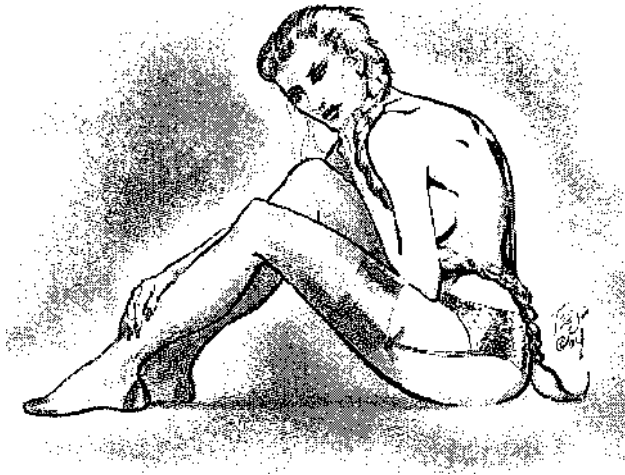


# PAHRUMP BUMP!



# JANUARY SNOWDEN

**PAHRUMP BUMP!**  
**By**  
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While driving on the flatland highway, from out of nowhere, the classic three-note drumbeat hit him. Why is anybody's guess? Oftentimes when a mind has nothing to do, despite the fact that one had to be alert in driving, though all alone on a seemingly endless strip of road, your thoughts can tend to "check-out".

Zach Overton was driving what he called "Last Century's Ford Coupe", being that it was an old used car, albeit the new millennium was only five years young. At 23, his wry, slightly off, humor was part of his charm. Making his daily commute back and forth from Pahrump to Las Vegas, he virtually had nothing else to do during the 60-plus mile drive but let his mind wander aimlessly.

"Nevada Highway 160 from Las Vegas is the shortest route to Death Valley recreation facilities," Zach mused. "Death Valley! Who-ee! Don't wanna miss that!" he ended with a tribbilant mouth raspberry.

There were jobs in Pahrump, Nevada. It was a tourist town. "Yeah, right," Zach often thought as he recited a town slogan, "Come over the hump and visit Pahrump!" The "hump" being the Spring Mountains in the Nopah Range that parted the two townships. He reflected that Pahrump was a "tourist town" only along the lines of the gold mining towns that dotted all over California — only that the gold had long since been mined out.

"The Pahrump Valley offers a country-like atmosphere with clean fresh air, plenty of good water and friendly people who are glad to call you neighbor. We have low taxes, no personal or corporate taxes, quite affordable housing and an easy-flowing lifestyle. In the Pahrump Valley, people are relaxed and enjoy life because there is no traffic to fight, very little crime and more time to do the things they enjoy."

Recalling now what he read from a brochure he saw that floated with several others around town, about the locale, he knew that it was important to the municipality. Too, what was not in the brochure was that to Pahrump's credit, it also had a railway, an airport and it boasted the only winery in the state of Nevada.

But as a person born and raised in Pahrump, for him, it

was summed up in two words, “Bor-ring!” He knew it was actually one word, but the few he actually said, it to got the point. While nowhere a genius, Zach was a quick study. He often was wanted on teams playing trivia games. Things like a town pamphlet information, once read, stayed with him indefinitely. Still, he was only an average student in school, lacking due diligence. His attention from early on lay elsewhere.

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“Yeah, right,” Zach said, as he recalled this last bit of information, while he lightly hit his steering wheel with the slight staccato drum punchline beat. “Oh yeah. Pit-stop train station. Mini-airport compared to McCarren in Vegas. Big whoop! Come visit Pahrump’s winery when you can drink any and all the liquor you can think of — not to mention, all you-can-eat, pig-out buffets in Vegas!”

With a piss-poor disposition that came and went and often overstayed its welcome, Zach often felt like a loser. And this night was one of those times when it came home to roost for no apparent reason other than it had nowhere else to go.

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Right now, Zach felt like he was the punchline on the road of Life.

Still, while he was invariably moody, it never totally overwhelmed him. And just like that...

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As his mind went 180 degrees to nowhere special again, the beat also reminded him, with a sardonic chuckle, of people in the 400 square-mile community. Of how many were “Pahrump bumping” each other tonight? Especially after a day at the winery, glugging down “Nevada’s Own”! What a way to get over the “hump” — by doing exactly that!

Zach Overton was no stand-up comedian. But he was, as some are wont to say, “Something else”.

From Zach’s mental state to his physical one, his looks overall went to neither extreme. He was not muscle-bound nor was he a stereotypical 97-pound weakling. No one pushed him around or saw him as an easy mark. He got along with everybody; reasonable people, that is. Working in Vegas, there

was a wide array of wannabes: blusters, bluffers, bullies, bigots; people with an aspiration to be VIPs via attitudes. Zach could almost smell them and handled them with a modicum of finesse. Right along with the genuine articles.

While no physical pushover, Zach purposely worked at being slender and not merely fit. At 5' 7", healthy but trim, with even a little curvature between torso and hips all around. His pectoral muscles were pronounced yet not largely so. He did get a personal thrill that his nipples were wide and fat, punctuating through thin shirts.

Oddly enough, once in a t-shirt, a girl, of all people, noticed it, saying what she saw out loud, "You've got nipples!" He took it with a little humor, stating that so did she. It was a "Duh!" moment, as everyone has nipples. But Zach knew what she meant and laughed it off, along with everyone else, who took the obvious stance and regarded it as an airheaded remark.

Thereafter, though, Zach made sure that his pullovers fit but were not too snug. His nipples were one thing, but a possible feminine- looking AA-cup and nipples, due to a too-tight tee? Still, he otherwise took pride and never hid his "tits" by trying to hide the jutting tips. Reverse psychology told him that if he tried too hard to be obscure, then he would be all the more obvious. Not wanting to ruin what was achieved thus far, he was proud of his whole physique. An atypical "swimmers' body": smooth, sleek and almost religiously bereft of body hair via regular shaving, even under his arms. Zach even moisturized his body afterwards.

About the shaving: it would be a while when he would read about guys his age and adult men fretting over somebody seeing his hairless body. How they would exclaim all kinds of negative things about being anti-hirsute. Zach would then laugh, considering these tales —or at any rate, this part of them. He did what he did from his mid-teens in school, much less at home where he did the actual shaving/moisturizing and often went around wearing a variety of men's shorts over the years. If they saw it as unusual, nobody anywhere said a word. No one cared a whit about his denuded lower extremities...and no one really ever saw his bared pubes except an occasional girlfriend who blew him. She wanted to suck his cock, not lick his pubic hair! Zach had a physical goal but was only apprehensive about achieving it to ultimate culmination.

Everything done along the way was taken into stride without flak from others or self-apprehension.

Way back in his school days, shortly after puberty, Zach Overton had a dream. A daydream, actually. He never figured out why he had it, even though he knew what triggered it, due to the people in it. He was never disturbed by it. On the contrary, as the dream repeated itself, in REM-sleep, just before one would fully awaken, he tried to mold it, control it, before he could dream no more. Then, sometimes, he would go to bed and try to deliberately recreate the dream from the start without too much success. Yet, now, assuredly fascinated, he then graduated from the original. Deliberately making new dreams based on the original fantasy.

It was from this point on, even in the waking world, Zach Overton began to wonder what it would be like...to be a woman.

In some instances, especially with the addition of Zach's repetitive dream, only to be compounded with a "transvestite reality" abruptly around him, this could have traumatized someone else into either celibacy or homosexuality. But Zach took everything in stride.

It has been said that the way one carries themselves, this is what labels them. As such, despite dreams — or rather, dream — Zach has from the moment he began his clandestine regimen, that was exactly what it was, a very-closely guarded secret. He never gave any indication whatsoever to anyone than he was nothing other than what appeared to be — all man. He was a "neat freak" but he was not obsessive about it. He was not into the careless "grunge" or the monochromatic stern "goth" look, but he was otherwise normally very well groomed in men's clothes. His smart looks impressed the occasional woman, and when he took them to bed, if any noted how soft-skinned he was, they were soon distracted by how well a lover he was.

Neither popular nor pariah, he was invited and threw parties of his own where several women were in the mix. He got his first blowjob by a female who was drunk at the time. He considered himself very fortunate then. Happening in his teens, it was his first sexual experience outside of masturbation. When he came, there was an attempt from her to swallow but, not that he was copious, it soon dribbled out of

her mouth while the aperture was still filled with his meat. They were in their guest's kitchen at the time and she soon stood up. She kissed him, giving him another first. Not the kiss, but tasting his own cum. A moment later, a precious trice was spoiled, when the woman bent over the nearby kitchen sink and promptly threw up!

Even his first fuck was at a party where drugs flowed and people all around him were making out in the haze, when one woman surprised him by suddenly flopping in his lap, her legs spread wide over his; her very short skirt easily riding way up due to the limbs parting. The next thing Zach knew was that while she was frenching his mouth, her hands were freeing his cock out of his pants. Not wearing any panties, she was very wet, already dampening his slacks, and went to stuffing his member in her pussy, under what little her skirt covered. Zach had not been hard when approached and through her activity of going into his pants via the zipper and slightly fumbling with his cock, it only became fully erect after he was completely inside her.

She lazily started humping him as she placed his hands atop her dress-covered breasts, but he soon took over. Despite the fact that he eventually exposed her tits and even sucked and chewed them, talk about a woman in control, indeed! Up to that point, he would have never commanded a woman to drop in his lap and fuck!

Much less have her submissively follow through and do it!

In the end, after she rested a bit with her head slumped over his shoulder, she got up, gave a little peck on the lips and walked away, leaving his slightly-sticky limp dick exposed. The whole adventure, minus a few 'undertoned' "C'mon, baby", some grunts and moans, with a couple of "Fuck me", it was otherwise silent. Zach never got her name, much less remembered what she looked like in the dimmed party lights. She could have been a knockout or a dog. All he did remember was that her breasts were more than a handful. Much more.

In any event, Zach was accepted almost as much as he was shot down, when it came to having sex. If the opportunity presented itself, and sometimes when it only seemed to, Zach did not abandon the chance to fuck. Zach never took the

macho path and what was the eventual result that was discounted as his boyish charm he purposely knew were actually feminine wiles.

No woman would ever dream of what he did because he used their methods. He never literally acted female. Yet through concentrated efforts of observation, he learned what they used on men — simple words and abstruse actions — and, in turn, used it on them. As a result, this was why he attracted some females and rebuffed by others. Not that those who wanted him were neo-Sapphic, but being turned away was that these felt innately uncomfortable in a sexual liaison. Despite the fact that all they were, were actually subtle manipulations in order to get what they wanted from their partner.

Men and women went after the same objective differently and women were more successful in sane situations, from Zach's viewpoint. So why not use the more fortuitous venue? To Zach, it just made better sense. A few years older from when it all began, he did not mind being put off now. For those that wanted him, he experienced numerous varieties of sex, even anal. That is, giving, not receiving.

All the same, he never again was used liked he was in school. Discounting his first blowjob and fuck, he wanted to never be caught off guard by a woman. A mean feat in itself to accomplish, Zach did have an ulterior motive, as he was now an adult, on his own. With what he carefully observed over time, he could have been a real Don Juan or Casanova. But he had no such desire to be a gigolo nor to make himself superior to women.

He knew that most women wanted foreplay. And so did Zach. But he wanted to capture genuine emotions in everything, even sexually. While at present he did not see 'herself' having sex with a man, he still wanted to know when a woman was assuredly displaying feelings as opposed to faking it. He had been scarred for life back in school, but it was more of a deeply-cutting lesson, as opposed to something that left him mentally unbalanced, unable to cope. Still, while he did not foolishly presume that he would not be tricked by a female ever again, Zach strove to make sure that he was not to ever to look inane.

So, as far as sex was concerned, Zach never came first,



but in often pleasuring them orally in the beginning before fucking, as if worshipping their pussies, he made sure they orgasmed several times until some begged him to cum, even if they had to blow him. There were some who greedily left him high-and-dry, having gotten what they wanted. But most wanted to fuck, period. Many wanted to taste his cum, even suggesting to sixty-nine, sucking him off as he did them, as they wanted altruistically for him to enjoy the occasion, too. This was only one way, as they interacted with him personally, that he noted everything they did, despite the fact that he already knew that he was going to give in; to either enjoy the tryst, further ‘her’ “education”, or both.

Upon getting into a compromised situation, this was what Zach had hoped that they would do, he never asking for it from the start “to get me worked up”. That is, to get his cock hard. He knew better by then; that even the hunkiest hunk got an occasional “no”, most likely when he ‘needed’ it most. Women always invariably held the control. Once ‘let in’, sometimes they lost it and before they got it back, the guy had cum and gone. But aware from the start, they could literally have men by the balls, any time, every time.

Zach generally got stiff as he went down on them before fucking; getting excited merely by the fact that he was learning something sexual and pleased that he was apparently doing it well. Otherwise, he delighted in them playing with his member, to coax ejaculation. To himself, he called it “male cunnilingus”; noting each woman’s technique as they went down on him. Zach did not instinctively know how to pleasure a woman. But through trial and error — even sometimes being outright told what she wanted — he studiously learned what did, simply as he pleased her first; whether she requested such — assuming that she would not be allowed to cum unless it was mentioned, or not. Just as he learned the ways a cock can be pleased by whoever his female partner was.

His hairstyle could be called a mullet, except that there was more compressed hair growth all around his head, delicately slicked down so as not to feel greasy or oily. It was not parted down the middle over his forehead like most but swept across from the part on the side with the back length well past the neck and there were absolutely no sideburns. Yes, one way, as women had a similar style, it could be considered feminine, what with his cute “baby face” looks. But in Vegas,

and even in Pahrump, it was merely stylish; again, it was the way you carried yourself that made all the difference in the world.

As his hairstyle could go either way, there was enough for it to be fluffed out and layered or otherwise styled femininely, but it was not. However, despite his habitually-occasional digging his fingers in it like a female fluffing it out, it returned to being close as it was before. He just loved the way it felt, as he ran his fingers through his well-kept tresses. This was not an exclusive feminine trait; if anything, it was chalked up as male vanity. He went to a stylist instead of a barber; nothing over-the-top, that gave him and maintained his present hairstyle. Even in Las Vegas, the “make money with nothing but luck” town, there were those who charged reasonable rates and did not blink at the way he wanted to wear his hair. Zach also noted that some men went to a stylist to be shaved completely, merely by the way the stylist treated their then-bald pate. It was just a living and he was just another customer.

Zach got his nails regularly manicured, as many men did. Women called it “french-style” but his notably-white, slightly-squared fingertips were barely a quarter-inch long. He used a lip-balm constantly, almost making his puffy mouth a little glossy, but the dry heat of the region allowed him to “get away” with this “lipstick application”. Lastly, his eyelashes were natural and yet unnaturally long for a male. Still, yet not another too uncommon trait among men. While bathing, many times due to his long lashes, they would often clump and cling even after cleansing himself. Zach presumed that a clean mascara brush could give them enough curl so that they would not catch, but he chose to rather physically pull his eyelids apart and blink. For the time being, it worked, and that was all that mattered. Everything was accepted not only in Vegas, but in having it all done there instead of home, he was taken in stride also in Pahrump.

But in addition to his total body shaving that no one was aware of, Zach did do a few things in private that some might be dubious about. It was one thing to watch women attract men; how they performed sexually with their male counterpart, in most cases, him. He watched women meticulously publicly so that he could practice their genuflections and idiosyncrasies in private. He played around

with “her” voice until he got a pitch that “she” was pleased with. Once achieved, along with all else, Zach did not use it regularly at home but often enough so as not to forget it. Zach was not an “A” student in school, but when he paid attention, the lessons stayed with; then and now out in the world.

Upon achieving what he thought to be perfection, a few times he ordered delivery take-out food in a sexy woman’s voice, just to test its authenticity to an unbiased ear. The rationale was that if he got the wrong attitude or derogatory response because the voice was off, he would not call them again. Even if they had Caller ID, his first name was listed as an initial. Zach was meticulously carefully, just in case he was never brave enough to pull it off to the ultimate stage. But Zach never had any problems.

When the delivery guy arrived and appeared as if he was looking for the woman who made the order, this pleased Zach no end. He knew the signs. It was all the guy could do, not to ask where was the woman who made the order? But the deliverer knew that they could not. After all, she could have been Zach’s girlfriend or even his wife. Apparently having made the sexy feminine impression that was desired, Zach was so happy with the outcome, some food went cold before he came down from his giddy euphoria. Thank god for the microwave! And, of course, since it was only a test, Zach stopped making phone calls as a female after a short while... for now.

Still, masturbation took a very delicious turn. Closing his eyes, Zach would fantasize that it was his female alter-ego bringing him off. If something good happened while he was stroking, he would commend himself in “her” voice. “She” would then continue talking ever so sultrily — encouraging, praising, endearing — making the whole experience surreal, all the while increasing the excitement exponentially, mentally and physically; giving it all a susceptibility as if Zach was a separate man and a woman.

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