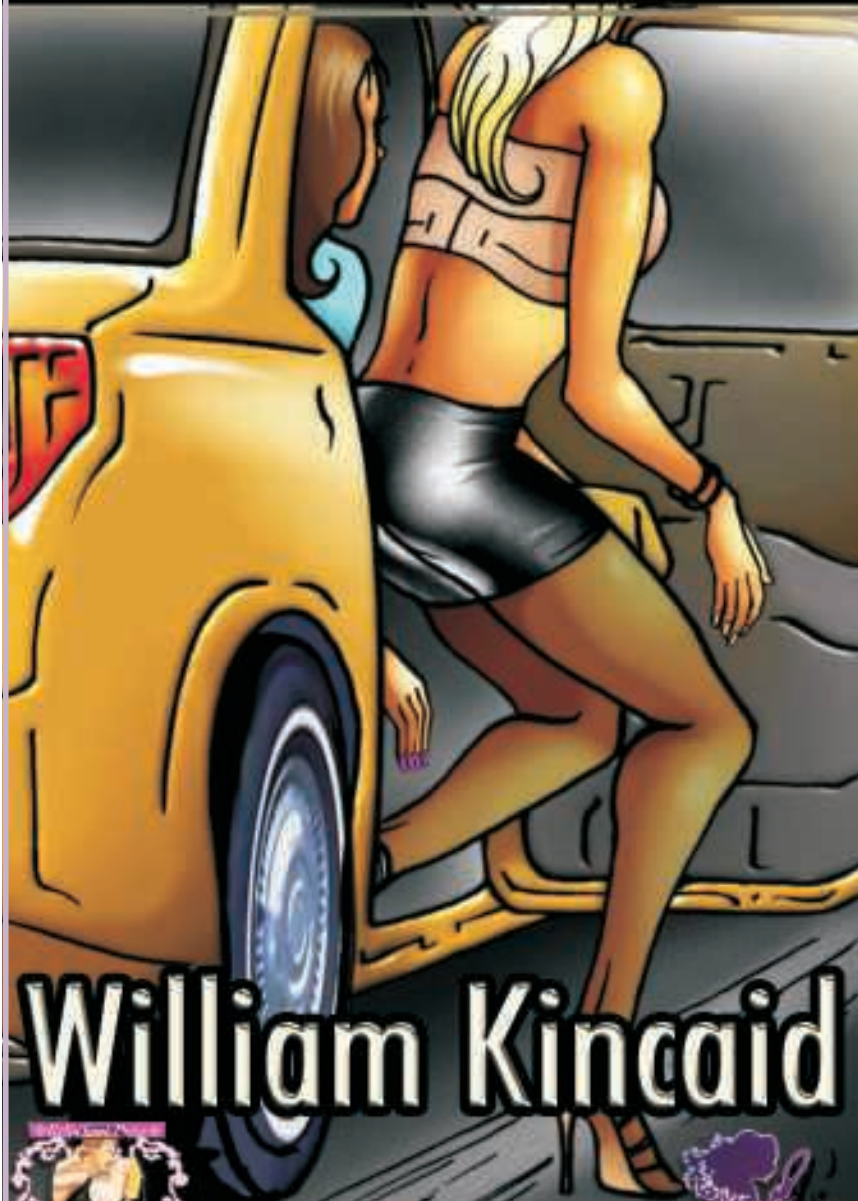


BFFs



William Kincaid



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.reluctantpress.com

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By William Kincaid

Mark had been inside Crystal for hours and had her prone beneath him in the hotel bed, brutally thrusting into the well-broken-in ass of his date. Crystal now started to release without even touching her own cock, a first that made her feel entirely like a woman.

“Fuck me, I’m your bitch. Fuck me harder,” she screamed, once more feeling herself cum into the now wet sheets of the hotel bed. “God yes!” This was the most incredible coupling of her life.

Finally, Mark shuddered and bucked, exploding into his condom. Crystal released one last time, feeling more like a woman than she had ever felt before. She let out a mindless shriek, then collapsed onto the pillow and into unconsciousness.

Awaking after an hour, Crystal made her way through the darkened hotel room into the bathroom, walking with a natural feminine sway and wiggle.

She truly was a woman on the inside, and Mark had brought it out like no other. Crystal's bedraggled image reflected brightly in the mirror. Her porn star lip gloss had failed sometime around the third hour of being impaled and her lipstick had been completely erased against her lover's domineering mouth. The black lace lining of Crystal's bustier had started to detach from the nylon body, revealing a corner of her left foam breast form. Her right earring was missing, lying underneath the coffee table where the session had begun, with Crystal sprawled over the table top, her ass beckoning her lover onward and inward. Although still intact, each of Crystal's stockings now bore deep runs.

"Mark is terrific. I think I have found the one," Crystal joyfully said to herself while sitting on the toilet. "This was awesome."

Crystal eagerly pranced to Mark who was now pulling on his pants to give him a warm embrace.

"This was pretty good, babe. I wish you would have gotten more into that blow job, though. You should watch some good porn." Mark put on his shoes and was at the door, with Crystal beside him, seeking reassurance.

"See you around, girl." Mark gave her a quick kiss and was gone.

Now alone, Crystal stared at the hotel door. Being a transgendered woman, she was often alone, stood up at the bar waiting for a date that had disappeared back in his closet, or all dolled up in her lingerie and makeup at her apartment, waiting for a knock that would never come. Being with Mark had nearly broken her back literally, and had figuratively. Crystal was tired of being alone. She needed a friend, a real

friend, and resolved that she would come out to Lindsay at lunch on Monday.

In the heart of Washington, D.C., Lindsay stood naked and alone in the living room of her fiancé's apartment. An inebriated William slept soundly in the bedroom, but Lindsay could not sleep and stared out the window at the late night traffic moving on the avenue below. William was a congressional legal aide and he had paraded Lindsay at a reception for the evening as his trophy. Lindsay was truly beautiful, but she had never recognized her full beauty through high school, college, and a fundamentalist Christian law school. Her fiancé had pursued her relentlessly and asked her to marry him after the completion of her second year of school. She was the ultimate accessory for moving up inside the Beltway, and Lindsay's shy sincerity had won over the crowd at a fundraiser several times. Congressman Jordan had remarked that Lindsay was better than any whore in loosening a donor's wallet, to William's obsequious laughter.

On Monday, Crystal had reverted back to her male self as Tim Hays, and now sat in front of a computer screen next to Lindsay Leigh Faulkner in a recently occupied office building in Fairfax County, Virginia. The two lawyers were at the very bottom of their profession, shit law, doing legal claims review. Floor managers monitored the lines of reviewers to make sure they stayed at their desk, looking at endless streams of documents for large-scale lawsuits with thousands of plaintiffs. The work was dull, uninspired, but it was lawyering. In the evenings, the two would continue to stare at computer screens looking for job postings to escape the quicksand in which their careers had become entrapped.

"Thai or Vietnamese?" Tim asked Lindsay. The two had bonded as survivors, watching their fellow appli-

cants fall from favor and disappear without so much as a whimper from HR. They were an entirely expendable asset and the firm had no loyalty to them. Their only benefits were flexible hours with good overtime.

“You and your pho with tripe.”

“Hey, the tendon is good too. Nothing like the bad parts of the cow.”

“Let’s do Mexican, I’m hungry for some fajitas,” Lindsay countered.

“I like the way you think.”

“So?” Lindsay asked, while scraping her grilled chicken into a tortilla. “How was your weekend? Did you meet some nice girl?”

“Can I tell you something, Lindsay? It’s not easy.”

Lindsay looked concerned. “Sure, of course.”

“I *am* the girl.”

“Huh?”

“I’m transgendered. I spent Friday night as a woman.” Tim was terrified he had jumped off a cliff as he observed Lindsay registering the news.

Lindsay laughed, “I don’t hear that one every day.”

“Every other day?”

“Nope, usually just on weekends at parties full of lobbyists. They usually come out to me over shrimp cocktails or bacon wrapped scallops.”

“So you’re okay with it.”

“You’re my friend. As long as you don’t steal my fiancé. On second thought, go for it. So do you have any pictures?”

Tim gave Lindsay his iPhone and she scrolled through numerous pictures of him at gay bars from New York to Washington, D.C.

“Very pretty,” Lindsay assessed as she continued to look at the photos. “You would give any woman a run for her money.”

“Sometimes I do. Plenty of guys say I am more of a woman than their wives or girlfriends.”

Lindsay looked alarmed for a second.

“Don’t worry, I have never slept with a congressional aide.”

“He would be incognito, and using a fake name,” Lindsay joked, “like Jay Hoover.”

Lindsay then paused at a series of point-of-view photos of Crystal sucking a massive cock. In the first she was poised at the head, then with her ruby lips wrapped around the shaft until finally, in the third picture, she had entirely engulfed the man’s member as he held her tightly by the back of the head. “Nope, that’s definitely not him. So do you have a girl’s name?”

“Crystal.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Crystal.” Lindsay extended her hand.

“Charmed,” Tim responded in a feminine voice, honed by four semesters of speech therapy at the university he attended.

Lindsay fished her iPhone from her purse and called their boss at work.

“Ron, this is Lindsay. I have to take Tim to the doctor, he is vomiting something awful, don’t eat at Casa del Monterrey. Could you clock us out?”

Tim heard a muffled response on the phone, and Lindsay ended the call.

“Come on Crystal, you and I are going shopping at the Tyson’s Corner mall. The claims will wait.”

“Shopping?”

“To get some dresses for New York. We are taking the train in two weeks. Let’s get something nice to wear. We will take Monday off as well and make the time up during the rest of the week.”

“And William?”

“I will tell him I am going with a girl from work. That’s not lying. He would never go to New York unless Congressman Jordan dragged him there. We will catch a couple of museums and have a picnic in Central Park. I could use some makeup tips too.”

“Oh my God,” Lindsay exclaimed as she looked in the makeup mirror on the counter of their hotel room in New York. Tim had booked a gay-friendly hotel in which he could comfortably transition; immediately upon arrival, he had stepped out of his male persona as he would step out of his blue jeans and became Crystal. Crystal then helped Lindsay with her makeup, giving her a sultry and seductive look with smoky eyes and inviting lips.

Lindsay had never felt so alluring in her life. She winked and suggestively licked and puckered her

lips. Intently studying her reflection, the girl felt frightening urges that she had been repressing her entire life. The product of a strict religious upbringing, Lindsay had remained a virgin into law school, and was deflowered by William only two years ago, in her last semester. Even now, sex made her feel guilty as she was not yet married to the fledgling Washington power broker. With her parents' strongest approval, Lindsay had become increasingly plugged into the kabuki theater of Washington politics where every gesture, every word, was analyzed for hidden meaning, and any association with the wrong type could lead to a permanent banishment.

Crystal was definitely the wrong type as she emerged from a taxi cab in the late spring night of Manhattan wearing a tight-fitting tangerine colored dress with nude high heeled sandals. Lindsay sported a short black dress with sheer sleeves and a sheer panel that revealed the tops of her luscious breasts. The girls beamed at the bouncers at the drag club, who leered back, and strutted on their stilettos to the hostess, who cheerfully sat them near the cabaret style stage, for all to see and lust after.

"You know, Crystal, I don't see you as Tim right now. I just see you as a woman."

"You mean it?" Crystal beseeched Lindsay, hoping to have won her approval.

"Yes. So are you going to become a woman? This is the happiest I have ever seen you. You are positively glowing."

Crystal bit her lipstick-covered lip. "I want to, but it's not as easy as it looks. I don't have millions of dollars for facial feminization surgery or an adoring entourage in Malibu."

"You have something better, you have a friend."

"And my parents? They would freak."

"We can't live our lives for our parents."

"What about your fiancé? I am sure he will approve of you hanging around with a transsexual."

"I don't want to think about him right now. I want to have fun in New York. See those guys over there."

"But there are three of them."

"Yes, I can count," Lindsay said, as she gave them a come hither wave.

Despite her earlier bravado, Lindsay now felt frightened as she gazed at the delectable morsel she had become in the mirror. Back in the hotel room, she and Crystal had donned matching purple bustiers with black lace trim, accompanied by lace chokers, G-strings and stockings. Crystal had struggled to hide her maleness behind the tiny patch of nylon, but so far it remained out of sight. The girls had touched up their makeup and attached false eyelashes for a more dramatic look. Crystal replaced her wig with one that had an up-do, and helped Lindsay adopt a similar style. She sensed her friend's nervousness, however, and fished two small plastic wrapped glass bottles from her suitcase.

"For butterflies before the main event," Crystal grinned.

"What is that?"

"Nitrate, it is used for heart patients, it lowers your blood pressure temporarily, and loosens your inhibitions. I get it from the adult shops. You become an in-

stant slut. It's non-addictive. I use it only for sex, and it eases the shock of penetration in my ass."

"An instant slut?"

"You already look the part. You're white hot. Those guys should eat you up."

"OK."

Crystal tore the wrappers off, then twisted the bottle top with a noticeable release of pressure.

"Nothing like the fresh stuff."

She placed a bottle under Lindsay's right nostril.

"Seal off your other nostril and inhale the fumes. Take about three good hits."

Lindsay did as instructed and felt as if she had been hit by a baseball bat. The Jungle Juice coursing through her body brought the earlier feelings she had sensed to the fore and completely erased everything else. Lindsay was reduced to her basest essence, a slut who craved sex. God, she wanted to be fucked. God, she wanted cock. She snatched the bottle from Crystal and took another series of hits, fanning the fires of her crazed wantonness.

The three men, Australian tourists in their thirties on vacation in the Big Apple, had quietly waited on the deck of an open air courtyard sharing a bottle of Jamesons while they sat on the lounge chairs, giving the girls time to change into something more comfortable. Their hearts leapt when they saw the lingerie-clad young ladies emerge from their hotel room with fires burning in their eyes.

The girls set down their small bottles on a patio table, along with a small bottle of lubricant, an absolute necessity for Crystal. They then posed provocatively before the men, still sitting on the lounge chairs.

“Turn around, dolly,” one man ordered Crystal, who willingly obeyed. Lindsay mimicked her friend, presenting her bare ass to the other two men. The girls then pivoted and advanced to the men, who started to fondle their nylon-clad legs. They both sighed in pleasure, and one of the men started delicately rubbing Lindsay’s g-string covered crotch, feeling the lips of her recently shaved pussy respond and the small beads of moisture that had begun to form on the fabric.

“Hmmm.”

“You are a nasty little tart, aren’t you?”

“Hmmmmm.”

“Say it.”

“I’m a nasty little tart.”

The men then pulled the aroused young women next to them on the lounge chairs. Crystal and her paramour started to suck face while he fondled her ass and probed her crack with his finger. Sandwiched between her two Aussies, Lindsay started rubbing their crotches, feeling the steel bars of their manhood entrapped in their khakis. One man pulled her breasts from the bustier, so that they stood proudly in the moonlight. The other man bent over and started suckling on the jutting nipples to Lindsay’s intense moans.

“One day you will have titties like your friend,” Crystal’s man confidently declared.

“You think so?”

“I know so. I will bet you one hundred dollars American that in two years’ time you will have a set of breasts as good as your friend. Just send me a selfie when you do.”

Crystal smiled. “Will do, mate.”

She then went to retrieve her lubricant from the table, but the man followed her and pushed her down at the waist so that she leaned against the table top, bracing herself for the coming assault. The man took the bottle of lubricant and covered his fingers.

“Ooohh,” Crystal gasped as he penetrated her rosebud with his large index finger.

“Just relax girly, we have all night. We are going to put on a show for the guests.”

The courtyard was rectangular with one side taken up by a waterfall flanked by an ivy-covered wall and the opposite end an enclosed hot tub which a gay couple had entered and began their own lovemaking. The third side was bordered by a wooden fence, but the fourth side opened up to a covered walkway in which the patrons of the hotel constantly went back and forth from the elevator to their rooms. Seeing the amorous group in the darkened courtyard, the patrons would smile and laugh to themselves. This is exactly why they visited New York City. You didn’t see this in Indianapolis.

After fondling and suckling Lindsay's breasts for some time, the men wanted their own satisfaction. They pushed Lindsay to her knees, unzipped their khakis, and shoved their massively engorged cocks in the girl's face. An intimidated Lindsay became frightened once more, her eyes wide with consternation.

"I have never sucked a cock before. I don't know if I can do this."

Unperturbed, one of the men stood up, went to the table, took the bottle of nitrate, and placed it under the hesitant girl's nose.

"Luckily, you have a solution, there, you little bitch. It's a good thing you had planned for this contingency."

Lindsay inhaled the chemicals and felt her mind once again drown in a tidal wave of lust. She reveled at the feelings and took a second series of hits which propelled her onto the waiting shaft. The man still stood above her and pushed her head up and down against his mate's manhood, then set a rhythm in which Lindsay became a cock swallowing bobblehead.

"For an oral virgin, she sucks like a whore," the lucky man joked to his companion. The man pulled his iPhone from his pocket and started filming an enraptured Lindsay. "This is the highlight of my trip. We have a regular porn star here."

A half hour later, with her man gleefully thrusting deep inside her, Crystal's attention went to Lindsay, now riding the other man cowgirl style on the lounge chair after swallowing his mate's cum. Crystal smiled, she had finally found a true friend to share her existence.

Blissfully riding her Aussie, Lindsay looked up for a second into the covered walkway and saw a well-dressed older man with a trimmed white beard accompanied by a young hustler making their way back to his hotel room. Lindsay and the man's eyes met for an instant. He smiled and winked at her before he turned in for the night and his own illicit tryst.

"Wake up girl," Lindsay cheerfully called to a sleeping Crystal, the next morning. "I brought us Dunkin' Donuts. I know you don't drink coffee but I got you a milk and orange juice."

"What time is it?" Crystal moaned.

"It's 7:30. It's been daylight for over an hour. Come on, girl."

Crystal dragged herself from the warm cocoon of the bed. The mattress was so comfortable, but four hours of sleep wasn't enough.

"We only have a few days here. Get up."

Crystal yawned and dragged her bedraggled self to the table, still in her bustier from last night. The two had been deposited by the three Aussies in near-comas in their hotel room with a well-satisfied "good day, ladies."

Crystal started to recover her strength from the milk and donuts and went to shower. She emerged from the bathroom and started to put on her male attire. It would much be easier to venture out in New York as a man in the daylight.

"Oh no," Lindsay shouted. "I didn't come up to New York to hang with some guy, especially one that doesn't really exist. Get in your dress, Crystal Hays. I'll be waiting out in the courtyard for you."