

Trans Deuce

Two Stories



Landon Dixon

A Spectrum Novel



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TRANS DEUCE

By Landon Dixon

Trans-vested

Finn was walking back from the corner store with an armload of six-packs, when a car honked its horn right next to him, making him jump. Tron piled out of the parked vehicle, raced over to Finn standing on the sidewalk under the warm sun.

“You know who your neighbor is? Do you have *any idea* who your neighbor is?”

Finn nodded. “Yeah,” the twenty-two year old replied. “Kimberley Carter. I met her the same day I moved into the rental next door.”

Tron’s face split in a bright, wide grin. “More than Kimberley Carter, ignorant amigo. Way more.”

Finn shrugged his shoulders, shifting the two six-packs around in his hands. “Okay, genius, you tell...”

“You gotta introduce me, bro. She’s out in her front yard right now, planting some flowers or something. You just gotta introduce me, man.”

Finn was used to his buddy’s hyper personality, the young man’s overactive imagination. They both worked in the design department of an aircraft parts manufacturer, had known each other since high school growing up in Redmond.

“Okay, I’ll introduce you. Don’t have a fit. In the meantime, help me lug one of these six-packs back to my place. If you’re still going to hook up my electronic equipment and we’re going to play video games, like we planned?”

“Let’s roll,” Tron yelped, grabbing a six-pack out of his buddy’s hands and hustling off down the sidewalk in the direction of Finn’s rental bungalow.

Finn had just moved into the small house a month earlier. On one side, there was a three-story apartment block; on the other, Kimberley Carter’s large, rambling, rundown house.

Finn strolled after his excited friend, wondering what all the urgency was about, in the back of his mind, guessing – knowing his pal’s obsessions – and getting a little excited himself.

Tron was standing next to the waist-high, broken-down, white picket fence that fronted Finn’s neighbor’s grass overgrown property. The short, dark-haired twenty-one year old had his thick glasses squarely, staringly focused on the plump, big-bootied and big-breasted, middle-aged woman bending over her barren flowerbed under her dusty picture window, digging into the dry ground with a hand spade.

Tron eagerly waved at Finn, anxiously pointed at Kimberley.

Finn sauntered up to the guy who was dancing around like he needed to take a leak in the worst way. Grinning, he walked by Tron. Or tried to.

Tron grabbed his arm, pulled him back with the strength of ten men.

Finn laughed, called out, “Hi, Kimberley. Planting some flowers?”

The woman rose up from the waist, turned around and looked over at the two young men standing on the sidewalk, shielding her eyes from the bright sun. She was wearing a green halter top and a pair of tan short-shorts, both garments stretched to the stitch-snapping limit by her overlarge breasts and butt cheeks. There was a floppy straw sunhat on her head, her fleshy but shapely bare arms and legs tanned, gleaming with perspiration.

Kimberley waved at Finn, then walked towards he and Tron.

Both men watched the woman’s huge breasts shudder and jostle, her thick thighs ripple and clench. The click of Tron’s swallowing throat was audible to all in the hushed, heated environment.

“Yes, I’m trying to reclaim my yard from all the grass and weeds,” Kimberley said, smiling at the pair as she walked up to them.

“You’ve got your work cut out for you,” Finn observed. “Maybe I can help – once I get fully settled into my place.”

Kimberley’s big, brown eyes twinkled warmly. “I’d like that.”

Tron elbowed Finn, knocking his buddy two paces back down the sidewalk.

“Uh, oh yeah,” Finn said. “This is my friend, Tron. We work together. We’re going to play some video games and drink some beer.”

Kimberley thrust out her hand, focusing on Tron.

He crashed through a pair of pickets in the wobbly, paint-stripped fence in his enthusiasm to grasp Kimberley’s hand. “N-Nice to meet you ... Kimberley,” he gulped. “Sorry about the fence.”

“Nice to meet you, too, Tron. And don’t worry about the fence. That’s just another thing I need to fix up. I can never seem to find the time.”

She waved and walked back to her dirt flowerbed.

When the buddies had entered Finn’s house by the front door, Finn turned to Tron and asked, “Okay, so who is ...”

“That’s Tracy Wells,” Tron howled. “Late ‘80’s, mid ‘90’s *pornstar* Tracy Wells. Ho-lee hooters! Right next door. And you didn’t even know it.”

Finn *did* know that one of Tron’s many obsessions was pornography. And not just the normal horny young man’s appreciation for porn, but rather the committed expert’s extensive photo/pornographic memory and knowledge of all things X-rated.

Putting the one six-pack in his kitchen refrigerator and taking the other one off Tron, Finn started to say, “Okay, tell me all.”

“1988 to 1990: five-feet, eight inches tall, one-hundred-and-twenty pounds, 34B-24-32. The eighteen-year-old, slender, sexy, lithe, winsome, dick-hardening and whack-jacking beautiful Tracy Wells racked up twenty-two feature length film credits, along with many skin magazine pictorial layouts. Solo and girl-girl exclusively.”

“Really?” Finn mused, storing the second six-pack in the fridge, getting interested in what he was hearing about his neighbor.

“Really, and truly.”

“But she’s put on ...”

“Return to adult roles in movies and magazines from 1995 to 1996,” Tron continued. “Precipitated by alcohol addiction, relationship breakdown and a six-month sentence in the slammer for tax evasion. Like all older porn veterans, gained weight, added breast and butt implants; 38DD-28-40, one-hundred-and-forty-five pounds. Did boy-girl, orgy, gang-bang, anal, DP ... you name it. Quit again after one year, never to return to triple X.”

Finn laughed, as Tron caught his breath. “You sure? She told me she’s a ...”

“Teacher’s assistant at Forestview High School, specializing in arts and crafts.”

Finn knew better than to doubt his pal’s porno knowledge. “Interesting,” he said.

“Interesting? What the fuck are you going to do about it, is more like it? If I had a beautiful, busty, bootied, one-time big-name pornstar living right next door to me, I’d be on her like a horn dog with a bone on a fish-scented pussycat.”

“Yeah, I’ve seen you in action. With the emphasis on *inaction*.”

“Gimme ten minutes, then plan your next move, my fickle friend.”

Tron ran into the living room and threw himself down on the one piece of furniture – a patched-up brown leather couch. His agile thumbs flew on his phone.

“What about hooking up my TV, computer and gaming equipment, like you promised?” Finn yelled.

No response, only the frantically expert flying of thumbnails clicking on a small screen.

Finn broke out a bowl of potato chips and a bowl of pretzels, then went to the bathroom down the hallway of his rented bungalow.

“Done,” Tron yelped as Finn emerged from the bathroom.

Tron leapt off the couch and hooked up Finn’s seventy-two-inch TV in a matter of seconds, then pointed his phone at the unit and clicked. He dropped back down onto the couch and patted the cushion next to him, smiling triumphantly. Finn joined the guy.

The two young men watched an explicit highlight reel of Tracy Wells’ porn career, from sleek, supple and gorgeous newcomer to voluptuous, overblown and sensuous veteran. Included were hardcore video scenes, X-rated magazine layouts, intimate interviews, award show clips, and Tracy’s emotional retirement announcement. Ending with the scroll-written closing credits: *A Tron Du Production*.

Tron turned to his gaping buddy, grinning. “Food for thought? Fodder for pop? Impetus for engagement? I’ve already sent a copy to your phone.”

“Wow,” Finn marveled. “But ... she’s got black hair now, a pageboy cut, another ten or fifteen pounds added, two more decades.”

“Dyed. Styled. Fifty-six years old. GILF, BBW.”

“She’s also got a *girlfriend*. I’ve seen them kissing when the woman comes over, sometimes stays overnight. Kimberley’s a lesbian, man.”

“Sexuality is fluid, dude. Especially when you’ve already been with both women *and* men onscreen, and probably off.”

Finn swallowed. “Geez, she really looked super-hot when she first started out.”

“Voted Most Nubile Newcummer of 1988; winner of the coveted Best Girl-Girl-Strap-on Scene.”

Finn sprawled back on the couch, speechless.

“I, uh, have to use the bathroom,” Tron mumbled. He rapidly exited the living room at a bent over side-crawl, clutching his phone.

Finn shook his head, pondering what his next move should be with Kimberley Carter, a/k/a Tracy Wells. If anything. The woman had obviously put her porn past behind her; she’d totally disappeared from the XXX scene since her ‘retirement’.

“Okay, here’s what I suggest,” Tron read his buddy’s dirty thoughts, back from the bathroom in two minutes. “Hidden cameras outside and inside Tracy’s house, a surveillance post manned by me and sometimes you situated in your bedroom window looking across into Tracy’s bedroom window – and possibly bathroom window with the aid of a flexible periscope. ‘Borrowing’ of various intimate undergarments for ...”

“I’m not doing any of that,” Finn objected. “The woman ended her porn career a long time ago. I’ve got no right to ...”

“No right?” Tron yowled. “You’re a *guy*. With an ex-pornstar living next door, a sexpert in the art of gettin’ it on. You’ve got a *duty* as a man to exploit this opportunity for every drop of jizz you can wring out of it, man. You’ve got a male-imperative mission to try to score with the hardcore honey using every tool,

technique and twist of the tongue at your disposal. And if you have a resourceful buddy who can maximize your chances of Tracy Wells tapping? Well then, there's some not-so-sloppy seconds and torrid three-ways coming to that helpful, hardworking, hardcore good time buddy, as well. So, let's plan a ..."

Finn let Tron yammer on for half an hour or more before the pornstar-obsessed young man finally realized his friend wasn't even listening anymore. Then, finally, they got on to another obsession they shared at the same high level: playing video games. Tron was so distracted by the next door neighbor adult actress revelation that he actually lost a couple of games to his friend.

When Tron left later on that afternoon, the beer, chips and pretzels consumed, the games played, the plans for neighborly capture and conquest outlined ad nauseam, Finn closed his bedroom door and projected the Tracy Wells tribute onto the wall across from his bed. He unzipped, pushed down his jeans and briefs, picked up his swollen cock and started stroking. Watching trim, taut, tanned, lovely, long-haired Tracy and curvy, enhanced, tanned, poodle-haired, Rubenesque Tracy have sex with women and men, multiple women and multiple men, explicitly engage in orgies and gang bangs.

Finn tugged tighter, harder and faster on his stretched, straining cock, shoving up his T-shirt and pinching and rolling and pulling on his puffed nipples; admiring Tracy's 'body' of work at all provocatively stunning stages of the woman's porn career. If Kimberley Carter really, for certain, *was* Tracy Wells, living right next to him, talking to him, being friendly with him ...

Finn spasmed and groaned, bucked and bleated and blasted, erupting rope after hot, steaming, sticky rope of ecstatic cum out of his overjacked cock, strip-

ing his gasping chest and stomach with one of the biggest and best, most intense, masturbatory orgasms he'd ever jerked out of his joystick.

The young man shivered, squeezed and panted to a coming stop, glaring, glassy-eyed, at the X-rated video of his next door neighbor's porno career highlights.

*

It was one week and eight Tracy Wells-inspired self-sex sessions later, when Finn witnessed the break-up of his neighbor next door with the woman's girlfriend, Tina. He was reaching out for the flyers stuffed into his mailbox next to the front door of his house, when he heard loud, female voices. Then Tina – a long and lean redhead in her mid-forties – suddenly stormed down the chock-a-block concrete pathway that led from Kimberley's front door to the sidewalk.

"Beat it, you bitch," Kimberley screamed at the woman, from the sagged stoop of her home. "I never want to see you again."

"Goes double for me, hag," Tina shrieked back, shaking her fist at Kimberley and then stalking off down the sidewalk towards her sports car parked at the curb.

Finn raised his eyebrows. The young man had never seen a lesbian relationship break-up before and he was fascinated. Fixated, actually, on Kimberley's lush body spilling out of the woman's bulging red satin bra and panties.

It was a Saturday morning, around ten, and Kimberley had obviously just gotten up on both the wrong side of the bed and her lover. She angrily folded her bare arms under her huge, heaving chest, the swollen tops of her tanned tits shining in the

warm sun, her butt cheeks clenched, burgeoning out the back of the panties that her voluptuous figure had turned into a thong. Just like any bra she wore became a demi bra, thanks to her ballooned topside.

Finn gaped at the furious woman, his bedazzled eyes trying to take in all of the more-than-all that Kimberley was inadvertently showing off to her neighbor. Then she caught him staring, glancing over his way.

“Oh, hello, Finn,” she said, waving, her voice suddenly as smooth as silk. “Sorry you had to see and hear that.”

He jerked, startled, taking awhile to figure out that Kimberley was talking to him. Embarrassed, he peeled his eyes off the woman’s enormous, cascading breasts and immense, avalanching butt cheeks, yanked his head up to look into her eyes, his neck and soul cracking with the effort.

“Huh? Yeah. I mean, no problem. I’m, uh, sorry things aren’t working out between you and Tina.”

Kimberley sighed, her breasts and buttocks humping. “Could you come over here a moment, Finn? I’d like to ask you something.”

The twenty-two year old sprinted next door. “Yes?” he blurted, springing to a stop on his neighbor’s stoop like the Roadrunner after a dust-balled race through the desert.

Kimberley took his hand, led him into her home. The interior of the place was almost as ragged as the front and back yards, the exterior of Kimberley’s house.

She turned to face Finn in the middle of the dim, dusty living room. “I need to get my head together, Finn. After this rupture with Tina. It’s all over be-

tween us. We've been headed in opposite directions for some time."

Finn gulped, licked his dry lips. Was this his opening to put the moves on his overblown neighbor? He'd been mainly jacking out sexual joy to the 'early' Tracy Wells, but he'd also dedicated some self-pleasing time to the 'later' Tracy Wells. In fact, like his porn-obsessed buddy, Tron, he could see, appreciate and ejaculate to *both* ultra-sexy sides of pornstar Tracy Wells. And even in her actual late-fifties, heavier, with the helmet-like haircut and lack of makeup, like any hot-blooded young male, he could happily envision taking a shot at and getting off on the real Kimberley Carter.

Finn was just about to slide a soothing, sympathetic, seducing arm around the woman's round bare shoulders, as she sniffled, making the tops and middles of her titanic tits ripple enticingly, when she suddenly raised her head and said, "I need to go to Big Bluff, commune with nature, cleanse my soul and renew my spirit. The school summer break just started, so I can spend a few days at least, on my salary. The beautiful forest, mountain and ocean vistas always help me see things clearly, replenish my body and mind."

Finn dropped his upraised arm, his own body and brain slumping, the seduction scene sharding. "Oh yeah? That sounds like it might work."

His face lit up again. "You need someone to drive you there – given your condition? It's never wise to cry and drive, you know. I could get a week off work. We ..."

"No, thanks," Kimberley halted his stream of wishful fantasizing. "I was just wondering if you wouldn't mind feeding my tropical fish while I'm gone. Once a

day would do it. I'll give you Tina's ... I mean *my* spare key. Could you take care of that for me, neighbor?"

Finn glanced at the large, glowing tank of brightly-colored fish bubbling away in a corner of the living room. Maybe he could still make up a grand seduction story for Tron, when he showed his fellow horn dog Kimberley's house key.

"Uh, yeah, sure. No problem. Just regular fish food?"

"Yes. It's right over here."

Finn's gloomy eyes followed Kimberley's thick, chunking cheeks in her stretched red panties, as the woman walked over to the tank and the stool next to it crowded with fish food, fish net and other pet pises care items.

"Thanks so much for your help, Finn. I really appreciate it. Tell you what, I'll treat you to a home-cooked meal when I get back. I'm a very good cook."

Finn grinned, somewhat buoyed. He enjoyed a good feed *almost* as much as a hot sex session. And Kimberley certainly looked like she ate well.

He got all the details the following day. Kimberley drove off on Monday for her five-day 'refresh' at some commune/resort located around Big Bluff down the coast. Finn got her key, the fish, and unfettered access to his sexy next door neighbor's dilapidated house.

After waving goodbye to Kimberley as she motored away in her battered old car, his excitement skyrocketing just from the sight of the uber-full-figured woman in short-shorts and tank-top, Finn raced inside her home, down the hallway and into her bedroom even before she'd turned the corner down their

street. He'd considered inviting Tron along for this first day of Kimberley house exploration, but had thought better of it. This was a one-man job. For now.

His cock throbbed long, hard, and tenting in his jeans, as he deeply inhaled the slight scent of perfume in Kimberley's bedroom, surveying the intimate surroundings. But his dick and spirits sagged, as he quickly and astutely realized he was in semi-butch country.

Her tops and bottoms were actually fairly utilitarian, her undies pedestrian and practical for the most part. A lot of plaid, blue jeans, white and off-white, hardly any lace, silk, low-cut, high-hemmed or fishnet at all. Cosmetics, scents, creams and lotions were lacking, also, the bedding blasé, stuffed animals extinct, sex toys a pair of commonplace vibrators. Nothing exotic or overly erotic.

Apparently, Kimberley had truly and materially left her pornographically sexualized past behind, the woman/perhaps slut shocked shamedly averse to sexy in particular and sex in general, given all of her frenzied action in the porno trenches.

Finn shut her drawers, closed her closet, and restocked her pathetic sex toy box. Then he sat down on the edge of Kimberley's sagging king-sized bed and sighed, thinking maybe it was time to feed the fish and then go to work.

He got up, half-heartedly scuffled through the woman's bathroom, didn't find anything too arousing. He shuffled back up the hallway, tripping over the runs in the dusty carpet. Then he stopped, backpedaled, tried the knob on the door of the room next to Kimberley's bedroom. Locked!

Perking up, Finn broke out the pick set Tron had 3D printed for him as a birthday present, and went to work. Within seconds, he popped the door open,

stowed his break-in tools and slipped inside the room.

It was another, smaller bedroom.

The scent of sweet perfume hung heavy in the air. The fluffy single bed was covered with a puffy pink comforter, and a slew of cute stuffed animals leaned against the padded headboard. Everything was neat and tidy, and well-positioned: a pink-painted chest of drawers, a pink bureau, a vanity table with stool.

All four walls of the snug, feminine room were plastered with pictures of Tracy Wells in her early pornstar prime!

Finn's jaw dropped and his eyeballs bugged, his cock and consciousness soaring like a space shuttle.

Gorgeous, barely legal girl Tracy Wells was nude and lewd in every single one of the glossy pictures covering every square inch of wall space in goo time glory. The eighteen-year-old sex starlet was posed provocatively and awesomely by herself and with other women. Young, slender, sleek, supple, sun-tanned, long-haired, lithe-limbed, 34B-24-32 Tracy Wells naked and come to lusty life in living color.

Finn tore off his casual office wear and gleefully joined torrid Tracy in nubile nudity. He gripped and pumped his jutting cock, squeezed his juiced balls, flicked his rigid nipples, looking, staring, eyeballing, gazing at every Tracy Wells all around him.

And instinctively, erotically, hornily, he knew there was more. Much more to this sweet-scented, visually stunning shrine to early Tracy Wells. Rushing over to the chest of drawers, Finn jerked open drawers, saw, sniffed and felt loads of sheer, lacy, satin and silk panties, colorfully cupping lace and satin bras, sensuous slick nylon and silk slippery stockings of all shades and scales. Tracy Wells' intimate

underwear from her dazzling days in the searing porn spotlight.

Finn yanked the closet door open. His pounding heart beat even faster, thundering with hot-blooded passion like his spearing cock. Evocative and provocative dresses, mini-dresses, tops and skirts, a collection of lusty lingerie teddies, bustiers, camisoles and corsets hung from hangers. And next to the slut sensational polished high heels, pumps, sandals and strap-ons posed on the thick, clean shag carpet at the bottom of the closet: boxes of adult VHS tapes bearing Tracy Wells' beaming bright and beguilingly sexy face and figure on the covers, and crates of glossy skin magazines full of Tracy Wells solo and girl-girl spreads. There was even a neatly labelled and carefully organized box crammed full of awards, certificates and contracts.

Finn trembled from head to toe, his cock vibrating, when he stood up and ripped open the curved wooden drawers of the pristine painted-pink bureau that stood against the opposite wall from the chest of drawers. He found sex toys galore (dildos, vibrators, handcuffs, nipple clamps, hoods, butt plugs, whips and paddles), a boxed vintage blow-up doll of Tracy Wells, a cast-from-the-real plastic, fur-tufted Tracy Wells vagina for play-fucking.

Finn staggered backwards and collapsed butt-first onto the soft bed; gazing around in enthralled, ultra-aroused amazement at the wall-to-wall shiny porn pics, the drawers loaded with erotic underwear and pleasure tools hanging out like panting tongues, the closet stuffed full of sexy feminine clothing, shoes, tapes, magazines and sex industry awards standing open like a revealed treasure chest. He stared at the small vanity table, mirror and stool, saw that the surface of the table was loaded with makeup, perfumes, creams, lotions and boxes of jewelry – the crowning cosmetic and costume jewelry touches in

the tremendously tantalizing, titillating tribute to young Tracy Wells, sex goddess!

Finn didn't know where to start first. His rock-hard, rigidly upright cock was shiny with precum at its gaping slit, shaft pulsating with passion. His nipples were twin stiffened lugs, tingling with lust. His balls were torque tightened, boiling with shimmering steam. The young man's entire body burned, his face flaming, his heart thudding, his breath gasping.

He tentatively touched his taut nipples with twitching fingers, and his balls, cock, brain, body and soul exploded with ecstasy.

Cum fountained into the air from his spasming cock, his balls foaming over, his nipples vibrating, his naked body jerking, bouncing, bounding on the edge of Tracy Wells' femme bed. Unable to control himself with all of the wicked stimulation, Finn let loose with tumultuous torridity that shot him skyrocketing into sexual heaven, hands-free.

After that initial, incredible outpouring of lust, Finn managed to slow things down, somewhat, take his time now getting into and getting off on the pornstar nirvana he'd discovered in his neighbor's home.

Fish and work were totally forgotten, as he roamed, rummaged and roiled through the Tracy Wells boudoir of sexual delights. He jacked to her pictures, box covers, sex toys, blow-up doll and awards, and, while fondling her clothes, shoes and lingerie.

It was when he was running his hands through the top drawer full of Tracy's sensuously appealing bras, panties and stockings, that Finn made another, equally shocking – and enormously life-altering – discovery. The five-foot eight-inch, one-hundred-and-thirty pound, brown-eyed, ol-



ive-brown-skinned, boyishly figured, demure mannered young man suddenly and startlingly realized that he bore a striking resemblance to early Tracy Wells. His breasts weren't quite the same size, and he was lacking a furry pussy but his skin was smooth and hairless, his mouth full and lush, his eyes large and twinkling, his hair the same chestnut-brown color, though shorter, his limbs equally lean and lithe.

Feeling luxuriant, languorous, softly satiated after all the self-sex, and strangely and compellingly feminine in the perfumed midst of the girlie surroundings, Finn took out one of Tracy Wells' red satin bras, a pair of her red satin hip-hugger panties and sheer white silk stockings. He placed them on the fluffy bed, then sat down on the edge of the bed again, nude, his languid cock dangling between his legs, over his soft-sacked balls, his thickened nipples buzzing, his bare limbs quivering and his heart thumping.

Taking a glance around the Tracy Wells spirit-inhabited room, as if someone might be actually watching his further descent into pornstar neighbor perversion, Finn slid the stockings onto his legs, the panties up his stockinged legs and over his turgid cock and simmering balls, wrapped the bra around his panting chest and poking nipples.

The young man full-body shuddered with a deep, depraved, delectable emotion and passion he'd never felt before, standing up and looking at himself in the vanity mirror, admiring his lingerie-feminized form. Without thinking, just acting on his urgent erotic instincts, Finn slipped on one of Tracy's sleek, red, tight mini-dresses, a pair of her polished red pumps.

He tottered from the closet back over to the mirror again, and stared at his Tracy Wells-like reflection. His entire body shook, his heart pounding, his cock

straining against the satin panties, his nipples jutting against the equally luscious material of the bra.

Finn rubbed his cock and squeezed his breasts through the pornstar finery. He spasmed and cried out, just about coming at first fabulous touch.

It was truly astonishing and wonderfully wicked how closely he resembled young Tracy Wells; weirdly wanton how fabulous it felt dressed up as the super sex doll.

There were only a couple of things missing to complete the enchanting and engorging erotic picture: makeup and jewelry.

Finn didn't know much about the application of cosmetics. But he'd watched his sister and mother do it on occasion, so he went to work. Pleasurable work once he sat down on the vanity stool and opened up some bottles and jars and started feminizing face-painting.

Studying Tracy Wells' closeup pictures on the wall above the mirror, he applied dark mascara, blue eyeshadow, skin-toned powder, glistening red lipstick and sultry perfume. He stroked glittering crimson polish onto his fingernails. Achieving that overgarish, over made-up, prostitute-appearing look of the Golden Age pornstar.

Supremely satisfied with that, Finn brushed his hair using one of Tracy's hairbrushes, stretching the glossy strands out as long as he could. Not long enough to match Miss Wells' over-the-shoulder lovely hair, but long enough. He could always grow his hair out lengthier.

Finn snapped on some golden bracelets which fitted his thin wrists well and gold hoop earrings. Nothing too elaborate given that Tracy and he were

dressed for killer sex action; the gleaming gold really set off his olive-brown skin to tantalizing effect.

Finn finally stood up and posed this way and that in the mirror, deeply admiring and appreciating the sublimely seductive transvestite transformation he'd accomplished all on his own. He closely resembled sex starlet Tracy Wells in appearance and apparel, and attitude, no doubt about it!

Finn squeezed his breasts in Tracy's bra, rolled his nipples through her dress, rubbed his cock in the goo girl's panties, through her dress. He ran his hands up and down his sheer stockinged legs, ran his fingers around the high heels strapped to his stockinged feet.

He felt strange, sensational, seething with sensual emotion, dolled up as female pornstar Tracy Wells from top to tits, bottom to balls. If only Tron could see him now, Finn thought, a sassy smile on his glossy lips.

He pouted and flouted and posed some more, twirling and spinning. He ran his fingers through his silky hair and arched his back, spread his legs, pushed out his chest. Then, grinning mischievously, he propped his phone up on Tracy's vanity table and recorded himself from the back, looking over his shoulder at the camera, a curtain of hair all but covering his face. The young man, dressed, made-up, and jeweled as a young woman, planted his pumps together and bent forward with his hands on his stockinged knees and stuck out his bum, waggled it for the camera, showing off his pantied bottom under the high hem of the party dress. Striking a classic Tracy Wells shot-from-the-rear pin-up pose, except with her clothes on, rather than in the nude.

Finn spun back around and smacked his phone down flat on the table. Maybe he'd send the video to

Tron, just to titillate his horn dog friend for giggles and such. Maybe not.

The warm, hushed, perfumed bedroom atmosphere seemed to grow even heavier, more sultry and sensuous. Finn bit his lower lip, quivering with surging erotic anticipation and excitement. He clasped and squeezed one of his breasts, running his other hand down to his cock and grasping and pumping.

"Oh my God. Yes," Finn gasped in a girlish, Tracy Wells voice, his breasts swollen and nipples jutted super-sensitive in his hand and fingers, his cock swelled massive and electrically charged under his rubbing fingers and palm.

He shuddered, whimpered, clutching, tweaking, tugging. Sexual ecstasy welled up and tidal waved through his overwrought body, his cock shooting in his panties, his nipples sprouting through his bra just about. Tracy Wells carnally incarnate as a transvestite climaxing crazily and unbelievably with unabashed joy.

Finn's backbone slid and his knees buckled, his cock erupting with exquisite pleasure and passion that subsumed his mind, body and soul in rapture beyond his wildest fantasies. He staggered over to the bed and flopped down on his back, shivering, squirting, squeezing, stroking ... sleeping.

*

Finn had everything back in its proper spot and spic and span clean by the time Kimberley returned from her head-clearing excursion to Big Bluff. The young man was drained, dopey, depleted from all the fantastic dressing up and getting off as sex starlet Tracy Wells. He'd also never been so blissfully satiated and satisfied, more pleased with himself.