

Tri-Trans



Landon Dixon

A Spectrum Novel



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Tri-Trans

By Landon Dixon

Trans-education

“And this is my father, Jade,” Amber said. “Dad – Jade. Jade’s in the same theatre class with me at university.”

Paul took Jade’s extended hand and shook it, admiring the smiling young woman’s wavy, chestnut hair and bright, green eyes, Jade’s slender limbs and trim body, the girl’s full lips and high-cheekboned face, her large, thrusting breasts and humped butt cheeks in back. All attractively displayed in a pink t-shirt and pair of faded blue jeans.

“Nice to meet you, Jade,” he said courteously, glancing at his daughter and raising his eyebrows to show his approving surprise at the girl’s choice of friends.

“Likewise,” Jade responded, squeezing Paul’s hand, her voice husky, throaty, her grip warm, soft and smooth.

“Uh, you girls want a beer or anything?” Paul asked hospitably, gesturing at the fridge in the kitchen of the house he and Amber shared.

“Maybe later, Dad.” Amber turned back to Jade. “I guess we’d better get started rehearsing, huh,” she said. “I’ll meet you in my bedroom in just a sec. I just want to talk to Dad. First door on the right down the hall,” she added.

Jade wiggled her fingers at Paul, smiling bright white teeth curtained by gleaming red lips.

Paul wagged and smiled back, then watched Jade’s cheeks shift and jiggle pleasingly in the girl’s tight jeans when she spun and walked out of the kitchen.

“Well, thank God in heaven,” Paul exclaimed, exhaling. “Damned if you didn’t finally find a nice, normal, all-female friend for once-”

“Jade’s a transsexual, Dad.”

“A what?”

Amber sighed. “She was a biological boy who transitioned into a woman. Because she’s always felt like a female.”

Paul groaned and threw up his hands, rolling his eyes. “For the sake of the loving Christ on the cross, can’t you ever just associate with plain-old regular ordinary normal people, Amber? You’re like that kid – ‘Fern’ – we lived next door to on Ashgrove Street. Remember? That little nut was always picking up stray, ugly and/or wounded animals and bringing them

home with her, looking after them. Driving her parents crazy. You know, they had matching nervous break-”

“Yes, Dad. I remember. We don’t have to go through all that again, do we? Jade’s just a classmate who shares a lot of my same interests – in school and outside of college. She’s just a normal young-”

“Except she’s got a guy member to go along with her pretty face and body, right? Or does she?”

Amber nodded, folding her arms under her breasts.

“See, I know that much about the tranny subject. I’m not *that* old and out-of-touch.”

Amber frowned.

Paul admonished on, “If it’s not a gay boy, a deaf mute, a goth girl, a punk girl, a jailbird, a pierced and tattooed something, it’s a ... transsexual. Why can’t you just meet and greet a nice, normal, young man, for Jesus’s heavenly sake; fall in love, and become regular girlfriend and boyfriend? Is that too much for a caring, supportive – financially, as well as emotionally – father to ask for?”

Paul gulped, his eyes popping and brows riding high again, as a sudden, shocking thought hit the man. “You’re not having sex with Jade, are you, Amber? For the sake of the saints above, you’re not involved in some sort of weird, alternative relationship with this ... woman, are you?”

“You are *sooo* last century, boomer Dad, despite what you claim. I told you, Jade and I are friends and classmates. Besides which-”

"I prefer men," the young woman in question interrupted the family argument, slipping back inside the kitchen.

"Oh, uh ... Yeah? Really? That's great. I was, uh, just wondering – curious," Paul spluttered, glancing at Amber, as she threw up her hands and rolled her eyes (gesturing like father like daughter).

Jade strolled further into the kitchen, close up to Paul staring at her. She licked her glistening lips, ran the slender, red-tipped fingers of her right hand through her glossy, styled hair, tossing her head back. "In fact, I prefer big, mature, grey-haired, experienced, opinionated men, Mr. Warner. *Really* prefer them." She gazed into Paul's gaping eyes, batting her long, dark, curled lashes.

Paul grinned, his thick lips twitching, like his thick fingers. He lifted a quivering arm and ran a shaking hand through his thin, greying hair. "Is th-that so?"

The girls burst out laughing, simultaneously as if on cue, ad-libbing with utter enjoyment.

"See you at dinner, Dad," Amber chirped, grabbing onto Jade's hand. "Until then, she's all mine," the young woman panted faux provocatively.

"I'll *really* look forward to seeing you again soon, Paul," Jade breathed, before blurting laughter again.

The pair of loudly giggling girls skipped out of the kitchen and off down the hallway to Amber's bedroom. The door slammed behind them, jolting Paul.

He smirked, then frowned, then shrugged, then turned – for that cold beer in the fridge. He could *really* use one, or more.

*

Paul stood in the hallway of the building, as his daughter knocked on Jade's apartment door. The door almost instantly popped open and Jade hugged Amber in greeting, then Paul.

"Hi, you guys. Thanks so much for agreeing to drop us off and pick us up at the theater, Mr. Warner," the transsexual gushed.

Looking nothing like a transsexual to Paul – the way Jade's eyes, lips and nails were beautifully made-up, the way her trim, mounded body was gorgeously sheathed in a sleek, shimmery, red dress, her feet prettily platformed in a pair of shiny red pumps. The girl had really dressed herself up for a night at the theater.

Paul stared in open-mouthed, wide-eyed admiration and amazement, feeling the lingering, warming effects of the young woman's slender, bare, smooth-skinned arms as they'd briefly wrapped around him, the exciting, enticing and erotic press of Jade's soft, full breasts and long, hard nipples against his chest.

"Hey, no problem," he spoke up, lifting his eyes along with his voice. "Just being a good father and, uh, friend. I know you college girls don't have a lot of spare cash to spend on taxis and such. You don't have a car, either, huh, Jade?"

She shook her head, making her hair bounce and breasts bobbed slightly. Then she ushered Amber and Paul inside her apartment. A small, tastefully and femininely furnished apartment, Paul noted, as he walked into the living room behind his daughter.

"I just have to put a few more primps into my appearance," Jade joked, swinging to her left and rushing off down the short hallway of the apartment. "Be right back. Make yourself at home."

"So, you're not just going to this play to pick up guys by any chance, are you, Amber?" Paul asked his daughter with a straight face and smirked lips.

Amber groaned. "Please, Dad. You know Jade and I are going to pick up transsexuals," she responded with an equally straight face and smirked lips.

"What? You said—"

"We're studying the play as part of our course. Relax, Papa. It's a field trip." Amber walked away into the tiny kitchen. "I'm going to get a glass of water."

Paul snorted. He glanced at his watch. The football game started in half-an-hour.

The man compared his daughter's tomboyish appearance and apparel to Jade's strikingly stunning sexiness and awesomely attractive accoutrements. He kind of wished Amber actually *was* going to pick up a guy; or, for starters, had at least tried to prettify herself for a change and thereby maybe get a guy to pick *her* up. Ironically, transsexual Jade would be drawing all the curtain calls and catcalls from any men attending the play, from what Paul saw, scented and felt. Until the 'girl' made her 'grand reveal scene', that is.

Tapping his watch to ensure that time hadn't, in fact, stopped, Paul wandered down the carpeted hallway of the apartment. He glanced into the one bedroom, its door open, and spotted Jade sitting on a padded swivel stool in front of a cream, lotion, makeup and brush-laden vanity bureau, applying a vibrant shade of crimson polish to her long finger-

nails that went with her gleaming red lips and shimmering scarlet dress.

“Oh, sorry, Jade,” he apologized for invading her privacy. “I was just admiring your – apartment.”

Jade looked at the man standing in the doorway, gave him a smile and a wave of her hand. “Come in, Paul. You can help me, if you don’t mind. I need a man’s touch. A *real* man’s touch,” she added playfully.

“Uhhhh ...”

“It’ll speed things along.”

Paul hustled into the frothy, frilly, pink-hued, sweet-smelling bedroom. “Want me to zip up your dress?” he kidded, looking at Jade’s smooth, bare shoulders, the girl’s gleaming, golden skin.

“No. But you can brush my hair. A man with your obvious strength can stroke through any snags.” She picked a hairbrush up off the bureau and swung around on the stool, extending the wooden-handled, black plastic-pronged brush towards Paul.

He moved deeper into the femme room, taking the hairbrush from the smiling young woman with the sparkling green eyes.

“Your wig won’t come off or anything, will it?”

Jade giggled. “It’s no wig. It’s my all-natural hair. Styled a bit, mind you.”

Paul glanced at the large, brass-railed bed with the puffy pink comforter on top one more time, and then he stepped up close in behind Jade. She turned back to face the large, oval, gold-rimmed mirror atop the bureau, sitting up primly on the stool with her back arched and head straight.

Paul touched the girl's long, chestnut-colored hair with the twitching fingers of his left hand, the palm of his right hand suddenly oozing moisture against the clenched brush handle. Things had taken a turn for the ... The man wasn't sure what the word was. Just what had he walked into, anyway?

But time to kick-off was rapidly counting down. He'd hoped to have dumped off the pair of theater classmates at the play by now, been back on his man cave couch in front of his mega-screen TV.

"Um, so just, like, stroke your – brush your hair, with the hairbrush?" the man rasped, gazing down at the girl's thick, wavy, glossy hair.

"Just like you used to brush Amber's hair when she was a little girl," Jade replied, talking into the mirror, her eyes reflecting into Paul's eyes. "She told me. I think it's so sweet."

Paul choked on a chuckle. "Oh, yeah, sure. Right."

He lifted the fringe of Jade's hair at the back, lightly touched the brush bristles to the top of her head and then stroked down and out.

Paul grinned. The brush he wielded glided through the girl's silky brown locks with nary a snag. Paul went to work, brushing Jade's hair with long, firm, confident strokes, combing his way around her pretty head.

"Mmmm. That feels wonderful, Paul," the young woman murmured, her eyes hooded, head tilted back, her hands gripping the edge of the bureau. "You really know how to stroke a girl – a girl's hair."

Paul nodded, proud of his polished, practiced brushing technique, stroking expertly and efficiently from root to tip, the fingers of his left hand resting on

the nape of Jade's neck, his right wielding the brush. Admiring his handiwork in the way the young woman's hair shimmered with even more sheen under the soft bedroom lights, not a strand broken, a loose end left behind. Paul suffused with the same languid, luxuriant feeling Jade was apparently experiencing, the intimacy of the soothing, sensual hair-stroking getting to the pair.

The man glanced at the girl's reflection in the vanity bureau mirror, and spotted two very prominent, poking indentations on the front of her sleek dress. Jade's seemingly always-hard nipples now appeared ready to jut right through the thin, skin-tight material of her dress, obviously immensely, engorgingly aroused. By Paul's brushing her hair from behind.

His fingers suddenly self-consciously twitched on Jade's warm, supple skin, his palm oozing sweat again, the hairbrush jumping a beat in the girl's long hair to the sudden shake in his hand.

The feminine scents, sights, sounds, textures, accoutrements, appearance and attitude threatened to overwhelm the man. Jade had her eyes all-but closed, contented cat-like, her glistening lips parted and panting, her thin nostrils flaring, her large, long-pointed breasts heavily, heatedly rising and falling ...

Paul's pulsatingly engorged cock was just about ready to split his fly and pants wide open.

He jerked the juggled brush through Jade's hair one final time and then turned and tossed it onto her bed. Whipping his wavering fingers off the young woman's bare, tender skin, he yelped, "All done." And then barreled out of the sensually suffocating bedroom and back up the hallway.

“Meet you in the car,” Paul hollered at his surprised daughter who was standing, staring, in the middle of the living room.

Watching her father hit his head on the door before tearing it open and hauling ass and hard cock out of the transsexual’s apartment.

*

Paul spoke to his daughter and her friend and classmate, Jade, in the university library up on the fourth floor of the main campus building. “Ready for pick-up?” he asked the two girls seated at a table stacked with books, paper, computers and phones.

“Shhhh,” Amber shushed the man.

“Ready for pick-up?”

“We’ll just be a few more minutes, Dad,” Amber responded in a normal tone of voice, laughing along with Jade. “We have to put back and check out some material.”

“Uh-huh,” Paul grunted. He knew all about ‘a few more minutes’ when it came to women. “I’ll just use the men’s room, then. Meet you outside the library in the hallway.”

“Don’t be too *long*,” Jade quipped, smiling at Paul’s puzzled expression.

Jade was wearing a very feminine and very attractive tight, bright, flower-patterned summer dress which accentuated her ‘natural’ curves. The girl’s face was carefully and pleasingly made-up with wet, red lipstick and dark-black mascara, her long hair looking glossy, wavy and bouncy beautiful under the lights of the library. Paul had to admire the transsex-

ual's appearance again, as he stared at her, inhaled her sweet, subtle scent. The red paint on her long fingernails went well with her lips, the gold hoop earrings the woman was wearing.

Paul wished his daughter would doll-up a little like Jade. That way, maybe Amber would attract an actual boyfriend. The baggy blue university sweatshirt and baggy grey sweatpants, makeup-less face and perfume-less body, wouldn't draw barflies, let alone honey boys.

Paul returned Jade's friendly wave and exited the library. He sauntered down a long, deserted, locker-lined hallway. It was Sunday, hardly any students or staff in the library or around the campus. Paul shoved the men's room door open at the end of the hallway and walked inside.

The large washroom was empty, as well. Paul had his choice of six urinals, four stalls and three sinks. He chose the far end urinal and unzipped, pulled his cock out of his briefs and pants. Positioned himself.

He'd attended the same university thirty years earlier, briefly. His 'higher education' had lasted two months, by which time the only thing he'd learned had been that post-secondary academics wasn't for him.

Now, as he stood in front of the urinal with his feet spread and dick hand-cocked, Paul also reminisced on how he'd sometimes jacked-off in some of the empty university washrooms, men's and women's both, when he'd been a student. Blasting a load against a porcelain urinal wall or fountaining into the water of a stall toilet bowl to relieve the tension of supposed studies, the almost public nature of his solo-sexing adding to the self-pleasuring experience.

“Ah, good, old, dirty times,” Paul sighed, waiting for a stream to get going.

Then, grinning, the man glanced over his shoulder at the swinging washroom door away in the distance. Closed. There was no one around, the washroom as hushed and antiseptic-smelling as a morgue.

Paul tingled all over, tugging on his exposed cock with his right hand, sliding his left hand up into his t-shirt to play with his nipples, roll and squeeze the almost-as-sensitive nubs one at a time.

He crowded closer to the urinal, his cock quickly and rushingly inflating in his jacking hand, his nipples stiffening with shimmer between his pinching, flicking fingers. The spontaneously naughty nature of the just-because jerk-off session in the public washroom adding significantly to the surging excitement in his tingling balls, torquing cock and buzzing buds. He still had the touch and timing, after all these years.

Paul tilted his head back and closed his eyes, grinning with glee, fisting his pipe and pulling on his nipples. Reveling in the school can sexhibition raunch.

“I’m ready to go,” somebody said right behind him.

Paul jumped and whooped with surprise, clenching his full-blown cock and clamping a fully engorged nipple. He rotated his head around like a startled owl and saw Jade standing not three feet away, a warm smile on the transsexual’s pretty face.

Paul swallowed his Adam’s apple. “Uh ... Yeah ... Okay ...,” he gibbered. “I was just – Hey, are you supposed to be in here?”

“Well, anything goes at college,” Jade replied to Paul’s question. “It’s all sort of unisex, coed – what-



ever. Especially on a quiet, lazy Sunday. Besides, I still like using a urinal to pee.”

As Paul gaped, still gripping his hard cock and a hardened nipple, Jade casually lifted the hem of her dress with her left hand and pulled her cock out of a pair of pink satin panties with her right hand, walked up close to the urinal next to Paul, aiming her bulbed cockhead.

“You don’t mind, do you, Paul?”

He stared down at the girl’s cock in her hand. “Uh, no. No. When you gotta go, you gotta go anywhere and any way that’s convenient. Right?”

Jade laughed.

“Looks like you might’ve been doing more than peeing, Paul,” the young woman commented, her bright eyes gazing down at the man’s groin. “*Relieving* yourself in other ways, perhaps?”

Paul’s eyes jumped off Jade’s limp but large cock and onto his own enormously erect cock. The unexpected exposure had engorged him even greater, his bloated, outstretched hood just about kissing the porcelain in front of him.

He glanced back over at Jade standing close by, at the girl’s thrusting breasts in her tight dress, the twin indents of her jutting nipples, the mounded humps of her butt cheeks straining the stretchy dress material backside. As he breathed in her sweet perfume, and felt her body heat.

“Yeah, I was just ... You know – maybe – it sometimes has a mind of its own.” Paul swallowed, flaming as hot as the blood thundering in his veins. “Can yours still, uh, get – hard, Jade?” he stammered, trying to steer the subject away from his own surpris-

ingly undeflating erection; the man curious as well as confused.

“Oh, yeah,” Jade responded. “Hard and happy as you, Paul.” She grinned.

“No. Come on. I thought all the hormones and estrogen you people took, uh, destroyed any-”

“Would you like me to prove it to you?”

“Huh?”

“Seeing is believing, right? *Hands-on* demonstration?” Jade’s smile widened, and as Paul watched, the girl began stroking her cock with her right hand – just like any public washroom perv like Paul would do and had done.

He could instantly see Jade’s cock lengthen, thicken, stretch out and up in the young woman’s smoothly shifting hand. Paul gulped, eyes fixated on Jade’s rapidly erecting member, his arms dropping to his sides, his own cock boning, beating, up higher into the air.

“Would you mind if I added some more stimulation, Paul? I mean, my boobs and nipples are so super-sensitive to the touch, too.” Jade bit her lower lip, pumping her poling cock with long, strong strokes.

Paul bobbed his head up and down.

Jade pulled down the top of her dress, baring her pink satin, breast-packed bra. She yanked the bra down to stomach level, along with her dress, popping her breasts out into the open. Before Paul’s widened eyes, Jade’s hooded eyes.

Paul swallowed as hard as his swollen cock, staring at the transsexual’s full, lush, pointy-tipped bare

breasts. They were beautiful, heavy and soft-looking, Jade's nipples thick and long, areolas wide and pebbled.

Jade clasped and squeezed her left breast, tugging on her cock with her right hand. "Oh, yes," the young woman husked, shivering and shutting her eyes. "That feels wicked wonderful, Paul."

He watched with rapt, rigid attention, as Jade pumped her cock faster and tighter, the fully engorged member more than man-sized, responding overwhelmingly erotically to her trans touch. As she clutched and groped her mounded, nipple-peaked tits, kneading thick breast-flesh and rolling and pulling on stuck-out nipples.

Jade quivered and gasped and panted, urgently jacking her cock and jillfully fondling her boobs. Right next to the stark-struck man standing alongside her at the shiny urinals in the sparkling men's washroom.

"Can-can you actually come, too, Jade?" Paul croaked. "I mean, like a – shooting cum from your cock? Or have all the chem-"

Jade jogged her head up and down, making her lustrous hair shimmer even more. Her trim, titted and cocked body rocking, breasts rippling, with the flying, fisting action of her slender hand on her huge prick. "Big time, Paul," the girl panted in response to the man's question. "Anytime now, Paul."

He burned even hotter and deeper. His own raging cock throbbed with sensation, yearning for release of its own. Just a few impassioned pumps, Paul realized now, would trigger massive, masculine, marvelous cum-blasts. But ... in front of a lady?

Jade suddenly spasmed and screamed. A thick stream of hot cum splattered against the porcelain face of the urinal in front of the girl. Followed by another high-pressure spray of cum, and another, and another, and another. The young woman shuddering and shrieking and shooting rope after rope of cum out of her erupting cock, to splash with hissing intensity against the urinal. Jade clenching a jumping breast with one hand, jacking her jetting cock with the other.

Until she, finally, fabulously, staggered backwards on her low-heeled sandals, gasping for air, gripping her spent cock, squeezing her emptied, shaven balls.

Paul gaped at the cum-streaked urinal, the girl's dripping limp cock, Jade's tremoring, taut-tipped breasts, the young woman's dreamy face; the cum-streaked urinal, the girl's dripping limp cock ...

"See?" Jade said sprightly, tucking her cock and tits back into her sexy panties, bra and dress. She winked. "Now, I'll let you do your business, Paul. See you back outside in the hallway, whenever you come out."

She turned and walked away.

Paul stared at the girl's shivering, shimmying butt cheeks bulging out the back of her dress. Then, when Jade disappeared through the swinging washroom door, the man gaped at the cum-streaked urinal, his own horned up and out cock, the cum-streaked urinal, his own horned up and out cock.*

Jade and Amber were tanning in the backyard of Paul and Amber's home, the pair laid out side-by-side on their stomachs basting under the hot sun, wearing bikinis, their bared skin gleaming with oil, when Jade said, "I could really go for an ice-cold wine cooler about now, Amber."

The girl turned her head on her folded arms and looked over at her friend, sliding her oversized sunglasses partway down her nose to reveal her shining green eyes. "You couldn't make that happen, could you, sweetheart?" Jade smiled a bright, charming smile.

Amber lifted her head from her arms and pursed her lips, thinking. "Sorry, darling, I don't think we have any on-hand. But I can always get dear old Daddy to pick some up at the liquor store down the street." She grinned back at Jade.

"I thought Paul was watching the big football game down in his cool man cave?"

"Oh, he is. When he isn't watching us through the picture window back here."

The young women laughed.

Amber pushed up off the huge, shared, tiger-striped beach towel they were lying on. But Jade stopped the girl in mid-press-up with a restraining hand on Amber's bare, slickened shoulder.

"Don't you bother, honey. Let me talk to Daddikins. It was my desire, er, idea, after all."

"As you wish, babydoll," Amber agreed, plopping back down on her tummy and tits.

Jade jumped up and sashayed towards the backyard wooden deck that fronted the living room picture window and sliding glass door. Barefoot, her long, smooth, slender limbs shining with sunscreen, her breasts bobbing barely restrained by her bright orange bikini top, her shifting butt cheeks split and cradled by her even skimpier bikini bottom.

Paul darted back into the kitchen when he saw Jade approach the house. He'd been after a cold beer from the refrigerator, decided to check on the girls outside to ensure that they hadn't fried to death; before returning to the cool calm of the basement to watch the final quarter of the football game.

Jade called out to the man as he was about to jog down the stairs, clutching his latest brewski. "Mr. Warner. Hi. Amber and I wanted to ask you if maybe you could drive over to the liquor store and pick us up some wine coolers?"

The gleaming, gorgeous girl grinned. "We don't drink beer," she said, nodding at the bottle Paul was holding, "and it's such thirsty work broiling our bods under the blazing sun."

Paul turned and looked at the young woman; instantly wishing he sported a pair of dark sunglasses like Jade. Because the girl's glistening golden body in the vivid orange string bikini absolutely glowed in the dimmer confines of the kitchen, just about blinding the gaping man. His face flamed and *his* throat cracked dry.

"Uhhhhh-"

"We promise to pay you back – sometime."

Jade walked closer to the heat-frozen man, up on her tiptoes, emphasizing even more her stunning slim and stacked stature, coyly adjusting her bikini top with her two hands. Her left breast popped free of the thin, slickened material, right before Paul's wide, unblinking eyes.

"Oopsie. Sorry about the wardrobe malfunction, Paul," Jade husked, sliding and molding the bikini cup back over her bared breast, her smile lighting up

the kitchen even more than her sun-kissed, vibrantly clad body.

Paul hesitated, gasping for heated, heavy air that was suddenly in short supply. Then he nodded, agreeing with Jade's wine cooler request; then pointed a twitching finger at her swollen, bobbing chest, stating, "Those aren't real, are they, Jade? I mean, I don't want to get all personal and stuff, make you feel uncomfortable or anything, but I'm just curious about this whole 'transsexual' business and all that, you know?" He rambled on quickly, "You don't have to tell me anything, if you-"

"That's all right, Paul," the girl said in a low voice. "I know a lot of people – especially older men and women – think that it's all kind of phony, a fad or something. Being a transsexual, I mean. A woman's a woman and a man's a man, right, and never the twain shall meet in one person, so to speak."

Paul's face blazed even brighter, as, seemingly, did Jade's body and breasts right in front of him. "Anyway, you and Amber wanted, uh, wine coolers. So, I'll just run down to the store and get you girls some."

The man's attempt to escape the hot topic was rendered shockingly defunct when the young woman popped both of the orange cups of her bikini top off her tan-lined tits, baring the burgeoned, bronzed pair before Paul.

"You tell me if these look *real* or not, Paul?" Jade asked in an intimately friendly manner.

He stared at the girl's large, naked, luscious, natural-looking breasts thrusting off of Jade's chest, the huge hills of flesh perfectly capped by protruding, succulent-looking nipples. The bikini tan line that highlighted the pure pinkness of Jade's jutting nip-

ples contrasted awesomely appealingly with the rich brownness of her humped boobs.

“They sure *look* real, for sure,” Paul gulped, bobbing his head in the fantastic face of the girl’s rising and falling super-chest.

“They’re kind of slick, but if you’d like to touch them, feel them for realistic heft and heat and texture and fullness, you’re welcome to do that, too, Paul,” Jade whisperingly offered. “To, like, totally satisfy your ‘curiosity’.”

The man leapt his hands up and grabbed onto the young woman’s proffered breasts before he could even think about stopping himself. Jade shuddered and squealed at his ardent hand-action; Paul cupping and caressing and clutching and squeezing the girl’s tits, really getting an eager good feel for the pair of magnificent mams. His beaming face slickened with perspiration like his groping hands with sunscreen, his brimming body and brain with wicked sensation.

“As the Big Man upstairs is my witness,” Paul blurted, “they really do feel truly real.” He grasped up Jade’s lush, slippery, naked breasts, just about lifting the hard-breathing, quivering girl right up off her bare feet.

“These are womanly tits, all right,” Paul enthused on, plying Jade’s breast-flesh, thumbing her rigid nipples. “Two of the best I’ve ever seen and felt. Thanks for indulging my-”

“What about sucked on?” Jade husked, her chest heaving in the man’s hands, her nipples lunging.

“S-sucked on?” Paul stuttered, staring into the girl’s glazed eyes, his fingers and palms full of her over-ample, overripened tit-meat.

She jerked her head up and down, her breasts held firm and fabulous in his big, strong, warm, clamping hands.

Paul glared down at Jade's juicy breasts and jabbing nipples, then bent his head down. As Jade pushed her tits up. He opened his mouth. She bit her lip.

"So, what's the verdict on those wine coolers?" Amber yelled out, sticking her head into the open sliding door in the living room of the house.

The pair in the kitchen jumped, Paul's slick hands popping off Jade's shimmering breasts.

The man rushed out the side door, urgently rubbing his hands on his pants. The young woman hastily covered her boobs with her bikini top, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

Older man and younger trans mutually boosting pulsing penises bulging out briefs and bikini bottoms both.

*

"I should warn you before you see the play, Dad," Amber warned her father, as they sat on the couch in the living room of their home, waiting for Jade to come out of the bathroom and join them for the videoed unveiling of the amateur stage production the two girls had starred in, along with two other classmates.

"It's terrible?" Paul half-joked. "A complete waste of my time and taste?"

The man was less-than-excited at being pinned down to see the theater class project. “No A+ grade material?”

Amber sighed with infinite patience at the shortcomings of her parental unit. “Some of our classmates applauded. And we haven’t received our grade yet. No, I just wanted to let you know ahead of time that Jade and I briefly kiss in one scene, Dad. I know what a fuddy-duddy you are about ‘alternative’ lifestyles, and I don’t want you to have a heart attack or anything.” The girl added, grinning, “Although, Jade does know CPR and mouth-to-mouth.”

Paul rolled his eyes. “Great. Thanks for the parental advisory. And insulting my manly maturity. Which doesn’t change the fact that you, apparently, locked lips with a transsexual – for grades. Wake up, Amber.”

He pursed his trembling lips and squinted his eyes like a pretend prudish and palsied old man.

Amber was about to protest, when her father cut her off. “So, who *does* Jade actually have sex with in real life, anyway? Man? Woman? Other men-women? Girls who have transitioned into guys?”

Amber shifted uneasily and angrily on the couch. “Why don’t you ask *her*? Instead of making fun of Jade behind her back, why don’t you-”

“You don’t know either, huh?” Dad interrupted his daughter again.

Amber flopped back on the brown, overstuffed cushions. “Actually, no.”

“I thought-”

“Actually, I exclusively have sex with men, Mr. Warner,” Jade stated, suddenly appearing at the entrance of the darkened hallway and answering Paul’s personal question.

The young woman was beautifully dressed, as usual, in a shimmering, emerald green sheath dress that fitted her slim and stacked body to perfection and went wonderfully well with her green eyes and brown hair, her golden limbs. Her ‘play film premiere outfit’, as she’d called it when greeted at the front door of the house by the man and her friend’s agog expressions. Silver earrings, necklace, bracelets and anklets added to the stunningly appealing ensemble, along with green suede high heels and subtle but sweetly noticeable perfume.

Paul and Amber locked their eyes onto the gorgeous glamor girl standing in front of them, startled by her sudden, striking appearance.

Amber laughed, after a while. “And on that uncomfortable and uncalled for intimately awkward note, I must leave. I just remembered I was supposed to pick up our pizza at Tony’s at seven o’ clock. Don’t raise the video curtain on the performance until I get back home, guys.”

Amber jumped off the couch and rushed out the door, grabbing up her purse from an end table as she made her hasty exit.

“I can go get it,” Paul yelled. “Or just phone Tony’s and get it delivered.”

But his daughter was already out of the house and gone with the car keys.

Leaving the man and the trans alone together.