TranforSational



Landon Dixon

A "New Woman" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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TransforSational

By Landon Dixon

Transforsational

I'll admit it, I was prejudiced against transsexuals. Guys with tits, girls with dicks? C'mon, it's unnatural. Stick with what you were given, *that's* what was intended. You can't have it both ways;,until you decide you don't like it the trans way after all and want to switch back. Men are men and women are women. Right?

To be honest, I was having enough trouble sorting out dick and pussy as it was. As in, my cock wasn't getting any cunt because my wife and I were separated. If that makes any sense? About as much as 'transgender' does, right?

Noreen and I had been married twenty-two years when we hit an impasse, all the pleasure of coupled life suddenly sucked out of our relationship and re-

placed with all the pain of two different people living too close together for too long a time. We shared a house (which used to be a home) and not much else, it seemed. We were still civil when we sporadically spoke to one another, but our long-term love affair was circling the drain, flush for failure.

That's why I wasn't paying much attention or giving much thought to all the trans debate and hype raging on around us. Also why I'd really begun to hate pussy. I mean, Noreen had one, which she wasn't sharing with her matrimonial partner anymore; to be totally truthful, the hairy, wrinkly, slippery, smelly, clammy oyster had never really boinged my bone at the best of single and wedded times. Great to dip a dickstick into the hot, velvet-lined, slick-walled box but to look at, sniff, finger, lick … not so much. And Noreen's aging 'tang wasn't so tart anymore, either.

The long and the short, prickled, puss of it was, I was one unhappy and unsatisfied camper cohabiting with my legally married mate who no longer tented my trousers or buried my stake. And I was totally confused and utterly frustrated as to what to do next, if anything.

And into this hot mess of a chilled relationship, Noreen suddenly decided to drop her friend's teenaged daughter – Whitney. Who, you guessed it, was a transsexual!

"Carla is being mentally – if not, physically – abused by her latest boyfriend, Shad. And she and I both feel that the current situation isn't fitting for a young woman to be living in and dealing with," Noreen informed me.

"A young *trans* woman?" I responded.



I'd never seen much of my wife's friend, Carla, but I knew from what Noreen had told me that the woman's boyfriend choices were as sketchy as a police artist's portraits. One bad or dumb or freeloading or perverted bum after another. Carla's husband, Whitney's father, had died a couple of years before, and it'd been all downhill coupling-wise for Carla ever since.

I guess I actually felt some sympathy for Whitney, caught in the middle of the domestic chaos, living with her mother and the woman's latest dubious boyfriend. Because I didn't object too strenuously to Noreen adding another body to our domestic arrangement.

Still, the girl *was* nineteen years old, an adult, presumably capable of looking after herself out on her own. *She* had made the decision to transition, after all, so the young lady could obviously think and act on her own behalf.

I'd barely met Whitney until the day Noreen ushered the teenaged transsexual into our house, on a 'temporary' basis, and formally introduced me to her.

"Hi, Bob," Whitney said, sticking out a slender, long-nailed hand and smiling warmly at me standing in the middle of our living room. "Nice to really meet you."

I took her feminine hand, shook it, staring curiously at the trans girl. Ogling her, to be blunt.

She really surprised me. Long, wavy, lustrous brown hair, a pretty, girlish, oval-shaped face featuring full lips, high cheekbones and big, brown eyes, long eyelashes and a long, straight nose. Girl-casual dressed up in a tight, white tank-top and short, tight, pink skirt, bright white sneakers; her bare brown

arms and legs gleaming smooth and supple-looking. Whitney's breasts amply mounded out the front of her top and her cheeks heapingly humped out the back of her skirt. There was no cock in sight under all the femme fabulous looks and clothing, and, in fact, you wouldn't even think to look for one. The girl's soft, sweet perfume dizzied my head, her overall sexy young thing appearance dazzling me.

"Uh, h-hello. M-Make yourself at home, Whitney," I garbled, shocked by what I was seeing, feeling and scenting.

"Thanks so much. It's super-nice of you and Noreen to let me stay with you guys. In a nice, stable, loving home."

With that outrageously optimistic reading of Noreen and my current relationship living condition, my wife took Whitney's hand and the pair all-but skipped off down the hall to see our guest room that Noreen had turned into our trans guest's bedroom. Apparently, Noreen was as impressed with Whitney as I was.

And that's when my initial thrilled amazement at meeting the transsexual head-on for the first time sank back into the quagmire of my suspicion about all of my wife's doings and motives lately. I could already picture the gossiping pair of giggling 'gals' chattering conspiratorially together, jibing yours truly behind my sensitive back. Judging by the squeals of girlish laughter, the gush and gust of shrill voices coming from the guest room, I developed the distinct impression,and perhaps paranoid psychosis, that Noreen had brought Whitney into our deteriorated domestic scene simply so she could have an ally to talk to, a sympathetic man-hating ear to chew on as she chewed out me, a soft shoulder to cry on about Heinous Hubby.

Did transsexuals hate men? Since they were trying to become women, they must, right? So, was it two against one now? Was I going to bear the brunt of duo dame damn contempt from hereon in, be on the frosty receiving end of feminine frigidity times two?

I couldn't figure it all out, at first.

Until the following week, when things took an unexpected turn for the wonderfully wicked, all of a sudden shifting my mood from glower to glimmer, a searing, sexy light flashing bright and beguiling and big-boning at the end of my darkened relationship tunnel …

*

I guess Whitney didn't see me standing off to the side out in the hallway by her open bedroom door. The young trans woman was too busy posing in front of her full-length mirror which stood against one side wall of her room. She'd just bought some new clothes, I believe, and was posing this way and that, like any babe will do to get a good look at themselves in their latest outfit. Especially when they look as good as Whitney does.

I hadn't paid a huge amount of attention to the trans girl's attractiveness after she moved in with us. I mean, she was the daughter of Noreen's friend, and she was … well, trans. A transsexual. And I'd never paid much attention to transgender women and their issues, despite all the recent fuss and frenzy in the media, schools and sports. I had more pressing issues, problems and concerns of my own – like dealing with the rotting corpse of my decaying marriage with Noreen, how to dispose of it and her without too much ado.

So, I just kind of idly and indifferently watched Whitney fluff out her hair, swish her hips, twist to the left then right, strike an over-the-shoulder posture at her reflection with her hands on her waist, her legs cocked and her bum stuck out, flaunting her body and clothing in the mirror. The purple halter top and white short-shorts were cute, the girl's bare, brown arms and legs gleaming warmly like her bright white smile under the bedroom lights; but it was nothing show-and-soul-stopping for me.

Until Whitney, satisfied with her new outfit reveal surveil, suddenly pulled off her top and slid down her shorts, stepped up closer to the shining mirror in just her packed, shiny white bra and panties. *That* really caught my attention all of a sudden, and held it. The trans girl instantly turning trans temptress, tiptoeing up to the mirror and hugging the brass sides, pressing her busty, bootied, curvy, nearly bare body up against the looking glass. Provocatively sexually positioning herself.

As quickly and excitingly as that, reflecting the lightning strike rapid and charged flashing mood changes of a sexy young babe. Whitney was rubbing her big, bra'd breasts and pumping her cock-bulged panties against the mirror, pressing her plush, moist, glossed lips to the reflecting glass, sticking out her tongue and washing it around on the hard surface, all-but making love to the identical, gloriously gorgeous, uberly erotic trans girl in the mirror!

I gulped, riveted by the astonishing change in attitude and atmosphere, and arousal. My cock surged out the front of my briefs and pants, throbbing with hot passion, my balls zip-locking tight with tingle, my entire body inflamed by shimmering heat and my face burning with same.

I gaped at Whitney's humped butt cheeks in the tight pair of panties, pumping, buffing her bloated bone against the quivering, hand-gripped mirror. I gazed up and down the trans hottie's curved back, at the squashing and polishing of her boobs against the glass, marveling at the super-sensuous expression on her pretty face as she swiped her wet tongue over the mirror surface. No doubt about it, I was in sudden lust with the tantalizing, titillating transsexual, as ardently as she was obviously long-term terrifically turned-on by her own trans burgeoned beauty.

Whitney jumped back from the gleaming mirror, letting go. She jerked her bra and panties down, popping and flopping her huge breasts and three-quarters engorged cock out into the open, bra cups and waistband propping up her sensational sexual appendages even more so. The girl standing in front of the mirror glaring at her almost-nude image, lips parted and eyes hooded and chest heaving.

I whipped my full-fledged, fire-forged erection out of my pants and into my hand and was already stroking and pumping hard-on before the trans lusty could even latch onto her lady and lad parts and start squeezing and fisting. The shifted, stunning scene struck me so wickedly excitingly – the breathtakingly sexy body and face of trans sultry Whitney posing in front of me for my peeping, perverted pleasure! *This* is what I'd failed to notice for the past week, ever since Whitney had moved in with us? How oblivious can one blinkered guy be!?

Making up for lost time, transitioning full speed into transsexual appreciator, I flat-out fisted my spearing cock, staring unblinking at Whitney now gripping and kneading one of her thrusting boobs, grasping and pumping her stretching cock. The trans hottie heating up like me, putting on a wanton, won-

derful, wholly whackable show for peeking yours truly.

I could see the girl's cock straighten and stiffen and widened out to its full, impressive, engorged size in her tugging hand and swirling fingers. And the rigidly elongated organ was as mesmerizingly appealing as the rest of the luscious babe. She rolled and plucked at her thick, swollen nipples, mauled her swelled mams, her other hand flying up and down the smooth, surged shaft and mushroomed tip of her massive cock.

I power-pumped my own deranged dong at equal outrageous and obscene sexual speed and force, not knowing and no longer caring if the trans doll had spotted me spying on her or not. She unhooked her bra at the back and whipped it right off her chest, skinned her panties down her thighs and stepped out of them; stood glowingly, gorgeously nude and lewd in front of her full-length mirror in her girly bedroom; admiring her entrancingly enticing breasts, cock, bum, bod and face *almost* as much as I'd fallen in love with the total trans tremendous package.

So, when she grabbed onto a breast and eagerly fondled, grasped her cock and exuberantly stroked, I lost it completely. My overstimulated prick exploded in my shunting hand, blasting hot cum out the tip, sending me leaping up onto my toes, gushing out of my hose. I was rocked back and forth on my heels by the torrential force of my voyeuristic jacking rapture, jerking rope after rope after rope of jetting joy out of my shooting cock, rocketing me body and soul into orgasmic ecstatic orbit, trans-fired.

Whitney shuddered and squealed and sprayed bursts of her own superheated, climatic cum against the beaming surface of her mirror, splashing and

striping the glass over and over and over, creaming the carpet, too.

I think the trans sexsational may've come even harder, more often and more voluminously than yours truly! But who's counting?

Not me. My head was so dizzy, my genitals so dazzled and my body so delightfully decadently dazed that I don't even remember staggering off down the hall to the bathroom to clean up. The spring in my step, cock and brain bouncing me blissful up to trans heaven.

*

She caught me red-handed, fire-fisted, jack-happy, jerking off. I hadn't even heard her pad into my study. I'd left the door open, for some reason, and I was slumped down in my padded chair before my desktop computer with my pants and briefs down around my ankles and my legs spread and my right hand waxing wanton on my towering hard cock. Trans porn was playing on the big screen hooked up to my desktop hardware.

I gripped my straining straight-up erection, wrapping the massive member's swollen, pulsating shaft with my suddenly sweating fingers, staring at the super-hot scene of a stud and trans pornstar getting it on anally and otherwise up onscreen. Thankfully, in some small way I guess, I had the sound off.

Sliding my bulging eyes sideways, I looked at Whitney standing almost right alongside me in my chair. The pretty girl was wearing just a bedtime tight white undershirt and a pair of tight, pink panties. It was early in the morning, and she'd obviously just arisen from her warm, soft, perfumed bed – and caught me

obscenely trying to pump out some morning delight before everyone got up and moving around.

Whitney didn't say anything. She looked at the scorching sex scene playing onscreen, then at my bare-naked, hand-gripped, hugely erect cock that speared up right in front of the both of us. She just bit her moist, plush lower lip and murmured softly, her own cock bulging, inflating, swelling out the front of her girly bedewed panties.

I was speechless, too. I just sucked suddenly heated, crackling air into my gasping lungs, my cock surging even stiffer and longer in my clenching hand. As I side-eye marveled at the wickedly sexy sight of Whitney's cock moving and mounding out her satin panties as her breasts heaved and mounded out her cotton tee, the girl's rigid nipples just about ripping through the thin top material.

She whimpered slightly as she watched the red-hot porn scene and my rock-hard cock. I croaked as I tried to swallow, surreptitiously watching her.

Then I just about rocketed out of my chair on rupturing blasts of cum. I saw Whitney slip her thumbs under the elasticized waistband of her panties and slide the femme underwear down her lean, firm thighs. The girl's panties plopped to the carpeted floor at her bare feet. Her thick, heavy slab of meat lifted up into the air between her slender legs, stretching out super-aroused and enormously engorged.

I wasn't gulping, gasping or croaking now. Because the hot, electrified air was trapped in my paralyzed lungs, my body, brain and bone just as buzzingly motionless – waiting to see what Whitney would do next. She had me explicitly exposed at her wanton mercy.

The trans hottie didn't keep me hanging for long. Licking her lips and drawing air into her own lungs, making her breasts hump out even huger and her nipples thrust out almost into the open, the girl glided the slim fingers of her right hand down and around her own surged-out shaft, grasped and pumped.

We both groaned.

Whitney started jacking/jilling(?) her erect cock right beside me, just to the right of me clutching my own raging erection. My hand began moving all on its own again, enabled, encouraged, excited by Whitney's open jerking. We both stroked our tremendous, throbbing boners, watching the super-erotic man-trans scene blazing away on the computer screen.

It was incredibly sexy and arousing. Me blatantly and passionately pumping my cock right next to a beautiful babe tugging on her own exposed, elongated cock. We were both breathless, fisting our pulsing pricks, gaping at the porn dude wildly banging the trans doll in her bubble butt while she frantically pulled on her own flapping cock, sunshone sparkling poolside.

When I shot another glance sidewise, I saw that Whitney had pulled up her undershirt and was squeezing her bared boobs with her free hand, openly rolling and tugging on her jutting hard nipples. As she jacked her joystick faster and tighter, urgently humping her trim hips in hand-fucking frenzied rhythm, her cute, fleshy bum cheeks convulsing.

I bit down on my own lower lip to stop from yelling out with deviant delight, maybe breaking up the searing mutual self-sexing session. I cranked my cock just as quickly and powerfully, sensually and si-

lently, as Whitney, tugging my own T-shirt up and pinching and pulling on one of my own stiffened nipples, the other tingling bud. Erotically emulating the trans gorgeous like she'd initially emulated me.

The both of us panting and moaning as we torridly pumped and primped. But still not saying a word, or even acknowledging one another's sexualized presence.

It was a stunningly surreal and sexy scene – a lusty man and lovely trans getting off together watching a steamy porn session playing out onscreen. I'd never been part of anything like it before. The air crackled and hummed with electricity, Whitney and I fisting and fondling at fevered pitch, getting off on one another without admitting it.

I scooped a paper towel up off the desk, handed one to Whitney. She took it without missing a bone-basting beat, like me. *I'd* come prepared, and now *we* were prepared to come!

We were so intuitively intimately turned-on in-tune with one another that we both let loose and let fly at the same time. Semen shot out of the tip of my over-jacked shaft, fountaining up into the air, bliss-jolting blast after blast, making me joyously jerk and jump in my chair. Just as Whitney spasmed and spouted, hot cum spurting out of her over-pumped cock, spraying up into the air and landing with a striping splash in her own outstretched paper towel, the girl joyfully bucking and blasting load after load, her tits shuddering spasmodically with every rapturous eruption.

I slumped down in my chair, my backbone jellied and cock softening, squeeze-pumping out the last few lines of ecstatic jizz from my slit. Whitney pressed

her sagging shaft up against her rippling stomach and milked out her own last spurts of orgasmic jism.

Then the trans hottie wiped her gaping slit with the cum-soaked paper towel, tugged up her panties, pulled down her tee, and padded out of the room. Her bumpered bum cheeks twitched deliciously, just about spilling out of her panties, yours truly gazing wonderingly every step of her way.

I was suddenly all alone in the study again. Dazed, drained and confused, with a limp, dangling cock and emptied balls, a bedazzled body. A few porn movie credits rolling by on my now sexless desktop computer screen.

*

The 'girls,' my wife Noreen and our houseguest Whitney, were out shopping. Leaving me home alone.

But in the hushed, empty confines of the living room, I could still smell Whitney's sweet scent in the warm air, picture the super-sexy trans hottie in my wanton mind. As I slumped back on the comfy couch, rubbing my swelling, surging, suffusing cock through my pants and briefs.

And that's when I got an even more dirty and delectable idea: to *explore* wonderful Whitney's wicked transsexuality still further.

I jumped up off the couch and jogged into the babe's bedroom, pulled open her closet door and gathered together and hugged almost all of her sultry dresses, blouses, tops and skirts in my arms, burying my nose, lips and face in the trans terrific's fabulous feminine garb. My cock poled out the front of my

pants, as I wallowed my burning mug around in Whitney's fashionable, erotic femme wear.

Then I looked down at the girl's carefully arranged collection of sensuous footwear – sandals, slip-ons, wedges, flip-flops, pumps, high heels and stilettos. And as I embraced, fondled and rubbed her outer garments, eyes caressing her pedwear, I got an even filthier idea about where to turn my perverted, trans-converted sexual attention next. I rushed over to Whitney's bureau and wrenched the top drawer open, gazed down at her stockings, panties and bras.

"Ah," I exclaimed, sweeping my glowing orbs all over the deep, lovely layer of intimate female apparel. My trembling hands dove right into the soft, warm, silky and satiny tit, cock, butt and legwear and washing my twitching fingers all around in the femme fantastic clothing.

Whitney's intoxicating perfumed scent was even stronger here, with the drawer open, along with another super-stimulating scent that could only be labeled S-E-X. These were the up-close, uptight, erogenous zone enwrapping pieces of Whitney's clothes, and I ran my hands and fingers all through and over the sea of sexy breasts, balls, buns and bone-cladding women's wear.

Then I scooped up an armful of seductive scanties and buried my face in the pile, wound my tongue through it, squeezing the sensual panties, bras and leggings. Until I dropped the armful back down and pulled the drawer all the way out and dove my head down into all of the intimate underclothing, bobbed all around.

I was panting like a horn dog hot on the tail trail when I finally jerked my head back out and up.

"I wonder …" I mused, looking down at Whitney's messed-up underwear drawer, at my burning reflection in the girl's full-length mirror, feeling the thundering beat of my bone almost bursting my pants.

And before I could stop myself with rationale thought, I'd whipped all of my male attire off and pulled a pair of my girl's pink satin panties on over my massive, shimmering erection and tingle-tightened balls. "Wow," I gulped, staring at my nude, pantied form in the mirror, Whitney's briefs clinging to and cradling my bulging dong and sack in slick, super-feeling eroticism.

I jerked out at a matching bra and strapped it on tight. The sensuous cups squeezed and cradled my swelled-out pecs and stiffeningly engorged nipples.

I gazed at my bra'd and pantied bare body in the mirror, my pecs, nips, prick and nuts, and brain, buzzing with pleasure. And when I clutched a Whitney-clad breast and gripped my Whitney-clad cock, I brutally bucked and loudly bellowed, just about blowing steaming, streaming loads of lust right then and there. The trans sensations were exquisite.

I stood there in Whitney's bedroom, staring into her mirror at my reflection, wearing the transsexual's ultra-erotic underwear, wondering whether I should go all the way and indulge in full-fledged, first-time trans*vestitism*!?

I could get one of Noreen's wigs out of our bedroom, paint my face and nails with Whitney's makeup, pour on her perfume and put on some of her jewelry. Turning myself …

But no, no good. Nope. Swishing from side-to-side like Whitney had when I'd spied on the girl making wicked naked love to her mirror, I realized I simply

didn't have the face, figure and lack of follicles to pull it off.

So, wisely discarding that impossible desire, I pulled a pair of Whitney's pajamas off a hanger in her closet and squeezed into the silver, satin, short-sleeved and knee-high sexy sleepwear. Then I flopped down onto her soft, spongy bed and buried my face in one of her white, fluffy pillows, and pumped my long, hard cock against her pink, frothy bedspread.

"Oh, yeah," I muffle-moaned, fucking Whitney's bed, dressed in the girl's briefs, bra and pajamas.

I passion-power-humped myself close to coming in no time, the feminine garments and furniture firing me with incredible lust. I rolled over onto my back just in time and clasped a brimming breast in Whitney's satiny pajama top and bra and excitedly squeezed, plucking on my rigid nipple, grasping my fired dong in Whitney's satiny pajama bottom and panties and fisting.

"Yeah. Yeah."

I groped and jacked harder and faster, more and more urgently, closing my eyes and rolling my head on Whitney's pillow, bouncing my blazing body on the babe's bed.

I didn't even hear the women come in, didn't know Whitney was right inside her bedroom and sitting on her bed next to me – until she touched my bare shin and said, "Having fun, Bob?"

My eyes blasted open, my bounding body jackknifing frozen straight; my hands clutching my obscenely clad and engorged chest and groin. "Uhhhh …"

"Don't let me stop you. Keep going. I'm flattered. Noreen's occupied talking to a neighbor outside." Whitney rubbed my shin, warm and soft and sensuous, smiling the same.

I gulped, grinned, started kneading my breasts and pulling on my nipples again, jerking my cock. Staring into the transsexual's gleaming eyes.

"Fuck, Whitney. Yes," I hollered, suddenly bucking on her bed, against her hand; coming in the trans hottie's panties, bra and pajamas, savagely and sensationally spasming and shooting sexual climax like I'd seldom felt it before.

I flopped and jerked around like I was electrified, pulsating awesome ecstasy, my orgasmic emotions soaring sky-high wearing Whitney's intimate clothing, with the trans teen right there sharing in my stunning and scorching self-sexing.

"You can keep the pajamas and underwear, if you like, Bob," she commented sweetly a couple of marvelous minutes afterwards.

"I'd lust – er, love to," I babbled back, the both of us gazing, grinning, at the huge, sticky stain on the crotch of her sexy, satin panties and pajamas.

*

I was stretched out on my bed, back up against the headboard, watching TV wearing a pair of loose long shorts and a loose tank top, when I glanced over from the big screen up on the chest of drawers and saw Whitney standing in the doorway. The girl was wearing a short, pink dress with a ruffled hem, her hair twined into twin pigtails, a big, warm, sweet smile on her pretty, makeup-dusted face.

"Mind if I watch television with you, Bob?" she asked shyly, toeing the carpet with one of her bare feet.

"Sure, no problem," I responded.

Noreen wouldn't be home for another two hours. I had nothing else to do. Plus, not only the sight of sexy Whitney appealed to me, but the babe's tangy, fresh scent, as well, was an attraction even from fifteen feet away.

Whitney yelped and darted into the room, jumped up on the bed and stretched her lithe, long, smooth-limbed body right out in front of me, her back and bum up against me. She took the same seated position I'd taken, nestled in against me. She sighed, extending her bare legs alongside my bare legs, inside of my thighs.

I gulped, suddenly bestowed a beautiful woman right in my lap, breathing in Whitney's femme scent up close now, feeling her hot, young, curvy body pressed back into mine.

"So, what are we watching?" she chirped, staring at the TV screen, squirmed in snug against that older man being me.

"Uh, w-whatever you want," I stammered, handing the TV remote to Whitney over her shoulder.

She shrugged. "Oh, I don't care. It's so nice and warm and comfortable here with you, so safe and secure, I don't care what we watch." She shifted the hilled tops of her backside against my groin, rubbing her arched back into my stomach and chest.

I was feeling heat, not comfort, my body suffusing with shimmering erotic sensation with Whitney nes-

tled in with me on my bed; my balls tingling and swelling, my cock surging and elongating, with the hottie's just about bare, soft, firm, girly flesh covering my lower and upper front side with her lower and upper backside.

"Ooo, this looks kinda exciting," Whitney breathed.

I wasn't sure what she was talking about at first, so dazzlingly discombobulated with the trans lap trance I was in. Then I looked at the screen, saw the rom-com that was playing out at around three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. I'd been clicking in search of sports and inadvertently stopped on the women's network when Whitney pounced on me.

She snuggled in even tighter, then grasped my two hands and lifted them up and wound them and my arms around her torso, so that my fingers clasped together on her waist, at her bellybutton, just above her cock.

"Mmmm," the girl murmured contentedly, her sultry voice and body vibrating all through me.

My cock rocketed up to full, flaming, throbbing erection – in between Whitney's cheeks and stretched up along her back. No controlling it. I tightened my hugging arms and clenching hands around the sweet, sexy babe, trying to distract her from my suddenly obscenely swollen excitement.

She sighed again, resting her head against my right shoulder, pushing my hands down in between her legs and onto the beefy, burgeoned, beating boner that was bulging out the ruffled bottom of her dress. Whitney pulled the hem up and placed my hands and laced my fingers squarely and sensationally around her huge, hard, heated, bare erection.

Surprise, surprise, the trans gorgeous wasn't wearing any underwear! I was gripping Whitney's pumped, pulsing, wrist-thick shaft with my bare hands. She moaned and rolled her head on my shoulder, her chest heaving, breasts bobbing, nipples indenting her thin dress up top.

I almost blew a load right then and there, the sensuosity of squeezing a girl's meaty, engorged cock with my hands, as she squeezed and rubbed her hot body against my blazing body, was an exquisitely erotic feeling. I planted my lips on Whitney's long, tilted neck, jacking her full-blown dong with my two laced hands, thrusting my own steel-forged cock against and along the writhing, undulating babe. I was not trying to hide my total and tremendous arousal in the least now.

Whitney pulled her cute pink dress up and over her head, tossed it onto the other side of the bed I normally shared with my wife. She shook out her red-ribboned pigtails, then pulled my hands up off her towering cock and clamped them onto her big, bared tits, wrapping my palms and fingers around the hot, smooth-skinned mam-mounds with the jutting, rubbery tips.

I squeezed the girl's lush boobs and rolled her ripened nipples, and she even more deftly jackknifed her pelvis up, shoved my shorts down, and grasped my shaft and stuck my cock up in between her thighs; so that when she plopped her bum back down on the bed again, my massive erection was stretched up and against her massive erection from beneath, in between both of our sets of legs.

Whitney quickly gripped our raging rods together with her two slender, silky hands and pumped them as one. As I groped her breasts and spun her nipples and kissed and licked and bit up and down her neck.

She shuddered and moaned.

I spasmed and groaned.

Idle Saturday afternoon TV sports surfing had incendiary escalated into twin-barreled, two-fisted, cock jerking and tit mauling!

I bit into Whitney's bare shoulder with delight, thrusting my thrilled cock into her satiny shifting hands, up against and along her thundering, smooth-shafted, mushroom-topped, pumping cock. She tugged on our joined pipes faster, more frantically, writhing against me, heaving her boobs and buds into my groping hands, whipping her head around to fling her wet tongue into my open mouth and flail her slippery licker against my wildly winding mouth organ.

The bed rocked and rattled with our exuberant erotic exertions, the headboard knocking against the wall, the romcom forgotten on the TV. Whitney and I swirled our tongues together, mashed mouths, panting and humping and pumping. She jacked and jilled our dicks at warped, wicked speed, her two hands a blur on our combined cocks. I absolutely crushed her rippling tits in my sweaty mitts, yanking on her pointed, pressure-capped nipples.

"OMG. I'm coming, Bob. I'm coming," the trans hottie screamed, shaking out of control in my arms, against my thrusting body, fisting our cocks.

"Me, too. I'm coming, too, Whitney," I roared back, jolted by powerful orgasm.

We jumped and jetted together, Whitney desperately jerking the both of our pressed, pumped cocks to blastingly blissful ecstasy, shooting cum as one, ropes and ropes of hot, sticky, striping joy that

splashed the end of the bed and beyond. We bounced up and down, tight together, spraying raucous, rubbery rapture out of our ruptured hoses, our cocks pulsating pure, white-hot, climatic pleasure against one another, pouring out our mutual manic lust.

Afterwards, I had to carefully extract my crooked fingers out of Whitney's heaving breast-flesh, they were so deeply embedded, flex them working straight again; as Whitney had to disengage her claw-formed hands from our spent tube steaks at the end of our ecstatic explosions, rub and tug her fingers agile and working again.

The girl hopped off the bed and I handed her her dress. Her cock dangled down over her shaven balls half-erect now, but still wholly desirable. My cock hung in between my spread legs, laid out over my hairy balls, drained but delighted.

Whitney waved, blew me a kiss, and then bounced her succulent bone and buns and trans body out of my bedroom. I shivered with a stunning aftershock of sexual pleasure, as I fully realized what had just happened between us, sexsationally joined together.

*

I was reading the newspaper on the living room couch when I heard Whitney come out of the bathroom and walk down the hallway. More like *skip* down the hallway – from the way her breasts were jiggling and jostling. Joyfully, in my eyes.

I couldn't help but stare, admire and appreciate, peeking over the top of my newspaper as the trans babe swept into the living room with me. She was wearing a thin, white T-shirt, her tits obviously unbra'd but still mounding out high and firm against

the stretched top of the tucked-in tee, her unsheathed nipples poking long and hard against the cotton material.

I watched the trans hottie jounce into the living room and plop down on the couch next to me.

"See anything you like, Bob?" Whitney teased, gazing at me gaping at her, fluttering her eyelashes and biting her lower lip provocatively.

I gave my head a shake, knocking and blinking my orbs back into their sockets. "Sorry," I mumbled, snapping the newspaper back up to cover my blushing face.

"No problem," Whitney chirped, bouncing happily on the cushion, her boobs bounding. "Ogling always welcome. Where's the missus?"

I snapped the paper back down and looked directly back over at Whitney. "Uh, Noreen went out to buy some groceries, gab with the store clerks for an hour or so. Um, Whitney …"

"Yes, Bob?"

I shrugged, sluffing off what I'd been thinking of boldly asking the babe, with her tits so loose and my wife so absent. "Uh, nothing. Sorry. I-"

"Did you want to ask me something about my boobs, Bob?" Whitney inquired sweetly, easily reading my dirty mind.

"H-How did you know that?"

She giggled, making her tits shiver and shudder, her nipples rub against the fabric of her t-shirt erotically and excitingly. "'Cause you were staring at them

when I came into the room – and you're staring at them right now with me sitting right next to you."

I laughed, diverting my glaring eyes up to the girl's face. "Sorry. They're very impressive – eye-catching and appealing."

Whitney's warm, white-toothed smile widened on her pretty face, her plush, red lips glistening. "Thank you."

Well, what the hell, I thought. "I mean, do they hurt? Because you had some sort of surgery to get them looking so great, didn't you? So, um, do they, you know, give you any pain at all?"

The transsexual's body of work, so to speak, made me more than curious. I didn't know much about the 'transitioning' process, just the incredibly sexy final results with Whitney as super-smoking Exhibit A.

"Oh, no," she answered earnestly. "Well, maybe a little bit right after the enhancement operation. But now they feel wicked good. Super-sensitive – in an awesome way. In fact, I can actually come just by feeling up my boobs and buds, my cock juicing joy handsfree."

"Really? No kidding?"

"You want me to show you?"

"Heck, yeah!"

I was eager to learn, to become even more deeply and intimately involved with the exotic babe – with my marriage on the rocks and my wife out of the house. After what had already sexually *trans*pired between Whitney and I.

The girl whipped off her T-shirt, shook out her hair, bursting her big, boisterous, bare breasts and thick, elongated, naked nipples out right next to me on the living room couch. I jumped my ass around on the cushion to fully face the beautifully bumpered and capped pair of trans teen tits head-on.

Whitney grasped them, squeezed them, the girl shivering and moaning, her eyelashes fluttering with feeling. She worked her hot mam masses and me into a steaming fever in a matter of seconds, it seemed.

And when the groaning, tit-groping young woman slid her fingers out to the pointed tips of her breasts, rolled and tugged on her rubbery nipples, I suddenly managed to croak, before things got too far out of hand, "Weren't you going to actually *show me* how you come just by playing with your boobs and buds?"

Whitney blinked her glassy eyes. "Oh, yeah. Right."

She leapt up, skinned down the pair of pink shorts she was barely wearing. The massive bulge I'd noted under the stretchy short-shorts material sprang up and out into the open air between us, revealed, the trans girl's cock surged almost fully enormously erect.

Whitney dropped back down onto the couch and we both watched her breasts and bone bounce, her nipples and hood bobble. And then the teenaged tantalizer grasped her tits again and plied the heavy flesh, flicking and pulling on her swollen nipples.

Right next to me, facing me. My bugged-out eyes boggling from the babe's fabulous, fondled breasts to her fantastic, full-blown cock. I noted a drop of pre-cum glistening in the slit on her cap, the trans hottie already coming hardcore close, apparently, to

proving her point about the sensationally sensuous appeal of her large boobs and long nipples.

"It feels even better, Bob. I come even harder, when another person feels up my breasts, fingers and licks and sucks on my nipples," Whitney seductively murmured, unhanding her chest mounds and thrusting them even closer to me.

"Y-Yeah?"

"Oh, yes."

I glanced out the front window, at the front door, gazing back into Whitney's trans treasure chest.

My hands leapt onto the babe's breasts like they had a filthy mind of their own, damp palms clamping and rubbing and squeezing, twitching fingers caressing and digging in.

Whitney threw back her pretty head and whimpered, unabashedly abandoning her gorgeous trans teen tits to me, urging me to maul and mouth her magnificent mams to my middle-aged heterosexual man's heart's and cock's content. Not wanting to disappoint, I dipped my dizzy head down and stuck out my drooling tongue and wound one of the girl's nipples, the other one, manhandling her mounds like a breast man madman.

"OMG, Bob. Yes. Yes. That's feels so wonderful. My cock can hardly take it."

Her cock *was* jutting up like a wooden stake right between us, vibrating, swelled veins on its shaft pulsating, gaping slit bubbling pre-cum. As I engulfed one of Whitney's spigot-like nipples and sucked on it, heaving her tits up higher, kneading the smooth, heated flesh like bread dough.

I popped my vaccing lips off Whitney's one nipple and poured them over her other nipple, suctioned just as tight and torridly on that breast peak. Always clutching and clenching her tit-meat with my overexcited fingers and hands.

"Make me come, Bob," the trans hottie shrilled, thrilling me still more, her breasts and body heaving in my mitts, against my maw. "Shove my boobs together and suck on both of my nipples at once. I love that. I'm sooo close to climaxing, Bob. Squeeze and suck me over the edge, Titman."

Her impassioned words filled my ears, head, body and bone like her twin tremendous tits and nipples filled my paws and puss. I reacted instantly, slamming Whitney's breasts together so hard and quick we could hear the wet, fleshy smack, then inhaling both of her jammed jutters into my wide-stretched mouth and vaccing hard and tight and full.

"Oh my God. That's it, Bob. That's the way. I'm going to come, Bob. I'm gonna come handsfree from you sucking on my nips and squeezing my boobs."

I gripped, groped, gorged all the more urgently, one eye on my hands and mouth making lusty love to the babe's breasts, other eye on that mammoth cock of hers towering and twitching like it *was* about to erupt with no hand, lip or tongue touching and teasing of any kind – volcanically come with me super-sexing up Whitney's super-sexy tits.

I bit into her pressed-together spigots, stretched them out as a pair, crushing the girl's fleshy chest cushions with my hands. Her nipples surged out even harder and higher in my vaccing mouth, her hot breast meat overflowing my burning fingers.

"Yes. I'm coming, Bob. Boob-coming, Bob."

I gaped at her quivering mega-member, sucking, biting, squeezing, kneading. Whitney's thunderously erect cock went off like Mount Vavavroom, cum exploding out of her slit and volcanoing up into the air. Blast after blazing blast of semen shooting in between us, streaming sexual ecstasy orgasmically triggered with no stimulation other than yours truly slavering, suctioning and mauling the screaming, shuddering trans teenager's tits and nips.

It was a wild sight to behold, to shockingly stimulate and epically arouse. Even more wickedly exciting to experience, of course – Whitney spouting searing load after load, her eyes rolled back in her head, her body rocking on the couch, her mouth wailing, her tits rippling in my mitts and nipples leaping inside my kisser. The babe coming six or seven jolting, joy-filled, juice-flying times from her unclasped cock, her trans breasts sending her ecstatically soaring.

"See?" she gulped afterwards, shakily grinning at me, her body and boobs still shivering.

We both stared at the large, thick puddle of cum on the couch cushion between us, smiling. I honked her hooters, tongue-spun her nubs, making her still stiffly upright cock jerk and bubble.

And then we kissed, laughingly and lovingly.

And I wondered if *I* could achieve breast and nipple played, handsfree ejaculation?

Maybe something else for Whitney to teach this old horn dog …

*

When Whitney called me from the top of the stairs, “Bob, can you come up here and help me? I can’t reach something in the kitchen,” I was only too happy to flee the party and head upstairs from the basement.

I’m not much of a party hearty type, especially when they’re as tedious and tiresome as the ones Noreen hosts, like this one. Plus, with all those loud-mouthed people crowding the basement, making with all that blathering hot air, the atmosphere was terrifically overheated (temperature-wise).

It was a pleasure getting hit with some cooler air when I raced up the stairs two at a time. And then, it was way more pleasing even getting hit with a hottie sighting.

Whitney was pressed up against the padded kitchen counter, up on her tiptoes, struggling to reach some glasses on the top shelf of the near cupboard, her back to me. The babe’s taut, rounded bum cheeks were stretching her stretchy red short-shorts to the elastic-and-mind-snapping pressure point, her white crop-top-clad upper body bent along her curved, shapely back, her long, lustrous hair fanning out over her bare shoulders, one of her golden-brown, supple, slender arms raised, reaching and straining.

It was a sight for searching eyes and surging cock, for sure.

Tiptoeing stealthily, myself, I crept up behind the grunting trans girl, grabbed onto her trim waist and bumped my burgeoning cock up against her humped buns.

Whitney jumped and squealed.

"Help is here," I yelped in her ear, pumping my pumped-up cock against the firm, mounded flesh of her hot ass, sliding my hands up to clasp onto the hottie's big, bouncy boobs just about bursting out of her stretchy top. "A hard man is good to find," I quipped. Then added, "You wanted me to reach out and get something? How 'bout you?"

Whitney giggled, easing down off the tips of her bare toes, leaning back against me and my throbbing cock and body. "Mmmm. You *do* know how to 'reach out' and connect with a girl, Bob," she breathed, buffing her buns against my humping cock.

I sank my teeth into her perfumed shoulder, her neck, nipping at the smooth, warm, tender skin. Making trans and man both shiver with sensuous pleasure.

The party droning on down below was completely forgotten. A wantonly sexy get-together of two impassioned soul(mate)s suddenly taking place in the main floor kitchen of the people-packed residence.

Whitney rolled her head back on my shoulder and we kissed, danced our tongues together, the babe's licker slippery wet and wonderfully writhing. I kneaded her thick, heavy, hot tits through her skimpy crop-top, plucking at her always-hard and now even more jutting nipples.

We groaned into one another's mouths, caught up in a flagrant, fully clothed carnal conflagration that could not be denied. I shoved up Whitney's top so that her breasts burst out nude into the open, heaping into my excitedly groping palms and fingers. She whipped her arms up and back to coil around my neck, arching her tits into my hands, thumping her

bumpered bum against my engorged cock, sinking her teeth into my outstretched tongue and sucking eagerly on the extended appendage like it was a slickened cock. The babe pumped her own obviously aroused erection against the padded ledge of the counter, keeping erotic pace with my butt humping.

"Frot me, Bob. Fully frot me," the turned-on trans terrific urged.

Noreen yelled out from downstairs, "How are you and Whitney coming along with those glasses!?"

"*Coming* along just fine," I hissed into Whitney's cute little ear, before biting into the girl's plump lobe, ignoring my wife and her wants.

Whitney giggled. I grinned.

"Frot me skin-on-skin, Bob."

I jumped back, jerking my embedded fingers out of the babe's breast-flesh, my elongated cock out from between her clenching bum cheeks. She pulled off her top and dropped it onto the counter. I yanked down her shorts, baring her butt, her meaty cheeks shuddering out into the open. And then I unbuttoned, unzipped and shoved down my pants and briefs, and my cock sprang out into the heated kitchen air, vibrating with shimmering stiffness.

As Whitney looked back at me over her shoulder, her eyes blazing and lips parted and mouth panting, I speared my enormous erection up into the girl's bum cleavage, between her butt cheeks, and clamped my hands back onto her thrusting twin tit-masses upfront. Pressing in close and tight, I cheeky-fucked the babe, pumping my cock into her satin smooth bum cleavage, mauling her breasts with my mitts,

swirling my tongue in back of her ear and then biting into her lobe again.

"OMG. Yes," Whitney gasped, twerking her cheeks around and against my shunting shooter, squeezing and buffing my churning cock; her own cock against the kitchen counter, clasping my gripping and groping hands on her rippling tits.

"Bob? Whitney? What's the hold-up?" Noreen bellowed from down below.

We hardly heard the annoyed woman, with all of the hot blood roaring in our ears and cocks, the thundering intimate beat of our torrid sexing.

My cock was enveloped in soft, smooth, heated back flesh, frotting Whitney's ass, my hands full of her hot, hilled tits, fingers pinching and pulling on her rubbery, rigid nipples; my tongue washing up and down her neck, tangling with her twisting, dripping tongue. The girl's burning, curvy, super-sexy trans body bumping, pumping, pressing, bouncing up against me, the both of us frantically and fearsomely building and building to mounting, magnificent shooting climax.

An epically erotic coming together of man and trans made all the more wickedly wanton and sensually awesome by the sheer, stunningly spontaneous nature of our marvelous, manic kitchen sexing.

I bounded and pounded against Whitney, just about banging the babe right through the counter, rattling the glasses up in the cupboard, frotting in a frenzy. She bounced and buffered back against me with equal erotic energy, rocking me back on my heels as I cocked up in between her bum cheeks.

"I'm coming," Whitney shrieked.