



LARA LONGSTAFF

THE GIRL AT THE MUSEUM

The Girl at the Museum

by

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ONE

The day I met Mia, my life changed. It took me nearly a year to realize it, but looking back, I should have known something big was happening right from the start. It was a hot August day, right before the start of my sixth year in a five-year engineering program. College can be distracting, and while I'm no party girl, I'm not such a huge nerd that I keep my nose stuck in my books either! Anyway, I had only a year left if I buckled down and studied hard, and at twenty-three I was finally getting a little tired of the college scene. I was ready to get going with my real life.

I pulled a little pair of cut offs over my butt and bright red tank top over my plump breasts. I'd spent the whole summer goofing off and tanning, and I have to admit, I looked pretty good. I'm pretty tall, with what they used to call an hourglass figure. That means I've got curvy hips and a big butt to go along with my boobs, and a little waist between. The guys were going to be leering at me something fierce that day, but I didn't mind. As long as they didn't get TOO fresh!

"Where you going, Lori?" my roommate asked as I passed her by. She was a short little dumpy chem major. She'd finished her degree that spring, but she'd stayed all summer long. She had her arms loaded with boxes and her round face looked slick with sweat. She was moving out. Finally.

"To the Museum!" I said suddenly, though in truth I hadn't even thought about it until she put me on the spot. Rebecca, my roommate, was annoying as hell. She listened to her overwrought folk and girl-pop music too loud, left her laundry all over our tiny little rental house, and never ever paid rent on time.

"You're not going to help me move?" the girl whined. She was always whining.

“I thought your brothers were coming?” I asked, already walking out the door and not looking back. The air was hot and muggy, but the sun was shining. There was only a week left before school began again and soon I’d have little time for anything but studying. I had to enjoy it while it lasted.

“Not until five! I could really use your help loading the truck!” she called after me.

“Okay, bye!” I waved over my shoulder. It was bitchy of me, I know, but I just kept on walking. I think I heard her swearing behind my back, but I was in too good a mood to fight with her. It was a short walk down a shaded, tree-lined street to the edge of campus. The various lecture halls, administrative buildings and libraries, in weathered brick or majestic stone, stood quiet and solemn along the broad path. With summer classes over, the campus was nearly deserted, and I whistled to myself as I walked down the sidewalk.

I hadn’t intended on visiting the art museum on campus. I’d just wanted to get away from Rebecca’s fussing while she moved her stuff out. But why the heck not? The mansion of the University’s founder, a mammoth Tudor structure that could have housed four families, or thirty desperate college students, had been converted into an art museum. Most of the works inside were supposedly from his personal collection. Not many people went there, though. It was a good place to chill or even make out with a cute guy during the school year.

I dropped a dollar through the slit atop the metal box as I pushed my way through the big, heavy doors. The blast of the A/C hit me like a gift from God, and I sighed as it instantly began to cool my hot, sweaty skin. The cold had another effect, and I made a beeline for the ladies room. I knew where it was, just to the

right of the main entrance, so I turned and started off without really looking where I was going. Blonde moment, I guess.

“Whoa! Somebody’s gotta go!” a girl squealed as I nearly bowled her right over.

“Oh crap, sorry!” I blushed as I looked up. A pretty girl with long brown hair and a mischievous smile that reminded me of kitten caught stealing milk looked down at me. She was maybe an inch taller than me in her shoes. She wore four inch heels on her little feet, a cute blue skirt and white top, and she was utterly gorgeous. I felt a bit frumpy in my casual tank top and sandals with my curly blonde hair barely restrained by a scrunchy, and stood there fidgeting, and probably grimacing from holding it in.

“No worries,” she giggled. “When you gotta go, you gotta go!” she glided out of my way as gracefully as a swan on still pond. Some women just had that effortless grace about them. I could have asked her where she got it from, but I had other business to attend to!

“Thanks!” I said happily and ducked into the ladies room. After doing my business and splashing some cool water on my face, I was ready to rejoin the public. The museum was nearly deserted. The girl in the blue skirt was nowhere to be seen. I strolled along the converted mansion’s sunlit hallways. I’d seen all the paintings and sculptures dozens of times before. Art never interested me much, but it beat going back home and helping Rebecca move.

“I’m sorry, Mia!” a man said earnestly, his voice loud and hissing and carrying through the empty halls. He didn’t sound very sorry at all. He sounded annoyed. “I

just can't do it any more! It's too much, we're over!"

"But you said you could handle it. At least until I could get enough money together for the operation!" the a woman protested. Her voice seemed about to crack with tears. My heart went out to her. Bad enough to get dumped even the best of circumstances! But on the middle of a date? In public?

"When is that going to be? You're just a junior! Two years? Five? How long do you expect me to live like this? Like a fag?" he demanded. I had to admit I was curious about what he meant. I followed the echoes of their voices and peeked around a corner. The girl from the bathroom was there, amazingly still cute even with her face red and her eyes bathed in tears. Her boyfriend was one of those guys who wore skinny jeans and plaid shirt and was way too proud of his perfectly trimmed and sculpted beard.

"Like what?" the girl sobbed and turned away. The man snorted, adjusted his thick-rimmed glasses, and stomped back toward the stairs. He didn't even notice me as he passed.

"And get your shit out of my apartment!" he yelled over his shoulder as he stormed out. The girl just sobbed again.

"Fucking hipsters," I found myself saying as I came out from hiding and patted the pretty girl on the arm.

"It's not that," she pulled a tissue out of her purse and dabbed her dripping nose in the daintiest way. Upset as she was, she still managed to seem poised and elegant. She must have gone to finishing school or something.

“Hey, we’ve all been there,” I said lamely. I was still curious. I mean, what the hell were they talking about? “Men are pigs,” I said decisively. That should cover it.

“Yeah,” she chuckled and dried her eyes. She forced a smile at me. I returned it as best I could. Sisters in arms and all that. “Thanks,” she said. Her big brown eyes were still pretty glassy, with tears poised to start flowing again any moment, but she was trying to be brave.

“No problem! I’m Lori, by the way,” I said and reached right across her to grab her hand.

“Mia,” she said. Just a simple word, but for some reason I got the chills just then. I know I was blushing a bit, and my nipples were poking against my ratty tank top like they were trying to push their way out of it.

“Great, let’s get out of here,” I suggested.

“I don’t have a car,” she said glumly. She looked defeated.

“We can walk down to the Student Union. They have ice cream,” I suggested. She seemed to like that idea. We left the little museum without a second glance.

“So he kicked you out of your apartment,” I said as we strolled slowly along.

“Yeah. So I’m homeless now too,” she sighed.

“You’re student right? You could get a dorm.”

“Uh, there’s, complications with that,” she blushed. “I can’t stay in the woman’s dorm,” she added so quietly I almost missed it over the summer breeze rustling the trees.

“Oh,” I said, like the genius that I am. We walked in silence until we were at the little window outside the Union where they sold ice cream cones and popsicles. I stopped and turned to her. An idea popped into my head. An idea that was surely impossible. “Wait, are you a guy?”

“No!” she protested, but looked down at her feet.

“Sorry!” I grabbed her hand again and gave her a squeeze. “That came out badly. I meant to ask,” I had to think a bit to remember the proper nomenclature. “Are you a trans-woman?”

“Yeah,” she bit her lip and nodded. She was so cute and feminine, it was hard to believe. Heck, I’m a genetic woman and if she weren’t wearing those heels I’m sure I’d be a couple inches taller.

“Wow, that’s cool,” I shrugged, trying to be as nonchalant as I could.

“Cool?” she looked up at me.

“Okay, that’s not the best word, maybe. I’m sure it’s hard and everything. I’m just saying it doesn’t matter to me. I’m not trans-phobic or anything, Mia.”

“Okay. Thanks, Lori,” she sighed. “Can we get some ice cream now?”

“Sure!” I laughed. I felt so bad for her, I even paid for it myself. We made our way under the massive boughs of an ancient elm and sat back on the grass, licking our vanilla cones.

“So, you’re a student here too?” she asked me.

“Yep!” I said, and told her my long, boring story. Uneventful childhood. A big family at home. Valedictorian of my High School. Math and Engineering Scholarship. A year wasted at the University partying. A few boyfriends here and there. And now finally getting my crap together and getting ready to finish. She listened to it all with nods and smiles, but her own story was more interesting.

“I started transitioning in High School, when I was sixteen. My parents freaked, but I moved in with my Aunt Ellie. She was great. She put me in a different school, helped me learn everything about being a woman,” she explained.

“I have to say, she did a fantastic job. You have great look going on!”

“Thanks!” she blushed.

“No, seriously! If I hadn’t overheard your fight with what’s his name, I wouldn’t have guessed you’re a trans-woman in a million years!”

“Hormones help,” she blushed. “But a lot of it is about manners and how you hold yourself.”

“I think I know what you mean,” I nodded. I didn’t really. I’d always been too much of a nerd to pay attention to that sort of girly stuff. The guys seemed to like me well enough without the make up and heels and what not.

“I worked at my Aunt Ellie’s salon for a while, but when I turned twenty, she decided I should go to college. So here I am. Just about to start my third year and I’ve already picked my major.”

“Woman’s studies?” I giggled.

“Ha! No. Linguistics,” she said seriously.

“Cool! I guess you’re kind of a nerd yourself?”

“I guess. Just don’t ask me to work on your computer or anything technical. I’m not that kind of nerd!” she laughed.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got all that stuff covered!” I grinned. We talked for a few hours more, before both of us got so hungry that not even more ice cream would do the job. As we scarfed pizza at the local shop, I told her she could crash at my place that night, after we picked up her belongings. Luckily we didn’t run into her hipster ex-boyfriend, we just piled her stuff high in the back of my pick up truck and got the hell out of there. It was dark by the time we got back, and thankfully, Rebecca and all her shit was gone. We stared at the half-empty house from just inside the door.

“Nice place,” Mia said politely. “Could use some touching up.”

“Say, now that you mention it I’m looking for a roommate. Are you interested?” I smiled. She laughed and kissed me on the cheek. In one day I’d made a new best friend and found a roommate to replace Rebecca, but that was just the beginning of all the changes to come.

TWO

Finals for the Fall Semester were brutal, but I'd finally finished them. I bundled up in about seven and a half layers of long underwear, sweaters, shirts and wool and topped it all off with a big, poofy down coat that went all the way to my ankles. I could barely walk out of the testing hall in all that stuff. The wind was howling, blowing wisps of dry snow over the ice that sheathed the campus in a hard, slick shell. The sun was setting fast, and I wobbled over the ice as quickly as I could to cross campus and head back to the warmth of home.

I didn't care, though. The finals were a breeze and I'd been acing my classes all semester. One more down and only one to go. I was going to celebrate, and there was no way I was going to let an early December blizzard dampen my mood! I had my ear buds on under my muffs and hat and I was rocking out as I finally opened up the front door to the little house I shared with Mia and jumped inside. All the lights were on and the heater was going full blast.

I did a twirling little strip tease, of a sort, leaving a huge heap of coats on the couch. I kicked off my boots and padded through living room and kitchen to get a can of diet soda. I almost poured in some vodka, but decided I'd get my roommate first and start the party properly. If I hadn't kept my ear buds in, jamming away to a bad ass guitar solo, I might have had some warning. But I kept the music playing, bobbing my head and playing air guitar like a loony as I burst right into Mia's bedroom.

"Oh Shit!" I cried, probably a bit too loudly, thanks to the ear buds. I couldn't help it though. I'd been living with the girl from the museum, Mia, for months now. We'd grown close, sharing shoes and clothes and tips with guys and lots and lots

of good times. I'd never seen her like I did right then. Naked as can be, she bounced up and down on her bed with her long, light brown hair whipping around her slim shoulders. I'm not sure what I would have expected, my experience with trans-women being limited to just one person: Mia. But it wasn't a body as slim and perfectly feminine as hers. It wasn't a pair of smallish, but very firm and natural looking breasts bobbing before my eyes. And I sure as hell couldn't have predicted the sheer size of her gigantic dick!

In all fairness, who would have expected that? The girl was barely five foot five, and probably weighed a hundred ten pounds. tops. From her little button nose to her tiny little toes she seemed all woman, every bit as feminine as myself. Except for her dick. That wasn't feminine at all. And it wasn't petite. If you took the top three guys I'd been with and tried to mush their cocks into one, hers would still be bigger, by a lot! It was fleshy pink, and as smooth and hairless as the rest of her body. It swung around in a circle as she worked herself up and down on her knees, and I could see a huge pair of balls resting on the mattress beneath her. As big as her cock was, the most shocking thing about it was that she wasn't even fully hard. Maybe not even half hard!

"Lori!" she shrieked. She tried to cover herself with her hands, and while she managed to hide her cute little boobs with one arm, there was no hiding that huge floppy monster between her legs.

"Fuck! Sorry!" I yelped. I yanked the ear buds out of my ear and backed out of her room. I should have turned around, but it was like my eyes were tethered to her body. Or, more accurately anchored to her cock like a tractor beam from a sci-fi flick. There was no way I could look away.

“Is that your roommate?” Rob said. It took me a moment to register his deep voice. Of course. Her boyfriend. That’s who she was bouncing on top of. I didn’t notice his big hairy legs sticking out from under her until that moment.

“Sorry Rob!” I squeaked. His voice broke the spell, and I ran down stairs as fast as I could. I could hear them giggling up there for a minute, but then they were back at it. It only took a few more minutes of moaning and headboard-banging before they seemed to finish up. Even so, by the time they made it back down stairs, I’d had three vodka and diet cokes. The whole thing was pretty amusing, and I laughed at them as they did the walk of shame into the living room.

“Yeah, yeah, laugh it up!” Mia giggled as she plopped down on her easy chair, right next to mine. She’d put on fuzzy flannel pajamas fluffy pink socks. She stretched and crossed her ankles on the coffee table.

“Uh, hi, Lori,” Rob blushed as he took a seat on the couch. He was a big guy, rugged and manly. And blushing like a girl.

“Next time put a sock on the doorknob or something,” I told him, wagging my finger. He couldn’t meet my eyes. “I think he’s embarrassed!” I said to my roommate.

“I don’t know why!” Mia kicked at him, missing by a mile. “You didn’t see HIM naked! Just me!” She stuck out her tongue at her squirming boyfriend.

“I think I know why!” I leaned toward my roommate and whispered to her. “He’s probably humiliated because your dick is so big!” Thing is about whispering when you’re drunk. It’s not very quiet. Sometimes you may as well be shouting.

“You think?” Mia laughed and looked at her boyfriend. The guy looked like he was going to sick up.

“Hey, I’ve got a shift tomorrow, I’d better get going,” he mumbled.

“Aw, sweetie, we were just having a laugh!” Mia soothed him. She jumped to her feet and gave him a big smooch. It didn’t stop him, though. He was dressed in out the door in under a minute. My pretty roommate sighed as she resumed her seat.

“That was awkward,” I mumbled.

“Yeah. I’m getting used to it. Men!” she said. “Say, you wanna fix me one of those drinks while we chill out to some Netflix?”

“You got it!” The rest of the evening went pretty uneventfully. We’d both been dating guys every now and then, neither of us really getting into anything serious. Most nights, when we weren’t studying our brains out, we just curled up in our respective chairs and watched TV. Something changed that night, though, and I don’t think either of us really looked at the other in the same way.

THREE

It was almost graduation, for me at least, before things really came to a head. After that night where I saw her naked, getting fucked by her boyfriend, I found myself thinking about her more and more. And not just as the sweet, funny, supportive best friend she'd become. I kept noticing how sexy she was, how utterly feminine. Granted I may have more in the tits and ass department, but she had an uncanny feminine charm that had always eluded me. I found myself thinking about her naked too. It got to the point that every third night I'd dream of her and her giant-sized dick.

Something was up with her too, though I was too caught up in my own feelings to notice it. Rob dumped her not long after that night. I guess it was too much for his male ego to bear knowing that I knew how much better hung his girlfriend was than him. Not surprising, really. Thing is, she didn't start dating anyone else. With her beauty, she told me she found many a guy willing to overcome his own homophobia to be with her, though her size always got to them in the end. I would have felt sorry for her, but it meant that I had her all to myself.

We'd spend evenings together, hitting the bars, seeing live music or going to events around campus. Most of the time, of course, we were just two girls hanging out at home. Two girls who sometimes cuddled on the big couch when the evenings were cool. It was this weird, platonic relationship, that in many ways was the best relationship I'd had up to that point.

That all changed when my graduation day loomed closer and closer. Mia still had another year to go to finish her degree. She seemed to fret about what she'd do when I left school and "left her all alone," as she put it. I didn't have the heart to tell her that I'd been applying all over the state and beyond for jobs in my field.

When one of those jobs came in, and one would, with my grades and my resume, I'd most likely be leaving town. For good.

It was a week until the ceremony and I'd just picked up my cap and gown when I came home to find her sitting at the kitchen table, staring at papers laid out on it.

"What's up, Mia?" I asked. I threw the graduation outfit onto one of the chairs and took a seat next to her. She looked up at me, her pretty face serious as can be.

"These came for you today," she said quietly as she pushed a pair of envelopes across the table.

"Oh," I gulped. Were they job offers, or rejections? I tore them open one at a time. The first confirmed that I could start working as a plant engineer in June. Two hundred miles away. I grinned as I scanned the rest of the letter. Apparently they'd been impressed with my interviews. The pay and benefits were outstanding. My dream job.

"Good news?" Mia forced a sad little smile. She sat back and crossed her legs, kicking a tiny bare foot back and forth in agitation. Like most days, she wore a cute little dress that highlighted her slim, girlish figure. Her lips trembled and I looked away when I realized that she looked like she really needed a kiss right then!

"Yeah, but let's see the other first," I ripped open the other envelope. It too was a job offer. From a much smaller engineering firm. The pay was a little less,

the benefits not quite as good. I grinned as I looked at it. Their office, where I'd be working, was less than five miles outside of town.

"More good news?"

"Yes! Looks like I can pick and choose where I want to work!" I smiled as big as I could and set the two letters down next to each other. My heart was thudding in my chest.

"Which one are you going to choose?" she asked innocently. Her big brown eyes were starting to look a bit weepy.

"I have two choices," I explained them both to her. I watched her carefully as I told her about the job close by. Her face lit up and she looked at me excitedly.

"Wow, so you could get an engineering job and stay right here?" she asked hopefully.

"Yes, but for less money," I reminded her.

"Oh," she looked crushed. She shook her head and straightened her shoulders. "Of course, you should do what's best for your career, Lori. I'm very proud of you!"

"Thank you, Mia!" I reached out and held her hand. My throat felt tight, like someone had taken hold and squeezed as tight as he could. "Thing is, I've grown really really close to you, Mia. You're my best friend and I don't want to lose you."

"I feel the same way," she said breathlessly. "But I can't ask you to stay here for that!"

“You’re right,” I added. I looked down at the table top. Christ, was I really about to do this? I looked back up to her, and was surprised that my voice wasn’t shaking. “As much as I love this town, I wouldn’t stay here, just for a friend.”

“Oh,” she looked like she was about to cry, so I hurried up and got to the point.

“But I would, if I were in love, and the person I loved was here!” I said in a rush. The pressure from my neck eased, and I felt this incredible wave of relief spread throughout my body. I think I must have known how I really felt about her for months, but actually saying it, out loud, was like a revelation.

“Are you, Lori? In love I mean?” she asked me so softly that I could barely hear. I scooted my chair to hear and leaned in closer.

“Are you?” I whispered back, dreading what might be the answer.

“I am. With you,” she said. She looked like she was going to say more, but I didn’t let her finish. I slid my round butt right off my chair and mashed my lips against hers. Now I’d be lying if I said I’d never kissed another girl. I had a couple times. You get drunk at parties and you wanna impress a guy, you grab another girl and make out for a minute or two. After that, the boys are eating out of your hand!

Kissing Mia wasn’t quite like that. Sure, physically it was exactly like kissing another girl, soft and sensual and delicate. But emotionally, it was something else. She was sweet and vulnerable. Smart and gorgeous. She was wonderful. And she loved me. I held her soft face in my hands as I explored her mouth and lips with my tongue. She tasted amazing, and I felt my long-neglected pussy begin to steam up inside my blue jeans.

“I love you,” I whispered as I stared deep into those soft brown eyes.

“And you’ll stay here, with me?” wondered.

“You have to ask?” I chuckled and kissed her again. I tried playing a more manly, aggressive role, pushing my tongue deep and wrestling hers into submission. From the way she was moaning and squirming on the chair, she liked it.

“I’ve never,” she blushed as she pulled back, her little hands on my shoulders. “I’ve never been with a woman.”

“Neither have I,” I reminded her.

“But, I’m not really-”

“You are to me, Mia!” I kissed the tip of her nose. “And I have to say, I think I’m turning into a great big lesbian for you!” I joked.

“Well not exactly,” she bit her lip. I was about to ask her what she meant, when I felt her pole start to tent up under her skirt.

“Okay, maybe a lesbian with benefits!”

“You’re a goof!” she laughed at me, and pushed me back. I was just about to be offended when she jumped up and embraced me. Her breasts mashed into my larger ones through our clothes and that ramrod of a cock pushed against my thighs.

“Let’s go to bed,” I whispered in her ear before giving it little lick.

“Okay,” she said. I took her by a trembling hand and led her up to my bedroom. She wasn’t the only one trembling. I’d always been a straight girl, as far as I knew. Even though she was biologically male didn’t change the fact that in my mind, I was about to sleep with another woman. I felt drunk as we sat down on my bed and start kissing once again. She was so sweet and soft, nothing had ever been more wonderful.

Making out with her was awesome, but the moment of truth had to come. We pulled apart and stood up facing each other. Without saying a word we stripped for each other. Bit by bit we exposed ourselves. She licked her lips at the sight of my heavy, round tits, and I grinned at the sight of her cute little breasts. They looked so delicious! I wanted to show her something equally delicious, and something she may have never seen before.

I held up a hand to motion for her to hold off on her bulging white panties. I unzipped my jeans and peeled the skin tight denim right down my long, tan legs. She watched carefully as I wiggled a bit more, then kicked off my red little thong. I batted my eyelashes over my big blue eyes and lay back on the bed. I spread a bit for her, giving her a good look at my sex. I keep myself shaved down to a little strip of golden blonde hair just above my lower lips. I hoped she liked it.

“Wow,” was all she said. She stared at the juncture of my thighs for a long moment before she practically ripped off her panties. Even with an engineering degree I can’t fathom how that little piece of satin and lace had held up the weight of her cock and balls. Once freed, they grew and grew, and all I could do was stare. I’d thought her cock enormous when I’d accidentally caught a glimpse of it all those months before. Hard she was simply staggering.

“Wow yourself!” I said. We just stayed there in our places for a while, each of us getting used to what the other had to offer. “Come to bed, I want to see if I can handle you,” I finally said.

“I know, I’m sorry I’m so big!” she said as she slipped down beside me. She lay on her side, and her huge pole poked my rounded hip. I could feel it throb.

“What are you sorry for?” I asked. I reached across her body and lay my hand against her waist just above her own slender hips. Touching her was like getting an electric shock. A shock that went from my hands straight down to my pussy. Her skin was so incredibly soft and smooth!

“I don’t know. Guys just sort of, well, they kinda need me to say it!” she laughed nervously.

“Well I don’t!” I moved my hand down and cupped her sex. Jesus her cock was heavy! And hot and hard too!

“I’ve never actually, well, used it before,” she blushed. She was so cute when she blushed. I kissed her again, and we made out for a while longer, this time touching and feeling each others naked bodies. I started stroking her as I kissed down her neck to her delightful little breasts. They were smaller than mine, but just as firm. I nearly came myself when I sucked her long nipples one by one.

“I love your boobs,” I mumbled as I let one of the little pink nubs fall from my lips.

“Really, yours are so much... more!” she said with a smile. She stared at my heaving tits for a moment before diving right in. That girl had a tongue on her, too!

She squeezed and licked and sucked and flicked my nipples with her tongue, moaning as she did. I pumped faster on her big cock as she worshiped them, getting hotter by the second.

“Enough!” I groaned.

“You’re so hot!” she whispered, wrinkling her nose at me as she made a cute face. “I don’t know whether I’m feeling straight or gay, but damn!”

“Gay, honey!” I patted her head. “Just like me!” she last gave me a lump in my throat. She nodded and I roughly pushed her back onto the pillows. Her massive staff stood straight up, a big pink and white column that looked tall and stout enough to hold up the Parthenon. I got on my hands and knees and gave it a big, sloppy kiss.

“Oh!” she cried, trembling. I had to remember she’d never had anyone play with her dick before. It wasn’t easy to start slow, I wanted to suck that monster as deep as I could! Instead I held it gently in my hands and kissed it softly, with just my lips. Up and down, leaving little red lipstick prints all along her shaft. She moaned as she sat there tense, watching me between her legs. I gave her a big wink before I opened my lips wide and sucked her into my mouth.

It wasn’t as easy as that, of course. Just getting the pink knob into my mouth was like trying to swallow a whole tangerine. I slobbered on it a while and had to sit up on my knees to get a better angle. Mia watched in fascination, brushing my thick blonde curls out of my eyes as I finally worked her cock head into my mouth.

“Oh my goodness that feels so wonderful!” she squealed. By the way her eyes were bulging, she’d never felt anything quite so good. I had to give her more. I

pushed my head down, sucking furiously and trying to swab every bit of her cock that I could with my tongue. My jaw ached from the effort, and there was no way I could take more than a fraction of her cock into my mouth, but she seemed to be loving it.

“Oh yes! Who knew that blow jobs could feel this way?” she laughed at herself as she lay back and soaked it all up. I took that as my cue to suck even harder. I’m not ashamed to admit that I’ve sucked my share of dick in my life, and I’d learned a trick or three. I twisted and bobbed and licked and munched my lips in the ways I’d learned drove men crazy. It seemed to be having an effect, because Mia began to scream and whimper in the cutest, most feminine way! That only spurred me on, of course, and in no time, I felt her tense up under me.

“Oh God, I’m going to lose it!” she gasped. I nodded up at her, and our eyes locked. I watched her face contort and her eyes roll back in her head the moment before her cock finally unleashed its load. She must have had a lot pent up, because I kept gulping and gurgling and swallowing as fast as I could, but most of it still overflowed and spilled down her huge shaft in a thick river of silvery goo.

“You taste great!” I said, and it wasn’t much of a lie. No cum tastes like candy, no matter what they say in erotic stories and letters to the editor. But hers was uncommonly light and sweet, for cum, and I lapped it up.

“Thank you so much, Lori!” she panted and pushed herself upright. “I’d like to return the favor, but you might have to, er, tell me what to do!”

“Ha!” I laughed and kissed her cock one more time. She was still hard as a rock. “I’ve got a better idea. How about you stick your wonderful girly cock inside

of me and we pleasure each other?” For emphasis, I spread my legs, pointing my toes at opposite walls as I teased my clit and my slippery pink folds with my fingers.

“Jesus, you’re too sexy!” she said. She nodded and moved between my parted thighs as if in a trance. We giggled and fumbled around on the bed. She’s never fucked anyone, and had only the vaguest notion of what to do. It wasn’t much better for me, even though I’ve been fucked lots of times. Her cock was just so much bigger, it was almost an entirely different thing altogether!

“There we go!” I hissed as I guided her gargantuan cock between my lower lips. I pulled her in, maybe a little too much at first. Her cock was so thick, for a moment I thought my poor pussy lips were going to split apart! Nature prevailed, though, and my pussy stretched quickly.

“So tight!” Mia said, her face full of awe. I agreed with her. Her cock was so fucking thick it was like every nerve was being stimulated to the max. I was starting to gush juices and I hovered on the edge of cumming with only an inch or two of her inside me.

“Okay, go really slow and try to push more inside me,” I said. I pulled my hand away and cupped my tits, pushing them up and closer together. She stared at them as she did what she was told. The next few inches slowly eased inside me, and I lost it.

“Fuck! Cumming!” I shrieked, stating the rather obvious. Mia giggled and held herself still as I squirmed under her, my hot pussy clenching at less than a third of her rod.

“You’re beautiful when you come,” she observed. I lay back, panting, and she sucked and fondled my breasts. Her girlish hips started moving again, and the extra friction woke me right up. I leaned up and kissed her hard, sucking her tongue as deep as I could into my mouth. She moaned and sank deeper, then deeper still.

“Cumming AGAIN!” I screamed. I was surprised, to say the least. I rarely came without someone licking or rubbing my clit, let alone twice in less than a minute! But her thickness was tugging at my inner folds, putting pressure on every sensitive nerve.

“Oh my!” Mia looked embarrassed, but pleased with herself too. She started working back and forth, and I responded. I held her tight to me, my big tits pushing up against her body as my legs entwined with hers. She ground herself down into me, filling me with a cock so long it seemed it would never end.

I lost track of how many times I came before I finally felt her huge, smoothly shaved nuts push up against my ass. It was only the beginning, though. It took my inexperienced lover a while to get the hang of it, but when she did, she was like a machine, powerful and relentless. My poor pussy was stretched beyond all recognition as she pounded me for what seemed like hours. After a while we got a little tired of being in the same position. She had me flip over onto my hands and knees so she could try it doggie style, like so many guys had done to her. From that angle her cock felt even bigger, and I whimpered with a sexy little twinge of pain each time she bottomed out in me.

“Harder! Harder!” I screamed as she bucked against my plump, round ass.

“This is so fucking incredible, Lori!” Mia gasped as she stabbed at my pussy from behind.

“God I know it! I’ve never been fucked like this,” I admitted. I looked over my shoulder at her, and we paused in our frenzied fuck long enough to share a secret little smile. “You’re amazing, Mia! I hope you never get rid of that cock!” It probably wasn’t the most sensitive thing to say to a trans-woman, but she didn’t seem to mind.

“I won’t, Lori!” she promised. I would have replied, but yet another cum melted my brain like a Russian nuclear reactor. I clenched my fists on the edge of the mattress and pushed back into her as hard as I could. She pushed forward just as hard, and our bodies met with a loud smack.

“Fill me up!” I screamed. Her cock was so thick, I could feel it jerking and swelling and throbbing inside me. She was finally going to cum again, and I wanted every drop!

“Yes, God, YES!” she wailed. Her body flailed my ass for a good minute before she finally started shooting. I felt each and every wad of it blast deep into my womb. It was hot and sticky and so utterly good! I drooled onto the sheets as her powerful cum finally wound down.

“Mia. I don’t want you to take this the wrong way, because I love you. But you are by far the best lover I’ve ever had!” I cooed in deep contentment as I moved away and pulled my beautiful little lover into my arms. She rested her head on my sweaty boobs and sighed long and deep.

“So are you. I never thought I could, well, do what I did and feel still feel like a woman, but somehow with you...” she let it trail off as she snuggled her lithe body into my curves.

“Hush, my love. Let’s get some sleep and fuck some more in the morning,” I advised, feeling my eyelids start to droop.

“And every day after?” she murmured.

“And every day after,” I agreed.

That was five years ago, and we’re still together. Everyone thinks we’re just the hottest lesbian couple in town. They’re right of course, but what they don’t realize is that my little lesbian lover, Mia, the love of my life, is also the biggest damn stud too! Life can be pretty weird sometimes, but if you’re open to things new and different, it can be just perfect, too!

THE END

Sample of “Satisfaction Guaranteed”

...Libby glanced at the clock, it was one minute past nine. She hoped Jane had been truthful about being punctual. Either way, she had to fill the time. She picked up the stereo remote and turned on some sensual soft jazz, but turned the volume down nice and low. She didn't want anyone distracted. She was about to give her boyfriend a sexy little dance when the doorbell rang.

“Oh, I wonder who that could be?” she gave him an innocent look.

“If it's another dude, I'm spanking your ass raw later!” he quipped, and turned his handsome face to the front door, eager to see who it was.

“Next time, sweetie,” she said before stepping up and opening the door wide. Sure enough, Jane, the sultry trans-woman, waited on the stoop. The prostitute had dressed to please. Her glossy brown hair fell in curly waves around her bare shoulders. A skin-tight, blue strapless mini dress covered her lush body from just above her nipples to just below her full, round bottom. Her long, bare legs seemed to stretch for miles.

“Going to invite me in?” the dark woman asked with a smirk.

“Oh yes, come right in, Jane!” Libby laughed. She'd been standing there staring at her! She stepped aside, making way and giving her boyfriend a great view of the sexy brunette as she strode in on strappy silver heels.

“You have a nice place,” Jane smiled as she turned her head. She caught sight of Nick, fully clothed and handcuffed to the chair. “Interesting furnishings too,” she laughed, her voice throaty and musical.

“Nick, this is Jane. Jane, meet my boyfriend Nick!” Libby shut the door behind the woman and took her hand.

“Nice to meet you, Jane!” Nick said happily. His dark eyes flickered up and down as he took her in greedily.

“I’d say the pleasure is all mine, Nicholas,” Jane purred. “But Elizabeth hired me to make sure that you got all the pleasure you can handle, and then some, for your birthday!”

“That’s my girl!” Nick beamed. “She always has the best plans!”

“Let’s get started, eh? We can always talk later!” Libby said anxiously. She had been aroused all evening, but now, standing side by side with the tall, dark transgender woman and smelling her spicy perfume, her pussy felt like it was about to burst with need. Jane squeezed her hand once before letting go and walking slowly over to the bound man.

“A marvelous idea,” Jane purred. She bent over him, pushing her impressive cleavage into his smiling face as her long fingers teased his muscles through his shirt. Libby joined her and the pair of them had his shirt unbuttoned and pulled open to expose his chest in moments.

“Help yourselves, ladies,” Nick drawled, as if he had any choice in the matter. Libby teased one of his hard little nipples with her teeth, making him squirm and hiss. Jane kissed her way down his washboard abs as she ran her long-fingered hands up and down his thighs. Libby could feel the woman’s soft brown hair against her cheek and smell her shampoo. It nearly made her head spin.

“Let’s see what we’re working with here,” Jane cooed. Her voice was low and raspy, and sent a shiver up Libby’s spine. They crouched before him, rubbing shoulders, as Jane slowly unzipped Nick’s tight jeans.

“I’m sure he won’t disappoint, he’s quite impressive,” Libby said proudly.

“Oh yes, I think can tell that already,” Jane cooed as she slowly fished out the young man’s rapidly swelling cock. Libby licked her lips at the sight of another woman stroking and caressing that big, pink organ. Long and thick, Nick’s manhood was bigger than most she’d seen, and handsome to boot. Straight and smooth, with a deep purple head just barely thicker than the shaft, it was just big enough to share.

“Go ahead,” she whispered to the dark woman, patting her bare shoulder. Jane nodded and dove in, her full lips wrapping right around her boyfriend’s turgid cock head. Nick gasped in pleasure, bucking his hips up as he wiggled on the hard wooden chair. Jane moaned around his stiffness, bobbing her pretty face up and down. She twisted her head around like a corkscrew as she bobbed, then swallowed every inch of him to the base without missing a beat.

“Jesus Christ, she’s good!” Nick cried in awe as the brunette worshiped his cock. She hummed around him as she slurped at his stiff rod.

“Yeah? I had a feeling she’d be really good at this,” Libby giggled. The logic just made sense, after all. That blonde Nick had gotten for her birthday no doubt licked pussy so well because she had one of her own. The same should hold true with the transgender prostitute!

“If only you could feel what she’s doing with her tongue!” Nick gasped. His muscled chest and stomach flexed. Jane worked him for several minutes more, putting on quite a show for Libby as she displayed her impressive oral skills. Nick started to sweat, grinding his teeth and grunting each time the brunette pressed her wet, red lips down tight against the root of his cock. She pulled off suddenly, leaving his cock quivering in midair, glistening with her spit. He looked red, raw and ready to burst.

“Two more seconds and you’d be filling my mouth,” Jane said softly, her lips a fraction of an inch from his flesh.

“Yeah, you’re incredible,” he mumbled. He looked shyly at Libby, as if afraid he was hurting her feelings. She stood up on her knees and kissed his cheek.

“Your birthday is just getting started, Nicky!”

“I think he’s settled down now,” Jane said after a moment. She took Libby’s hand and pulled her back down beside her. “How about we both suck him?”

“Great idea!” Libby said excitedly.

END SAMPLE

Sample of “There’s a New Boss in Town”:

Carol sighed as she leaned back in her big leather chair. A week of working with Rebecca on the project had taken a toll on her energy reserves. There’d been a lot to catch up on, but the slender blonde seemed to have all the facts, all the answers. Carol thought she could have left the whole thing in the young woman’s hands, if she’d wanted to. She was an exceptionally bright girl, and the most efficient assistant Carol had ever had. With Stephen out of town visiting his family, Carol had kept the young woman late every night, and the two of them had accomplished far more than polishing off that one outstanding project.

That wasn’t what had sapped Carol’s strength, however. She’d wondered if Rebecca would start dressing more conservatively, now that she had a woman boss. Instead, she’d worn the same tight skirts and short dresses each day, complete with those tall, sexy heels. She was always well-manicured and wore the most alluring spicy perfume. Carol groaned as she remembered the moment last week when she’d come into her office to find her assistant bent over the desk to peer at several spread sheets laid out before her. Her round, bubbly bottom had looked oh-so inviting with her cream skirt molded around her curves.

Carol knew she had to be careful, but after being around that sensual young woman all day, she needed to relieve the pressure. Two or three times during the week she’d had to sneak off to her office by herself and take care of the powerful need surging between her legs. She was cautious about, not because she feared that her preference for women would be discovered, but for another, more shocking secret.

The busty woman pulled her skirt slowly over her thighs as she leaned back in her chair. She liked the look and feel of garters and stockings. Old fashioned, to be sure, but they made her feel incredibly sexy and womanly. She spread her toned legs as they were exposed, and rubbed her hands softly across the bulging front of her black satin panties.

Carol Krandall had been born Charles Krandall. She'd known ever since she was a little kid that the name Charlie was a lie, that it wasn't truly her. As soon as she'd turned eighteen she'd cut ties with her disapproving, religious parents and struck out on her own. Charlie was gone the moment she closed the door behind her, and Carol was born. The first few years had been fraught with many a misadventure as she learned how to transition from male to female all on her own.

She'd found time while working her way through college to get herself a good doctor. Hormones helped her transition, changing her slender, yet masculine body into the vision of delicious curves she now displayed. It had taken almost two years for her to fully master make up, clothes, shoes and hair. Even longer for her to feel comfortable enough to try her hand at romance. She'd dated men at first, thinking that that was what she needed to do to be a woman. It had taken her a long time to discover that not only was she truly a woman, but that she far preferred other women. Not that she had much time for dating in the last few years, not with her career to attend to.

She rubbed the heavy bulge in her panties for a moment before pushing the waistband down and hauling out her massive, pink cock. She grinned at herself as she stroked herself to her full jaw-dropping size. To think, she'd once been saving

enough money to get rid of it! Once she'd discovered that she was more of a lesbian than a straight woman, she'd learned that having a cock was far from a disadvantage. It not only helped her persuade straight women to try a walk on the wild side, but most found her size to be irresistible.

Memories of her assistant naked on Vance's desk filled her mind as she stroked herself slowly. That Stephen Vance was one lucky bastard! Did he truly deserve to run his hands over her? Was he good to her? Did he earn the right to fill her undoubtedly tight pussy? She whimpered as her big, smoothly shaved balls began to ache. Her high does of female hormones fought a never-ending battle with her over-sized testicles in her body. They sometimes made it hard for her to get an erection, though popping a blue pill or two seemed to fix that problem. With chemistry on her side, the estrogens seemed to mainly have the effect of keeping her womanly curves intact, and making it so that it took her ages and ages to cum. She grinned. Few women complained about that fact, though it did make it rather time consuming to rub one out at the office!

"Miss Krandall, I have the final papers on the workload analysis- Oh MY GOD!" Rebecca said as she hustled into the room, her pretty face buried in a stack of papers. Her big brown eyes were frozen on Carol's lap as she sprawled on her chair, her fist pumping up and down her mammoth cock.

"Rebecca! Shit! Close the door!" Carol hissed urgently. It was bad enough that she'd forgotten to lock up, but with the door hanging open anyone at all could walk by!

“What?” Rebecca stared at her, looking like someone had smacked her on the head from behind with a big, heavy club.

“Either get out or get in, but close that door!” Carol barked as she pulled her chair up under her desk. She rested her hands on the desktop, panting and trying to ignore the aching throb of her big erection rubbing against the underside of the desk. Her face felt hot and flushed.

“Sorry!” Rebecca whispered quickly. She paused for a moment on the threshold before making her decision. She closed the door and turned, leaning against it.

“Can’t a woman have any decent alone time?” Carol wondered irritably. Her nostrils flared as she ogled her slinky assistant. She wore a silvery top and a black pleated skirt that day. No hose, but her slender legs were tan and smooth and hardly needed them. A waft of her alluring perfume hit Carol’s nose, and she had to force her hands to stay still on the desk.

“Gosh, I didn’t mean to interrupt,” Rebecca chewed on her plump bottom lip. She looked embarrassed, but intensely curious too. “Did I just see what I thought I saw?”

“Yes,” Carol admitted. She didn’t like feeling vulnerable like this, exposed. “I’m trans-rendered. I used to be a man, but I haven’t had reassignment surgery. I’m a chick with a dick. A shemale,” she said the last words bitterly.

“Oh,” Rebecca nodded slowly. “That’s cool. I’m not prejudiced or anything,” she was trying really hard to be nonchalant about it. Carol could have kissed her for that. The thought of kissing her didn’t help her boner get any less hard, however.

“Thanks, Rebecca. Say, uh, could you do me a small favor?” Carol’s normally assertive voice, a bit husky and rich, seemed small.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. I’m not a blabbermouth,” Rebecca said solemnly.

“Thanks,” Carol nodded and met the woman’s soft brown eyes. She really was a sweet young girl. She looked so delicate and slender in her outfit. Her eyes narrowed, were Rebecca’s nipples getting hard under her blouse?

“I’ll just be going, sorry to interrupt!” Rebecca said nervously. She turned, but seemed to be taking her time about it.

“That wasn’t the favor I was going to ask, actually.”

“Oh? How can I help you, Miss Krandall?” Rebecca asked breathlessly over her shoulder.

“Two things. First, call me Carol, when it’s just the two of us. We’ve been working together very closely and it seems odd to not be on a first-name basis. I don’t see that changing any time soon, either. You’re worth your weight in gold!”

“Well, thank you!” Rebecca beamed in pride. She took her hand off the door knob and stepped further into the room. “Working with you has been a real learning experience for me, Miss- I mean, Carol!”

“Pleasure is all mine,” Carol panted. “And the other thing, could you, er, watch my door for about an hour? I really need to take care of some... personal matters. I don’t want anyone else knocking on my door, or coming in unannounced.”

“An hour?” Rebecca guffawed.

“Sorry, it can take me a rather long time,” Carol blushed.

“Don’t your hands get tired?” the young woman gave her a rather sly look. She kept glancing down, as if hoping to get another peek at Carol’s big member. Perhaps she was.

“God, yes,” Carol nodded truthfully. Rebecca turned and locked the door, before coming back to the desk. Carol watched her every move, feeling like she could cum in a lot less than an hour if this kept up. She took a deep breath and took a chance. “I’m so big, a lot bigger than Stephen. It can be hard to get enough stimulation,” she explained.

“I kind of saw that, but you moved so fast I really didn’t get a good look,” Rebecca said as she leaned over the desk. She didn’t have much in the way of

cleavage, but what she did have looked very nice to Carol indeed. She wanted to rip that silk blouse right off her and take a better look. She shouldn't, though. She'd be as bad as Stephen Vance if she did. Worse, actually. The young woman had a boyfriend!

* * *

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