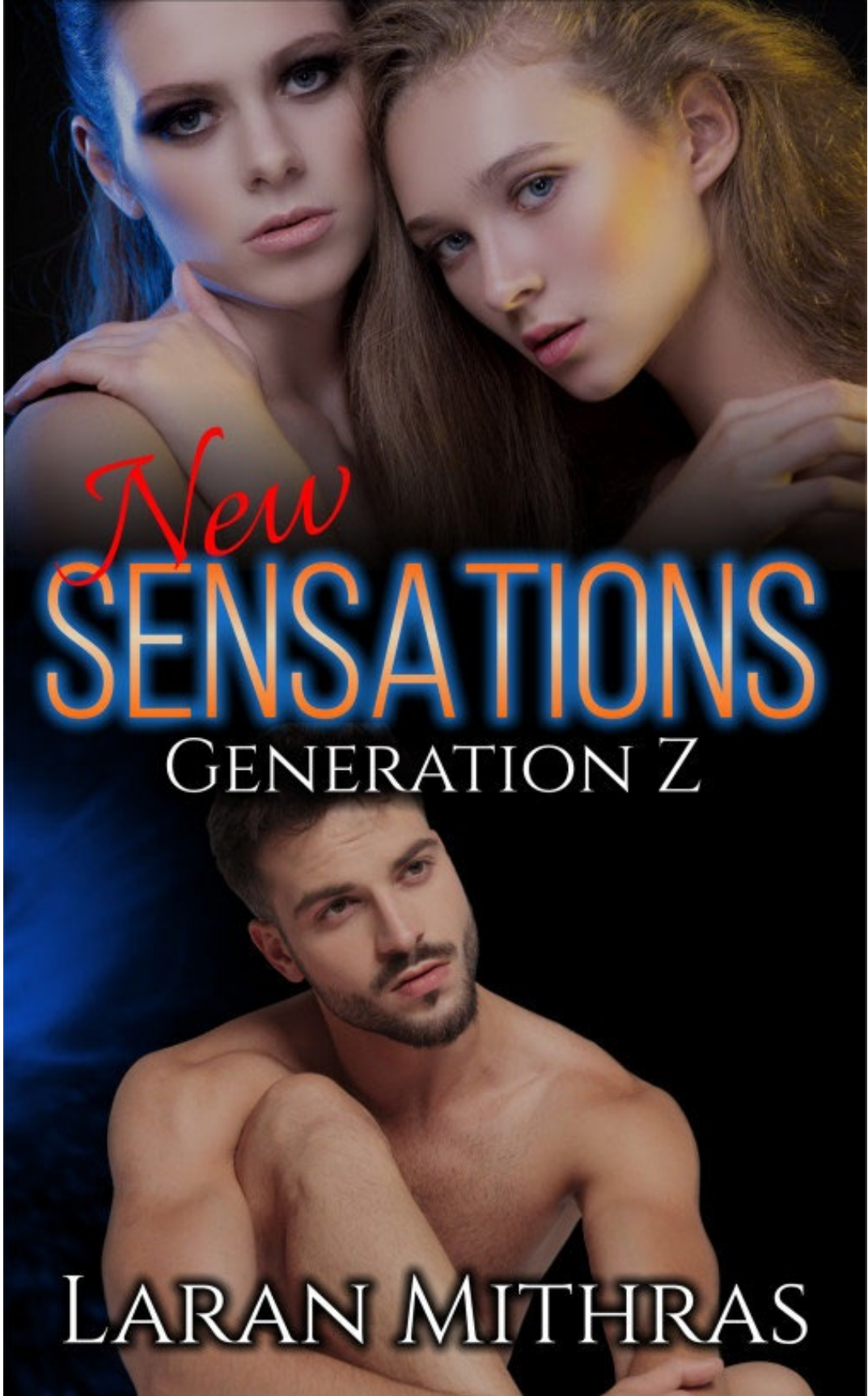


New
SENSATIONS

GENERATION Z

LARAN MITHRAS



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As of 2019, the breakdown by age looks something like this:

Baby Boomers: Baby boomers were born between 1944 and 1964. They're current between 55-75 years old (76 million in U.S.)

Gen X: Gen X was born between 1965 - 1979 and are currently between 40-54 years old (82 million people in U.S.)

Gen Y: Gen Y, or Millennials, were born between 1980 and 1994. They are currently between 25-39 years old.

Gen Z: Gen Z is the newest generation to be named and were born between 1995 and 2015. They are currently between 4-24 years old (nearly 74 million in U.S.)

Generation Z is recognized as the most sexually liberated of any that have gone before. Anything goes.

CHAPTER 1

I stared in horror at the atrocity on canvas in front of me. It looked like someone had chugged a bunch of paint and then barfed it all back up. I was getting queasy. I muttered, "I hate it."

My wife's nose was wrinkled. "It's too... gross. But don't say anything; it's art."

I whispered, "Is art supposed to make you sick?"

People moved about us in the hotel convention center. I kept a surveillance of those around us to avoid saying anything offensive in front of Barry – our friend and the artist of the vomit splat.

Most of the people around us were older. I think we were the youngest there, except for Barry. It was a big deal for him to be included in the charity event and we had promised...

A high voice of pleasure startled me. "Oh, hey..."

And there stood our cocktail waitress from the Daily Tipple on A Street. She stood between us, looking at me.

I smiled in surprise.

My wife scowled with jealousy.

I said, "Harmony, right?"

She nodded with enthusiasm. "Right. You're..."

"I'm Braiden. This is my wife Kinzey."

She snapped her delicate fingers. "Right, now I remember. I see so many names on credit cards..." Her attention turned to my wife. "You look fantastic this evening."

Kinzey blinked and blushed. "Oh? Um, thanks."

"Your hair always looks so beautiful. Mine just hangs. God I just can't seem to do anything with it." She turned to look at the painting. Her pretty lips made a twitch. "Oh... how... interesting..."

I really liked the waitress and was always trying to steal looks at her. Taller than Kinzey, she had beautiful breasts where my wife was flat-chested. In fact, my wife was so flat that she didn't bother wearing bras.

I could not help comparing them even now. Harmony was tall, smoking sexy with a throaty voice when she wasn't delivering greetings. Kinzey was tiny, but super cute and very fussy over her appearance: it had to be perfect.

Harmony started to gag looking at the canvas. "It reminds me of beer barf mixed with blood and printer ink." She wasn't being very quiet about it and I saw Barry over her shoulder coming towards us.

I touched her arm much like she always touched mine at the Daily Tipple. "Can I refresh our drinks?"

Her face lit up with genuine interest. "That would be very nice to have someone wait on me for a change..." She finished off the one in her hand with a veteran swig.

I motioned with my eyes towards my wife that danger was near in the form of Barry.

Harmony said, "Screwdriver. I'm simple."

"Got it." I silently willed my wife to say something to keep Harmony from embarrassing us in front of our friend.

Fortunately, Kinzey had seen him. She gripped the woman's arm as if it were mine and said, "So, you like charity events?"

I escaped and went to the bar. "Two Mai Tais and a screwdriver. Make them heavy." I watched my wife and Harmony from afar while I waited.

Two beautiful women.

Both extremely sexy in different ways.

What I wouldn't give to get them both in bed. My dick began swelling at the thought. Cute Kinzey and sexy Harmony. Wow. Never happen.

I paid for the drinks and carried the three drinks back to them. Fortunately, Barry was gone.

Harmony was fingering the gold cross that hung around Kinzey's neck. Seeing her delicate finger touching my wife's skin made me even harder.

Kinzey said, "Yes, but not every Sunday." She accepted her Mai Tai.

I placed Harmony's drink into her hand, brushing my fingers across hers. Little thrills raced up my hardened dick. I was tall, Kinzey was tiny, and Harmony was right in between. It felt good standing together with these two women.

Harmony raised her glass to Kinzey. "A toast? To friends?"

Even in the way my wife clutched her glass, it was with care and precision. Fussy in the extreme, she would even rearrange her fingers on a glass if she thought they didn't look right. Kinzey lifted her glass instantly, her face open and relaxed with genuine joy. "Sure, to friends."

They touched plastic tumblers.

My wife started to sip, but saw the other woman tip back the screwdriver and take down half in a smooth motion. Changing her lift, she copied the motion.

Harmony breathed out in relief. "Oh, nice and strong." But she wasn't saying it to me; she was looking at Kinzey. "Does your husband go with you to church?"

"Sometimes, not every time. Maybe twice a year and I go four or five times..."

Now Harmony looked at me with a reproving glance. "She's too beautiful to let out of your sight, Braiden." She tsked. Her attention returned to Kinzey. "Is your church," she paused in hesitation, "uptight about sex?"

I was pleased she had broached such a fantastic subject and my dick grew even firmer.

My wife looked taken aback. "No, not at all—"

"I mean, there are a lot of churches out there that finger-wag—"

"No, mine isn't like that. There's no room for guilt when there's Jesus."

Harmony's face shifted slowly from curiosity to comfort. She reached around my wife's waist and pulled her close to her side. She said, "I really like the sound of that. It sounds like my kind of church."

Kinzey didn't know what to say.

I pushed my luck and lifted my glass so both could see. I finished off my drink. We had only had them for a couple of minutes, but I wanted to see if they would do the same.

Harmony did, right away –with a knowing twinkle in her sexy eyes.

With that, Kinzey matched her, downing the rest of her Mai Tai.

I stuck my dick on the chopping block of hope. "Maybe I should get us another round?"

Harmony said, "You are too nice."

I made a throwing motion. "My old basketball spirit from high school. Shooting guard. Team player. I scored over forty percent from the three-point range." I wanted to contribute something about myself to make sure I was included.

Kinzey closed her eyes and twitched her mouth to the side: it was her look of patience. She claimed I bragged too much about my high school basketball days.

I didn't see any harm in it and I was really very good – and that's where we had met: in high school; me as shooting guard; and her as the tiniest of the cheerleaders. So what if that was four years ago?

I didn't want to argue, though, or press the point for Kinzey's sake. Harmony just gave me a double eyebrow lift and handed me her glass. She kept her arm around Kinzey's waist.

I really liked that.

I didn't like guys getting close to my wife, but a woman? Even if Harmony was a little older? Hot lez action? Fuck yeah.

I deposited the empty plastics in a discreet trash container and went back to the bar. I was feeling buzzed and happy.

While waiting, I watched my wife and the waitress. They were still close, touching, and Harmony was using her other hand to trace her finger along my wife's ear.

This looks promising. Fuck yeah.

Finally, it was my turn. "Make them stronger. They were just a little weak last time."

The bartender chick with the dyke haircut and bowtie at her neck gave me a pained look, but said nothing. I paid and took the drinks back carefully. My feet were feeling numb.

Harmony was giggling with my wife over something and her lips were close to Kinzey's ear.

My cock twitched several times and my pulse was pounding. If I could get these two together for some lez action, then maybe I could join in and get some of Harmony's pussy. What a dream that would be. A brunette and a blonde together? Wow.

We toasted again.

Harmony said, "To intimacy."

I gulped hard. I think she was suggesting... I looked to my wife quickly.

Her lips were open and her nipples were straining against her top. She was very turned on from whatever they had talked about when I was at the bar.

We took the half-tumbler gulp, following Harmony's lead.

She let out a breath of satisfaction and licked her lips. Then she turned her head and licked up the outer edge of Kinzey's ear.

My wife shivered as if chilled to the bone. She closed her eyes and gasped.

Harmony turned smoky eyes to me. "Braiden...?"

"Hmm?"

"Have you ever... let your wife play with another woman?"

Kinzey gasped again.

I'm in heaven! Fucking score! I acted all nonchalant. "Well, yes, I have thought about it – with the right woman, of course."

My wife blinked at me, but not in surprise. Her breathing quickened through her parted lips. Her eyes were a little glazed from the drink and maybe some lust – I wasn't sure. But I knew she was ready right now to do something she had never asked for.

Fortunately, Harmony asked the question. "What would you think of a little threesome back at your place? Is that too...?"

I coughed, rushing to reassure her. "Forward? No, not at all. I... uh... like the idea if my wife does." Say yes, dammit. I stared forcefully at Kinzey.

My little wife swallowed several times and looked back and forth between us.

I could tell she was weighing her possible jealousy if I was involved.

I said, "I wouldn't mind watching you two at all." There, better? Say yes!

Apparently, my wife was smart enough to agree with me. She stuttered, "Th-that sounds... fun..." The red blush that crept up her face was vivid.

Harmony turned to her fully and hugged her. "I can't wait."

My head swam with victory. My dick swelled with triumph. At twenty-two, I was going to live a lifelong fantasy this very night.

CHAPTER 2

Harmony followed us to our studio. We called it a studio but it was just the room my dad had built over the garage. At least it had a separate entrance on the side.

Before we turned on our street, Kinzey said, "I can't believe we invited her..."

"I think it's great she likes you. She's always so nice."

"I've seen you checking out her ass."

I laughed nervously. "Yeah, but yours is cuter."

"You really want me to... do things with her?"

"Sure, no harm in it? Two girls? Nothing wrong with that. And you're married and I approve. It's not like you'll be cheating with some guy."

"I would never cheat on you."

"And this is perfect because it's a girl. It won't be cheating."

"Are you sure?"

We were home. I said, "Sure, this'll be fun." Secretly, I was just aching to shove my dick into Harmony's pussy. I was certain once Kinzey was into it all that I could get away with it. Plus, seeing my little wife lez out had my dick hard.

She wasn't uptight or anything, except for being fussy, so she hadn't lied to Harmony. Her church really was unconcerned about the sexual practices of its members.

When we had dated and married, we had sort of just fallen into monogamy because it was easy. Our peers and classmates laughed at the idea and we knew we were being old fashioned and weird, but that was how it had happened.

I wanted to open up our relationship a little. If she and Harmony hit it off and

scored some lez action with each other, I wasn't far behind. As much as I loved Kinzey, I desperately wanted to sink my cock into Harmony. I was feeling almost smashed – I had plied us with enough alcohol that it had been dangerous to drive home. But the prospects of the drink loosening us up enough was my goal.

We waited at the car as the waitress pulled up behind. I whispered to Kinzey, "I hope you two like each other—"

"She was funny. I didn't think she'd be that easy to talk to."

"I mean, I hope you two become friends."

Harmony came up beside Kinzey and slipped her thin arm through my wife's. She pulled her close and said in a voice filled with lust, "Have you ever been fucked by a woman before? A girl in school, maybe?"

"N-no." My wife shivered. Her nipples were obvious points against the fabric.

"There's nothing quite as erotic as two women fucking. I want to lick you..."

Kinzey groaned. "Let's go inside..."

Despite the usual privacy of our comings and goings, I hoped Harmony didn't make any noise on the way up the stairs. I was practically tiptoeing.

My wife was quiet.

I opened the door and led the way into the studio. I was proud of it; it looked like home. My wife kept it spotless.

Harmony murmured, "Nice for a young couple."

Having never really drank much outside of parties or events, I had nothing to offer Harmony. I resolved to buy some bottles of whatever later and keep it stocked.

Harmony didn't seem to expect any. She twirled over to the bed and instantly unbuttoned her top.

I swallowed hard. I was anxious to see those beautiful boobs.

My wife stared.

The waitress whipped off her shirt and there they were. Perfect, prime mounds of feminine beauty. They were gorgeous. Not real big, but somewhere around a B or C cup. She stood there in her skirt. Her nipples were already poking out, hard. She hooked a finger and motioned to my wife. "Come here, Kinzey."

My wife did, with only one faltering step.

Harmony took her in her arms and hugged her, gazing down into her eyes. Then she kissed her.

It was a surprise to me and I knew my life would never be the same. I had to have more of this. I would do or give anything to make sure my wife and Harmony got along and made friends. I was going to be the daddy and the thought made me both hard and ecstatic.

I began removing my clothes while they were busy.

Harmony saw me doing it, but Kinzey didn't – her back was to me.

The waitress stopped kissing her and said, "You taste so sweet. I bet your pussy does, too."

Kinzey said nothing, but I could see the very edge of her ears and they were bright red.

Harmony undressed my trembling wife until she was totally naked. Helping her out of her panties, the waitress's eyes were at pussy level with my wife. She breathed, "Absolutely gorgeous." She looked over at me. "I've always wanted to fuck a little blonde church girl."

I stood there, dick waving in the air. "Please, be my guest."

She looked down at my erection and winked with a sly smile. She lowered my skinny wife to the bed and opened her legs. She knelt down and touched her face to my wife's pussy.

I couldn't help myself and I started stroking. I moved over to the side of our bed so I could watch.

Kinzey reached up and took over, gripping my cock and pulling on it.

My eyes were locked on Harmony's sexy face and that slender tongue working up and down my wife's pussy.

Fuck yeah! We're actually doing this! This is fucking great! I didn't say it, though, just moaned in the atmosphere of lust. I would get my chance soon.

It came sooner than I had thought.

Harmony got up and came over to me. "I hadn't intended to... do anything with you, but I should give you my thanks before I really get into it with your wife." She slipped down to her knees in front of me.

Kinzey said, nothing, just breathed heavy through her parted lips. Her hand wandered down to her pussy and she began rubbing at her clit.

My dick flexed repeatedly as Harmony put her sweet lips over it. Her mouth was pure heaven. She really knew how to blow a man. Her lips and tongue were the lightest touches of silk and sex.

I trembled, my muscles going taut as the beautiful waitress moved her head back and forth on my shaft. Despite the alcohol having erased our usual inhibitions, it also had the added effect of making my dick numb.

I thrust my hips and grabbed her head. I stroked my fingers through her silky brunette hair and fucked my cock into her mouth. I think she felt the need to be more vigorous, so she sucked me harder.

She pulled off and looked up at me with those smoky eyes. She gripped my shaft and jacked it. "Are you going to cum for me? Cum in my mouth?"

"Yeah," I gasped raggedly.

Kinzey had a doubtful look of possible jealousy on her face.

To avoid any objection from her, I said, "Then you'll go back to licking my

wife?"

Harmony glanced over at her. "Yes. I can't wait to fuck her."

Kinzey groaned in her little voice and her fingers moved faster on her clit.

The waitress said, "I hope we become the best of friends." She sucked my cock back into her mouth and I closed my eyes. I was actually getting blown by the hot waitress! My mind was filled with guys I would have to tell. This was the ultimate I had ever had in sex.

I breathed, "You're welcome here any time, Harmony. Any time." I gripped the side of her head and drove my shaft in and out of her sweet mouth. She sucked way better than my wife and I was definitely going to want Harmony's mouth on my cock as often as possible. I decided right then that we were going to be going to the Daily Tipple a lot more often. I said, "You give an awesome blowjob..."

She sucked faster and kneaded my hips with her delicate fingers.

The sucking motion brought the impending tension and tickle up the souls of my feet all the way up to my inner thighs. I felt my cock swell in her mouth. I gasped, "Oh yeah..." and then grunted as I blasted her throat with my cum in a euphoric explosion of lust.

Cumming in your wife's throat is one thing. It's nice. But the beautiful, sexy waitress? That's a whole other level of awesomeness. I was definitely going to have to brag about this to all my friends. I groaned and grunted, holding her head on my cock as I fed her my cum.

It was phenomenal and just like that, I was addicted to Harmony's mouth.

Her tongue and cheeks milked my cock until it was so drained that my balls hurt. I laughed weakly. "Oh yeah, you're definitely coming back. As often as you can."

She swallowed it all and I loved it. She stood and licked her lips. "You taste good. And yes, as long as I can fuck your wife, I'll be here as often as you want me." She bent in and kissed me.

Whoa.

I don't go for Kinzey doing that, and I tensed up. But I didn't want to offend Harmony, so I let her kiss me. I tasted myself on her tongue as she forced it on me. After a moment, I got into it and kissed her back. My dick had started to wilt but was getting hard again.

Her kiss was soft, sexy, and seductive. I wanted to fuck her right there.

Harmony moaned and broke the kiss. She breathed, "You almost make me want to be hetero."

Not wanting to upset my wife, I diverted that real fast. "So you're fully lesbian?"

She nodded, then tilted her head. "Though I might go bi for you. I don't know. But I guess a blowjob doesn't hurt. Can I fuck your wife now?"

I laughed, knowing that letting her get her lez on with Kinzey was going to secure all the future blowjobs I wanted. I begged her, "Please. Please. Go ahead."

Harmony moved to my wife. She bent down and licked up my wife's pussy once.

Kinzey moaned with relish.

Licking her wasn't something I did with her, except once. Too much work for me. If Harmony came around more, she could fulfill that area for my wife. Besides, lezzies were all about licking, right? It was perfect.

The waitress stood straight and unzipped her short skirt. She let it drop at her feet. Her black lace panties showed her camel toe beautifully. She moved up between my wife's legs and hooked her thumbs into her panties.

Fuck yeah. I was totally buzzed and happy. My head was swimming dizzily from the alcohol and the orgasm.

The panties were off in a flash. She reached down to play with herself or something and I heard a ripping sound.

She moved closer to my wife's pussy.

Something flopped down, long and skinny, waving back and forth in the air.

I tried to focus on it and moved closer. A strap on? Cool.

Harmony gripped my wife's hips and bent up and forward. The skinny thing was pointing straight now and it pushed into my wife's pussy.

Kinzey's eyes opened wide and she gasped. Her hips rose slightly and then she let out a long, low moan. She looked at me, searching my face.

I smiled at her and squeezed her hand, overjoyed that we had added such a beautiful woman to our sex life.

Then I looked down at the thing attached to Harmony's hips. It looked exactly like a very long, skinny cock. What is that thing? I wasn't seeing any straps. I blinked to try clearing my vision.

Harmony moved like she was fucking.

Gotta be a strap on. I leaned down closer. My wife's juices were all over it and she was really moving her hips like she was into it. She groaned loudly, tightly, giving me the indication she was already close to orgasm.

I just stood there, mouth open as Harmony fucked that long skinny thing deep into my wife.

The waitress sighed wistfully, her eyes glazed over. "Your pussy feels wonderful."

At that, Kinzey began to shake. Her little body trembled as if connected to an electrical outlet and she cried out at her impending orgasm.

Harmony said, "Do you like that?"

"I-I've n-never had one s-so deep..."

The brunette beauty stopped moving. "Am I hurting you?"

Kinzey pleaded, "Don't stop. Don't stop."

Harmony resumed pumping, thrusting hard into my wife. "Such a beautiful little Christian girl..."

However, I was still staring at the thing sliding in and out of my wife's pussy.
"Wait..."

She looked at me quizzically and then pulled out. "Oh, would you like to suck it a little?"

Kinzey begged, "No, please don't stop."

I was staring at a cock. I said, "That's..."

Harmony rubbed the head up and down my wife's swollen pussy lips. Then she pushed her cock back into Kinzey's pussy.

My cock jumped and twitched as the beautiful woman pushed that long shaft into my wife. Kinzey groaned loudly with lust, "Oh... so deep..."

Harmony leaned over her and began driving hard, fucking my wife like... a man.

Kinzey responded by bucking her hips up. "Fuck me... Oh..."

I went around to the back, trying not to look at Harmony's beautiful ass. Hanging down was a small ballsack that repeatedly ballooned against my wife's pussy.

"You..." I shook my head. My mouth was very dry and I croaked, "You're a dude."

Harmony's sexy voice held a slight edge. "I'm a woman." She pushed hard, her thin muscles working as she fucked my wife.

Kinzey cried out, trying to stifle her ecstasy. She flopped underneath Harmony as she came. The waitress said, "That's it. So fucking hot." She slammed her hips forward and her little balls began moving up and down. She grunted every time they drew up and squeezed.

"But, you have balls!" Clammy chills ran down my back. Our waitress was a dude? I had just encouraged him to fuck my wife? Like, what the total fuck?

Harmony pulled her long shaft from my wife's pussy. It dropped cum. She panted at me, "Thank you, Braiden." She held up her hands as if to cup my face and kiss me.

Suddenly, I was seeing a dude underneath careful preparation. An ugly dude. My mind totally shorted out that a beautiful woman could come from such an ugly guy. Except, she was still beautiful. Or he was. Or it. I slapped her hands away.

She frowned. "What's wrong?"

"You fucked my wife. You have a dick."

"It's my girlie clit."

I pointed. "That's no fucking clit."

She put hands on her hips and cocked them to one side. "Ever seen big clits before? What if some other woman wanted to put her clit in your wife? Would you still freak out?"

"So, you are a dude."

"I am not, I'm a woman."

"But you have a dick and balls."

She sighed heavily. "Braidon, I'm transgender."

My eyes bugged out. "You're a trap?"

Her eyebrows drew down angrily. "I am not a trap."

"Fine, whatever. You're a transgender."

"I am not a transgender. I am transgender. I'm a woman."

I was floored. Sure I had learned to be respectful and nonjudgmental, but I had just watched my small wife take a very long cock.

Kinzey had shifted up wearily onto one elbow. She was currently watching us, open mouthed and playing with her clit.

"You fucked my wife."

"You begged me to."

I had. I really had. Except that I hadn't known Harmony was a dude that had become a chick. This was not what I had fucking signed on for. "This is fucking wrong. I would never have allowed some dude to fuck my wife!"

Harmony recoiled from my shout. She said quietly, "I'm a woman, Braiden. But I'll leave now." The crushed hurt on her face angered me.

She – it – whatever wanted sympathy from me? I grated through clenched teeth, "Get the fuck out."

Tear spilled down Harmony's cheeks. She picked up her things without bothering to put them on and left the studio.

My wife was still playing with herself and was giving me a very strange look.

CHAPTER 3

My wife admonished me, "You shouldn't have been such a jerk."

"Kinzey, he fucked you."

"She."

"It was a dude that became a chick, but still had a dick. That's a dude in my book."

"I'm not up on all the new genders coming out every day, either, but... she's a woman and that's her right to be one. You can't be racist over something like this."

"Racist?"

"Or a homophobe. Or... what do you call someone afraid of a transgender?"

I tapped on my phone. "Dickophobia."

"Seriously?"

"No, it's called transphobia. Yeah, duh, makes sense. Still, I'm not afraid of it, I'm just pissed she didn't tell us before."

"Tell us what? She used to be a guy? Isn't that rather personal?"

I couldn't argue that with her. The school gender studies had made it clear that prejudice and disapproval were forms of hate and could not be tolerated in society. There could even be criminal penalties.

I knew all that. Still, my wife had been fucked in front of me.

Several hours at night and the next morning of arguing all this hadn't changed my mind much. I threw up my hand. When Harmony had asked to fuck my wife, I thought she was referring to the lesbian term, not the hetero.

Kinzey interrupted my mental ranting. "I, uh..."

"What?"

"Last night, when she admitted she was transgender?"

"Yeah, what?"

"It turned me on." That blush was making her ears bright red again.

"Huh?"

"She sucked your dick. That made me very jealous, but now that I know she was once a guy..."

I made a disgusted face.

She said, "It might sound strange, but the jealousy went away."

"That's just fucking great."

"No, I mean it. Knowing she used to be a guy changed it. It really turned me on. You even kissed—"

I pinched the bridge of my nose. "All right, all right, enough."

"No, you don't understand. I mean, I really liked it."

"How could you?"

She shrugged. "I don't know, I just found it hot. Super hot. It's not like it was gay or something, seeing as she's a woman."

"With a dick."

She giggled and bit her lip.

I scowled in disbelief at her. "You really are turned on by that?"

"You came in her mouth and she swallowed. Then she kissed you." She took a few breaths and opened her mouth. "I'm getting hot again."

"This isn't funny. I was expecting you to lez with her and to find out she has a dick—"

"You acted like her blowjob was the best you'd ever had."

Too fast, I admitted it. "It was." Then I realized what I was admitting. I exclaimed, "I'm not gay."

"Who said you were? She's a woman, anyway."

I laughed in aggravation and despair. "But..."

"She's a woman. She has bigger breasts than me, that's for sure."

"And a massive clit."

Kinzey giggled. "That was fun."

"Being fucked was fun?"

Now she looked hurt. "Well, yeah..."

"He—"

"She. And she's right, just think of her dick like a really long clit."

I blew out a breath.

"And you were extremely rude to her. The poor girl."

I nodded in defeat. I had been really shitty to her.

"We need to apologize to her."

I sighed heavily. "Yeah... I... guess we should."

"Let's go now to the Tipple."

"They're not open yet."

"When they open."

I looked at her with curiosity. "Why are you so anxious?"

She swallowed, looking up at me from where she sat cross-legged on the bed. "Because we were happy and excited last night. It all felt so new. It was almost like we became totally based."

I nodded. It had indeed felt like we had become something more – something like those people who were who they were no matter what anyone else thought of them. "Except—"

"Don't be dickophobic." Her quirky smile told me she was teasing. "Anyway, it got ruined. I'd like to get that back and we should apologize anyway. I really liked her."

"All right, we'll go when they open." I was still stunned from the events of the previous night. I was wrestling with my own self-identity now. Was I gay because I had blown in Harmony's mouth? Or bisexual? Or was I really still hetero? Did knowing or not make a difference in definitions?

She had definitely given me the most fantastic blowjob I had ever experienced – not that I had received very many, really, but Harmony was miles above Kinzey and Sarah-Marie that my wife didn't know about in my sophomore year.

"What are you thinking about?"

I swallowed my thoughts of that rendezvous with Sarah-Marie in her dad's workshed. "The blowjob last night."

Kinzey bit her lower lip and stuffed her fists down against her crotch as if they were cold. "I know. Hot, wasn't it?"

My dick swelled in memory. I chewed on the side of my mouth for a second.

She said, "Come on, Braiden, admit it. You thought it felt good."

I nodded. "Yeah, okay? It did. It did..."

She bounced a little on the bed like a young girl.

I was a little stung by her admission, though, and I hoped for some inkling of

remorse or change of heart from her. "You really got off on his – I mean her – dick last night? I'm thicker than she is."

"Yeah, but she was longer. It was really nice feeling it..." Her blush returned with a force.

"Feeling what? Size isn't everything."

"I'm not saying you're small. It's just..."

"Just what, exactly?"

"It felt good up in there, hitting spots I hadn't felt before. It was exciting."

I tensed. "He came in you."

"She. And so what? She had an orgasm with me and I had one with her. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"You know what I mean."

"Braiden, you think you're making a point, but you're just arguing yourself into a corner. She had an orgasm with me. Isn't that the point? And I sort of liked the feel of it all up in there."

My stomach was churning, but my dick was strangely ticklish. I thought back to the image in my head of Harmony's length sliding so smoothly in and out of Kinzey's pussy. Other than the shock, it had looked really good.

My wife interrupted my memory. "Wouldn't you want her to suck your cock again?"

I was too fast again – just rattling off gut answers. "Yeah."

"Hopefully, she isn't too mad."

"You really don't want her in our life that way, do you?"

She pouted. "She was nice, and if I recall correctly, you were pushing it hard." She trembled. "And I'd really love to see her suck your cock again. Does that sound bad?"

"No..." Except she's a... Oh fuck it. I sighed. "I'm kinda getting hard thinking about it."

Kinzey's eyes brightened and she bounced on the bed again.

CHAPTER 4

The Daily Tipple was crowded as soon as the sign was flipped and the door unlocked. The neckbeards and baby butches that crowded the place were mostly wiffy ninjas who didn't buy much coffee or booze, but used the free wifi.

I opened my phone Twitter app, not caring what the others thought. I fit right in. At least we always ordered drinks – usually mocha cream coffees with kahlua.

Kinzey saw Harmony right away. "She's over there."

I was busy tweeting. "Yeah..."

"Go apologize."

I frowned and added a hashtag to my tweet. "Why don't you do it?"

"Because you were the one that got all pissed off—"

"But if I go, it will look weird. People will think I'm hitting on a girl while you sit here—"

"It's more right if you do it."

I sighed in resignation. "Yeah, fine. Okay." I put away my phone and got up.

Harmony saw me coming and her face crumpled in suffering. She moved away from the table with an order and said to me, "I'll be at your table in a few minutes." She brushed past.

I reached out and took her arm in my grip to stop her from getting away. It jerked her back around and she looked at me with outrage.

A few soy bois looked also, aiming their phones. One indignant white knight neckbeard rose from his seat. Neckbeard said, "Hey."

I said quickly to Harmony. "Sorry for grabbing you; I just wanted to apologize

for last night."

She regarded me for a few seconds, brushing a few loose strands of hair out of her eye. "Okay, we can talk a little when I come to your table, but I do have work to do."

I bobbed my head. "No problem."

Her lips twitched to one side in a ghost of a smile before she spun away.

I gave neckbeard a palms-out gesture showing I wasn't doing anything. I returned to our table.

Kinzey said, "What did you say?"

"I apologized, but she was busy. She said she'd come to our table in a little bit."

"That's all?"

I shrugged dramatically. "She was busy..." I took out my phone and reopened Twitter. I also had work to do.

When Harmony came by, she acted as if we had never met. "Can I take your order?"

Kinzey ordered for us.

She started to turn away.

I said, "I really am sorry. Both of us... for last night."

Her shoulders tensed up, but she had stopped her turn. "Are you being for real?"

"Yes."

Kinzey talked over me. "Yes."

Harmony nodded, not looking at us. "Let me get all the orders in and delivered and I'll come back around."

I knew that would be about twenty minutes. "Okay."

We waited in the normal muted sounds of the establishment while people clicked away on laptops or sent messages on their phones. It was a peaceful sound filled with electronic connection and comfort.

"You're a big tweeter, huh?" The voice was sexy and startled me. It was Harmony.

"Oh, yeah, it's my job."

She looked amused. "Your job? Do you get paid for it?" She sounded doubtful.

Kinzey was nodding.

I said, "Yeah, actually I do."

Harmony looked at me skeptically. "What kind of job pays you to tweet?"

"I'm Senior Social Networking Technician to Senator Clarke."

"No kidding? You just tweet and get paid?"

"Yeah, my job is to basically make fun of her haters. I just call them names."

Harmony made a disbelieving face. "How much does it pay?"

I said proudly, "A hundred K a year."

Now she really looked annoyed. "Get out."

"Seriously."

Unfortunately, Kinzey spilled the beans. "She's his aunt."

The waitress lifted her head, rolled her eyes over to the side and made an aggravated face. "A hundred K to tweet?"

I got defensive. "It's a serious job. It's a constant war—"

Harmony shook her head. "I don't wanna know. And here I make nine dollars an hour plus tips. No wonder your credit card always goes through."

Kinzey made me even more embarrassed. "Yeah, he has an expense account, too."

Harmony's voice was rueful and dry. "How do I get adopted into all that money?"

I shrugged. "Be a senator's nephew? Or, niece in your case?"

She shook her head and walked away. "I'll be back..."

I leaned over to my wife. "Why did you tell her about us being related?"

Kinzey looked perplexed. "Why not? It's a great job and pays a lot of money."

"Yeah, but now she'll think I only have the job because she's my aunt, not because of my mad skills."

"Who cares?"

"I take pride in what I do. I'm making a real difference."

"Right, so who cares?"

I made an annoyed sound. "I just don't want people to think it's like a pity job or something."

"Why would Harmony think that?"

"I don't know..." I went back to tweeting.

When Harmony came back around, she said, "So now I know why you always have your heads down to your phones." She directed her question to my wife. "So do you get a hundred thou, too?"

"No, I just like all his posts. I use ten different accounts to do it, but I don't get paid for it."

Harmony deadpanned, "I see..."

Kinzey wriggled her shoulders. "My husband is too shy, but we're really sorry. Though... we were hoping we could all get back together."

I cleared my throat, surprised that she had thought I wanted that. My gut was saying no, but my dick began to harden. And really, Harmony had always been a very nice person. I kept quiet to see what she would say.

The brunette waitress looked thoughtful, lips pursed in deliberation. "I'm... a big girl. Apology accepted."

My wife bounced in her seat. "When do you get off?"

Harmony lowered her voice and bent down a little towards my wife. "When I'm inside you?"

Kinzey's blush was epic.

CHAPTER 5

Harmony's knock on our studio door reverberated in my chest with equal parts of sickness and excitement.

Kinzey instantly fussed with the cover of the bed, yanking out an imaginary wrinkle.

I guess it's up to me to answer the door... I opened it and looked upon... the woman. She was as beautiful and sexy as ever. I felt my dick harden at the sight of her just as it had all the times in the past – before I knew she had been a guy.

The perfect swell of her breasts, the delicate line of her jaw, her moist lips – all as sexy as ever.

In spite of my inner turmoil, I smiled and let her in.

Just getting a whiff of her feminine scents had me hard in my jeans. I wanted to grab her and... How could I fuck her if she didn't have a pussy? Her ass? It just wasn't the same.

Kinzey had perched perfectly posed on the arm of our sofa and waited. Her face was exceptionally bright and happy.

Harmony was staring at her, but then abruptly turned to me. "I'm really only here for your wife... but I feel sort of obligated. I'm sorry I'm not hetero, but I'll blow you again, if that's what you want."

My wife spoke for me. "I liked seeing it. That was hot."

Harmony's finger came up and brushed my wife's cheek. "Then I'll definitely do it for you." She gave me a wink. "Come on Braiden. Sucking you wasn't so bad."

I twisted my mouth. "Bad?"

She giggled. "I didn't mean it that way, it's just I'm a lesbian." She removed her blouse. "You can play with my tits if you want. I won't mind."

I removed my jeans with some reluctance. I was hot for her, but she was hot for my wife. It wasn't exactly the great fantasy I had grown up with. I assumed any hot lezzy licking would automatically involve me putting my dick in the other girl's pussy.

She saw my expression. "Or not." She motioned to the bed. "Come over here."

I passed Kinzey. Her fists were clutched down at her crotch again, subtly moving. I got on the bed on my back, dick waving in the air.

Harmony made a face at it, but easily gripped it in her smooth hand. She jacked it and bent over to lick the head. "For a cock, it's pretty nice."

I snorted. "It's not as long as yours."

Her eyes glazed over in disinterest. "It used to be bigger, before the estrogen therapy."

"Whoa, really?"

She moved my dick from side to side, examining it. "It was almost as thick as yours and my balls were a lot bigger."

"I didn't know estrogen did that."

She smiled at me quizzically. "That's why I'm taking it. I was getting shots at first, but I got migraines. I finally settled on pills and progesterone cream." She lowered her mouth over my cock and began sucking.

Kinzey rushed over, excited, and sat next to us so she could watch up close.

Harmony laughed on my dick – a small exhale of air and a snuffling chuckle. She offered Kinzey my dick. "Want to help?"

"Sure." My wife took the tip in. Her mouth felt so different from Harmony's. The waitress was definitely superb at sucking.

They switched off back and forth, bobbing on my shaft until I felt a good tickle start in my feet. However, it withered into nothing after a second. I think I was turned on, but not like I had been when thinking Harmony was a real woman. I

motioned for them to stop. "You two can have some fun."

Harmony didn't object at all. She got up and dropped her skirt. Her beautiful camel toe was again obvious through her panties.

I said it. "That's great camel toe."

Her face twitched with amusement. "Thanks. Unintended consequences from taping it back..."

"Are you going to get an op and fully transition?"

She sighed heavily. "I wish. It's all I can do to afford the pills and creams on my salary. And pay rent and car insurance and..." She made a raspberry with her lips and rolled her eyes. "And then my dreams of going to night school..." She shook her head.

Kinzey was fingering her clothing but hadn't removed any yet. "Night school?"

"I'd like to get out of my rut, but I can't afford to. I had my eye on health care administration. My parents were going to pay for it..."

I asked, "They're not now?"

She rolled her eyes again, this time with impatience. "They feel I'm not being serious. They disapprove of my transition."

My wife asked, "Are they religious?"

Harmony sounded scandalized. "No, atheists."

Kinzey giggled in surprise. "That's... strange..."

"No it isn't. They think I'm denying science. That I'm an embarrassment to atheism. My grandparents on my father's side are born-again Christians and they accept me just fine. They always have hugs and love for me."

I said, "That sounds backwards."

Harmony gave me a dour look. "Walk in my shoes and find out for yourself."

Kinzey asked, "What about your mom's parents?"

"Grandpa is dead and grandma won't talk about me. She thinks if she ignores it, I'll grow up." She reached under and removed the tape. Her cock swung down and began to harden.

I said, "Does it... ever get hard taped up?"

"No. That's the one benefit of the estrogen – fewer and fewer erections. I don't have to worry about it at all." She gripped her shaft and stroked it. "I hate the thing, really, except..."

"Except?"

Harmony was looking at my wife. "Except then I wouldn't be able to put it in Kinzey."

"You'd sacrifice the full transition for her?"

She was panting. "I don't know." She attacked my wife, pulling on her clothing in a frenzy. Her dick bobbed straight and hard. "I hated my... thing before, but the sensations have all changed. The estrogen has made some things feel different." She groaned as my wife's pussy came into view.

Kinzey normally let me take control, but now she pushed Harmony back. "Let me get on top."

That was a shock to me.

Harmony got on her back and my wife bent over her, sucking on the long, skinny dick. The waitress sighed and finally moaned in pleasure. She said, "Things used to get real tense down there, but now it's more like an all-over feeling. Lighter, but everywhere."

I didn't care. I was stroking my erection watching my wife's lips slide up and down Harmony's dick. She looked more than cute doing it, she actually looked beautiful. Her golden cross swung back and forth as she sucked.

I moved up behind her and played with my wife's pussy. I was rock hard and tense from the strain of the erection. I was really enjoying this. I decided to get a

little action and pressed my cock to Kinzey's pussy.

She brought her head up instantly. "No. I... was hoping to give Harmony the first go. I can do you after?"

"Oh... Okay. Sure."

My wife moved up the woman's smooth legs and lifted one small leg to get over Harmony's cock. She maneuvered the tip to her entrance and began sitting down.

Seeing my wife's little body shift and wiggle as her pussy slid down the shaft was enough to make me stroke really hard. Her tiny little ass made it all the way down and quivered as it rested on Harmony's thighs. Her breathing accelerated and she clawed at Harmony's boobs. "Oh, that feels so good up there."

I watched my wife begin moving – little circles at first – and then finally riding the shaft back and forth. Her pussy took it easily, and deep.

Harmony groaned happily and gripped my wife's hips. She thrust upward on Kinzey's move backwards and they both set up a smooth rhythm.

My erection throbbed and oozed pre-cum as I watched the beauty of them fucking. I decided right there I definitely loved seeing a cock in my wife, and the best part about it was that it was technically a woman fucking her.

Kinzey tired eventually and pulled off. "Whew, what a workout."

Harmony had been playing with my wife's flat chest, tweaking her nipples until they were purple and hard.

My wife looked at me and bit her lip. "Would you...?"

"Hmm?" I wanted them to get back to fucking.

"I'd like this to be a little more inclusive."

"Yeah?"

"Could you blow her a little and let me see?"

I placed my hand on my t-shirt. "Me?" I kept my other hand moving on my cock.

She nodded eagerly. "She's done it for you, maybe you could do it for her?"

"Uh..." Would that be gay? Or hetero?

Harmony gave me a saucy smile as if she had read my mind. "Yeah, come here, Braiden. Just think of it as a really big clit – which, it really sort of is."

"Uh... yeah, I guess..." I was looking back and forth between them. My wife wanted to see it – that much was easily evident. Harmony looked encouraging. Suck a woman's cock? Why not?

Kinzey's eyes went wide as I moved forward over Harmony. She slid her fingers down to her pussy and pressed.

I gripped Harmony's dick and looked at it. Thin and long, it looked like a dick wet with my wife's juices. And maybe Harmony's. It looked nothing like a clit. It was hot to the touch and I stuck it in my mouth before I could overthink it.

It tasted... great. I explored how it felt in my mouth until Harmony jerked a few times. She said, "Careful with your teeth."

Kinzey slapped my arm.

I mumbled with a mouthful of cock, "What?"

"Ouch."

I pulled off. "Sorry." I bent back down and tried to be more careful.

Kinzey moaned with desperation.

I looked up at her from the side.

She was stuffing fingers up her hole and was kneading her nipples with her other hand. Her mouth was hanging open as she watched me suck Harmony. She breathed, "That's so hot, Braiden..."

I was pushed off.

"I want her..." Harmony grabbed Kinzey's shoulders and pushed her down. My wife's legs opened automatically and Harmony pressed her dick right into her.

Her smooth butt cheeks pressed together as the shaft slid into my wife. She moved all the way in until their hips were mashed together.

I stroked my dick, turned on beyond all imagining seeing these two women melded together. Harmony's perfect boobs were squished against my wife's flat chest and her hips worked back and forth as she drove her dick deep into my wife's hole.

I groaned out loud by accident as I thought to myself that I was glad Harmony had a dick so she could be doing this. No way could I tell her that – it would be offensive and racist.

But I was really enjoying seeing Harmony's hips humping so frantically between my wife's legs. Her small ballsack barely moved despite the desperate thrusting. She grunted and groaned on Kinzey until she smothered her sounds with a deep kiss.

Seeing my wife kiss another woman almost made my dick explode. Especially hot that the other woman had a dick and was frantically fucking her with it. I was in heaven. I moaned loudly, again.

Harmony stopped and looked back at me. "You're really liking this?"

"Yeah, don't stop. Keep fucking." I jacked fast and free. I was disappointed that she had stopped because I was mesmerized by the sight – the little bit I could glimpse – of her shaft sliding so smoothly in and out of my wife's pussy.

She looked away, back down to Kinzey and began humping again. "Your pussy feels so very good..."

My wife gasped, "Your cock feels good, too." Then she gasped harsher, louder, and lifted up under Harmony's moving form. She thrust her hips up and squeezed her eyes shut. "So good. So good." She let out a cry and her body began quivering in orgasm.

Seeing my wife cum on Harmony's dick was fantastic. I groaned again and had to let go of my erection.

Our waitress puffed with effort, slamming her hips against my wife's. There was a small struggle that I couldn't see then Harmony pulled up my wife's left hand.

She sucked her ring finger down and licked Kinzey's wedding ring.

My cock swelled. I gripped it and jacked like a maniac at the sexy sight. Cum ripped out of me and flew everywhere. Kinzey was going to have a rough time cleaning it all up.

Harmony, however, was still going, pounding away at my wife as if she were frustrated. She pulled out, puffing, and said, "Sometimes the feeling gets weird. It's the estrogen." She lifted my wife's little legs and put them up on her shoulders. She aimed her cock down and plunged into her again.

I could see a lot better now and her skinny pole was a blur in my wife's pussy.

Harmony grunted and groaned with effort. Moisture oozed on her forehead as she literally bounced Kinzey on the mattress beneath them. Up and down, in and out, her cock skewered into my wife.

I urged her on, "Do it. Fuck her."

My wife whimpered and squirmed.

Harmony clenched her jaw and vigorously bounced her hips up and down. The slap of their flesh together was loud. Finally, she growled, "Ah yes, there it is. There it is. Oh..." She thrust her hips down hard and buried her dick in my wife. She clawed at the bed using her feet and hands and let loose her cum deep inside my Kinzey.

My cock throbbed painfully, having never lost its erection.

CHAPTER 6

"So what do you think? She has a dick. Would it be gay to suck it?"

Pauly was my manliest friend. Not my best, but I could always count on the gritty truth from him. He had the full neckbeard and his hair up in a man-bun. Out of all my friends, Pauly was based. He looked at me and pursed his lips like a porn star. "Totally fucking gay."

Which was not what I wanted to hear. "But she's transgender. She's a she."

He frowned now, furrowing his brow. "Yeah, my bad. Lemme rethink this."

I walked beside him as he gathered carts in the Walmart parking lot. "What's there to think about? How can it be gay if I'm a guy and she's a chick?"

"You're totally right. It can't be." His face was really screwed down in thought now. "Forget I said anything. Anyway, is it someone from school?"

"Nah, a waitress we know." I had a picture on my phone and showed him.

His eyes lit up. "Whoa, dude. She's fucking hot."

"I know, right?" I beamed with pride. "She really wanted to fuck Kinzey and I was all hot for lez-action."

"But she has a dick?"

"Yep."

"So not fully transitioned. Has she... stuck it in Kinzey?"

I nodded.

He hooted with laughter. "Totally fucking hot, dude." He slapped my arm. "Invite me over; I want to meet her."

"I don't know..."

"Don't throw shade on me, Braiden."

"I'm not throwing shade." I wasn't.

He placed his hands on his chest and tilted his head way over to the side. "Are you saying I'm not worth meeting this hot chick?"

"No, but—"

"Then be cool and invite me over when she's there."

I sighed. "Yeah, yeah. Whatever."

He smiled. "You're the man. I gotta get these carts in. It's actually my job." He held up his fingers like he was holding a phone. "Call me."

"All right, I will." I walked back to my car and tapped a text to Kinzey.

Braiden: Pauly says it isn't gay

Kinzey: So?

Kinzey: Who cares what Pauly thinks?

Girls just never understood that guys needed support sometimes. I let her comment pass and changed the subject.

Braiden: On my way to pick you up

Braiden: Need to talk

I drove to the apartment and saw mom in the driveway, carrying mail. "Mom!"

She gave me a look and sighed. "Braiden, sweetie."

"I might be moving out."

She heaved a slower sigh. "Well, I guess it had to happen sometime. Are you going to finally buy a house with all that money? Start a family?"

"No. Yes. Sort of. Look, we were thinking – I was thinking – of taking on a roommate."

She nodded slowly. "Oh... Are you having some kind of money issues? Is it online gambling? No, don't tell me; I don't want to know. Actually, yes I do. What will I tell your father?"

"Mom, stop. It's not about the money. Well, actually, it is. But not my money."

"Kinzey has a gambling problem?"

"No."

Her eyes got big. "It's meth, isn't it?"

"It's not meth, mom."

"I've heard all about meth. Her teeth are going to rot out of her head, I'm telling you—"

"Mom, stop." I rolled my eyes. "We want to help someone that wants to go to night school. That's all. And we need a bigger place, okay?"

"Kinzey agrees with all this?"

"Not yet; she doesn't know."

Mom's eyebrows did that funny little dance when she thought I was being stupid.

I said, "Look, anyway, we'll probably be moving."

"Helping someone go to night school?" Her eyes lost their focus and she looked down. "I'm surprised at you, Braiden; that's actually very decent of you."

I cleared my throat. "Um, yeah. Thanks."

Kinzey came bouncing down the stairs from the apartment above the garage. "Hi Jill."

"Ah, Kinzey, sweetie." Mom and my wife embraced. Then they parted and my mother looked at her critically. "No gambling addictions? No meth? You're so

skinny."

Kinzey giggled. "And I eat all the pizza and cupcakes I want."

"Not for long, trust me."

"Uh huh." My wife nodded dismissively and snorted.

I knew the score, too. People got fat because they didn't go to the gym, not from all the cupcakes. Besides, it all tasted good. Like, duh.

Mom asked, "I hear you're moving."

My wife blinked. "I am?" She looked at me in question.

I cleared my throat. Thanks mom. God... "That's what I wanted to talk to you about." I took her upper arm and pulled her away. I said, "We gotta go mom, nice talking to you. Bye."

She turned away, taking the hint, but I heard her mutter, "Like, whatever..."

I got into the car and turned to Kinzey. "We're going to the Daily Tipple."

"Right now? I don't have my laptop."

"It's not for work, although I guess we could come back and get your laptop—"

"Let me just go get it right now."

I grabbed her arm. "No, that can wait. I want to talk to Harmony."

"Why? What for?"

"Let's get an apartment and have her room with us."

She studied me for a second. "It sounds fun, but just for sex?"

"No, not that, well, yes for that, but also because... uh..."

"What?"

"I lost my train of thought. Oh, yeah, so she can go to night school."

"I don't know..."

"What do you mean, you don't know? What the fuck?" It was clear as daylight to me.

"Maybe she has her own life, like friends and whatever. What if she's messy?"

I grunted. Why do simple things have to become so hard? "Maybe she isn't."

"I... really like her..." I bit my lip, hoping that didn't make her jealous.

Her eyes moved over my face, from my eyes to my lips. Suddenly she smiled. "I just had a naughty thought."

"What?"

"You sucking her dick all the time. Hot. Let's go ask her."

I blew out a relieved breath. So she wasn't jealous. I quivered inside – the tense fear of her jealousy having wrung me out.

Because, if I had to admit it, I was... falling in love with Harmony.

Was I going to be able to handle loving two women? My dick got hard thinking about it as we drove. This is a dream come true.

Kinzey picked at her blouse.

I noticed her nipples hard beneath the fabric. "Thinking about her?"

"Yeah..." She blushed. "That doesn't make you mad, does it?"

Alarmed that she might try to nix everything because she thought I might be jealous, I said, "No! Not at all. I'm glad you like her. I want you to like her."

My wife said, "Whew. Cool. Because I really do like her. I love being in her arms. The way it feels... when she's inside me..." She scrubbed her arms up to her shoulders. "And then seeing her dick in your mouth is so super sexy... I'm wet just thinking about it."

I was hard. I bobbed my head. "And it isn't gay, either."

Kinzey pressed her fist down between her thighs, then shifted her hand open. She groaned in frustration and reached up her little skirt. Fussing at it, she slipped fingers down her panties. "Sorry, I can't help it."

"That's okay." I was really super hard now.

She stuffed fingers into her pussy and moved them in and out. We were only a block from the Daily Tipple. She said, "Can we invite her over again, tonight?"

I was rubbing at my jeans. "Yeah..." My voice was ragged.

She closed her eyes, moving her fingers faster. Her thighs tensed up and relaxed, over and over. "I love the feel of her inside me... squirting her cum so deep..."

I pulled the car into the parking lot and shut the engine off with shaking fingers. I quickly unzipped and whipped out my erection. I started stroking it madly and groaned.

Kinzey bit her lower lip, hand still playing. "Are you thinking of her?"

"Yeah... fuck..."

She moved abruptly, rushing at me. She put her head down and gripped my dick. "Let me do this. Pretend it's Harmony."

I moaned high and loud as her mouth descended on my cock. I was overjoyed my wife wanted me thinking about our waitress because there was no way I couldn't avoid it. I wanted Harmony's mouth on me. I wanted her dick in my mouth. And I wanted my wife to want it. I pumped my hips up. "Oh, fuck yes. Suck me, Harmony."

Kinzey's head moved up and down faster, with more effort than I'd ever seen her give. She squeezed the base of my shaft and slurped. Her hair flew wildly and delivered to me one of the hottest blowjobs ever.

I closed my eyes and imagined Harmony's beautiful face with my cock in her mouth. Oh yeah... I lifted my hips, straining, and blew a strong load down Kinzey's throat.

She gagged, swallowed, and pulled off, breathing heavily. She pushed my withering erection down to my lap. "Okay, put that away and let's go ask her."

"Yeah, okay..." I was panting.

My wife stared at me dreamily. "I love you so much..."

Admitting it was embarrassing. "Come on, you know I do too."

"But I mean for being so understanding with Harmony."

"To be honest, I've always checked her out. I've always wanted to get in her panties."

She frowned a little, her eyes clouding over. "I know. I saw. I kept wondering why you married me when you could've had her. Bigger breasts, taller, brunette..."

I knew I had to say it. I mumbled, "I married you, Kinzey... because I love you."

The smile reappeared on my wife's face. "You know, I didn't think I'd ever feel... lesbian for a woman, but I'm kinda liking it. Strange, huh?"

I laughed weakly, still recovering from the post-orgasmic energy dip. "Yeah, you don't look like the typical bull-dyke."

"Are you okay with... being married to a lesbian?"

I nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

She bounced in her seat. "Can we go now and ask her?"

Feeling a surge of motivation, I zipped up and said, "Yeah, let's go."

CHAPTER 7

My wife fretted on the couch. "What do you think she'll say?"

I was busy tapping a hate-response to someone who had laughed at my aunt. But, my heart wasn't in it; I was anxious, too. "I don't know."

Harmony had simply said she'd meet us later to talk about it.

"Can we get a big house?"

"You know how much a house costs?"

"But you make all that money—"

"And my aunt might get voted out next year."

She sat up straighter. "You don't really think she would, would she? I mean, she's like really popular on TV."

I grunted, "Her numbers aren't looking very good..."

"But she has one of the highest approval ratings—"

"Yeah, thirty percent. It's definitely higher than most other congressmen, but think of it this way: seventy percent disapprove of her."

She looked at me horrified. "People can't really be that stupid, can they?"

"At least half the country is drooling knuckle-draggers."

She deflated a bit.

Harmony knocked.

I tossed my phone down onto the couch and bolted up. Adrenaline zipped through my veins and lit me up. I answered the door.

She stood there, frowning.

"What's wrong?"

She blinked away her expression. "Nothing, why?"

"You looked mad."

"No, that's just my deep-in-thought face." She brushed her fingers across my chest as she walked in.

Kinzey couldn't contain herself. "We didn't like, freak you out or something, did we?"

She blew her breath out her lips quietly; face once again contorting in thought. "I don't know. No, I don't think so. It's just..."

I said, "We were wanting to get a bigger apartment so you could move in and go to night school."

She pursed her lips. "I still don't make enough to pay rent—"

I was shaking my head.

My wife piped in. "No rent. You'd room with us for free."

Her face went blank.

She blinked and licked her lips.

She croaked, "Free?"

We both nodded with as much enthusiasm as we felt.

Harmony's eyes widened. "Are you... serious?"

I stepped towards her as she stood near Kinzey. I said, "We... both... really care about you."

She looked at me with suspicion.

I hurried on, "And we want you to have that opportunity – to realize your dreams."

She turned her head a little, as if to look at my wife, but kept her eyes on me. "Would I be expected to... keep... away from Kinzey?"

I stuttered in shock, "N-no!"

Harmony let out a little laugh of disbelief. "Are you serious?"

"Totally. Like, hondo P."

My wife was fussier than I about slang and said, "One hundred percent."

Harmony dropped her mouth open in shock and laughed, curling down a little to place her hands between her thighs. "Wow, no way."

I said solemnly, "Way."

She rushed at me and threw her arms around my neck. Her beautiful lips pressed against my cheek. "Yes, I'd love to. Thank you."

I chuckled, "I was kinda hoping you'd still want to fool around with my wife. It's like really cool having a lesbian wife."

She touched my lips and looked me in the eyes. "You know, I'm not hetero, but for you... I guess I can be bisexual." She let go and went to my wife. They hugged tightly.

My dick got hard. Having her in my arms was a dream come true. I was going to have two women all to myself. Tight and savage. Whoa, wait till all my friends find out. I can't fucking wait to brag.

Harmony and Kinzey kissed. The waitress asked her, "You wanna fool around? In celebration?"

Kinzey only nodded – her enthusiasm would otherwise have her babbling incomprehensibly.

I watched them undress. So natural now that we had been together a few times. I

took off my jeans in a daze of lust and self-indulgence. I let my cock free and gripped it happily. I stroked, watching them kiss on the bed. Although Harmony liked playing with my wife's tiny tits, Kinzey didn't seem all that concerned with returning the sentiment. Her hand was down, stroking Harmony's dick to hardness.

My wife beckoned me closer. "I want you to suck her for me. Get her ready."

The smile that spread on my face was instant. Harmony reclined for me and her dick poked up, ready. Kinzey crawled over her and sat on her tummy, facing her dick and me. She held it, waving it to me in offering. Her eyes were lit with enthusiasm.

I knelt and took Harmony's skinny dick in my mouth. I licked the shaft and small head lovingly. I felt it in my chest – the love. I used my tongue to express what I was maybe too embarrassed to say.

My wife touched the back of my head and began pushing – urging me to bob on Harmony's dick. I went with it, sliding my mouth up and down her shaft. I tried to keep my teeth off of her and I guess I did a good job.

Harmony moaned, "I could get used to this, Braiden; you're getting better. Is it wrong for me to be bisexual, too? You don't feel like I'm betraying you, do you Kinzey?"

My wife panted, "No, not at all. This is fun." She scooted forward, getting her pussy close to my head.

I was using my mouth to fuck Harmony's dick and I didn't want to stop.

My wife let go of my head. "Put her dick in me."

That sounded cool. I gripped her shaft and stroked it, aiming the head at my wife's pussy. I pressed the little helmet in and slid my hand on the shaft in encouragement. On impulse, I bent in and licked up the shaft and over my wife's clit.

Kinzey groaned so loudly that I thought I had hurt her.

I pulled back abruptly. "Sorry."

She pulled my head back in. "No, that was awesome. Do it again." She lowered herself back onto Harmony. The waitress slid her hands up and caressed my wife's little nipples. Her hips humped up, sliding the shaft in and out of Kinzey's pussy a few inches at a time.

I got right back in there and began licking. Harmony's thrusts did most of the work and I just let the sliding shaft run along my tongue. I moved just a little to include my wife's clit. I lost control of my inhibitions and said, "This is so sweet, Harmony. I love your dick in my wife. I have to have more of this."

It was my wife who responded. She arched her back and began quivering, taut. Her moan was high and tremulous with imminence.

Harmony thrust a little harder and reached down to slide her fingers along my wife's clit.

Kinzey exploded convulsively, bucking and grunting as she released her orgasm on Harmony's cock.

I loved it and stroked my shaft madly.

There was a knock on our door. Dammit.

Harmony echoed my disappointment. "Damn, I was almost there." She pulled out.

I held out my hand. "No, don't stop. It's just Pauly. He wanted to meet you." I raced to the door, dick flopping. In case it was mom or dad, I opened the door only a little and hid behind it.

Pauly was smiling.

I waved him in. "Come on, hurry."

Both Kinzey and Harmony were wearing perturbed expressions.

I made introductions after he came in.

Pauly immediately started stripping. "I'ma getting in on this action."

Both the women had sat up. Harmony touched my wife and laid her back. She said, "No, you're not. But you can just stand there..." She mounted my wife, driving her long shaft into Kinzey's pussy.

Pauly grunted sourly. "Braiden promised me."

I exclaimed, "I did not. Just that you could meet her."

Harmony ignored us. She drove frantically, fucking my wife with a desperation that I think was due to embarrassment.

Pauly began jacking. "Whoa, dude, she's fucking your wife."

I stood beside him and stroked myself, too. "Hot, isn't it?"

Harmony groaned, moaned, and then cried out quietly, thrusting her hips close to my wife's and releasing her orgasm deep inside.

Pauly moved closer. "Cool. Can I have your ass, Harmony?"

Her face twisted in revulsion. "Get the fuck out. I'm lesbian, not hetero." She got up angrily and looked at Pauly's thing. "You can't even manscape. Gross."

I tried to smooth over his abrasive exterior. "I'm sorry, Harmony. I only promised he could meet you."

She was dressing hurriedly, scowling at him. She brushed past me, but then paused. "I understand, Braiden. But... I gotta go. We'll talk later about the apartment thing." With a squeeze to my shoulder, she turned and left our studio.

Pauly was still jacking his dick, but he was eyeballing my wife. Kinzey was looking at the door with a mixture of horror and loss. He said, "Since she left, can I dip into Kinzey? I've always wanted to fuck her."

My wife colored a deep red and she rolled over to hide her nakedness.

I cleared my throat. "Um, no..."

He growled in exasperation. "Fuck... How about a blowjob then?"

Kinzey gasped, "No!"

He let go of his cock angrily. "This visit was total lame sauce."

I sighed. "Sorry, dude. I didn't think you wanted sex."

He dressed silently, brooding and pouting the entire time. He went to the door.
"Thanks for nothing."

CHAPTER 8

"I have a confession to make." We were driving to the Glen Oaks apartment complex.

Kinzey looked up from her phone. "Hmm?"

"I need to know you're okay with all this before I give the deposit..."

"You know I'm okay with it."

"No, my confession."

"Oh, what is it?"

I looked at her to impart how serious I was being. I wanted the gravity of what I was about to say to be felt and understood. "I, uh... love Harmony."

She looked at me, confused.

I rushed on. "I still love you; you're my wife, of course. But I've developed feelings for her and I need you to know that. If you wanted to break up, you know."

She laughed. "Break up? We're married, not dating. No, I don't want to divorce you."

"Even though I love Harmony?"

She touched my arm. "That's so sweet, Braiden. I guess..." She looked out the window for a moment, collecting her thoughts. "I guess if Harmony had been a woman from the outset, I would've been very jealous. But since she's transgender, everything feels... different."

"It does? In a good way? Or bad way?"

"A good way. In fact, I would hope that you do love her."

My muscles all turned to water and I sighed with much relief. "Whew, cool."

She said, "So... it's okay if I love her, too?" She bit her lower lip and lifted her eyebrows high.

I laughed giddily at facing off against my fear and coming out victorious. I offered magnanimously, "Of course. This is what I've been dreaming of. Two hot women together? I want us all to love each other."

Kinzey lowered her eyebrows. "Only because she's transgender. If Harmony had started as a woman, none of this would be happening. No way would I allow another pussy into the mix. Not happening."

"What if she goes through with the total transition? Operation and gets a pussy?"

She lowered her eyes to her lap and fiddled with her fingers. "I..."

We pulled into the visitor parking in front of the office. "Come on, Kinzey, spill. We're here."

She took a breath and glanced at me for a very brief second, then back to her hands. "I hope she doesn't, actually."

"Why not?"

Her eyes locked to mine, pleading. "I really like her cock, Braiden. I mean, really."

"You'd really... tell her not to go through with the operation?"

She looked scandalized. "No, that would be racist."

I shook my head. "I'm not telling her. No fucking way."

"I like her having a dick. What do we do if..."

I shrugged in callous indifference. If Harmony went through with it, I could finally score some pussy. It would be perfect. It would be much nicer that way even if I was used to seeing Harmony's cock plunging in and out of my wife.

Except... would Harmony let me fuck her?

We both sat quiet for a moment until I realized a few minutes had passed with both of us in a daze. I croaked, "Let's get the apartment."

Kinzey moved reluctantly, her face pinched in thought.

It really turned my wife on that Harmony had a dick, but surely she'd get used to lez licking while I pounded Harmony from behind.

Surely.

I tapped on my phone.

Braiden: We're here

Harmony: Almost there

Just talking to her settled my inner turmoil to a manageable mess.

Kinzey asked, "What did she say?"

"That she's almost here."

Harmony's car bounced into the parking lot. It was an old crate with rust everywhere and enough dents to keep a body shop in the black for a decade or more.

I walked to her door as she opened it. "Why do you drive this piece of shit?"

She slammed the door hard, not angry. She patted the roof. "This belonged to our neighbor. When mom and dad offered their advice on what to buy, they said just not to buy the neighbor's car."

I chuckled. "So why did you buy it?"

"To piss them off."

I made a silent, open-mouthed nod of understanding.

Kinzey, fussy as ever, asked, "Isn't that kind of childish?"

She patted her hand down hard on the roof once as if she was spanking it. "Yeah,

well, if you know how they treated me like shit—"

"How many years have you been out on your own?"

"Nine."

"Isn't it time you let go of that—"

She pointed her finger at my wife. "Now you're beginning to sound like my father. Isn't it time I gave up being a woman? Isn't it time I stopped having embarrassing delusions? Isn't—"

Kinzey's eyes were large. "I only meant the car."

Harmony lowered her eyes and hugged her arms to herself. "I don't know; I guess." She looked at the crate and sighed. "Maybe you're right."

"You don't want to live your whole life making it one big statement against your parents, do you?"

She laughed. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

I was staying the hell out of this.

Harmony pointed again. "You're lucky you have a pussy or I'd chew you in half. All I ever get about my lifestyle is harassment. "

Kinzey murmured, "I wasn't trying to judge you."

Harmony glared at me.

I widened my eyes in fright and backed off a step – hands up in the best placating gesture I could manage.

She sighed deeply. "Fuck it, I shouldn't be unloading all this on you. Sorry."

I touched her arm. "We're here for you. If you get attacked by some sexist, racist, bigoted homophobe, we'll be the first to defend you."

She said quietly, "Thank you." She laughed abruptly. "For a bit last night, I thought you invited your friend over to rape me."

My voice went high. "No way! He made me promise to introduce you, not anything else. He's kinda a jerk that way..."

Harmony rolled her eyes. "Tell me about it. He practically oozed misogyny. And that crazy shrubbery around his dick." She shivered dramatically. "Ugh! Please tell me he won't be a regular visitor..."

I waved my hands. "Nah, don't worry about it. He never finds a reason to come over."

The office door opened and a woman peeked out at us. Her face was pinched up in disapproval. "You can't park there unless you're coming into the office."

Kinzey raised her voice. "We are."

I muttered, "Fucking old bag."

Harmony said, "Welp, let's see what they have."

EPILOGUE

I knelt on the carpet while Harmony skull-fucked me. The head of her cock rammed the back of my throat, plugging it over and over. Behind me, my wife pushed my head back and forth.

Harmony said, "You really like that, huh?"

"Yes, it looks so hot. I never thought I'd be one to say that I love seeing cock in my husband's mouth. It makes me so horny."

I was gagging and choking like a porn pro as my air was blocked repeatedly.

Kinzey moaned, "Let's go do it now. I can't wait."

I breathed in several large gasps of air and got up. Kinzey ran to the bedroom with little hops and bounces. Harmony followed her and I watched her sexy ass sway as I came last.

The apartment really was nice. Everything was clean to my eye, but my wife had cleaned it all again that first week. Harmony's room was a mess – clothes everywhere. Kinzey pointedly never looked in or went in.

Harmony said, "We have to make it quick; sorry."

I sighed in disappointment. Her first night class was tonight and having our sex curtailed was going to take some getting used to.

Kinzey spread her legs on the bed and smiled up at Harmony. My wife's pussy was glistening with excitement and her lips were puffy and flushed pink.

Our roommate tapped her cock on my wife's clit and growled sexily. She moved the head up and down over her lips and pressed the tip inside. She looked at me with smoky eyes. "You really like this, too? Seeing this?"

I gripped my dick and stroked. "Yeah."

Harmony shifted her hips and the shaft began sliding into my wife's little pussy. Still staring at me, she let out a long moan of relief. "I'm glad I can make you both happy."

On impulse, I kissed her.

Kinzey gasped and sighed as Harmony's dick fully impaled her pussy.

My tongue danced with Harmony's as her cock slid in and out of my writhing wife. After a moment, I broke the kiss so I could concentrate on stroking. I said, "This is perfect."

Harmony's hips surged, driving her dick deep into my wife with strenuous effort. She was looking down at her now. "I love the feel of your pussy..."

The wet sounds were driving me nuts. I jacked happily and madly. "Oh yeah."

Kinzey groaned, "Fuck me, Harmony. Fuck me hard." Her skinny little body moved with the efforts being made by our roommate. She opened and closed her mouth, gasping and grunting.

Shaking, on the edge, I managed to gasp, "Yeah, do it. Fuck her hard. Ram that dick into my wife. Do it!"

Harmony was all tensed up as her hips jerked against my wife's. Her plunges got shorter, keeping it buried deeper until their hips were mashed together and Harmony wasn't pulling out anymore.

My wife moaned airily and let loose a series of quivers that went from her hands down to her taut inner thighs.

I loved seeing her cum with Harmony.

Our roommate kissed my wife, forcing her tongue in eagerly. She stopped kissing and leaned up. "Okay, here it comes." She pounded my wife's pussy, thrusting so hard she was grunting with effort.

I shook like a leaf and let out a long stream of cum. Then another and another. My cock flexed and pulsed, sending out my approval into the air. "Ah, yeah..."

Suddenly, Harmony froze, driving her shaft in completely. "Ah, ah, oh... fuck yeah." Her hips jerked and her butt squeezed as she deposited her load deep into Kinzey.

I felt it then.

Epiphany.

Maybe Harmony had come to terms with her childish attitude towards her parents. Maybe she had matured a little. Maybe my wife had learned to look past her messy room and embrace the person on the inside.

Me?

I realized at that very moment as my dick drooled the satisfied ropes of my cum that I was addicted to the sight of cock in my wife's pussy. That wasn't so much what disturbed my balance with Harmony and my wife.

What did was the fact that if Harmony ever went through with the operation, I was going to have to find a man to replace what we'd lose with Harmony's transition.

My cute Kinzey became beautiful when there was cock in her pussy.

I could never give that up. Not now. Not ever.

Except, for now, I was going to keep silent about all that and just enjoy the time we had left with transgender Harmony.

Thank you for reading New Sensations. I hope you enjoyed the exploration of youth in today's sexual climate!

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