How to get Fucked by a Trans Woman

Version 12.10.010 V1.1

The Last time me and my Dick were hanging out we kicked these three 20 year old tough guy’s asses. Not exactly literally but almost. This wasn’t one of the occasions where I was blowing guys behind the tr\*nny strip club at the edge of downtown where the fag-village meets the warehouse district; I only did that for a few months until I quit drinking and bars. I got bored of watching nervous guys process their apprehension about their desires by getting so wasted that all they’d be good for was passing out in the middle of a **blow job**. Drunk guys are always trying to shove their hand in my jeans, in bars fulla people, grabbing for me thing on the dance floor or even sitting at the bar.

I’m talking about random johns in bars mostly but that also includes my main boy and downstairs neighbour, **Jack**. He is kinna a lil’ bit of a “recovering” addict and hes’s kinna deeply” sensitive and cerebral”. I think sometimes he forgets we’re not actually in his bed in his room . But we are neighbourhood people at a bar next door to our building, we’re peer to their aging goth punk clientele. Regardless, I don’t like public hand jobs. By that I mean out of context hand jobs.

The part about almost Kicking three 21 year old boy’s asses wasn’t exactly about sex or my thing or kicking asses. Three young guys came up to me while i was pissing next to a dumpster in a parking lot. One sez, ”hey, lemme try your bike, i can ride around on yer bike?” and then he puts his hands on my bike and i jump up from squatting next to the dumpster and grab my bike outta his mits and tell him he cant play with my bike cuz I need it for my Getaway after pissing. I think when i stood up and grabbed my bike off him he was momentarily taken aback that I’m 5’8” 160 with a very athletic build and completly covered in tattoos of skulls with knives stabbed in them. Also I don’t Pass or not pass, instead I confuse people. I got my thing put away but my pants where still hanging open.

The guy trying to touch my bike stared at me for 10 seconds as I came in to the light and then he gagged on his own words and backed in to his two friends and they all speed walked outta the parking lot.

I was weighing in my mind if i was flattered or insulted by surprising and confusing them in to momentary intimidation. I was wearing random laundry and my pants where half undone.

They looked fascinated by me when i biked past them a minute later as they where walking back to where we’d met a minute ago still in the process of psyching themselves up to try to get their shit together and try again. I dinged my bell at them and waved and smiled and they derailed again. Dumb little fuckin punks.

Cookie, The boy I tried to make be my boyfriend after we had sex once on ecstasy, Invites me to sex parties alot but I havn’t gone to one yet. I’ll hit the next one if the entry fee is less than $30. I have a rule tho, I don’t do scenes for an audience and I don’t feel anything beiger than a foursome.

The parties seem to be for aging goth punks. Those are way more fuckable than most of the strip club guys. Last time they threw one I skipped it cuz I wasn’t emotionally up to it cuz my friend **Early** (who had taken me home after I blew him behind the strip club) was flipping out cuz I was fucking his former best friend (my main boy) but I wasn’t fucking him cuz **Cake**, my Main girl was in town, but in the hospital with a splintered femur from an accident that happened when she and Monday, another former lover and roommate, really botched and attempt to steal an upright piano off someone’s porch, uptown. It should have really been easy to get the piano over that really short fence, but everybuddy involved was too high. Don’t ask me how I know so much about the piano thing. The piano is gone now.

I’m not wild about threesomes. I like them as ways to have sex with two people you like at the same time which frees up a few hours later that would otherwise have been spent fucking in serial. Threesomes are also great ways to break the ice when you meet your girlfriend’s boy friend, or even more deliciously, when you get a crush on someone but they have a girl friend so you fuck their girl friend so they have to fuck you. That’s less a threesome than a *“Lust Triangle”*. Its one of those little tricks for when you like somebuddy but they seem just slightly unattainable. The main trick for that is 3 drinks and a **blow job**. If your crush has a dick then it is physical impossible for them to do anything but yield to the blowjob once its been set off.

Thats was how me and **Monday** got together. Not exactly because of **Blow job**s, though I stuck my face in her often enuff, but because I had a crush on some strung out punk and she thought it was funny that he was shy to get with me but she could get him to fuck her just by going up to him and kicking him. I decided if she was fuckin the guy I liked then I was gonna fuck her to make everything fair. This was all happening when me and **Monday** Lived in an ice-cream truck and picked the punk boy up as he hitched and flew a homeless Vet sign outside a truck stop in the desert. Him I used to blow in his sleep all the Time. (he claims he was sleeping) Peaches i just pet his hair while he slept. I also slipped him the tongue once while he was trying to talk close to me in a noisy room. It was a stunt move.

You know the kind of stunt moves I’m talkin’ about ? Like two years ago when I got all excited about **pussy** cuz I’d seen Miss Carriage’s at the pool (it was relatively new at that time) and flew in to an aging punk rocker hissy fit cuz my peers where getting their shit together with their corrective procedures and I was always flat broke and

all the sketchy back alley surgeries I’d been able to accumulate so far were cheap unskilled Franken abominations.

 Then Fishy reminded me of her and me having a Tucking contest another two years earlier. She spent two hours swimming naked at the country club showing off how she was small enuff to tuck without undies and walk around a clothing optional pool and patio like that sopping wet.

It was the month after that that I got my Orchi. Fishy thought I was trying to out do her. Less than a week later she Nullo-ed herself. We made up and it turned out to be easier to call her the winner than to convince her there wasn’t a contest; gawd forbid and self mutilating your genitals contest.

I like my main boy cuz he’s skinny and rough hewn and has a nice just slightly big cock. His dick is always hard and he’s always holding it. That’s why he’s always trying to grab mine. Its kind of like a security blanket thing, having a **dick** in both hands. I get off on seeing our dicks cuddle, he’s the perfect size for me to suck cuz hes just slightly big enuff that i can swallow on his head over and over without choking for a while. But only If he doesn’t have his **Dick** ring in.

The second time we ever fucked was the bestest fuck ever. I shouldn’t say that cuz his Ampalang tore my ass up so that when he pulled out after a heavy pounding, his **dick** was red with my ass Blood. we where lying there and I was feeling around inside my hole with my fingers to make sure he hadn’t knocked a hole in the wall with his enthusiasm. He sat watching me growing a new extra rock hard Boner getting hot from having fucked me bloody. So I let him put it back in and fuck in messy.

\*\*\*call your local TBLGQQI2ssoffa health care outreach for Purel Sanitizer before you try anything like ass blood play!\*\*\*

He’s only the second boy I ever fucked in the ass more than once !!! My last few boyfriends where more classical Gwen-Ajuro style relationships (I blew them so they’d like me and then they’d ditch me and run off with their normal GFs. Jack liked my style where I’d trying to steal his nocturnal emissions and swallow them so he couldn’t have them back. **Jack**’s general slow talking space case powers give him the dexterity and cunning to surprise me with things like the several times I’ve woken to find myself Fucking Him ! its another one of the cute stunts you can pull to make boys like you. I did it to the hitchhiker a few times; you get em hard with the BJ and then you turn it up a notch by climbing on and riding like a cowgirl. It was fun to have done to me cuz I only get hard when someone is really patient.

Its only been in the last few years that I got in to the Dick. Only really since that day in the pool when i got jealous of my friend’s pussy. A few weeks later I signed up for one of those medical psychological programs that eventually gives you a pussy after 2 or 3 years of going back and forth between a shrink and an endocrinologist and accumulating paperwork.

“You know what would make your **dick** work better and you could get serious Bonar? You should get circumcised, the excess skin is actually an anatomical boner control.” That’s what Jack said and he Is very diligent at studying cocks so he’s prolly right.

“you know I’m getting a **pussy**?”

He Kind of recoils and scrunches his face up for a second. Not that he hates **pussy**; his other two girlfriends have them. “oh...... well I guess that will be kinda cool.”

“Like in 2 years maybe. I have to, I’m not passable as I was when I was 25 but at least I’ll have an easier time in the gym locker room and in case I ever need to serve time things will be less tense”

He was lucky to meet me during the so far short time when I’d been a woman with a **dick** for long enuff that I finally was starting to get ok with it. From age 20 to 30 all i was good for sexually was blowjobs, I didn’t want to be touched unless it helped them cum in my mouth.

This is what I told my shrink at the gender incongruity clinic: I never hated my bits, I had no need cuz I never felt they where mine.

 Not Dysphoria but Disassociation.

 The creature i keep in my pants gets boners only at random. I need to persistently beat it up to make it cum, and I broke the part that shoots cum all over you. Hopefully it will work better turned inside out. I’m hoping it’ll be just like an ass that doesn’t give my lovers poo **dick** or otherwise shit the bed. I aspire to have sex have half as many bathroom breaks and win over even more “not-really-queer” boys. And it’ll look good around the pool or exercise yard.

Meanwhile I like to think of my thing as my pet monster who lives in my pocket and I can make her fuck you (sometimes) for both of our amusement. I like fucking y’all. The thing that gets me most turned on is when I get a hard on. I hope you can what a catch 22 this is. If you take the stories I’ve mentioned above you’ll see that my sex life is mostly pivoting on seeming incongruities and contradictions. This is most likely cuz my Mother was exposed to plastic frequently while she carried me.

I write this on the 3 week anniversary of not having sex. I’m not burnt out on sex but I’m very burnt out on all the by-products of sex. I don’t intend to keep this antisocial behaviour up to much longer but I’m recalibrating after a long summer of a chaotic sex life with frequent emotional infections flaring up. Everyone is always trying to get to close to me or they won’t let me get close to them, Its usually one of those.

**Monday** made fun of me and would only fuck me while wearing a crucifix around her neck and calling my *polyglamoury* to be cast in to the lake of fire. She and me didn’t fuck for a while cuz it seemed dismissive to **Cake** while she lay in a drug coma after getting crushed by a piano and **Monday** and me walked away with out a scrape. She and me only wound up in the sack cuz **Jack** had lured her in to his house for drinks and i went down to check on them and in my grieving for having dropped a piano on my fave Girl ever I drank too much tequila and barfed off the end of the bed. I woke up 4 hours later, fucked jack until he was spent, and then went back upstairs and fucked **Monday** just to make sure everybuddy felt everything was fair.

It was the Part where I wandered in to my apartment, back from fucking **Jack** at his place. **Monday** was taking up my whole bed with an ongoing project making art noise punk mix tapes. I said sumthing about how I only get hard when I’m in the middle of drama. This summer was like a *Lust-Triangle* with emotional inter partner fractal barnacles all over it. Conflict intrigue and stupid alcohol get me horny.

Then she laughed at me and made fun of me for thinking I was cool cuz I was embroiled in really absurd polyamourmess. I told her to go fuck herself and she said “No! You got yourself in to this, You do it.”

-Lily Bloodgherdt

Will be off her abstinence break in time for Halloween. Until then she be in bed drawing and masturbating.