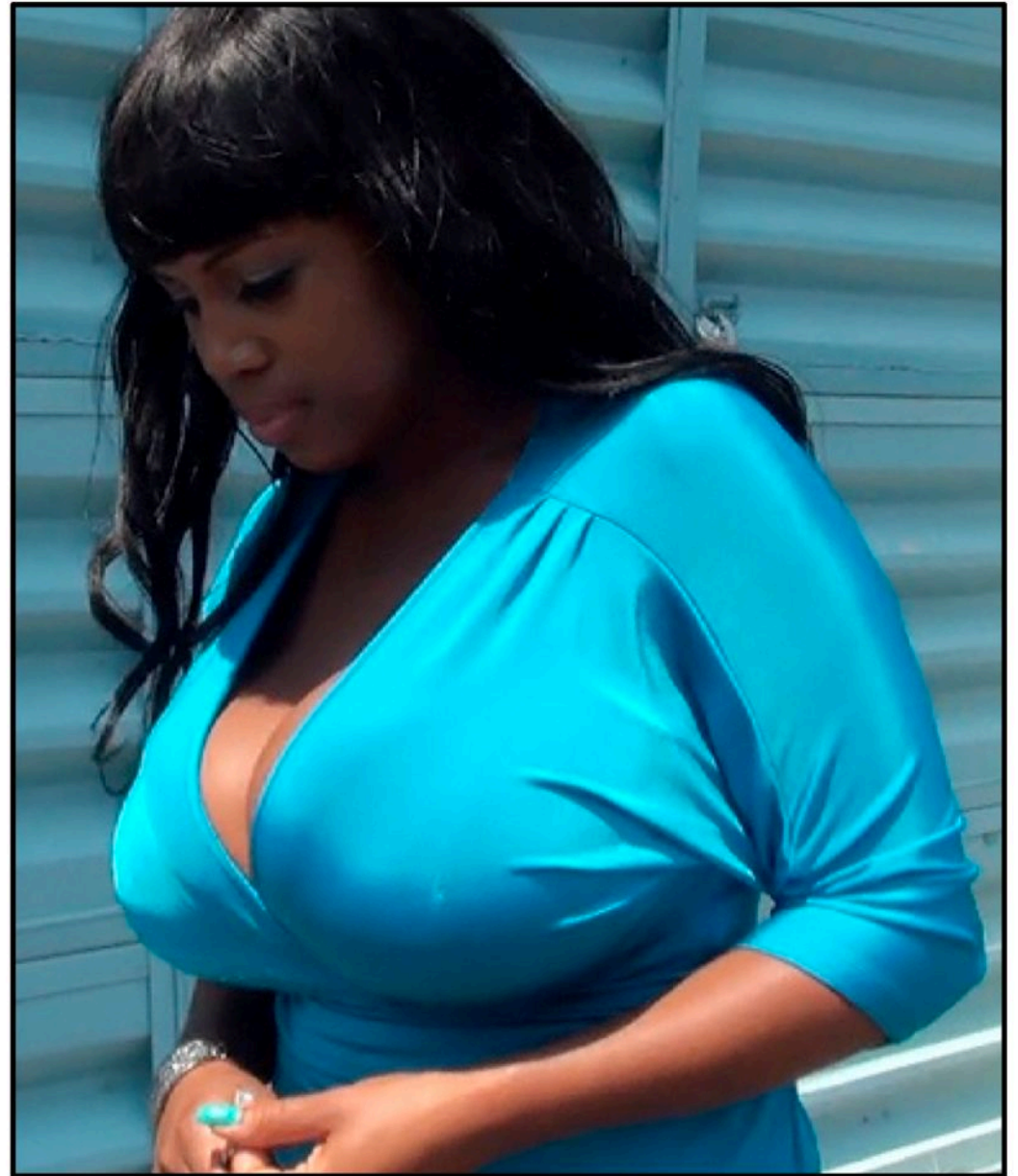


Friends

An American Transgender
Love Story by Rebecca Molay

Sexually Explicit!
For Adults Only!





JIM WAS TIRED. THE REALITY DISTORTION BOMB HAD CAUSED CHAOS IN LOS ANGELES, CHANGING HOUSES, PEOPLE AND NATURE WITH AN INSANE KIND OF RANDOMNESS.



THE SCIENTISTS SAID THE DISTORTION FORCE FIELD MIXED INFORMATION FROM A LARGE NUMBER OF PARALLEL UNIVERSES. THAT DID NOT MAKE MUCH SENSE TO JIM.




THE MILITARY HAD NO IDEA HOW THE MILLITANT MUSLIMS HAD GOT HOLD OF THE BOMB. THERE WERE HEARINGS IN CONGRESS.



HE NEEDED TO CHECK UP ON HIS STORAGE ROOM. HE HAD SOME REALLY VALUABLE INSTRUMENTS THERE. MAYBE THEY HAD BEEN TURNED INTO GARDEN FURNITURE OR SOMETHING.



EH, HEY SWEETHEART! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE ANDY IS? HE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE.

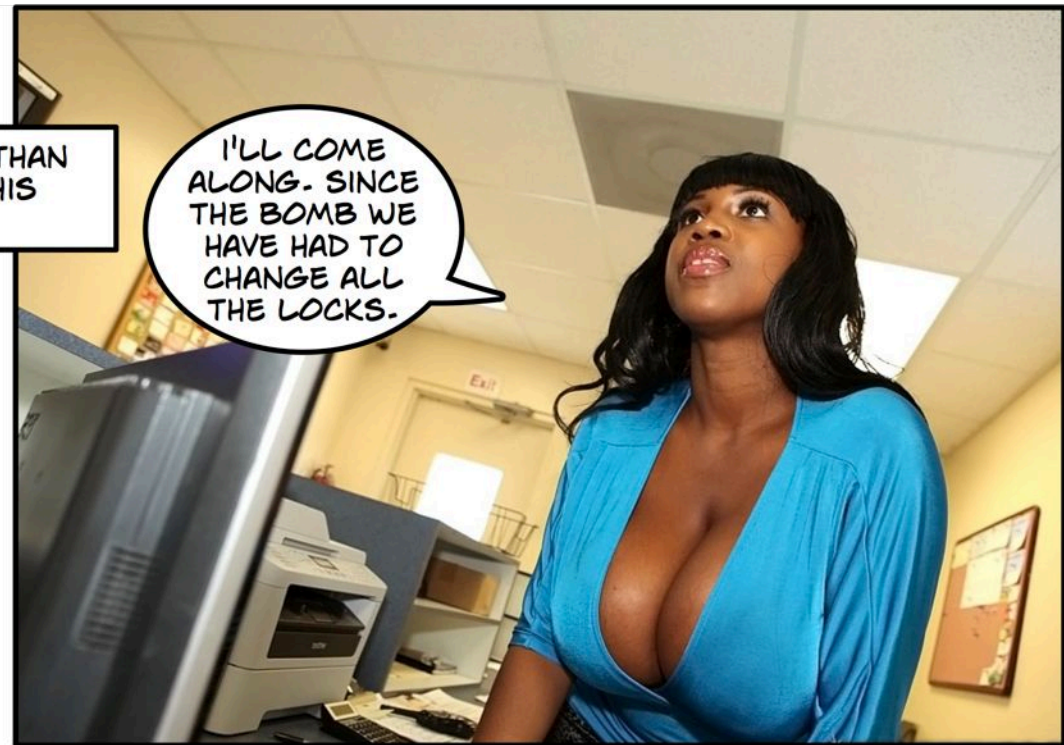
A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a bright blue short-sleeved top and a leopard print skirt, is leaning over a desk in an office. She is looking down at a computer mouse. The office has a desk with a printer, a calculator, and some papers. There is a window with white blinds on the right and a bulletin board on the left.

WELL, ANDY ISN'T
HERE AS YOU CAN
SEE, BUT I CAN OPEN
YOUR STORAGE
ROOM FOR YOU.

WHO THE HELL WAS
THIS LADY?
NORMALLY ANDY
WAS THE ONLY ONE IN
THE OFFICE, APART
FROM HIS BOSS THAT
HIS, AND SHE WAS
CLEARLY NOT HERE.



JIM WAS MORE THAN
DETRACTED. THIS
ONE WAS NEW.



I'LL COME
ALONG. SINCE
THE BOMB WE
HAVE HAD TO
CHANGE ALL
THE LOCKS.



I
UNDERSTAND.

HEY, WHEN IS ANDY
COMING BACK? WE ARE
OLD BUDDIES AND I
WANTED TO INVITE HIM
FOR A BEER.



I CANNOT
TELL YOU
THAT I'M
AFRAID.

THIS WAS ONE
VOLOPTOUS WOMAN.
JIM WAS INTRIGUED.



HOW DO YOU
KNOW WHERE THE
STORAGE ROOM
IS? I HAVEN'T
TOLD YOU WHO I
AM!

I AM AFRAID
ANDY TOLD ME
A BIT ABOUT
YOU, JIM.



HE SAID YOU WERE
AN ALL RIGHT
FELLA, BUT NOT AS
SELF CONFIDENT
AS YOU MIGHT
PRETEND TO BE.

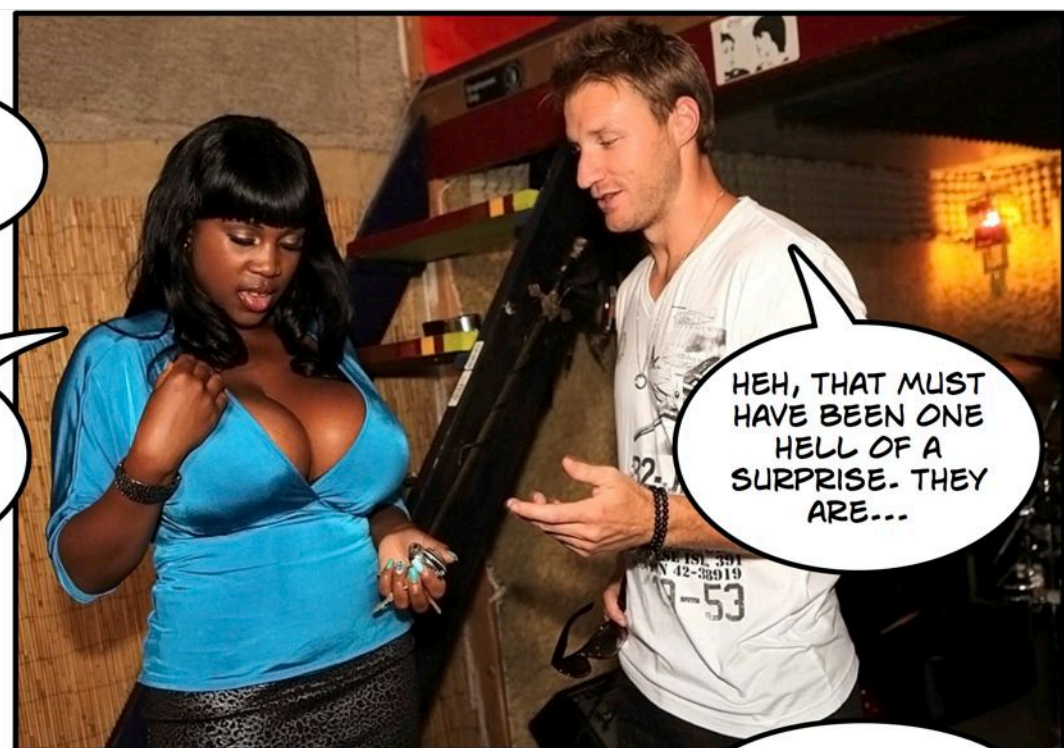
HE TOLD YOU
THAT?

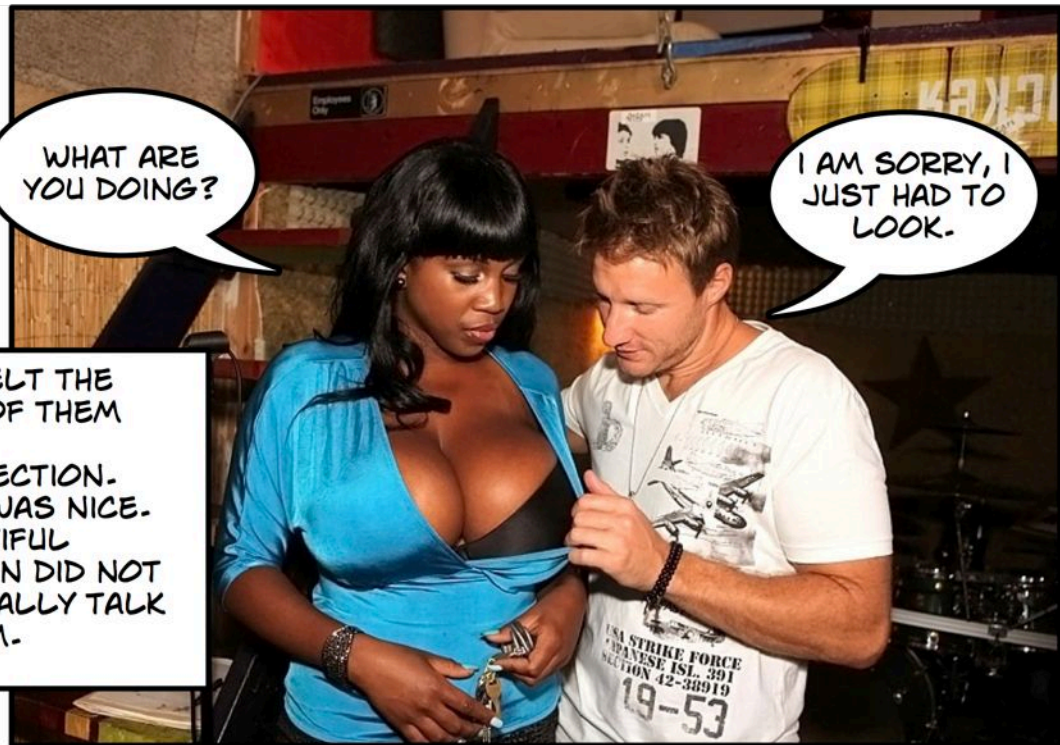


HE ALSO WARNED
ME ABOUT STUPID
JOKES AND BAD
HAIR DAYS.







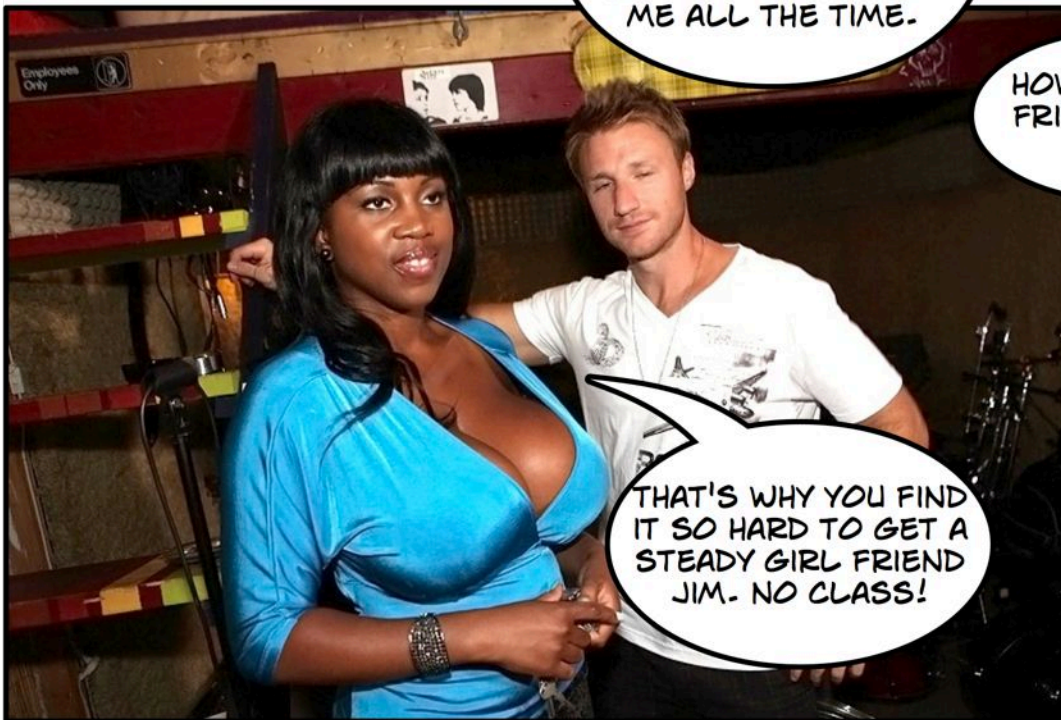


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I AM SORRY, I JUST HAD TO LOOK.

JIM FELT THE TWO OF THEM HAD A CONNECTION. THAT WAS NICE. BEAUTIFUL WOMEN DID NOT NORMALLY TALK TO HIM.

YEAH, I USED TO BE PRETTY BLAND AND AVERAGE, BUT NOW I HAVE MEN STARING AT ME ALL THE TIME.



HOW DID YOUR FRIENDS TAKE IT?

THAT'S WHY YOU FIND IT SO HARD TO GET A STEADY GIRL FRIEND JIM. NO CLASS!





WELL, I HAVEN'T
TOLD MY BEST
FRIEND YET.



I WAS PRETTY
SURE HE WOULD
MAKE A FOOL OF
HIMSELF.



AND HE DID!



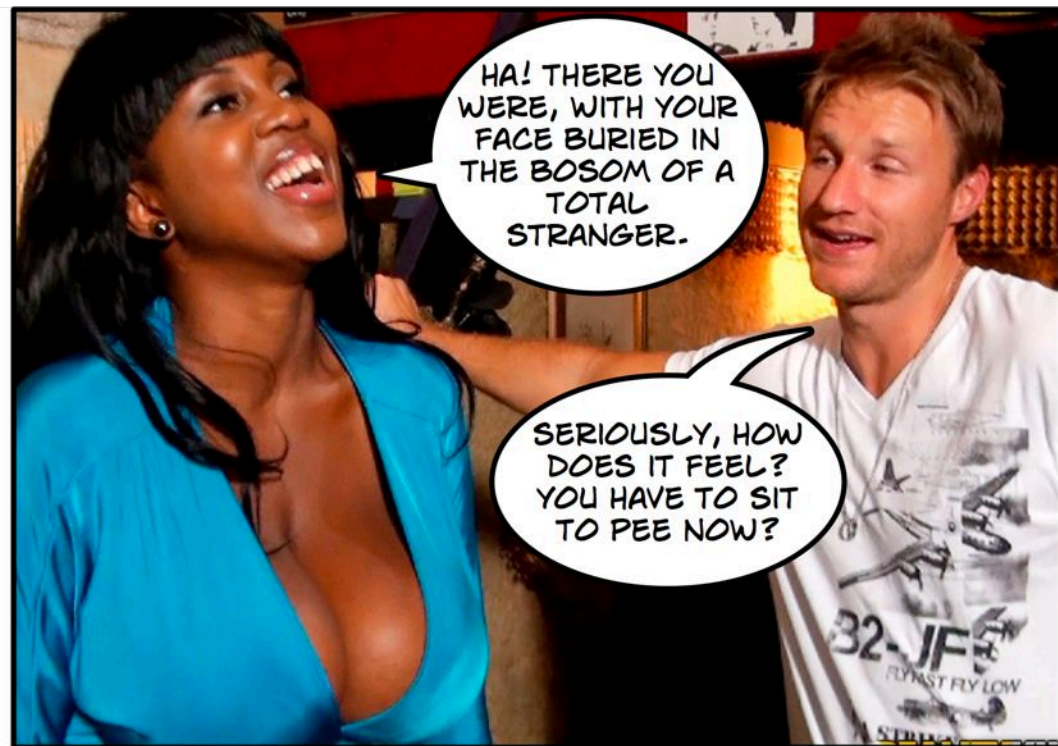
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, NOW
HE DID?

JIM, YOU ARE
HOLDING THE TITS
OF AN AFRICAN
AMERICAN LADY
YOU DO NOT
KNOW.

THIS IS WORSE
THAN THAT
WEEKEND IN
CALGARY!









BUT ADMIT IT, YOU LIKED HAVING ME
NUSSLE YOUR TITS? HAVE YOU HAD
ANY SINCE YOU CHANGE?. I MEAN,
YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE SEX YOU
WANT NOW, RIGHT?



NO, TO BE HONEST, I AM
FRIGHTENED. I HAVE BEEN
A MAN FOR ALL MY LIFE,
HOW AM I GONNA LET A
MAN INSIDE MY BODY, FOR
GOSSAKE!



THIS IS A WIN WIN
SITUATION. YOU NEED
TO TEST DRIVE YOUR
BODY AND I NEED TO
GET LAID.

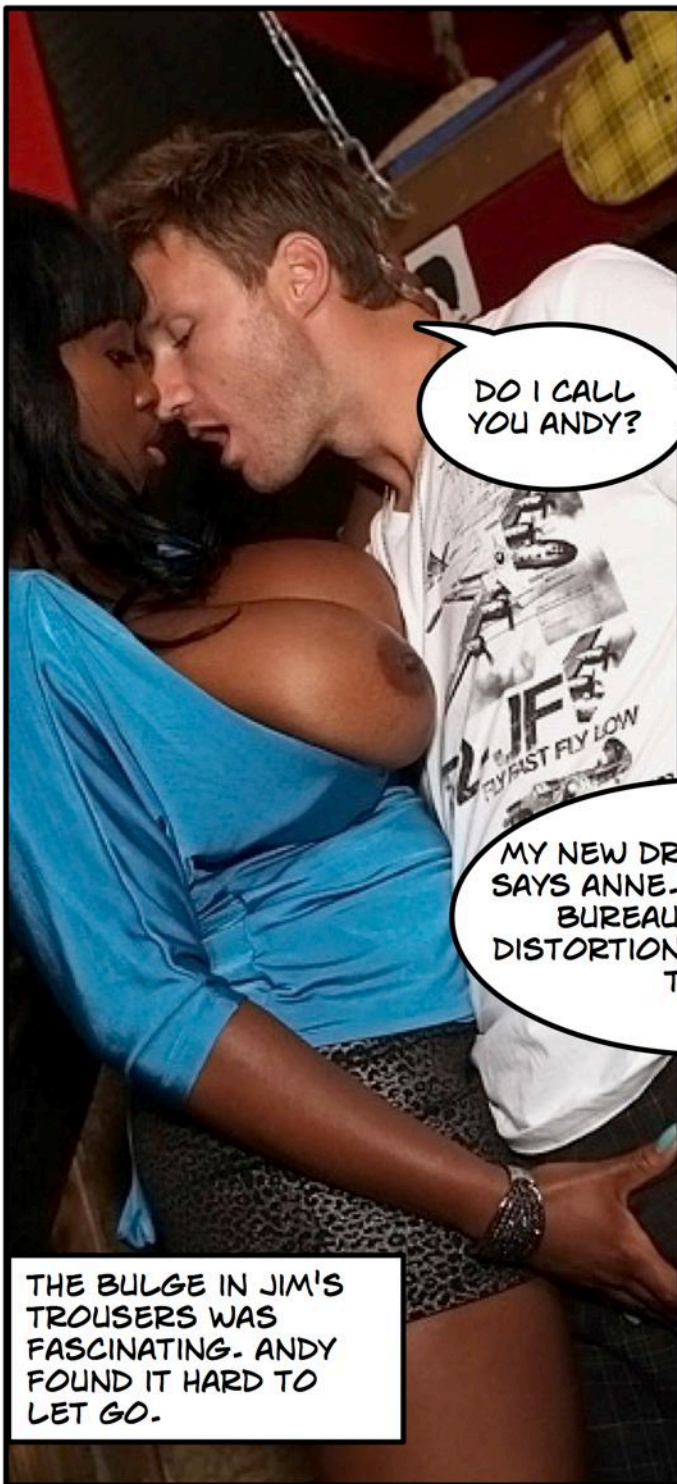



YOU ARE
ALWAYS
HORNY!

CORRECT,
AND I NEVER
GET ANY.

NOR DID YOU,
AS FAR AS I
REMEMBER.
MR. SHY!





A photograph of a man and a woman in a music studio. The man, on the left, is wearing a white t-shirt and dark shorts, leaning over the woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a blue top and dark shorts, sitting on a blue equipment case. She has large breasts. In the background, there is a drum set and a black equipment case.

DON'T BE
AFRAID. I AM
YOUR FRIEND AND
WHENEVER YOU
SAY STOP, I WILL
STOP.

REALLY?



THINK OF THIS...MMM... AS
A WONDERFUL
ADVENTURE...HMM. YOU
WILL BE ABLE TO
EXPERIENCE THE OTHER
SIDE AS A WOMAN.

BUT I AM SO
BIG!







ANDY COULD FEEL A FINGER EXPLORE HIS PUSSY. HE FELT LIKE SOME KIND OF HYPERWOMAN, HUGE TITS PROTRUDING LIKE THAT.



AHH, THAT IS GOOD!







ANDY COULD FEEL
THE HEAD OF THE
COCK RESTING
BETWEEN HIS PUSSY
LIPS.



OH, DAMN.
JUST DO IT!



AND THEN THE HEAD
PUSHED ITS WAY INTO
HIS VAGINA.



HE COULD FEEL THE
PASSAGEWAY EXPAND
AS JIM BURIED HIS
COCK TO THE HILT.



HOLY SHIT!



JIM STARTED PUMPING, FINDING A STEADY RHYTHM. ANDY REALIZED THAT THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO, BUT TAKE IT ALL LIKE A WOMAN.



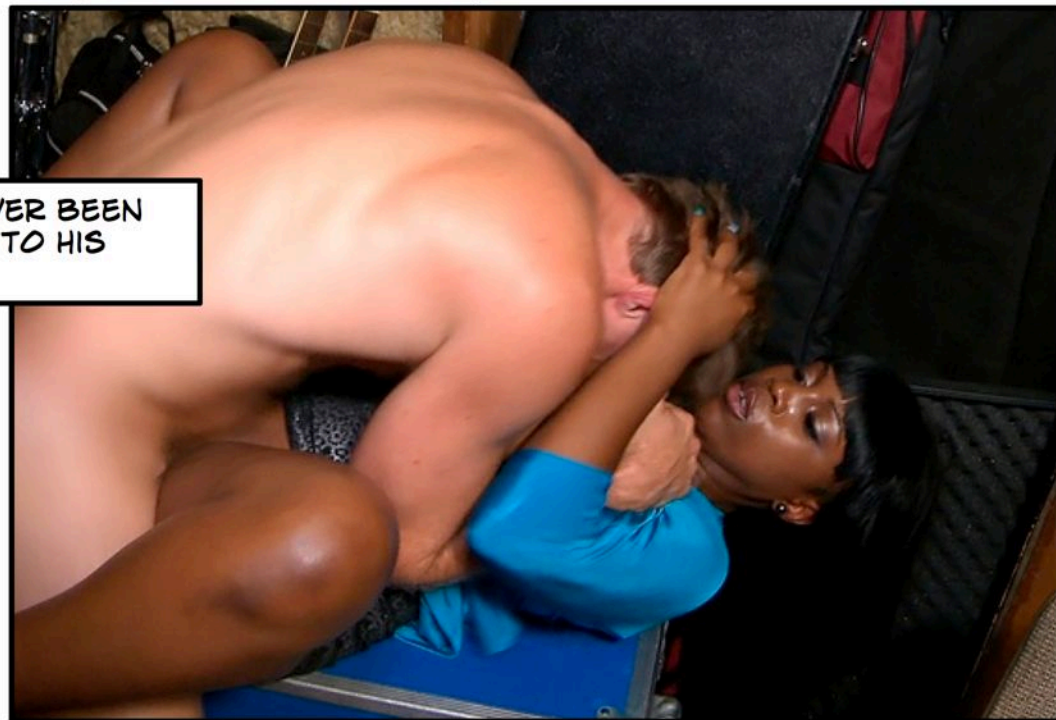
HE GRABBED HIS
ENORMOUS TITS AND
STARTED TO MOAN.



HIS NIPPLES
PROTRUDED LIKE
WATCH TOWERS,
ROCK HARD.



HE HAD NEVER BEEN
SO CLOSE TO HIS
FRIEND.







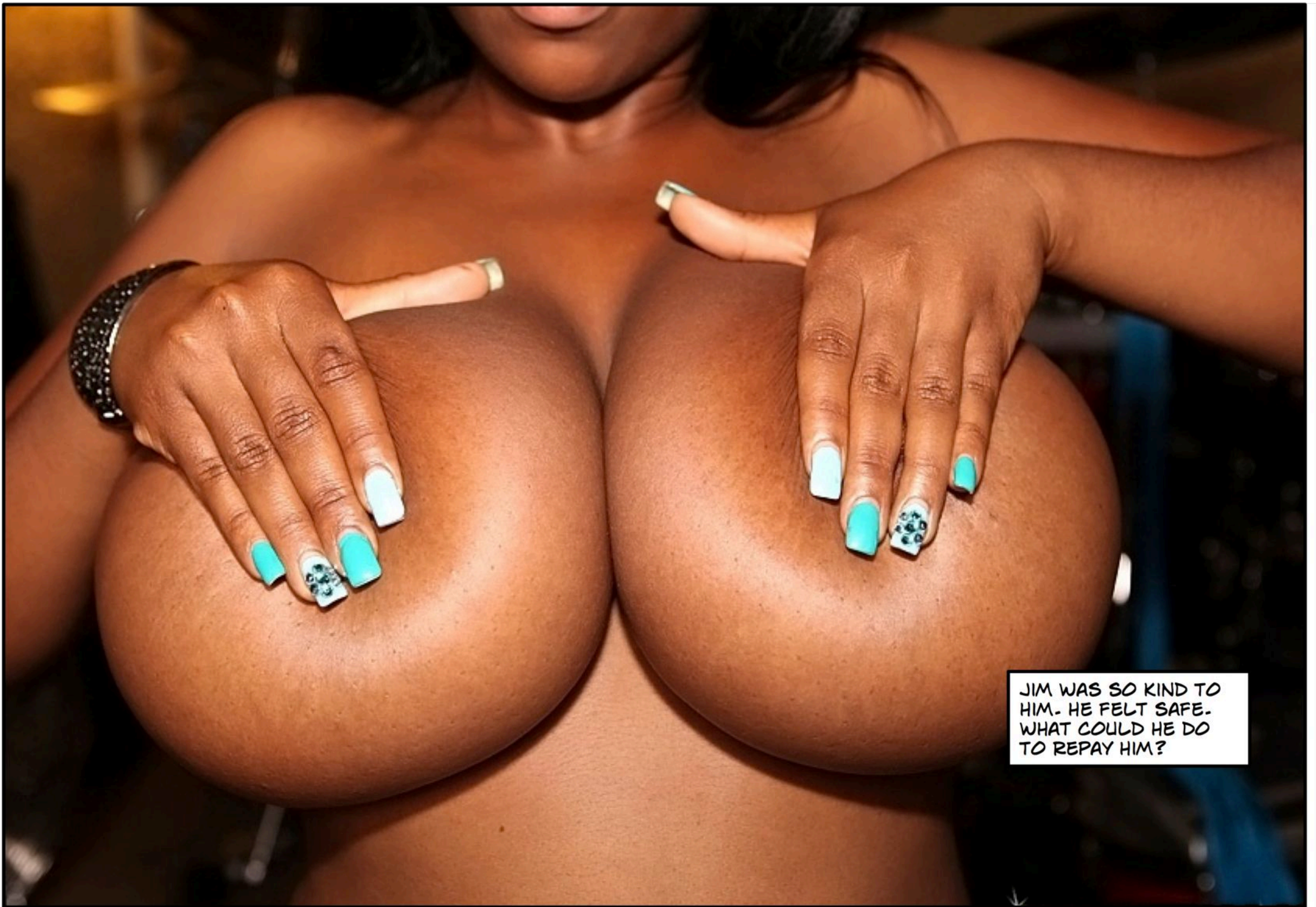
THERE WAS NOTHING
LEFT OF THE BOY.





ANDY MARVELLED AT THE CONTRAST BETWEEN WOMAN AND MAN, BLACK AND WHITE, PUSSY AND COCK. IT WAS AS IF THEY HAD BECOME COMPLEMENTARY TO EACH OTHER. ANDY, AS ANNE, COULD GIVE THIS FRIENDSHIP THAT DYNAMIC THAT HAD ALWAYS BEEN MISSING.





JIM WAS SO KIND TO
HIM. HE FELT SAFE.
WHAT COULD HE DO
TO REPAY HIM?



ANDY LICKED HIS BIG,
JUICY, LIPS, AND
CONSIDERED WHAT HE
WOULD HAVE WANTED
IF HE WAS IN JIM'S
POSITION.

COULD HE?

WELL, HE HAD
VENTURE SO FAR, AND
HE WAS A GIRL NOW,
AND THAT DICK HAD
GIVEN HIM A LOT OF
PLEASURE. MAYBE IT
WOULD GIVE HIM
MORE LATER ON.






SINCE ANDY WAS NOT
ON THE PILL, JIM
ULTIMATELY SPILLED
HIS SEED ALL OVER
ANDY'S TITS.

WELL, HE KNEW ANDY
AND HIS PORN. AS
LONG AS IT MADE HIM
HAPPY.





IS THIS REALLY
ME? I MEAN, AM I
REALLY A
WOMAN?

YEAH,, AND I THINK IT IS
TIME WE BURIED ANDY
FOR GOOD. WHAT DO
YOU SAY, ANNE, WHY
DON'T WE CELEBRATE
DOWN AT ANTONIO'S?

HE, NO, SHE HAD A
DATE. HER FIRST DATE
AS A WOMAN!




THE NEXT TIME
WE WILL DO THIS
IN MY BED ROOM.

YEAH, THAT WILL
PROBABLY BE
MORE
COMFORTABLE.

BUT THIS IS
NICE, THOUGH.

JIM WAS JUST HAPPY THAT
THERE WOULD BE A NEXT
TIME. HE FELT THEIR
WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIP
COULD DEVELOP INTO
ANOTHER...EH...WONDERFUL
FRIENDSHIP, OR DARE HE
THINK THE THOUGHT: MAYBE
LOVE?



ANNE: MASERATI
FROM
REBECCAMOLAY.COM

FOR MORE
TRANSGENDER
EROTICA, SEE
REBECCAMOLAY.COM

IT HAS BEEN
NICE MEETING
YOU ANNE!

LIKEWISE,
JIM!