Confessions of a Sex Crazy Cross Dresser Part 10

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Chapters 19 and 20 of Book #1

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Only 1 chapter left after this installment....I hope you are still enjoying Sandy's adventures

Chapter 19: Last Day in Vegas

The next morning Tanya left for her house after exchanging numbers with us and promising to visit Peggy in Phoenix next month. The hotel had arranged a car to take Peggy to the airport for her 9:00 flight. I was sad to see them go, but at the same time, I knew I had work to do and I wanted to have some time to myself. I had to go to two accounts and I finished by noon. I did all my paper work and phone calls and then took a long nap as I was working on hardly any sleep.

I woke up around 7:00 PM and felt so much better. I didn’t know what to do as I had two personalities to choose from, but I decided to go downstairs and play some video poker and have a couple of drinks. I had a few drinks lost about $40 and decided to have room service for dinner and decide what to do next. On my way to the elevator, I stopped into the clothing store in the lobby and saw a beautiful outfit I had to buy. In addition, there was a casual outfit that was so cute I got it too.

Upon arriving in my room, I showered, shaved and put on my make up. I called for room service and finished getting ready in my new outfit. My new outfit featured a black sequined tube top and a leather mini skirt in a zebra design. I wore my fishnet stockings and my high heel black knee high boots.

When I finished all the details of jewelry and accessories, I looked very slutty and very sexy. The room service arrived and the waiter was ogling at me as he delivered my food. I ate my dinner had a couple of drinks and a couple of lines and then grabbed a jacket and went downstairs and got into the taxi line. All the guys were checking me out and I was thrilled. I finally was in a cab and asked him to take me to Pickles, the bar the guy at the novelty store told me about.

I arrived a little after 10 PM and I was let in without paying the cover charge. I was approaching the bar when someone stood up and offered me their seat at the bar. He was a tall black man at least six

feet six inches tall and looked to be an athlete, probably a football player as his arms were incredibly strong and he had a barrel chest that could hardly be restrained by the black silk shirt he was wearing. He had on off-white loose fitting cotton pants and tan woven shoes with no socks.

When I sat down he introduced himself as Jamaal and wished to buy me a drink. I agreed and ordered a Stoli cosmopolitan. Jamaal had only one thing in mind and before I had my first sip of my drink he told me that I should really let him take care of me for the next couple of hours. When I asked him why, he whispered in my ear, “Two reasons. One I have something you want and two I have something you need.” He laughed.

I looked up at him and he bent over and he looked down at my legs. My short skirt barely covered the top of stockings, so he had a view from the top of my boots all the way up to about three inches below my crotch. He stuck his right hand up my zebra skirt and felt the bare skin between my panties and the top of my stockings on my left leg. “You feel my hand honey, it is just the beginning,” he whispered in my ear.

His lips came down on mind in a flash and engulfed them. He slid his tongue between my lips before I had a chance to object. His hand moved up to the top of my panties and he stuffed his hand down inside them and felt the small patch of pubic hair and the silk sheath that kept my cock concealed. “I thought you might be one of those slutty trannies,” he whispered. “Drink your drink now and follow me.”

I obeyed his command by chugging down the rest of my cosmo. He grabbed my hand and led me down an aisle way through some curtains and we reached a door that appeared to be an entrance to an office. He knocked on the door and after there was no answer he opened the door and I was led into a small office with minimal furniture.. It had a desk that was neat and clean, chairs, bookcases and a sofa.

Jamaal shut the door behind us and locked it and then he looked me over and said, “You are one hot little tranny. I am going to fuck you right here and if you are good enough, I may let you take care of a couple of my friends.”

“Well, Jamaal. Why do you think I would let you do that?” I asked as I made my eyes as big as possible.

“Because I knew the moment I saw you that you were a fucking tranny whore that wants cock,” he said.

I pulled a cigarette out of my handbag and lit it very slowly and then exhaled slower yet. “Well a

whore gets paid to take cock," I replied.

Jamaal looked me over closely and pulled the wallet out of his back pants pocket. He looked inside and took out a $100 bill and handed it to me. Now that is for me, you let me take care of you and I will make you a hell of a lot more tonight. I stepped up closer and let him bend down to kiss me. He picked me up in his arms and squeezed me tight. He let me back down and felt my ass and slid his hands in my panties. "God damn bitch, you have made me hard, now get to work."

I unbuttoned his shirt and then I unzipped his pants and pulled down his briefs. I was looking at the biggest cock I had ever seen in my life. It was getting harder and was already growing to at least nine inches. I started licking his balls and then started to work on his shaft as I slid my tongue up the entire length of his missile. I slipped my mouth around the head of his cock and gave a big slurping sound as I licked and sucked on the head of his monster.

"That's it bitch, show me what you got!" he said.

I tried to impress him, so I raised my head up and licked the tip of his cock then I opened wide and took a full five inches of his cock in my mouth. I paused to slurp a little air through the side of my mouth and gently lowered my mouth further down on his cock. I had practically eliminated any gag reflex after all the cock I had sucked the past couple of weeks and the only trouble was finding the right angle to get this cock down my throat. He took the back of my head and shoved slowly down so that I could take more of his fabulous long and thick dick.

After I got about seven inches in my mouth, I pulled off with a big slurp sound and ran my tongue along the underside of his cock as it slipped from my mouth. I told him to lie down sideways on the couch and I went back to work on my favorite meal. I slid up to his cock and took the head in my mouth again and went down in a very slow manner and now I had the tip of his cock pressing against the opening to my throat, a full seven inches of cock in my mouth. From this position, I could slide further down on his cock to have it slide down my throat further, like a magician swallowing a sword.

"No bitch has taken all of my cock in her mouth," he said.

I took this as a challenge and gave him a big smile with my eyes and took the remainder of his cock a quarter of an inch at a time. In a few minutes I had his entire shaft in my mouth and throat. I was gagging and tears started to come out of my eyes as he shoved my head down on his cock. I could feel his balls on my bottom lip as I started going upwards on his cock and replacing my hand on his shaft.

"Fuck baby, you took the whole thing, I am going to let you swallow my load, now," he said. "I am

going to fuck your mouth, till I fill you up with my cum.”

He was beginning to moan as I took the six to seven inches in my mouth up and down very fast and stroked the base of his big cock with my right hand. I went down all the way to his balls again and swallowed his dick as I felt the first salty taste of pre-cum in my throat as he began to come. Adrenaline was shooting through my body as this big black cock was fully buried in my mouth and I knew an explosion of cum was on its way.

“Swallow all my cum, you fucking tranny whore. Slurp up my cum out of my big black cock!” he said.

I rose up so that I had six inches of his cock in my mouth and gave him a big eye smile and started to stroke the base to eject his cum. He shot a load that was mind boggling. It sprayed everywhere in my throat and mouth and I could not keep all of it in my mouth as I was swallowing every drop as fast as I could. Cum leaked out of my mouth as I could only swallow about ¾ of a the biggest load of cum I have ever tasted.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and there was a big glob of goo on my chin that I licked off and then I licked my lips. I slid my hand across my left cheek to pick up a slobber of his cum and licked my fingers clean. Then I cleaned up his fat cock with my tongue and mouth.

“You are all right Mama, I wish I could have tapped that ass of yours, but that was one fucking amazing blow job,” he said. “I think I have a friend you should meet.”

He left the office and I stood up, wondering what I should do. I tried to pull myself back together as my heart was racing. I was a little scared, but I knew the worst thing that would happen is I would get too much cock. I knew Sandy was just a cock slut. I loved sucking cock, loved drinking cum and loved getting my ass fucked. It was hit and miss when you were a guy, sometimes you got lucky, sometimes you didn’t; but when you dress as a cheap slut, you get laid every time.

Jamaal returned a couple minutes later and he had brought me another cocktail. He explained to me that he owned the gym down the street and was a part owner of Pickles. If I wanted to make some money tonight, he could pimp me out here and also at a place a friend owned. He said not to worry, if anyone tried anything I didn’t agree to, he would break their arm. I asked him details, but he said I had to trust him and I obviously loved to suck cock based on how I took his cock. I agreed to try it for a while and see what happens. He asked me if I did anything other than drink and I told him that I love to snort and smoke coke. He was thrilled as he went to a safe in the corner of the office

In the safe he had a few rocks and we each smoked a few hits and now I was feeling great. We went back to the bar (after a quick rest room stop to fix my make up and lipstick) and he sat me down at a

small round table in the corner with four chairs and a “RESERVED’ sign on the top. He left me there alone with my cocktail and I lit up a cigarette. The lights were not very bright, but I could see my reflection in the mirrored walls and was really proud of how sexy I looked. The tube top showed off my new breast forms, arms and shoulders and with my bracelets and new nails, I looked very feminine. I had my new wig on, so my hair looked great. The skirt was so fucking hot; I got turned on looking at myself, especially with the fishnets and boots. I finished admiring myself when I looked back at the bar in time to see Jamaal approach the table with another man.

As they sat down Jamaal spoke. “Lonnie, this is the one I was telling you about. Sandy, say hello to Lonnie, a bud of mine.”

We exchanged pleasantries and shook hands as Jamaal told him to sit down and chat with me for a while. Jamaal left to go to the bar area and I asked Lonnie some basic questions as I drank my cosmo and smoked a cigarette. As I learned more about him, I also began looking him over. He was about 5’ 6” tall and was very thin and wiry. He wore designer type black jeans and an expensive looking wool or cashmere “V” neck sweater. He was from L.A. and was here for one more night. He had visited Pickles the other night with friends and wanted to come back alone. The previous night he had seen a couple of cross dressers, but didn’t want to hit on them while his friends were with him.

“The girls the other night did not compare to you. I can’t believe you are a transvestite,” he said.

“I think of myself as girl, not a cross dresser,” I replied.

About this time Jamaal returned with a cocktail for me and for Lonnie.

“Did you decide to buy that drink for Sandy?” he asked Lonnie. “Your scotch is $50, but if you want to buy the cosmo for Sandy, it is $100.”

Lonnie opened up his wallet and pulled out five $20 bills and gave them to Jamaal. It didn’t take me long to figure out the money; $50 for a BJ and $100 for a fuck. I was going to let this stranger fuck me for $100. I stood up with my fresh cocktail and grabbed my handbag and jacket. Jamaal motioned to Lonnie to follow me down the hallway I was approaching. I reached the office with Lonnie behind me and entered the office. Before Jamaal left he whispered to me that there was a button located on the lower desk drawer and to push it if I had any problems.

I shut the office door and locked the door. I lit a cigarette and approached Lonnie. “So have you ever been with a girl like me?” I said this as I motioned him to sit down on the couch.

“No, Sandy, but I have always wanted to,” he replied.

I turned on the desk lamp and then turned off the overhead light. I turned my back to Lonnie and slipped out my breast forms and placed them in my handbag. Then in one motion, I stretched my tube top and slid it down over my waist, hips and all the way down my legs. I stepped out and turned around to face Lonnie, as I unzipped my leather zebra skirt and let it fall down to my ankles. I picked up my top and skirt and folded them nicely and placed them on the desk. I walked towards Lonnie, so he could see my body which was only wearing my strapless bra, garter, stockings, panties and boots.

As I approached him I could see his dick was hard already and that he must have a pretty good sized cock on him from the bulge in his pants. I kneeled in front of the couch and unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his pants, zipped down his fly and stuck my hands down his briefs so I could feel his dick.

“Mmmm, that feels really good,” I said.

He shifted around so that he could pull down his briefs and pants and I started stroking his cock to get it very hard. It only took a couple of pulls on his shaft to get his full seven inches of cock standing straight up. I rose up and straddled him by placing my knees on either side of his legs. I lowered my body so that my crotch was rubbing against his belly and creating friction on his cock against the rear of my panties. I kissed him on the mouth and he immediately opened his mouth to accept my probing tongue.

We broke off the kiss and he said, “Wow, you are a great kisser. I can’t believe you aren’t a woman, look at your body.”

He was reaching under my bra and squeezing my nipples and this made me stretch my back up and create more friction on his long hard cock. I was moaning as he continued to pinch my nipples making them very hard. I looked into a mirror on the wall and loved how I looked sitting on his waist with my lingerie and boots.

I stood up and grabbed my cosmo. I chugged down the remainder of the drink and grabbed my handbag and pulled out a condom. I came back to Lonnie and said, “Thanks for the drink; I was thinking I could show you my appreciation.”

I leaned down in front of him and slipped off his shoes, so that I could remove his pants and underwear. As I did this he slipped off his shirt and sweater as I took his cock into my mouth for the first time.

“Ohhhhhhhhh, baby.” He moaned. “Oh my god, that feels so fucking good.”

I could taste the pre-cum from him already. It has a saltier taste than the big load I had tasted earlier. It is thinner; too; a great appetizer. I wanted to make this quick, as I wanted more cock tonight, so I took his full length of cock down my mouth in a kneeling position on my second plunge. I smiled at him and put a look on my face that showed my total infatuation with his dick.

“Fuck, you took it all,” he said. “Shit, I am getting ready to cum.”

I pulled off and let his cock fall out of my mouth, but it was still standing straight up.

“Not until I show you how thankful I am,” I said.

I spun around and I pulled off my panties and my sheath and grabbed some lube out of my handbag. As I spun back around, I discreetly applied some lube to my asshole and then used my hands to conceal my cock and balls. He knew I was a cross dresser, but I didn’t want to advertise that fact. I squatted down and slid the condom on his rock hard cock, feeling the monster was ready to blow any second. I stood up and turned my back to him, then slowly lowered my ass towards his cock. I reached behind and held his shaft and guided it towards the target.

When I felt the tip of his rod touch my asshole, I shifted slightly to line it up and my heart started to beat faster with anticipation of having this big cock inside me. I lowered and felt him enter me and I shuttered with joy, I felt my nipples go hard and my cock spring up as the first part of his cock was now inside me.

I looked over my left shoulder and said, “Lonnie, you have a great cock and I am going take every inch of inside me. I am going to fuck that cock good.”

I slid down slowly as his rod went deeper inside me. I only had about an inch inside when he started to thrust his hips up and I felt more of his cock pierce my ass. My eyes rolled back in my head as his second thrust was timed perfectly to meet my downward thrust and about five inches of his cock went sliding into my man pussy.

“Yea baby,” I said. “Go ahead fuck me, fuck me hard.”

We met our thrusts in perfect timing again and he slid in further. I rose up and I felt his cock leave my ass leaving me with such an empty feeling. I stood up and took his hand to help him stand up and I went down on the couch. I was on my knees and elbows and told him to get behind me.

“Get up here and fuck me hard,” I said. “Come fuck me like you do your little bitches in L.A.”

Lonnie practically jumped up and put his cock against my ass. He applied pressure and his rigid dick entered me again. I moaned in ecstasy as he started to fuck me harder. He tried to hold up, but before he could get his whole cock inside me he blew his load.

“Sandy, I am cumming; I am cumming in your ass, so hard,” he said.

“Oh Lonnie, fuck me baby. I want you cum so bad. Fuck my mother fucking ass, baby!” I begged.

His last thrust was a deep one that I could feel deep inside me. His cock felt like it was going to come out through my chest he was so deep. His orgasm was intense as he held my hips in each of his hands and his groin was shoved firmly against my ass. His cock was moving inside me as his cum exploded from his hard cock, sending me further into bliss.

He pulled out his cock and I took off the condom and I wrapped it in some Kleenex. I cleaned up all the residual cum from his love pole and slurped all the cum I could to get a good taste of his man chowder. We had some small chat as we both got dressed and then I told him he should go back in the bar and I would see him later. Before he left he gave me a $20 tip, that I put into my purse. Jamaal came in the office right afterwards and asked me if I was ok. We agreed to split everything 50/50, but I could keep any tips. Jamaal gave me $50 and told me to go back to my table when I was ready for the next trick.

Over the next three hours I had the time of my life. I got free drinks, smoked crack, sucked cock and took three cocks up my ass. I also made about $250 in less than two hours! It was midnight and Jamaal said he would give me a ride back to my hotel. I asked him about his friend’s place that he said he might pimp me at.

“Well that was a back up plan,” he said. “If we didn’t have any guys at Pickles, I was going to take you to the book store down the street.”

He explained to me about how you can go into the video booths that have the movies playing and some of the booths have glory holes. These were round holes cut out of the booths and guys will stick their cock through the hole to receive a blow job from the person in the next booth. Since he knew the owner, he could have arranged for me to be in a booth and give blow jobs all night, but at most it would have been $20 or $30 per blow job.

We went to the Sahara and I invited Jamaal up to my room. He agreed and we rode the elevator to my floor. He loved my suite and I shared a couple of lines with him.

“Now I have a favor to ask,” I said.

“What, honey? Haven’t I done enough?” He laughed.

“No not yet baby, come fuck me good with that big cock of yours!”

Now that is what you call going out with a BANG.

Chapter 20: On the Road Again

The next morning I was on my way back to California as Tony. I was planning on driving all the way back to Pasadena, but I was already tired of driving at 11:00 and I was not even an hour outside of Las Vegas. I had gone to sleep around 2:00 AM after Jamaal finished fucking me (yes somehow I took that whole cock up my ass) and woke up at 8:00. I made all of my calls, checked out and left at 10:00 AM. I was very sore, but I have learned that after a few hours and a few drinks, I am ready to go again!

The drive back was primarily through the desert and I wore a pair of shorts and a polo shirt with my bra, panties and sheath on underneath. I wanted to change clothes as soon as possible, as I wanted to be Sandy, not Tony while I was driving. I think maybe that is why I hated the drive, as I kept thinking that it would be so much more fun if I were Sandy. I was coming up to the last town in Nevada at the State Line and I pulled into the huge parking lot of one of the cheap casinos located there. I had packed to make the change as easy as possible.

I went to the back of the van and closed the window shades and pulled out my bag to change. I slipped off my old clothes and slipped on a pair of very short denim shorts, a bright yellow halter top and a pair of high heel yellow patent sandals. I put on some casual jewelry, my wig, slipped in my breast forms, dabbed on some lipstick and a little make up.

When I stepped out of the van, I felt like a new person. Well in a way, I was a new person because Sandy was back. I grabbed my large handbag and went into the casino. The first stop was the rest room, where I fixed my make up, put on my eyelashes and then I was back to the van. Tuesday morning at State Line is pretty dead and there were very few people there, but I did gather a few looks from the guys that were around.

I drove over to the gas station next door and had the attendant fill up the van with gas. I went into the convenience store and bought some cigarettes, drinks and snacks for the ride. I paid for the gas and the attendant asked if I wanted to have a drink later. I told him I was headed back to California, but if I were staying tonight I would fuck his brains out tonight. He was stuttering over his words as I turned around and got in the van and drove off.

The drive was much more fun and the next hour raced by as every guy that passed me in a car waved and the guys in trucks honked. I was amazed what a little smile from a girl will do to a guy driving alone. I had to stop at a big rest area to go to the bathroom and it was pretty empty except for about three cars and about six or seven big trucks. I parked the van and grabbed my handbag and went to the restroom building. There was no one in the restroom, so I relieved myself and spent some time fixing my wig and make up. When I left the building there was a man waiting for me that looked like a truck driver.

“Hi, honey,” he said. “Do you remember me; you gave me that big smile to me in my truck a few miles back on the road.”

“Sure I do. How are you? My name is Sandy,” I said.

“Melvin Collins is my name,” he said.

“Well nice to meet you Melvin and see you down the road, maybe,” I said as I walked past him and headed toward my van.

Melvin called after me and caught up to me as I reached my van. I looked at him and said, “Yes, Melvin, what can I do for you?”

“I was wondering if I might buy you a cup of coffee or something?” he said.

“What would something be?” I asked batting my eyes a few times.

“Well, maybe we could have lunch or something?” he said.

“Are you asking me out for a date, or do you just want to fuck me?” I asked.

“Well both would be perfect,” he stammered out.

“I tell you what, how about I drive over to your truck and suck your cock for $50?” I asked.

He looked a little surprised, but we agreed on $40 and pretty soon I was in the back of the cab section of his truck. This was a cool set up with a bed, a TV and other goodies. He gave me the $40 and I pulled down his jeans to find a nice thick cock about five inches long. I played with his cock for a while as he sat up against the side of the truck (which was the headboard of his bed) and had his legs stretched out on the bed. I stroked it a few times to get hard and I asked him if he wanted me to put

on a condom. He said it was up to me. I didn’t bother as I took his cock in my mouth and started to go up and down on it very quickly.

It was so thick that it was hard to breathe when I had my lips wrapped all the way around his thick pole. I went down on his cock all the way until I could feel the pubic hair above his dick on my lips. I rose up while maintaining contact with my tongue on his shaft and took in a deep breath of air. I went back down in a fast manner and felt his thick cock hit the back of my mouth. He gave out a pleasurable moan as I started to go up and down on his cock while stroking the base with my right hand. I tasted the beginning of a cum fountain on my tongue and picked up speed going down on his cock. He shoved the back of my head all the way down on his cock as it exploded in my mouth. His cum spray hit the back of my mouth and started to glide down my throat as he pushed my head down on his cock. I swallowed a huge load of cum and finally he released my head. I licked the whole length of his cock sipping up the residual cum from the shaft and the very tip of his beautiful thick dick.

“Damn, that was a fine blow job!” he said. “I wish I could see you again.”

“Maybe down the road.” I laughed.

I hopped out of Melvin’s truck and walked over to my van. I was sure to shake my ass in my tight short shorts and was so excited about having a little fun on my long drive. I stepped into my van and started the drive again through the desert. The next 30 minutes I must have had ten guys wave, smile or honk at me as I cruised down the slow lane about 60 MPH. I stopped at the next rest stop and parked my van near the truck parking section. I strolled to the rest room area being sure to show off my ass and legs to any truckers that might be watching.

As I approached the rest rooms, I saw two trucker types sitting at a picnic table about ten feet away from the rest room entrance.

“I bet your name is Sandy,” one of them said.

These two guys looked to be about 40 years old dressed in t-shirts and jeans. Both had big mustaches and had full heads of black hair. They were both smoking cigarettes and had the look of desire on their faces.

“Well, you must be friends of Melvin. Did he radio ahead about me?” I asked.

“Yep, he said that there was a hot bitch driving a van that sucked his cock like crazy at the last rest stop,” the other guy said. “He described your yellow top and those very tight shorts.”

I didn’t get a very warm and fuzzy feeling from these two guys, so I decided to play it a little cool. I told them I had to go to the bathroom and I would talk to them when I got back. I went to the ladies room and fixed my make up so that I looked as good as possible. I walked into a stall, sat down and relieved myself. When I opened the stall door and started back out, I saw one of the truckers inside the ladies room leaning against the sink.

“Jack is watching the door, so we won’t be disturbed,” he said.

I was very nervous, but tried to act cool. “I didn’t catch your name and why would we be disturbed?”

“My name is I want to fuck your brains out, but you can just call me Tom,” he said.

“Well, you are just going to have to wait for that, I am not fucking anyone in here.” I laughed.

I started to walk buy him and he grabbed my arm and swung me around.

“Don’t touch me like that,” I said as I pulled my arm back and got away from his grasp.

I walked outside very quickly and bumped right into Jack. “Tell your friend he missed out on a good time by acting like such a jerk,” I said.

When I walked away, I shook my ass like crazy and headed back toward my van. I heard Tom leave the bathroom and could feel their eyes on me as I walked away. I hopped into my van and drove away leaving the two asshole truckers behind. I was pretty shaken up, thinking that he would have beaten me up pretty badly if he tried to rape me and find out I was not a woman. I had to be a little more careful about who and where I shared my goodies. The truck drivers must talk about the whores they meet up with on their CB radios.

Shortly thereafter I pulled into Barstow, California. I determined that I was going to take a couple more days on my trip and head north up to Bakersfield. I had a couple of accounts that I could visit and sell some product and enjoy a couple more days of being Sandy.

As I was driving out of Barstow I saw a girl dressed all in black hitch hiking, so I stopped and picked her up. She looked to be about eighteen and must be over heating in her black jeans and long sleeve Ramones black t-shirt. She wore Dr. Maarten shoes and had black hair with dyed red stripes going through her hair and had about six earrings in each ear. She carried a black back pack that featured a British Flag decal on the back.

“Hi, I am Nikki,” she said upon entering the van. “I am headed to Bakersfield.”

“So am I, Nikki. My name is Sandy,” I replied. “Make yourself comfortable.”

I drove off and we started to chat, she was eighteen and was headed to Bakersfield to see some friends. She lived in Barstow and hated living there. She wanted to move to L.A., but knew she was stuck until she could make some money. She asked about me and I was unsure how to answer.

“I live in Pasadena, but am traveling for a few days. I have been to Phoenix and Las Vegas the past week and my last stop is Bakersfield before I head back home,” I told her.

“I am kind of a kook,” I continued. “I am not your ordinary girl.”

“Well, look at me. I think I am the only punker in Barstow,” she replied.

“I bet if I lived there I would be the only cross dresser,” I said.

Nikki had a weird look on her face of bewilderment. “You mean you are a guy? No way. I would have never guessed,” she said.

I started telling her about my past couple of weeks and she listened without interrupting. I could tell she was fascinated and she couldn’t believe the time in Las Vegas. The only thing I didn’t tell her was how much money I had made both from gambling and hooking. At the end she asked me what I was going to do in Bakersfield and I told her I had no idea, I was just going to get a motel room downtown and see if I could get lucky.

It took almost an hour to tell the story and the second half Nikki started asking questions. We came to a rest stop and I pulled in so we could go to the bathroom. There were about ten other cars and about five trucks in the parking lot and I warned Nikki that we might be harassed. We both noticed how all the guys were checking both of us out. Now that we were out of the van and walking, I could see her body. Nikki was about 5’2” tall and she had a very thin body. The jeans she wore were very tight and showed off a very nice ass. She had very small boobs, but her t-shirt was skin tight, so it showed off a very modest set of tits, but she was very sexy if you could get past the punk style make up and hair.

We came back to the van after our rest room break and Nikki looked over to me and said. “Hey, Sandy. This is kind of weird, but I am kind of jealous of you. You dress so sexy and I want to see what it is like to be a little slutty.”

I told her we should go shopping for a slutty outfit and she could hang with me for a couple of hours in Bakersfield. She agreed and when we entered Bakersfield, we went directly to a store to find her an outfit. We ended up buying a sexy outfit with all the trimmings. Of course I found a few things to buy for me as well. We went to a restaurant and had an early dinner and I bought some more alcohol to have in the room. I had her check into a motel for me and I gave her the money to pay for the room. She put it under her name and also Tony's.

We selected the Travelodge hotel in downtown Bakersfield. There were several bars and restaurants in the area and was also the area of town you could find hookers. Nikki was dying for a drink, so I mixed up some Rum and Cokes and cut up a couple of lines. Nikki called her friend she was to visit and told her something came up and she would call her later if she were able to come over. I told her to take a shower, wash off all of her make up and put on a towel.

Ten minutes later Nikki was done and came out to the room and sat on the edge of the bed with the towel wrapped around her. I used a razor, shaving lotion and wash cloth to shave her legs thoroughly. As I brought the razor up to her thighs, I slipped open the towel and pulled her in my arms. I kissed her on the mouth and she instantly kissed me back.

"I was hoping you were going to do that," she said.

I lay her down on the bed and immediately started eating her pussy. I licked her cunt lips and tongued her clit until I could feel the moisture from her wet pussy on my lips. I was also slipping my shorts off my body and untied my halter top from around my neck, while I continued to lick her pussy.

I stood up to remove my panties and sheath and then I climbed between her legs. "Sandy is going to fuck you, Nikki," I said.

My cock glided into her wet snatch and I buried my cock in the tightest pussy I have ever felt. It was so slick that I slid all the way into her on the first thrust, but the friction made my cock as hard as a hammer.

"Oh, Sandy. That feels good. Let me get on top of you, I want you in me all the way," Nikki said.

We switched positions and Nikki climbed on top of my cock and started sliding her entire body up and down so that my dick went deep inside her. Nikki was closing her eyes and her tiny body was straddling my cock. Her back was straight up so I could see her tits with a set of very hard nipples staring at me. When she got my cock deep in her, she started moving back and forth resulting in my cock hitting her magic button.

“Fuck that feels good,” she said. “I am on fire, I am so fucking hot, I am going to explode.”

Her orgasm started with a violent pull to her left as she was rising up and she slammed her cunt down on my cock with authority. My cock started to explode as I came deep in her pussy as she became rigid as a brick wall and then relaxed and started to shake.

“God, I am cumming. Ohhhhhhhhh, man, I am cumming,” she yelled.

She collapsed on top of me with my cock still buried inside her and we kissed as she finally slid her body off of my cock.

“That was great Sandy. I have never been fucked by a girl before,” she said.

“Wait till later and we fuck each other with my toys,” I said. “You will be cumming for a week.”