Transgender Latex Lust, Samantha's Story

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Love blooms in latex with a beautiful transgendered lady and her first date.

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Several years ago, I was asked by a major latex clothing designer, to model for her latex- wear catalog. I had done it once before, with my then girlfriend, Karen, so I had no reluctance to doing it again. This time, I again agreed to do it, as it was so much fun wearing all those hot, skin-tight outfits, especially under the blazing studio lights.

Teamed with me this time was Samantha, a very attractive girl of mixed parentage. Her Father is an American, her Mother is Japanese. Samantha is a head computer programmer for a major NYC bank, and travels all over the world to attend to the software issues of the banking chain. She lives in Manhattan, and at the time was about 29 years old.

We spent most of Saturday posing for the photographer, changing outfits, laughing, and getting very sweaty in the process. After the shoot, Nancy, the photographer, sort of threw us together, when she told me that I should,

“Take this poor girl out to eat. She must be starving after all this work.”

Certainly, I didn’t mind, as she was very attractive and fun to be with. She agreed at once, and we set off to a nice bistro on the Upper East Side. Samantha, being a devotee of latex wear, asked Nancy if she could borrow the red latex catsuit, black latex opera cape, gloves and boots she was currently wearing,

”Absolutely, girl,” she said.

”Go for it,” and off we went to eat.

I had already changed back into my black leather codpiece jeans, tight leather shirt, a Brando style motorcycle jacket and knee high lace up boots that I had worn to the shoot. Being a boot-fetishist, I always loved any excuse to gender bend and wear sexy, girl’s boots with my outfit.

The taxi ride to the restaurant was very interesting, as the East Indian driving the taxi couldn't take his eyes off of Samantha, in his rear-view mirror. More than once, I thought he was going to kill us all.

At the restaurant, we got a great table, as the Maitre' D' was struck by Samantha's exotic looks and sensual clothes. We talked, joked, and generally had a wonderful time exchanging stories and our life history. She was totally comfortable wearing nearly full latex in public, the only part not covered was her head. The warmth of being inside the restaurant, on a humid summers evening, was obvious in her face, with little rivulets of sweat regularly trickling down her face, as we ate. I asked her if she was hot, and she only smiled and said that she was, "Wonderful."

She told me that she had been a devotee of latex wear for several years, and wore it whenever the opportunity arose, especially in public places.

She said that she met the designer of the clothes two years ago and became great friends; her photo shoot was the third she had done for her, and she loved every second of it. She said she was a true fetishist, and even wore latex panties under her work clothes. She mused that the only thing that would be better was that if I were wearing latex also.

I told her, "Next time."

She said that she would hold me to the promise!

Her life was exciting, having visited many foreign countries, far away places, and having grown up, mostly in Japan. She moved to the U.S.A. with her parents when she was 16 years old, and settled in San Francisco, where her father was an executive of a major bank in Japan. She told me that after graduating with her Master's degree at the age of 23, she moved here to NYC, to take her current job.

After dinner, we decided to walk back to her town house rather than take a cab. As we walked, it was obvious that she was totally enjoying the stifling July heat, encased in her latex outfit. I could see the rivers of sweat running down her face, onto the latex catsuit. We walked for quite some time and finally wound up at her home on East 63rd Street. We exchanged soulful good-night kisses, and agreed to go out on a real date the next Saturday night. During the next week, we talked on the phone several times, small talking, exchanging ideas about new outfits to try on, adventures to live out, and so forth.

The chemistry was bubbling over between us. Saturday night came ever so slowly, it seemed. I spent most of the afternoon deciding what to wear for her visual enjoyment, finally settling on black latex boot-leg jeans, a blue latex poet's style top with full, loose sleeves, tight cuffs and a large open-necked collar.

I made sure that I had black latex gloves on under the cuffs of my shirt, a pair of latex butt plug briefs on, under my jeans, with the requisite amount of lube for a nice squishy feeling. For shoes, I chose black four-inch heel, cowgirl boots with sliver trim, to finish off the outfit. I had worn girl’s shoes and boots several times before, and loved the sensuality of it.

Arriving at her home, I was all tingly and excited about our date.

As I walked up the stairs of the town house, she appeared at the door, apparently having been looking out of the window, for my arrival. As she opened the door, I saw an absolutely beautiful sight to behold. She was wearing a crimson-red latex, bell sleeve cropped top, that covered her hands completely, showing only a bit of the black latex gloves she had on underneath. Her flared and pleated, black latex, mini-skirt was so short, that if she didn’t have black latex tights on underneath it, she would never be able to sit down. Her shoes were crimson-red, platform, ankle-strap pumps with at least a 6" inch heel and 2" platform. Around her neck, she wore a laced up neck-corset, made of white and red latex that covered her entire neck, making turning her head a bit difficult at the very least.

”WOW,” she said, “You look hot, boyfriend!”

I was too awe struck to say anything.

I smiled and thanked her, taking her hand in mine, as we walked down to street to our dinner. She had chosen a local Japanese restaurant that was only four blocks away, so walking was not only easy, but also fun, as we got so many inquiring looks from everyone that saw us. At the restaurant: she spoke only in Japanese to the staff, getting us a secluded booth, far in the rear of the dining room. Once settled in, she refused the menu, opting to order in her native language from memory.

Being very impressed, I congratulated her, hoping that we wouldn’t get some crazy concoction of food. As the waiter left: she snuggled up next to me and began running her hands all over my outfit, admiring and caressing it with her gentle touch. As her hands reached my waist, she smiled and said that it seemed that I was enjoying myself, as my crotch was bulging from my engorged cock. Feeling the softness and squishiness of my crotch, she said,

“Latex panties and lots of lube?”

“Yes,” I shook my head.

“Good boy,” she replied, “Hope you’ve got lots of stamina and are ready for a fun night, boyfriend.”

With that she grabbed my cock through my latex pants, and began to slowly and deliberately massage my cock. She repeatedly masturbated me nearing the point of no return, stopping just short of climax. The sexual tension was making me crazy; she loved every second of it, laughing quietly, as I went through my agonies.

Bending forward to my face, she kissed me passionately, and said,

“This is it, lover,” as she gave me a throbbing climax that nearly made me faint.

I could feel the stream of hot cum shooting into my shorts, as it seemed to never stop flowing. She didn’t stop kissing me until I was fully spent, and then sat back smiling, as we awaited dinner.

“Don’t even think about going to the men’s room to clean up”, she said. “I want you as sticky as I am right now.”

The rest of dinner went wonderfully, the food she had selected was great, and after diner, she suggested that we go to her favorite dance club.

We hailed a cab in front of the restaurant, and went to the East Village, where we stopped at a club called, “The Cat Club”. The doorman knew Samantha, and we walked right in, avoiding the velvet rope lines.

Inside the packed club was filled with some very exotic looking people, crazy, outlandish outfits, and lots of over the top dancing and carrying on.

We found two of her friends, and sat down to try and talk, over the din of the music. Her two friends were of mixed origin, part Oriental and part Caucasian, as she is. Soon we were joined by a third girl, blonde and quite tall, wearing the highest heels I had ever seen. She was literally standing on her toes in her boots. Her purple spandex micro dress, and obvious lack of underwear, made all the statement that was necessary.

After talking for a while, the subject of conversation changed around to sex and dating, the first Oriental girl, Mai Lin, was strikingly exotic, with long black hair, severe bangs, and a tiny, pink leather dress, that barely covered anything. The second, Nikki, wore tiny jeans hot pants covered in rhinestones, a titty top that was once a white tee shirt, before the razor blade cut it to ribbons, and hot-pink ankle boots. She and her friend Nikki congratulated Samantha on finding me, and went off to dance together.

“What do you think about her?” Samantha asked me. ”She used to be a boy before her changes.”

“She’s really hot looking,” I answered. “Do you mean that she is a “T” girl?”

“Yes, she is, she was born a male, but has transitioned to a super-sexy female,”

Samantha replied. “She and Nikki are my closest friends”.

I had never before met a “T” girl: but seeing Mai Lin, I was so turned on by her that I had to consciously try to get her out of my mind; after all, I was Samantha’s date.

We danced for hours. I also got to dance with Nikki and Mai Lin, both very hot dancers, and very much exhibitionists. About midnight, Samantha and I were worn out and started back to her home. Arriving there, she ushered me into the living room and told me to wait, as she went to the bathroom.

A few minutes later she appeared, wearing only her red latex panties, a studded red-leather collar with “SLUT” lettered on it, and a pair of red platform boots.

“Time to get naked, lover,” she said as she peeled the sweaty latex outfit off of me.

The latex panties I had on under my pants, were soaked with not only sweat, but with cum from my explosion in the restaurant. Looking approvingly, she took me by the hand and we walked into her bedroom. Her bed was covered with black satin sheets, and pillowcases. Lying on the bed was a set of leather ankle and wrist cuffs, several pieces of rope, and a latex hood with just a mouth hole and a ball gag.

Saying nothing, she pulled my latex dildo panties off. Then with an open hand she scooped up as much of the cum and goo that was trapped inside of them, and wiped it on my face, until it was covered. She then took the hood that was on the bed and pulled it over my head, and quickly stuffed the ball gag into my mouth.

“Comfy?” she asked.

“Umph,” was about all I could say.

Next, the leather bondage cuffs were placed on my wrists and ankles and pulled tightly closed. I was then instructed to lay face down on the bed, which I did at once! The ropes that were tied to the four corners of the bed were then attached to the cuffs. I lay there helpless and very horny!

Then, she straddled my back with her knees and wiped oil all over my exposed back, legs, arms and crotch. She bent forward and began to run her nails up and down my back, with increasing intensity. The pain was at times excruciating, but so very sensual as well. After some time, she stopped and bent forward to my head, speaking softly into my ear,

“Are you ready, Baby?” she said.

With that, I felt the unmistakable feeling of a rubber dildo being placed against my backside. With a quick push: the rubber cock was jammed deep into me, with only a tiny laugh from her, as it was rammed home, to fill me.

Reaching under me with her free hand, she grabbed my rock hard cock, and began to masturbate me.

“Nice and hard, aren’t we?” she asked.

“Umph,” I again replied.

At the same time: she began to fuck my ass with the dildo, a feeling that was totally new to me, but immensely enjoyable to say the least. As I approached orgasm, she stopped abruptly and said,

“OK, Baby, now it’s my turn.”

With that, the dildo was pulled out, causing me to shudder with ecstasy and a rush of sexual energy. I felt her slide her body further up on my legs, and with her hands on my shoulders, I felt her bend forward once again. This time, my backside felt yet another invasion, but it was not the dildo I expected, it was a real cock!

Trying to speak was futile, I didn’t know what was going on, and I was quite confused to say the least. I felt the pressure of the cock against the rosebud of my ass. Then, a slight push forward and the shaft of the cock slid deep into my ass. I shuddered as she continued to thrust in and out of me. The absolute feeling of pleasure from the filling of my ass with the hot cock drove me wild with passion. My initial fear subsided as pure pleasure took over my mind and body. I loved this, and never wanted it to stop. After a long period of pure sexual bliss, she moaned and screamed out, as she orgasmed.

Quickly, I did too, shooting my load of cum all over the sheets, and my stomach. Fully spent and exhausted, Samantha fell forward onto my back, with her cock still inside of me. She began to speak softly to me, as she laid my back. She gently took the ball gag out of my mouth allowing me to speak for the first time.

“What did you do?” I asked, along with many other rapidly fired questions.

“Didn’t Nancy tell you about me?” she asked in a quivering voice.

“NO,” I replied.

She then apologized, and began to tell me about herself. She was born a boy, but her parents knew that something was wrong. By the time she was 16 years old she was growing breasts, and had a very soft, hairless skin. Doctors examined her and determined that she was an inter-sexed person. At the age of 17, she was taken to Thailand where her testicles were removed, and hormone therapy was started.

When she and her parents moved to America, she began to live full time as a girl, and not the boy she was born as. Samantha was “born”.

“I’m a chick with a dick,” she proudly exclaimed, “Just like Nikki is.”

With that, she apologized again, and untied me, taking the hood off of my head, and gently wiping my face with a wet cloth. Looking very embarrassed, she hardly looked into my eyes, and appeared to be sobbing and crying. I put my hand under her chin and told her to please stop crying.

“Now you know why I said I have so much trouble dating,” she gushed.

The tears ran from her eyes non-stop as she lost control of her emotions.

Once again, she said she was sorry. I stopped her in mid sentence and put my arms around her, and hugged her tightly: kissing her neck, then, kissing her lips, ever so gently.

“Do you really like me?” she asked.

“Sure I do, you are one amazing, sexy, foxy, lady,” I told her. “You just drove me to the wildest, most intense orgasm that I have ever experienced. You are amazing!”

We hugged and kissed for nearly an hour, and afterwards, we enjoyed a hot shower together. Samantha then slipped into a beautiful pink latex, baby-doll nightie outfit, complete with ruffled and gathered, Pink latex panties. We then fell back into her bed for a good nights sleep. We talked and talked, and finally fell asleep in each other’s arms.

About 3AM, I awoke from my slumber. Turning to my side and seeing Samantha sleeping so soundly next to me made me realize that I had fallen deeply in love with her. I realized that she was the girl I had been looking for my entire life, and now, I had finally found her.

I slid my body down under the sheets, carefully sliding her ruffled pink panties down past her hips, then I carefully took her girl-cock into my mouth, and gently pleasured her awake. She turned onto her side to a “69” position, we then spent nearly an hour licking and sucking each other to climax. My orgasm was quickly achieved, the intensity of feeling Samantha’s body pressed against mine, and the amazing way that she was pleasuring my cock made it seem dream-like. It was difficult to believe that this was actually happening, but it was!

I continued to pleasure her until I felt her body stiffen, her back arched against my body, and with a soft purring, I felt her achieve her climax as my mouth was filled with the marvelous taste of her cum. Never releasing her she-cock from my mouth, I eagerly swallowed her juices and continued to lick and suck her until she was fully purged of her juices.

I had the urge to piss, as my bladder felt so terribly filled, that I was going to explode. I told Samantha that I needed to get up and go to the bathroom. She got up too and took my hand, leading me to the bath. Without a word said, she lowered herself to her knees, placed her arms behind her back, then opened her mouth wide, and placed it over my cock. I could not believe what she was doing. . .

“I’m ready, my love,” she purred.

My cock instantly grew rock hard, making pissing difficult, but with will power, I was finally able to piss, what seemed like a gallon. Samantha took every drop into her mouth, savoring it, like it was a fine champagne. She never spilled a drop, nor said a word. When I was finished, she stood up, gave me a tender, loving kiss, and taking me by my hand, led me to her bed.

“I love you, Samantha,” I said, as I drifted off to sleep once again, with my arms wrapped tightly around her body.

Awaking the next morning, I kissed her awake and gently brushed her hair away from her face. She was beaming like a kid on Christmas morning. She smiled and hugged me as tightly as she could possibly do.

“Good morning, my love, how are you today?” she asked.

“Absolutely fabulous. . . I am here in bed with the most beautiful and sexy lady on earth,” I replied.

She beamed both excitement and contentment at the same time. Then, a mischievous smile broke, “Then do a girl right, flip me over and Fuck Me like you mean it!”

Being a very cooperative person, I did exactly that! I was so turned on by this lovely, sexy girl, that I came quickly, and fortunately, so did she.

We lay there, talking for a while. Finally we got up and slipped into the shower together. We soaped each other up and washed each other’s bodies with our hands, the result was a raging hard-on for us both. Samantha then said,

”We have to stop doing this. We are going to hurt ourselves if we keep fucking all day and night.”

“Oh, Fuck it,” she then said, as she bent over and grabbed the shower bar.

“Fuck me in the ass; I’m so horny I could scream.”

Being a fine gentleman, I did exactly as requested by the lady.

A wonderful first time, but certainly not the last time we met. . .