

I have been a pastor for about twenty-five years now. Of those twenty-five years, I enjoyed about twenty-three of them. Overall, it has been a great experience. I was able to get in touch with sides of myself that I did not even know existed. I honestly believe that I have become a better, well-rounded person that has a lot more to offer to the rest of the world. I used to think of everyone else and what they wanted before taking myself into consideration. I would always stress over whether or not I was doing the right thing. It always seemed to be all about doing the “right” thing. It was never about doing what was best for me or what I wanted. When people encourage you to become a pastor, they focus on how much that will benefit everyone else. They do not concentrate on the fact that it could potentially hurt you.

Like I said, the first twenty-three years were great. The last two have been significantly different than what I would have expected. As a middle-aged white man, I feel as though I am in relatively good shape. I have a muscular chest and arms, tan skin, and stand at 6’2”. Recently, I have had to convince myself to stay focused on my health because I have been letting myself go. I think I just got tired of it all. I was tired of doing the right things, saying the right things, being the best person possible. I have been married for thirty years; I love my wife very much— we are very happy together. Just like I love my religion and what I have to offer, I would never give that up. However, I just got bored as fuck! I was tired of making soft, sweet love to my angelic wife. I got tired of talking about peace, love, and harmony with the rest of the congregation. I realized I am swiftly approaching forty-five, and I have nothing that I am excited about. I have no adventure in my life. I don’t ever have fun; I don’t ever feel a sense of wonder or curiosity. I was just completely fucking bored. It was not even as though I gradually had this realization. It all of a sudden happened at once. One morning, I woke up and took a look around at my life and did not like what I saw. I had to do something different to shake it all up. I wanted to feel different, to be a different man, to live a different life. As a pastor, I was not willing to quit my job. Even though I was preaching about living a life with no sin, I began to sin all the time. I started to see the appeal of sinning.

The same day I realized my life was complete shit, I did something I have only done a few times in my entire life— I went to a bar. I sat on my bar stool, shifting my weight from side to side, listening to the bar stool screech with each movement. I did not really know what I was even doing there; it just seemed right at the time. Whenever you see a movie character trying to figure out where their life went wrong, they do it at a bar. So I figured there was maybe some magical ingredient I was missing from my life that could be figured out over a couple of whiskeys on the rocks.

After about an hour and three drinks in, someone arranged themselves on the barstool next to mine. He ordered a vodka and tonic, as well as another whiskey for me. When I turned to look at him, he was already staring at me. He took a sip of the vodka tonic, leaving a red lipstick print behind on the glass. I was not really sure what to make of it. He was very feminine for having such broad shoulders and a wide stance. He seemed to be a transgender black man transitioning into a woman. He had just enough makeup for it to be noticeable but maintained a natural look. He was wearing tight pants and a plunging fitted shirt. I was not sure what to make of the situation.

“Looks like you could use another. Did you have a bad day? I don’t think I’ve seen you in here before,” the man said kindly.

“I don’t know if it was a bad day or just a bad life. I’m trying to figure that out now. I’m not sure where everything went wrong. I just woke up this morning and realized how boring everything was— how boring I am...” I said, words trailing off at the end.

“It’s always a bad day, never a bad life darling. Everything is temporary, no need to worry. It will all get better in no time. You just need to figure out what it is that is making you so unhappy. There was a time when I was not happy with myself or my life too. It can all change quicker than you expect,” the man said. His words were comforting. It seemed like he knew exactly what to say to make me feel better. I started to think that people were right about bars and their ability to provide insight.

“So what did you do? How did you change your life around and figure out how to be happy?”

“Well, I’m sure my situation is quite different from yours. My situation is unique from what most others have to deal with on a day to day basis. But in general, I started to surround myself with people that brought out the good in me. I made a good friend that showed me the importance of being my real, genuine self and living a life that I would be proud of. There were a couple of... choices... that I had to make to get to where I am. Some of them were risky; others were controversial, but I am glad that I made the decision to be who I really am. My name is Jenna Talia by the way. What is your name?”

“My name is Roger Cain, nice to meet you, Jenna.”

“The pleasure is all mine, Roger. It’s great to meet a man that enjoys reflection and deep thought. You don’t meet many people like that these days,” Jenna said.

I was not sure what to make of the situation. I had never met someone like Jenna before— a man that also seemed to be a woman at the same time. I had heard about people like this but had never actually met one in real life. I debated back and forth, trying to decide whether it would be rude to ask about Jenna’s situation and what type of choices he was referring to. I started to think it would be rude of me to say anything, but then I remembered playing it safe was how I got to this depressing state. If I was going to embrace my new, exciting self, then I need to be willing to step out of my comfort zone. I decided I was not going to shy away.

“If you don’t mind my asking, what were you referring to when you said you made some controversial choices to get where you are now?” I asked with one brow raised.

Jenna looked down at her drink and then back up at me. He shifted his weight on his bar stool and looked around the room. There was no one else around us to look at.

“I don’t mind being honest with you; you seem very polite. I was born a man, but I am actually a woman. I have always been like this; I was born like this. I lived most of my life as a male, using a male’s name. I grew up in California; most people are relatively open minded there. I was seen

as a boy who liked to dress up in girls' clothing, but I knew that it was more than that all along. By the time I got to college, I was a little more comfortable with my feminine side. By the time I reached my late twenties, I knew this was something I had to do for myself. I knew this is who I am, and I need to be who I am. I have had a lot of people try to tear me down and kill me because of this choice. Being trans isn't easy, even though I have had an easier time than most. My family is very supportive of me. I used to keep my feminine side to myself and conform to what society expects. Now that I am older, I feel more confident about my gender identity and who I am. This, right now, is actually a big step for me. I have never told a complete stranger all of this before. I would have been too afraid to say anything but now I am finding I am too afraid of what you're going to say to stop talking..."

"Well, to be honest, I am a pastor. I have never interacted with someone that feels this way, and it isn't completely accepted in my religion. However, I think what you've done is admirable. Fuck what everyone else thinks. Do what you need to do for you," I said, raising my glass. Jenna laughed, we toasted and took a sip of our drinks.

"Thank you, that means a lot to me. You're a really nice man. I think everything is going to work out well for you. Maybe you need to do what I did— stop trying to conform to society's expectations and just do whatever you need to do for you. What do you think of that? Does that apply to you?" Jenna asked.

"Yes, I think you're right. I think I've needed a change, something new, for a while now. Maybe I am meeting you for a reason. Maybe I really needed to hear all of this. So, when will you make the full transition?" I felt bad for referring to Jenna as a "man" in my head this whole time when she was evidently not. I wanted to let her know that I was not uncomfortable with her choices, I wanted her to feel comfortable too.

"I am going to be fully transitioned in the next year. I am pre-op right now, but I have a lot to look forward to. I am worried who I will look, but I know that it will be significantly better than how I feel now," she said, playing with her empty glass.

"I think you're beautiful regardless, and I am not just saying that," I said sincerely.

"Thank you, Roger," Jenna wrapped her arms around me, pulling me into a long hug. I felt the muscles in her back as I hugged her, it felt good to be hugged by someone so strong but sensitive.

I began to blush. I began to look at Jenna even closer. She was beautiful. I could not help but look down at the bulge in her pants. I could see the outline of her big dick. My eyes darted towards the colorful bottles along the wall. I didn't know what to say.

"Come on, let's go," Jenna said as she stood up from her stool.

"Where are we going?"

"I'm walking you home. Or getting a taxi, how far do you live from here?"

“I live two blocks down.”

“Alright, come on then,” she told me. I finished the last sip from my glass. I grabbed her coat and slipped it on one arm at a time.

We stepped out into the cold night air, the window rushing around us. We began to walk towards my house. When a car drove by us, she grabbed my waist and pulled me to his left side, away from the street. I asked him how he ended up in New York. We discussed where we went to college, how I became a pastor, her interest in fashion. She seemed to be very comfortable with herself and the person that she was becoming. I began to see softer sides of her personality when she talked about her family and friends. By the time we reached the front door of my house, I was overwhelmed by how attracted I was to her.

Jenna reached out and took my right hand in his. She leaned down, kissing the top of my hand.

“Until next time love,” she said politely. “It was a pleasure meeting your acquaintance. Goodbye”

“Goodbye?” I said, holding onto her hand. “You’re leaving?”

“Yes, this is where we part.”

“Don’t you want to come upstairs? We could continue to get to know each other. I feel comfortable around you. It seems like we could be really good for each other,” I said with a smile.

“Yes, I do.”

“Then why don’t you come upstairs?”

“Because...” Jenna suddenly pulled my body against hers. She wrapped her hands around my lower back as I gripped her ass with both hands. “Because I can tell how much you want me to fuck you. Believe me; I want to fuck you too. But if I come upstairs, I am going to make you cum harder than you ever have in your entire life, and I don’t think you’re ready for that. After all, you are a pastor. You are married. I don’t think that this would end well for you.”

My mouth fell open, and my mind ran wild. I could not believe she just said that. I could feel my cheeks getting hot and myself getting hard.

“Then let me surprise you. I’m always ready,” I said softly, looking into his eyes.

Jenna did not hesitate. She grabbed my face and kissed me passionately. I felt like I was going to lose my balance but she held me close to her. I bit her lip and then pulled away from him, smiling.

“I love surprises. Lead the way,” she said, gesturing towards the door.

My wife was at choir practice. I knew that she would not be home for a few more hours. I hoped that she wouldn't come home early. The spontaneity and adventure were driving me wild. We entered the house hand in hand. As soon as the door closed, Jenna pinned me against the wall and began biting my neck. I slipped one hand into her blouse, massaging her breasts as she licked my earlobe. Even though she had not fully transitioned, she had big, full breasts. I leaned my head against the wall, moaning while feeling his hard cock through his pants. He reached down and grabbed my dick hard. We rushed from the doorway to my bedroom. When we got outside, he grabbed my hips and guided me towards the couch. I positioned her so that she was on her knees, bending over the arm of the couch. I spanked her once and then stepped back to look at her body.

"Damn, you're so sexy," I said as I started to take my tie off. "Are you going to do everything that I tell you to do?"

"Mmm yes, I'll give you whatever you want. I want to please you."

"Good girl, how do you like it?"

"I like it rough. Don't hold back."

"Ahhh that's what I like to hear. Don't move," I directed. I spanked Jenna again. I began to massage her ass, hearing her moan. I pulled her pants down to reveal her bright pink thong. I spanked her again and then took her panties off to expose her big dick. "Take your bra off," I commanded. She did as I pleased, letting her blouse and bra hit the ground.

"Open your legs wider."

She does as I say. I begin to run my hands up and down her inner thighs.

"Let's see if you are as good as I thought," I said, spreading her ass cheeks. I dipped a finger into his ass. "Mmm, you're even tighter than I expected you'd be, good girl."

I took my finger out and forced them into her mouth. She began to suck my fingers, licking them clean. "Mmm, do you taste good?"

"Yes," she says with my fingers in her mouth.

I walked around to the side of the couch, dropped my pants to the ground, and jerked my dick until it was fully hard. She opened her mouth, waiting for me to give it to her. I held my cock in front of her for a few seconds before placing it on her thick lips. I moaned in pleasure, grabbing the arm of the couch for support. She slid her tongue back and forth, sucking and flicking her tongue in a rhythmic pattern. Within seconds, I could feel myself approaching a climax. I grabbed the back of his head and pulled my entire shaft into his mouth. He continued to relentlessly suck my dick. I screamed out in ecstasy but was able to resist my orgasm.

“Ahh!!! Jenna!!” I yelled her name. The intensity softened. I knew I was not ready to cum yet; I still had more plans for Jenna. I took my dick out of her mouth and slapped her ass hard. I fully undressed myself. She laid down on her back and felt her hard nipples.

“Damn, no one has ever made me feel like that. You just gave me the best head of my life,” I said sincerely. I was blown away.

“Thank you,” Jenna released a soft giggle.

Jenna put her arms behind her back, exposing her well-defined abs and round breasts. I looked up and down his body. Jenna began to jerk her dick while I stared at her. I think she was turned on, by the way, I looked at her.

“Holy shit, your dick is so big,” I gasped.

“It’s not even at it’s full size yet,” she said as I walked toward her.

I am not sure what got into me. I don’t know if it was the heat of the moment, my attraction to Jenna, or how ridiculously bored I had been lately, but I decided it was my time to learn how to suck dick. As a married man, I never thought I would do anything like this; however, I was starting to get excited by the idea. I arranged myself on the bed so that I was upside down, head dangling off each of the seat cushion. I opened my mouth wide and stuck my tongue out. Jenna took the hint and stood up. She grabbed the base of her cock and dipped herself into my mouth. I swallowed her head, feeling her dick quickly harden as I worked her into my mouth. She began to thrust into my lips, filling me up with every inch. She grabbed my throat with one hand and began to jerk my dick with the other.

Jenna continued to fuck my throat as she massaged my dick. I loved feeling his hard cock gliding across my tongue. He moaned, holding his shaft deep in my throat until I gagged and then released.

“Mmm yes, just like that,” she said. I began to lick the head of her cock as his fingers began to make circular motions on my asshole. I released a loud moan and then took his cock into my mouth to muffle the sound. I continued to suck his cock while moaning. I could feel pleasure rush through my body. I couldn’t take it anymore. I held him deep in my throat, sucking faster as his fingers moved faster.

“That’s right, that feels so good,” Jenna said.

I took her out of my mouth and stroked her dick as I looked into her eyes. “I want to fuck you now. Will you let me fuck you?” I asked, she nodded. “Lay down,” I instructed. She turned around, laid down, and played with herself. I stood up arranged myself between her thighs. I slapped each inner thigh once, forcing me to open my legs wider. “Take a deep breath.”

I put some lube on my dick to prepare. As she inhaled, I slowly glided my ten-inch cock into her. Her inhale turned into a quick gasp as she took my thick cock head inside of her ass. I could feel her stretching against myself.

“Oh my god!” I yelled. I was not sure if my dick could fit. I could feel her clenching against me, moaning with each inch. I thrust the tip of my cock in and out of her, slowly working it in. I had worked in another two inches before I released another quick gasp again.

“Talk to me baby, tell me what you want. Tell me if you want me to take some of it. Your ass is tight,” I said, holding eye contact while I thrust into her again. “Is it too much?”

“Mmm no, I like it,” Jenna said, relaxing her muscles against his strokes. “I want more.”

I began to give her longer strokes, sinking deeper into me. I fucked her slowly while her ass got adjusted to my big cock. She began to rub my balls with his finger as I thrust into her. I could feel my rock hard dick pounding into the wetness of his lubed ass. I pushed her legs back, allowing myself to get even deeper. She rubbed my balls faster and was able to push my entire cock into herself.

“Ahhh good girl. Take that big dick.”

“Mmm that feels so good,” she moaned, looking down at my shaft working in and out of me. I watched her tits bounce as I fucked her harder.

I slid my cock back into me and began to fuck slowly again.

“What’s your favorite position?” I asked.

“I like doggy style a lot,” she replied with a smile.

“Good, me too. Turn over.”

She sat up and got onto her knees, leaning over the back of the couch. I thrust into Jenna again. In this position, I felt even bigger than before. I could hear her grunting with each stroke. I buried my cock in her ass in one hard thrust.

“Shit!! Ah!!” she yelled, taking in my full shaft.

“Are you ready baby? Are you ready to take my big dick from the back?”

“Yes please,” she begged. I reached around his leg and began to jerk her dick again. I pressed my face into the couch cushion as I screamed in pleasure. I began to tease her with shallow strokes. I could feel the pleasure growing inside of me.

“Cum for me baby. Cum in my ass,” Jenna whispered breathlessly. “Do you like that?”

“Yes!! Ahh! Jenna!” I yelled. I could feel the tension building in my body. I had been holding onto my orgasm for so long; I did not know if I could resist any longer. I closed my eyes as I released my creamy jizz into Jenna’s tight ass.

“Mmmm damn, that felt so good,” I said.

“Stand up,” she demanded. Jenna reached down and grabbed my ass, slapping one cheek after the other.

“Do you think you could take me? I won’t have this for long. Do you want to experience it while you can?” Jenna asked.

“Well, I have always been curious,” I admitted. “I do want to make you cum.”

She leaned down, kissed me softly on the lips, and then slid one of his hands between my legs, cupping between my thighs. “Do you want to see us together?” she asked.

I was not sure what she meant. I did not know if she meant figuratively or literally. I could only focus on his fingers playing with my ass. I let out a soft moan as she kissed me again.

“Mmm yes,” I said, letting my mouth fall open while I gripped the back of her neck.

“Ah yes, come on,” Jenna said, sliding her fingers out of me before she kissed me one more time. She grabbed my hips, turned me around, and guided me to the closest bathroom. Once we walked in, Jenna flicked on the lights and pointed at the sink. “Bend over in front of the mirror, put your hands on the sink.”

I listened to her instructions. I bent at the waist with my legs spread, put my hands on the sink, and looked into the mirror. I made eye contact with myself for the first time in a while. I looked fucking fantastic. I had fire in my eyes.

“Open your legs wider,” Jenna said, walking behind me, jerking her dick in her right hand. I stepped to the side to open my legs more. She held onto my lower back as she thrust into me again. It hurt at first but then started to feel amazing. We made eye contact with each other in the mirror, and both smiled at the same time. As I watched her in the mirror, I couldn’t help but notice her breasts bounce with each impact. I was getting even more turned on by watching her get turned on by me.

“We look good together,” she said, looking up and down my body.

“Yes, we do,” I agreed. I bent down lower so that I could see even more of her body in the mirror. I liked watching her muscles flex as she stroked into me, filling every inch of my ass. I held onto the sink for support with one hand and let go with the other. I spat into my hand and then reached in between my legs so that I could play with her balls at the same time.



Jenna released a loud moan and slowed her pace so that I could continue massaging her.

“Ahh that feels good, don’t stop,” Jenna moaned. She spread my ass with her hands, working into me. She held her dick all of the way in me, pulling my body into hers by my shoulders. I almost lost my balance and grabbed the sink again to steady myself. Jenna began to penetrate me hard and fast. I feel the pleasure growing inside of me. My dick got even harder and my arms became covered in goosebumps. I began to moan uncontrollably, I could feel myself getting ready to cum again. I stroked my dick while she fucked me.

“Mmm I can feel you getting tighter baby, are you about to cum?” Jenna asked, letting go of my shoulders and holding onto my lower back.

“Ahhh yes!” I screamed as my head fell down. I could not manage to look into the mirror. I could only manage to moan in ecstasy and tighten my grip on the sink.

“Cum baby,” Jenna moaned. She slid his dick out of me. I instantly came all over the bathroom floor. She kept fucking me as I kept cumming, releasing more cum than ever before. Jenna slapped my ass and continued to penetrate me.

I could not think straight. I felt as if Jenna had consumed every part of me. Every one of my senses was fully in tune to her and her movements.

“Where do you want me to cum?” Jenna asked me, running his hands down my back.

“I want you to cum on my face,” I told her, moaning as I focused on his dick thrusting into me. She thrust into me a few more times before she slid out of me. As soon as she did, I got onto my knees and arranged my face in front of her dick. I opened my mouth and let my tongue hang out. Jenna gushed warm cum onto my tongue and across my face. She stroked her cock a few more times before she let go and dropped her head back towards the ceiling.

Jenna looked down at me, I looked up at him as I swallowed the cum that had fallen onto my tongue.

“Your cum tastes good,” I said, standing up and walking towards the shower. I heated the water up. “Will you shower with me?” Jenna nodded. We showered together, toweled off, and then she began to get dressed again.

“Are you leaving?” I asked him. I was not sure if I wanted him to stay but I did not think she would leave so quickly.

Jenna buttoned her shirt and grabbed a coat.

“Yes, sorry to rush out love. It is almost ten and I have to be up by 6AM,” she said, throwing his coat over one shoulder. “Do you want to have dinner with me tomorrow night?”

“Sure,” I said casually, sitting down on the arm of my couch.

“Great, I will come pick you up at 7PM, alright?” Jenna said while she checked his phone.

“Yeah, that sounds good. I’ll see you then,” I said. We exchanged numbers. She rested her hand on my thigh and leaned in for a passionate, long kiss.

“Goodbye love,” she whispered inches from my lips. “Until tomorrow evening.”

“Yes, until then,” I smiled.

And then she was gone. I stood by my front door for a few seconds before I sat down on the couch. I could not believe what had just happened. My experience with Jenna had caused me to feel more energy, freedom, and happiness than I had in the past twenty years. I felt like I was finally giving myself the chance to live how I wanted to. I was not analyzing what was right and wrong like I was before. I was just living and it felt pretty damn good. I was not going to stop.

I rested my hands behind my head and leaned back. Jenna. Wow. She was amazing. She seemed like an angel sent from heaven to remind me to live a better life. It was almost as if we were meant for each other. She knew exactly what to say to make me feel better, to make me feel like I still had hope for the future. I wanted to see her again already. I was excited that we had already made plans for the following night. There was nothing that could stop—

Before I could finish my thought, I heard the garage door open. My heart sank. Oh shit.

My wife was home.

















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