

Napkin

A stylized teal leaf with a textured, stippled appearance, extending from the left side of the page.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a _____
gender identity?

y/n

y/n

y/n

y/n

top/vers/bottom

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Foreword

Napkin debuted in December 2019, at Comic Arts LA (CALA). I'd spent the year working on my 'comment card project' and rushed to finish the book in time for the show, staying up late writing passages directly in InDesign to fill space next to photos and scans of cards. The project felt like an inside joke with myself, and I didn't expect there to be much of an audience beyond my friends and the people featured in the book.

Napkin was written during my first several months of true promiscuity, only three years into my transition, and before I had explored kink in any significant way. I can't help but cringe when I read some of the things I so confidently asserted in those pages. For example, I wrote *"...I'm not able to deal with pet names like "mommy" or "daddy." I've thought about it a lot! But any kind of ageplay or parent/child dynamic is too intense for me, and takes the feeling of gentle tenderness that I cherish and turns it into something really scary and triggering."* Three months later, I was calling a partner "Mommy." Five years later, I have multiple Mommies, a Daddy, and I'm a Mommy to multiple baby boys and girls. It was inevitable. I was just scared.

Napkin marked my entry into making sexually explicit autobiographical work. The outside response it garnered made it clear to me that people were interested in my sex life and wanted more access to it, leading to my entry into online sex work a few months after publication. It remains probably the single most widely-known piece of art I've ever made, and it gave me a reputation as being someone who is 'good at sex.' I tried to project confidence through my writing. In some ways I think I succeeded too well. I am not the sex genius that many people seem to think I am. I'm just a person with a lot of feelings and an earnest desire to act on them. When my writing displays confidence, you should understand that I am also trying to convince myself.

In the years since *Napkin*, my life has changed a lot. My disability has worsened significantly, limiting my ability to work and travel. I was diagnosed with an intersex condition, which explains my pre-HRT infertility, negligible T levels, and surprising dick growth after starting testosterone cream for genital atrophy. My artistic practice has shifted to reflect my newfound love of masochism. I'm a full-fledged porn performer now. And, heartbreakingly, I've lost several friends to the ongoing global pandemic that started raging weeks after CALA 2019.

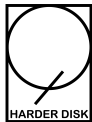
I sometimes worry that the gimmick of the comment cards overshadows *Napkin*'s vulnerability. I don't want you to remember this only as 'that book where someone handed out comment cards after sex.' *Napkin* is a time capsule, a self-portrait created just as I began to explore the potentials of my own desire. Be kind to this tiny baby. She had a lot ahead of her.

Carta Monir, 2024



When you open this book,
you're opening my legs.

I trust you.



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I can very directly place the source of my early sexual obsessions. The trauma my dad inflicted on my family is the subject of much of my other work, so I'm not going to detail it again here. In short, I grew up submerged in his sexual tastes and shaped by his philosophy that the best thing he could do would be to raise sexually proficient sons. My life was bad, but I adapted to it as well as I could. If I had to be a competent, sexual machine shaped by the arbitrary and perverse tastes of a Midwestern university professor, I would desperately try to become the least awful version of myself.

I remember reading about famous lovers, like Casanova, and feeling bitterly competitive. What made me any less worthy of promiscuity than these long-dead men? How could I surpass them? In my fascination with the idea of being a Great Lover, I was scouring every book I could get my hands on for any mention of sex, and forming pillowy fantasies of making beautiful nymphettes cum and cum again. I was putting in work. Even before I could achieve an erection, I was dedicatedly studying pornography every day, in the form of books, mostly comics, secretly removed from the shelves housing my father's impressive collection.

Then, when I started having access to the internet, the work became much more intense. I developed a full-blown pornography addiction at age 8 or 9, before I had ever ejaculated. That addiction lasted until I started feminizing hormones at age 25, by which point I'd ejaculated somewhere between 15,000 and 20,000 times*. I don't know anyone else whose lifelong porn addiction was suddenly and completely "cured" by getting on hormones, but honestly who knows how any of this stuff works? My doctor certainly doesn't. All I know is that a compulsion was gone. The training I'd internalized... wasn't.

The sex I had before coming out wasn't all terrible, but the fact that I only remember a handful of really good times should tell you what you need to know. Most of my memories are of staring at a clock, or a calendar, or a spot on the wall, and trying to last long enough to have done "a good job." I didn't understand the concepts of dysphoria or dissociation and I thought it was completely normal to compose a shopping list or mentally reenact a movie scene or think step by step about cleaning the room as I was having sex. I remember the textures of so many carpets, and the stucco of white walls, and Dizzy Gillespie's distended cheeks in a dorm room poster.

**(An average of three ejaculations per day for 16 years gives us $3 \times 365 \times 16 = 17,520$ ejaculations.... and I definitely think 3 a day is a conservative estimate)*

Most of the time I would cum and immediately feel awful because I knew I should have lasted longer, whatever “longer” meant. The “good times” I remember are mostly times where I lasted for a long time, and I don’t remember my own pleasure so much as feeling like I was adequate for my partner. Good sex meant being a good sex robot, ideally as good as but not really in competition with my partner’s vibrator, which could honestly get the job done better and more efficiently.

I felt so detached from my body. Looking down at myself in the shower was always a dissociative experience. I had a big, itchy beard and lots of body hair. I really leaned into it from ages 18-24 because it didn’t feel like I could do anything else. My hairy, heavy body was the subject of jokes and criticism every time I saw my family, and it didn’t seem like there was any way to change it. Leaning into my masculinity, as distant as I felt from it, was my only way of feeling any ownership over myself. Yes I know I’m hairy, have you seen my beard? Yes I know I’m mannish, have you heard my deep voice? I had no idea treatments like laser hair removal even existed until much later. I spent years feeling like my prison-body was an unchanging inevitability.

I started dating my spouse, EJ, in March of 2011, we got married in December, 2014, and we opened our relationship in February of 2019. We were completely monogamous for those eight years, during which time I came out as a woman, my mother died under nightmarish circumstances, my in-laws decided I was a threat to their family, I cut off contact with my father, and EJ came out as trans. Our relationship morphed and adapted fluidly to each change, which feels like a real testament to our love for each other. I can't imagine having gone through these things without EJ. I can't honestly imagine surviving these things if EJ hadn't been there.

At the beginning of our relationship the question of nonmonogamy wasn't on either of our minds. As far as either of us knew we were both straight and cis and "normal," and my parents were just a little difficult, and my mom was healthy, and I was a husband, and EJ was a wife. A lot changed when I came out. It honestly hadn't occurred to me that I could ever become attractive to other people as a woman... I had been so deeply mired in dysphoria that I had resigned myself to hating the ugly goofiness of my appearance forever. Suddenly, though, I had been catapulted into a body that read as feminine and attractive to people in the way that women, real, beautiful women, are attractive.

I didn't know how to handle myself as I started to be propositioned by people who had only ever known me as a woman, who weren't weighed down by my self-hatred or the knowledge of who and what I had been.

Something I quickly discovered is that I had practically no experience saying no to people. Being propositioned by pretty girls who saw me as a pretty girl was outside of my experience, and felt intoxicating. I think a lot of queer people experience this same thing... you come out after being closeted and self-hating for so long, and as soon as people start hitting on you you're overcome with a fear of saying no, as if any person who finds you attractive might be the only person to ever find you attractive, the last one ever, and to say no to them would be condemning yourself to a lifetime of loneliness.

Opening up our relationship was the key to allowing myself to say no, and to be picky about what I wanted. When the 'worst' thing that can happen is that I'll fuck someone, the question shifts from "am I betraying my partner by even considering this?" to "is this something I actually want to do?"

I started the comment card project because I feel like it's important for me to be able to write about the sex I'm having without it feeling completely one-sided. I would feel uncomfortable writing about something so personal without giving at least a small voice to the people who are putting their trust in me. I don't have a strict methodology. This isn't a scientific survey by any standard. I give a card to people I have sex with and ask them to fill it out. Each person gets a card only once; it feels easier that way. They know that the cards will eventually appear in a zine. Everyone seems very entertained by the idea, honestly. Finally, for the first time in my life, nobody seems surprised that I'm a weird slut artist. On that note, enjoy some *graphic design*:

yeah,
I'm horny &

A black and white photograph of a person's midsection and torso. The person is lying down, and the image focuses on their navel and the area around it. A dark strap, possibly from a garment, is visible across the lower part of the torso. The background is slightly out of focus, showing some geometric patterns.

all the time



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?

y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?

y/n

Did you have an orgasm?

y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again?

y/n

Do you consider yourself a

top/vers/bottom

What is your gender identity?

How old are you?

nb
22

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

you're
MADMAN

I feel completely comfortable giving my body to people I don't really know. My boundaries have always felt like slippery things that I don't have a firm grasp on - is there a big difference between cuddling and kissing and fucking someone? Maybe for other people, but not for me. As long as I find someone attractive, and I feel reasonably safe, I can curl up on their chest and feel quite comfortable. I can suck their cock and feel quite comfortable, at that.

The warmth of another body on mine, and the feeling of another person's touch, is something I've been desperate for all my life. It's comforting and validating to feel close to another person, and to be deserving of their vulnerability.

Hearing an adult man moan as I lick his nipple, feeling a woman shudder as I tease her clit, or a butch gasp as I pull their hair, hard... these are moments that I live for, that make me feel alive and in control and connected to my own desire. My body is my own and I give it to whoever I want, whenever I want. That ability was out of my grasp for much of my life, and now I'm going to take advantage of it as much as I want to.

Enjoy me. This book is for you.



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Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?	☒ y/n
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?	y/ ☒ n
Did you have an orgasm?	☒ y/n
Would you have sex with Carta again?	☒ y/n
Do you consider yourself a	top/vers/bottom
What is your gender identity?	<u>nonbinary</u>
How old are you?	<u>25</u>

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

Super hot, super sweet,
smells great. Carta makes me
feel great about myself.



Carta Monir

@CartaMonir



Honestly who fucking knows what my sexuality is... gay if I do, gay if I don't. Watching a cis boy suck my dick feels gay, having sex with a woman feels gay, and choking on trans boy dick doesn't exactly feel not queer, you know?

11:51 PM · Aug 27, 2019 · Twitter for Android

I don't really care about defining my own sexuality, but my attraction is as broad as it is arbitrary. I love flexing my own attractiveness, approaching someone I'm into and feeling them becoming more and more interested in me. I'm greedy! And I take what I want.

If we were to break it down statistically (which I guess you can do pretty easily using the cards in this book), I skew heavily towards trans masc people. That's not even on purpose! I'm not out looking for butches or mascs specifically, but maybe there's something about me that especially clicks with that kind of person. I'm good at sucking t-cock, I can say that with confidence.

I'm also good at sucking girlcock though! Not to brag, but also to brag: I'm good at sex. There are more athletic people in the world, and people who can move their bodies in much more interesting ways than I'm able to, but dammit I fuck with intensity. When I meet someone I want to see more of, I don't hide it. I like learning during sex, I like doing things I haven't tried before.

My sexuality? I like to fuck hot people. It's arbitrary. I honestly don't care about finding more nuanced ways of describing it. It doesn't matter. Horny ergo sum or something.

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Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?

y/n

y/n

y/n

y/n

top/vers/bottom

wom 21

25

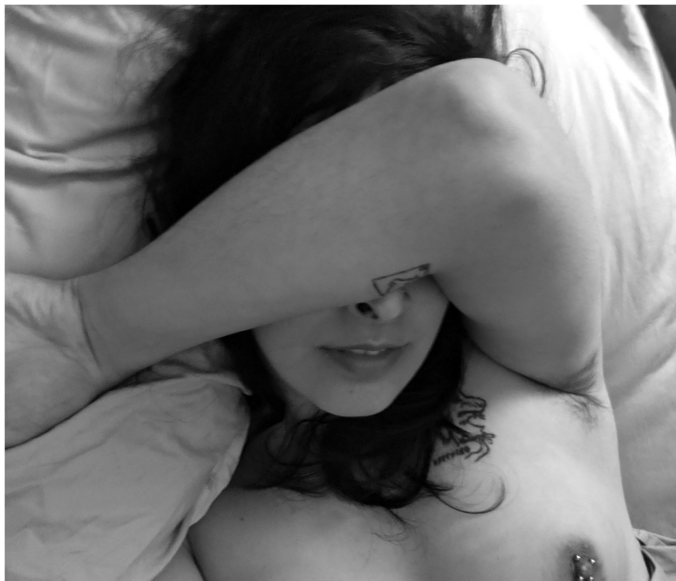
Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

brave little
pillow princess
with puffet moonz

When EJ and I first opened up, I was exclusively a bottom. After a decade of being a de-facto top, I think I needed to feel taken care of during sex in a way that had been missing before. I'd never been intentional about topping earlier in my life, and choosing to bottom felt like taking control of my desire, and learning to ask for what I wanted. It also helped me draw a hard line between the kind of sex I was having pre-transition (straight, unhappy, routine) and the new, exciting sex I was having *as a slutty transgender woman* (gay, kind of painful, I can lie down and let someone else do the hard work for a while).

I had been penetrated a few times with a strap-on, but never a flesh and blood penis. The feeling of someone pushing their cock into my body, taking their pleasure from me, was something I'd never experienced before. It gave me a lot of insight into the ways I'd been disappointing my sexual partners up to that point. It's a cliché observation, but I don't think I could have fully understood penetration without experiencing it for myself.

The only aspect of bottoming that I didn't particularly like was the preparation. It can take work to get the inside of your ass clean enough to bottom without worrying! I started taking fiber pills twice a day, something I still continue to do... I'm happy to say, they *really* work.



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.



Was this your first time having sex with Carta? Q/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? Q/n

Did you have an orgasm? Q/n !!!

Would you have sex with Carta again? Yes Yes Yes Yes/n

Do you consider yourself a top/vers/bottom

What is your gender identity? cis F

How old are you? 23



Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.



Wow

Wow

Wow

Wow

Wow

Wow

Wow

The only times I've ever faked an orgasm were with cis women. I've never cared about a cis man's feelings enough to fake one, and trans people generally have an intuitive understanding of the effect that hormones can have on a trans woman's ability to cum.

When I started sleeping with cis lesbians, I found myself worrying that I wasn't good enough for them. Specifically, I found myself worrying about taking too long to cum, or not being able to cum at all. If a beautiful cis woman was taking the time and effort to go down on me, and looking expectantly into my eyes, it felt rude to ask her to keep going beyond a certain point. It felt even ruder not to have an orgasm, even if I knew I wasn't going to be able to. And it felt especially terrible if this beautiful woman was looking up from sucking my cock and saying something like, "I want to make you cum" before vigorously returning to going down on me. The solution? Faking an orgasm.

Pretending to orgasm only really became a possibility once I was taking hormones that prevented me from ejaculating more than a tiny drop, if that. Before I transitioned, orgasms were clearly delineated, and not difficult to achieve. But my new body was much harder to figure out, and my orgasms were less obvious to inexperienced partners without my explicit confirmation that they were happening.

Why did I feel compelled to fake orgasms with cis women partners, but not others? It was entirely because of internalized transphobia, and feelings of inferiority. To an extent, I still have this problem: when I'm with a beautiful cis woman, it's hard for me to believe that she actually is attracted to me as a woman and not taking pity on me. Hard to believe that our sex is more than a kindness on her part.

It's scary to feel desired, spontaneously and enthusiastically, by a woman as a woman after a lifetime of feeling like a broken interloper on the margins of queer spaces. It's also difficult to believe that a beautiful partner can accept me as a woman when I have trouble seeing myself as one.

Of course, the truth is that my partners are frequently just as nervous as I am. I've had multiple cis women tell me that they're intimidated by my beauty, and that they're worried that they won't measure up to my expectations. Insecurity goes both ways, and I know that I'm an attractive woman, despite my own twisted self-image.

Sex is ultimately a collaborative effort, I keep reminding myself. Whoever I'm fucking, or getting fucked by, is most likely dealing with insecurities and intrusive thoughts I can't even imagine.

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Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?

y/n

☒ y/n

☒ y/n

☒ y/n

top ☒ vers bottom

Gender They
35

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

Tastiest ass ever!



I'm finally learning to say no to sex that I don't enthusiastically want. It took a long time and lots of painful experience to get to this place. It's easy for me to rationalize doing something I'm not actually into by thinking, "but this is something you would have wanted earlier!" The truth is, though, that sometimes I just don't feel like doing something that might, theoretically, be very sexy to me in another context.

The worst that I've gotten hurt during sex since opening up my marriage was with a person I wasn't terribly interested in, but felt very guilty saying no to. The last time we had sex I wasn't feeling it at all, but I didn't end the encounter because I was so worried that it would make them feel bad. It messed me up to push myself that way, and I promised that I would take better care of myself during future sexual encounters. Because what would be the point of opening up and being sexually adventurous if I was just going to dissociate during sex?

I was invited to a sex party around my birthday, but when the night came all I wanted to do was stay home and relax with EJ and another one of my partners. It felt ridiculous turning down a sex party, after all, wasn't it exactly the kind of thing I love? But I did the right thing and I stayed home. I'm honestly very proud of myself for being able to talk back to that pushy, guilty part of myself.

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Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?

yn
yn
yn
yn
top/vers/bottom
woman
27

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

Carta is
so hot and
amazing &
she's spectacular in
bed ♥

As much as I might have wanted to, I couldn't just stop dissociating during sex after a lifetime of conditioning. I knew it would take practice to stay in the moment and it's an ongoing effort. I still find myself zoning out a lot, especially when I'm doing anything repetitive like giving head. I try to redirect my attention when I notice it happening... instead of beating myself up I make an attempt to engage my partner more, remind myself of the thing I'm doing and why I'm doing it.

I know that dissociating doesn't have to be a bad thing. I'm sure that partners have zoned out while giving me a blowjob without me ever noticing, have thought about something else while eating my ass, my face moaning into the pillow and never knowing any differently. But like, I just want to be as present and dedicated as possible. I only have one body, and if I'm giving it to someone, and accepting theirs in return, I want to be respectful of that gift.

If I'm putting time and energy into having sex with someone I'm feeling attraction towards, I feel like I want it to be more than a way of just passing time. If I start to feel bored, like sincerely bored, then I know I should probably stop the encounter. A little drifting is, as far as I can tell, normal. But full-on dissociating is something I want to leave in the past. Sex has to be better than that. Otherwise, what's the point.

It's difficult for me to have an orgasm just from the physical sensation of sex. This is something that changed a lot after I started HRT... before, it was difficult not to cum from the pleasure of fucking on its own, even if I purposefully tried to think about unsexy things. Now, though, I'm often in the position of not being able to cum unless I fantasize about something, even when I'm having very hot sex.

Is what I'm describing a kind of dissociating? It probably is... I find it very easy to cum quickly when I'm masturbating because there's a depersonalization that happens through fantasizing, where I don't have to think about or deal with the actual realities of my body. But when someone is going down on me, it's different. I'm not able to focus on the feeling of ejaculating cum anymore, and my orgasm is a much weirder, less predictable experience than it used to be. Since my body frequently isn't able to cum just from the sensation alone, fantasizing provides an added level of stimulation that gets me over the edge.

An example: thinking about how the person going down on me is licking their own pussy juices off my dick, how with every lick they're tasting themselves, being confronted by their own physical horniness, being reminded of the size of the cock that was inside them just minutes before. Thinking this way gets me off pretty reliably.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta? ☒ y ☐ n
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? y ☒ n
Did you have an orgasm? y ☒ n
Would you have sex with Carta again? ☒ y ☐ n
Do you consider yourself a top ☒ vers ☐ bottom
What is your gender identity? He/Him
How old are you? 29

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

5 stars. Would fuck again.

I don't have a lot of cards from cis men. I fucked several cis men before I started this project, but as I became more sexually prolific I found that cis men were at the bottom of my list of potential sexual partners. It's not that I had any truly awful experiences with cis guys, although I certainly had a few mediocre ones. It just felt like a lot of work, vetting men, getting all cleaned up, and driving to their place just for a few minutes of sex. People who aren't cis men just... fuck longer and better and harder, in my experience.

What cis men are really great for is when I want cum in my mouth or my ass. The transfeminine people I sleep with are usually on testosterone blockers, which minimize the amount of cum they can produce. Cis men, though... even if they cum quickly, they usually cum a lot.

Why do I like cum so much? I guess because it's sincere. Like as I mentioned previously, I never faked an orgasm before I transitioned. I didn't really need to... cumming was so easy and so direct. A friend of mine described sex with cis men this way: "all you need to do is make their dick cum." And it's true - it's part of why I like cum; it's an honest kind of materialization of pleasure. He had an orgasm, and here it is. Right in my mouth. It's hard to fake that.



Grindr boy

He's a college student. He's into photography, he's sweet and polite, he asks before sending nudes, he's hung, he's pretty, he's too young for me. I have my standards and I don't like to sleep with people more than five years younger than me, but for whatever reason I rationalize this boy. He's only six years younger, he's over twenty-one, besides, he's cis, do his feelings even matter? He's snuck out of his house to meet me on his driveway, to give me a nervous hug and whisper his name. He shakes my hand. He actually *shakes* my hand hello, and I have to catch myself before I laugh out loud. Oh god, he's so nervous. "Follow me," he whispers. We walk together in the dark, carefully navigating the rock-lined path to his door. He takes care to open the screen door slowly, so that it doesn't creak too loudly.

He leads me quietly through the front hallways of his house. Through a doorway I can see a figure asleep on the couch. "My dad," he mouths. Is there another figure asleep there too? Maybe, I think so. He leads me to the back of the single-story home, to his room, where he shuts the door. His room is dim, but I can make out the mess of laundry on his floor, creeping like moss up onto his desk, and sprawling up onto a pile of textbooks resting on a broken office chair.

I take off my clothes and put them over the chair as well. I'm not ceremonious when I'm undressing. He takes off his clothes too, and he's somehow less graceful than I am. We both leave our underwear on, for now.

I focus on his lithe, athletic body. Forgive me for saying this, but he makes me feel like a woman. Gender presentation is about contrasts, and next to him I feel soft, feminine, desirable, exotic, sexy. He's nervous, I make the first move. I scoot over and sit so close to him that I can feel his body heat. I glance at the huge bulge in his underwear, and I feel my own cock twitch.

His lips are soft. Pillow soft, the softest lips I've ever kissed on a cis boy. I let my hands travel over his chest, not feeling anything more than an unbearable greed for his body. I want to kiss him, I want to taste him, I want to tear him apart. His nipples are hard against my palms, his chest hair just thick enough to slow my hands as they glide over him. Finally I break off from kissing to whisper, "can I go down on you?" He's surprised I even asked.

I help him out of his underwear and there it is... he's huge. His cock is long, still partially soft but heavy in my hand. He lays back and my

vision is filled by it, my focus complete. I understand cock worship. I kiss him right on the frenum, under the head, and complete the kiss by letting my tongue slide out of my mouth, letting it move around and over the tip of his dick. He tastes of sweat and skin, that clean cock smell and taste, that musk that completely overtakes me, fucking my nose just as much as his cock fucks my mouth.

I take him as far into my mouth as I can, relaxing my lips and then my throat as he slides inside me. I'm nearly down to the base of his shaft when I gag, and he moans a little as my throat spasms around him. I recover my composure and ease up a little. I let myself bob up and down on his enormous, hard cock, feeling every millimeter with my lips, my tongue, the sides of my mouth. As I let him gently fuck my face, my hands caress his balls, and I lightly tickle his inner thighs. Suddenly he grabs my hair and eases me off of him. As I move away, several long, elastic strands of deep-throat saliva form a bridge between the tip of his cock and my mouth, finally breaking and leaving an impermanent wetness on the bed between us. "I'm not ready to cum yet," he breathes. "Flip over."

He eats my ass. Those soft, delicious lips, those lips that I dream about still, those lips that should be celebrated forever, those

sumptuous things, are pressed against my asshole, his hot tongue darting between them and into me. My face is pressed into his sheets, my brain existing only to feel his lips, his tongue, my eyes existing to catalog the exact folds and loose threads of the sheets just in front of them. I'm not hard but I'm not soft either, my cock bouncing lightly under the rhythm of his attention. The sheets are rustling in a way that makes me think he's probably touching himself.

He sits up and smiles. "I'm close and I want to cum in your mouth," he says. I move to the edge of the bed, and he walks over, his cock pulsing already. I take him into my mouth, all the way to the base, until my nose is squished almost painfully against his firm stomach. It doesn't take long.

Silently, my eyes watering, my lips at the base of his cock, I accept his cum into my throat. His parents are still asleep on the couch as I sit on the edge of his childhood bed and feel the river of his orgasm pumping, pumping into my throat, his cock touching every part of my tongue, the taste and smell of him overwhelming me. His soft lips part, and a moan flutters out, disturbing the absolute silence. I stay full of him as his orgasm fades, even when I know there will be no more cum I stay on him. I want to stay on him forever, let him fill me up forever, let him

cum in me forever.

Eventually I ease away from the boy and he kisses me, unafraid to taste his own semen on my lips and tongue. He lays back and I gently lick the cum off his dick, now soft but no less beautiful where it rests on his leg. His eyes are closed and his breathing a little uneven as I tease the last drops of pleasure out of him, and then, finally, he's spent. I kiss him and rest my head on his chest for a moment, but I know it's time to leave. We both dress quietly, and then I follow him back outside, past the sleeping figures in the living room, through the front door, out of this small house forever.

Tall boy, beautiful boy. I'm a little taller than he is. "I like tall women. My mom is really tall," he says, trying to make conversation. I try not to grapple with the psychosexual implications of what's coming out of his mouth, and I give him a kiss goodbye. A final taste of those incredible lips, those lips I wish I could kiss every day. But for now I walk to my car, grateful that he didn't try to shake my hand goodbye. I'm going to block his number and masturbate when I get home.



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?

y/n
y/n
y/n
y/n
top/vers/bottom
MB
25

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

Stay Fierce
Pat my heart
more

I feel so tenderly towards anyone I'm fucking. I try really hard to give any sexual partner my undivided attention in the moment, to make them feel like they're the only person I'm thinking about when I'm with them. I'm a very cuddly person. I easily slip into domestic and intimate patterns of touch. I love stroking a partner's hair, and leaning over and kissing their head.

As hard as I try to extend a deep tenderness to any of my sexual partners, I'm not able to deal with pet names like "mommy" or "daddy." I've thought about it a lot! But any kind of ageplay or parent/child dynamic is too intense for me, and takes the feeling of gentle tenderness that I cherish and turns it into something really scary and triggering.

I do call partners "baby" a lot, because it feels like a neutral term (neutral mostly because I never heard anyone in my family use the word in any romantic context). I know that for some survivors of childhood sexual abuse it can be empowering to explore adult/child power dynamics in consensual sexual play, but for me... that's basically the last thing I want. My intimacy and closeness needs to feel like it's coming from me, as an adult, and being given to a fellow adult who understands fully what they are accepting, without exception.



Carta Monir

@CartaMonir



Calling myself "gay" is a useful catch-all term with historical precedent that frees up a lot of mental energy for more fucking

11:53 PM · Aug 27, 2019 · Twitter for Android

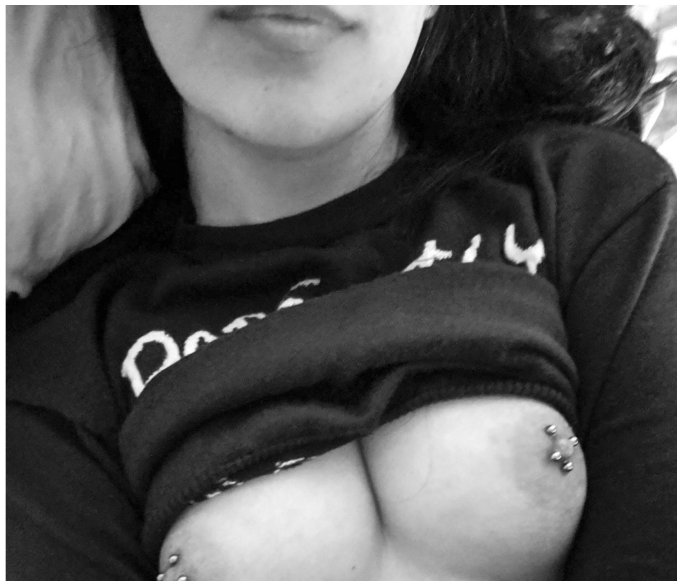
Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta? ☒ y/n
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? ☒ y/n
Did you have an orgasm? ☒ y/n
Would you have sex with Carta again? ☒ y/n
Do you consider yourself a top/☒ vers/☐ bottom
What is your gender identity? VB
How old are you? 27 ^{yr}

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

10/10 would cum in Carter's
throat and then ciddle
again





I'm maybe a little cavalier about using protection during sex. I'm on PrEP, which is almost 100% effective against contracting HIV, and I get tested every three months. But I know that I could stand to be more careful than I am. I've been very lucky so far, which has been thanks to the care of my partners more than anything.

Part of the reason I feel reasonably comfortable having 'unprotected' sex is that the people I'm hooking up with tend to be in similar situations to the one I'm in. They have a primary partner, they get tested regularly, they are invested in keeping themselves healthy for the sake of the other people they're fucking.

I love vintage queer pornography, and I love feeling like I'm part of a long, complicated chain of gay sex that stretches back into the very beginnings of human life. There's something pure and primal and raw and filthy about sticking my tongue into someone's cunt or leaning my head back to accept cum down my throat.

There was a time I offered to fuck a trans girl without a condom and they said, "I'm a faggot, but I'm not that kind of faggot." That stuck with me. I guess I just am that type of faggot. I'm a hot tranny cumslut and proud of it. Cum emoji cum emoji.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?

y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?

y/n

Did you have an orgasm?

y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again?

y/n

Do you consider yourself a

top/vers/bottom

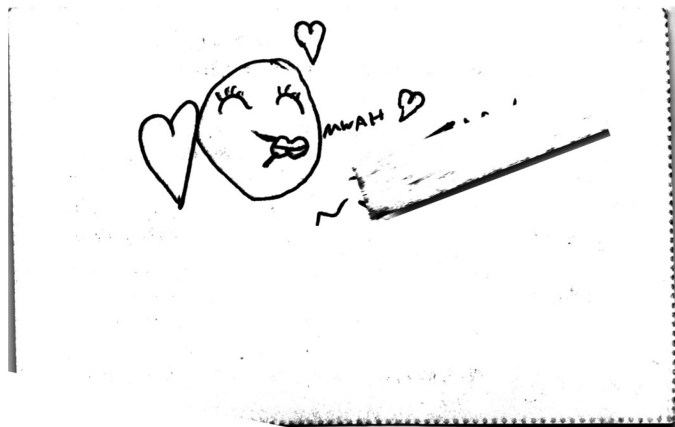
What is your gender identity?

GIRL

How old are you?

33

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.



Fucking other trans people frequently means coming into contact with dysphoria more intense than my own. I've slept with partners who don't want their genitals touched (or even made reference to), and partners who can only be touched in very specific ways. It's generally not difficult to accommodate a partner's dysphoria, and when I'm fucking trans people one of the first things I ask is, "is there any way you don't like to be touched or referred to?"

Respecting a partner's dysphoria is the key to having sex with trans people. Trans people are used to having their bodies interpreted for them, and their own feelings disregarded. Respecting their boundaries, no matter how arbitrary they may seem, is absolutely vital in earning the trust and comfort of a trans partner. It's what makes or breaks a sexual encounter.

Being T4T means extending empathy to my partner at all times, even during intense, rough sex. I know first-hand how intense the mixture of sex, dysphoria, shame, fear, and pleasure can be. It's so important to pay attention to a partner, to make sure they're comfortable and don't need to stop, and that they aren't forcing themselves to power through a painful situation. I want them to feel like they have the space to try something new, and the trust to stop whenever they need to.

I don't personally have a lot of genital dysphoria. The things that bothered me about my own genitals during sex were body hair, my balls being licked or sucked on, and not being able to get hard when I wanted to. I'm happy to say that all three of these problems have been largely taken care of by the time I'm writing this. I got extensive laser hair removal, which has been very effective in taking care of body hair (although I would still love to get more, on my legs for example). I got an orchiectomy (more on that later) and I started taking cialis (more on that later, also). Of the three things I listed, though, not being able to get hard was probably the most upsetting to me, overall. This might surprise some readers, because for many trans women, not getting hard is a blessing. Let me see if I can explain my reasoning.

I was considering vaginoplasty for a long time, mostly because I had lost the ability to get hard during sex and I missed having any kind of physical indicator of my own horniness. It's nice to be able to show a partner how hard they've made you, or how wet. I didn't have either ability, so instead I was left saying "I promise, I'm very turned on right now." It was frustrating! Additionally, I wanted the option of topping with my dick. Only being flaccid felt like a waste of my genitals, honestly... I felt like I could do more and I wanted more options. Maybe this makes me an outlier among trans women, but I'm guessing I'm not alone.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta? y/n
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? y/n
Did you have an orgasm? y/n
Would you have sex with Carta again? related y/n
Do you consider yourself a top/vers/bottom y/n
What is your gender identity? trans fem
How old are you? 23

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

Carta arrived at my apartment
and within 10 minutes her mouth
~~was~~ surrounded my fully erect clit
as she looked up at me and
pierced my soul with her
stunningly beautiful and fierce gaze.
She gave me feelings I had
never felt before. Thank you, Love





As I became more comfortable in my own body, and came to terms with the fact that my body, as flawed as it is, is a woman's body, I was able to introduce more versatility into the ways I had sex. I had been bottoming exclusively, but that changed when I started hooking up with a trans person who was an even bigger bottom than me, a bottom who brought out a sadistic and powerfully topmy side of myself that I previously hadn't really known before.

It turns out I really like topping! I like topping sluts and I like feeling like I'm leaning into my powerful, big body. Aspects of my body that might normally make me dysphoric (my height, my frame, my weight) become assets when I'm topping someone. Although chronic illness keeps me from becoming truly athletic, as long as I'm in a sustainable position I can fuck and fuck and fuck. I can really mess someone up if I'm fucking them, which is an amazing feeling. I have become enamored by the feeling of stretching out someone's pussy or ass with my cock, and of feeling someone cumming on me over and over. Since I don't cum like I used to, I'm able to last a really long time. In fact, the only limiting factor in how long I can fuck someone is my physical strength! Which feels amazing, I love fucking until I feel like I literally can't move anymore. There's such a power in being a tall, strong girl with a dick who is ready to top. I'm certainly in demand.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?

☒ y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?

☒ y/n

Did you have an orgasm?

☒ y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again?

☒ y/n

Do you consider yourself a

top/☒ vers/bottom

What is your gender identity?

weird lesbian

How old are you?

24

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

very good

very hot .



J---

I rest my head on your right thigh and I breathe your pussy. My nose feels your heat and the tickle of your hair and my mouth is watering, anticipating your taste. I nestle into your thigh and breathe.

First breath, your smell is strong. Sweat and coffee and lemon. Almost overpowering. I pause and exhale, and even as I breathe out I can still smell you.

Second breath, still so intense. But as I inhale this time, I feel my body surrendering as my lungs fill with your heat. I relax into you, melting on your thigh. I breathe out more gently this time.

Third breath, the smell is faint, like hot chocolate in another room. I miss it, I want it, I want to take all of you into me. I breathe greedily, exhale quickly.

Fourth breath, you are all I know. I can't smell your pussy anymore, all I can smell is warm, fresh air, like a perfect breeze in July. I'm so desperate. I gently let the air out and I lean forward, lips parted.

I taste you.



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta? ☒ y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? ☒ y/n

Did you have an orgasm? ☒ y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again? ☒ y/n

Do you consider yourself a ☒ top/vers/bottom

What is your gender identity? trans

How old are you? 26

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

yes more please

5 stars on Yelp



If my worst genital dysphoria resulted from not being able to express my horniness physically, there was a simple answer: cialis. I had read about trans women taking “erectile dysfunction drugs” but didn’t know anyone who had experimented with them, personally. I decided to try cialis because I had heard that its effects lasted longer than the other pills, and that a lower dose would likely be effective for someone like me.

Initially, I was on a 10mg dose of cialis, taken ‘as needed.’ It would take about an hour for the pill to kick in, at which point I would not automatically become hard, but instead regain the ability to become hard if I wanted to. I didn’t feel any different, but suddenly I would be able to get an erection - a bigger and harder erection than I’d ever gotten in my life, really. And I wouldn’t lose it a few minutes into sex, either. I could stay hard as long as I wanted. The first time I took cialis, I broke my partner’s bed from fucking them so hard.

Eventually I moved off the 10mg ‘as needed’ dose to a 2.5mg daily dose, taken every morning. It’s worked very effectively, and I don’t seem to need any higher a dose. I’m very grateful to have the ability to get hard again. Maybe for the first time ever, I feel very in-control of my arousal, and my ability to get hard. It’s a good feeling.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?

☒ y/n

y/n

y/n

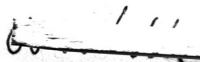
☒ y/n

top/yers/bottom

No body
24

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

thick! dick!
good cuddlin'
threesomes are cute





I can't explain why, but my cock has gotten thicker on HRT. It's always been reasonably thick, but it's become noticeably girthier over the past few months. There's a simple metric that I can keep track of: it's become difficult, sometimes impossible, to close my thumb and index finger around the base of my dick, when it used to be easy to do that. Before I came out I used to be the kind of person to measure her penis. From those old measurements I know that I used to be almost exactly 6" long. I think I'm shorter now (I haven't actually measured with a ruler), but that volume went straight into girth I guess! Again, no idea why this is happening but it's certainly interesting!

There was a downside though: as my cock got thicker, my foreskin got substantially tighter. I lost the ability to draw back my foreskin past the head of my cock, and every time I got an erection my dick would choke! It was very painful, and even worse, the tip of my foreskin would start to split when I got especially hard. It was painful, and it burned, and it would even occasionally swell up. I learned to use a lot (like, a lot-lot) of lube whenever I had sex, so that my dick would never be forced through the tight ring at the tip of my foreskin. Even with lots of lube, though, my dick had become thick to the point that almost all erections were painful. It was frustrating! I love having a nice, fat dick, but I also value... not... having..... a painful dick.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?

top / vers / bottom

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.





In October of 2019, I got a combination orchiectomy and circumcision. It was an almost impulsive decision... the time between my consultation and the actual operation was less than two weeks. I'm so glad I did it. Aside from the obvious hormonal advantages of no longer having to suppress any testosterone, I'm now able to get erections without any pain.

Orchis and circumcisions are operations that can be performed by most (if not all) urologists, and unlike vaginoplasty there's not really a question of aesthetics to worry about. I didn't feel concerned about researching my doctor or finding just the right kind of procedure. I let them do whatever they normally do, and it turned out great. As of the time I'm writing this, it's been just about six weeks since my surgery, and I'm completely healed and able to fuck again. I'm just waiting for a couple final stitches to fall out.

An additional benefit of getting surgery is that it removed a couple scars that had been left on my foreskin as a result of childhood abuse. It's honestly a good feeling to know that my dick is my own, and there are no longer what feel like my father's fingerprints permanently attached to such a sensitive part of my body. It's nice. I like feeling like I've finally taken control of my own self.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta? y/n
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? y/n
Did you have an orgasm? y/n
Would you have sex with Carta again? y/n
Do you consider yourself a top/vers/bottom X
What is your gender identity? _____
How old are you? 29

Please write any additional comments on the back of this:

I love you

After surgery, there were a couple weeks where I couldn't do much more than lie in bed. During this time, I especially appreciated the kind of intimacy that I have with EJ. They're not as much of a sexual hedonist as I am, but our different sexual drives have never kept us from being intimate and loving with one another. There are so many ways for us to express our love and closeness with each other. When we lie in bed and I kiss their neck or run my fingers through their hair, or when they lightly touch my breasts or rest their head on my shoulder, I know in the deepest part of myself that we're going to be together forever.

I frequently get asked about the question of jealousy between us. Does it bother EJ that their wife is a super slut? I feel very lucky when I say that EJ and I are able to talk about anything, and I trust them completely to tell me when I'm doing something that makes them uncomfortable. They are my number one priority, and my other sexual partners understand that I might drop everything at a moment's notice to go be with EJ if I need to. I know some hardcore relationship anarchists who don't believe in any kind of prioritization of one partner over another, but that's really not my way. I'm married to EJ for a reason, and the love we have for each other is my absolute and number one priority. I feel very, very, very lucky.

While recovering from surgery has caused the biggest interruption in my sex life over the past few months, I deal with a more persistent problem on a day-to-day basis. I have a genetic collagen deficiency called hypermobility-type Ehlers Danlos that has severely limited my physical activity over the past few years... when I was diagnosed the doctor told me that I shouldn't run or pick up a gallon of milk ever again if I could help it. I had to leave several jobs because of persistent, repeated injuries to my hands, wrists, shoulders, and back. As you can imagine, these physical difficulties extend to sex as well.

Having hEDS has made some aspects of sex difficult. I'm not able to support my weight on my wrists, for example, so fucking someone missionary-style can be very painful! I've grown to appreciate a good, high bed frame that lets me stand with my feet on the floor as I fuck someone on the bed. In that position I'm not putting weight on any fragile joints, and I can really fuck for a long time. Otherwise, fucking someone from behind is probably the most reliable position, because it lets me put my weight on my legs and knees rather than my wrists. If I'm going to fuck someone in missionary, I like to position them so that their feet are on my chest, so that their legs provide a kind of support for my upper body. Anything to keep my wrists from bearing my weight, because they sprain extremely easily and painfully.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta? y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? y/n

Did you have an orgasm? y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again? y/n

Do you consider yourself a top/vers/bottom

What is your gender identity? NON-BINARY

How old are you? 26

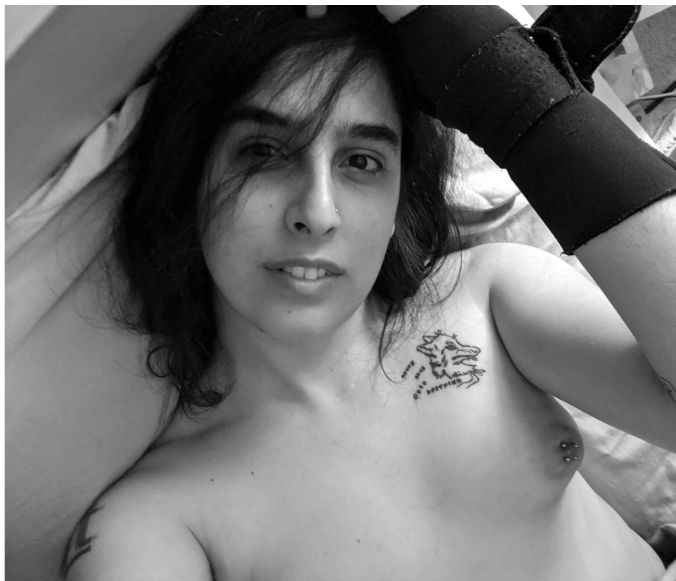
Please write any additional comments on the back of this ~

Falling in love with
you has been
fucking rad.

When I think about ___, I think about their asshole. They have the most perfect, strongest asshole I've ever seen. Spreading their ass for the first time, I feel like I must have gasped. Their hole is like an old-fashioned rubber tire, or an overstuffed donut. It's thick and almost perfectly circular, and pink, and desperately inviting. It sits just above their pussy when I look at them from behind.

I tried to fuck their ass one time, but it was too tight for me to penetrate. This was before I was taking cialis; I bet I could push into them now. I fucked their pussy instead, staring down at them, at that perfect asshole, hypnotized by its obscene beauty. I frequently masturbate thinking about fucking them that time, putting my thumb in their ass as we fucked. Feeling their asshole resist my thumb, then slide open, almost sucking me inside. Feeling it tighten and clench around me. Hearing them whine as I pound them. When they're about to cum, they whine, "pleeeeeeassseeeee!" and I fuck them harder. They cum on my dick, their asshole clenches and my thumb pops out.

As they came down from that orgasm, I ate their ass. It was incredible. I wish I could be there right now, between their cheeks, greedily pushing my tongue further and further into them. Darting my tongue to their pussy, their clit, and then back to their ass. Fuck.



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?



y/n

y/n

y/n

y/n

top/vers/bottom

womanish

21

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

thanks
for letting
it be me



I've been interested in group sex for as long as I can remember. So much of the porn I watched when I was younger was orgy porn; there was just something really compelling about the idea of being part of a group of people who trusted each other enough to fuck one another without reservations. I was never in a position to try having sex with more than one partner at a time until this year. I've been making up for lost time, that's for sure.

The biggest group I've been a part of so far was a five person orgy. I've had several threesomes and a couple foursomes. I really like group sex! It's fun to explore different dynamics with several partners, and it's also very decadent to be able to take a break in the middle of sex without needing to stop the action completely. I've walked away from a group of people, gotten bottled water for everyone, come back, and continued fucking them! It's wild!

There's a special dynamic that comes out when I'm fucking a couple. I like the feeling of being taken care of, of being their guest. I haven't done any 'unicorn' stuff, really... the couples I've fucked have been queer couples with at least one trans partner. I don't have much interest in being an "experience" for a straight cis couple. There's much more interesting group sex that I can be having!

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?

☒ y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?

y/☒ n

Did you have an orgasm?

☒ y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again?

☒ y/n

Do you consider yourself a

top/☒ vers/bottom

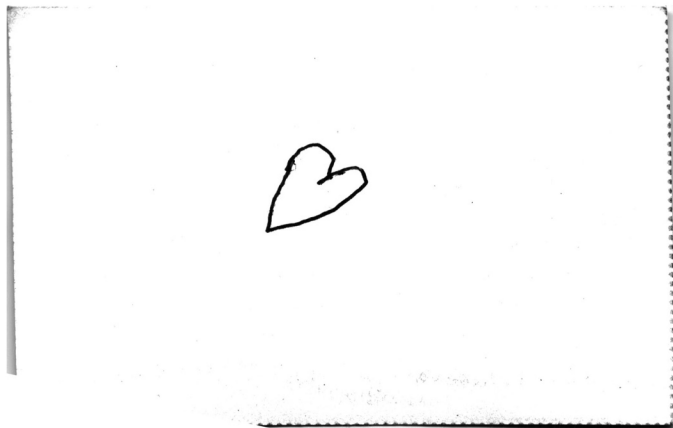
What is your gender identity?

ENBY TGRL

How old are you?

22

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.







Carta Monir

@CartaMonir



Basically I think, "would the mean boys in middle school call me a fag for doing this?" and the answer is always yes

11:56 PM · Aug 27, 2019 · Twitter for Android

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?

y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?

y/n

Did you have an orgasm?

y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again?

y/n

Do you consider yourself a

top/vers/bottom

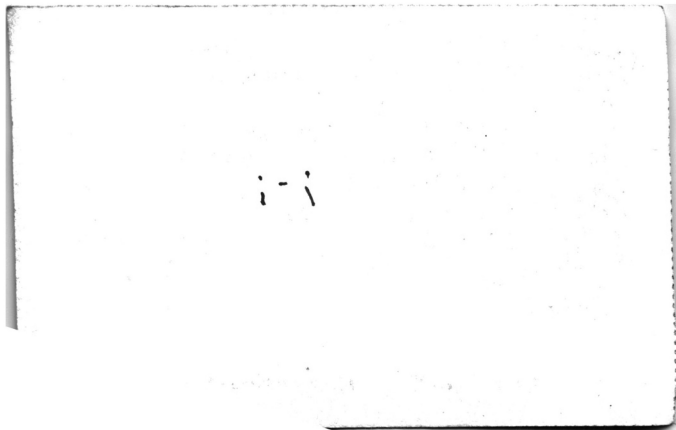
What is your gender identity?

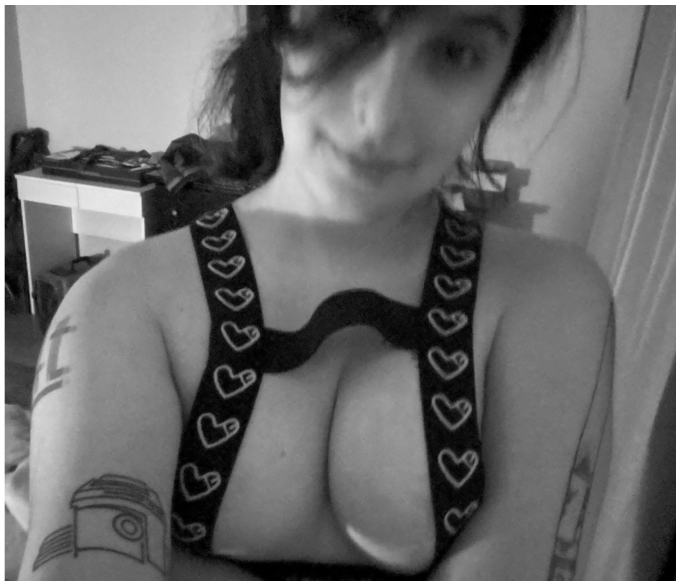
her

How old are you?

26

Please write any additional comments on the back of ..





One of the more surprising aspects of my developing sexuality has been my enthusiasm for fisting. I'm a fisting top! I love doing it! And don't get me wrong here: I have huge hands! Huge! I'm six foot one and my hands are big! It takes a lot of patience and communication for me to be able to fist a partner, but oh wow it's fun when it happens.

I remember attempting to fist a partner only one time before I came out, a clumsy and painful attempt while I was in college. It makes me cringe to remember it. I didn't use enough lube, I didn't communicate with my partner enough, and it ended up leaving them swollen and upset with me. That experience scared me off from fisting for a long time because I felt like it would be impossible for me to fist someone without hurting them. Obviously, though, it had much more to do with me being an immature jerk than the actual physical realities of the situation.

Since opening things up, I've fisted several people successfully. It's just the most intimate and beautiful experience... I love looking into a partner's face, seeing them pushing themselves past any point they have before, feel their heart beating from the inside of their body, understanding that every tiny motion of my hand or fingers feels enormous to them. It's so hot, it's so hot, it's so hot.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?

☒ y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?

y/n

Did you have an orgasm?

☒ y

Would you have sex with Carta again?

☒ y/n

Do you consider yourself a

top/~~vers~~/bottom

What is your gender identity?

little
Bitch
Boy

How old are you?

23

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

CARTA:
VERS ✓
PAIN SLUT ✓
SILLY ACCENTS ✓
Corny PUNS ✓
GENUINE EMOTION ✓
VIGOROUS TOP ✓

ALL
AROUND
HOOK-UP
OF MY
DREAMS

11/10!!!



A+ 100%

Lol I just noticed that on the card you said you didn't cum? I'll have to try harder next time 🍂

Jun 16, 2:25 PM 📶

wait what?!

no i DID cum very hard

i checked the wrong box lmao fix it for me!!

Jun 16, 2:30 PM

Lolllll I know you did! I assume you just checked the wrong box

Lolllll ok

Jun 16, 2:30 PM 📶

Fixed ❤️

Jun 16, 2:33 PM 📶

hehe

Jun 16, 2:48 PM



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

- 1 Was this your first time having sex with Carta? ☒ y ☐ n
- 2 Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? ☒ y ☐ n
- 3 Did you have an orgasm? ☒ y ☐ n
- 4 Would you have sex with Carta again? ☒ y ☐ n
- 5 Do you consider yourself a ☒ top ☐ vers ☐ bottom
- 6 What is your gender identity? queer? mon?
- 7 How old are you? 29

MEOW

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

1. AND CARTA'S first time watching SHERA
2. But not the first trans person~
3. ONLY because of my anxiety
4. Yes piz.
5. Practiced bottom, newer top
6. HALP
7. conceived in the 1980s tho!

Over the course of this project I've frequently been the more experienced person in a sexual encounter. There's a special skill involved in topping a person who's nervous... making them feel comfortable and at ease in a situation that feels, potentially, very dangerous. Trans people can be very apologetic, myself included, and as a top it's important to acknowledge and alleviate a partner's concerns so that they feel like they're safe in experimenting with things they might not have done before.

Something I try to make clear to nervous partners is that they are not under any pressure to have an orgasm. It can be an enormous cause of anxiety for people. I love making my partners cum - it's one of my favorite things in the world - but it's not the only reason for having sex. If a person isn't able to cum during our sexual encounter, my priority is making sure that they're comfortable and having a nice time. I want them to feel like it was worthwhile, even if they weren't able to have an orgasm. Because oh my gosh, there have been plenty of times I've had sex - amazing sex - and not cum. It's difficult to accept sometimes, because so much of the way that we talk about sex is wrapped up in the idea of cumming, but sex is worthwhile for so many other reasons! Anyway, I've found that if I can get a partner to stop worrying about doing a 'good job,' they have a much better time.

When a partner is comfortable, what's more fun than introducing them to sensations and experiences they haven't had a chance to explore before? Sharing sex with other people is an amazing feeling. I love feeling like I'm learning new skills and feeling new things during sex, and being able to do that for another person is just... it's hot. It's really hot. It's a big turn-on to feel like I'm good at sex, lol.



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta? y/n
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with? y/n
Did you have an orgasm? what's an orgasm, REALLY? y/n
Would you have sex with Carta again? y/n
Do you consider yourself a who knows? top/vers/bottom
What is your gender identity? WOMAN
How old are you? 22

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

I felt very very beautiful

(P.S: this was written in pink,
which is very important ♥ ✨ ✨)

One of the hottest things I've ever done is to take a girl by the back of the head, grabbing her hair tightly between my fingers, and force her down onto her girlfriend's pussy as I fuck it. Holding her face there, licking hungrily at my cock and her girlfriend's clit as I thrust in and out, stopping for a moment to wipe my cock on her face before pushing it back into her girlfriend. Asking them to 69 so that I can fuck her girlfriend and look into her eyes at the same time, her face neatly divided in two by my cock as I pump in and out of her girlfriend's pussy. Cum and sweat dripping down onto her face, onto her tongue.

I've held a shivering trans boy, kissing his face gently as he's being fucked from behind by a huge cock, feeling him rocking on top of me, looking into the eyes of the boy fucking him and sharing a little smile. I love holding someone as they're being fucked. I work my hand under him, gently teasing his t-cock, letting my fingertips explore the cock penetrating him, tickling his top's balls a little bit and encouraging him to let loose inside the boy's desperate pussy.

I've fucked a tiny trans futch for hours, marveling at how their ass opens to accept my cock, taking such pleasure out of making them whine my name. Slapping their tits, their face, their ass... leaving marks that won't fade for days. Using them like a cock sleeve. When I

finally pull out, their ass stays open in the shape of my cock. They collapse on the bed, face down, almost unable to move. I stroke their hair. I call them a good slut. They curl up and fall asleep on my breasts.

I've bottomed for hours, too. One partner had such a long, beautiful cock, with a curve that hit my prostate perfectly when I lay on my side. They fucked me literally all night, starting sometime past midnight and ending only as the sun was rising. Neither of us had lube. I was so proud of my ass, and so impressed by their incredible, athletic stamina. I was fucked and fucked and fucked, until my eyes were fluttering and rolling back in my head and all I could do was swear. When they finally pulled out of me, I felt such emptiness and relief and greed for more.

After every hot experience, I love laying in bed with my partner and looking at them, feeling so intensely towards them, feeling my body, which has shaped itself to them. Sex is such an amazing thing to share with people. These experiences are treasured memories, and also, miraculously, not unusual for me anymore? I can have hot sex almost whenever I want, with my choice of several hot people at any time. It's ridiculous. What is my life?? All my horny slut fantasies are being fulfilled. I'm so excited to keep getting wilder and wilder.

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?

y/n

Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?

y/n

Did you have an orgasm?

y/n

Would you have sex with Carta again?

y/n

Do you consider yourself a

top/vers/bottom

What is your gender identity?

NB

How old are you?

29

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

you're hot!





I am hot - I'm finally believing it. A couple months ago, I got a message asking if I would be willing to top a mutual friend. This message came out of nowhere! I wasn't expecting to ever fuck this person, but I had been recommended. Recommended! What an amazing thing, to be such a hot slut that people have started recommending me, like a fancy restaurant or a fun date spot.

It's not to say that I still never feel dysphoria. I struggle just like everyone else, and some days are harder than others. But when I think about the numbers - the sheer number of people who have been willing to trust me with their bodies, and who have told me that they're attracted to me - I start to believe them. They're not lying to me. I'm a hot girl... and good enough at sex that they were willing to fill out a comment card attesting to that fact. What a silly thing. But honestly, it's been really good for my self-image. I guess what I'm saying is, if you're going to do a really really self-indulgent project, you might as well go all the way and make a long book about how hot and good at fucking you are. It's certainly worked ok for me.

Can I just say, wow I love my life right now. It's really fun to be this person, whose brand is sex, and whose life is built around art and fucking and community. I'm so lucky. FUCK! I'm so lucky!!!!

Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?
Did you have an orgasm?
Would you have sex with Carta again?
Do you consider yourself a
What is your gender identity?
How old are you?

top/vers/bottom

T-Fem
25

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.

Came in thirsty,
left satisfied.

The Sex equivalent
of a can of
Sprite!



This project wouldn't have been possible without the support, advice, and encouragement of the sex workers in my life. As a civilian who has never done full service sex work, I frequently turned to friends and partners with experience for advice, thoughts, and observations. Their kindness and openness allowed me to take this project farther than it would have gone otherwise. I am deeply grateful for the trust and love the sex workers in my life have shown me.

If you're reading this book and you don't do sex work yourself, I hope that you understand the importance of not only supporting sex workers, but fighting for them. Please take a moment to think about how you, personally, can work to support the sex workers in your own life. If you don't think you know any, look a little harder. They're around.

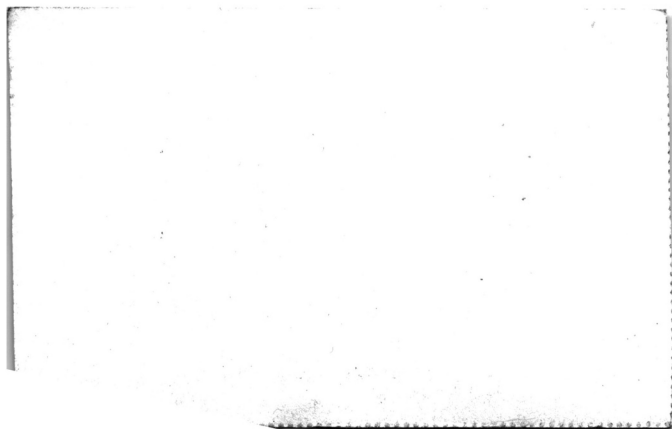
If you're reading this book and you are a sex worker, hi. I love you. I respect you very deeply and I appreciate the time you're taking to read my work. I hope you like it. (Here's a bonus picture of my tits, for you.)



Thank you for having sex with Carta Monir.
Please take a moment to fill out this card.

Was this your first time having sex with Carta?	☒ y/n
Is Carta the first trans woman you've slept with?	☒ y/n
Did you have an orgasm?	☒ y/n
Would you have sex with Carta again?	☒ y/n
Do you consider yourself a	top/ w ers/bottom
What is your gender identity?	<u>NON BINARY</u>
How old are you?	<u>25</u>

Please write any additional comments on the back of this card.



This book would not have been possible without the unconditional support of my spouse, EJ. You are my best friend and the most important person in the world to me. Thank you.

Additional thanks to Jude for being an incredible partner, Ree for making this book possible in more ways than one, J for your kindness and inspirationally slutty energy, Mary for making me feel good and safe in ways I didn't know I could, Stel for helping me be the best partner, sexually and emotionally, that I possibly can be, Cam and Miles for helping me to express my lewdest desires, and all the people who were willing to fill out a postcoital comment card for someone you didn't really know. You were very kind to this dumb slut.

Special thanks to Aelita, who gave me the sanitary napkin bag that both holds the completed cards and serves as the cover of this book.

If we fucked and you didn't get a card, sorry to miss you! Feedback is always appreciated. If you're feeling inspired to have sex with me after reading this book, get in touch! I might say yes..... you never know.

RE

BR
WA



Sanitary

For your convenience...

**Fresh Scent™ Disposal
Bag**

