

The Transformation

Transgender erotica by Rebecca Molay

WARNING!

Sexually Explicit

For adults 18+ only!



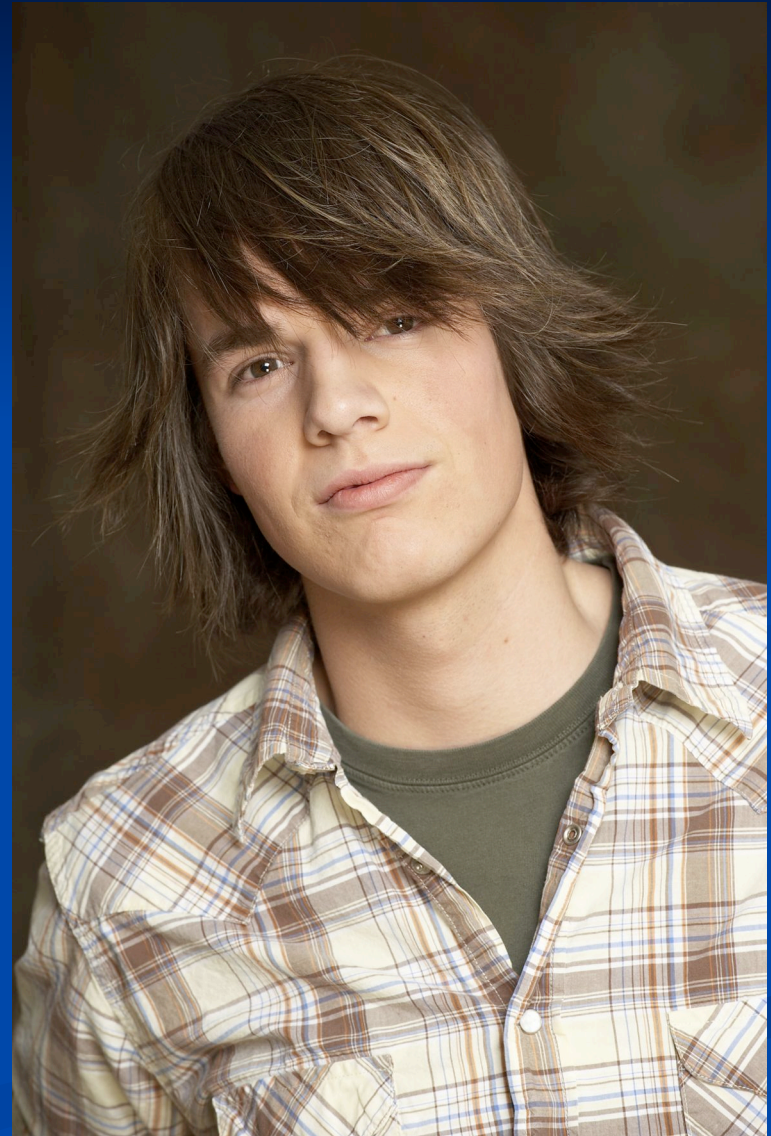
- “Do not think that you found the Spell Books. The Spell Books found you!

Do not think that you control the spells! No, the spells control you!”

Ancient saying attributed to Hermes Trismegistos



- When Phil found the Spell Books in the attic, Pete has not taken them seriously. “There is no such thing as magic!” he mocked. “So stop dreaming!”



- “Well, if there is no such thing as magic, you have nothing to worry about, have you?” Phil replied. “So you might as well let me try out one of the spells!”





- Pete realized he had painted himself into a corner. “What kind of spell?” he asked.
- “Why does it matter? According to you it won’t work anyway!” Phil laughed.
- “Ah, knock yourself out, you stupid man!”

- And with those words Pete unknowingly committed himself to a new life, because Phil wanted to teach him a lesson.
- “I have always suspected that your long hair reflects a deeper longing in you,” he teased Pete and read out a spell, not really believing in it himself.




- Pete felt a wave of the unreal flow over him. He drew his breath and closed his eyes as his whole body shivered as if in fever.
- Something was wrong. His mouth tasted sweeter. He let his tongue explore his teeth. They felt different.
- He opened his eyes.





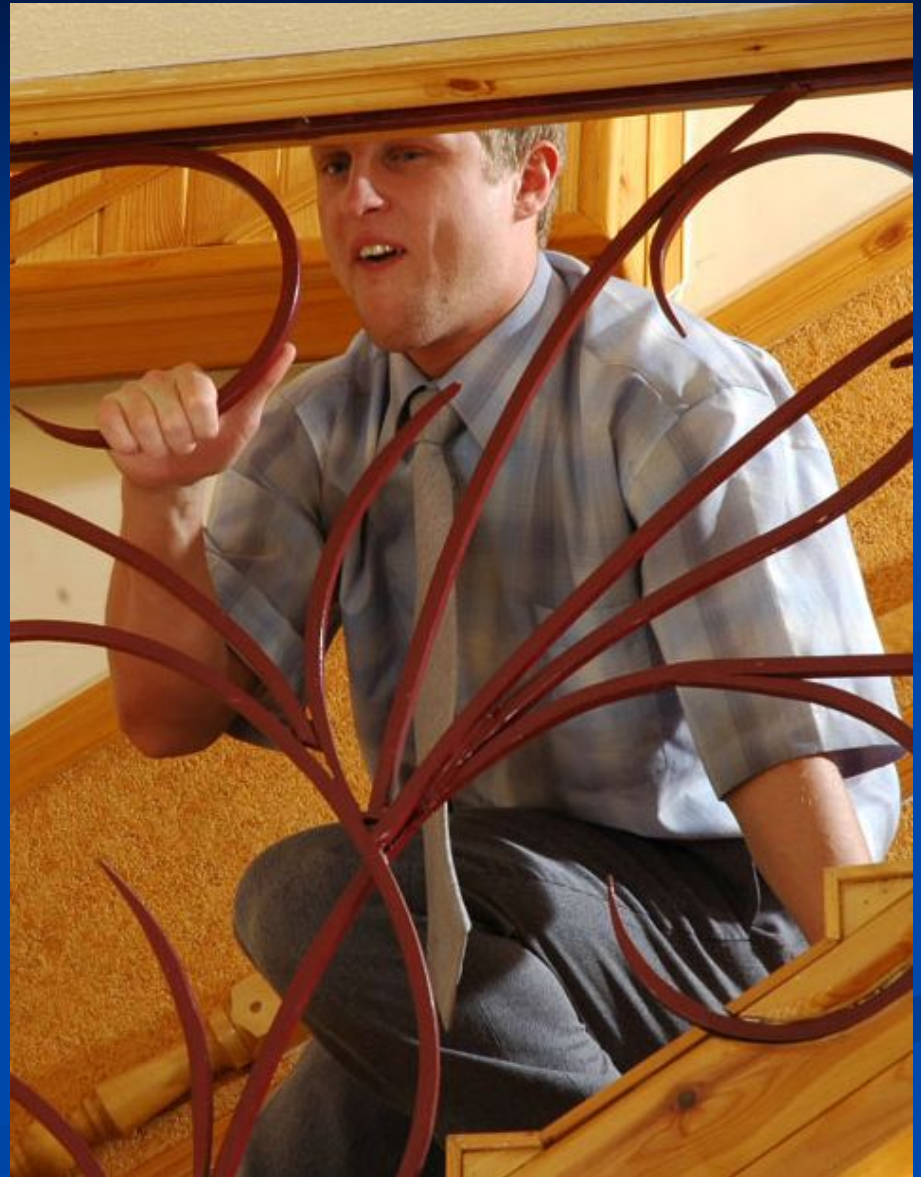
- “What!?” he screamed. Then he shut his mouth abruptly. That voice wasn’t his. It was high pitched and feminine.
- “You have turned me into a woman!? But why?”
- “Of course I haven’t”” Phil replied, quite shocked himself. “Magic doesn’t exist! You said so yourself!”

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- A woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a bright blue long-sleeved blouse with a ruffled neckline and a white skirt, is sitting on a patterned sofa. She is looking down at a small black table next to her, which holds a bouquet of pink and white flowers. The background shows a wooden chair and a wall with a decorative hanging. A semi-transparent blue box with white text is overlaid on the right side of the image.
- Pete sat down on the sofa, spellbound by his long, sexy, legs. “I am wearing a skirt,” he sobbed. “and pantyhose!”
 - “That is not my doing,” Phil replied. “It looks like the books have a will of their own!”



- “How does it feel?” Phil looked at the beautiful woman before him with increased agitation.
- Pete was silent for a while, as if thinking. “It is not bad at all,” he replied finally. Then he smiled as if harboring a secret: “How do I look?”
- “You are beautiful! You are sexy!” Phil came closer.

- The spellbooks do have a will of their own, and they want the changes they create to be permanent. This they achieve by using the most basic of all types of natural magic: raw animalistic sexuality, and now they filled the room with anticipation and arousal.
- Phil was as spellbound as Pete, although in a different way.



- “Why are you looking at me that way? Phil? What are you thinking?”
- Pete was getting nervous.





- “You are so beautiful! I just need to touch you a little bit, all right?”
- Pete could feel Phil’s hand on his breast. He had tits, damn it. Big, soft, cushions of female flesh.
- “Stop it, Phil, stop it!”

- “But don’t you see,” Phil said. “This was meant to be. This is an adventure. You have to explore your new life!”
- “Damn it, Phil! I am a man, not a woman.”
- Phil grabbed Pete’s crotch. His dick was gone!
- “Really!?” Phil replied.



- There is one thing most men don't understand, and that is how helpless a woman can feel confronted by a physically strong man. Now Pete understood.
- “You have to stop, Phil. You cannot do this to your friend!”





- “You will like it,” Phil whispered. He was beside himself now, lost in the magic and the hormones raging through his blood.
- “You know what they say: It is so much better for the woman. Now you can find out!”



- “Damn it, Phil. I don’t like men. You know that!”
- “That’s because you haven’t tried, baby!”
- Baby!!!? The bastard called him baby!

- Maybe he could just run away. But Phil had the books. He had to reason with him.
- “Listen, Phil. This is enough. Why don’t you change me back?”
- Phil responded by licking his neck. Pete felt a shiver run down his back.



- Then Phil tried to lift his skirt. Pete tried to fight him, but now the magic started to permeate his will as well. He felt his resolve weaken.
- “I need you, you sexy thing! God you are hot!” Phil persisted.



- Pete felt that there was something deep down there that responded to Phil's touch. What originally had felt like a void, was really a field full of the most amazing sensations.



- The he could feel Phil's hand force its way down his pantyhose. As they reached his pussy a bolt of electricity run through his body.
- He had a pussy! Folds of flesh protecting a grotto he had never had before, and now Phil pushed his finger inside it.





- Phil softly held on to his left tit, and Pete could feel his nipples betray him. They were in no way like their male counterparts. They stiffened and forced a moan out of Pete's mouth.
- “Oh, you like that, don't you?” Phil whispered triumphantly. He kissed his cheek tenderly.



- Pete turned his head and looked at his old friend in a new way. He could feel the woman inside this body demand his attention. Phil had always been his best friend. He loved him as one buddy loved his other. But he was kind of cute too, wasn't he?



- “This body has the needs of a woman,” he said to himself. “I am a ‘she’ now!”
- When Phil pulled down his blouse and kissed his breast, Pete made only a token resistance.
- Her stiff nipple wanted to be sucked!
- She let out a sigh of pleasure.



- She desired to be desired! That was it. That was the secret!
- She pulled him closer to her bosom, as she felt her crotch getting increasingly moist.



- She pulled down the blouse and looked at her perfectly shaped tits with joy and amazement. She was beautiful!

- She spread her legs and let him close to her sacred place. He licked her love button through her pantyhose. She started to breathe more heavily and felt her face redden.
- “Oh yeah, baby! Lick me!” she heard herself moan.





- But as he licked her pussy lips, an unexpected thought popped up in her head. She wanted to please him as he pleased her. The thought of his cock no longer seemed revolting. In fact, it was exactly what she needed right now.



- There were alarms going off in his head: “Stop now, before it is too late!” But she was in the power of the spell books now and found herself on her knees, pulling out Phil’s cock.
- It was if her mouth was a void that needed to be filled, to be satisfied. She put it in her mouth. The musky smell and the salt taste was not unpleasant at all.

- She sucked eagerly, but carefully, on his pole, savoring his moans of pleasure.
- His joy turned her on more than anything else.





- If the books could have been said to have a personality, this would have been their moment of triumph. She stood up, grabbed Phil's dick, and whispered into his ear: "I need you inside me!"

- And then they kissed deeply, as old lovers do. Now she owned him as much as he claimed her.





- Then she kneeled down on the sofa and presented her ass to him in a way that could not be misinterpreted.



- The feeling of his shaft sliding into her wet pussy filled her with a deep satisfaction. He made her whole!



- “Fuck me harder!” she urged him, as the first orgasm started to build deep inside her. She loved being loved. She loved being the one who was worshipped. She loved being the receiver.





- But now it was her turn. She pushed him down on the sofa, and sat down on top of him, urging him on.

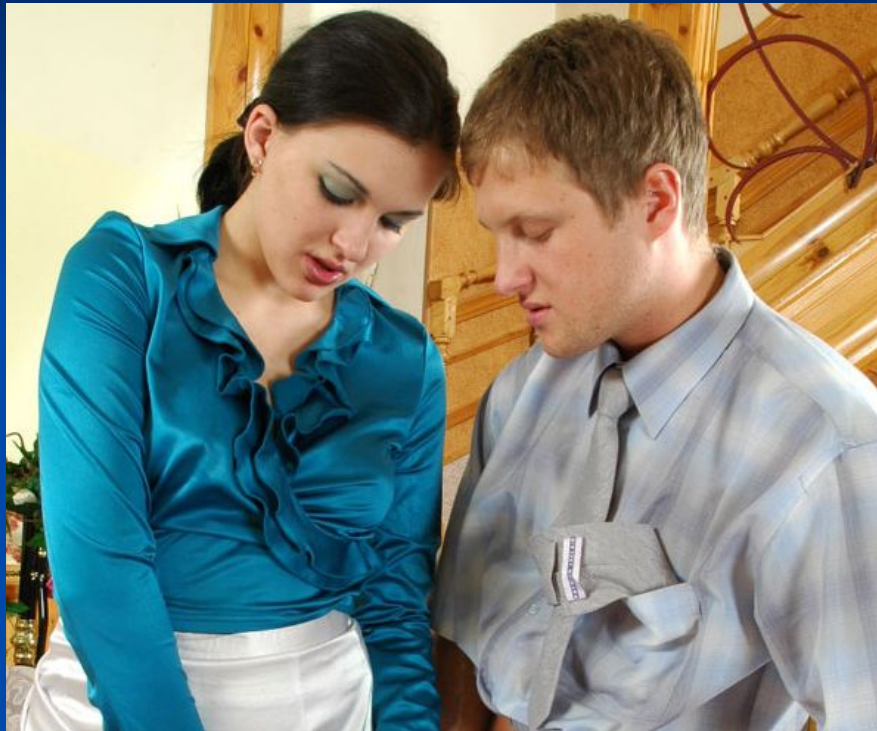
- Phil found it hard to hold back. “Wait,” he said. “The books said something about semen making the changes permanent. Wait!”
- But she was lost in heat and did not hear him. Or maybe she didn’t want to.





- She heard him scream out in extract. One second later she could actually feel his seamen fill her vagina, as a wave of magic spread throughout her body.





“What do we do now?”
Pete asked Phil.

“Well, the first thing is to
find you a new name,”
Phil replied. “You do not
look much like a Pete
anymore.”



- “You know what?”
Pam said to Phil
with a smile on her
face. “I think this is
going to be all right!
In fact I think that it
is going to be more
than all right!”

- The images are taken from Secretarypantyhouse.com
- For more transgender erotica, visit www.rebeccamolay.com

