

IN PLAIN SIGHT





Transgender erotica by
Rebecca Molay

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT

For adults only!



SHOULD I GET YOU
SOMETHING TO DRINK,
ANGEL?



NO, I AM FINE.

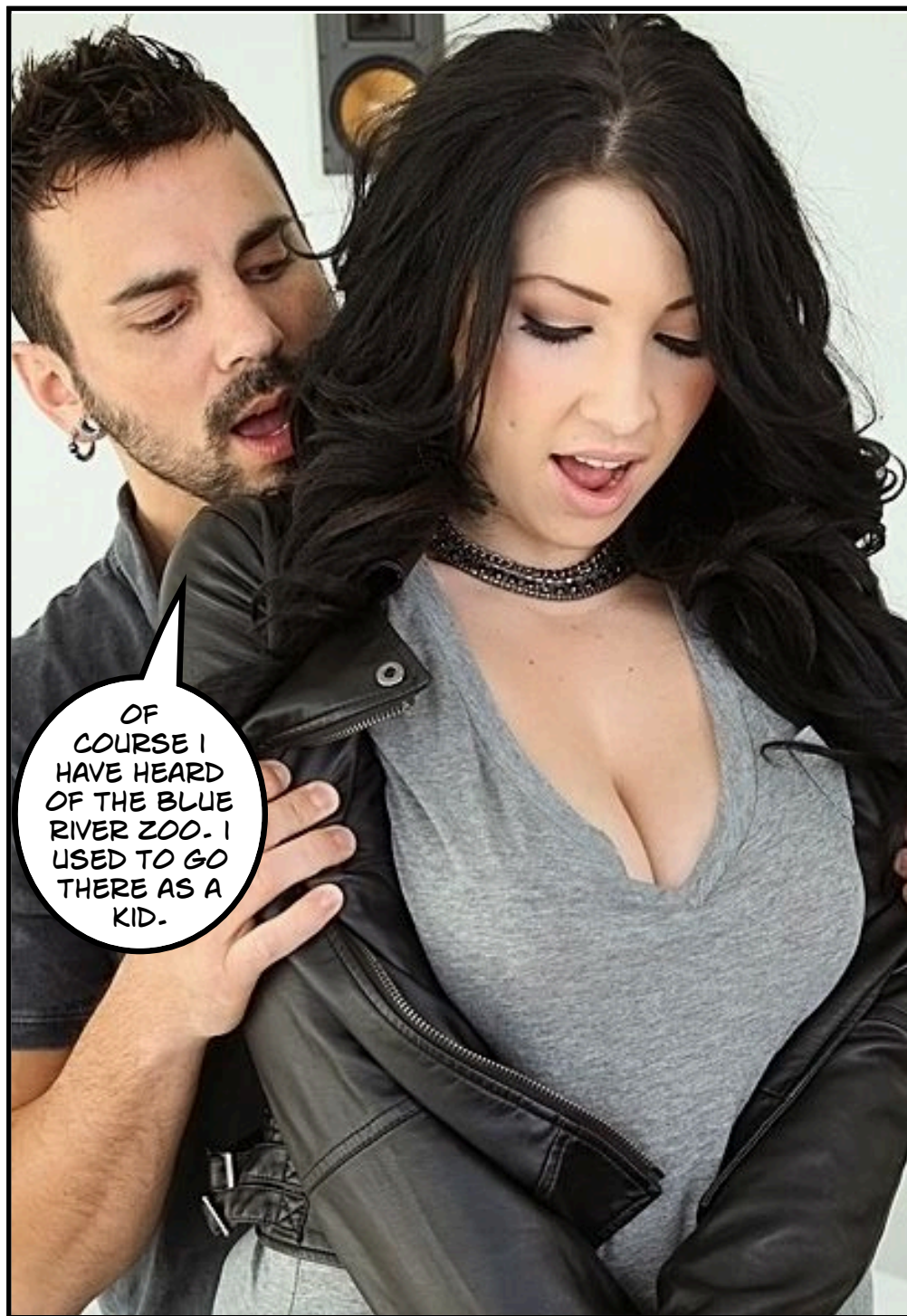
HEY
JOHNNY!
WHERE DO YOU
COME FROM,
REALLY?



WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
REALLY?

WELL, YOU TOLD
ME YOU COME FROM
FARGO, BUT YOU
HAVEN'T EVEN HEARD
OF THE BLUE RIVER
ZOO.







OK, MARY,
DO YOU THINK
HE CAN
HANDLE IT?



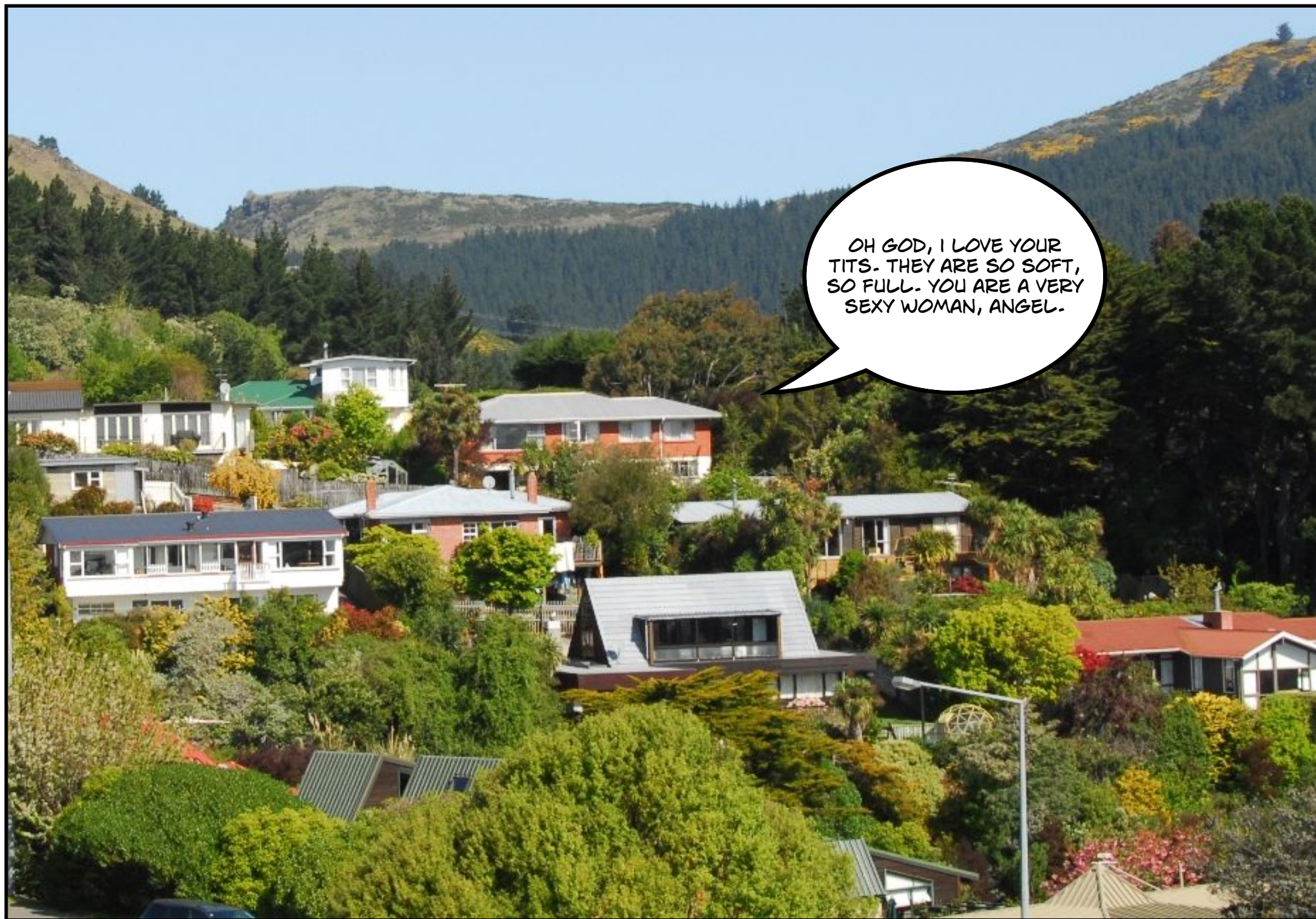


I MEAN, THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL
EFFECTS MUST BE
PROFOUND.

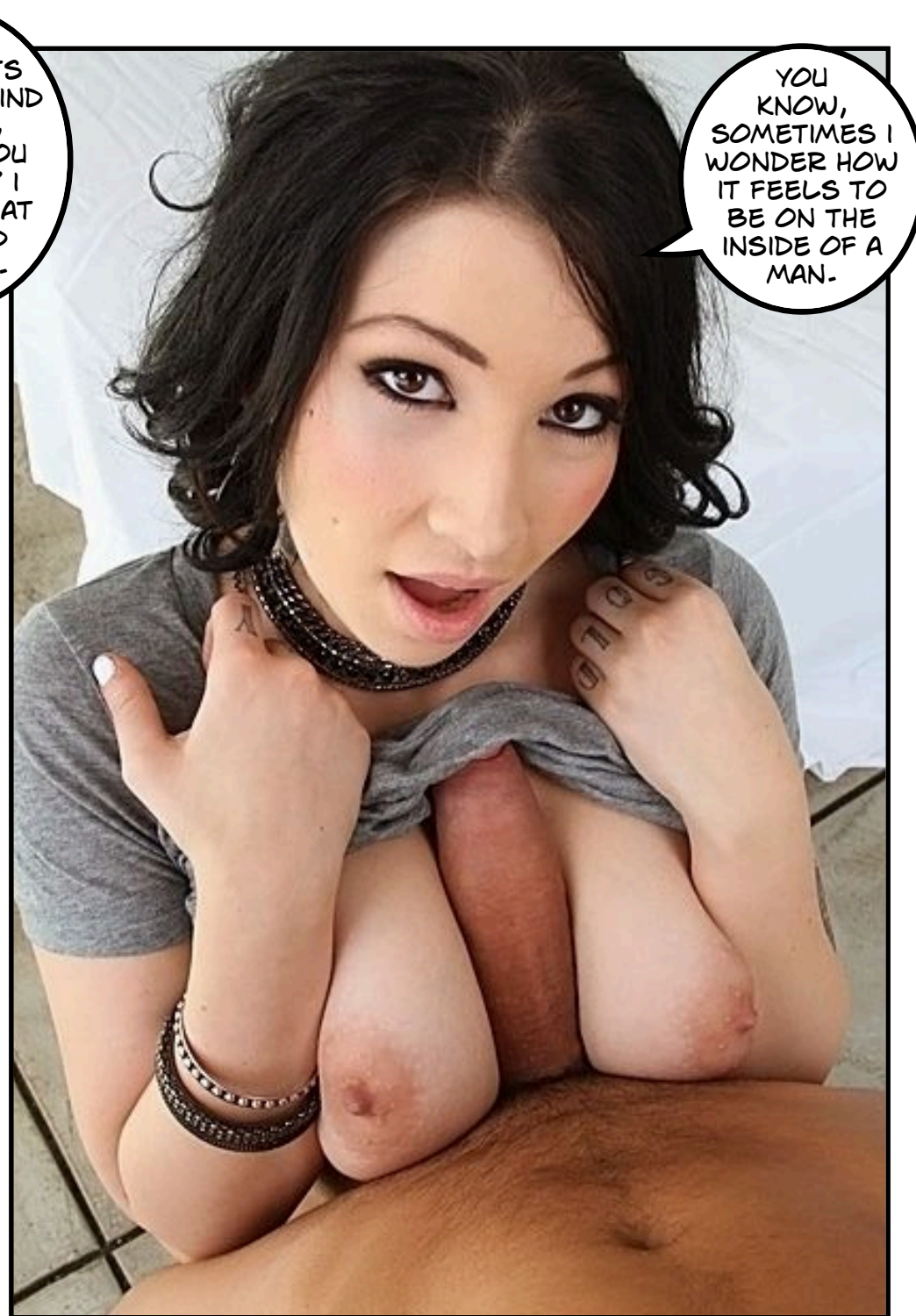
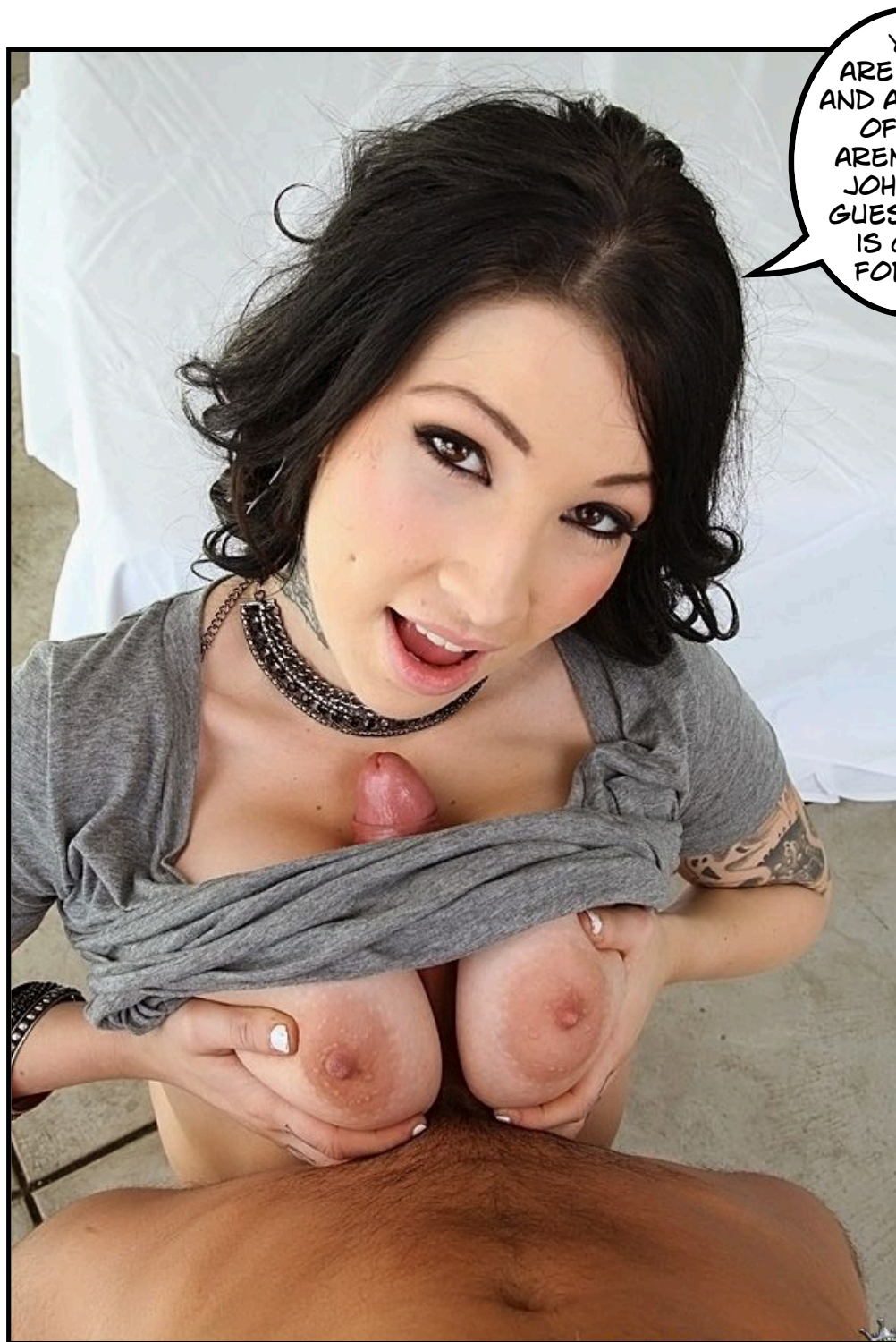
OH GOD,
NO! JOHNNY
IS A GREAT
GUY, BELIEVE
ME, BUT HE IS
DEEPLY
ATTACHED TO
HIS DICK.







OH GOD, I LOVE YOUR
TITS. THEY ARE SO SOFT,
SO FULL. YOU ARE A VERY
SEXY WOMAN, ANGEL.



DO YOU EVER
WONDER HOW IT
WOULD FEEL LIKE TO
HAVE A COCK INSIDE
YOUR PUSSY,
JOHNNY?





IT IS SO
FUCKING
GOOD, YOU
KNOW.



HEY! I AM THE KING OF
SEX, OK? I WOULD
NEVER LET A MAN INSIDE
ME. MEN ARE MEN AND
WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

I AM ALL FOR GENDER
EQUALITY, BABY, BUT IN
BED MEN OUGHT TO
RULE!



I AM NOT
COMPLAINING,
JOHNNY. I AM
JUST
CURIOUS.

YOU ARE SO
WONDERFULLY
SQUARE AND HARD
AND INSISTENT.

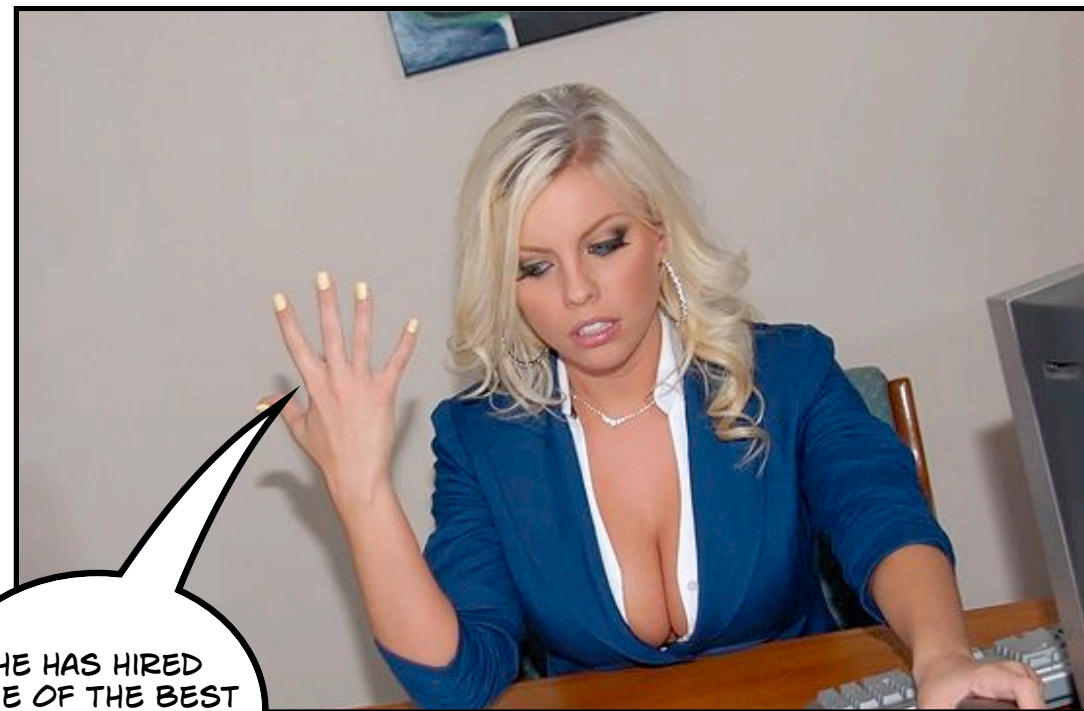


BUT
THERE IS A
LOT TO SAY
FOR BEING
SOFT AND
SWEET AND
OPEN AS
WELL.



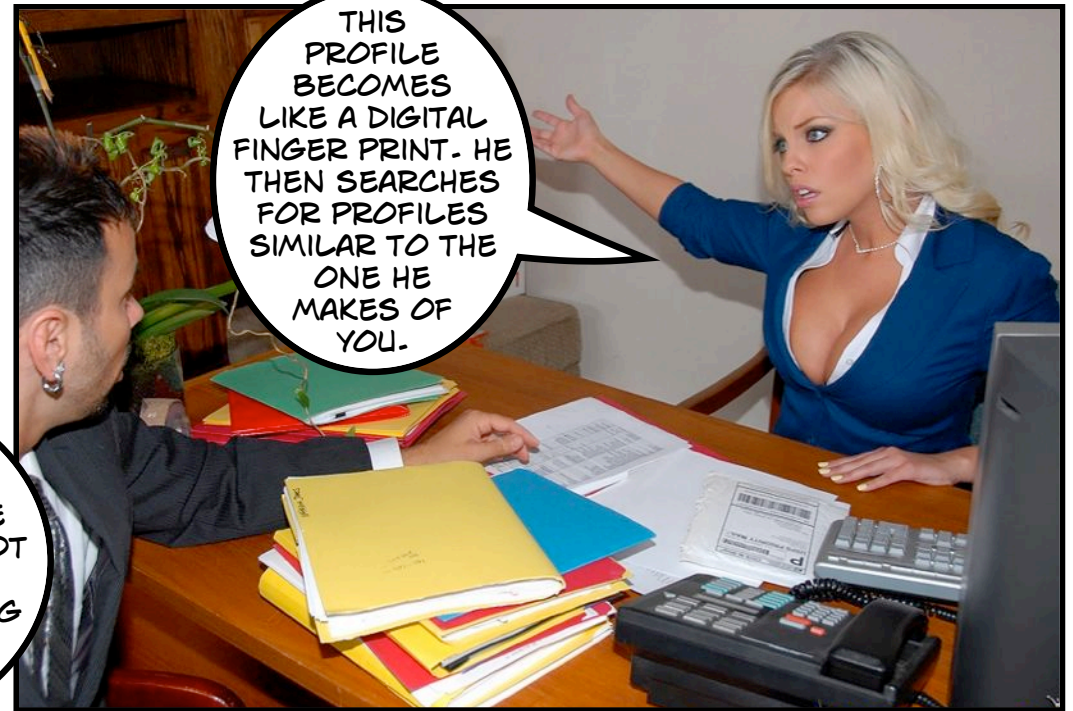
THANK
YOU FOR
COMING,
JOHNNY! IS
CONNOR
TREATING YOU
WELL?







NO, THERE ARE NO
LEAKS. HE BUILDS A
PERSONALITY PROFILE
ON YOU, BASED ON A LOT
OF DATA: PERSONAL
RECORDS, WEB SURFING
HABITS, CCTVS...



THIS
PROFILE
BECOMES
LIKE A DIGITAL
FINGER PRINT. HE
THEN SEARCHES
FOR PROFILES
SIMILAR TO THE
ONE HE
MAKES OF
YOU.



AND EVEN IF WE
HAVE GIVEN YOU A
NEW NAME, A NEW
JOB, AND MOVED YOU
TO ANOTHER PART OF
THE COUNTRY, THERE IS
ALWAYS SOMETHING
THAT REVEALS THAT
YOU ARE YOU.



I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE
YOU GAMBLE, VISIT BIG TIT
WEB SITES, LOOK AT
FACEBOOK PAGES OF OLD
FRIENDS.



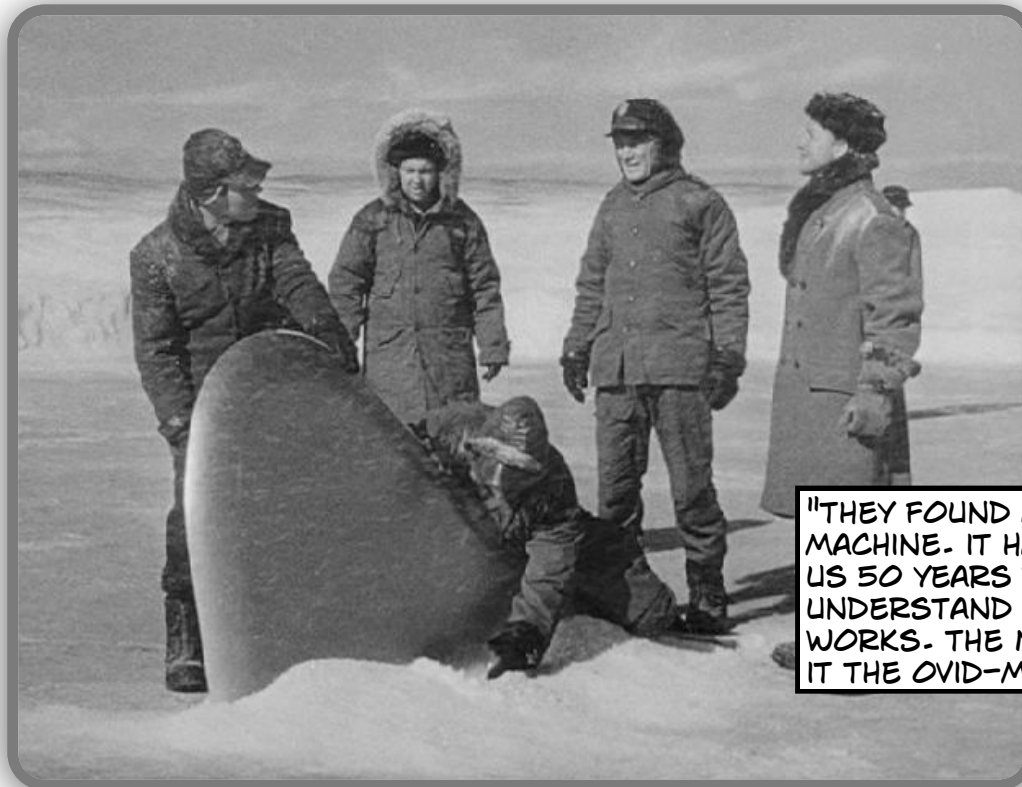


"IN 1964 NORWEGIAN SCIENTISTS FOUND AN ALIEN CRAFT THAT HAD CRASH LANDED ON QUEEN MAUD'S LAND IN ANTARCTICA."



DID THEY FIND ALIENS?

NO, THEY WERE ALL GONE, BUT THEY FOUND A MACHINE THAT CAN EXPLAIN THEIR DISAPPEARANCE.



"THEY FOUND A MACHINE. IT HAS TAKEN US 50 YEARS TO UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS. THE NSA CALL IT THE OVID-MACHINE. "



"THEY NAMED IT AFTER OVID, WHO WROTE THE METAMORPHOSES."



"THE ALIEN POD CAN GO DOWN TO A MOLECULAR LEVEL AND CHANGE ONE BODY COMPLETELY, ONE TIME ONLY."

ARE YOU SAYING THE ALIENS ARE AMONG US, LIVING AS MEN?



THE MILITARY HAS IDENTIFIED A FEW YES, WHICH IS WHY WE NOW KNOW HOW TO USE THE MACHINE.



"STEVE JOBS TAUGHT US THE O.S. BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY."



"WE CAN NOW GIVE AN AGENT THE BODY OF ANOTHER PERSON. SNOWDON, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!"

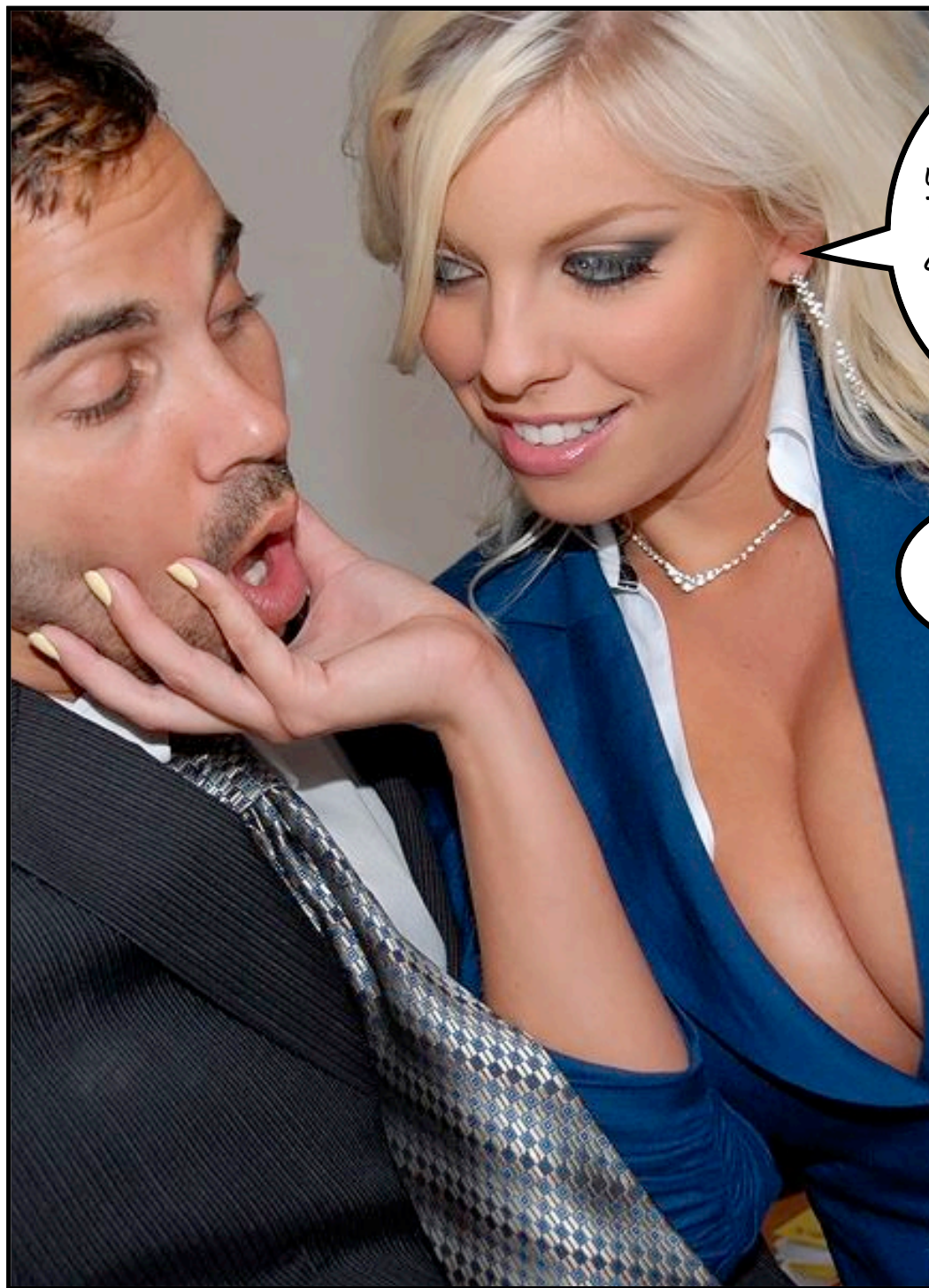


YOU WANT TO GIVE ME A NEW BODY? SO, EVEN IF THEY TRACE ME USING THAT NEW METHOD, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ME.

EXACTLY! ARE YOU UP FOR THAT?







I AM SORRY,
JOHNNY, BUT
UNLESS YOU WANT
TO LIVE LIKE A KID
FOR A WHILE, THE
ONLY PROTECTION
WE CAN OFFER IS
THE LIFE OF A
WOMAN.

I HAVE TO SIT
DOWN.





LISTEN, I HAVE
ONE WITSEC
CANDIDATE FOR
THE OVID-
PROGRAM.

...AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE.
HIS LIFE IS IN
DANGER.

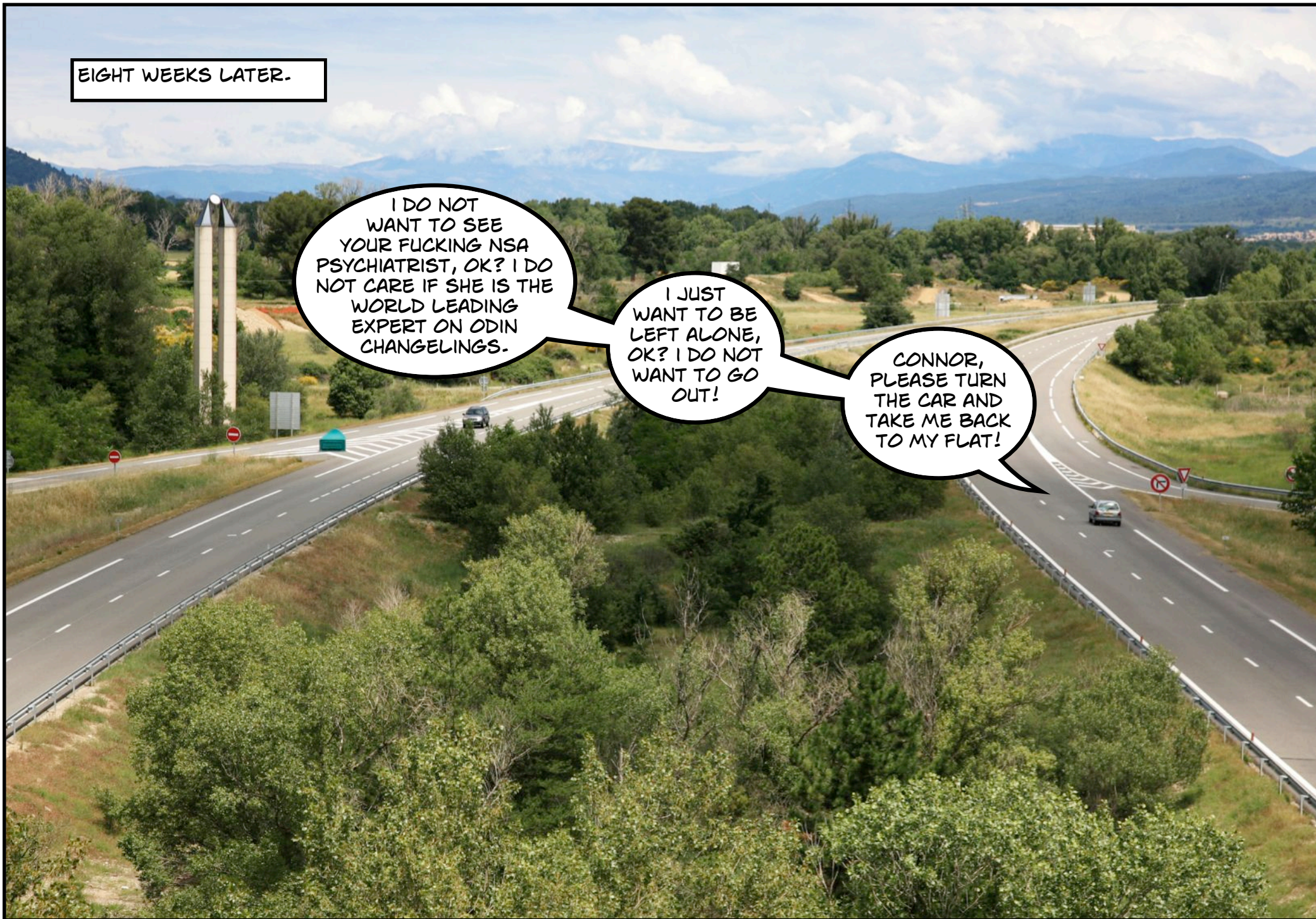


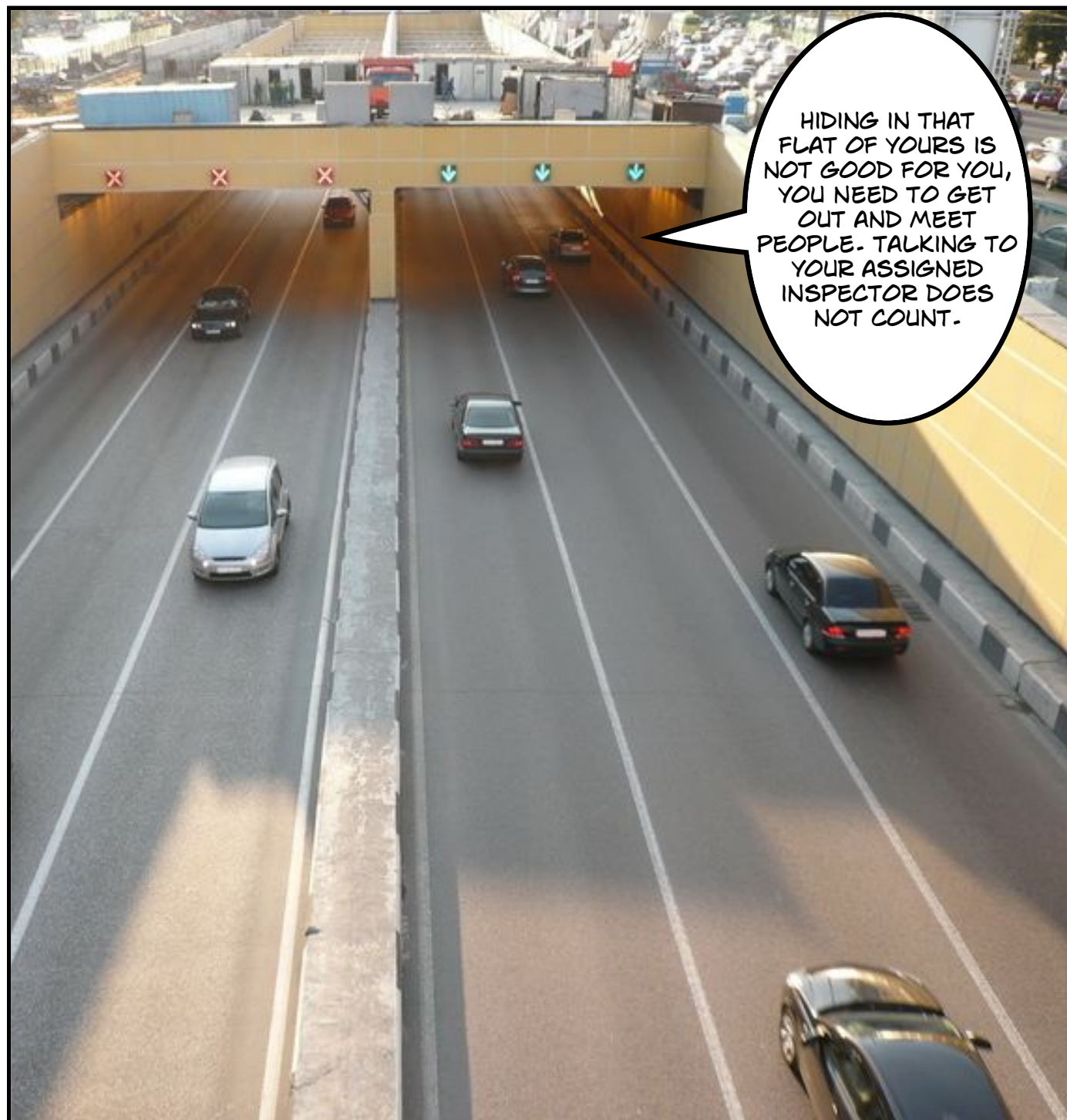
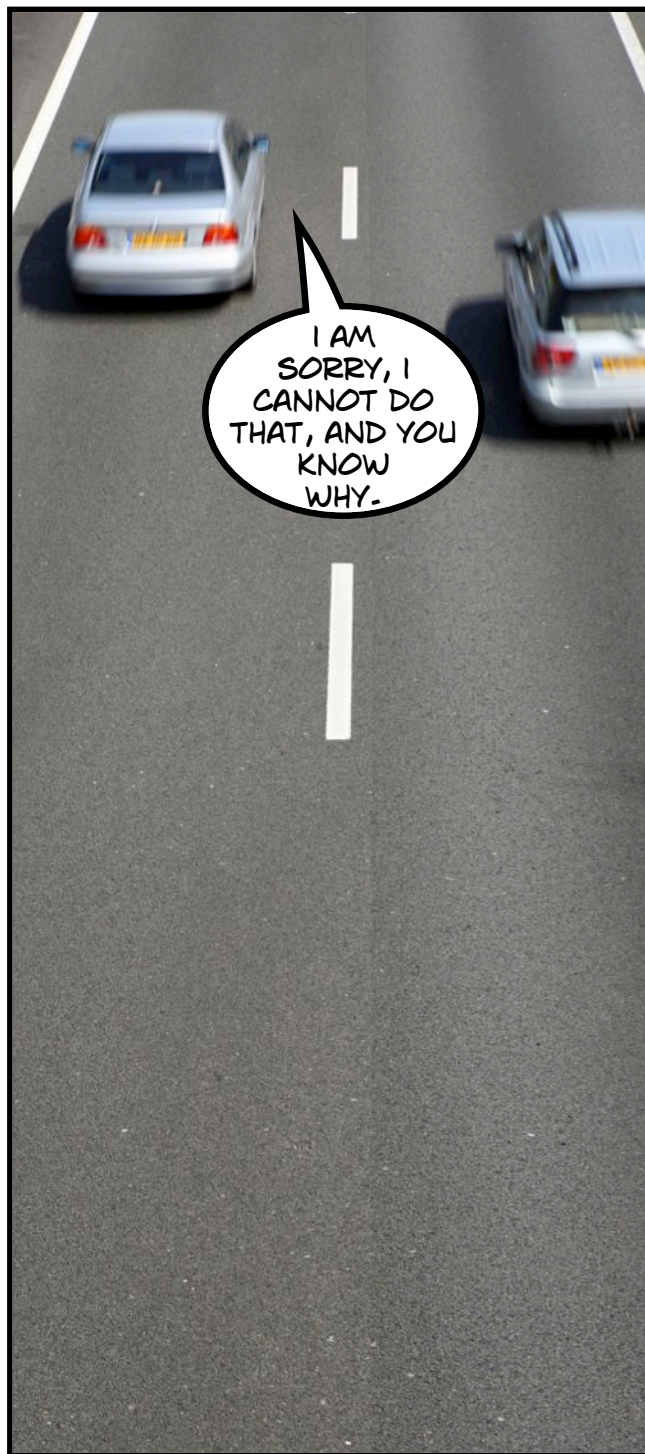
EIGHT WEEKS LATER.

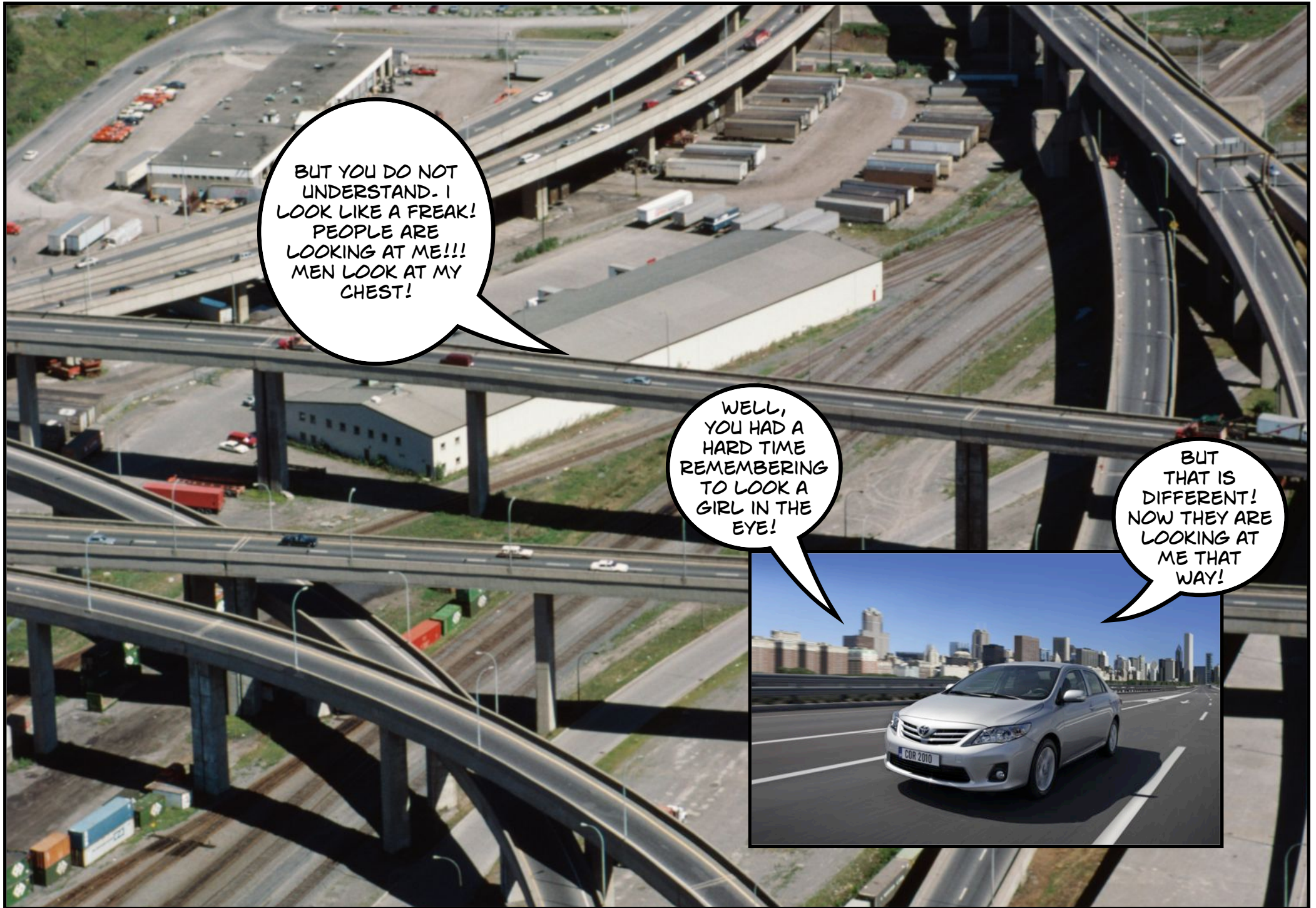
I DO NOT
WANT TO SEE
YOUR FUCKING NSA
PSYCHIATRIST, OK? I DO
NOT CARE IF SHE IS THE
WORLD LEADING
EXPERT ON ODIN
CHANGELINGS.

I JUST
WANT TO BE
LEFT ALONE,
OK? I DO NOT
WANT TO GO
OUT!

CONNOR,
PLEASE TURN
THE CAR AND
TAKE ME BACK
TO MY FLAT!







BUT YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND. I
LOOK LIKE A FREAK!
PEOPLE ARE
LOOKING AT ME!!!
MEN LOOK AT MY
CHEST!

WELL,
YOU HAD A
HARD TIME
REMEMBERING
TO LOOK A
GIRL IN THE
EYE!

BUT
THAT IS
DIFFERENT!
NOW THEY ARE
LOOKING AT
ME THAT
WAY!



AND THE WOMEN
LOOK AT ME LIKE I
AM SOME KIND OF
MONSTER!!!

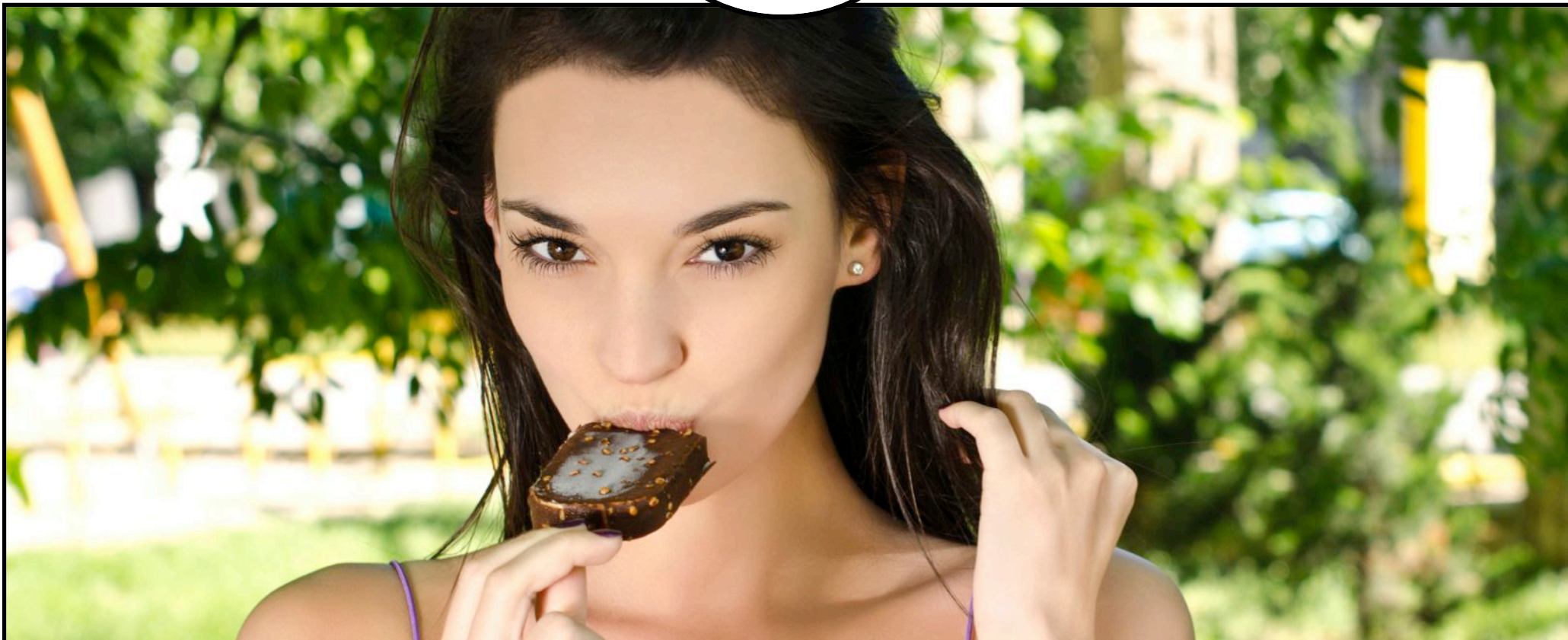
OH, COME
ON J., THEY
ARE JUST
JEALOUS!

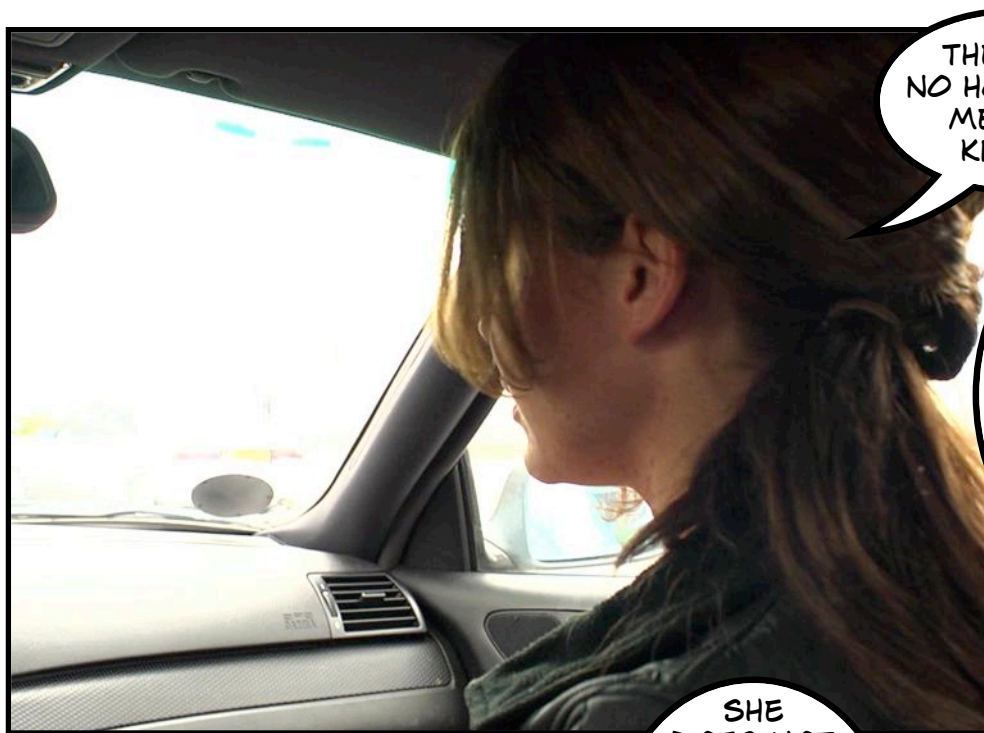




YOU ARE A GIRL NOW.
THINGS ARE A BIT
DIFFERENT FOR GIRLS. BUT
THEY SEEM TO ENJOY IT.
LOOK AT THAT ONE, THE
BLONDE. SHE SEEMS TO
ENJOY SHOPPING AND THE
FACT THAT MEN LOOK AT
HER.







THERE IS
NO HOPE FOR
ME, YOU
KNOW.

WHEN I
WAKE UP IN
THE MORNING
THERE IS A
STRANGER
LOOKING BACK
AT ME IN THE
MIRROR.



I STILL HAVE TO
REMIND ME TO SIT
DOWN AND PEE, YOU
KNOW. I GRAB FOR
MY COCK AND IT IS
NOT THERE!

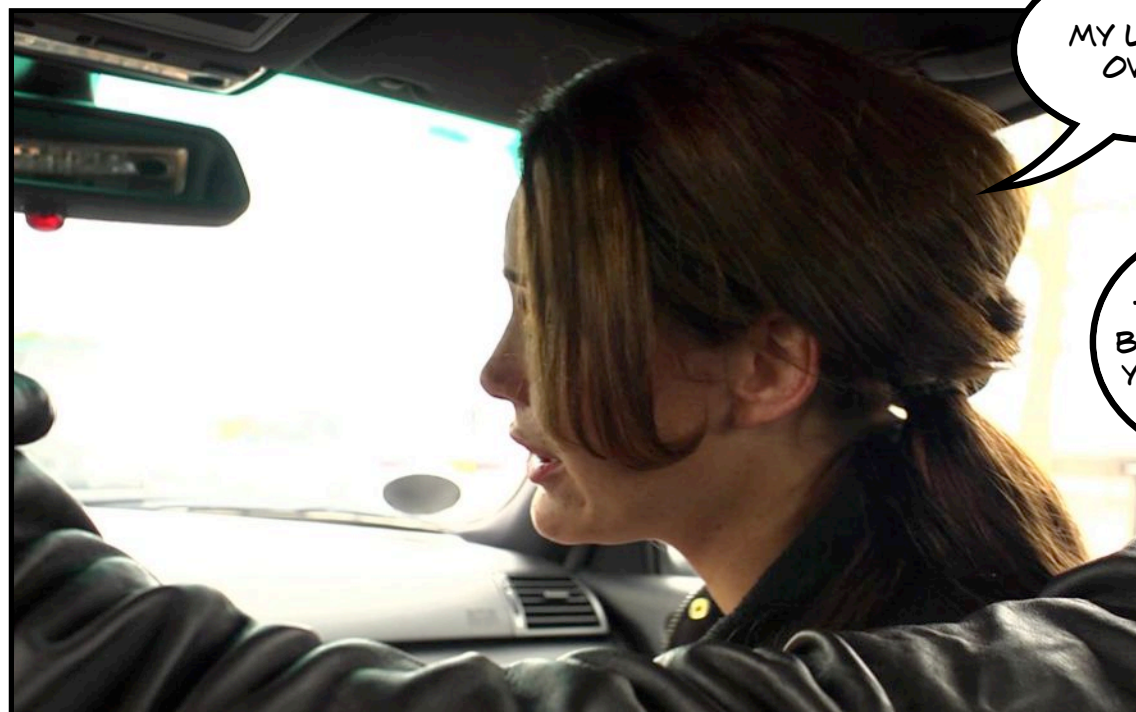
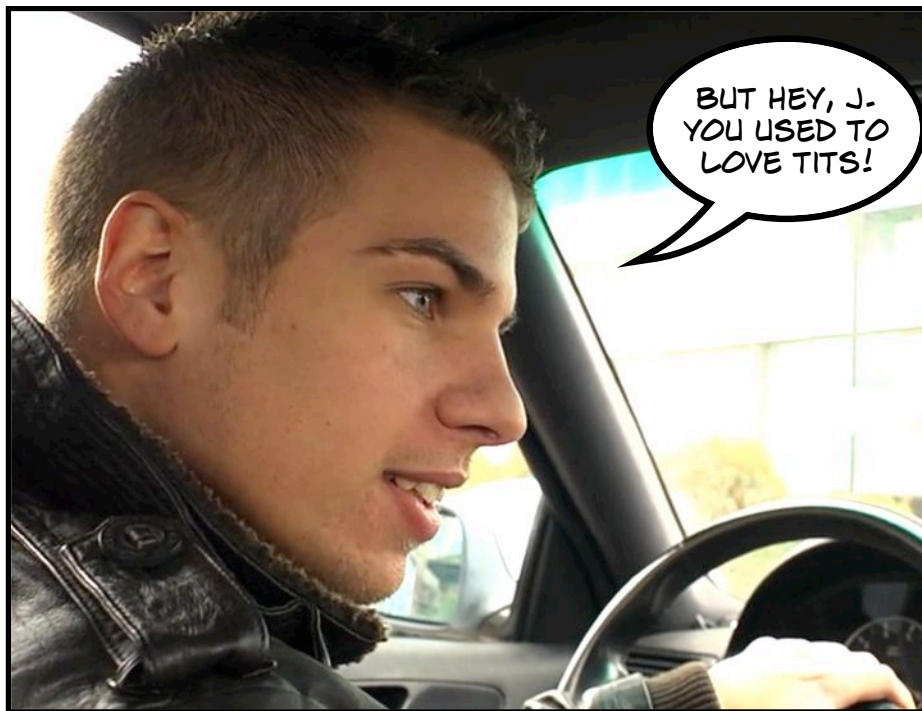


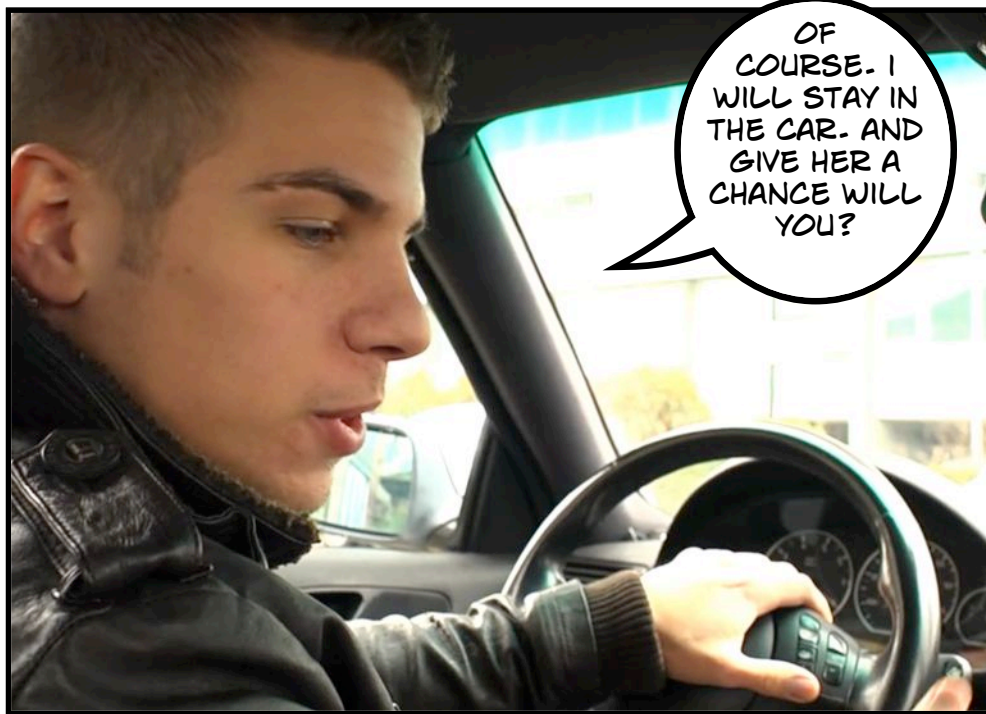
SHE
DOES NOT
HAVE TO BE A
STRANGER FOR
EVER, YOU
KNOW, THAT
GIRL IN THE
MIRROR.



A woman with long brown hair and freckles is sitting in the driver's seat of a car. She is wearing a black quilted jacket and looking out the window. The car's interior, including the dashboard and air vents, is visible. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text.

AND SOMETIMES
WHEN I WAKE UP IN
THE MORNING, IT IS AS IF
EVERYTHING IS BACK TO
NORMAL, BUT THEN I FEEL
THE HAIR FLOWING OVER MY
PILLOW. AND WHEN I TURN
OVER I HAVE TO PUT AN
EXTRA EFFORT INTO IT
JUST TO GET MY TITS
TO FOLLOW.









OH YES, YOU ARE! YOU JUST DO NOT KNOW IT YET. NOT THAT BODY AND MIND ALWAYS AGREES WHEN IT COMES TO SEX IDENTITY, MIND YOU.

BUT SO FAR THE OVID UNIT HAS NEVER PRODUCED A TRANSSEXUAL. WHAT WE HAVE TO DO IS TO HELP YOU ACCEPT YOUR NEW SELF.



BUT I DO NOT WANT TO BE A WOMAN!

THOSE PEOPLE AT THE ODIN UNIT GIVE THEM THE MOST 'GHASTLY ATTIRE.

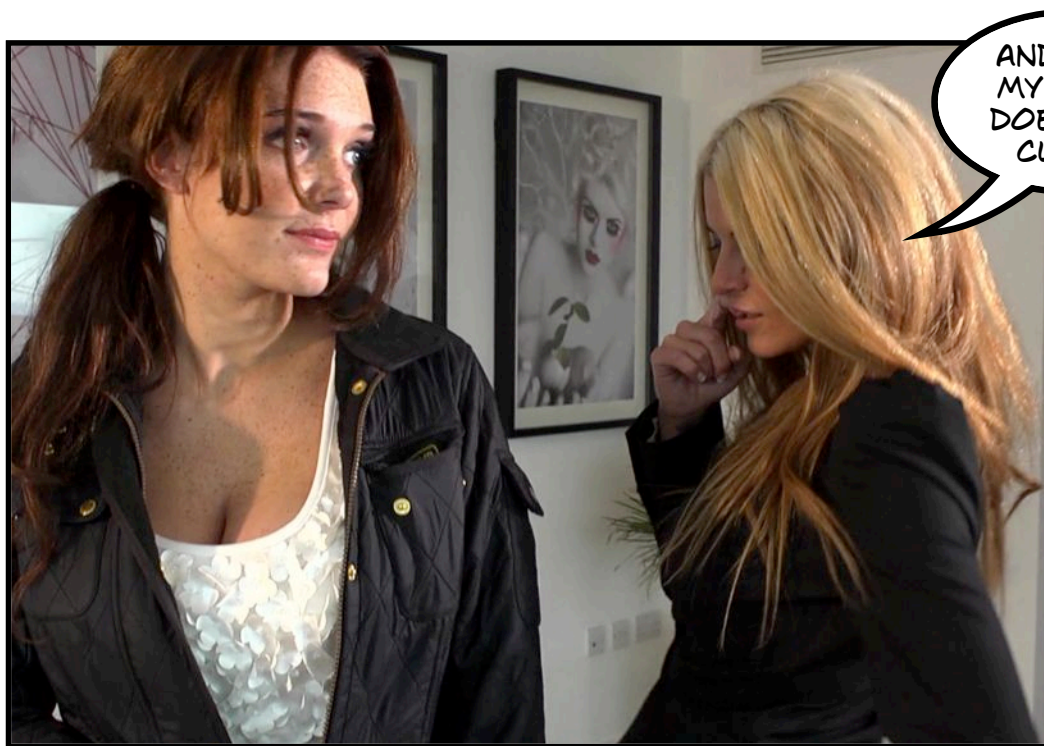
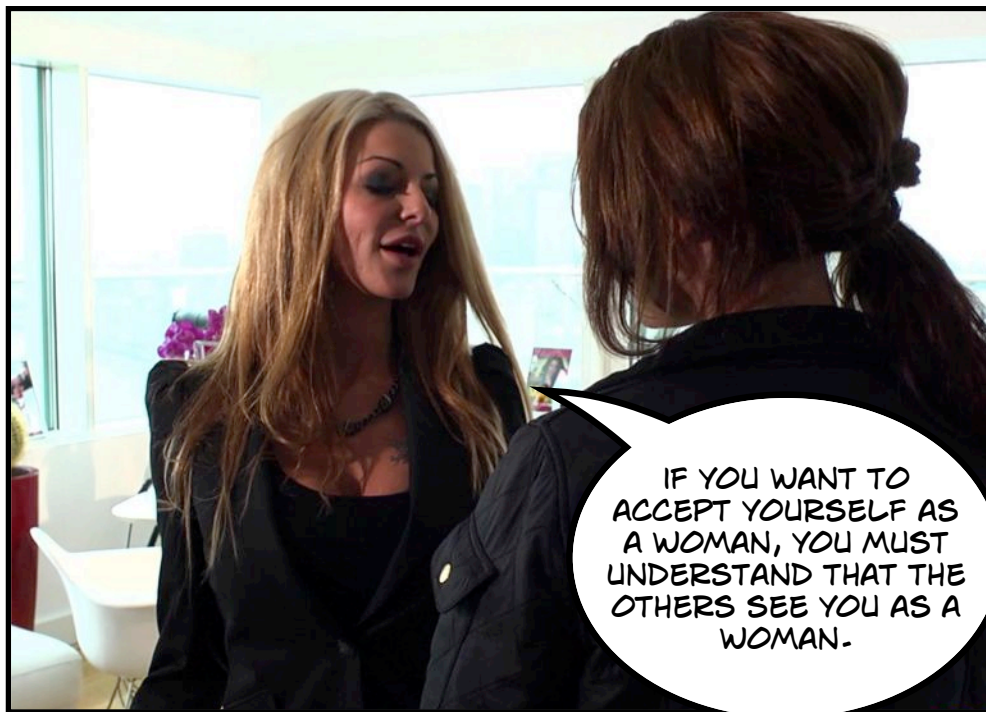


I BELIEVE IT MAKES SENSE TO START WITH THE SYMBOLS OF GENDER, AND FOR WOMEN THE PRIME SYMBOL IS CLOTHING.

MARK, LET US SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOMETHING MORE APPROPRIATE FOR OUR GIRL.



WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM MILITARY ENGINEERS?







MARY HAS
THIS AMAZING
BODY



SHE IS
AVOIDING MY
QUESTION,
MARK!



I TRIED TO
SEDUCE CONNOR
ONCE. TOO BAD IT
DID NOT WORK.



I HAVE
SOME
DRESSES HERE
YOU MAY TRY
ON, HONEY.



NO, NO,
NO! I LIKE
GIRLS. I HAD A
GIRL FRIEND.

THE
OPERATIVE
WORD IS
"HAD",
GIRL!



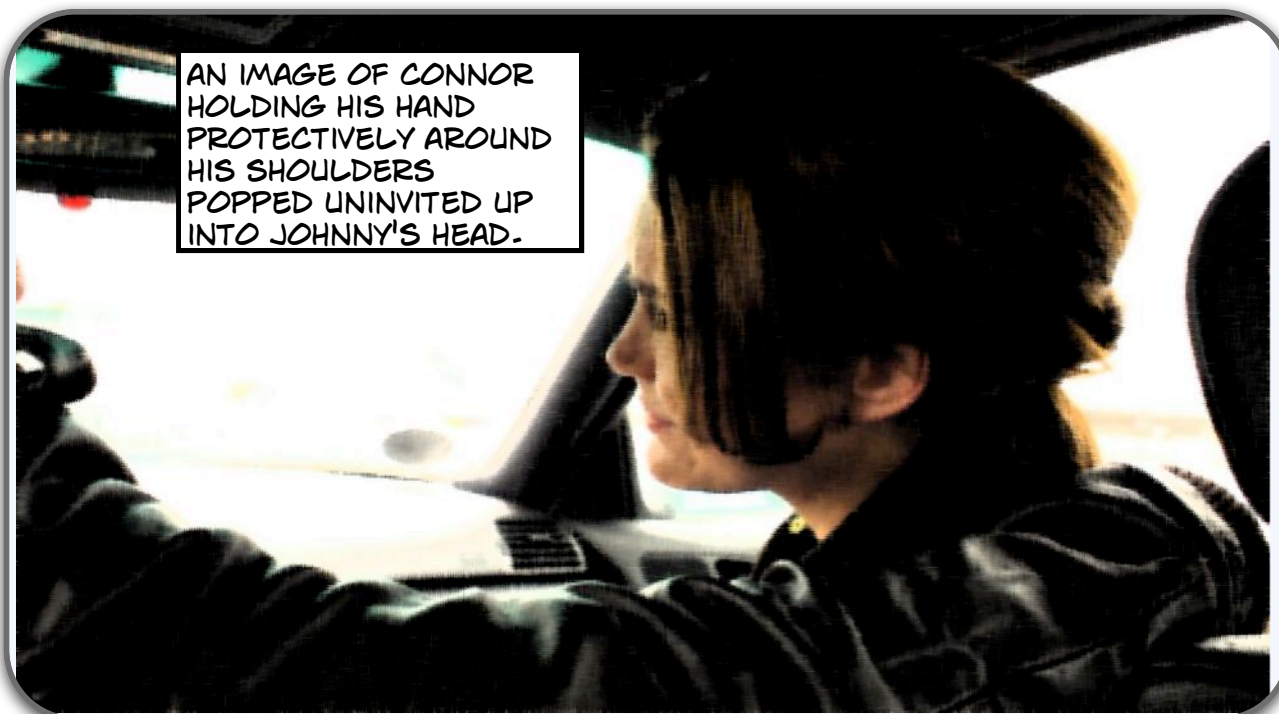
AS HUMAN BEINGS
WE ARE QUITE
FLEXIBLE WHEN IT
COMES TO SEXUAL
ORIENTATION.

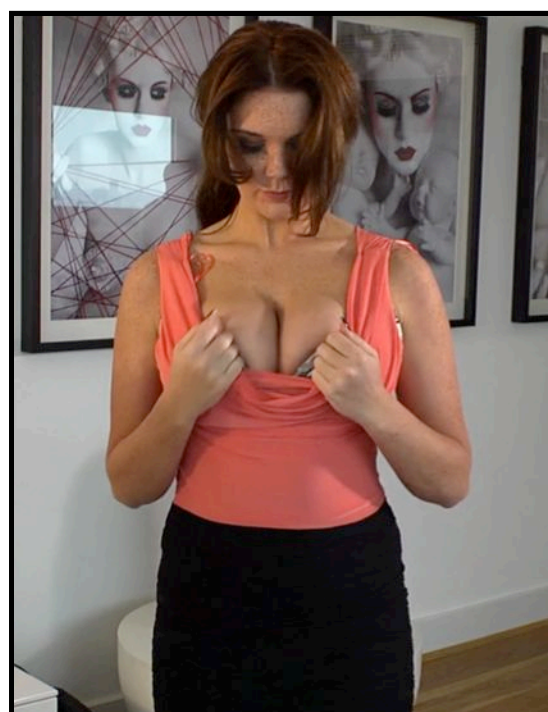


BUT
THERE IS
ALSO AN INBORN
PREFERENCE WHICH
DRIVES US INTO THE
ARMS OF MEN OR
WOMEN. UNLESS
YOU ARE
BISEXUAL THAT
IS.



THE MACHINE
MAY HAVE MADE YOU
A LESBIAN, BUT THE
ODDS ARE AGAINST IT.
THIS IS WHY I ASK YOU
WHETHER CONNOR
LOOKS DIFFERENT TO
YOU KNOW, AFTER THE
TRANSFORMATION.







THEY
DO NOT
FEEL LIKE
THEY ARE
MINE!



THOSE OVID IDIOTS THINK
THAT MAKING THE MEN
EXTREMELY FEMININE WILL MAKE
IT EASIER FOR THEM TO ADAPT
TO A LIFE AS A WOMAN.



THE
FACT IS
THAT IT
MAKES IT
HARDER FOR
THEM TO
ACCEPT THEIR
BODIES.



BUT I WANT YOU TO
REMEMBER THE WAY YOU
USED TO LOOK AT TITS, JOAN.
THEY LOOK AT YOU BECAUSE
YOU ARE ATTRACTIVE, NOT
BECAUSE YOU ARE UGLY!





OK! NOT THAT ONE!



WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE?

SIMPLE, BUT ELEGANT. IT ACCENTUATES YOUR HIPS AND YOUR BUST WITHOUT LOOKING VULGAR.



AH, YES, THAT IS YOU!



SIMPLE, BUT ELEGANT. IT ACCENTUATES YOUR HIPS AND YOUR BUST WITHOUT LOOKING VULGAR.





BUT
I HAD TO
LEAVE HER.
I AM NO
LONGER
ALLOWED TO
MEET HER.
BESIDES, I
DON'T THINK
SHE IS INTO
GIRLS.



SHE LIKED
BEING WITH
YOU, DIDN'T
SHE?

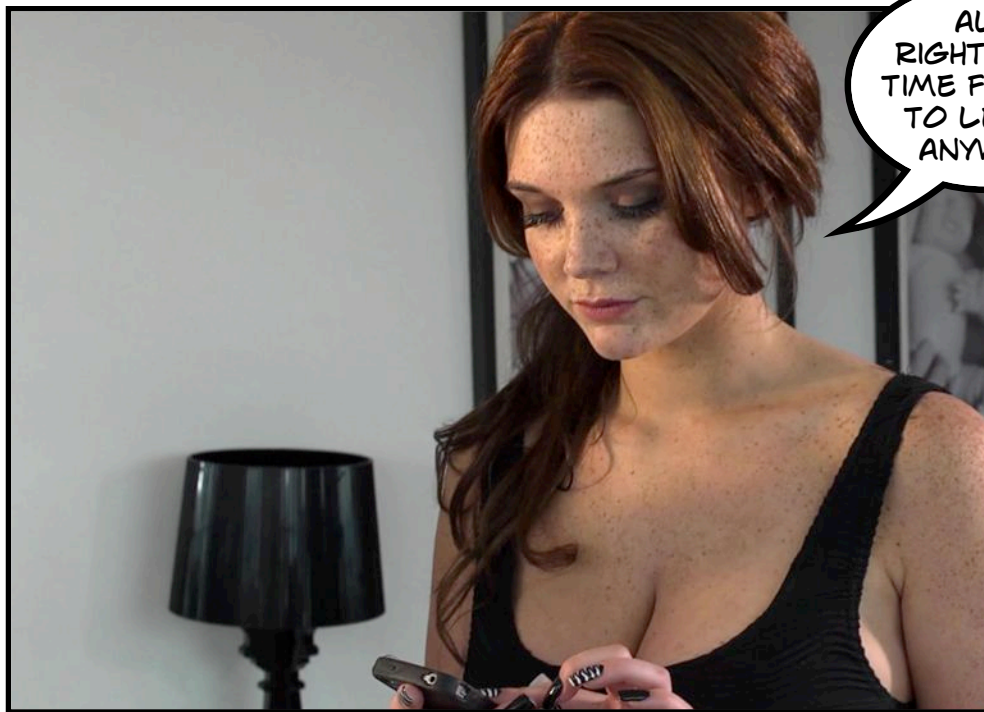
YES!



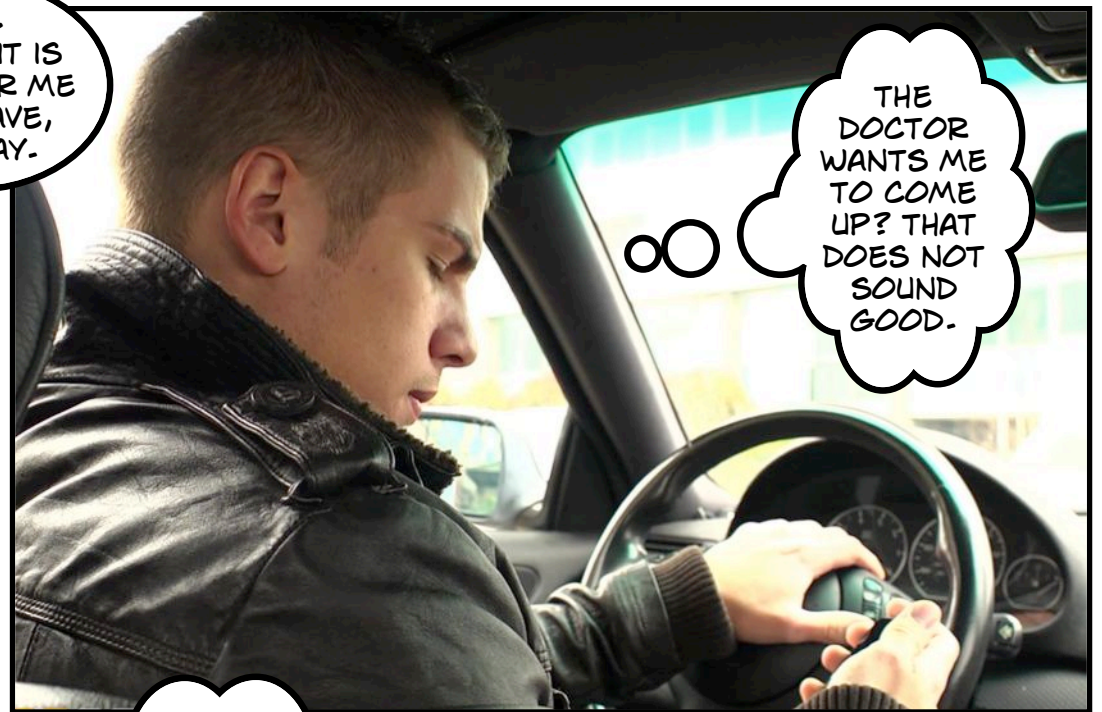
SHE
LOVED
BEING A
WOMAN. SHE
WANTED ME TO
RAVAGE HER,
WORSHIP
HER.







ALL
RIGHT. IT IS
TIME FOR ME
TO LEAVE,
ANYWAY.



THE
DOCTOR
WANTS ME
TO COME
UP? THAT
DOES NOT
SOUND
GOOD.



I
REMEMBER
THE TALES
ABOUT HOW SHE
CURED A WOMAN
THAT HAD
BECOME A MAN
BY SEDUCING
HIM.



HI
THERE, DR.
RAIN, WHAT'S
UP. DO YOU
WANT ME TO
BRING HER
HOME?



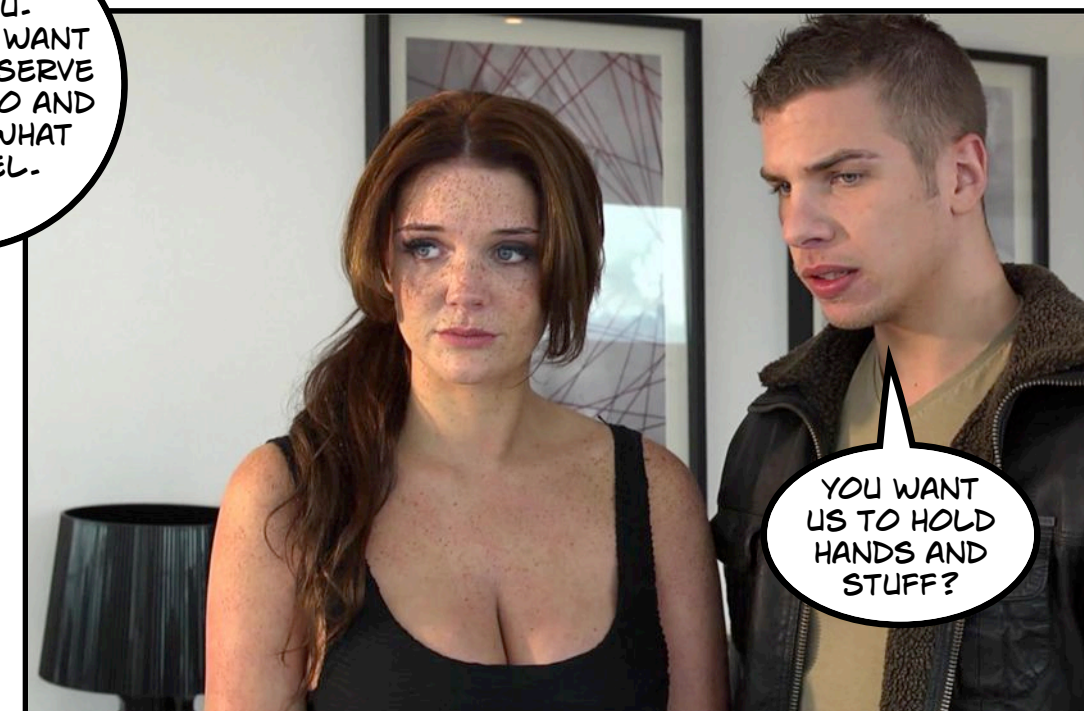
I NEED YOUR HELP. JOAN IS NOT AT PEACE WITH HER FEMALE BODY OR HER FEMININE SOUL. I WANT YOU AND I TO DO SOME ROLE PLAYING FOR HER, AND SHOW HER HOW MEN AND WOMEN CAN INTERACT IN A GOOD WAY.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ROLE PLAYING? I AM NOT WILLING TO PLAY GAMES!



NOT YOU. CONNOR! I WANT YOU TO OBSERVE WHAT WE DO AND TELL US WHAT YOU FEEL.



YOU WANT US TO HOLD HANDS AND STUFF?



YES... "AND STUFF". YOU ARE AN OPEN MINDED MAN, AREN'T YOU DEPUTY MARSHAL?

YOU DO NOT MIND PLAYING WITH ME WHILE JOAN WATCHES DO YOU?

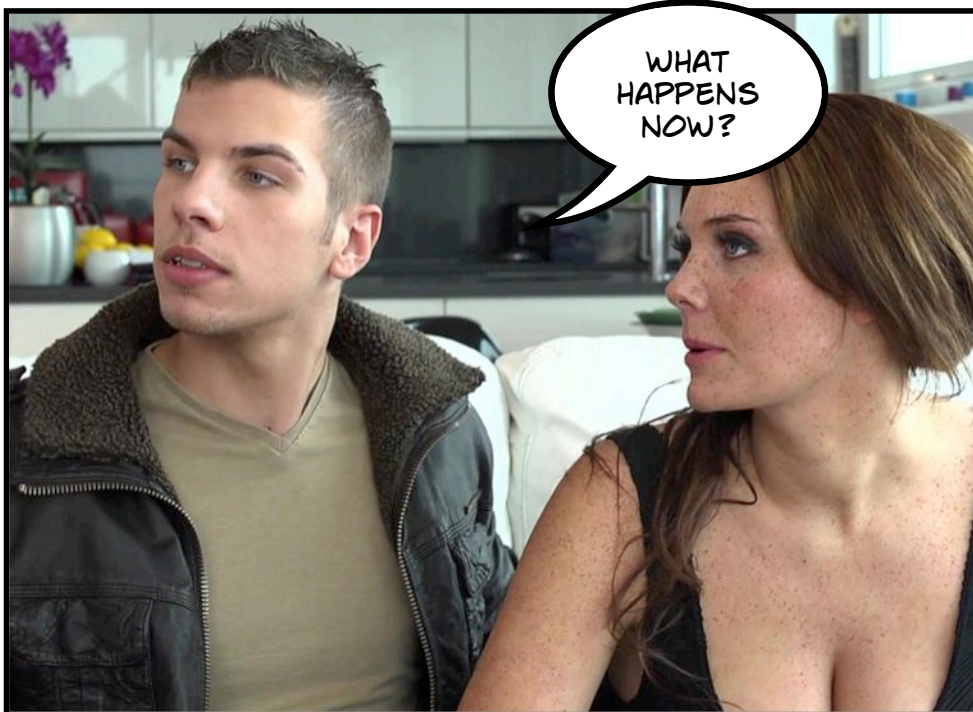


IT FEELS SO STRANGE HAVING CONNOR SO NEAR ME.



I WONDER IF HE LIKES ME.







WHAT???? IS
THAT EVEN
LEGAL???

THIS IS
THERAPY, NOT
REGULAR POLICE
WORK. BESIDES,
CONNOR SEEMS
TO LIKE THIS.



I AM SORRY,
J. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

YOU SEE, JOAN. I
AM AN ATTRACTIVE
WOMAN AND I KNOW
IT. THAT GIVES ME
POWER OVER MEN,
EVEN A US
MARSHAL.

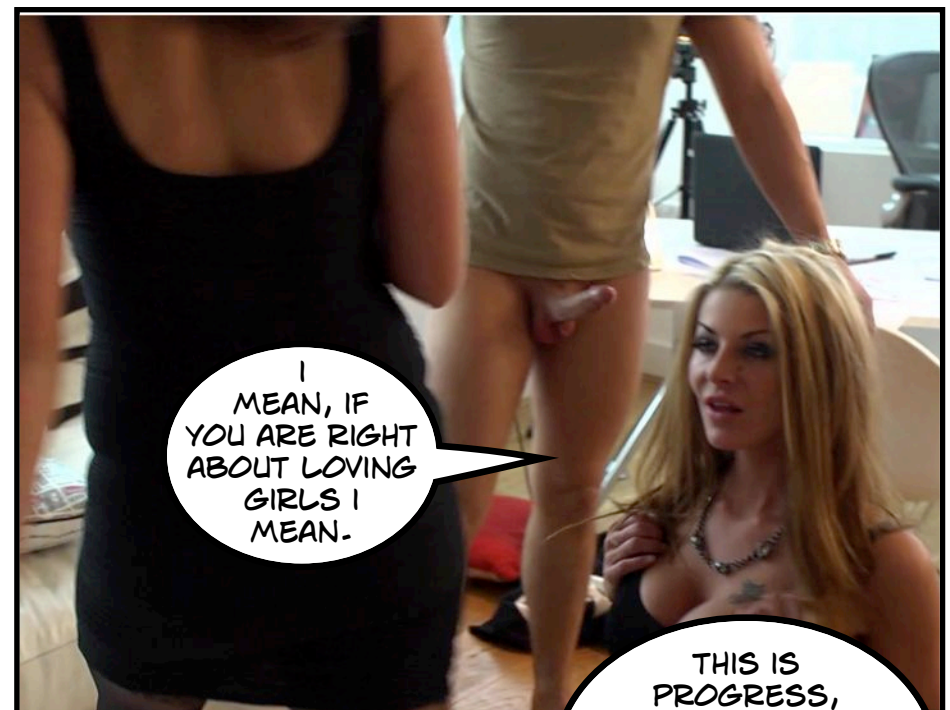
I COULD NOT BELIEVE
MY EYES!













OH MY GOD,
WHAT AM I
DOING. BUT I AM
SO FUCKING
HORNY!

YOU HAVE A
BEAUTIFUL
PUSSY.



I
CANNOT
BELIEVE
ALL THIS
FEMALE
FLESH IS
MINE.

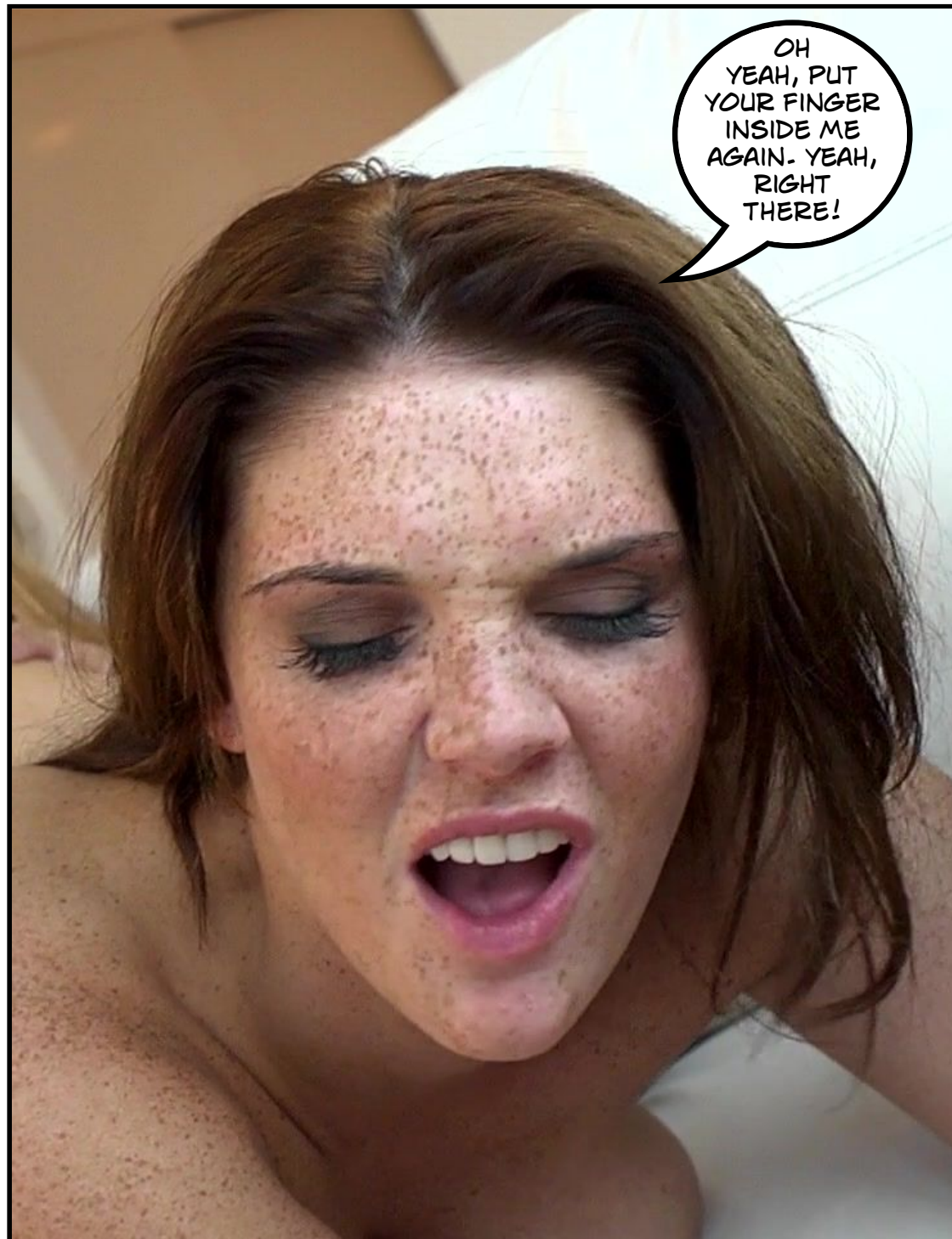


OH
YEAH, THAT
IS GOOD. I
DIDN'T KNOW...
WOODOW...
MY CLIT!



DAMN
IT, JOAN,
YOU NEED A
COCK IN
THERE. YOU
ARE LIKE A
RIVER DOWN
HERE!

THINK
ABOUT IT:
YOU CAN HAVE
CONNER'S BIG
FAT COCK
INSIDE YOU
NOW, THIS
MOMENT.





THAT'S
ENOUGH! I AM
NOT GOING TO
LET YOU COME
UNTIL YOU ARE
FUCKED BY
CONNER.

SHE IS EVIL!

OK, IF
YOU
AGREE TO
LET CONNOR
TIT FUCK YOU, I
MAY CONSIDER
HELPING YOU
OVER THE
EDGE.

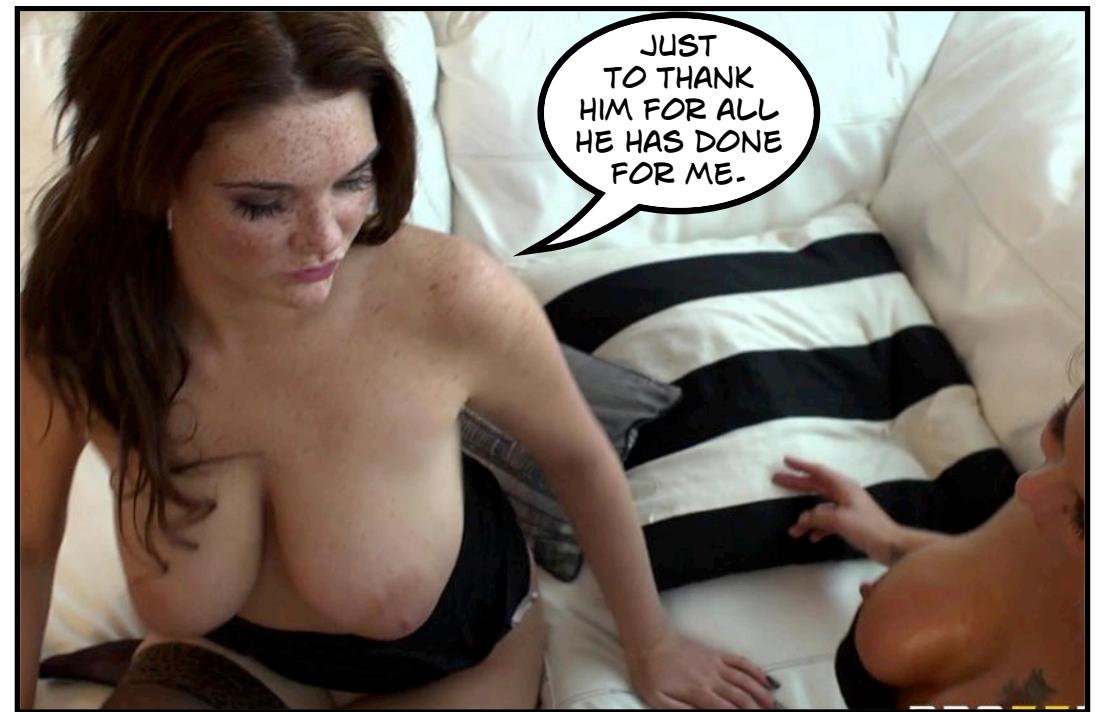
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT THE
CONTRAST
BETWEEN
HARDNESS AND
SOFTNESS.





I REMEMBER HOW IT
FELT LIKE, HAVING YOUR
COCK EMBRACED BY ALL THAT
WONDERFUL FEMALE
FLESH.

YEAH,
STUPID, BUT
NOW YOU HAVE
ALL THAT
WONDERFUL
FLESH.






I THINK HIS
COCK LIKES
ME!



DO YOU LIKE
HER TITS,
CONNOR?



CONNOR? DO YOU
THINK I AM
ATTRACTIVE?



NONE
TAKEN,
CONNOR. DID
YOU HEAR THAT,
JOAN. HE
LIKES
YOU!





YOU
HAVE A
WHOLE LIFE
IN FRONT OF
YOU. YOU NEED
TO QUIT
STALLING.
YOU KNOW
YOU WANT
IT!



THAT
IS GOOD,
GIRL! GOOD!
EMBRACE YOUR
DESTINY!

I AM SO
COMPLETELY
AND UTTERLY
FUCKED.





NO! NO! I AM A
MAN!



STOP
KIDDING
YOURSELF!
BEND OVER! YOU
DO NOT HAVE TO
LOOK HIM IN
THE EYE!



BABY STEPS,
BABY!

OH, I LOVE
THAT BIG ASS
OF YOURS!





OH
GOD! I CAN
FEEL HIM UP
AGAINST MY
PUSSY! DON'T
DO IT!

J- COULD FEEL CONNOR
GRAB HIS WIDE ASS AND
PUSH HIS HARD COCK
INSIDE HIS BODY.


HOLY SHIT!



IT WAS AS IF HE HAD
FOUND A PIECE THAT
HAD BEEN MISSING ALL
HIS LIFE.

COME ON,
GIRL, DON'T
FIGHT IT.



A photograph of a young woman with freckles lying on her back on a white surface, possibly a bed. Her mouth is wide open in an 'O' shape, suggesting shock or pain. A hand is visible on the left side of the frame, touching her buttocks. She is wearing a black strap and a leopard-print strap. The background is a white sheet and a wooden floor.

HE FELT HIS BODY REST
ON HIS BIG TITS AND
CRIED OUT AS HE
BECAME AWARE OF THE
ENORMITY OF WHAT WAS
HAPPENING TO HIM.

OH GOD, I
AM LOSING
MYSELF. I
LOSING
MYSELF!



DON'T
HOLD ON TO
THAT OLD MALE
EGO. THIS FEELS
GOOD, DOESN'T
IT?

THAT IS
THE FUCKING
PROBLEM. IT
FEELS SO
GOOD!

A RHYTHMIC, SLAPPING
SOUND FILLED THE AIR.
HE KNEW THAT SOUND.
THIS WAS THE DANCE OF
FUCKING. BUT HE WAS
NO LONGER THE
DRUMMER. CONNOR
WAS PLAYING HIM LIKE
AN INSTRUMENT. AND HE
COULD HEAR GIRLY
MOANING FALLING IN
LINE WITH THE RHYTHM.
IT WAS HIS VOICE.





I AM A GIRL CONNOR! I
AM A GIRL! I HAVE
BOUNCING TITS, LONG HAIR,
A BIG FAT ASS AND A
PUSSY! I CANNOT BELIEVE
IT!

CONNOR LIFTED HIM UP
AND PUT HIM DOWN ON
THE SOFA. ANNABELLE
GRABBED J.'S LEGS
AND SPREAD THEM.









AND THE NEW GIRL
SCREAMED OUT IN JOY
AS ONE ORGASM
FOLLOWED THE OTHER.





SHE WAS READY FOR A
WHOLE NEW LIFE OF
ADVENTURE.

Angel: Angel Blaze
Mary: Britney Aamber
J: Emma Leigh

Imagery from Reality Kings
and Brazzers

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