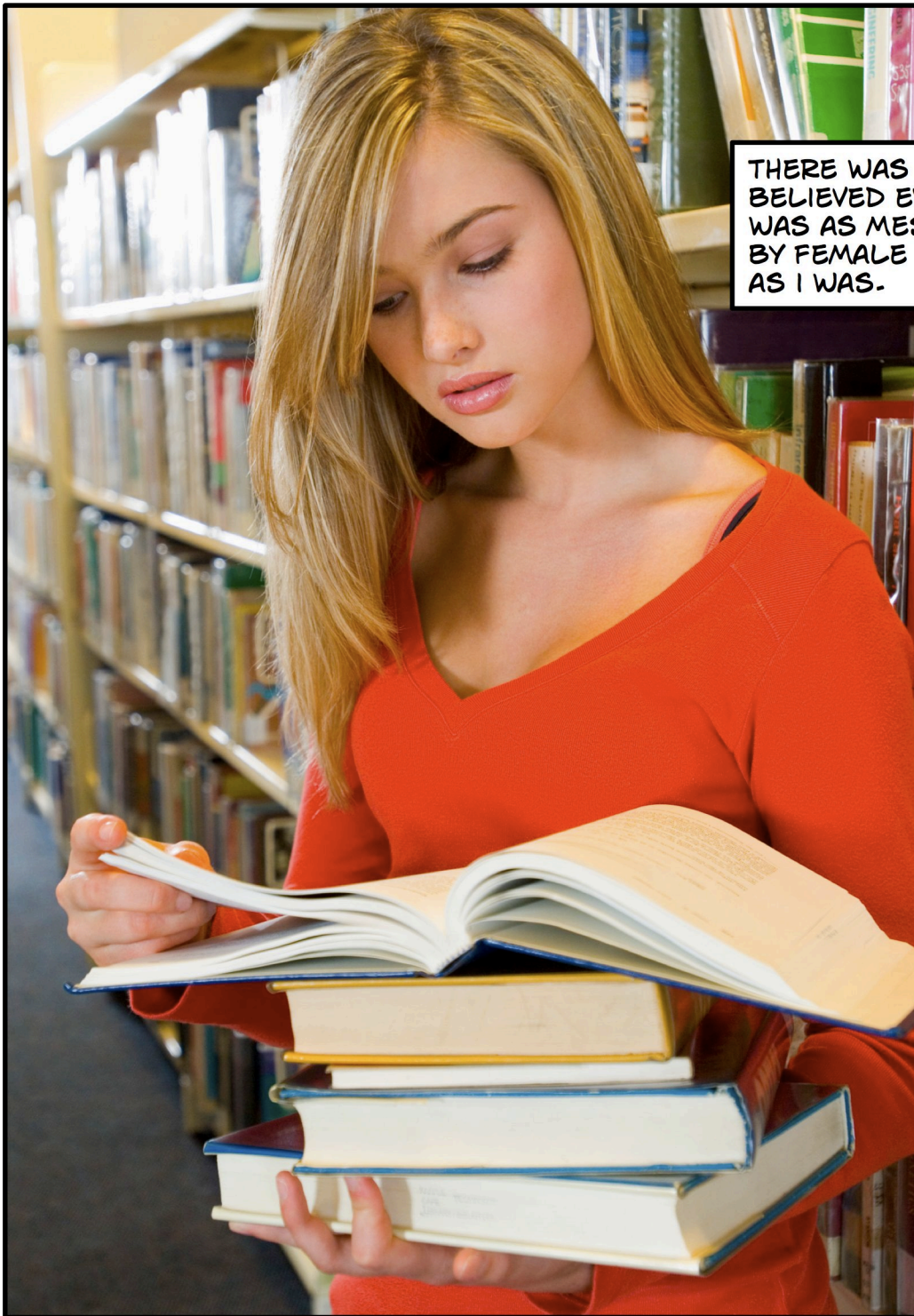


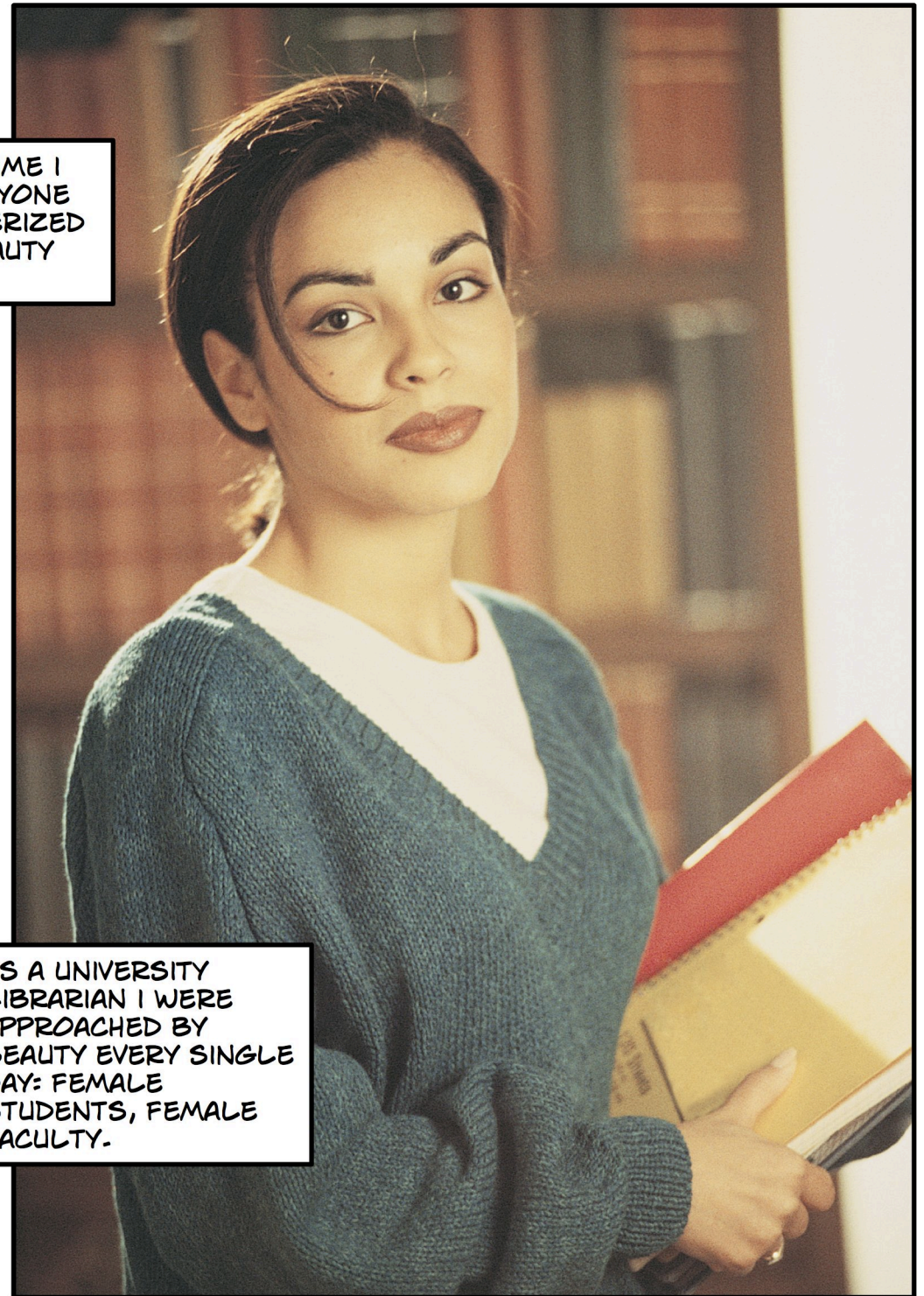


THE LIBRARIAN

transgender erotica by rebecca molay
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT
for adults only!



THERE WAS A TIME I
BELIEVED EVERYONE
WAS AS MESMERIZED
BY FEMALE BEAUTY
AS I WAS.




AS A UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIAN I WERE
APPROACHED BY
BEAUTY EVERY SINGLE
DAY: FEMALE
STUDENTS, FEMALE
FACULTY.




I REALIZE NOW THAT
THE DIRTY TALK
AMONG THE MALE
STUDENTS (AND I HAD
BEEN ONE OF THEM
ONCE), WAS NOT SO
MUCH ABOUT BEAUTY
AS IT WAS ABOUT
SOMETHING ELSE.



OR RATHER, IT WAS
ABOUT BEAUTY AS
SOMETHING TO BE
CONQUERED AND
OWNED. AS SOME
KIND OF PROPERTY OR
JEWEL TO BE
DISPLAYED TO ALL
OTHERS: THIS IS HOW
POWERFUL AND
ATTRACTIVE I AM!

A young woman with long, straight brown hair and light brown eyes is looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. She has a small silver lip ring in her lower lip and is wearing a pink, ribbed shirt. The background is a blurred bookshelf filled with books of various colors, set against a warm orange wall.

BUT I REALIZED THAT I
WANTED TO BE THAT
BEAUTY. TO SHARE
THAT BEAUTY. TO
BREATHE THAT
BEAUTY.

A photograph of three young adults in a library. A man on the left, wearing a grey cardigan over a blue t-shirt, has his arm around a woman in the center. The woman, with brown hair and bangs, is wearing a purple scarf and a dark blue jacket, and she is holding an open book. To her right, another man with dark hair, wearing a white shirt and a grey scarf, is looking at the book. They are all smiling and appear to be enjoying the moment. The background is filled with bookshelves packed with books.

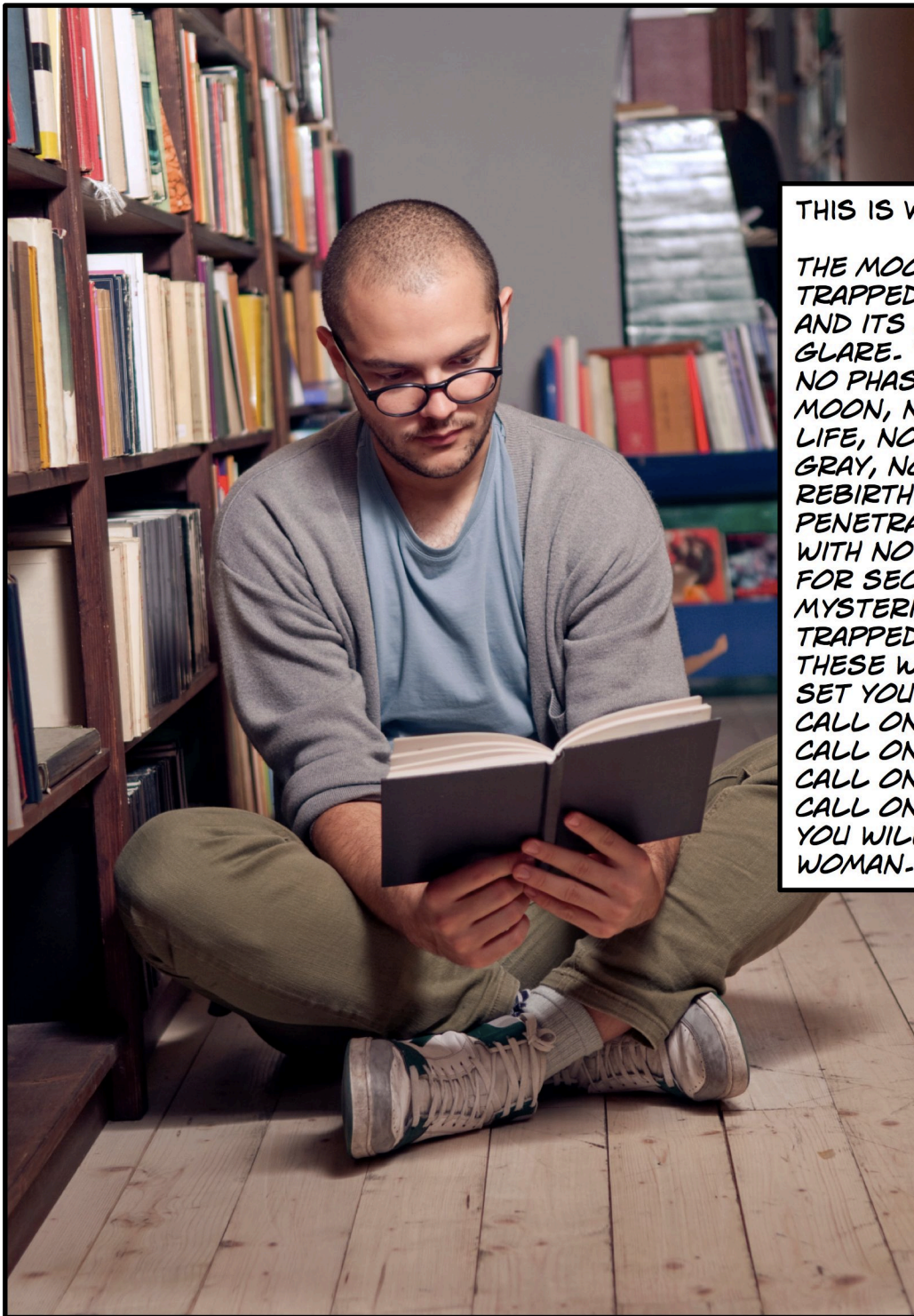
THAT WAS A SECRET I COULD SHARE
WITH NO ONE ELSE, SO I PRETENDED
NOTHING WAS AMISS. NOW IN MY
OLDER DAYS I HAVE COME TO REALIZE
THAT ONE ONE IS NORMAL, AND THAT
EVERYONE HAVE SECRETS TO HIDE. BUT
I DID NOT KNOW THAT THEN.

THEN ONE DAY, I
FOUND AN OLD PILE
OF BOOKS IN A
CORNER OF THE
LIBRARY. THAT WAS
WEIRD, AS THE
LIBRARY WAS BRAND
NEW, BUT I LOVE
BOOKS, SO I TOOK A
CLOSER LOOK.



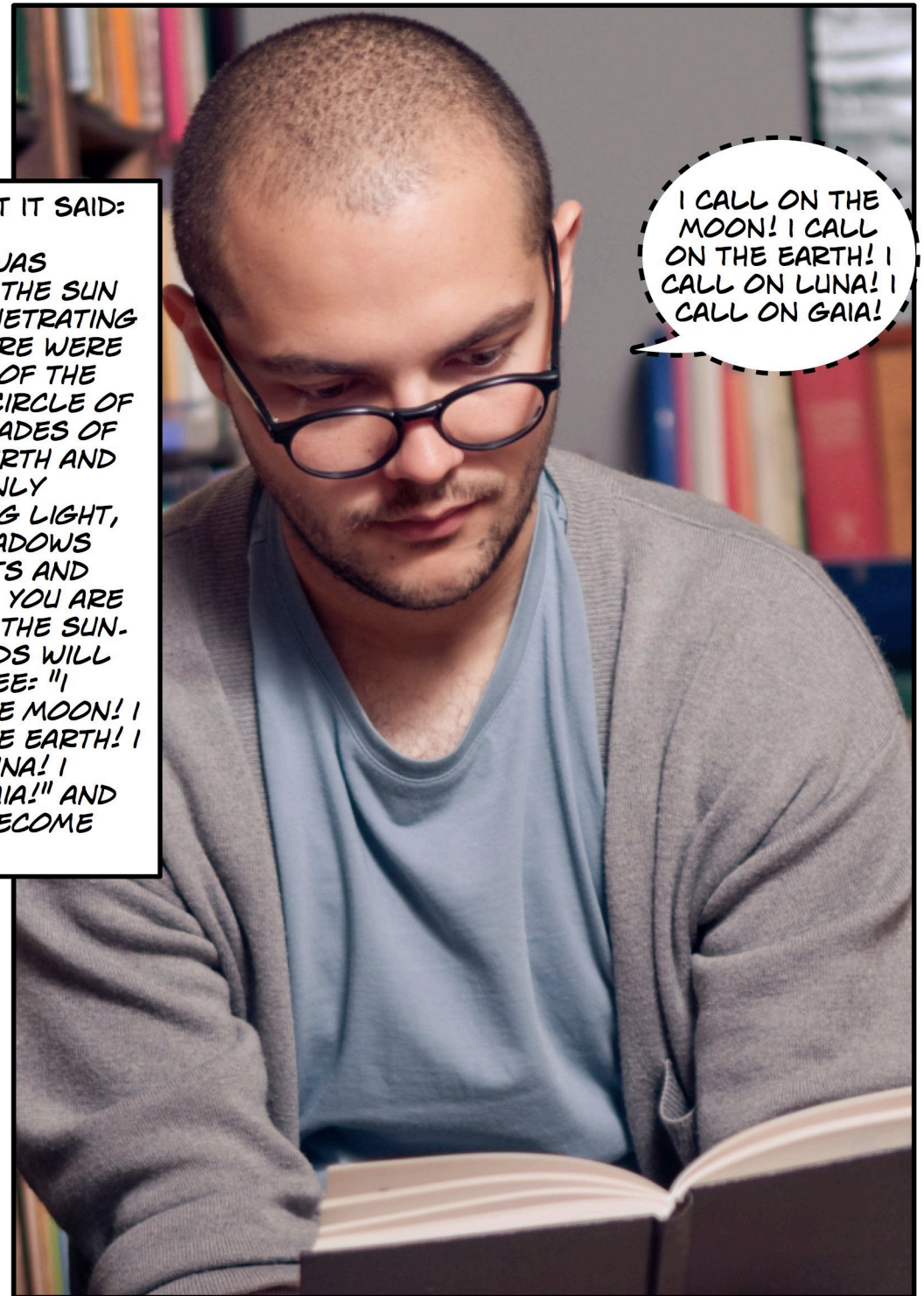
I OPENED ONE OF THE
BOOKS AT RANDOM.
OR AT LEAST, AT THE
TIME I BELIEVED IT
WAS AT RANDOM, AND
I FOUND A PAGE WITH
A TEXT THAT SPOKE
DIRECTLY TO ME.






THIS IS WHAT IT SAID:

THE MOON WAS TRAPPED IN THE SUN AND ITS PENETRATING GLARE. THERE WERE NO PHASES OF THE MOON, NO CIRCLE OF LIFE, NO SHADES OF GRAY, NO BIRTH AND REBIRTH. ONLY PENETRATING LIGHT, WITH NO SHADOWS FOR SECRETS AND MYSTERIES. YOU ARE TRAPPED IN THE SUN. THESE WORDS WILL SET YOU FREE: "I CALL ON THE MOON! I CALL ON THE EARTH! I CALL ON LUNA! I CALL ON GAIA!" AND YOU WILL BECOME WOMAN.



I CALL ON THE MOON! I CALL ON THE EARTH! I CALL ON LUNA! I CALL ON GAIA!



WHEN I READ THESE
WORDS OUT LOUD, MY
WHOLE WORLD
SHOOK. BOOKS FEEL
DOWN FROM
SHELVES. A CUP FELL
TO THE FLOOR AND
BROKE INTO PIECES.
AND I FOUND MYSELF
CHANGED BEYOND
BELIEF.




I TRIED TO GET UP,
BUT I WAS SO DIZZY I
HAD TO HOLD ON TO
THE BOOK SHELF FOR
SUPPORT. I GUESS
THAT MADE SENSE. I
ALWAYS USED BOOKS
FOR EMOTIONAL
SUPPORT.

I HELD ON TO THE BOOK AS IF IT COULD PROVIDE ME WITH ANSWERS. BUT IT DID NOT. I FELT MYSELF BREATHING HEAVILY. BUT WHEN I SENSED HOW MY HEAVY BOSOM MOVED IN RHYTHM WITH MY BREATH, I STOPPED BREATHING. IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED I BECAME PAINFULLY AWARE OF THE LONG BLACK HAIR THAT CASCADED OVER



A woman with dark hair and glasses, wearing an orange short-sleeved shirt and a grey skirt, is looking out of a window with vertical blinds. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.

I COULD FEEL A TIGHT
SKIRT CARESS MY
LARGE BOTTOM.

A close-up shot of a person's large buttocks, wearing a grey skirt. The person is standing in front of a red wall and a bookshelf. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

I STUMBLED IN FEAR,
AND WAS FORCED TO
DRAW A DEEP
BREATH. THAT MADE
ME THINK MORE
CLEARLY. I HAD TO
SIT DOWN.



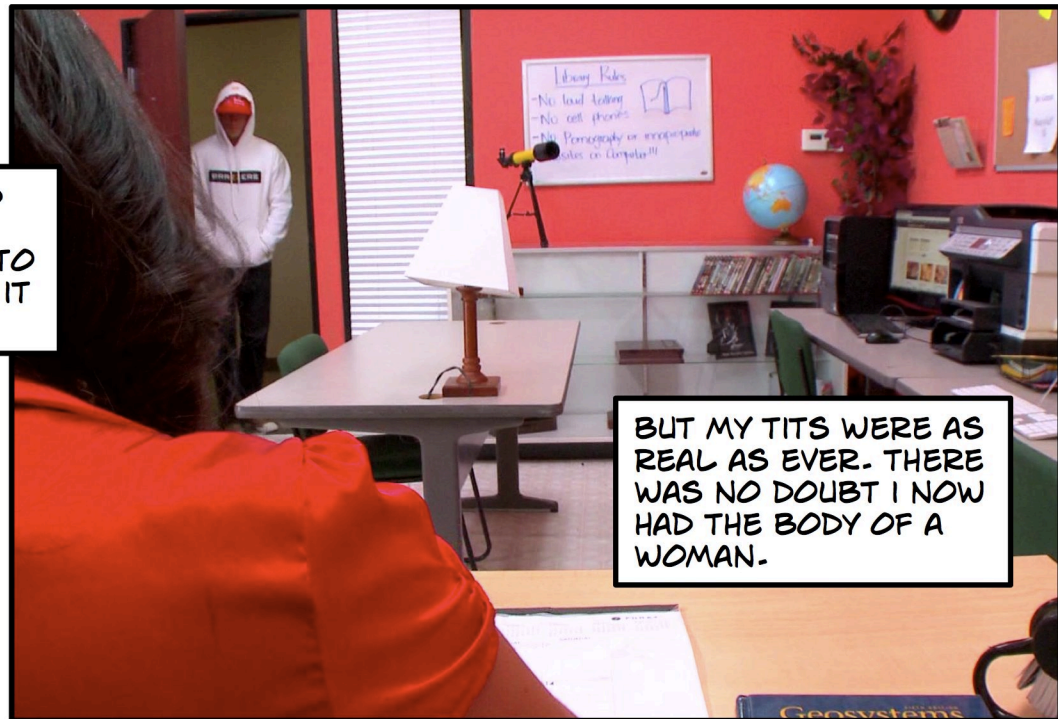
I HAD TO MAKE SENSE
OF IT ALL.



OH GOD!
WHAT AM I
GOING TO
DO?



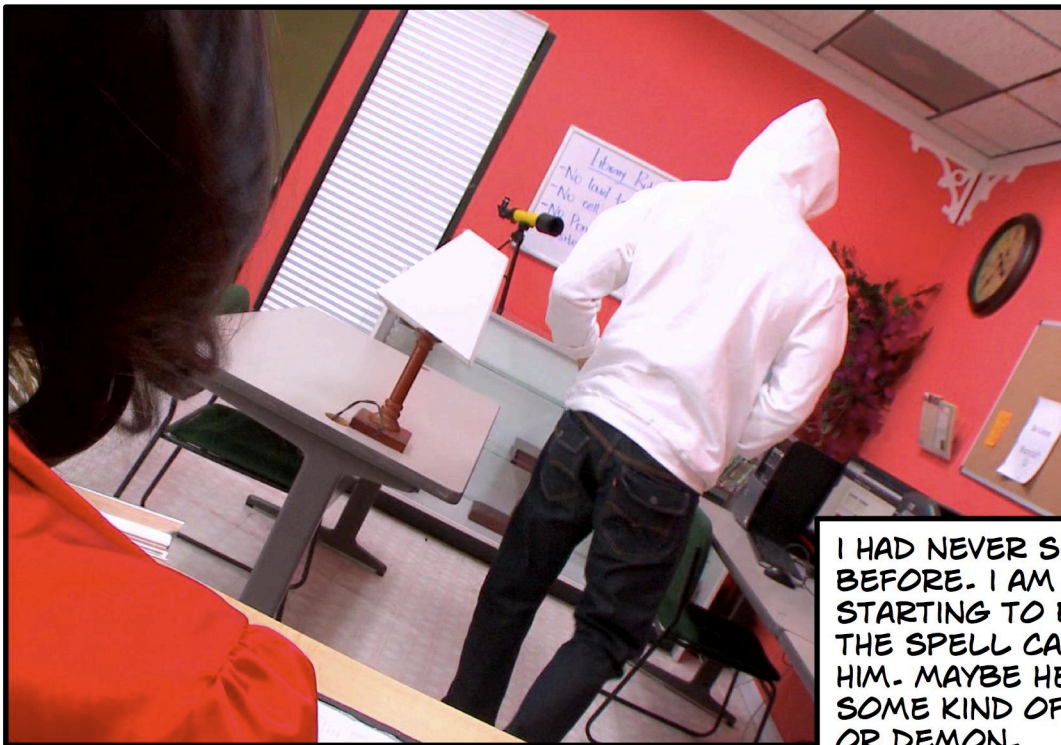
I TRIED TO PRETEND
NOTHING HAD
HAPPENED. I TRIED TO
DO MY JOB. MAYBE IT
WOULD PASS?



BUT MY TITS WERE AS
REAL AS EVER. THERE
WAS NO DOUBT I NOW
HAD THE BODY OF A
WOMAN.







I HAD NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE. I AM STARTING TO BELIEVE THE SPELL CALLED HIM. MAYBE HE IS SOME KIND OF GENIE OR DEMON.



I SHOULD HAVE ASKED HIM TO LEAVE. THIS WAS AFTER CLOSING TIME. BUT IT FELT COMFORTING TO HAVE SOMEONE THERE.



AND NOW, I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT MY DREAMS OF BEING A WOMAN.



THE DREAMS OF
BEING BEAUTIFUL.
THE DREAMS OF
BEING ATTRACTIVE.
THE DREAMS OF
BEING SEXY.



AND I REALIZED THAT
THE BOOK HAD GIVEN
ME ALL I HAD WISHED
FOR.



I LOOKED OVER AT THE SCREEN, AND
SAW THAT THE STRANGER WAS
LOOKING AT PORN SITES WITH WOMEN
THAT LOOKED JUST LIKE ME.



WHO DOES THAT IN A
PUBLIC SPACE?
SOMEONE TEASING
ME?



I SAW A GIRL WITH
BIG BOUNCING TITS
GOING DOWN ON A
MAN.



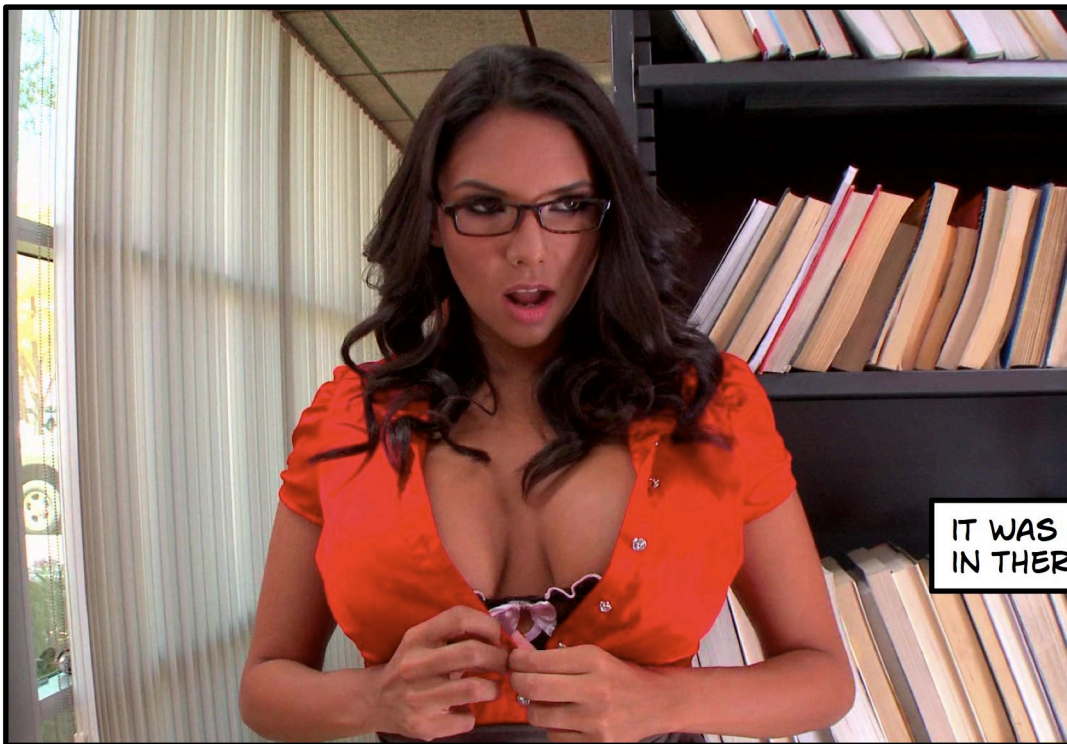
THEN HE WAS
WATCHING HER
EMBRACE A BIG COCK
WITH HER TITS.



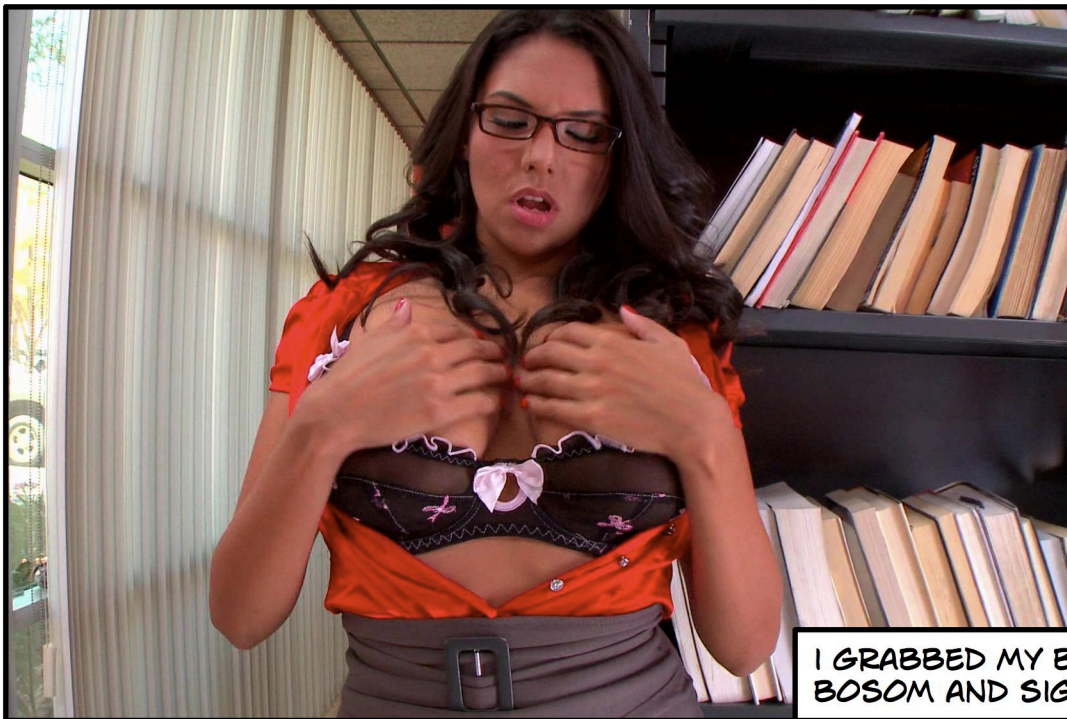
I GRABBED MY OWN
TITS AND FELT MY
NIPPLES STIFFEN.



I HAD TITS LIKE HERS
NOW. I COULD DO
THAT IF I WANTED.



IT WAS GETTING HOT
IN THERE.



I GRABBED MY BIG
BOSOM AND SIGHED.





I FELT A STRANGE
SENSATION BETWEEN
MY LEGS. I WAS
GETTING WET DOWN
THERE.



IT FELT SO GOOD. IT
FELT SO RIGHT.











THESE WERE
CREATED TO
PLEASE MEN AND
BABIES. WHO ARE
YOU TO OPPOSE
THE WILL OF THE
MOON?



I LOOKED DOWN AT
HIS BIG HANDS
GRABBING MY HUGE
MOUNDS OF FLESH
AND FELT AN INTESE
LONING AFTER



I AM GOING
TO FUCK YOU,
BABY. HARD.



AN HOUR AGO I HAD
BEEN THE SHY
LIBRARIAN, AND NOW
HE TREATED ME AS
SOME KIND OF SEX
GODDESS.





OH YES, I HAD A
PUSSY ALL RIGHT.



HE PULLED OUT HIS
COCK AND PUSHED ME
DOWN OVER THE
TABLE.





I HAD HAD DREAMS
ABOUT THIS
HAPPENING TO ME.



I COULD FEEL HIM
PUSH THE TIP OF HIS
COCK UP AGAINST MY
PUSSY LIPS.



AND THEN, WITH A
DEEP AND HARD
THRUST, HE PUSHED IT
ALL THE WAY INSIDE
ME.





OH MY GOD!

MY BODY SHOOK WITH
THE RHYTHM OF HIS
THRUSTS, AND I JUST
GAVE IN AND LET HIM
DO IT TO ME.





I WANTED HIM DEEPER
AND DEEPER INSIDE
ME.





I EMBRACED MY NEW
LIFE WITH ALL MY
HEART.



I WAS NO LONGER
GOING TO HIDE IN THE
SHADOWS.



I WAS NO LONGER
GOING TO LIVE MY
LIFE THROUGH
BOOKS.



I WOULD HAVE THEM
FIGHTING FOR ACCESS
TO THESE BOOBS.



I WOULD ONLY READ
HENRY MILLER AND
ROMANCE NOVELS
FROM NOW ON.





WELL, I HAD A GREAT
TIME, HONEY. I LOVE IT
WHEN ONE OF THE BOOKS
CALL FOR ME.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?
ARE THERE MANY
BOOKS OUT THERE?
IN LIBRARIES LIKE
THIS ONE?





WELL, YEAH, THE MAN WHO MADE THEM WAS ONE LIKE YOU. HE DIED A HAPPY GRANDMOTHER IN COSTA RICA IN 1899. I AM JUST ONE OF THE CUSTODIANS.




BUT WHAT DO I DO NOW? I MEAN, THIS WOMAN I HAVE BECOME DOES NOT EXIST, DOES SHE? FORMALLY, I MEAN.




DON'T WORRY. I WILL SEND YOU THE NECESSARY PAPERS BY THE END OF THE WEEK. AND THE OLD YOU WILL GO MISSING. AND YES, YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS PLACE BEFORE SOMEONE COMES UP WITH THE IDEA THAT YOU KILLED HIM. GO TO YOUR FLAT, PACK THE MOST ESSENTIAL VALUABLES AND LEAVE THIS CITY. I WILL FIND YOU.




WELL MR. CUSTODIAN. I GUESS I WILL BE ALWAYS GRATEFUL TO YOU.




THREE MONTHS LATER
I HAD A NEW JOB IN A
CITY UP NORTH. THE
CUSTODIAN KNEW THE
MANAGER, AND TOLD
ME THAT THEY
NEEDED SOMEONE TO
SORT OUT THE FIRM'S
ARCHIVES.



THE PROBLEM NOW
WAS THAT I HAD
BECOME THIS HUGE
DISTRACTION, BOTH
TO MYSELF AND
OTHERS.

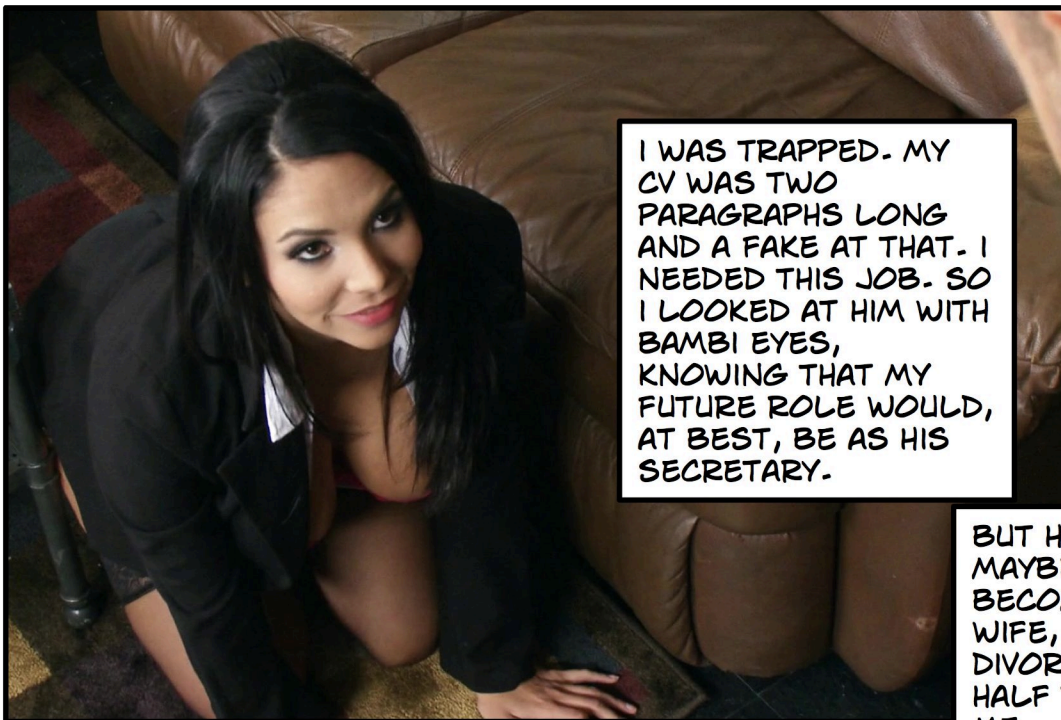


MISS LEWISON, I
WONDER IF I CAN
SEE YOU IN MY
OFFICE.



THE BOSS MADE UP A
LOT OF EXCUSES TO
GET CLOSE TO ME.







I HAD HIM IN MY
SMALL, SOFT,
FEMININE HANDS.





I WOULD MILK HIM
FOR ALL HIS MONEY.



THIS WAS CERTAINLY
NOT A ROMANCE, BUT
THEN AGAIN I WERE
NO LONGER LIVING IN
BOOKS.



YOU TAKE WHAT YOU
NEED. YOU DO NOT
WAIT FOR MIRACLES
TO HAPPEN.



ALTHOUGH I HAD TO
ADMIT, A MIRACLE HAD
HAPPENED TO ME.



OH GOD, I LOVED THE
FEELING OF HAVING
HIS COCK INSIDE ME.



FUCK ME
HARDER!



THE AIR WAS RIPE
WITH THE SCENT OF
MY SEX.




MY TITS BOBBED AND
SWAYED AS HE SHOOK
MY BODY.

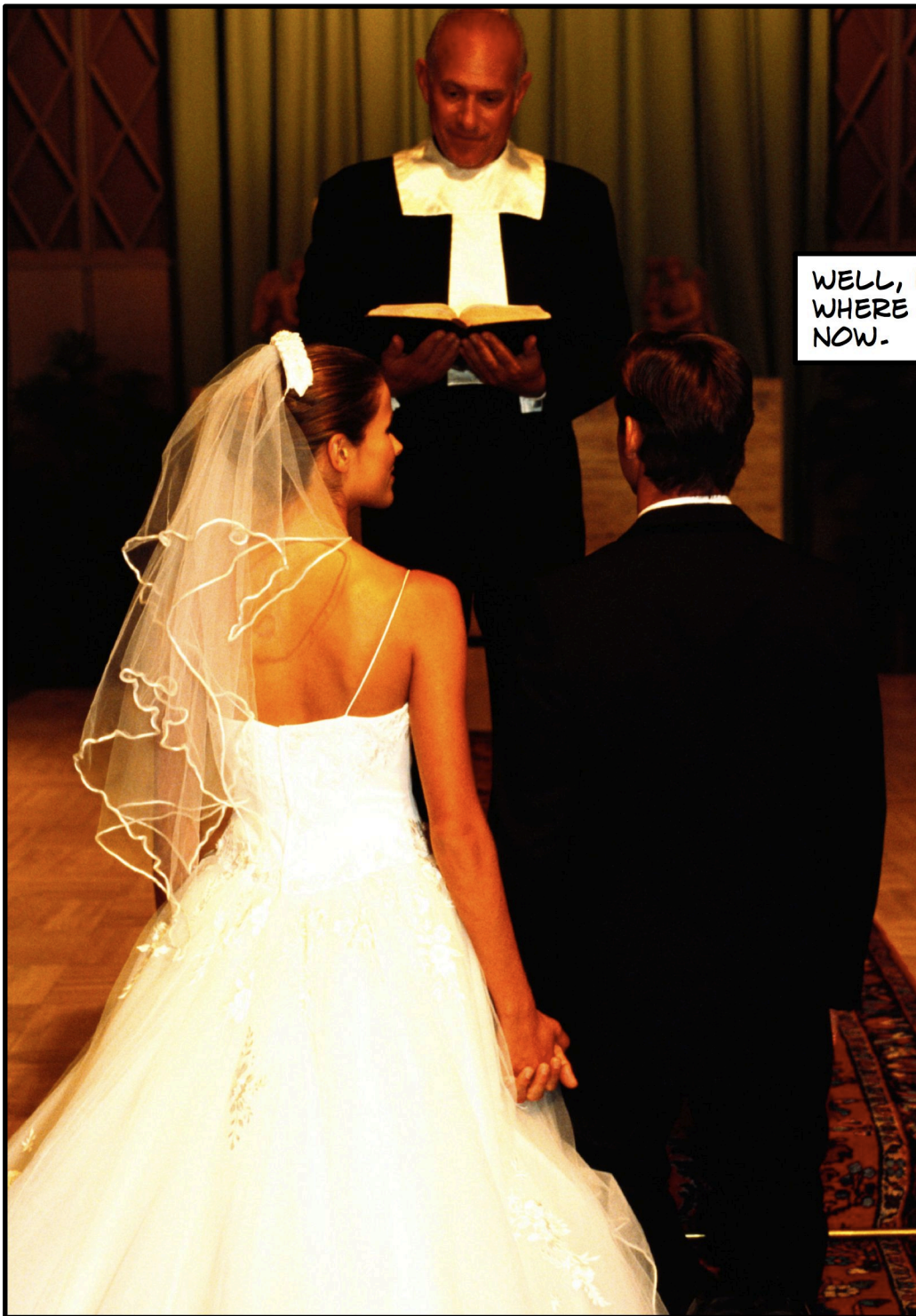


I AM COMING,
I AM COMING,
I AM COMING!



A woman with long dark hair and a belly button piercing is lying on her back on a wooden desk. She is wearing black lace thigh bands. A man's legs, with a tattoo on the upper left thigh, are positioned over her. The woman is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. In the background, there is a vase of pink roses, a potted plant, and a framed picture on the wall. A spiral notebook is open on the desk to the right.

MEN ARE PIGS, BUT
ADORABLE PIGS. THEY
BELIEVE THEY ARE IN
CONTROL, BUT WHEN
YOU HAVE THEM
INSIDE YOU, YOU
KNOW YOU ARE IN
CONTROL.



WELL, I GOT HIM
WHERE I WANT HIM
NOW.





PHOTOS FROM
BRAZZERS.COM.

MELISSA PLAYED BY
MISSY MARTINEZ.

FOR MORE
TRANSGENDER
EROTICA, GO TO
REBECCAMOLAY.COM

