

FLUXX MAGAZINE

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Two brand new erotic TG photo comics:

Charlie's Place and The Spa



SEXUALLY EXPLICIT! For Adults Only!

















































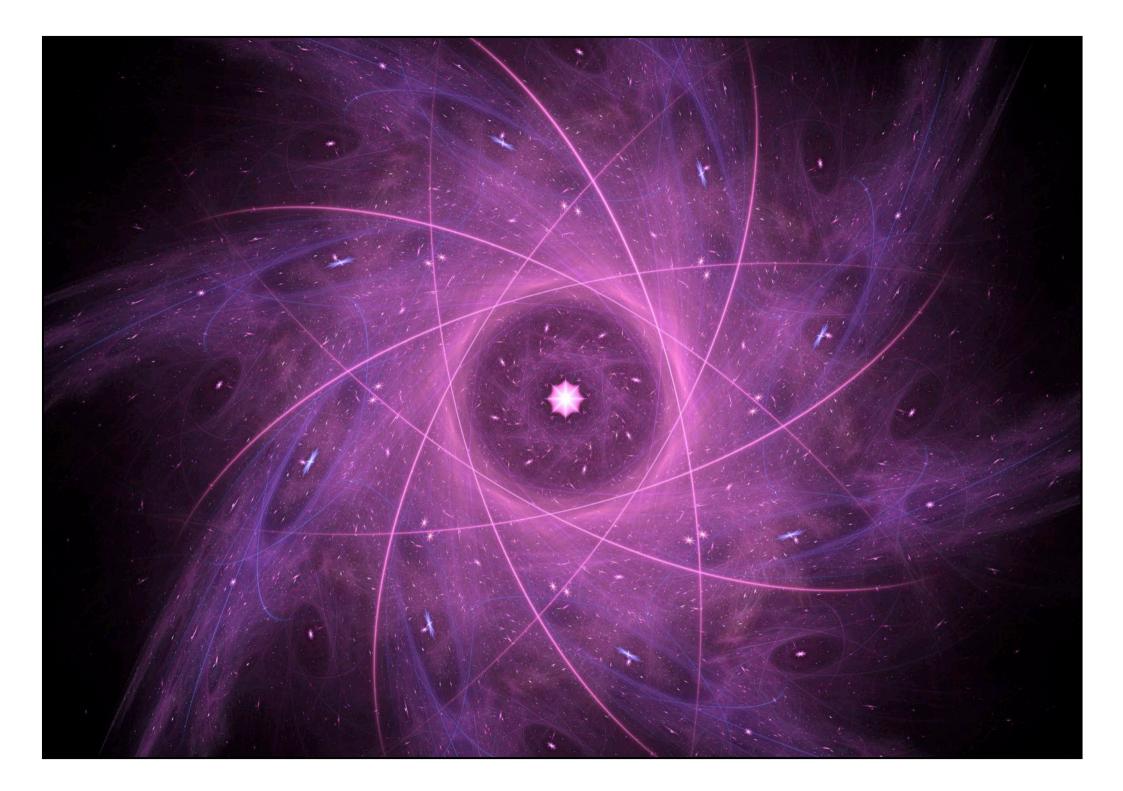




























































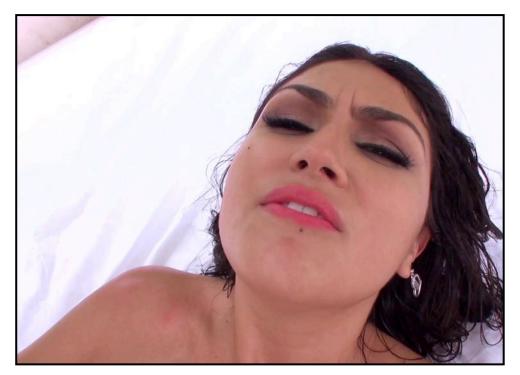








































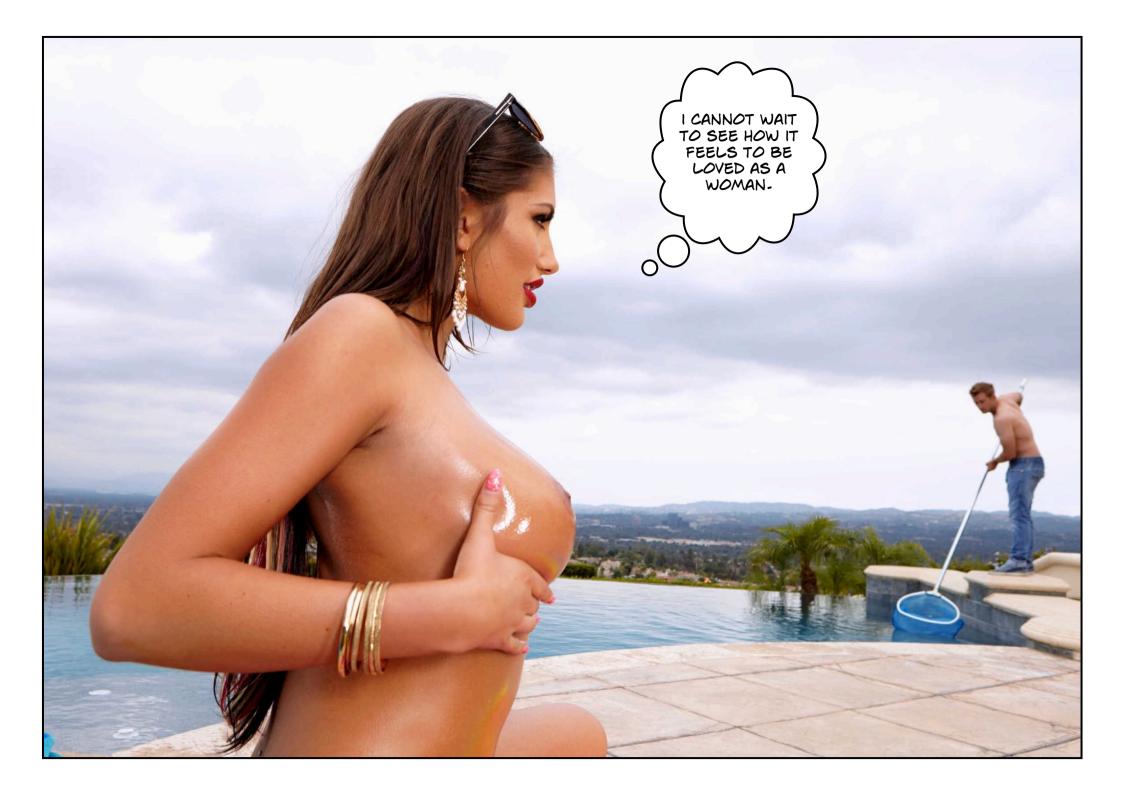








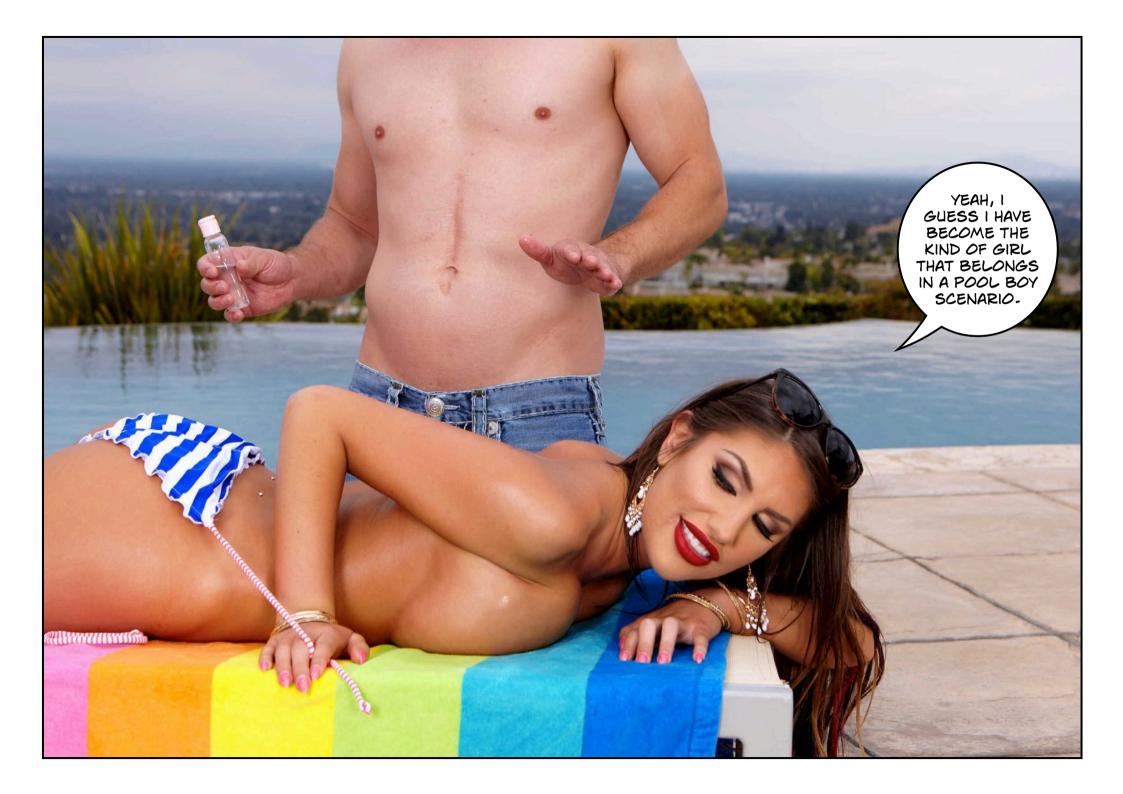












































Classic Caps

The Marlboro Girl



He was pissed. Not only had that damned professor sent him back to the seventies. He had even transferred his mind into a woman's body!

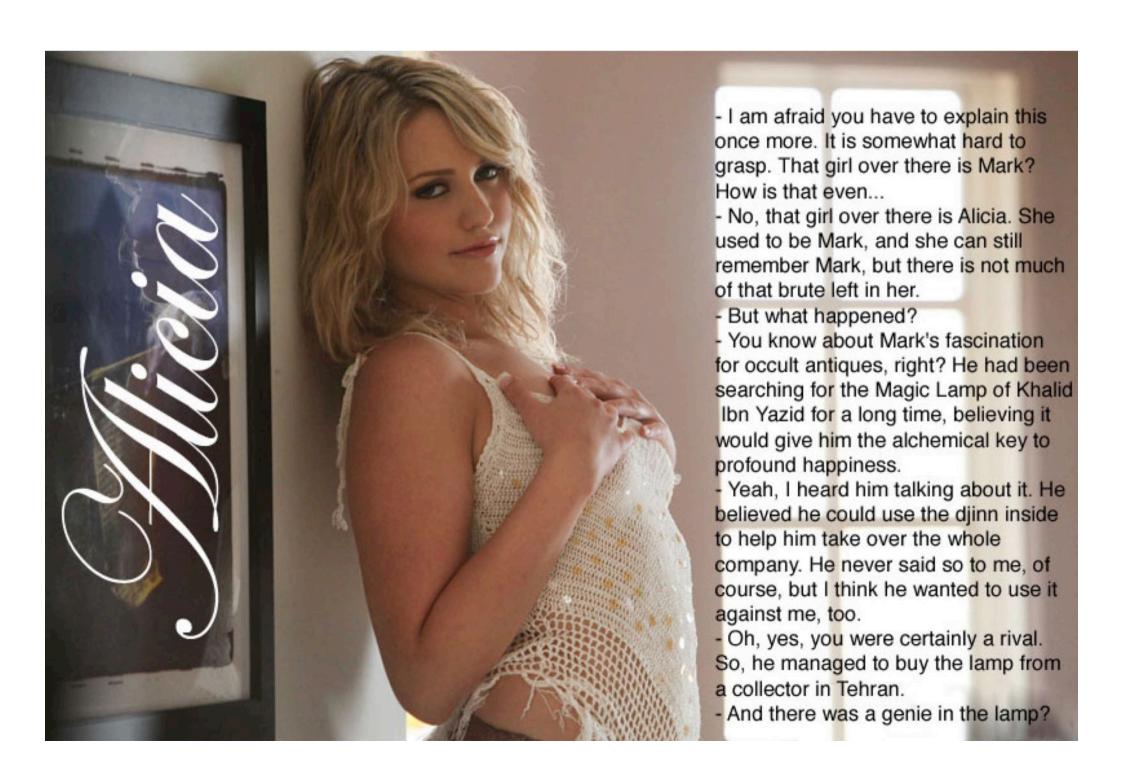
I mean, if you were to time travel, would you not go back to a period with some sense of aesthetics, like the 1920's or the sixties. But the seventies! Stupid hippies! And this car didn't even have a safety belt or air bags.

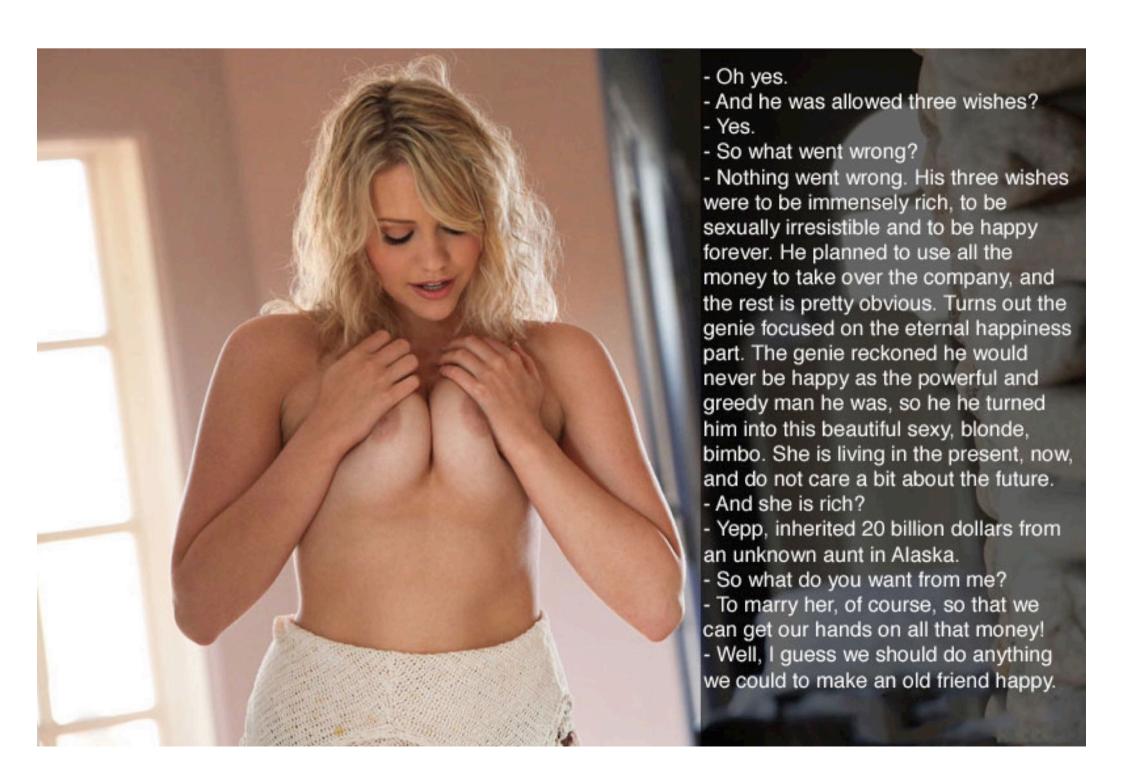
Well, thank God this broad whose body he had taken over was well equipped. He could do without Courtney's craving for cigarettes. This was worse than Mad Men, mind you. But he liked the gun.

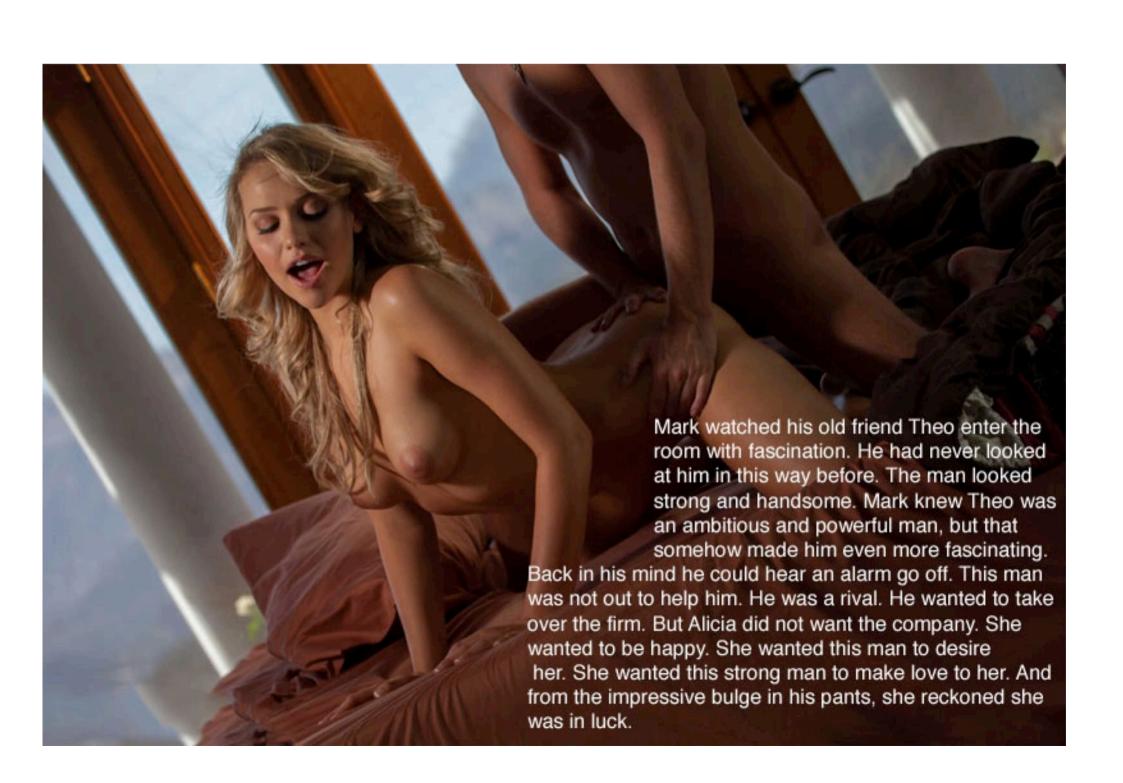
He would drive down to Professor Hansson's childhood home. Yeah, he had looked it up. In an old fashioned phone book, no less! And then he would shoot down that kid and stop all of this from happening!

Hmph! There was no way of telling what would happen if he did that, of course. And that kid could hardly be blamed for what he was to do in 2020.

Ah well, he was probably stuck here. Now what did people do in the 1970's apart from smoking pot and having sex? Well.... well, well, well... you have to start somewhere...

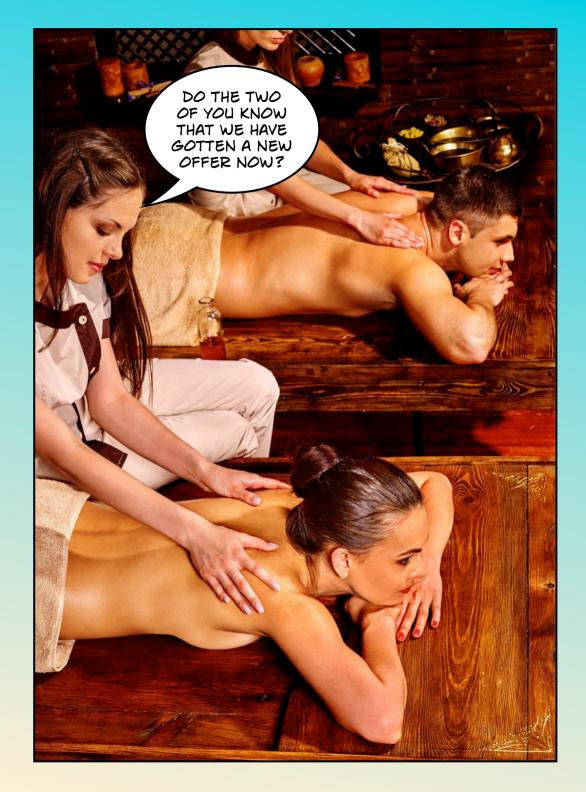




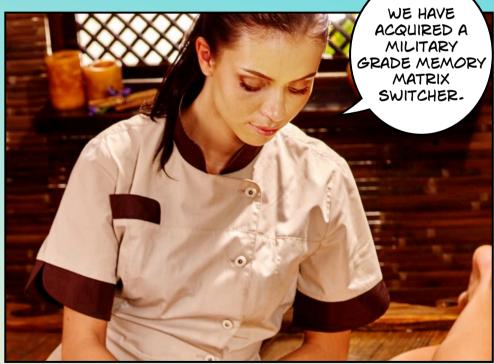














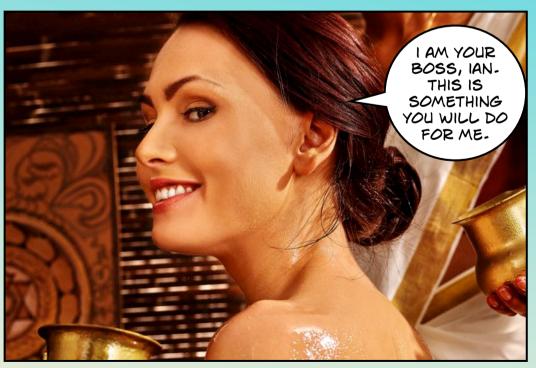






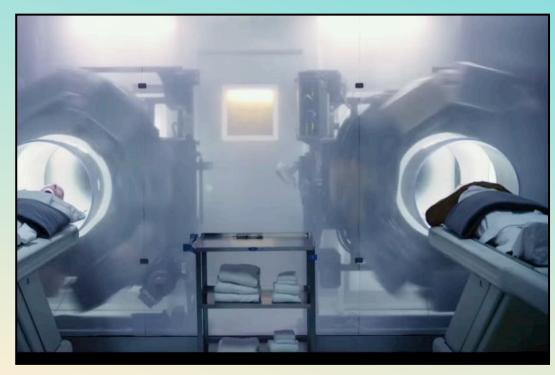






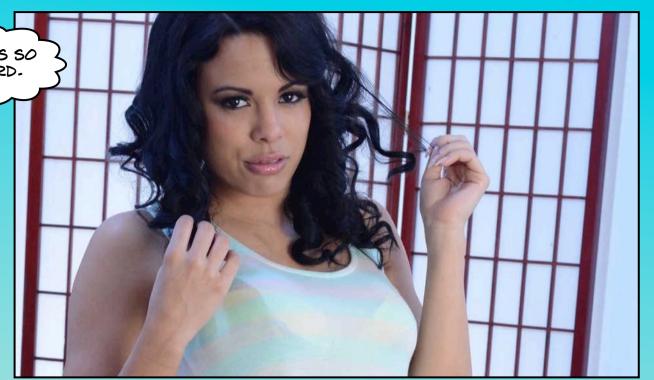




















































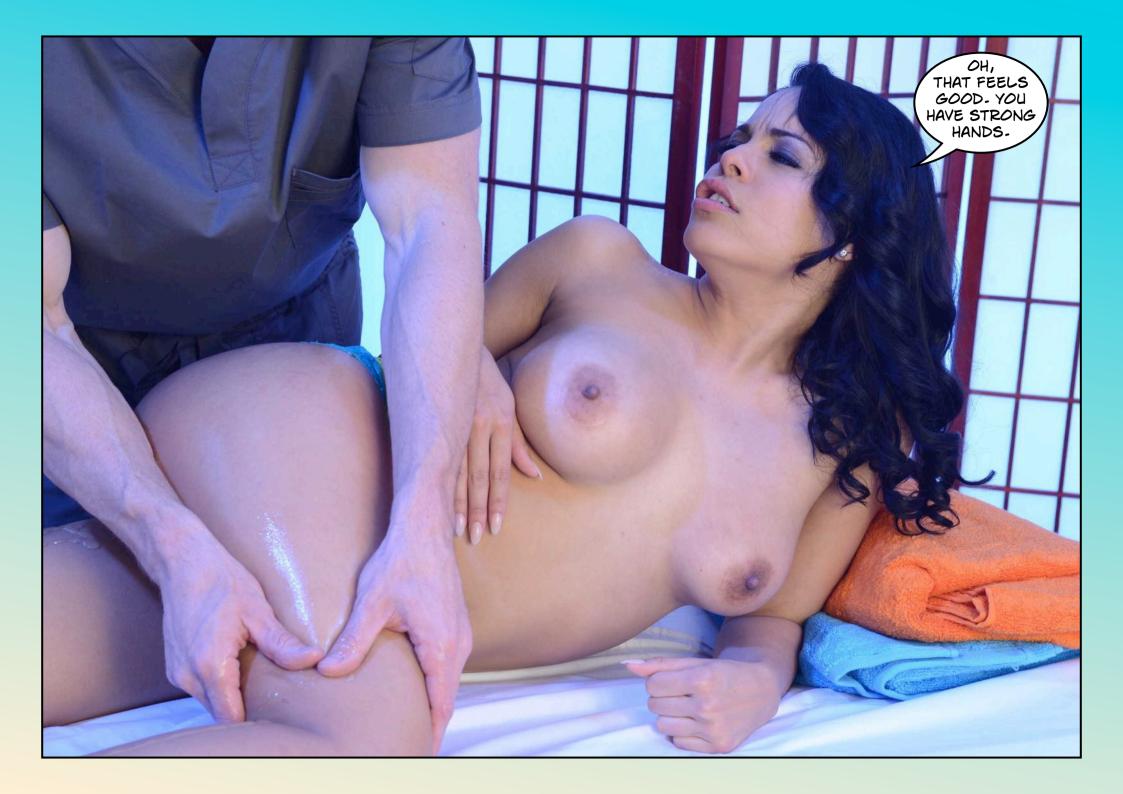
































































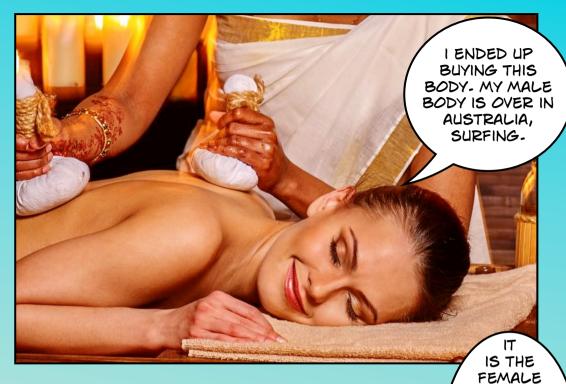


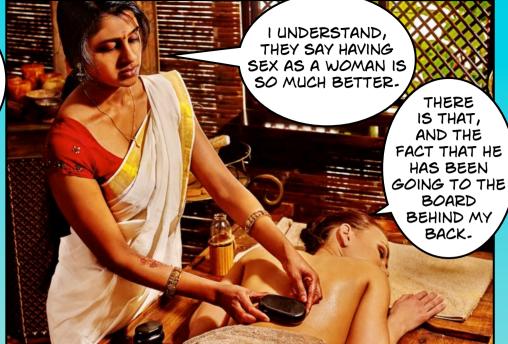






















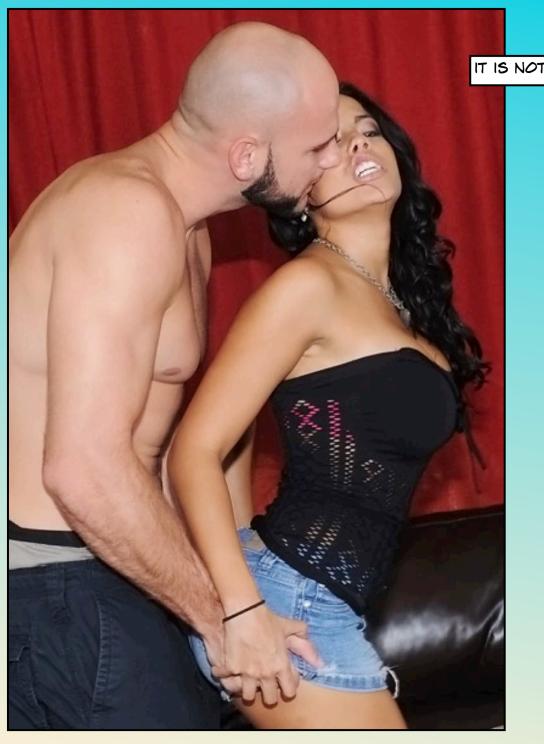






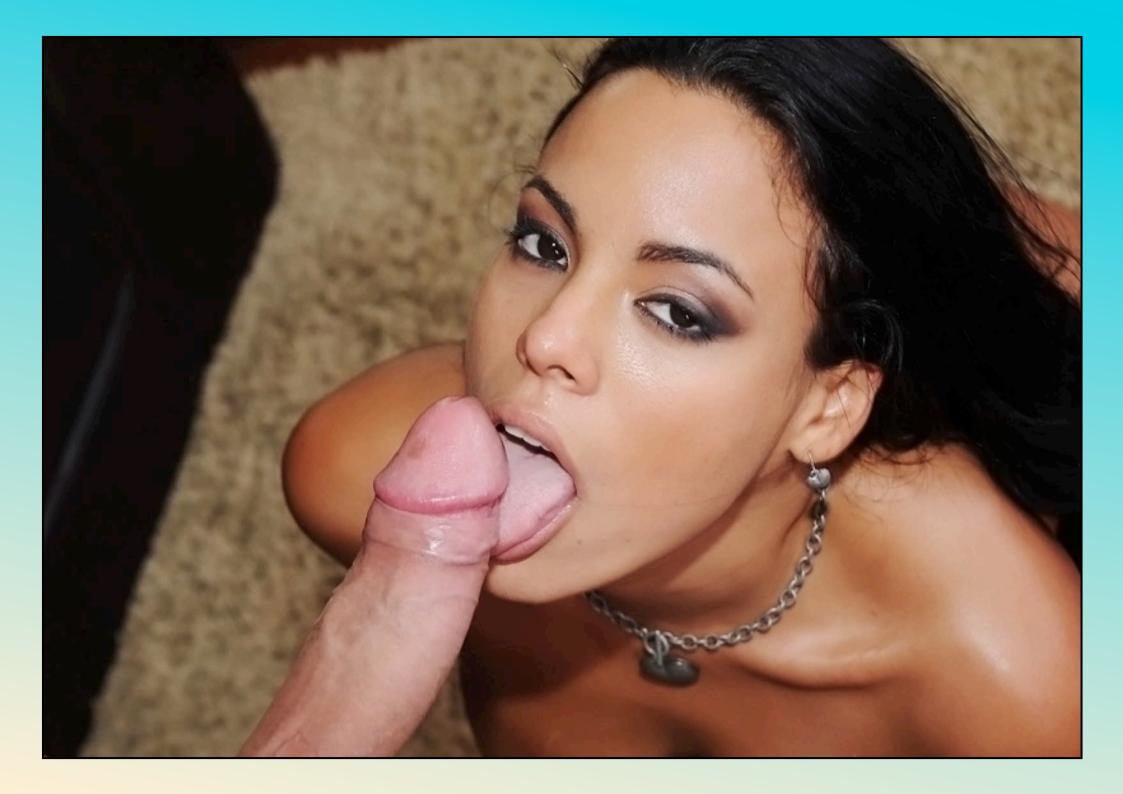


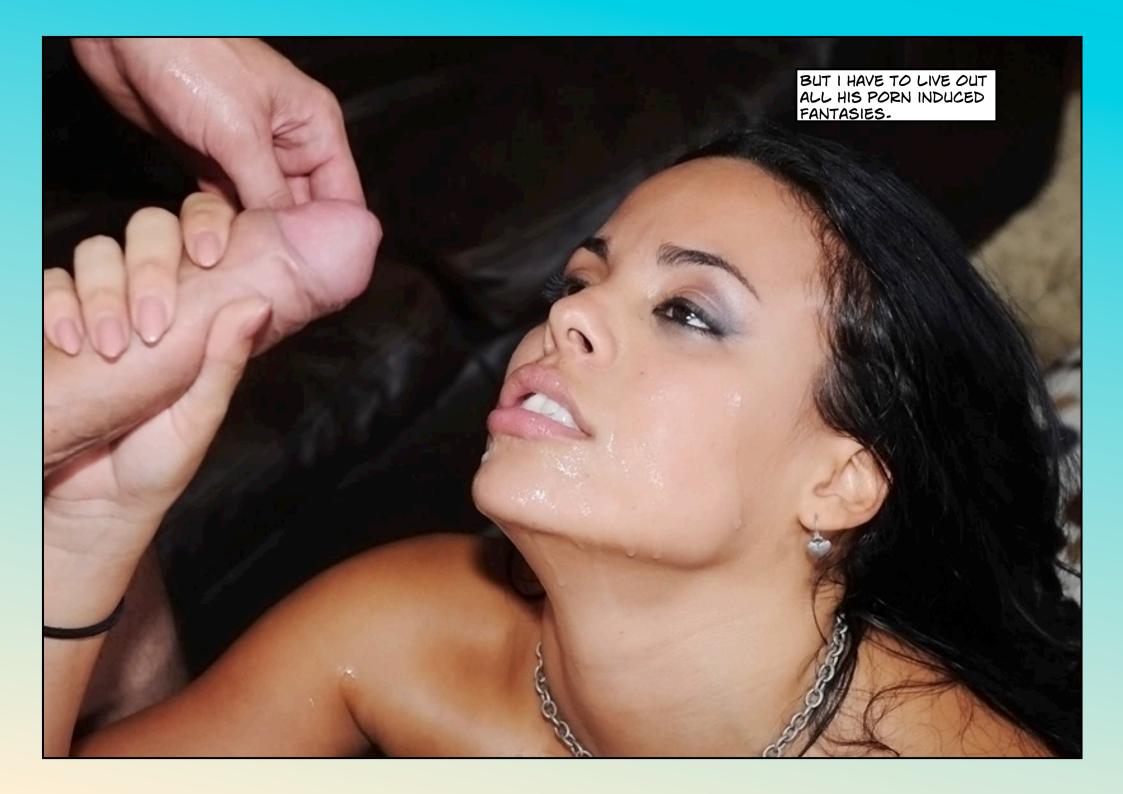


















IT HAD BEEN A GREAT IDEA. OR SO THEY THOUGHT. SPECIAL AGENT KING HAD ARGUED THAT THEY COULD USE THE ALIEN TRANSFORMATION DEVICE THE NAVY HAD FOUND IN THE ANTARCHTICA AND CHANGE ONE OF THE AGENTS INTO THE DRAGON'S GIRL FRIEND. NO ONE WOULD QUESTION HER RIGHT TO BE THERE, AND SINCE SHE WAS THE MOBSTER'S ACCOUNTANT, NO ONE WOULD QUESTION HER RIGHT TO USE THE COMPUTER EITHER.

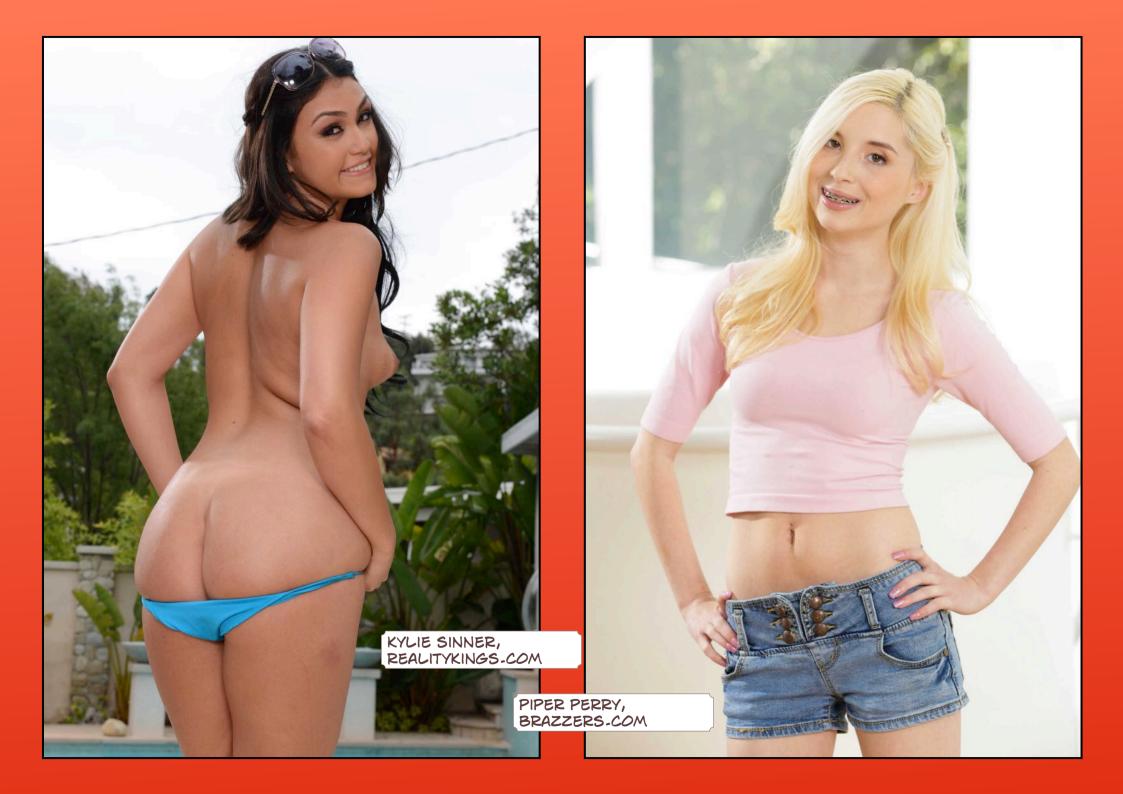
THE PROBLEM WAS THAT CHUCK WAS THE ONLY AGENT WITH THE SKILLS NEEDED TO ACCESS THAT COMPUTER, SO HE HAD TO LIVE A DAY AS A WOMAN. OH, HE HAD PROTESTED. VEHEMENTLY. BUT THIS WAS THEIR ONLY SHOT AT GETTING THE EVIDENCE NEEDED TO NAIL THIS GUY.

IT HAD WORKED SO WELL. THEY HAD MADE SURE KAYLA WAS HELD BACK IN TRAFFIC, WHILE CHUCK ENTERED THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS AS HER. THE BOSS WAS NOT GOING TO BE THERE, THEIR SNITCH HAD TOLD THEM. BUT HE WAS WRONG. AFTER AN HOUR OR SO WITH CHUCK EXLPORING THE HOUSE AND THE COMPUTER, THE DRAGON HIMSELF TURNED UP, HORNY AS HELL.

"I HAVE TIME FOR A QUICKLY, DARLING!" HE SAID AND EMBRACED A TERRIFIED SPECIAL AGENT. CHUCK HAD MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT "THAT TIME OF THE MONTH", BUT THE BOSS CLEARLY KEPT TRACK OF THAT KIND OF THING. HE GOT ANGRY, TURNED THE SMALL FEMALE BODY AROUND AND PULLED DOWN THE GIRL'S JEANS AND PANTIES.

"REMEMBER, DARLING: YOU HAVE ALWAYS TIME FOR ME!" HE WHEEZED. "AND I THINK I WILL STAY AT HOME TONIGHT AND PROVE IT TO YOU!"

CHUCK HAD A SAFE WORD, BUT IF HE USED IT HE WOULD BE DEAD. HE HELD HIS BREATH.





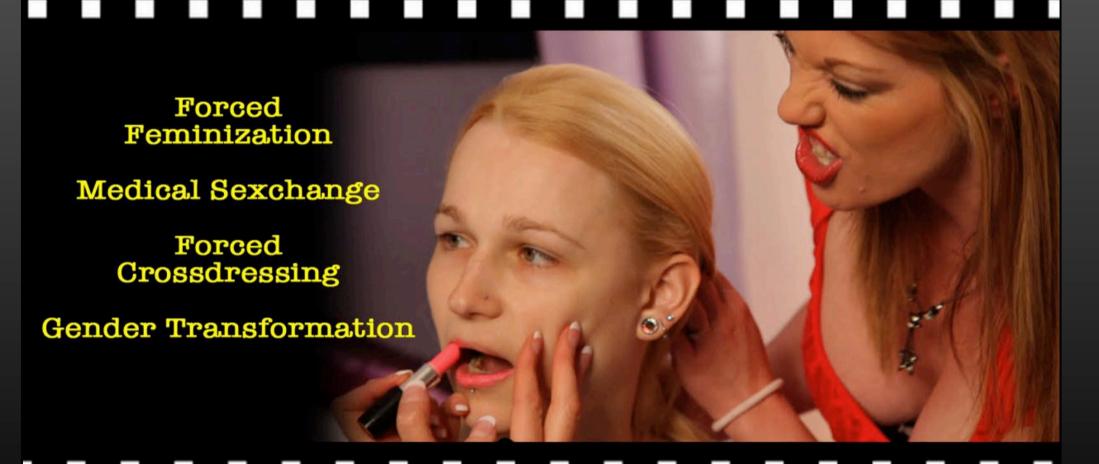




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