

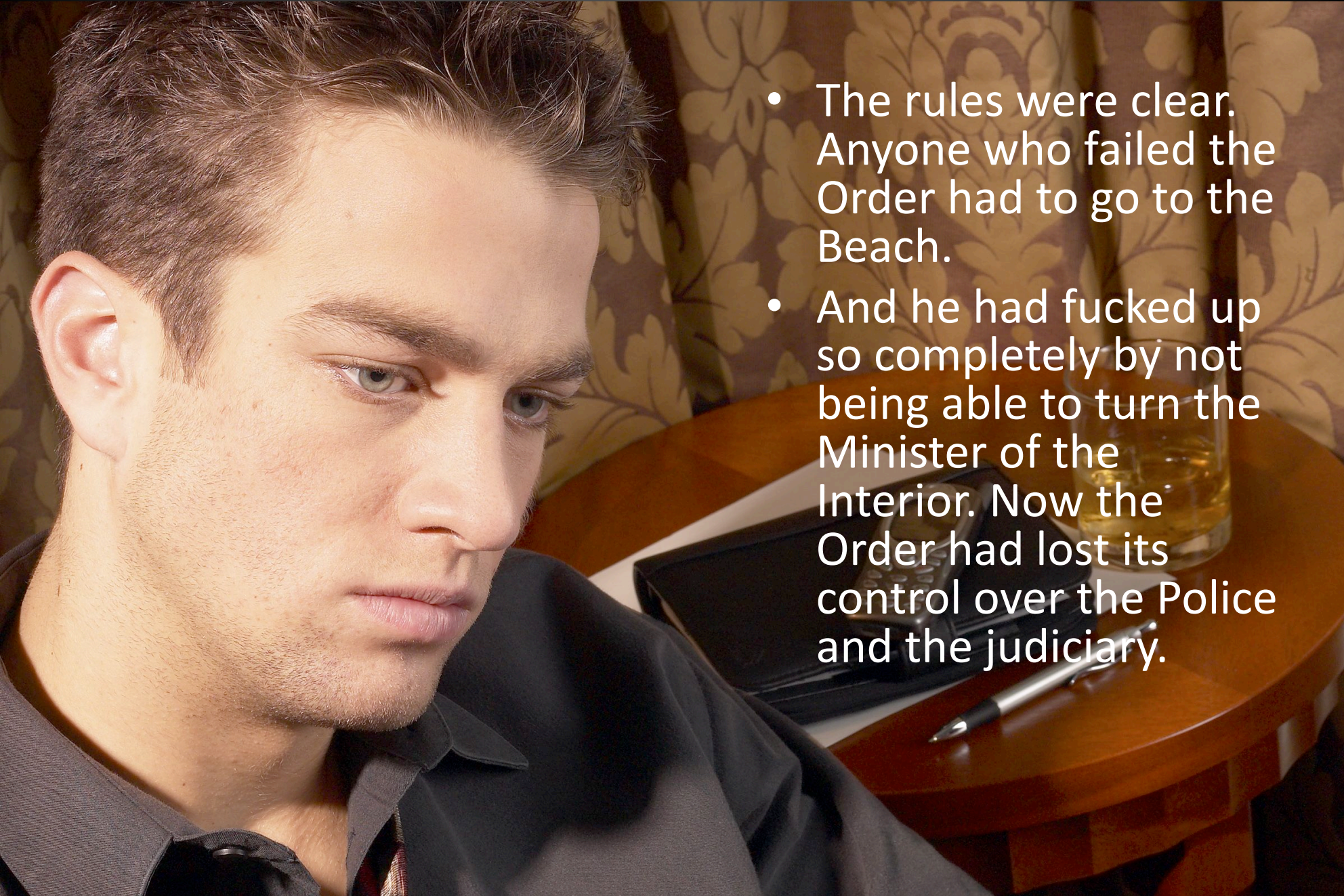


The Beach

Transgender Erotica by Rebecca Molay

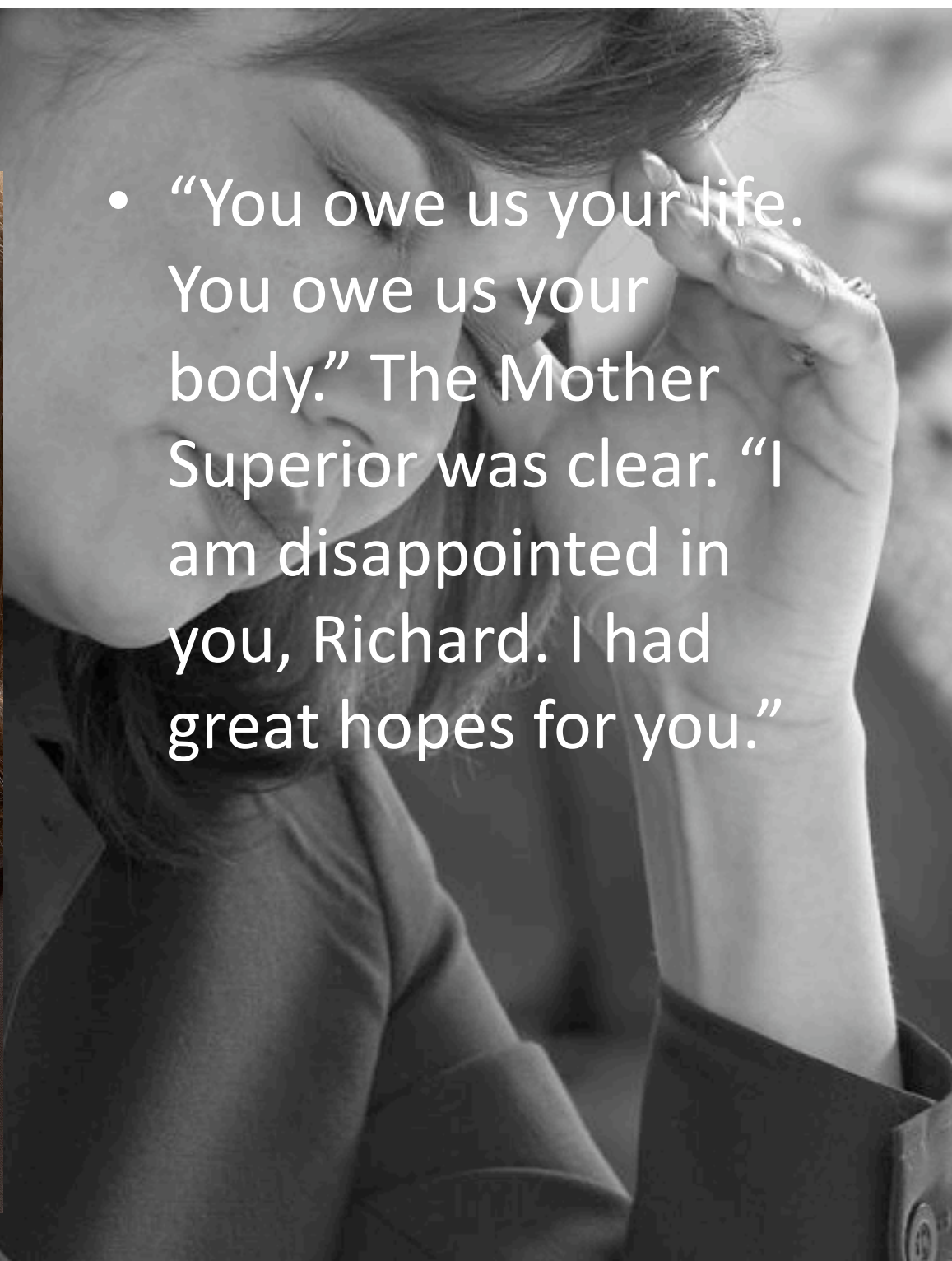
Sexually Explicit!

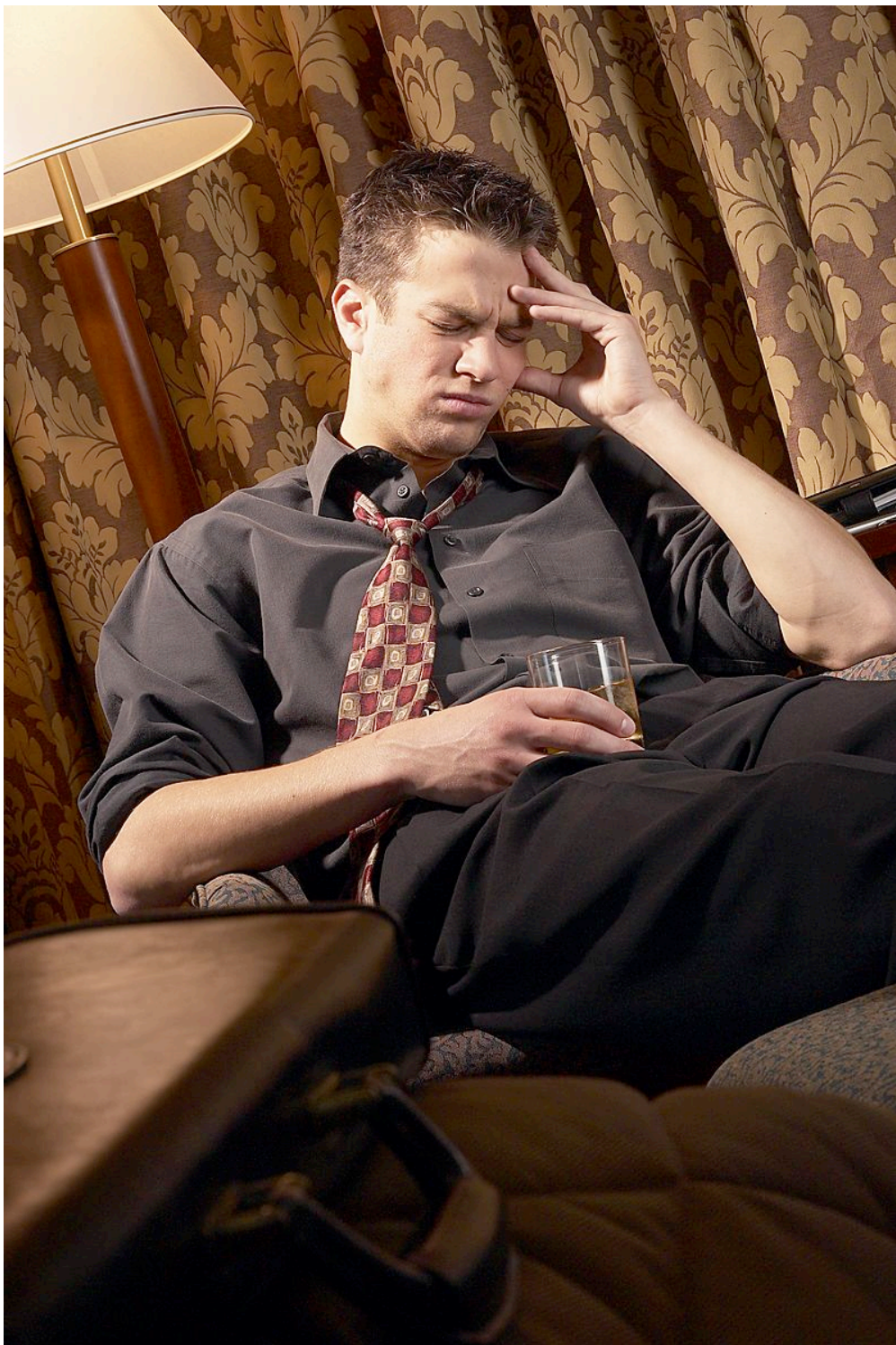
Adults 18+ Only

- 
- The rules were clear. Anyone who failed the Order had to go to the Beach.
 - And he had fucked up so completely by not being able to turn the Minister of the Interior. Now the Order had lost its control over the Police and the judiciary.



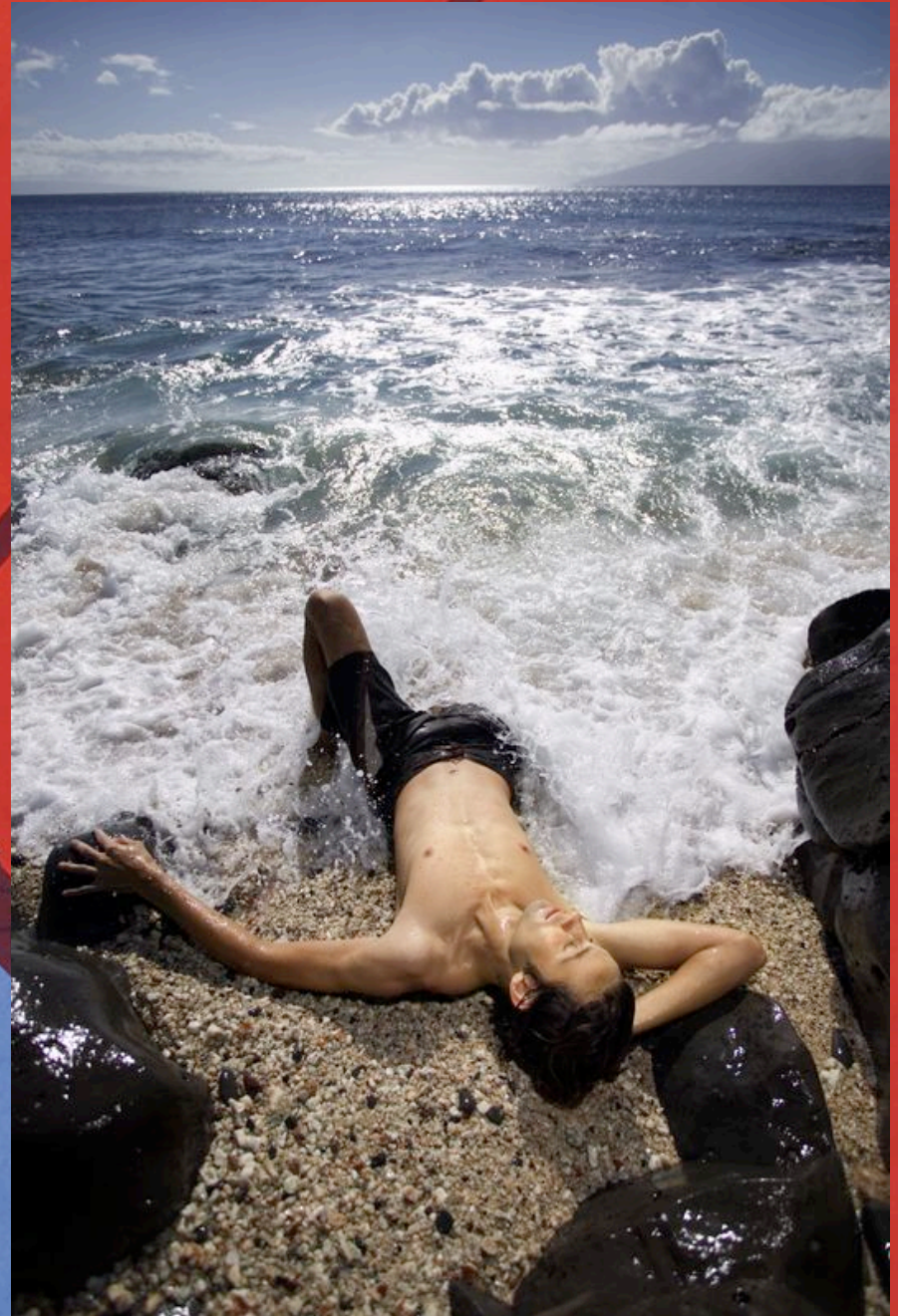
- “You owe us your life. You owe us your body.” The Mother Superior was clear. “I am disappointed in you, Richard. I had great hopes for you.”





- Richard spent his last night drinking. Tomorrow the acolytes would bring him to the island, stupid and full of horny anticipation. And he would lose everything. The Daughters of Ereshkigal never forgave.

- He bid his life good bye on that yacht. Then the acolytes dragged him on shore and gave him the elixir. He fell down on the sand in agony as his body went through its changes.



- When he got up again, he still had his mind. For now. But as usual the priestesses had given the prisoner a body made for pleasure.





- One of the acolytes, Phil, was already eyeing him with anticipation, grabbing Richard's ass while stroking his cock. Richard sighed. It was the orgasms that did it: rob the prisoners of their soul and their will.

- Then they started to caress his new female body. Richard stood still and let them do it. What else could he do? Any attempt at escape would end in death. Anything was better than death, right?





- They had been told to treat him gently, in order to lower his resistance to the mental change. Phil started to caress his big, soft, tits, while the other one, John, explored his ass.

- It worked all right. Suddenly found himself grabbing John's cock in anticipation. He felt his pulse racing. Something inside him wanted that dick desperately, even if his conscious mind was sick at the thought.



- “Yes Angel! Go for it! It is all yours!” John encouraged him.
- They were both erect now, and Phil took his hand and guided it to his cock. “Come on Angel, you know you want it!”
- He didn’t. He did. He didn’t. He did.



- If he just could hold on for some minutes, he would remain Richard for a little bit more.
- But he couldn't help himself. He felt so empty. He needed to taste.





- He felt his crotch getting strangely moist. The magic did his work on his new body, flushing his blood with hormones.
- Phil pushed him up against a rock. For the first time in his life, Richard could feel a hard, big, cock slide inside his wet pussy. He moaned.
- “Ah, you like that, Angel, don’t you bitch?!” Phil exclaimed triumphant.

- It felt too good. Dangerously good. John's dick was too tempting as well, and Richard found himself sucking cock again, eagerly.

“You are so good, Angel!” John laughed.
“That’s good, because this is your life from now on, serving men in a brothel somewhere – repaying your debt to the Order!”

- Richard grabbed his big, soft, tits as he sucked and sucked and sucked, like a baby seeking comfort. But he was the one with the tits. He marveled at the contrast between the softness of their flesh and the hard nipples.



- Now John was on his back in the sand.
“Come on, Angel, sit on top of me so that I can see your big tits swaying.”
- He guided his dick into Richard’s cunt while he started to suck his nipples. Richard’s eyes glazed over as waves of pleasure run up and down his back. This was the pleasure of the goddess, as told by the priestesses.



- “It feels so good. Why should I fight it?” he asked himself. “Just a little bit longer,” another voice replied.
- Then Phil thrust a well lubricated dick into his ass. Richard yelped in pain.



- “You don’t have to do a thing, Angel! We will fill you up with love!” Phil moaned as his rhythm started to pick up. The pain gave way to pleasure.



- If he gave in to this feeling, his pain was over. He would be a slave, but a content one, living from day to day, from one cock to the other.
- Richard caught his breath and said goodbye to his life as a free man.





- Then he urged them on, one cock in his ass, another in his mouth. He closed his eyes, feeling a tear rolling down his cheek. Then he let his finger wander down to his pussy. He started to stroke his small, erect, clit.



- He could feel the orgasm building up, flushing through him like the waves on the beach. Finally his whole body shook in ecstasy, and his mind clouded over.



- Angel looked up at her masters and welcomed the cum pumping out of their magnificent cocks. She loved her masters. She loved to serve them. She wanted them to fill her up with love. Forever.

- There had been a man called Richard. Angel remembered as much. But he had been an unhappy man, a sad man. She sent him an happy thought and grabbed her tits. She was beautiful! She was woman, like the goddess herself.



- Images by Sextronix.com
- More transgender erotica over at Rebecca's World
- www.rebeccamolay.com

