

# The General

Transgender erotica by Rebecca Molay  
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT! ADULTS ONLY!

- It had been a major fuck up, no doubt about it. And he was partly to blame for it, as he had given in to the enthusiasm of those army scientists.
- “We’ll make a virus strain that turns all Taliban fighters into women,” they said. Then the rebels will all have to put on a burkha and stay at home.
- He had been skeptical. In his experience Taliban women could hide a lot under their garments.



- Boy, did he know now! The experiment had backfired badly the day he was to see the virus demonstrated.
- How that strain got into the meeting room was still not clear. It hadn't been contained before five of the officers present had been infected.







- Thank God for women's lib! Still, there were still quite a few of his fellow officers who found it hard to concentrate on what he was saying during his briefings. Somehow their eyes were drawn to his cleavage.
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- His wife hadn't taken it too good. He had finally gotten proof for the fact that not all women were lesbian. She had now moved in with a senator from California.
- It wasn't too bad, though. Admittedly, he had bombed a few enemy camps due to PMS, and he hated runs in his stockings. But being a woman had its advantages. The lingerie felt good.







- But he was lonely. None of the guys invited him to strip clubs anymore. And somehow this body wasn't equally well adapted to his style of golf. So here he sat, drinking his whiskey alone. Well, maybe he could change that.





- It wasn't as if becoming a woman stopped you from being a human being, right? Leading an army took its toll, and having to spend an hour a day on hair and make-up was stressful as well. And he needed someone to talk to, right? He would ask lieutenant Marks for an update.





- It was a bit harder to be intimidating with a tiny body like this one, but the General had found way of coping. The men normally did all they could to avoid appearing sexist, so it was easy to embarrass them.



- This was disturbing. The general could not help noticing the muscular body of the lieutenant. He had had one of his own only a few weeks ago, but he had never understood the beauty of it before.
- He drew his breath. "Lieutenant! This virus? Does it have any side effects?"





- "Apart from turning you into a woman, sir? Eh, ma'am?"
- "Yes apart from the bloody obvious fact that I have become a woman, yes!"
- "It was designed to increase your libido, sir.. ma'am."
- "What was the point in that? There would be no Taliban men around. The sheer frustration would turn them all into suicide bombers!"
- "Our scientists may be intelligent, s..ma'am, but they are not very smart!"
- "Tell me about it!"



- “So when I am unbuttoning my blouse, it is because of the virus?”
- “Then I am a fucking security hazard!”
- “Maybe I can reduce the stress, somewhat, ma’am”
- The General found his mound getting moist.



- It felt so good, the general found himself blushing as if in heat. These marvelous tits were made for touching, right?
- “Don’t worry ma’am, I can be gentle!”
- Somehow he found that remark comforting, even if it was told to the general who had led the battle of Kandahar.







- He felt an intense need to give in to the lieutenant.



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- The general found himself longing love and companionship, and he did things he had never thought he could do. He was braver that night than in any battle.
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- Everybody agreed that the general changed after that. He started a new Afghan campaign, this time not spreading terror, but winning the minds and hearts of the people.





- And the lieutenant became a permanent member of the general's staff. It was he who gave her her new name: Linda.







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