



Club XX

crossdreamer erotica by rebecca molay
sexually explicit! adults only!



I was known as Thor, the king of the streets. The ladies loved me. The other boys feared me. And kids wanted to grow up to be like me.



Was I happy? Not really, but why I could not fathom. I was rich and respected. What more could one ask?



Then one day it happened. A door was opened. I had found this girl over at the Club XX, Jane, and while shaking back and forth in rhythm with my thrusts, she said:



«Have you ever thought how it would feel to have a small body like mine, spreading your legs and letting a big man like yourself inside?»



«Have you ever ever thought about how it would be to let go, to give in, to let someone else worship you and bring you over the edge? Have you considered how it would be to taste hard cock, a cock that is longing to become one with you and no one else?»



And as I emptied my load inside her, I realized that it sounded alluring. Tempting. I looked at her small voluptuous body and realized that I envied her. She had found my soft spot. She had me. That night she brought me the Ring of Runes and put it on my finger. In the next moment I was a woman.



I was absolutely extatic about my new body. Young, slender, sexy and with long dark hair.

«What do you want?» she asked me.

«What do you mean?» I asked her.

«What do you want. Hey, you have the body of a sexy woman now. What do you want?»



I touched my body and purred. I touched my pussy and felt the void.



«I want cock,» I said. «I want to be filled up in every part of my body. I want men to bring me to the very brink of being.»

«Well,» she said. «That is what normally happens. Boys! Come on in. She is ready for you!»

And then she brought in four of her friends from the club - men ready for action.



I was obviously not the first changeling they had encountered. «You are such a bitch, aren't you?» one of them said.



«The mighty Thor, indeed. Look at you now, on your knees, licking cock.» So they knew who I were. I did not care.



I had them where I wanted them. All this phallic splendor, waiting for me!



«Fuck that slut in the ass,» one of them said. «Make him understand that he can never face us as a man ever again.»



I did not care. The pain soon gave way to pleasure.



Then another thrust his dick into my pussy. Yeah, this was heaven.



I had cock in my ass, cock in my pussy, cock in my mouth, and I still wanted more. Where did it come from this hunger? Had it been there all along?



«Ah, just keep on mocking me!» I laughed. «You do not know what you are missing! Fuck me harder, losers!»



This was real power. Power over men. They were now my servants for real, regardless of what they told themselves. They needed me.



There was no way I was going back to my old, drab, muscular life as a man. I wanted this.



I work at the Club XX now. If you are ever in town, come by.



Ask for Ella. Maybe you can borrow the ring. I promise you a great time!



Ella: Liza
Jane: Liz

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