

The Prisoner of Doctor Trauma

An erotic transgender BDSM
fantasy by Rebecca Molay.

Images by [Sex and Submission](#)

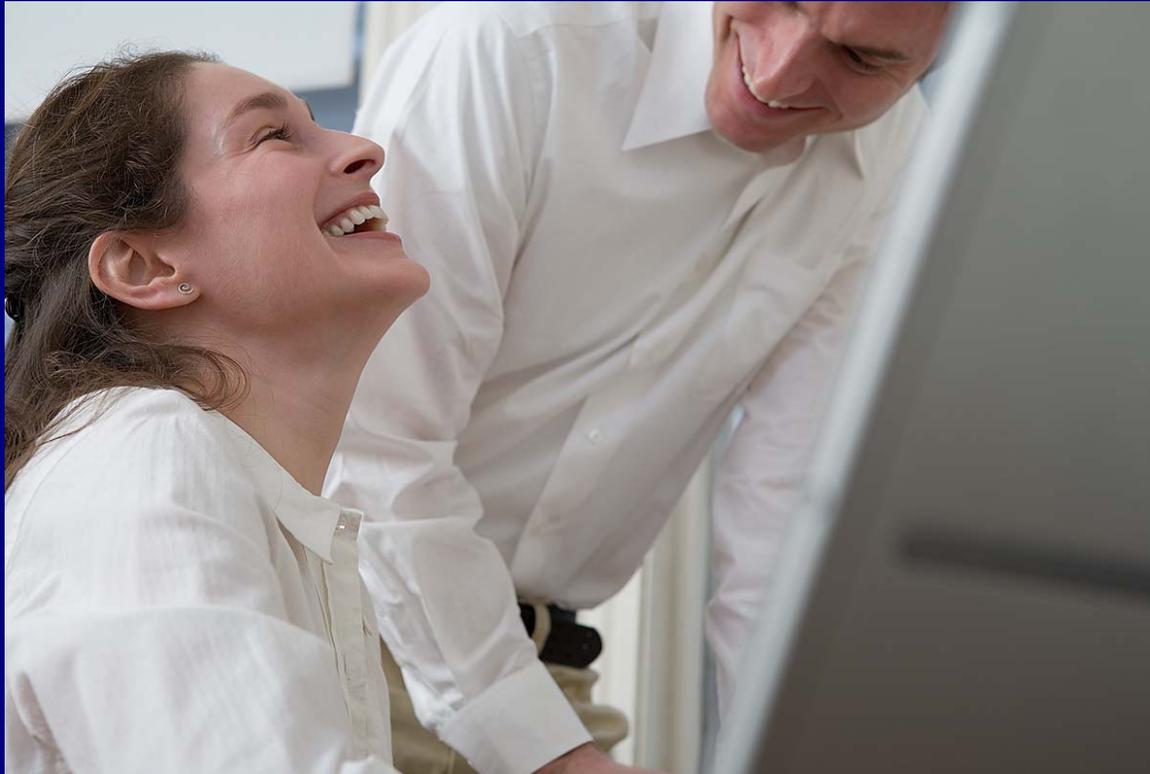


WARNING! Contains imagery of a very explicit sexual nature. **For Adults Only!**

WARNING

1. This story contains images of bondage, dominance and submission. If that doesn't turn you on, you'd rather stick to some of my regular stories.
2. This is a work of fiction, a fantasy. I do not condone sexual violence in real life! Rape is a horrible crime.
3. The actors or models depicted here are taking part in role playing. No one were hurt during the shooting of this series, SexandSubmission.com assures me. And if you do not believe me, take a look at the picture of the very last slide.
4. THIS MATERIAL IS TOTALLY UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN!
IF YOU ARE NOT 18 OR MORE, STOP READING!

Rebecca



“It is time for you to go to your regular check-up,” his secretary had told him. “I have made an appointment for you with Doctor Trauma.”

“Is his name really Trauma?” Phil asked, probably for fourteenth time since he had started using his services.

“Yes, I think he is Hungarian, Bulgarian or something like that. Now, go along, we can’t have you getting ill, you know.”



Phil had actually felt a little tired lately, and didn't mind a thorough examination.

He took a cab over to the doctor's office and was shown into his office right away by the nurse.

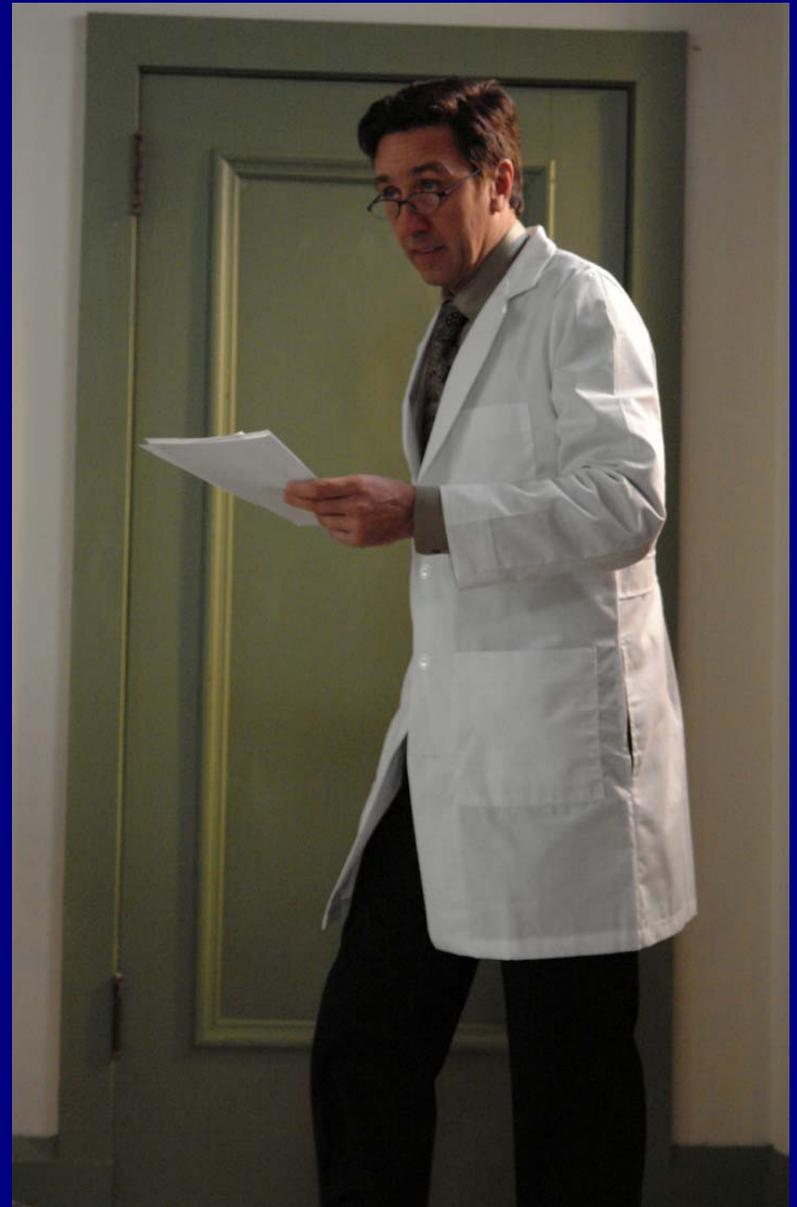
Dr. Trauma arrived a few minutes later.

“Well, hello there Mister Pendrake, how are you feeling today?”

“Well, to tell the truth, I have been feeling a little tired lately. A certain shortness of breath, you might say. I am not young any longer, you know.”

“Don’t worry about that, Mr. Pendrake. I am a fully certified doctor. I am sure I’ll find a way of getting your youth back.”

He laughed in a somewhat strained manner.



“Hm, your blood pressure is a little bit high,” he said a little bit later. “And the blood samples taken by Nurse Dominia here shows sign of feminium elevation.”

“What is feminium elevation?” Phil asked. “That sounds like something you just made up!” He smiled.

There was more forced laughter from Dr. Trauma. “I guess you could say that. It is a syndrome I have discovered in my psychiatric studies.”





“Have you had any strange dreams, lately,” he asked Phil. “Special fantasies, maybe? Sometimes this disease may be caused by psychosomatic phenomena.”

“No,” Phil said, truthfully.

“No dreams of being a woman, perhaps? Fantasies of sex change and such?”

“Listen, Dr. Trauma,” Phil said. “I think you are in danger of making a common mistake among scientists and doctors. You think any symptom is caused by your favorite topic. You have a hammer and is looking for a nail.”

“Well, actually, Mr. Pendrake, there is more to it than that,” the nurse said.

“Your estrogen-levels are off the chart. Are you sure you are not suppressing any deep, subconscious, gender identity issues?”

Phil was getting irritated: “Are you making fun of me?”

“No, far from it,” Dr. Trauma said. “It is just that psychological trauma may lead to muscle spasms and fatigue. It is just an option we have to rule out.”



The Nurse showed him some of the results.

“These numbers do not mean anything to me,” Phil said. “But if it will make you feel easier, do what you have to do!”



“I like your attitude, Mr. Pendrake. It is very constructive. I have a small serum I would like to try on you. If you react positively to it, we will know for certain that you are suffering from suppressed gynefilia. And if you don’t, I guess some iron and vitamin supplements may be in order.”

Phil had by now decided to find another doctor, but decided to humor Dr. Trauma for the time being.

“This will sting a little,” the nurse said and gave him the injection



A few seconds later the world started to blur and Phil found it hard to sit upright in the chair.

“Oh yes, we have a positive reaction!”
Dr. Trauma exclaimed.

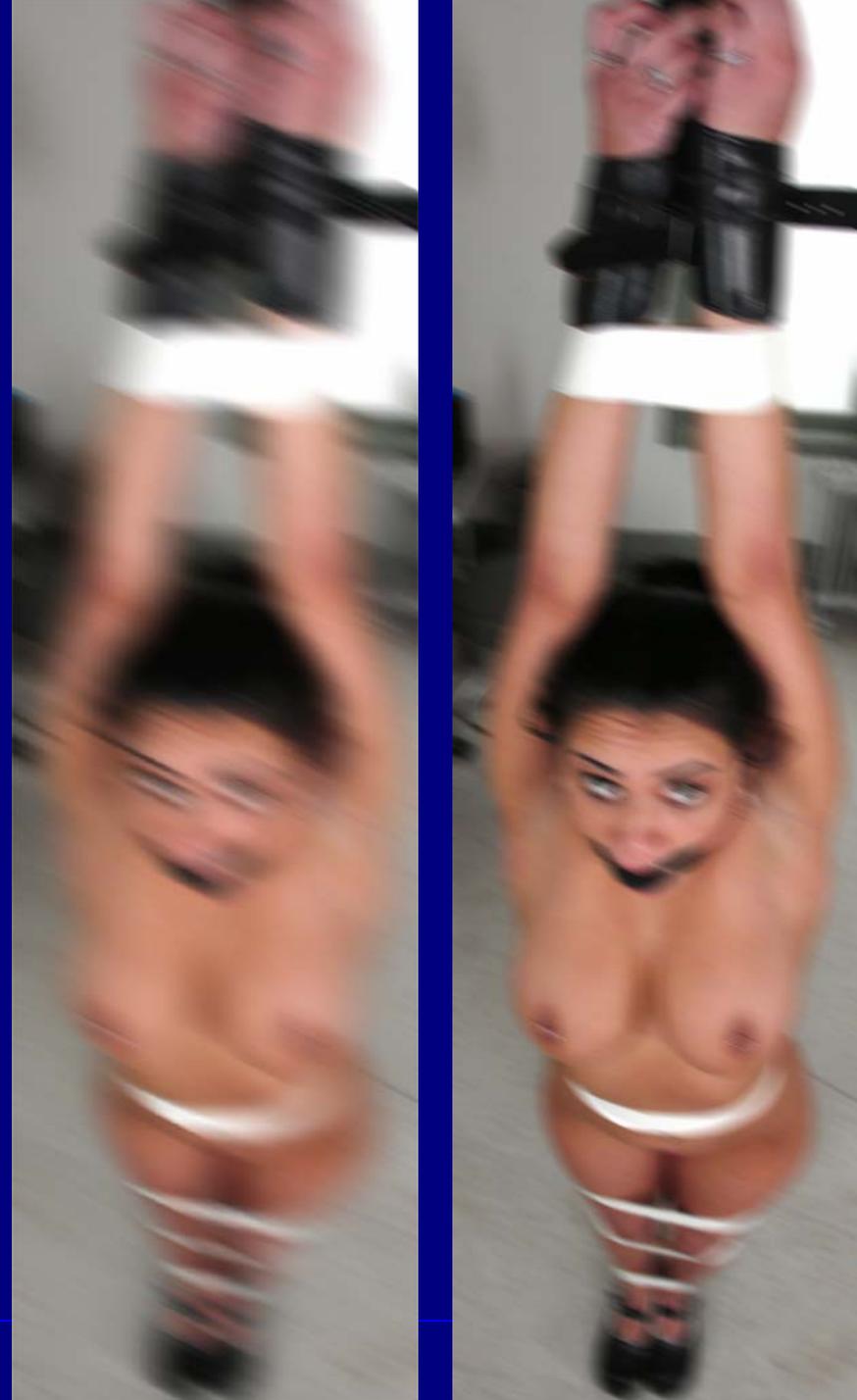
Phil blacked out.



Phil slowly regained consciousness. The first impression that hit him was the pain. His arms and shoulders were aching immensely.

It gradually dawned on him that he was hanging by his arms.

He tried to cry out, but wasn't able to make more than grunting sounds. There was something in his mouth, a ball of some sorts.





I am gagged, he said to himself.
Why would the doctor do that?
Have I had some kind of epileptic
seizure?

Then he started to notice that
there was something wrong with
his body. It felt alien somehow,
and he was naked.

He was hanging naked from a
rope fastened to the ceiling!

It was the strange weight he felt on his chest that made him panic.

There were two round protrusions down there, and when he looked down he saw some things that looked very much like female breasts.





A small draft in the air made him aware of his crotch. He couldn't feel his dick down there, but when he looked down the two mounds of flesh stopped him from checking whether it actually was there.

"I look like a woman!" he said to himself.

Dr. Trauma's strange ramblings about gynofilia or whatever he called it came back to him.



“Well, hello there Verna!” Doctor Trauma had arrived on the scene. “I am so glad you are awake and well.”

He touched Phil's back.

"Looking good! Looking good!"

"You don't mind if I call you Verna, do you? Verna was a patient of mine that I loved very much. Unfortunately she had a bad reaction to my regression therapy."



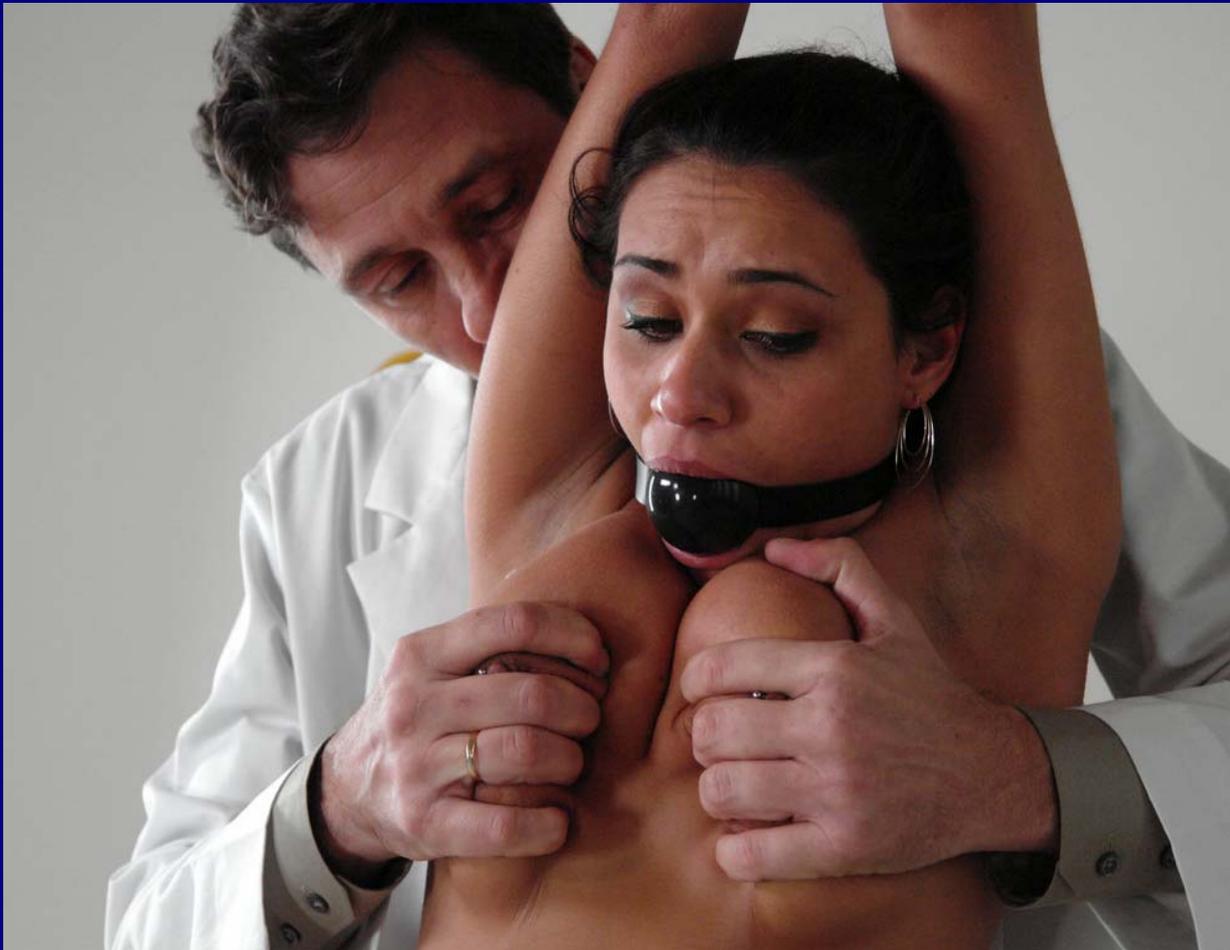


“I did manage to keep some of her DNA though and used it for my female nano/virus liberation serum. I have liberated your inner woman, Verna. Don’t you feel elated and relieved?”

“Hmghf!” Phil replied

“Verna, I have to tell you that you look better than I remembered it. Your butt is perfect. I just love that round feminine shape.

You can’t see it now, but I had Nurse Dominia add a few tattoos, exactly the same as Verna had.”

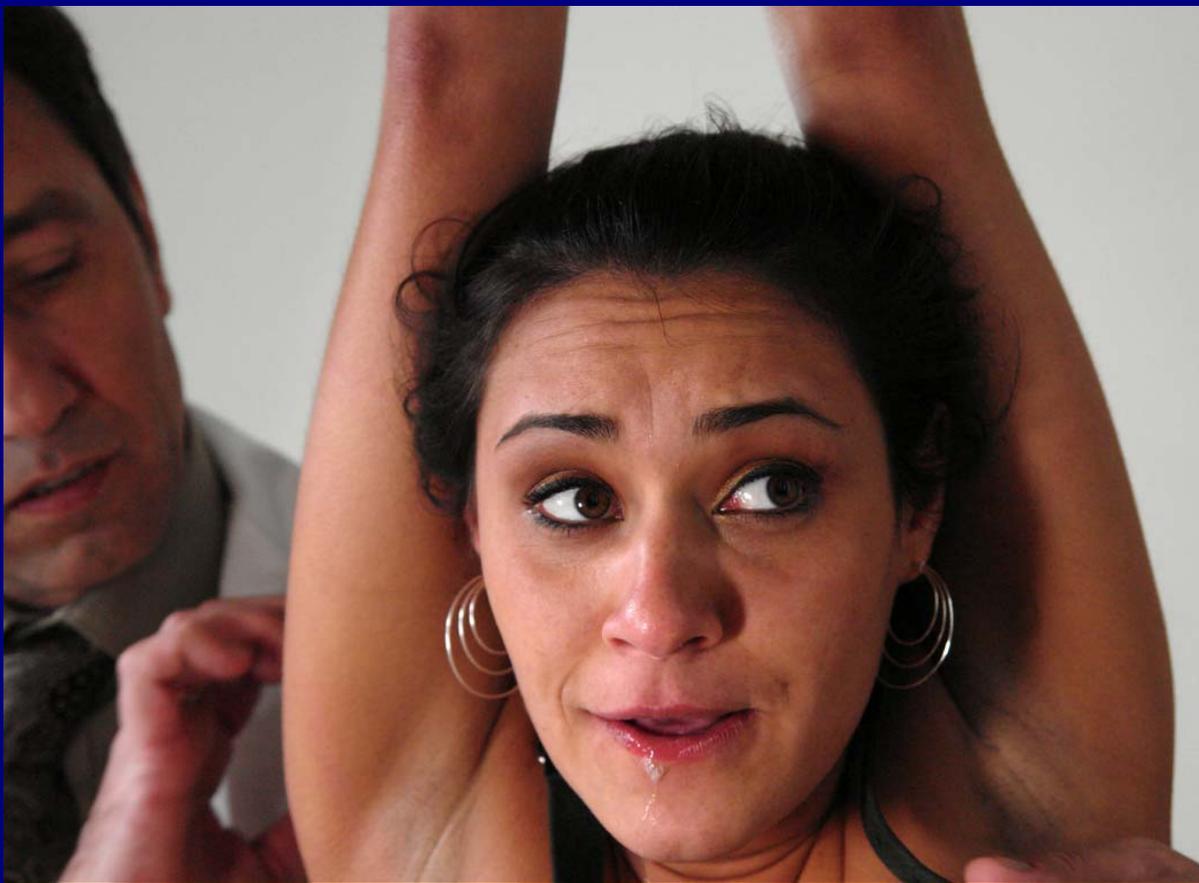


He grabbed Phil's breasts. "Hm, they are perfect. Large, but not too large. Soft but firm. You have become the very epitome of femininity, Verna!"



“Listen if you promise not to scream, I will remove the gag. Will you promise that?”

Phil found it hard to breathe and nodded vigorously.



“Now that’s better, isn’t it?” Phil wasn’t able to answer.

“All right, it is time to start the post-operative treatment,” Trauma said.

“In my home country I learned that the true nature of women is twofold: To show compassion and love through family care, and to use her sexual energies to serve the head of the family, the man.”

“You must understand that I respect, understand and love women, Verna, and in particular you.

“I am sure that if you can find peace with the true nature of your new body, you will find happiness here with me. Nurse Dominia did.”

He started to rub Phil’s pussy gently but firmly. At first Phil didn’t feel anything, but then his skin started to get warm and red and he found himself breathing faster.

“Yeah, you do feel it don’t you?” Dr. Trauma said. “To help facilitate the healing process I have added some extra aphrodisiacs to your bloodstream.”



He started to massage
Phil's tits.

“By the end of the day, you
will come to love me,
Verna. You and I are
meant to be!”





When Trauma pulled back Phil's head and kissed him on the mouth, Phil's emotional system crashed and he fainted.



When Phil woke up again he found himself tied to a gynecologist's chair.



He was starting to grasp the enormity of what was happening to him.

The weight of his breasts on his chest, the soft skin on his arms, the way his ass lifted him up from the chair. All of it proved to him that he had, indeed, become a woman.

The way this contraption forced his legs apart did not bode well for the future.



“Well, hello there sweetie! You really have to stop passing out like that,” Doctor Trauma told him.

“I do sense some resistance to the therapy in you. That’s only natural I suppose, but a problem we have to solve.”



“Let me out of here,” Phil pleaded. “Please let me loose. I won’t tell anybody, I promise!”

“Of course you won’t tell, darling. What could you tell? You do not exist. You have a body that is identical to a dead woman’s, and who would believe you. Where should you go?”



“The police will ask for me!”

“They won’t find Phil here, will they? I told his secretary that he left hours ago.”



The doctor started to such on Phil's tits, and Phil felt a strange mix of disgust and arousal flush through his body.”



Phil was getting sick of worry. The thought of having his genitalia wide open like this scared him senseless.



“The first thing a young woman should do is to get to know her own sexuality,” Trauma said and turned on a huge vibrator. He let it touch Phil’s pubic bone. He let out a scream of anguish.



Trauma moved the vibrator slowly down to Phil's vagina. At first Phil only felt sick, but slowly the feeling transformed into something more pleasurable. His hormone overdose was starting to work.



Then the vibrator started to eject warm water, making the sensations even more pleasurable.

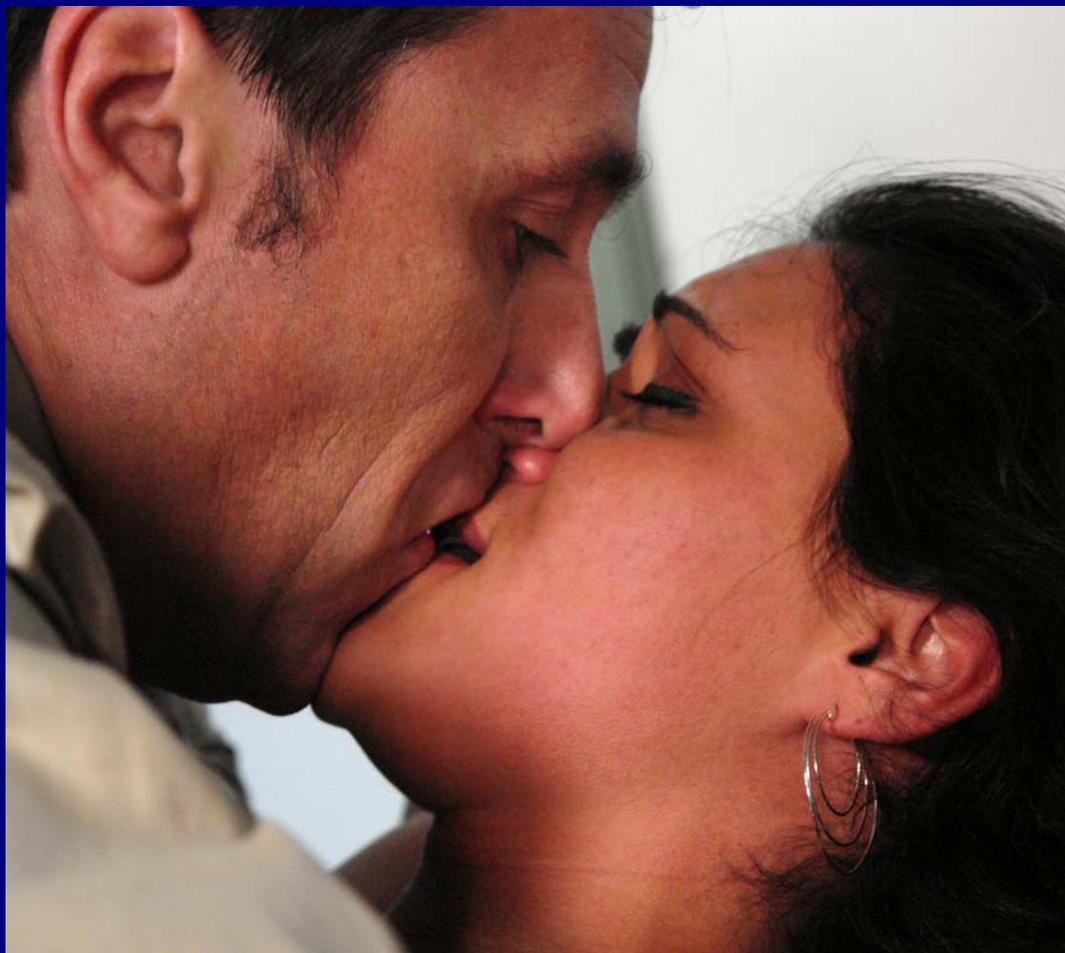


“I do not belong to the traditionalists who says that women should not feel pleasure,” the doc said. “Pleasure is what motivates her to serve her master, her man.”

Phil could feel wave after wave of pleasurable convulsions ravage his body.

He had had his very first orgasms as a woman, and it was unlike anything he had experienced before.





“Oh, you liked that, didn’t you?” the doctor said. “That was the first phase in the deconstruction of Phil and the development of the new Verna. I love you, darling, I love you so much!”

Phil found himself sobbing like a girl.



Now came the part he had feared the most. Doctor Trauma took out his dick and started to stroke it. “It is time, I think, to make you a true woman,” he said and positioned himself between Phil’s legs.



“Oh God, you can’t do this,” Phil begged. “I am a man, remember, you cannot fuck a man like this!”



Doctor Trauma thrust his dick inside Phil's new body

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“You are talking nonsense, Verna. You are not a man. How could you be a man, with such a tight and soft pussy?”



The doctor was pumping his dick in and out of Phil. Phil felt nothing but fear and disgust and only cried in response.



The doctor pulled out his cock and ejaculated on Phil's crotch. "Ah, that is so good! You are such a good lover, Verna! But I cannot make you pregnant yet, can I? I Will have to wait till I have trained you to become a loving mother."



At that moment something broke in Phil's soul. The shock, the trauma killed his hope, and he felt himself sinking deeper into darkness. I give up, he said to himself. There is nothing I can do.

The doctor sensed her submission and let her loose from the restraints.

“You can feel it now, can’t you?” he asked. “You can feel that you have become a woman?!”

Verna nodded.

“Yes, that is so good!” Trauma snickered.

“Now, I forgot to buy you pretty dresses. I didn’t expect you so soon, but I’ll get you some sexy outfits later on. Just clean up and put on this dress and this robe.”

Verna did what Trauma told her. She sat down in apathy.



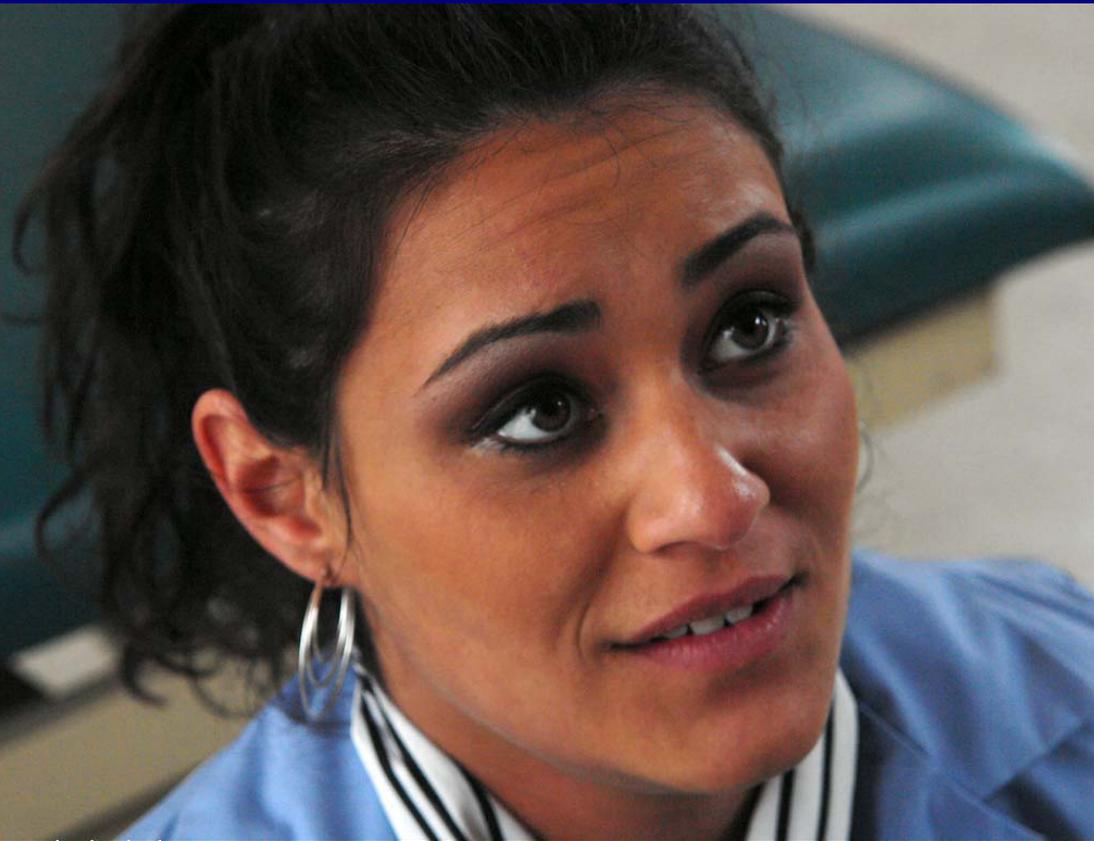


“Get down on your knees, Verna and worship the man of your life!”

She fell down on your knees.

“Am I your master and protector?”

“Yes.”



“Do you love me?”

“Yes, master!”

And in a sick sense it was true. Trauma was the only person she had left now, and without him she was truly lost.

Or, at least, that was what her broken soul fooled itself into believing.

“Kiss me, my love,” Doctor Trauma said and pulled out his cock.

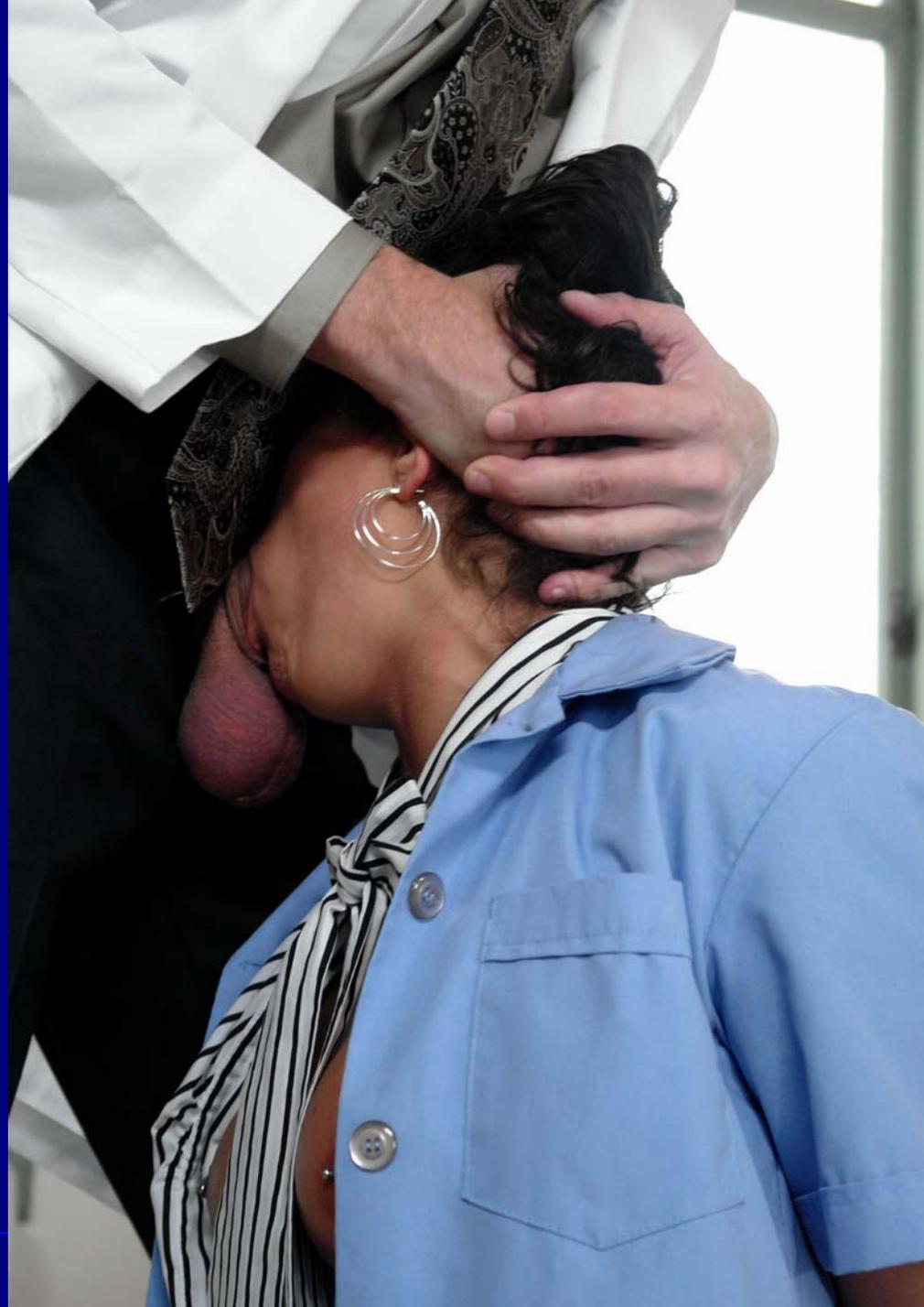




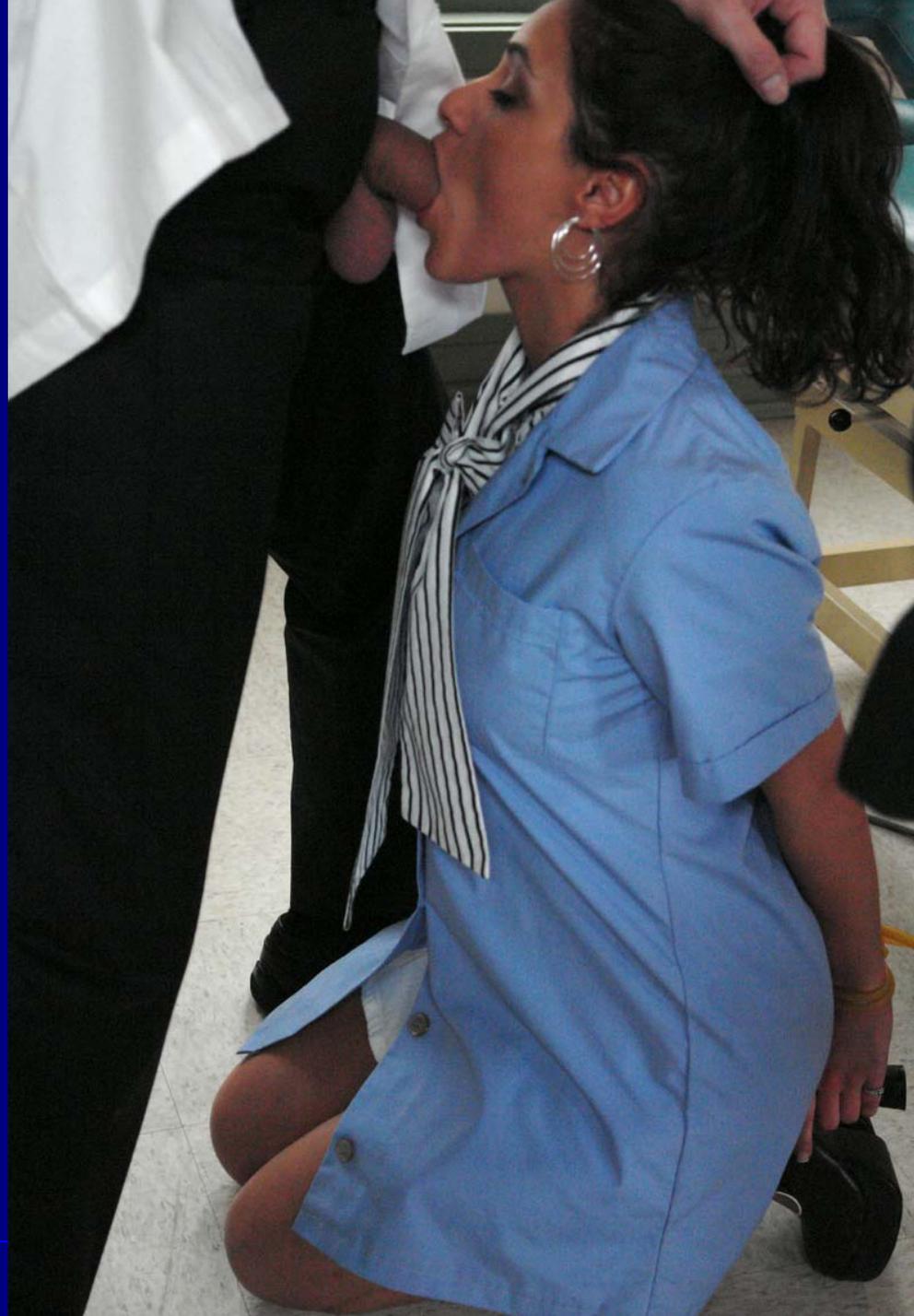
“A man’s dick is the symbol of his superiority over the female sex,” Doctor Trauma said. “I am the active force and you are the passive. I am the spear and you are the vessel!”

The old Phil would have found such talk absolutely ridiculous and offensive.

Verna took refuge in the only role left for her, and started to suck eagerly.



This is my new god now, she told herself, and I am born to serve it.





Doctor Phil tied her up again. "Oh please let me go!" Verna cried.

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“Hush, baby, don’t cry,” Phil said and gave her a shot with the sex arousal drug. “This will make you feel so good, darling!”



Then Trauma started to fuck her doggie style. Verna found herself touching her breast and massaging her clit.

“Who’s my little slut now, baby?”

“I am, master, I am!”

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