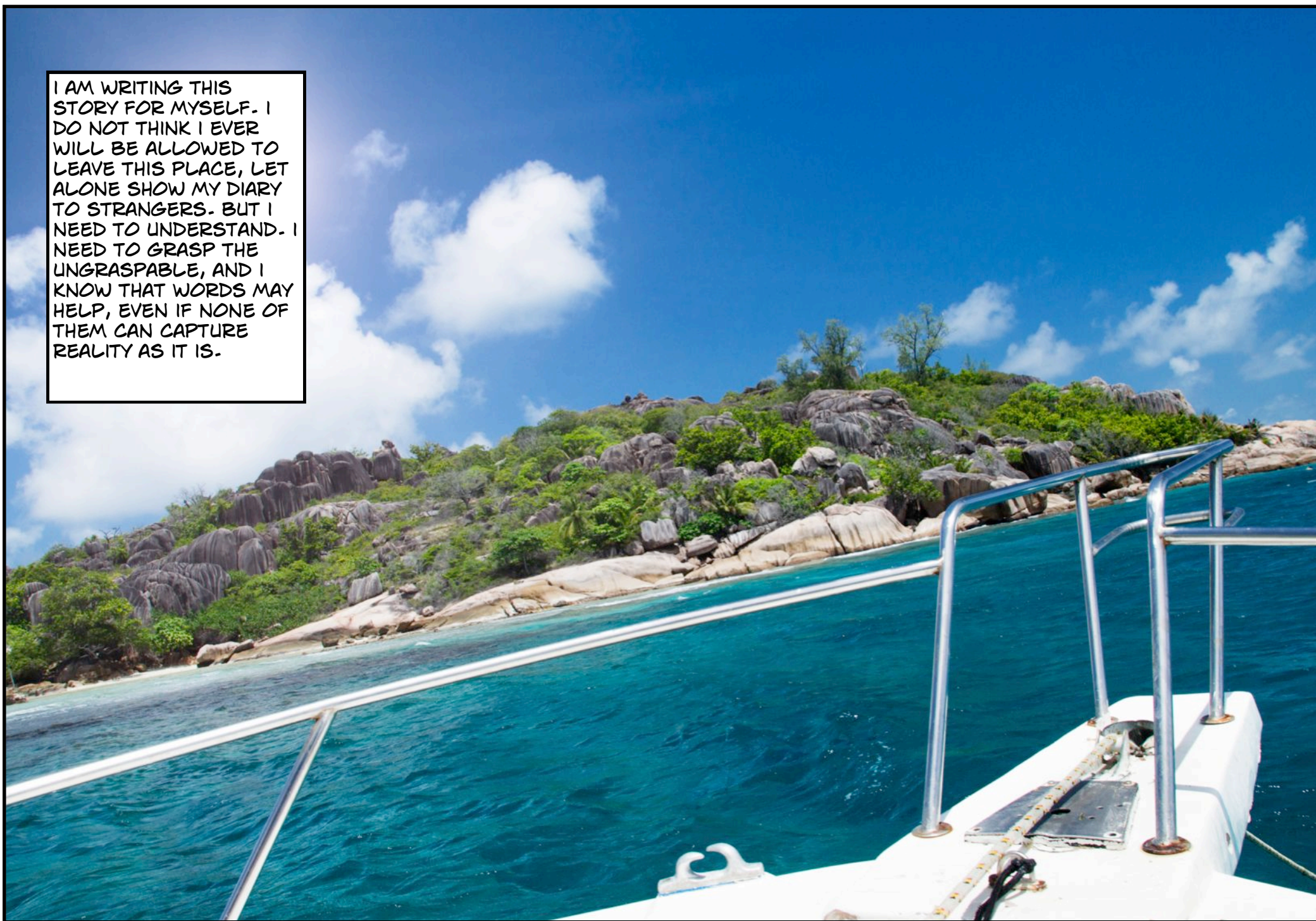


# THE ISLAND

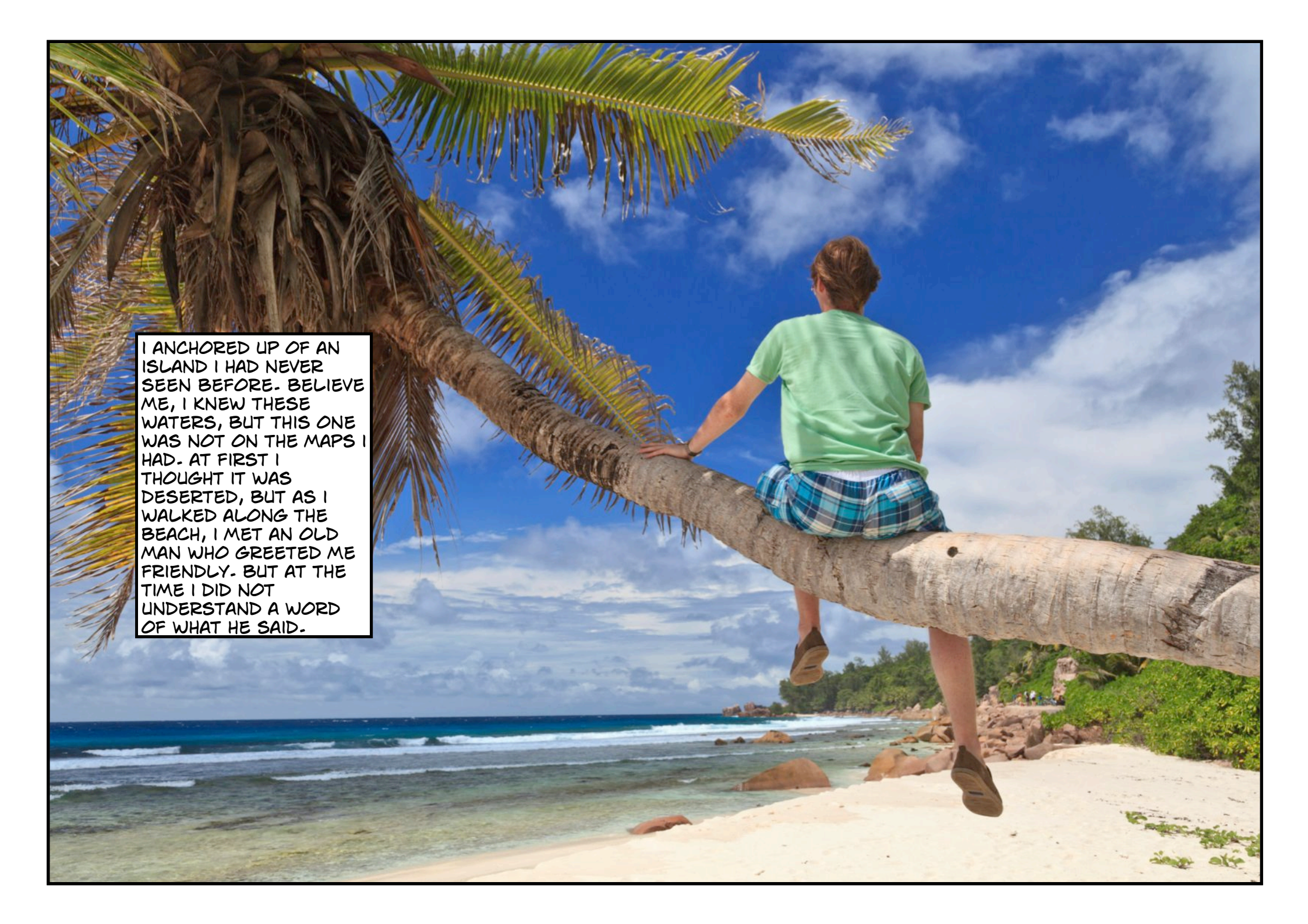




I AM WRITING THIS  
STORY FOR MYSELF. I  
DO NOT THINK I EVER  
WILL BE ALLOWED TO  
LEAVE THIS PLACE, LET  
ALONE SHOW MY DIARY  
TO STRANGERS. BUT I  
NEED TO UNDERSTAND. I  
NEED TO GRASP THE  
UNGRASPABLE, AND I  
KNOW THAT WORDS MAY  
HELP, EVEN IF NONE OF  
THEM CAN CAPTURE  
REALITY AS IT IS.





A man with brown hair, wearing a light green t-shirt and blue and white plaid shorts, is sitting on a large, fallen palm tree trunk. He is looking out over a tropical beach with white sand, turquoise water, and a blue sky with scattered clouds. The palm tree trunk he is sitting on is thick and weathered, with some fronds still attached. The background shows a lush green coastline with more trees and some rocks in the water.

I ANCHORED UP OF AN ISLAND I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. BELIEVE ME, I KNEW THESE WATERS, BUT THIS ONE WAS NOT ON THE MAPS I HAD. AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS DESERTED, BUT AS I WALKED ALONG THE BEACH, I MET AN OLD MAN WHO GREETED ME FRIENDLY. BUT AT THE TIME I DID NOT UNDERSTAND A WORD OF WHAT HE SAID.





HELLO STRANGER. YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED TO THE ISLAND, I SEE. I URGE YOU STRONGLY TO GO BACK TO YOUR BOAT AND LEAVE, FOR THIS PLACE IS NOT OF YOUR WORLD. THIS PLACE WILL EAT YOU WHOLE. AND WHATEVER YOU DO, DO NOT ENTER THE TEMPLE!



IF ANYTHING THE MAN  
MADE ME MORE  
CURIOUS, AND I  
CONTINUED ALONG THE  
BEACH. IN THE END I DID  
FIND THE TEMPLE.



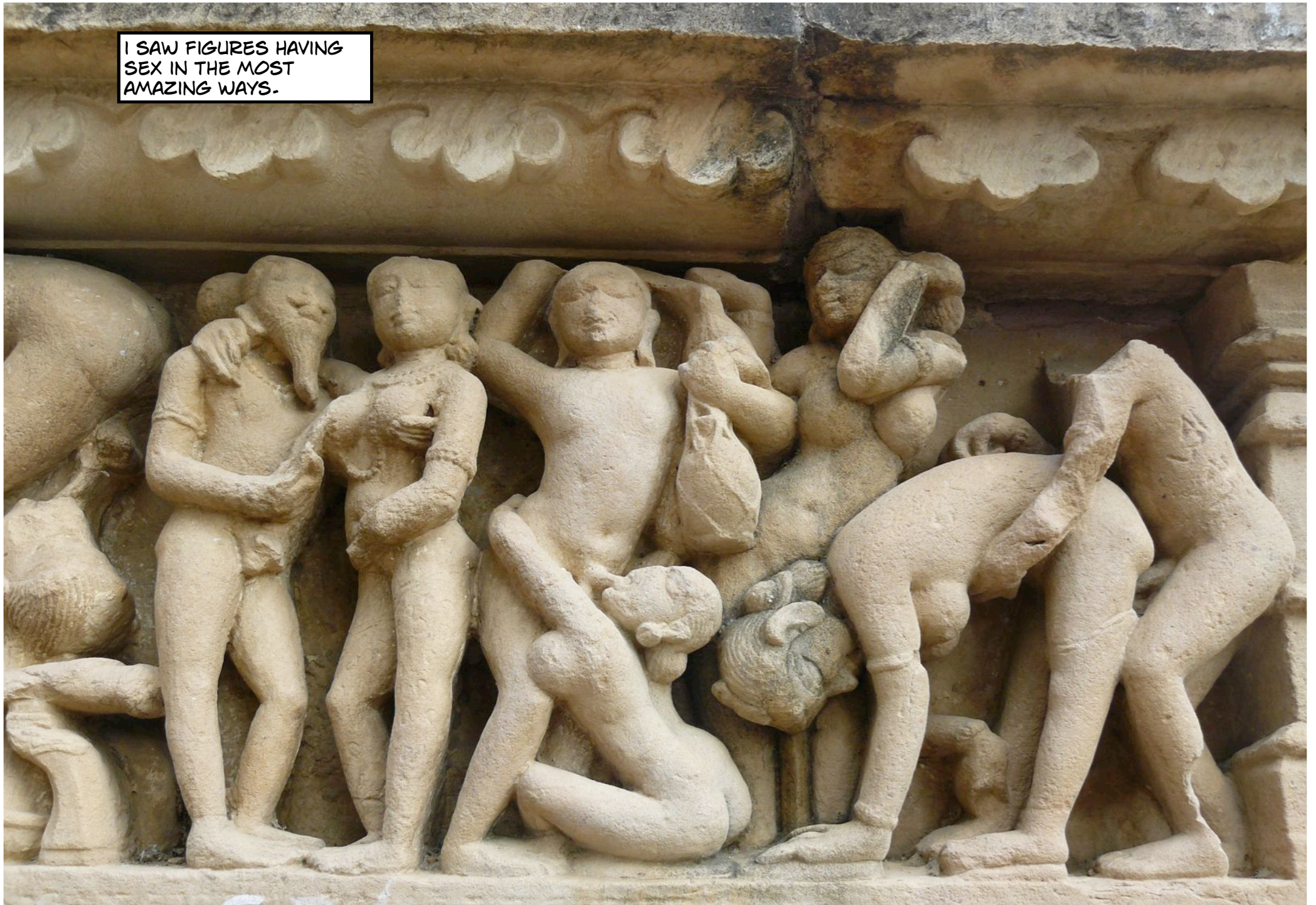


I DID ENTER IT AND  
FOUND THOUSANDS OF  
EROTIC CARVINGS.





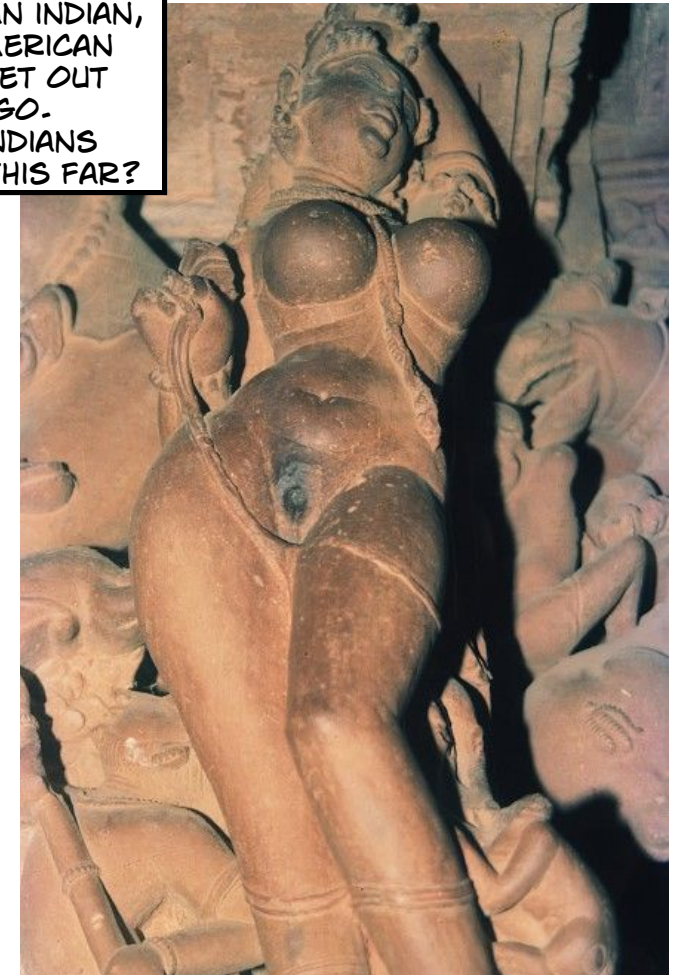
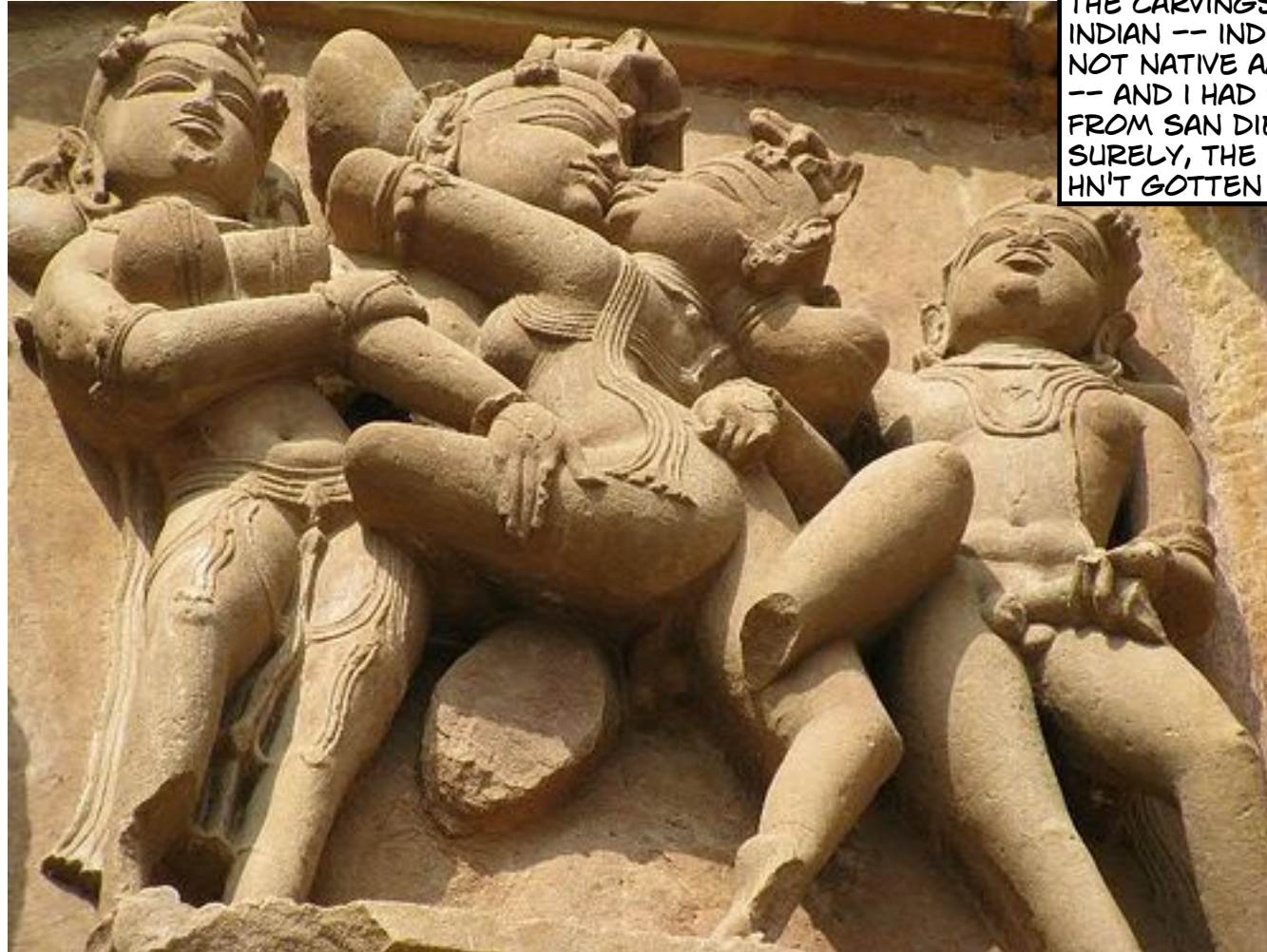
I SAW FIGURES HAVING  
SEX IN THE MOST  
AMAZING WAYS.







THIS HAD CLEARLY BEEN  
A TEMPLE FOR SOME  
KIND OF ANCIENT  
FERTILITY CULT. BUT  
THE CARVINGS LOOKED  
INDIAN -- INDIAN INDIAN,  
NOT NATIVE AMERICAN  
-- AND I HAD SET OUT  
FROM SAN DIEGO.  
SURELY, THE INDIANS  
HNT GOTTEN THIS FAR?





AND ON TOP I FOUND A  
STATUE OF A PREGNANT  
GODDESS, MUCH MORE  
RECENT THAN THE  
OTHER CARVINGS. DID  
THIS MEAN THAT THE  
CULT WAS STILL ALIVE?







I CLIMBED A HILL TO  
GET SOME  
PERSPECTIVE. THERE I  
MET A BEAUTIFUL  
VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN. I  
HAD NEVER SEEN  
ANYONE WITH A BOSOM  
THAT BIG.



HELLO THERE! COULD  
YOU POSSIBLY TELL ME  
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS  
ISLAND, AND THE  
TEMPLE?





YOU MUST LEAVE  
AT ONCE, BEFORE IT  
IS TOO LATE. YOU  
DIDN'T ENTER THE  
TEMPLE DID YOU?



I DID, IS THAT  
BAD?





SHE STARTED TO  
UNDRESS.

DON'T BE  
AFRAID! I AM  
NOT TRYING TO  
SEDUCE YOU. I  
JUST WANT TO  
SHOW YOU WHAT  
THIS ISLAND HAS  
DONE TO ME.

SHE WAS LIKE SOME  
ANCIENT GODDESS, HER  
HUGE BREASTS  
RECALLING ANCIENT  
FERTILITY CULTS.  
THERE WERE DROPS OF  
MILK ON HER NIPPLES.







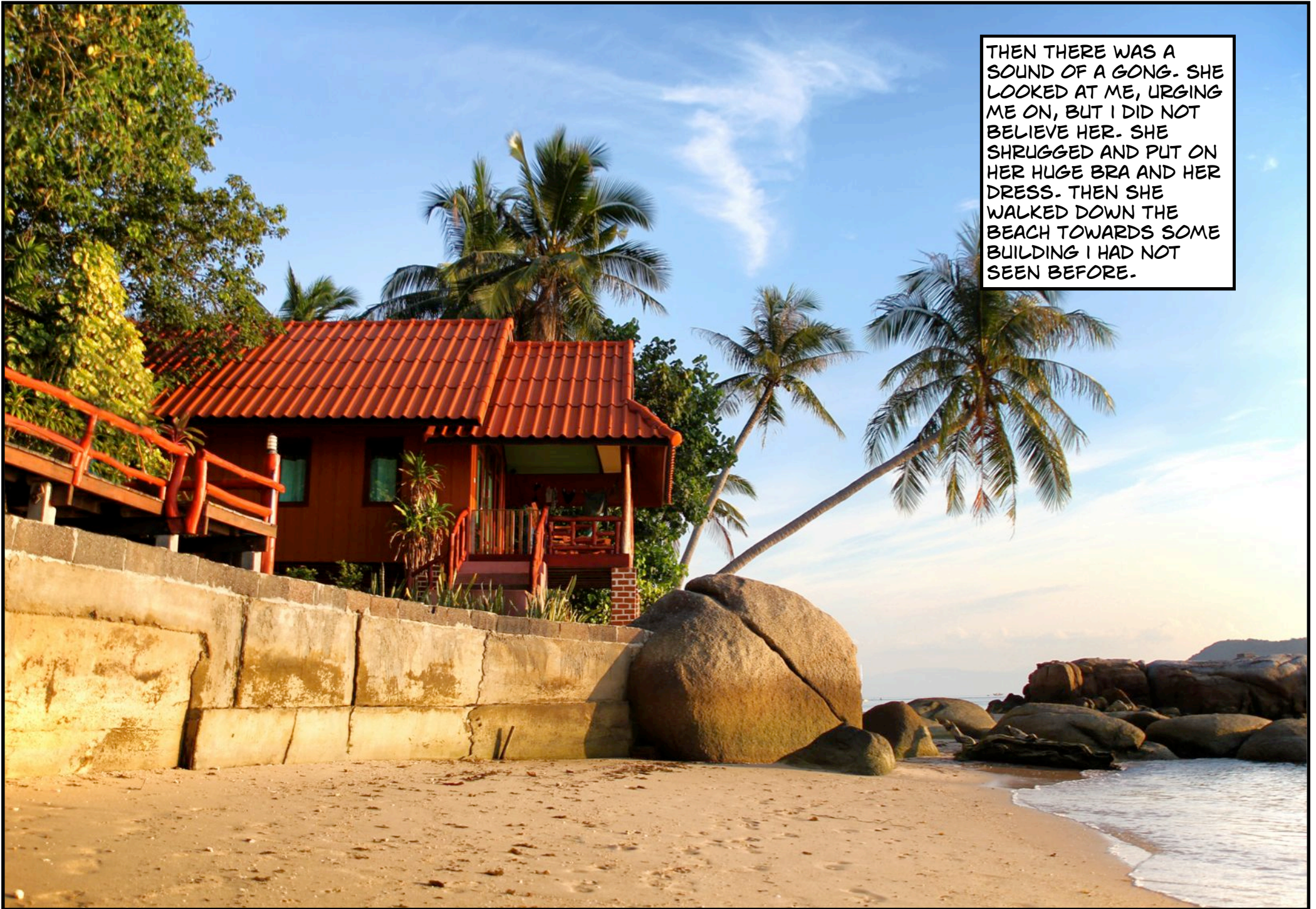
I KNOW THAT THIS IS  
HOPELESS, AND THAT  
YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME,  
BUT I WAS A MAN LIKE  
YOU ONCE. I WAS  
ENTRAPPED BY THIS  
ISLAND AND CHANGED  
INTO THIS FORM.



NOW  
IS SERVE  
THE DAGONS  
AS THEIR  
LOVER AND  
MOTHER.



THEN THERE WAS A  
SOUND OF A GONG. SHE  
LOOKED AT ME, URGING  
ME ON, BUT I DID NOT  
BELIEVE HER. SHE  
SHRUGGED AND PUT ON  
HER HUGE BRA AND HER  
DRESS. THEN SHE  
WALKED DOWN THE  
BEACH TOWARDS SOME  
BUILDING I HAD NOT  
SEEN BEFORE.





SOON I FOUND ANOTHER  
BIG WOMAN, THIS ONE  
MASSAGING A MAN. SHE  
GLANCED OVER AT ME  
AND SIGNALLED THAT I  
SHOULD HIDE. I WAS  
GETTING A BIT SPOOKED  
BY NOW. WHAT WERE  
THE CHANCES OF  
FINDING TWO SUCH  
CURVY LADIES ON THE  
SAME BEACH? WAS SHE  
SERVING A DAGON? AND  
WHAT KIND OF POWER  
DID THIS MAN HAVE OVER  
HER?





I WATCHED HER AS SHE  
LET HIM DRINK FROM  
HER TITS. I HAD NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.







YOU ARE DOING  
WELL, AMANDA,  
VERY WELL, AND  
YOU CAN SEE THE  
GODDESS HAS  
BLESSED YOU.





PLEASE DO  
NOT MAKE  
THEM BIGGER,  
MASTER. MY  
BACK  
HURTS.

BUT YOU KNOW THAT  
WE NEED THE MILK,  
SLAVE. I WILL SEE TO IT  
THAT YOU GET A NEW  
BRA. SIZE S, IS IT?



I COULD SEE THAT SHE  
GLANCED OVER AT ME  
AGAIN, AS IF TO MAKE  
SURE THAT I HEARD  
WHAT THEY HAD SAID. IT  
LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS  
TRYING TO GIVE ME A  
MESSAGE.







I HAVE DREAMS  
ABOUT THE MAN I  
USED TO BE,  
MASTER. I MISS  
HIM.

SHE SPOKE LOUDLY, TO  
MAKE SURE I COULD  
HEAR HER.

I WILL TAKE THE MEMORIES  
OF YOUR OLD LIFE AWAY,  
AMANDA, AND YOU WILL BE  
NOTHING BUT A SERVANT OF  
THE DAGONS.



THAT IS OK,  
MASTER. I WOULD  
RATHER KEEP SOME  
MEMORIES TO REMIND  
ME OF MY SINS.











SHE CRIED OUT  
REPEATEDLY IN  
PLEASURE AS THE MAN  
RAMMED HER.

THANK  
YOU  
MASTER,  
FOR YOUR  
GIFT. ARE  
THERE GOING  
TO BE MORE  
WOMEN  
WORTHY OF  
YOUR  
SEMEN?

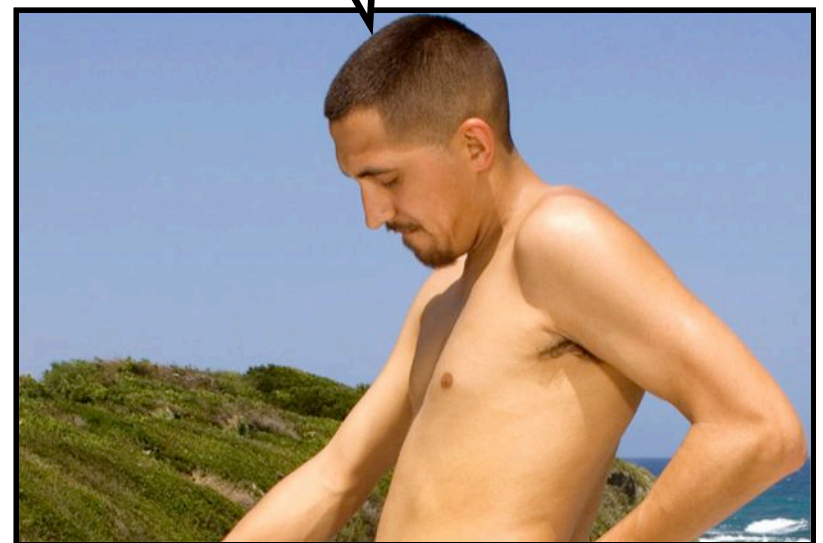






I REALIZED THIS  
QUESTION WAS FOR MY  
BENEFIT.

YES, AMANDA. MY  
BROTHERS HAVE FOUND  
A BOAT ANCHORED UP  
CLOSE TO THE TEMPLE. A  
MAN HAS ARRIVED AND HE HAS  
ALREADY BEEN IN THE  
TEMPLE. WE WILL NOT LET  
HIM GET AWAY. HE WILL  
GIVE BIRTH TO MANY  
DAGONS.






THERE WAS NO WAY MEN  
COULD TURN MEN INTO  
WOMEN. THAT PART WAS  
CLEARLY A HOAX, I SAID  
TO MYSELF. BUT  
NEVERTHELESS, I  
WANTED TO GET OFF  
THE ISLAND AS SOON AS  
POSSIBLE. I HEADED  
BACK TO THE BOAT. BUT  
IT TOOK TIME, AS I TRIED  
TO AVOID PEOPLE.

IN ONE MOMENT I DID  
NOT SEE HER. IN THE  
NEXT SHE WAS THERE.

RUNNING AWAY  
ARE YOU?



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a dark, wet rock by the ocean. She is wearing a costume that includes a white off-the-shoulder top with puffed sleeves, a black corset, a red skirt, and a black lace-trimmed skirt. She is barefoot and has red nail polish. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. The background shows the ocean with waves crashing against the rocks.

YOU CANNOT  
RUN AWAY FROM  
THE DAGONS. THEY  
KNOW WERE YOU  
ARE AND HAVE  
GUARDS ON YOUR  
BOAT.





THERE MUST  
BE OTHER  
BOATS.

SURE, THERE ARE OTHER  
BOATS, LIKE MINE, THE ONE I LEFT  
AS STUPIDLY AS YOU LEFT YOURS.  
HOW IS LIFE OUT THERE? CAN YOU  
TELL ME WHO IS THE PRESIDENT OF  
THE US AT THE MOMENT? I GREW UP  
IN FLORIDA, YOU KNOW. A PART OF  
ME IS STILL AN AMERICAN.







I TOLD HER ABOUT  
OBAMA.

AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN,,  
YOU SAY? WHAT IS THAT? A  
BLACK MAN. WOAH! THE  
NUBIAN GIRLS WILL BE  
THRILLED.

SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD  
LEFT FLORIDA IN 1987.  
WHEN THEY CAPTURED  
HER, THEY HAD USED  
MAGIC ON HER. SHE DID  
NOT TELL ME WHAT  
KIND, AND SHE HAD  
BECOME THIS SEXY,  
YOUNG GIRL.

WE AGE  
SLOWLY HERE. I  
GUESS WE ARE  
OUTSIDE OF  
TIME.

THE FACT THAT SHE HAD  
FOUND THE ISLAND  
SETTING OUT FROM  
FLORIDA, BEWILDERED  
ME. SURELY THIS  
ISLAND WAS IN THE  
PACIFIC?







THERE IS NO  
ESCAPE, MY  
FRIEND. YOU  
WILL BECOME A  
WOMAN LIKE ME.  
AND THEY WILL  
USE YOU AS A  
SEX SLAVE.

SHE DISPLAYED HER  
BREASTS PROUDLY, AS  
IF TO MAKE HER  
MESSAGE CRYSTAL  
CLEAR.





BUT IT IS NOT BAD.  
THEY ARE... WELL  
EQUIPPED DOWN  
THERE... AND BEING  
FUCKED BY THEM IS... I  
DON'T KNOW... VERY  
PLEASURABLE.

AND THEY  
KNOCK YOU UP  
FROM TIME TO  
TIME. TO BREED  
MORE DEMONS OF  
THEIR KIND AND TO  
MAKE US PRODUCE  
THE MILK THEY  
CRAVE SO  
MUCH.





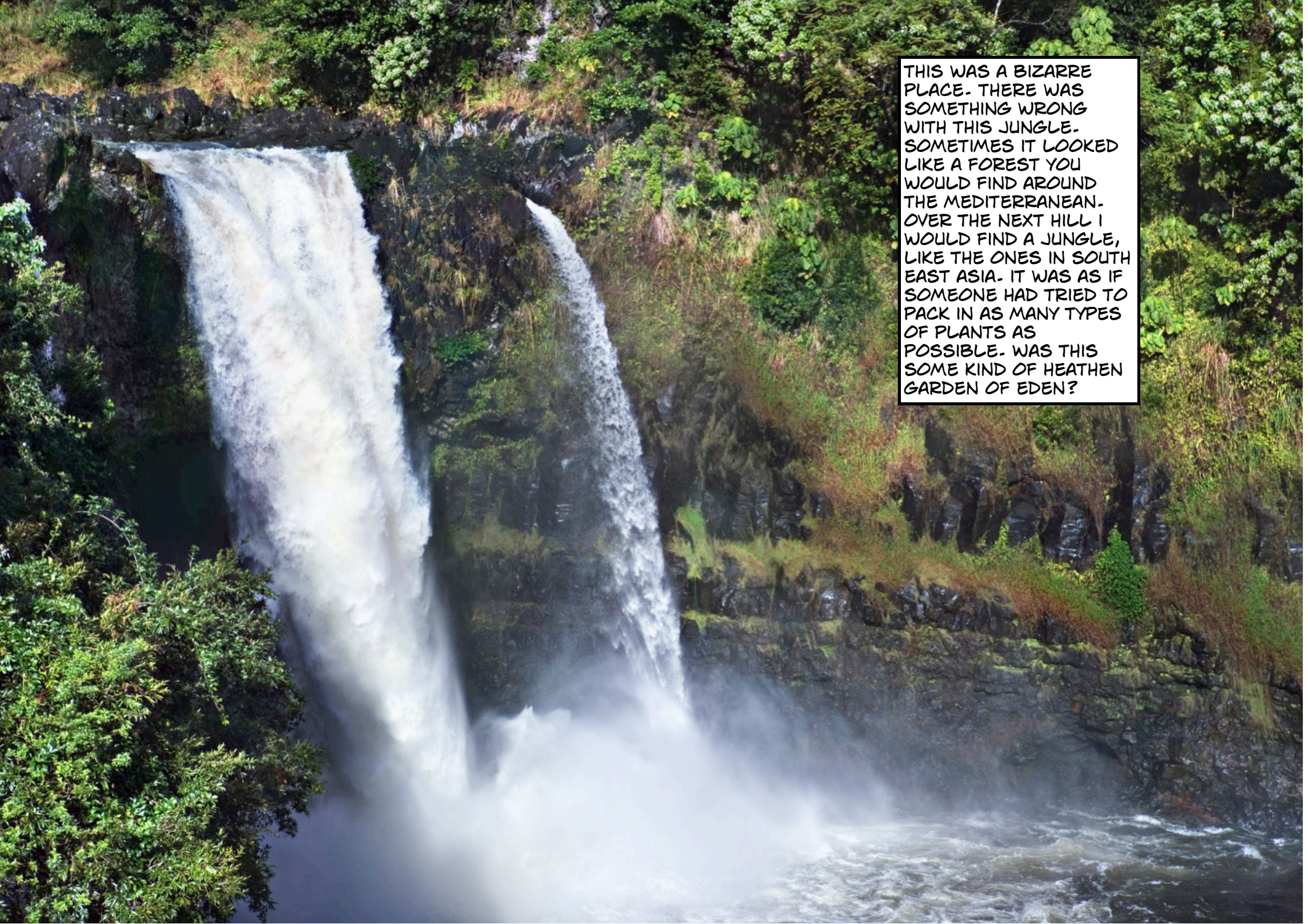


I WANT YOU TO GO  
OVER THE HILL OVER  
THERE AND ENTER THE  
RED HOUSE. SIRI WILL  
BE WAITING FOR YOU  
THERE. SHE WILL  
HELP YOU.

I WAS REALLY SCARED  
NOW. THIS WHOLE  
PLACE WAS UNREAL.  
MAYBE SOMEONE WAS  
PUTTING UP THIS SHOW  
TO MAKE FUN OF ME --  
SOME KIND OF CANDID  
CAMERA MAYBE, BUT I  
WOULD NOT TAKE THE  
CHANCE. I LOOKED AT  
SIR'S HOUSE, TURNED  
AROUND AND RUN UP  
INTO THE FOREST.

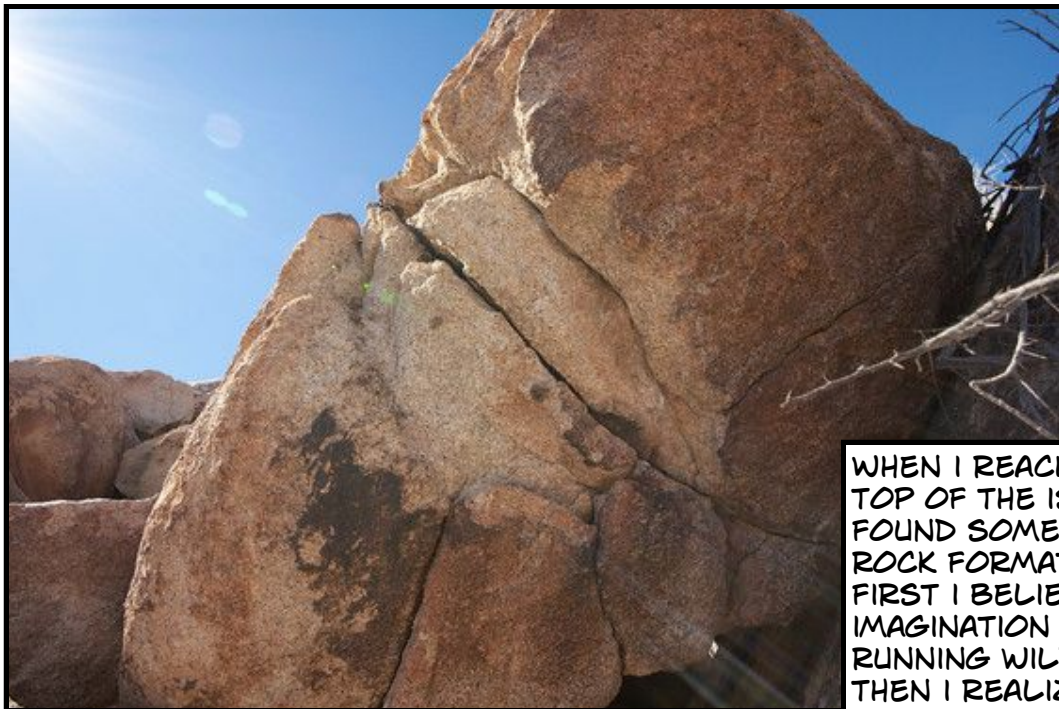




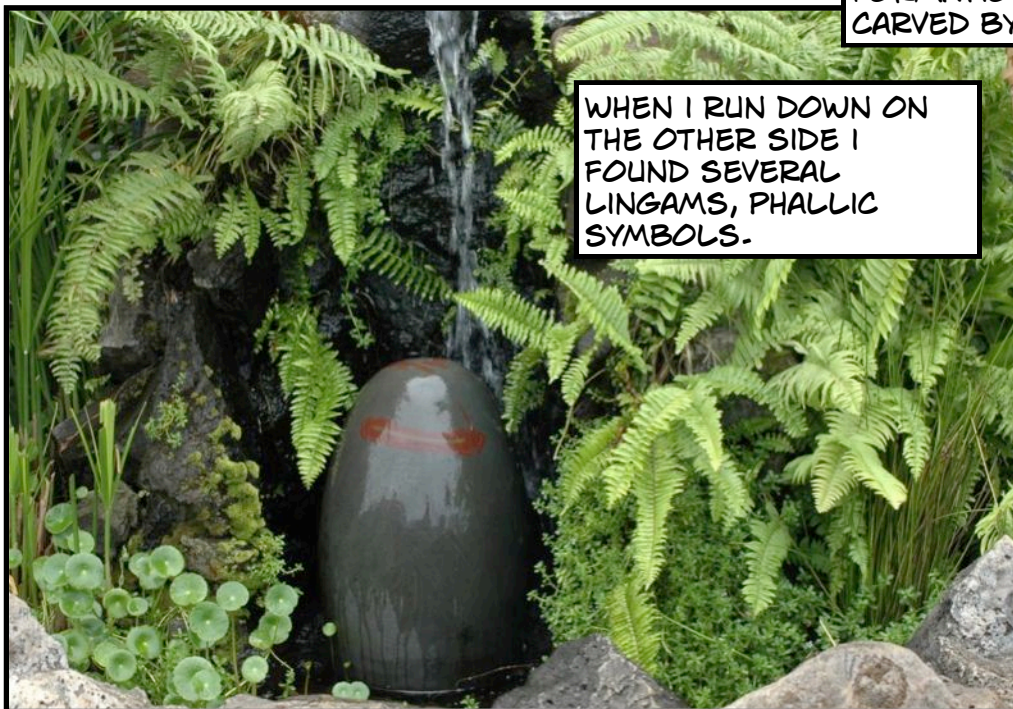
A large waterfall cascades down a dark, rocky cliff. The water is white and frothy as it falls, creating a misty spray at the base. The surrounding area is covered in dense, vibrant green tropical vegetation, including various types of trees and shrubs. The scene is captured from a slightly elevated angle, looking down at the waterfall.

THIS WAS A BIZARRE PLACE. THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS JUNGLE. SOMETIMES IT LOOKED LIKE A FOREST YOU WOULD FIND AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN. OVER THE NEXT HILL I WOULD FIND A JUNGLE, LIKE THE ONES IN SOUTH EAST ASIA. IT WAS AS IF SOMEONE HAD TRIED TO PACK IN AS MANY TYPES OF PLANTS AS POSSIBLE. WAS THIS SOME KIND OF HEATHEN GARDEN OF EDEN?

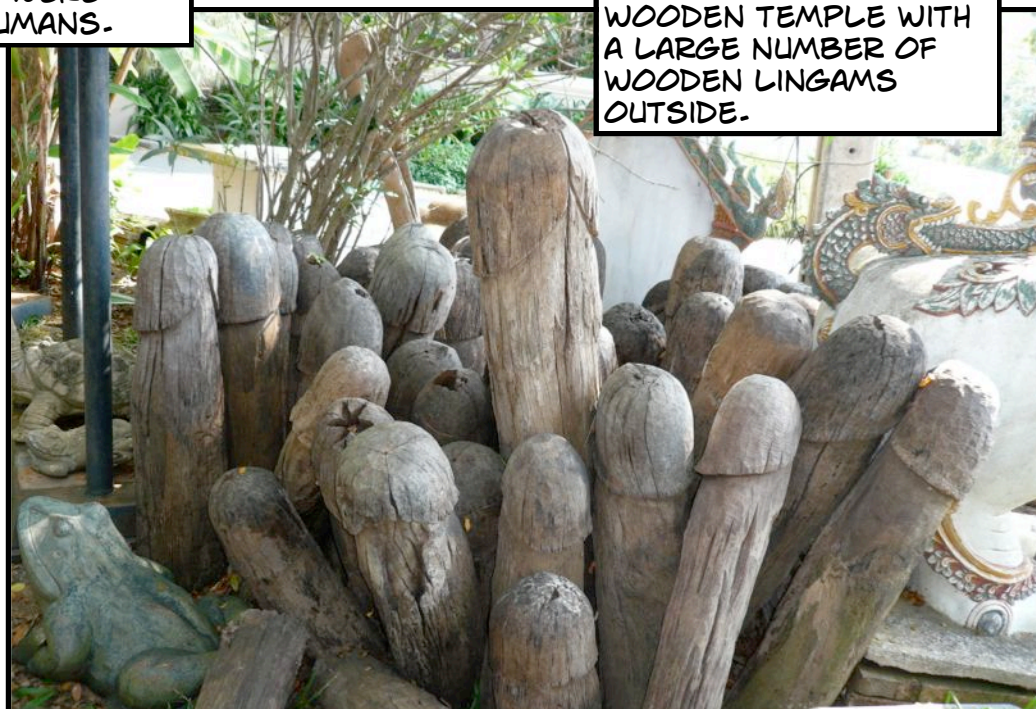




WHEN I REACHED THE TOP OF THE ISLAND I FOUND SOME STRANGE ROCK FORMATIONS. AT FIRST I BELIEVE MY IMAGINATION WAS RUNNING WILD, BUT THEN I REALIZED THAT SOME OF THESE FORMATIONS WERE CARVED BY HUMANS.



WHEN I RUN DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE I FOUND SEVERAL LINGAMS, PHALLIC SYMBOLS.



I FOUND A SMALL WOODEN TEMPLE WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF WOODEN LINGAMS OUTSIDE.







A woman with long dark hair, wearing a bright red, strapless, ruffled dress, is reclining on a large, patterned, tan-colored couch outdoors. She is barefoot, and her legs are crossed at the ankles. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The couch has a textured, wavy pattern and a dark brown leather base. In the background, there are green bushes and trees under a bright sky. A pair of silver high-heeled shoes is on the grass in front of the couch. Two speech bubbles contain text.

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL,  
AND IN SPITE OF MY  
HUNGER AND MY  
FATIGUE I FELT  
SOMETHING STIRRING  
DOWN THERE.

YOU  
LIKE ME,  
DON'T YOU? I  
GUESS I AM  
DESIGNED TO  
TRIGGER ALL THOSE  
ANCIENT  
RESPONSES IN THE  
MALE BRAIN. I  
SHOULD KNOW,  
I HAVE BEEN  
ONE.





WHAT KIND  
OF PLACE IS  
THIS?



THEY SAY IT WAS  
DISCOVERED BY A  
DUTCH CAPTAIN WHO  
LANDED HERE IN 1786. HE  
FOUND THE TEMPLE ON  
THE BEACH AND SENT  
ONE OF HIS CREW IN TO  
LOOK FOR GOLD.



THERE WAS NO  
GOLD, BUT  
LATER THAT NIGHT,  
THE SAILOR  
TRANSFORMED  
INTO A GIRL LIKE  
ME.

CAN YOU  
IMAGINE HOW IT  
WAS LIKE FOR HER?  
ONE GIRL AND 50  
HORNY SAILORS. THEY  
ALL FUCKED HER, AND  
IT WAS HER SACRIFICE  
THAT AWOKE THE  
ANCIENT GODDESS  
OF THIS ISLAND.



THE  
CAPTAIN  
GATHERED HIS MOST  
TRUSTED MEN, AND USE  
THEM TO FORCE THE  
REST INTO THE TEMPLE.  
45 WOMEN WERE BORN  
THAT DAY TO BECOME  
THE SLAVES OF  
THE MEN.







IN TIME HE REALIZED THAT "THE MILK OF THE MAIDENS" WOULD GIVE HIM A LONG LIFE AND STRONG HEALTH. BUT THE PRICE HE AND HIS MEN HAD TO PAY WAS TO LOSE THEIR FREEDOM.

YOU SEE, OUR BODIES MAY BE ENSLAVED, BUT IN THEIR CASE IT IS THEIR MINDS THAT ARE ENSLAVED. THEY HAVE BECOME DRAGONS, DRONES TO THE GODDESS OF THIS ISLAND.



I CAN ASSURE YOU, YOU DO NOT WANT TO BE ONE OF THEM.







SO I CROSSED THE  
ISLAND AGAIN. AS I  
WALKED I BECAME  
MORE AND MORE  
FEVERISH. I COULD  
FEEL MY SKIN TINGLE.

I HAD HOT FANTASIES  
ABOUT FUCKING THAT  
BUSTY MASSEUSE THAT  
TRIED TO WARN ME.







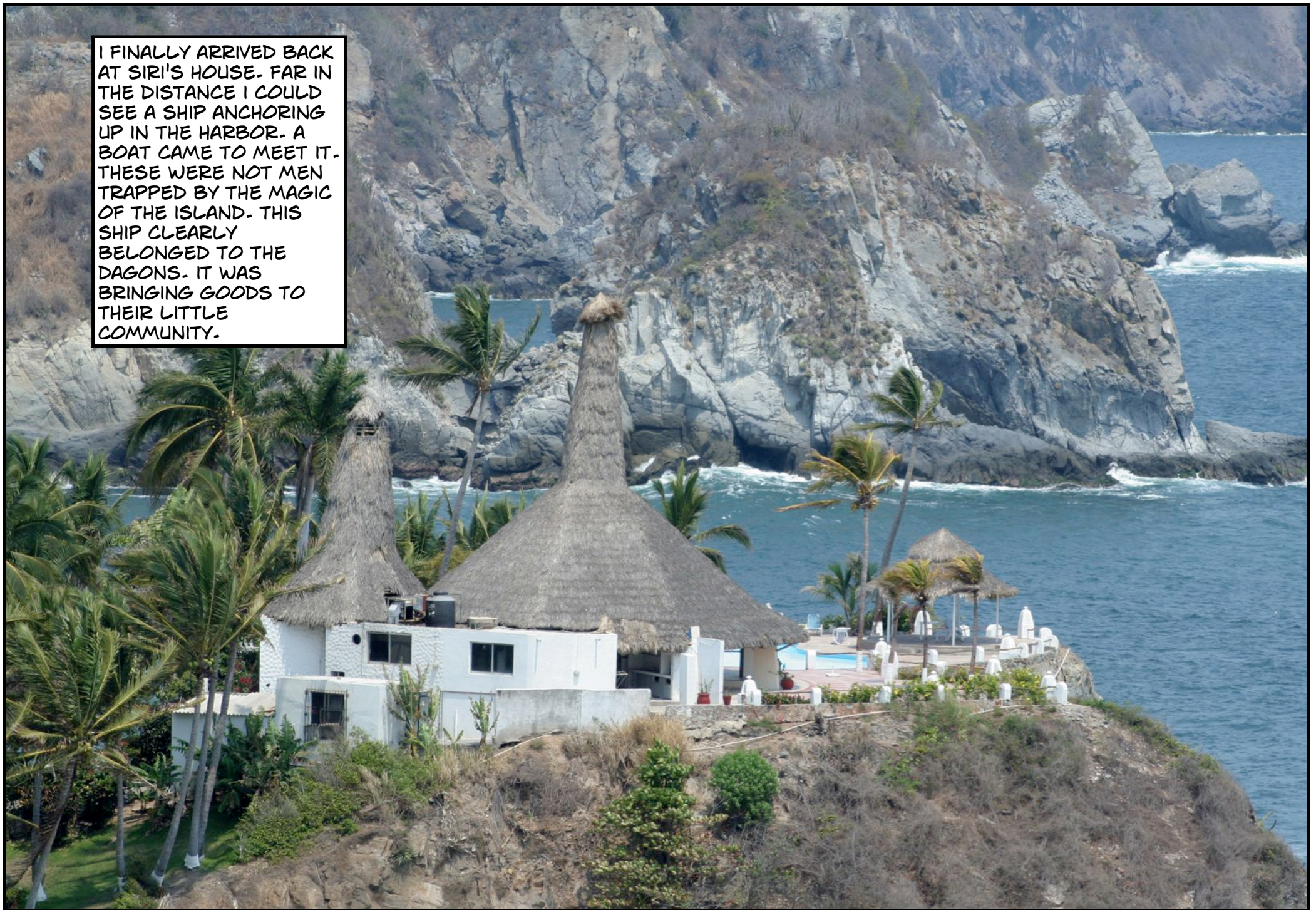
BUT SOON THE FANTASY  
SHIFTED AND IT WAS AS  
IF I COULD FEEL  
MYSELF LIFTING HER  
TITS AS IF THEY WERE  
MINE. IT WAS AS IF I  
COULD FEEL MYSELF  
LOWERING MYSELF  
DOWN ON THAT COCK.

HOW COULD I BE SO  
TIRED, HUNGRY AND  
HORNY AT THE SAME  
TIME? I WHAT ABOUT  
THESE DREAMS. I HAD  
NEVER HAD DREAMS  
LIKE THESE BEFORE.





I FINALLY ARRIVED BACK AT SIRI'S HOUSE. FAR IN THE DISTANCE I COULD SEE A SHIP ANCHORING UP IN THE HARBOR. A BOAT CAME TO MEET IT. THESE WERE NOT MEN TRAPPED BY THE MAGIC OF THE ISLAND. THIS SHIP CLEARLY BELONGED TO THE DAGONS. IT WAS BRINGING GOODS TO THEIR LITTLE COMMUNITY.















AND I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING EXCEPT PLEASING THEM. I USED TO BE A CEO OF A BIG DUTCH COMPANY. HEH, I AM HAPPIER NOW.



I HAVE A FAMILY WAITING FOR ME BACK HOME. I NEED TO GET OFF THE ISLAND.

I SENSED SOME SADNESS IN HER EYES IN RESPONSE TO MY REFERENCE TO MY FAMILY. SHE HAD ALSO LOST SOME, IT SEEMED. BUT THEN SHE STARTED TALKING ABOUT HOW GOOD IT WAS TO SERVE THE DRAGONS AND HOW THEIR BIG COCKS FILLED HER WITH HAPPINESS.


THE AIR CONDITION WAS WORKING OVERTIME, SO SHE FETCHED ME SOME CLOTHES WHILE SHE TOLD HER STORY.

SHE EVEN MADE ME A SANDWITCH TO EAT.



A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is kneeling on a white bed. She is wearing a blue lace halter top and matching blue lace shorts. A man with short dark hair, wearing plaid shorts, is standing behind her, holding a glass. He has a tattoo on his left shoulder that says "Frag".

SHE TOLD ME HOW  
SCARED SHE HAD BEEN  
THE FIRST NIGHT AS A  
WOMAN.

A close-up shot of the woman's large, light-skinned breasts. She is holding the blue lace top open with both hands. The man is standing behind her, with his hands on her breasts. He has the same "Frag" tattoo on his shoulder.

ONE OF THE MEN HAD  
CLAIMED HER AS HIS  
SLAVE. SOON SHE  
FOUND HIS HANDS ALL  
OVER HER BIG BODY.







AND HE HAD MADE HER  
SUCK HIS COCK AS SHE  
STRUGGLED WITH HER  
BIG TITS. AND MINUTE  
FOR MINUTE THE OLD  
BUSINESS MAN HAD  
FADED AWAY.








SHE STARTED TO FEEL  
PRIDE IN HER ABILITY TO  
PLEASE HIM.

AND HE GAVE BACK. HE  
GAVE HER THE KIND OF  
SEX SHE NEVER COULD  
HAVE GIVEN A WOMAN  
WHEN SHE WAS A MAN.





A woman with large, dark brown breasts and long, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up. She has a white, viscous substance smeared on her face and chest. A man's hand is visible on the left, with a finger near her eye. She has a tattoo on her left shoulder that says "Lover".

IT BECAME CLEAR TO ME THAT THE OLD CEO HAD BEEN A BIT OF A SEXIST HIMSELF, AND HAD STARTED LOOKING AT HIS FEMALE SELF WITH EYES OF THE PAST. WOMEN WERE FOR PLEASURE AND BREEDING.

SHE STARTED TO UNDRESS IN FRONT OF ME.

A woman with large breasts and long, wavy brown hair is shown from the back. She is wearing a red string bikini bottom. She has a tattoo on her left shoulder that says "Frazier", a tattoo on her lower back, and a tattoo on her right thigh. She is wearing a silver bracelet on her right wrist. She is standing in front of a green wall and a window with blinds. A red pillow is on a white couch to her left.

DON'T BE AFRAID!





I WAS WEAK. WHEN SHE STARTED LICKING HER BIG TITS I FELT MY COCK STIRRING. THE SIGHT WAS IMMENSELY EROTIC. SHE REMINDED ME OF ONE OF THE WOMEN I HAD SEEN UP ON THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE.



YOU WANT ME, DON'T YOU? YOU CAN HAVE ME. YOU KNOW, ONE LAST FUCK AS MAN.





I SAID THAT I NEEDED TO LEAVE.

SURE BABY. I WILL TELL YOU WERE TO GO, IF YOU MAKE ME A SACRED OFFERING.



COME ON, BABY, GIVE ME YOUR GIFT!





IT IS  
GONNA BE  
ALL RIGHT,  
BABY.

I LOOKED DOWN AT HER  
AND MARVELED AT HER  
BEAUTY. HOW DID IT  
FEEL TO BE A GIRL LIKE  
HER?





I DIDN'T REALIZE MY  
ERROR BEFORE I CAME  
ALL OVER HER CHEST.  
THIS WAS THE OFFERING  
SHE WAS TALKING  
ABOUT. AND THE  
OFFERING WAS TO THE  
GODDESS.



I BRIGHT LIGHT FILLED  
THE ROOM AND I  
SCREAMED IN ANGUISH  
AS I FELT MY BODY  
BALLOON OUTWARDS.







I TRIED TO HOLD ON TO  
HER TITS AND STOP THE  
TRANSFORMATION.

BUT NOTHING HELPED.  
MY CHEST EXPANDED  
INTO TITS, WHICH GREW  
AND GREW.





MY HANDS WENT DOWN  
TO MY CROTCH. MY  
PENIS WAS GONE.

HELP ME,  
PLEASE.

I CLOSED MY EYES,  
HOPING THAT IT WOULD  
ALL PASS, BUT I WAS  
DISTRACTED BY A HUGE  
BREAST THAT SLID  
DOWN INTO MY ARM PIT.





I GRABBED MY NIPPLE  
AND MOANED, PARTLY IN  
TERROR AND PARTLY IN  
PLEASURE.





I LOOKED AT SIRI,  
PLEADINGLY.

YOU HAVE  
TO HELP ME! I  
CANNOT LIVE  
LIKE THIS.







DON'T  
WORRY,  
BABY. THEIR BIG  
COCK'S WILL  
STILL YOU HUNGER  
AND MAKE THE  
FEAR GO  
AWAY

DON'T FIGHT IT.  
ENJOY IT!

I HEARD MYSELF  
CRYING. TEAR DROPS  
FELL ON MY TITS. I  
CURSED SIRI, I CURSED  
THE DAGONS, I CURSED  
MY SELF, BUT NOTHING  
WORKED.







FOR A FEW WEEKS I  
WAS LEFT ALONE.



I WENT TO THE BEACH  
SWIMMING, AND TO THE  
POOL. I HAD ALWAYS  
LOVE THE WATER.




A woman with large breasts and blonde hair is sitting on a wooden chair. She is wearing a bright pink bikini top and bottom. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the side. The background shows a wooden railing and some greenery.


ASHLEY HELPED ME A LOT.

A woman with large breasts and blonde hair is sitting on a wooden chair. She is wearing a bright pink bikini top and bottom. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the side. The background shows a wooden railing and some greenery.

DON'T THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE. ONLY ONE GIRL HAS MANAGED TO GET OFF THE ISLAND, AND SHE WAS EATEN BY SHARKS.

A woman with large breasts and blonde hair is sitting on a wooden chair. She is wearing a bright pink bikini top and bottom. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the side. The background shows a wooden railing and some greenery.

NOR WILL ANYONE FIND US HERE. THIS ISLAND DOES NOT EXIST IN THE REAL WORLD. IT CAN POP UP ANYWHERE.

A woman with large breasts and blonde hair is lying on a white towel. She is wearing a bright pink bikini top. She has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the side. The background shows a wooden railing and some greenery.

ASHLEY BELIEVED THE ISLAND WAS SOME KIND OF FISHING NET FOR THE GODS. SHE TALKED A LOT ABOUT ODYSSEUS AND THE ISLAND OF KIRKE, ARGUING THAT THE ISLAND HAD BEEN AROUND FOR A VERY LONG TIME.









CANDACE HAD BECOME  
A GOOD FRIEND.

NO, HONEY, DON'T  
EVEN THINK THAT YOU  
ARE A MAN. THESE  
BODIES ARE MORE  
WOMAN THAN MOST  
WOMEN, AND YOUR  
MIND LIVES IN THIS  
BODY.

I USED  
TO BE A NAVY  
SEAL, CAN YOU  
BELIEVE THAT? I  
FOUGHT IN  
AFGHANISTAN AND  
IRAQ, AND I WAS  
NEVER HAPPY.











HOMOPHOBIC  
PARENTS, EH? IT  
DOESN'T MATTER. YOU  
ARE A GIRL NOW AND  
YOU WILL REALIZE THAT  
WHEN A MAN TAKES  
POSSESSION OVER  
YOU.

I GET  
FUCKED  
EVERY DAY  
NOW. THEY  
LIKE THAT I  
LIKE IT.





SHE TOLD ME ABOUT  
ALL THE TRICKS SHE  
USED TO GET THE MEN  
TO PLEASE HER IN THE  
WAY SHE WANTED.





IN THE END, OF COURSE, IT WAS MY TURN. THE DAGONS DID WORK, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. YOU CANNOT KEEP UP A SMALL COMMUNITY LIKE THIS ONE WITHOUT DOING SO. I HAD FOUND MYSELF INTRIGUED BY ONE OF THE GARDENERS.







I CAUGHT MYSELF  
LOOKING AT HIM.  
THAT WORRIED ME.  
THEN I CAUGHT HIM  
LOOKING AT ME.  
THAT WORRIED ME  
TOO.



I HAVE TO ASK  
YOU, SHYLA. HOW  
LONG ARE YOU  
GOING TO PRETEND  
THAT NOTHING HAS  
HAPPENED?

YOU LET THE  
GIRLS DRESS YOU  
UP IN RED AND WITH  
RED LIPSTICK, AND  
YOU THINK YOU ARE  
STILL A MAN?





THIS HAPPENS  
EVERY TIME. THE NEW  
GIRL CLINGS TO HER  
MANHOOD, EVEN WHEN  
HER TITS ARE SO BIG  
SHE CAN BARELY SEE  
HER PUSSY.



THAT  
GUY IS NO  
MORE, SHEILA.  
HE IS DEAD. LOST  
AT SEA. INSTEAD WE  
HAVE THIS GORGEOUS,  
VOLUPTUOUS GIRL,  
WHO HAS BEEN  
REBORN TO SERVE  
REAL MEN, AND NOT  
THE KIND THAT IS  
LURED IN BY THE  
ISLAND.









HE DRAGGED  
ME INSIDE AND  
THIS  
"WARRIOR", AS  
HE CLEARLY  
BELIEVED  
HIMSELF TO  
BE, STARTED  
SUCKING AT MY  
TITS. ALL MEN  
ARE BABIES,  
RIGHT?

BUT IT DID NOT FEEL  
TOO BAD, SO I LET HIM  
CONTINUE.







THAT IS  
WHERE YOU ARE  
WRONG, LITTLE  
BIG GIRL. YOU WERE  
WARNED BY THE  
WATCHER. THE BLACK  
MAN. IF YOU HAD  
FOLLOWED HIS  
ADVICE WE WOULD  
HAVE LET YOU  
GO.







HE WAS  
HERE WHEN  
THE CAPTAIN  
ARRIVED.

ENOUGH TALK!  
IT IS TIME FOR YOU  
TO EARN YOUR  
KEEP.





AND SO I BECAME A  
COCK SUCKER, WHILE  
TRYING TO THINK ABOUT  
OTHER THINGS.







I TRIED TO THINK ABOUT  
MY BOAT, BUT THEN  
IMAGES OF THAT  
PREGNANT GODDESS  
POPPED UP IN MY MIND.




I TRIED TO THINK ABOUT  
MY OLD JOB, BUT KEPT  
SEEING THE LINGAM IN  
THE FOREST.





I TRIED TO HUNK ABOUT  
FOOTBALL MATCHES,  
BUT INSTEAD I FOUND  
MYSELF SENSING  
THOSE HUGE BALLS ON  
MY CHEST.



I FOUND MYSELF  
PLAYING WITH MY  
PUSSY, WHICH WAS  
GETTING INCREASINGLY  
WET.



SO WHEN HE ASKED ME  
TO TURN OVER, I DID  
NOT OBJECT.











I FOUND MYSELF HOPING  
THAT HE WOULD NOT  
COME TO EARLY.





BECAUSE IT FELT SO  
GOOD HAVING HIM IN  
THERE.





IN THE END HE CAME  
ALL OVER MY CHEST. I  
CLOSED MY EYES AS I  
FELT DROPS OF CUM  
FLOW DOWN THE  
CURVES OF MY TITS. THE  
GIRLS HAD TOLD ME  
THAT THIS IS A KIND OF  
FIRST TIME RITUAL THAT  
IS TO ENSURE THAT I  
UNDERSTAND MY FATE.  
SPERM IS SACRED FOR  
THE DAGONS, AND IS  
NORMALLY NOT TO BE  
WASTED.

















AND I FOUND MYSELF  
LOOKING FORWARD TO  
THEM COMING. LOOKING  
FORWARD TO ME  
COMING. WHICH I DID A  
LOT.







AND ON AN ISLAND OF  
FERTILITY IT DOES NOT  
TAKE LONG BEFORE  
YOU GET KNOCKED UP.









SO I FOUND MYSELF IN  
THE ONE SITUATION I  
COULD HAVE SAID WITH  
100 PERCENT  
CERTAINTY WOULD  
NEVER HAPPEN.

YOUR  
FUCKING  
FERTILITY  
TURNS ME ON,  
BABY.





MORNING SICKNESS AND  
MUSCLE PAIN BE  
DAMNED. FOR THE FIRST  
COUPLE OF MONTHS  
THEY WOULD NOT LEAVE  
ME ALONE.





I FELT FAT AND  
UNGAINLY, BUT LOVED  
THE FACT THAT THE  
DAGONS STILL FOUND  
ME ATTRACTIVE.







AND I KEPT ON  
GROWING.

AND GROWING





MY BREASTS AND  
NIPPLES SWELLING IN  
PREPARATION FOR WHAT  
WAS TO COME.







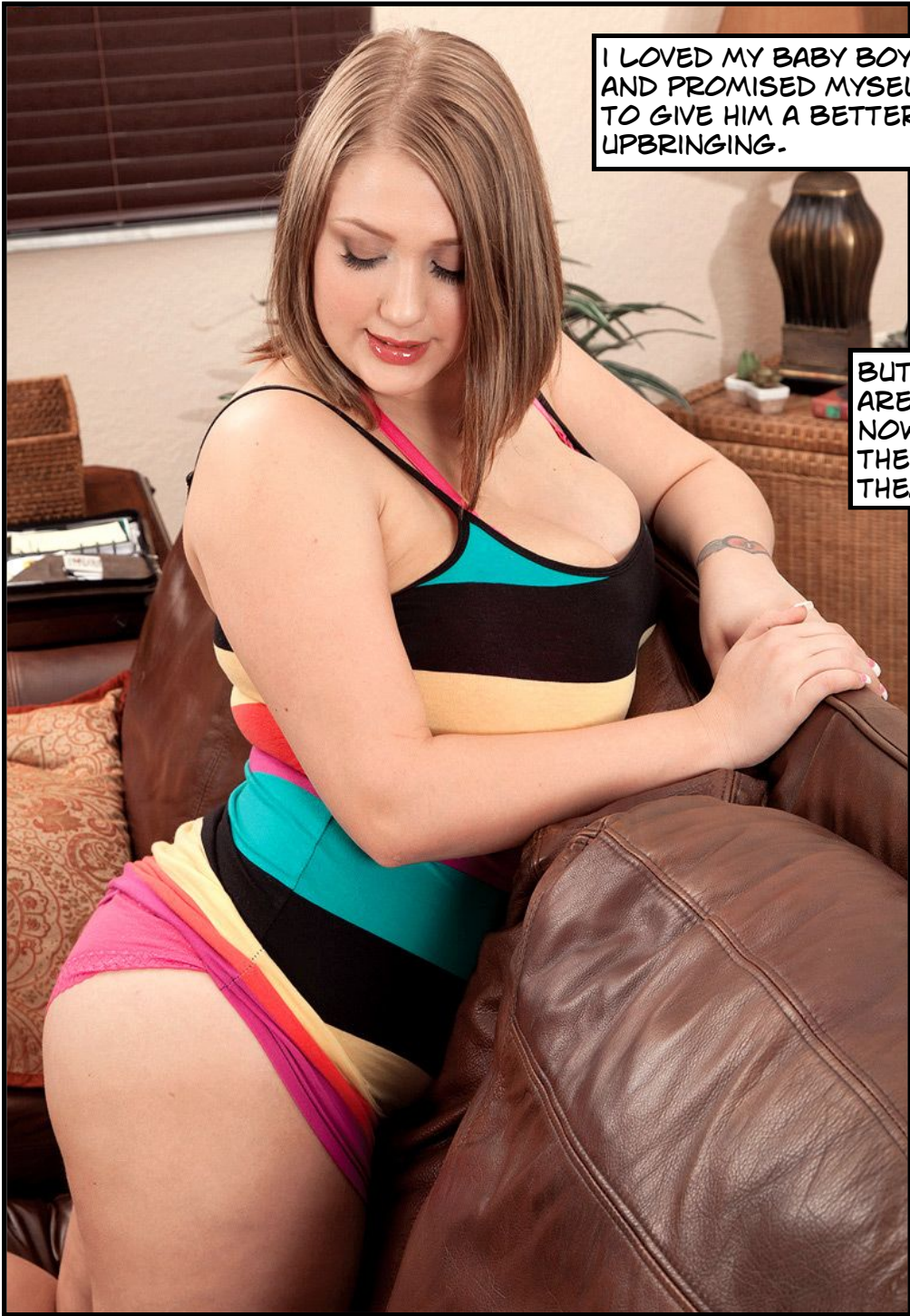
AND THEN I HAD A BABY. THE MAGIC OF THE ISLAND SEES TO IT THAT ONLY MEN ARE BORN ON THE ISLAND. IT IS AS IF THE ISLAND ARGUES THAT THIS IS WHY THE WOMEN WILL HAVE TO BE FETCHED FROM OUTSIDE THIS LITTLE WORLD.

I ASKED THE DAGONS WHY THE ISLAND CANNOT LURE WOMEN ONTO ITS BEACHES. WHY THIS STRANGE CALL FOR MEN TO BE CHANGED INTO WOMEN?


THEY ARGUED THAT IN EVERY MAN THERE IS A WOMAN, AND FOR SOME EVEN MORE SO THAN FOR OTHERS. THE GODDESS OF THE ISLAND WANT HER SONS TO BE RAISED BY WOMEN WHO KNOW BOTH SIDES.

THEY DO NOT SEE THE IRONY IN THIS, THOUGH, AS THE DAGONS THEMSELVES BELIEVE THEY ARE NOTHING BUT MANLY MEN.



A woman with long brown hair is sitting on a brown leather couch. She is wearing a black, yellow, and teal striped halter top and pink underwear. She has her hands clasped in her lap and is looking down with a slight smile. In the background, there is a wicker side table with a lamp and some plants.

I LOVED MY BABY BOY  
AND PROMISED MYSELF  
TO GIVE HIM A BETTER  
UPBRINGING.

A close-up shot of the same woman from the first panel, now breastfeeding a man. She is holding his head and guiding him to her breast. The man has short dark hair and a beard, and is wearing a green t-shirt. The woman's expression is focused and tender.

BUT NOW THE DAGONS  
ARE BACK, BECAUSE  
NOW I CAN GIVE THEM  
THE NECTAR THAT GIVE  
THEM LONG LIVES.









I CAN NO LONGER COME  
OVER A WOMAN'S TITS  
OR FACE, BUT I CAN  
SPRAY THEY COCK OF A  
MAN WITH MILK.



IT'S A WASTE, BUT IT  
FEELS LIKE SOME KIND  
OF REVENGE FOR WHAT  
THEY HAVE DONE TO ME.





MEN ARE SUCH BABIES.





BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I  
AM STARTING TO LIKE  
HAVING THEM AROUND...  
AND INSIDE ME.





# THE ISLAND



Transgender erotica  
by Rebecca Molay

Imagery by  
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