



# THE SHEMALE CLUB

Transsexual erotica  
by Rebecca Molay

SEXUALLY  
EXPLICIT!

For adults only!



- There is a secret club in Rio called the Manticore. Only connoisseurs know about it. They are men that are looking for girls with a little extra.





- Why I was there? That is a good question. I had a friend that had this fascination for T-Girls, and he dragged me along.

- However, I would never have come along, unless there had been one part of me that was curious about this blend of the totally feminine and the penetrating masculine.





- I should have been suspicious when two of the girls came up to me and invited me to their secret chamber.





- “You are so sweet,” Isabel and Anita told me. “We want to eat you up!” I must admit they turned me on. I didn’t have to touch them down there, right? And they were probably very good at oral sex.





- So there I was, surrounded by three sexy transwomen.





- “Oh, the goddess has brought us a treat now, girls!” the third girl said with laughter in her eyes. “Oh yes, this one will do nicely!”





- I could not believe my luck. I had tits all around me, and female hands exploring my body!





- I wanted them to suck my dick. There was no need for me to ask.



- The third girl, Manuela, went down on me.





- Isabel and Anita started playing with each other! I could not help wondering how it would feel to be a woman like that.



- It was as if Anita sensed my confusion. “Listen, baby,” she said to me. “There is nothing to be ashamed of in this room.”
- Isabel pulled my face towards her big breasts: “I need you to suck my girlcock,” she said to me.





- How could I do such a thing? Still, given all the pleasure they had given me, it was hard to deny her request.







- I tasted her cock, hesitantly at first, a little bit scared of the musky aroma and strange combination of hard and soft texture.

- Her dick was big, and I found myself gagging.
- “Relax, baby,” she said. “You are doing fine!” To Isabel she said: “I think he is a natural.”
- Isabel sighed: “Thank God, I was afraid we had to wait forever!”





- Before I could ask them what they were talking about, I found myself sucking the dick of Manuela. She urged me on.
- “Yes,” she moaned.  
“Antonio, you were born for this!”





- “Ok,” Anita said to Manuela. “He is doing fine. I think we have to take this to the next level. Are you ready?”







- I could feel Isabel getting closer behind me.
- “Listen, Antonio,” Manuela whispered to me. “I think Isabel is in pain. She need some release. Please let her do what she needs to do!”



- Suddenly I could feel her big dick slide inside my asshole.
- I yelped in pain.



- “Hush, baby,” Isabel said. “Relax, honey, and it will be soooo good!”.







- And as she started to thrust her member inside me, I felt a sense of relief. It felt good to be filled up by her sex. It felt good to receive her love like this. I found myself responding, pushing my ass towards her.





- “Ah, yes!” Isabella purred. “Be my little girl!”
- “I am not your...” I tried to say, but Manuela shut my mouth with her dick.



- “Listen,” Isabella said, fucking me harder and harder. “You enjoy this. I can feel it. We believe you are one of us!”





- I felt helpless, as wave after wave of pleasure rushed through my body. They took turns ramming me, establishing their ownership of my body.







- I felt myself becoming the receiver, the one that is used, not the one that takes what is his. And I found myself enjoying it.





- “Nah, he is not like us!” Isabel said. “He is more of a girl like any of us. Let’s turn him!”

- They started to read a strange spell in an unknown language, and I found my body shifting.





- I could feel tits juggling from my chest. Long hair fell in front of my face, and I felt myself climax in a violent orgasm. I was no longer a man.



- I begged them to change me back. I told them about my family, but they said that they were my family now.

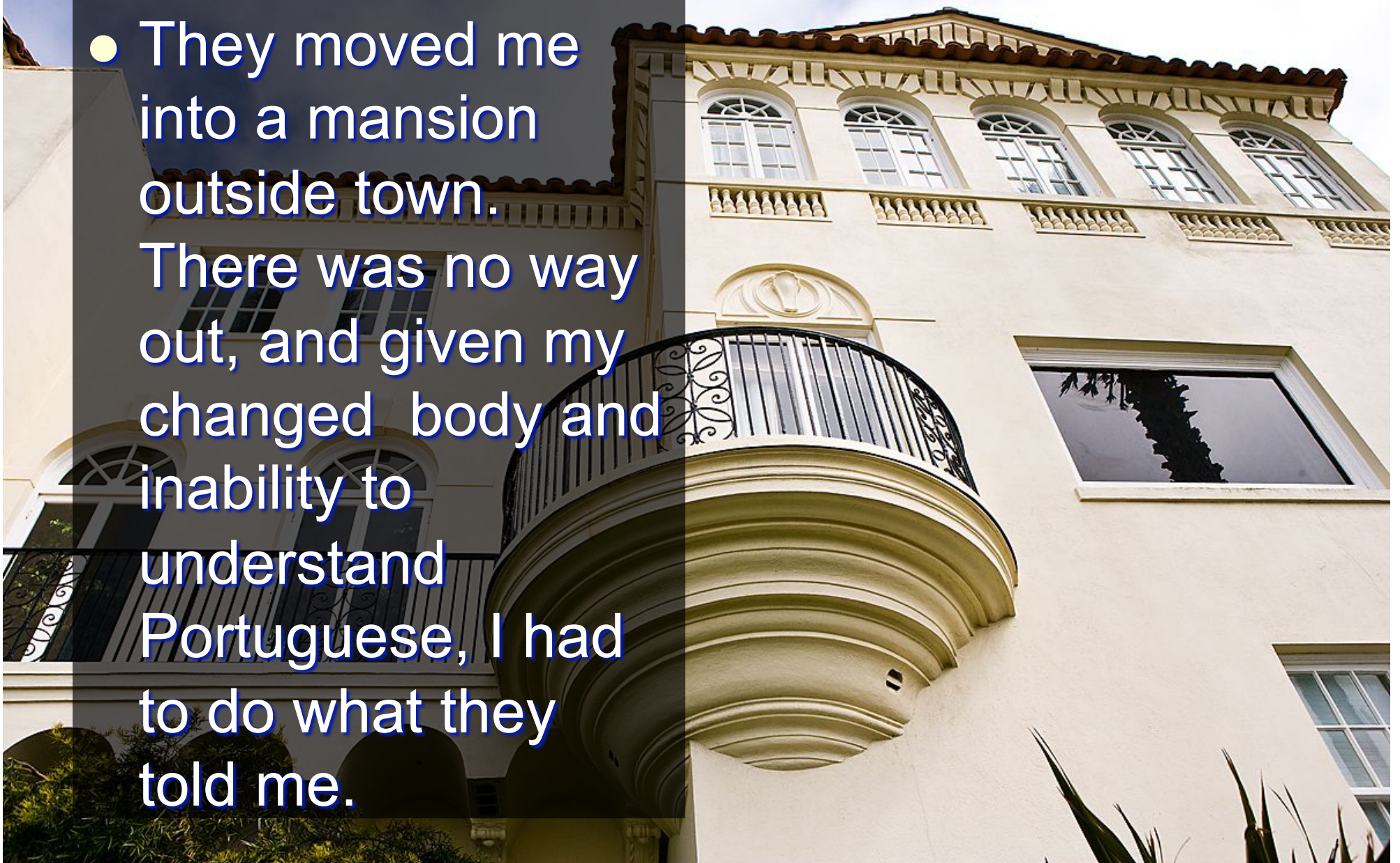




- They told me my orixas – Angoroméa -- had called me. She was a goddess from the pantheon of the African-American Candomblé religion. They considered themselves her priestesses.



- They moved me into a mansion outside town. There was no way out, and given my changed body and inability to understand Portuguese, I had to do what they told me.





- You are one of us now, they told me, and you have to act like a girl. They thought me about make-up. They found me new clothes, and prepared me for my new life. The strange thing was that I kind of liked my new appearance.





- I was amazed at my own beauty. I could not help it: I loved the feeling of my long hair cascading down my shoulders. I liked my high heels and stockings. Girls are allowed to celebrate their bodies with beauty. It is a good thing.



- I spent hours in the garden, reading and waiting, trying to get to terms with my strange fate.





- My tits baffled me. They were not supposed to be there, but yet, they felt so right. It was as if their previous absence had been an affront to nature.



- A week later another girl appeared. The goddess had apparently gotten her act together. Sam was a Dutch boy who had been lured into the club by a taxi driver. Bait, the girls called it. The driver got a nice sum for the favor.



- A few days later we tried to get some privacy by breaking into one of the guest rooms. We needed to talk.







- Sam was still confused about her new body and uncomfortable in her denim skirt and stockings. Not that they would ever let her use anything more masculine.



- “Have you any idea of what they are going to do with us?” Sam asked me. She was close to crying. I tried to comfort her.



- “I am not sure,” I answered. “But I believe they will make us serve in the club.”
- “You mean, serve men?”
- “Yes, I am afraid so.”





- I didn't know what to say to comfort her. But she was beautiful and I was lonely. So I kissed her. She responded immediately.





- “I am so afraid,” she said. “Please comfort me!”

- She licked my nipple and I felt shivers run down my spine.







- I loved the feeling of her hand on my tit. I touched hers carefully.
- “Do you think we will ever get used to our tits?” she asked.
- “I can get used to this,” I replied.

- “Oh God! So embarrassing!” She laughed nervously as her dick tried to burst out of her pink panties.







- “Just relax,” I said and grabbed it. “I know what you need.” Moreover, I knew what I needed.



- After the night in the club I was no longer afraid of the joy of sucking dick.





- The sound of Sam's heavy breathing turned me on.



- She turned around to get hold of my cock. The feeling of her tongue playing with its head was amazing.
- “What have we become?” she asked me.
- I looked at her smooth skin, her hair and her girlish outfit. “Girls,” I said.





- “Girls with something extra.”

- “We will never be able to have a normal life,” she said.
- “Who wants a normal life?” I replied. “Oh please, I need you closer. Please fuck me!”

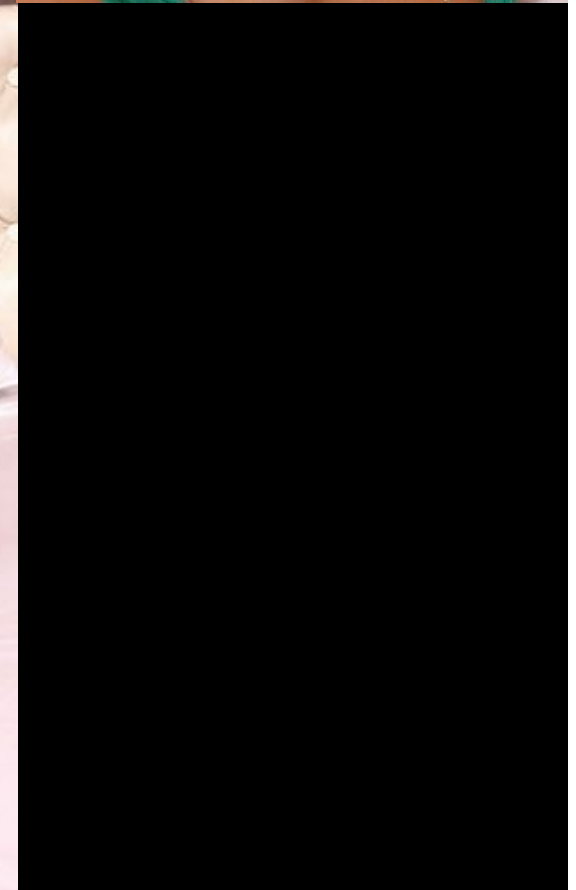






- The girl I had become longed to feel that dick inside her.

- “Oh, you are so tight!” Sam laughed. “I want to fuck you harder!”





- She turned me over and started to ride me doggie style. I could feel her deep inside me.





- She rammed me like an animal unable to get enough, and I surrendered completely. The scent of her feminine perfume was all around me -- mixed with our musk and sweat.





- I felt an intense feeling of love for her, and decided that I would do anything to keep her around me.

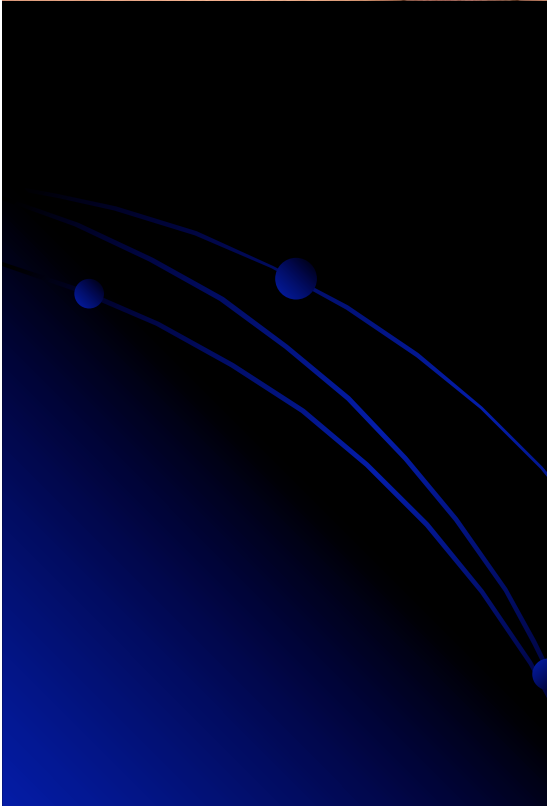


- It was a miracle I manage to stop myself from coming, but I wanted to give her what she had given me.





- I thrust my dick as deep inside her as I could, and felt my hips starting to move on their own.







- In the end I came in her mouth.





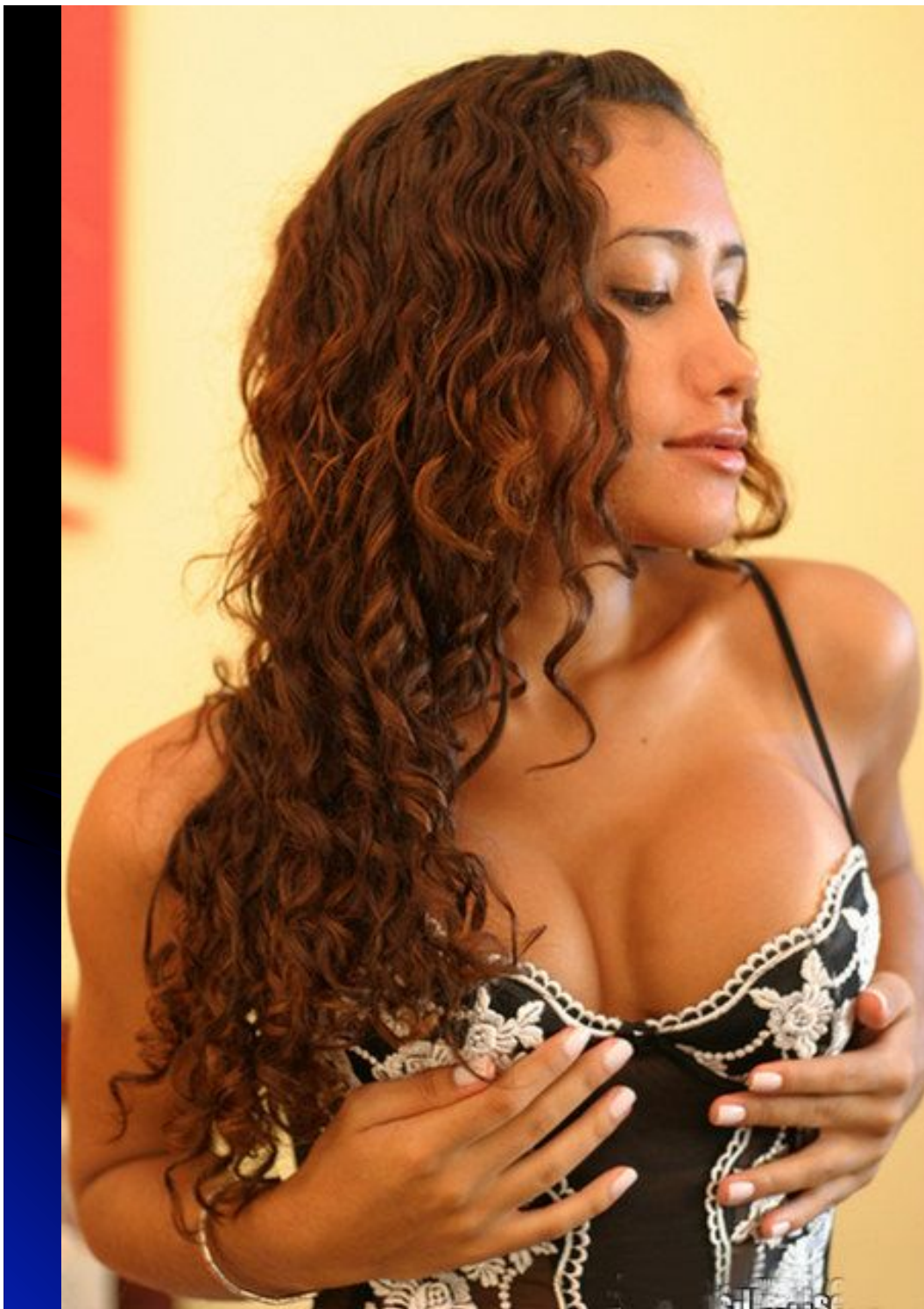
- She let her load go on my tits.
- At that moment I was completely happy.



- Sam and I pledge allegiance to each other. Whatever came, we would be there for each other. Two weeks later, the girls took me out of my room and dressed me up in sexy underwear.







- They bathed me, did my hair and my make-up, and I looked gorgeous.



- I wasn't naïve. I knew exactly what this was about. But my protests had no effect. Sam would understand, they said, as she would have to do the same.



- They took me into another guest room to meet a fellow believer, Ramon. He broke in all the new girls, they said. I shouldn't worry. He was a gentle soul.





- What could I do? I could not go home like this. My passport was useless, and even if I could use it I could not get access to my hotel room. And now I had Sam to care for as well.





- So you could say I was resigned to my strange fate. Still, the look in his eyes was not totally uncomfortable. I liked that he found me so feminine.



- And I feel like a girl. Maybe this won't be too bad, after all.





- He kissed me softly on my neck and whispered sweet words in my ear.



- He kissed me on the mouth, and I could feel his stubble. It was not uncomfortable, but still. I closed my eyes to go to another place in my mind.

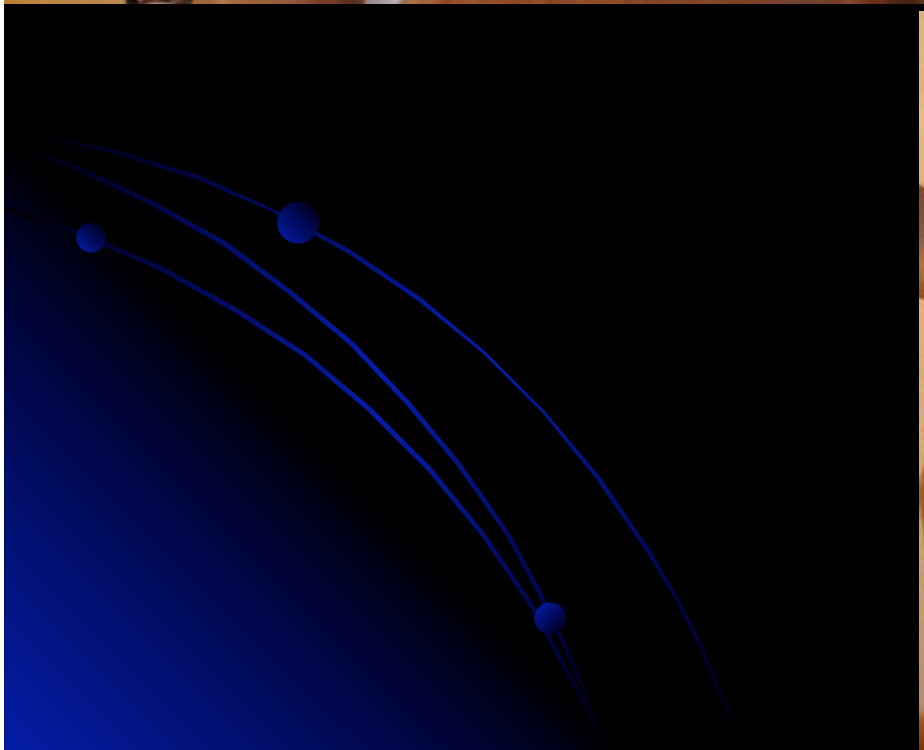


- He would not let me. “Listen Maria!” he said to me. “You have become a beautiful transgirl, and I love your perfect union of male and female.”





- And to prove it he went down on me. I felt myself getting rock hard.







- My sisters had thought me to love cock, and God knows I couldn't get enough of Sam's dick. The fact that Ramon was a man made me hesitate, though.







- Still, my new body seemed to love the idea, and I soon found the rhythm



- There was now next to nothing left of the boy I had been. I had become a sexy shemale cocksucker, and was starting to like it.



- I liked my new body. I grabbed my dick, longing for another.





- Ramuel urged me to remove my panties.







- I felt an intense longing for penetration and slid my butt down on his shaft. He was huge, so it hurt a little at first. But then it felt good. Very good.





- But that was not enough. I needed him to fuck me harder, so I went down on all four.

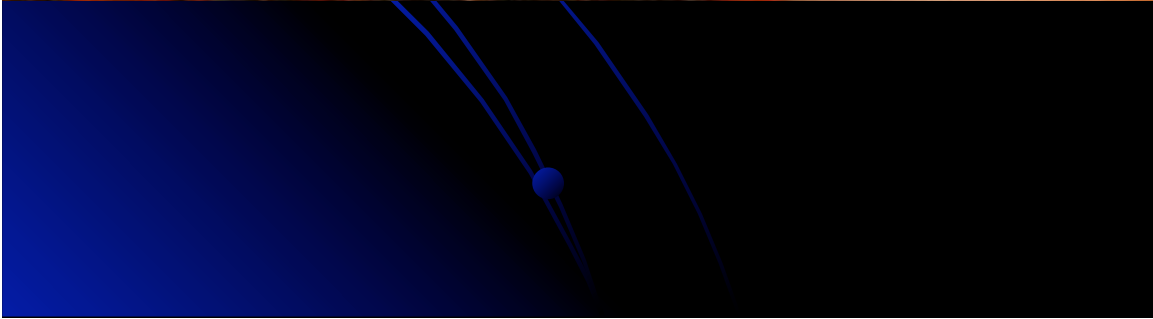


- Filled up with man meat I let out a moan of pleasure.











- I won't resist my sisters anymore. I am a woman now. I can sleep with men. But what's more important: There are more men called by the goddess out there.
- I will help them liberate their true selves. Maybe I'll see you in Rio!





- Images of Juliana Nogueira from [allshemalez.com](http://allshemalez.com), [trannysurprise.com](http://trannysurprise.com) and [shemalesfuckhemales](http://shemalesfuckhemales)
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