

# THE FUGITIVE

Transgender Erotica by Rebecca Molay

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT

For Adults 18+ Only!





- It was the perfect crime. They all are.
- Bill, Fred and I had decided to rob the safe of the famous art collector Oliver Snap. Bill had worked for him and knew the combination. Fred and I tagged along as muscle.







- Bill managed to open the safe, all right. But there wasn't much in it. We found 30.000 Euros, a stamp collection and a picture of Oliver's mother. We were, you could say, slightly disappointed.



- Unfortunately, this was not the end to our bad luck. The alarm went off, Bill got stuck in the window and Fred was caught by the police running down to towards the garden gate.

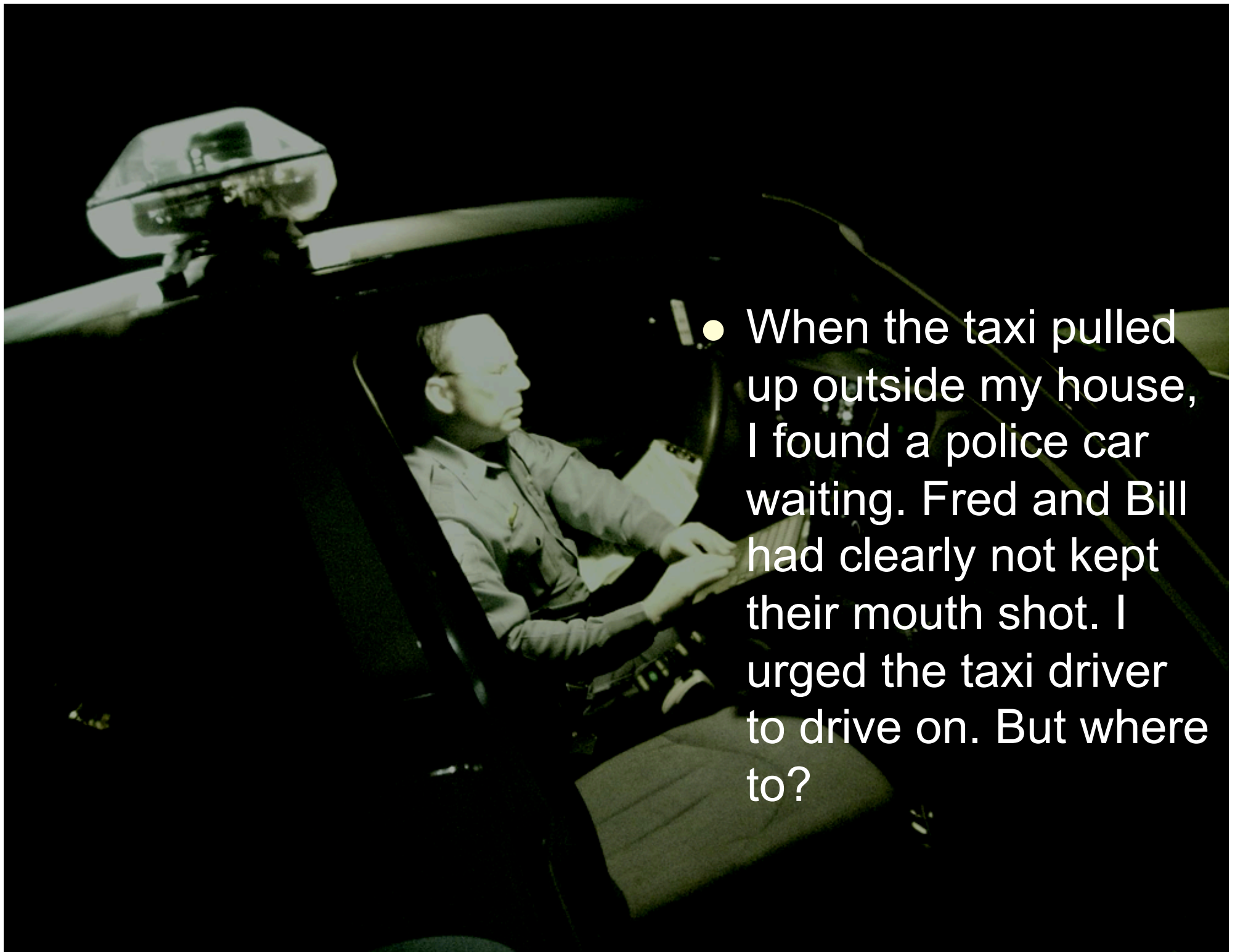






- I did the only sensible thing I had done in a month. I grabbed some silver, escaped through the back door, run through the neighbors' gardens and found a taxi that could take me home.





- When the taxi pulled up outside my house, I found a police car waiting. Fred and Bill had clearly not kept their mouth shut. I urged the taxi driver to drive on. But where to?



- I was not a hardened criminal, but I knew that there was one person that could provide fugitives with a safe house and a new identity.
- I asked the driver to take me to his house.

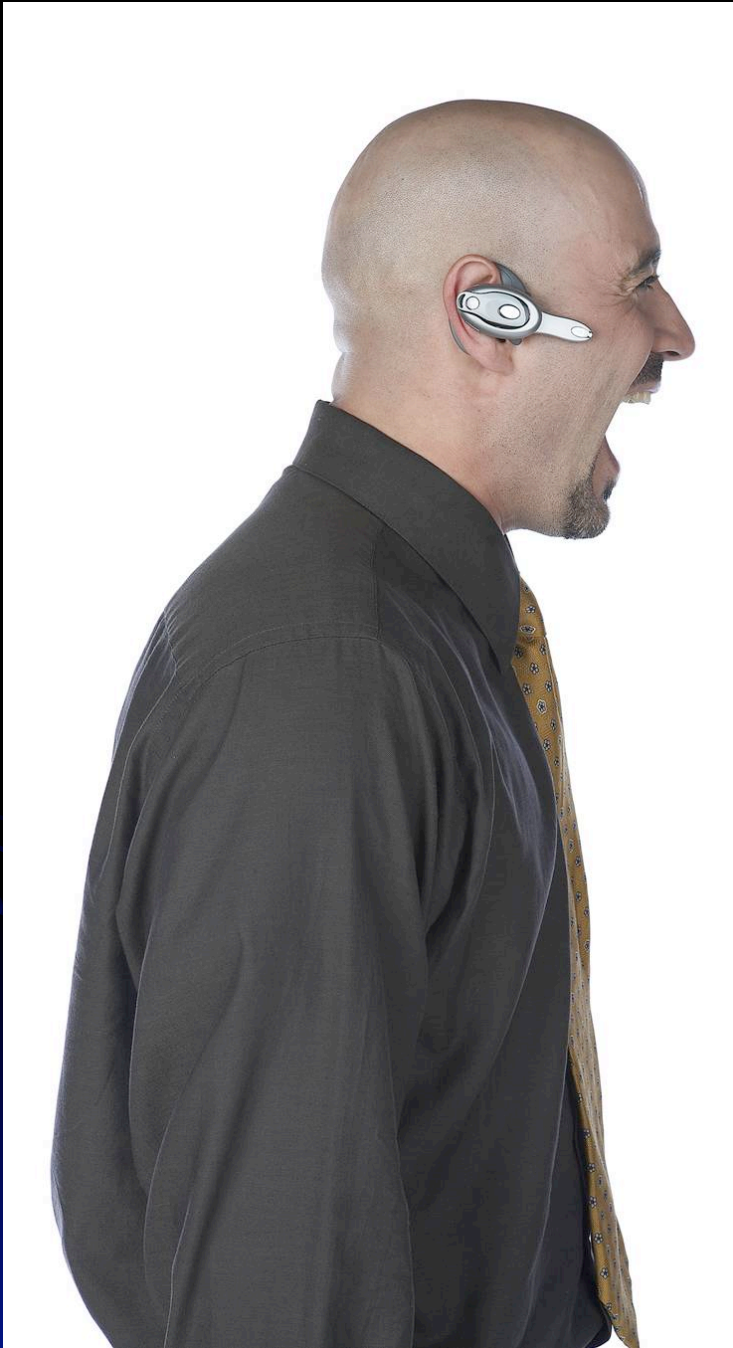




- I would like to say that I did not know that I was heading into trouble. The truth is, however, that I did. Mr. Lambini was known as one of the most eccentric and ruthless mobsters in the city. If you paid him well enough, he would give you what you wanted. If not, well...







- One of his Russian bodyguards showed me the way to his office. He didn't talk to me, but he looked at me in a strange way. It was as if he found me slightly amusing. He made me nervous.

- “Ah, Mister Adams, isn’t it?” I was not surprised that Lambini knew my name. That was the way he earned his living. He did not ask me to sit.
- He wore an old fashioned Italian suit with a classic hat. It must have been a display of mob irony, but I didn’t find it in the least funny.

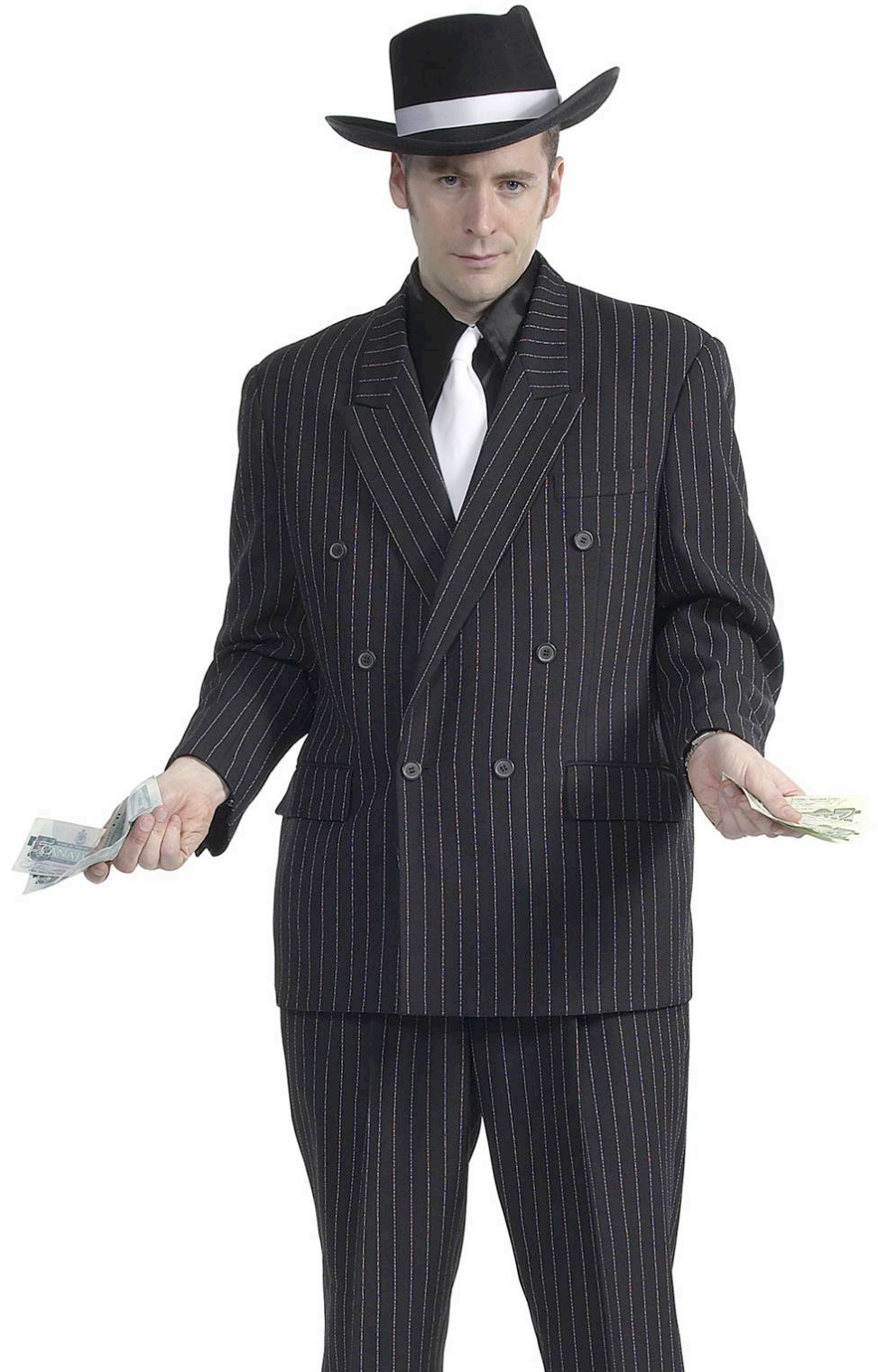






- “I understand that you have run into some kind of trouble,” he said. “You believe I may be of some help maybe?”
- I didn’t even try to fool this man, and told him the whole story.

- “So you have your part of the bounty, some 10,000 Euros, and some silverware?”
- I looked around for my sack. Damn! I had left it in the taxi.
- “So there is only the money then, Mr. Adams!” He sighed.





- “Listen Mr. Lambini,” I pleaded, “I know that 10 grand is not enough to get me a hiding place, but maybe the money could get me a fake passport?”
- “You won’t last a day with a fake passport,” he said. “They have your picture and your fingerprints. You wouldn’t even get on board a plane.”



- “You need a completely new identity,” he said to me. “One so amazingly different, that no one would believe that you are in fact the fugitive Mr. Adams.”
- “I may cut my hair,” I suggested. “Put on a fake beard.”
- “By all means, Mr. Adams. Do! You do not need my help for that.” He was on the verge of dismissing me, I could see.





- “Could we not find some kind of arrangement?” I asked. “Down payments, maybe. How much would a new identity cost me, anyway?”
- “60,000 Mr. Adams. You are 50,000 short.”
- “Well?”





- “You are desperate, aren’t you? I may have one proposition for you.”
- “Yes?”
- “An identity swap followed by one year of servitude.”
- This was the moment the body guard started to laugh.



- “We are talking nanoviral therapy here, Mr. Adams, and there will be no chance of reversal.” Lambini looked at me questioningly, wondering whether I caught his drift.
- Nanoviral therapy was an urban myth. There were rumors about a drug that could recode your DNA and give you a new body. The combination of virus driven genetic recoding and nanobots rebuilding the bone structure had been a holy grail for the nano/biotech community for ages.



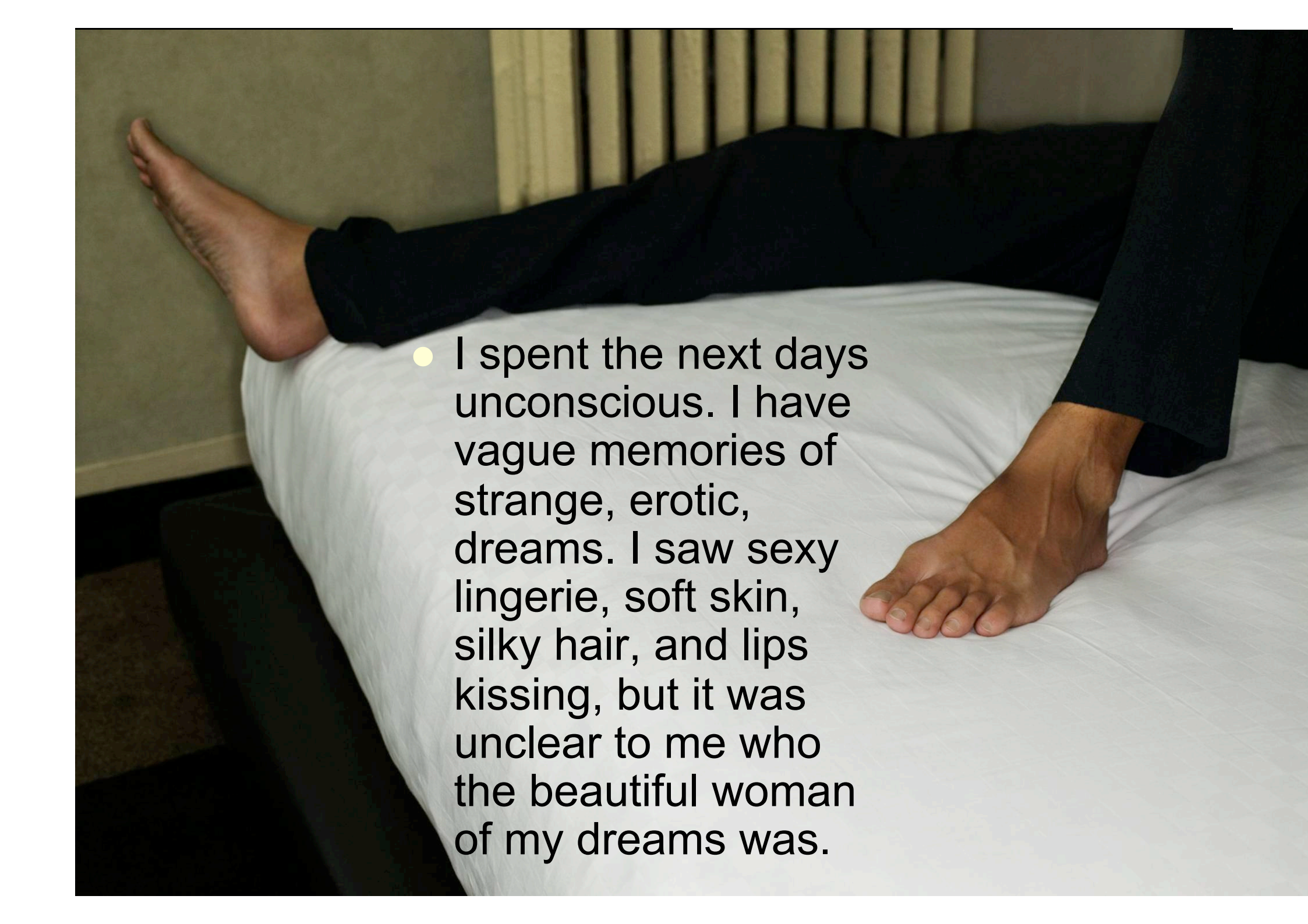


- “Well,” I said. “I guess money can buy you anything, and even make a myth become reality. What kind of servitude?”
- “I expect you to serve one of my associates for one year, Mr. Adams, and do whatever he asks of you.”
- I didn’t have much of a choice, did I?





- One of his assistants gave me the shot.
- “The Y2X serum is very efficient,” he said to me. It will rebuild your body in three days. However, we need to keep you perfectly still during that period, and will keep you sedated.”

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- A photograph of a person lying on a bed with white linens. The person's legs are raised and bent at the knees, with their feet resting against a light-colored wall. They are wearing dark-colored pants. The background shows a wooden headboard.
- I spent the next days unconscious. I have vague memories of strange, erotic, dreams. I saw sexy lingerie, soft skin, silky hair, and lips kissing, but it was unclear to me who the beautiful woman of my dreams was.



- I finally found out on. She was me.
- I woke up in a sofa with curly brown hair caressing my shoulders. It took some time before I understood that I was not dreaming.







- I started to hyperventilate and had to do some breathing exercises to calm down.
- I pulled my flimsy golden dress aside and found two soft breasts with hard erect nipples. I did not dare to touch them.



- I wore sexy nylon stockings and a garter belt. I did dare to touch the skin of my legs – after several minutes of trembling silence. My skin was soft to the touch.
- I spread my legs. There were no panties. Only the mysterious folds of a woman's pussy. I touched it with trepidation. My cock was gone. Lambini had done the unthinkable.
- The agreement regarding servitude started to sound more ominous than ever.



- I realized now that I was in more trouble than I had ever been. In prison I would at least have had a chance to get out again.
- Now I was at the total mercy of one of the city's most notorious gangsters, and I was to serve one of his "assistants". As a woman, damn it! You didn't need much imagination to understand what that means.





- I could hear someone approaching. The door knob turned. I tried to cover my body the best I could, but this outfit was designed to reveal and tantalize. It was designed to turn men on.





- “Hello there, Nikki!” the man said. “I am Sergey, your new boss. You have been assigned the job as my secretary. I understand that you are a good typist.”

- I crossed my legs as he bent over me.





- “My dear Nikki, I might as well tell you right away. My illustrious boss, Signore Lambini has made some modifications to the Y2X serum. You have not only become a absolutely stunning woman. You have also become a very libidinous girl, easily aroused.”





- “Please,” I said and marveled at my new feminine voice. “Please, there has been a mistake. I am a man, you see, and you don’t want to touch a man like that, do you?”





- “Does a man have delicious tits like these?” he asked and grabbed the breast I hadn’t dared to touch.
- I drew my breath sharply as I sensed its soft shape and heavy weight.





- “And does a man have sexy legs like these?” He grabbed my thigh. “Or a soft spot like the one you have between your legs?” He laughed.
- “Listen, darling,” he whispered into my ear. “Stop fighting it. This is a game you have lost already!”







- “Please,” I said. “I beg you!”
- I tried to push him away, but my girly body was far too weak compared to him. Moreover, I was paralyzed by fear.
- “Don’t worry, baby,” he replied. “You will soon worship me!”
- No way!





- I stood up in an attempt to get away, but he just grabbed me from behind.
- I could feel him nuzzle his nose into the hair in my neck. "You smell so good," he said.
- Then he started to caress my right tit. Unfortunately it responded to his touch, and became even harder and more erect.
- Fuck, it felt quite good!





- “Listen,” I said. “There must be something I can give you to make you stop.”
- “Oh yes, he said into my ear. “You can give me head!”
- The thought of going down on a man made me sick.



- The next thing I knew he was trying to grab my crotch.
- “Please,” he said to me. “Stop fighting! I don’t want to hurt you, but the boss expects this of me. I am dead if I spare you! Discipline is his mantra”



- I tried to find a safe place inside my head, but the feeling of him touching my breasts and grabbing my smooth groin made me dizzy. My body was starting to betray me. It was starting to respond like a woman.





- I guess I had understood intellectually what Lambini had done to me, but now my body was catching up. Female hormones were raging through my veins.
- I realized that I had lost. I stopped struggling and let him touch.







- “Take a deep breath,” he said. “Can you feel how beautiful you are. Can you feel my hand on your pussy?”
- I nodded as I felt him explore my pussy lips with his fingers. Then I could feel one of them slip inside me! Inside me, damn it!



- “Mr. Lambini has been kind to you,” Sergey said. “He has given you a body made for love, made for pleasure. If you let it, it will give you a lot of pleasure!”



- “It will?” I whimpered.
- “Yes, baby,” he replied .



- I could hear myself moaning as he started to kiss my thigh.
- I could feel a strange dampness in my crotch.





- I was getting more and more aroused the closer his tongue got to my pussy.
- It could have been the shock. It could have been the fear. But I was starting to long for some kind of emotional release.





- I startled myself by grabbing his head and pulling him closer.





- I heard myself giggling like a girl when he finally reached his destination. He didn't need more encouragement







- Oh God, I was getting horny.







- He pulled took off his trousers and grabbed his dick. I looked at it fascinated, but was still too scared to get closer.
- “It is time,” he said.
- “No,” I said torn between desire and humiliation.



- However, I offered only token resistance as he spread my legs and thrust his penis inside me.
- I felt stiff and uncomfortable at first, but then his rhythm caught up with me, and I started to enjoy the feeling of being filled up with another human being.





- I felt my pelvis responding, pushing up against him, in order to get him deeper in.





- I must admit that the look of the two of us together turned me on. And the look of my tits bouncing in the rhythm of his thrusts made me feel more and more feminine.







- He turned me around and entered me from behind. I closed my eyes and explored the sensations of my body. The long hair brushing my cheek. My tits swaying. The texture of the stockings covering my legs.





- At that point I could feel a fire starting to spread from my groin throughout my body, and I lost control as a series of orgasms flushed through me.





- This was amazing. I had never, ever, experienced anything like this as a man. And at that moment I realized that this was only the beginning, and that it would even get better as I learned to know the woman inside me.





- One year of this kind of servitude mightn't be so bad, after all.

- Images from [LoveNylons.com](http://LoveNylons.com)
- More transgender erotica over at [www.rebeccamolay.com](http://www.rebeccamolay.com)

