

# THE T-CAMP



Episode 3  
The Student

Transgender Erotica  
by Rebecca Molay

Sexually Explicit!  
For Adults Only!

# WARNING

- This presentation contains erotic imagery and material of an explicit nature. It is not suitable for minors.
- This presentation also contains content of a violent nature. These are erotic fantasies. In no way do I condone sexual violence in real life!

- “Yes, ma’am? Yes, he should be here any minute now. No, we are on time, ma’am and expect no trouble with the girls.”





- “Yes, we should have as many as ten girls ready for you by the end of next week. They have had their final exams in make-up, female mannerism and voice control.”





- “That’s right. That leaves only *the* main exam, the deflowering. Our boys are being prepped as we speak, boss. Not one of the girls will remained untouched.”



- “No, everything is running smoothly. Mrs. Benatrix is setting up the new hair saloon as we speak, but apart from that there is nothing new. Ok, bye ma’am!”



- It was the final day of their two years at the T Camp. They had had their exams in make-up, female hygiene and sensual walking.







- Now the girls were discussing their final test. "Who will it be? Which guard will be appointed as my deflowerer"



- Two years ago Paul had been an exchange student at the University of Rio. He had had the time of his life.



- Of course he knew that Rio could be dangerous, but he felt confident he could handle it. Avoid the shady parts of town and don't carry too much money.



- What he didn't realize was that the enemy was already close to him. He should have suspected so much, when he suddenly found himself the favorite of three beautiful Brazilian girls.



- And for some wonderful weeks, Eliza even became his girl friend. He had never had a girl friend before.



- They travelled around, went to parties, saw movies together, visited fancy restaurants and had lots of sex.





- His budget was tight, but somehow these girls could afford anything, even though they did not really come from affluent families.





- He found out eventually. They had a unique franchise going. They found suitable candidates for the T-Camp in return for a handsome rewards.

- One day he could overhear Felicia talk on the phone: “He is ready for delivery... Yeah, we will be there... Have the money ready....”

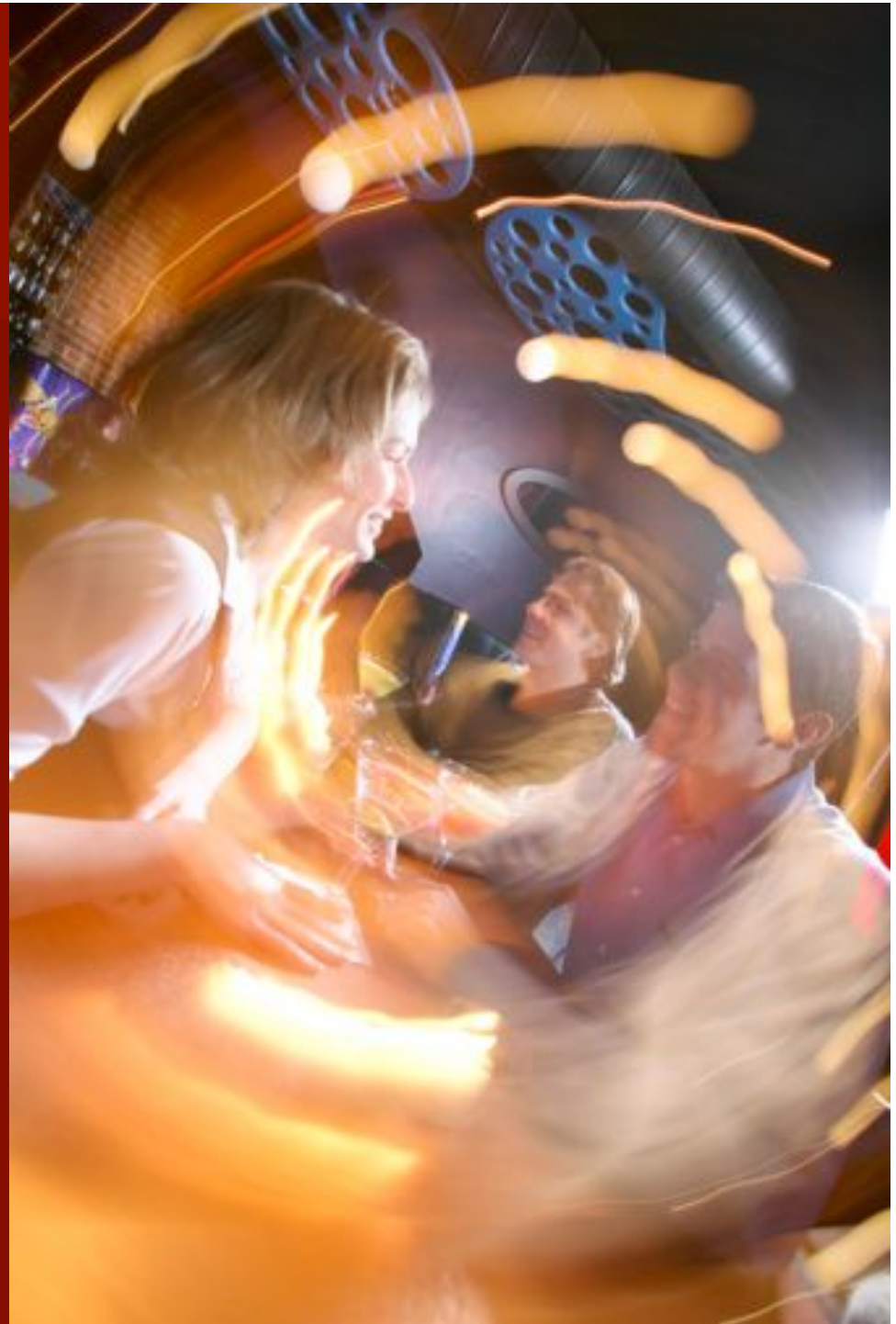




- That night they took him to one of the notorious night clubs of Rio.



- One of the girls had obviously slipped him a nicky. He suddenly felt faint and the three of them guided him out into a waiting car.



- ... and he woke up in a bed in a camp far, far into the Brazilian jungle.





- Suddenly he had new friends. “Understanding” doctors who took him through a hell of hormones and surgery.





- The were make up artists and manicurists fussing over his looks and dress sense



- He spent days with the hair dresser, a patient man that experimented with hair color and styles.
- They had taught him to walk like a girl, talk like a girl, think like a girl.





- Paul was scared. He did not know who he was anymore. And now they told him he was ready for his final exam.

- He had never been much of a macho man, but no there was nothing manly about him. His muscles were weaker, his skin was soft, his hair long.





- Slowly the hormones had given him two soft mounds of female flesh. Now he could feel his nipples stiffen in response to the wind.



- He could hear someone coming. He felt sick of fear.



- It was Donato, one of the campo guards. The rumors had it he was a mercenary that had fought in Afghanistan.





- “Ah Paula, you have been coming along well!” Donato’s deep voice was full of mockery. “You weren’t much of a man when you came here you soft, spoiled, American, sissy!”





- “And now your body has finally caught up with you and you can do what you should have done all along, you pussy! Serve the men that feed and protect you!”





- “I met quite a few of your type in Afghanistan, you know. Weak American boys that thought they were playing a video game. No match for the Taliban!”



- Paul could not help himself. He let out a moan of fear.
- “Ah, what a sweet girly voice you have!” Donato told him. “But you don’t have to use those sexy lips of your for talking when I am around.”





- Paul could feel two hands grab his tits. It was painful, but he could also feel a jolt of something unfamiliar hit his body and mind.
- “Not bad, girly. But I’ll ask the doctor to add some more stuffing.”





- “You will have an E cup when you walk out of here, sweetie! The customers love big tits.”



- “Every night we have been playing you...” Donato licked his nipple “...subliminal conditioning soundtracks... hmmm... so that you would learn to respond to this.”

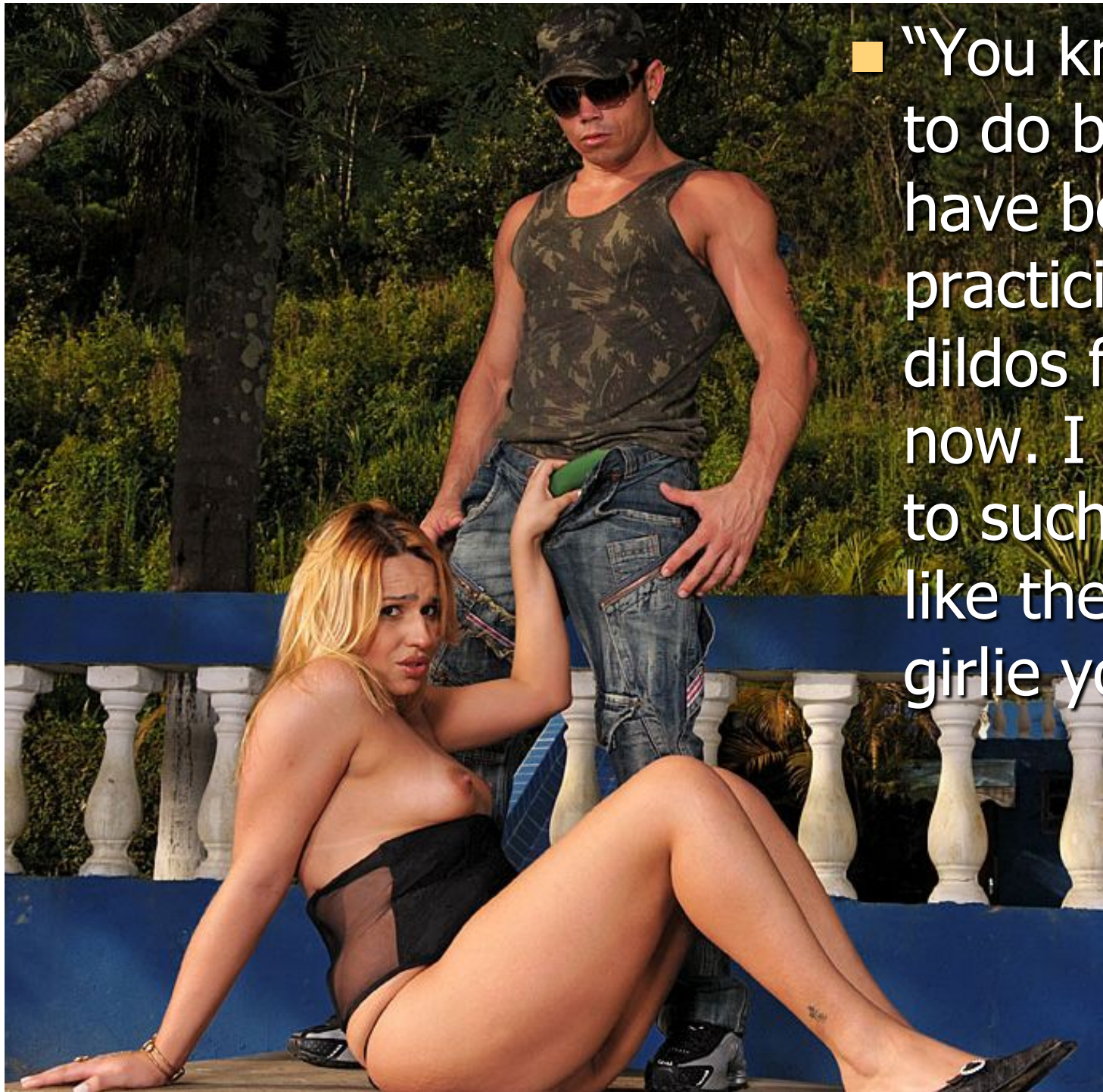




- “So even if the old heterosexual male in you find this disgusting, the new girl will begin to like it.”







- “You know what to do bitch. You have been practicing on dildos for months now. I want you to suck my dick like the little girlie you are!”





- Paul felt feverish as he grabbed the big cock of the soldier. He was twice as big as he was himself. He knew perfectly well what would happen if he refused. Electroshocks and beatings would follow.





- He tried to remember everything they had thought him about how to please a man, and what his “girlfriend” had done to him. Come to think of it, that had probably been part of the training.



- "Yeah! Lick my cock, you bitch, and remember: No teeth!" Donato was starting to breathe more heavily now. He was drugged by power and testosterone.



- Paul had dreamt about marrying Eliza, and here he was, a transsexual sucking cock.





- "You are actually quite good at this, girlie. This was obviously what your dreamed about when you fucked Eliza, eh?"



- "She told me you were a little pussy. That's why she sold you to us you know. She told me all that, while I filled her up with real cock!"





- “This is what you are going to do every day for the next 15 to 20 years. Sucking cock while you pay back our two years of investments. With interest, I might add!”





- "You are our slave now, and don't you ever forget it. We will tell you when to eat, when to shit and when to fuck!"





■ “Are you ready girlie? I think it is time to pop your cherry!”





- When Paul felt the tip of Donato's dick touching his butt, he started to breathe faster.





- He was scared of the pain, but at the same time there was a strange kind of longing. He moaned as the cock found its way inside him.



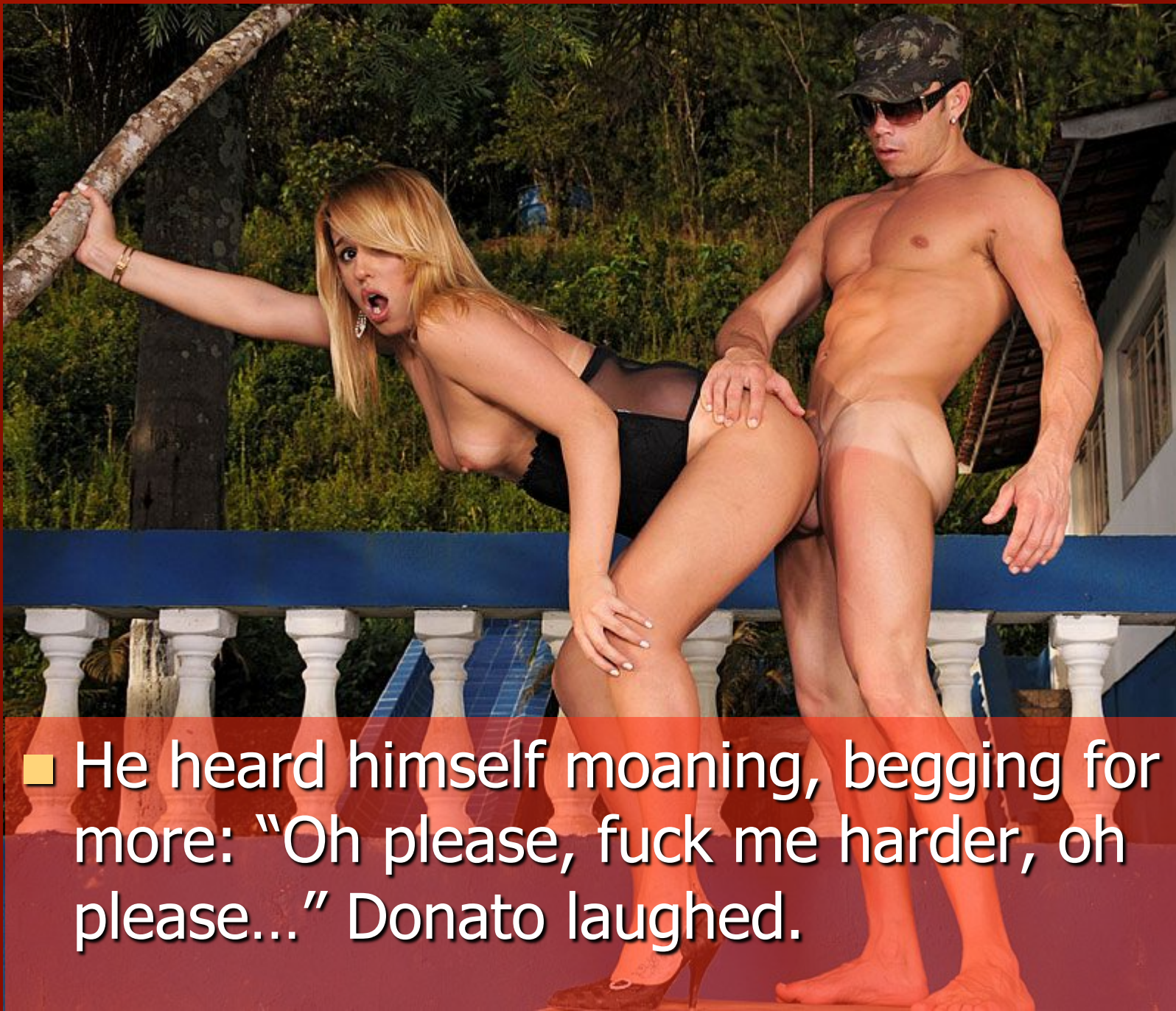
- “Do you like it, bitch?” Donato started to move rhythmically.





- Paul could not help himself. He found himself responding, moving in the same rhythm. That scared him more than anything else.





■ He heard himself moaning, begging for more: "Oh please, fuck me harder, oh please..." Donato laughed.



- “Tell me that you are my bitch!” he yelled.
- “I am your bitch! Oh, fuck! I am your bitch! Oh, oh, yeah!”







- He lifted Paul up with his strong arms and put him down on the stone table. "Spread your legs for daddy!" Paul complied.





- He grabbed his own cock and urged Donato on. He wanted him inside him, because the feeling made him forget himself.





- It made him forget what he had lost.  
He wanted to forget.

- He started to jerk off rapidly, feeling a huge orgasm coming on.





- “Yeah, baby, can you feel that? You’re a girl now, aren’t you?” Donato kissed her. She started to cry.



- “Oh, I love that sweet bewildered look at your face! You will come around you know.” Donato started stroke his dick, building up to a climax.





- He came all over her tits, as if she was a star in a porn movie.



- She couldn't help laughing. She was to become a call girl, damn it!





- And at that very moment it did not seem to bad. Not too bad at all.



- Paul/Paula played by Paulinha DBouar.
- Photos by [ShemalesGetFucked.com](http://ShemalesGetFucked.com)
- More transgender erotica over at [www.rebeccamolay.com](http://www.rebeccamolay.com)