

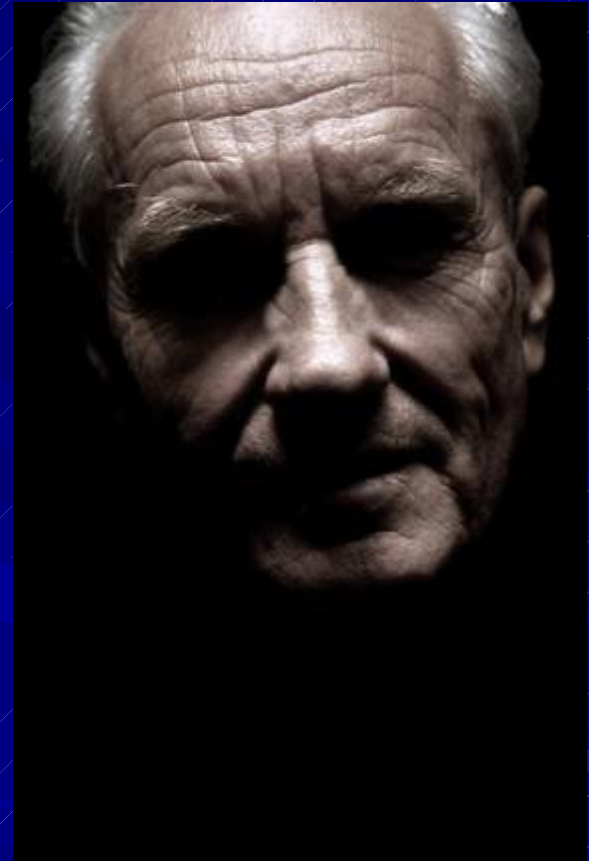


The Godmother

Transgender erotica by
Rebecca Molay
Photos by Realitykings.com

WARNING!
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT
ADULTS ONLY!

■ I was painfully stupid. I hadn't made captain yet, and still decided to fuck with the boss, the mighty Butch Sorrento, "The Butcher" among acquaintances. He had no real friends.



■ I held up one of the local liquor stores. No big deal, you may say, but the store owner paid protection money to Sorrento. He wanted protection.



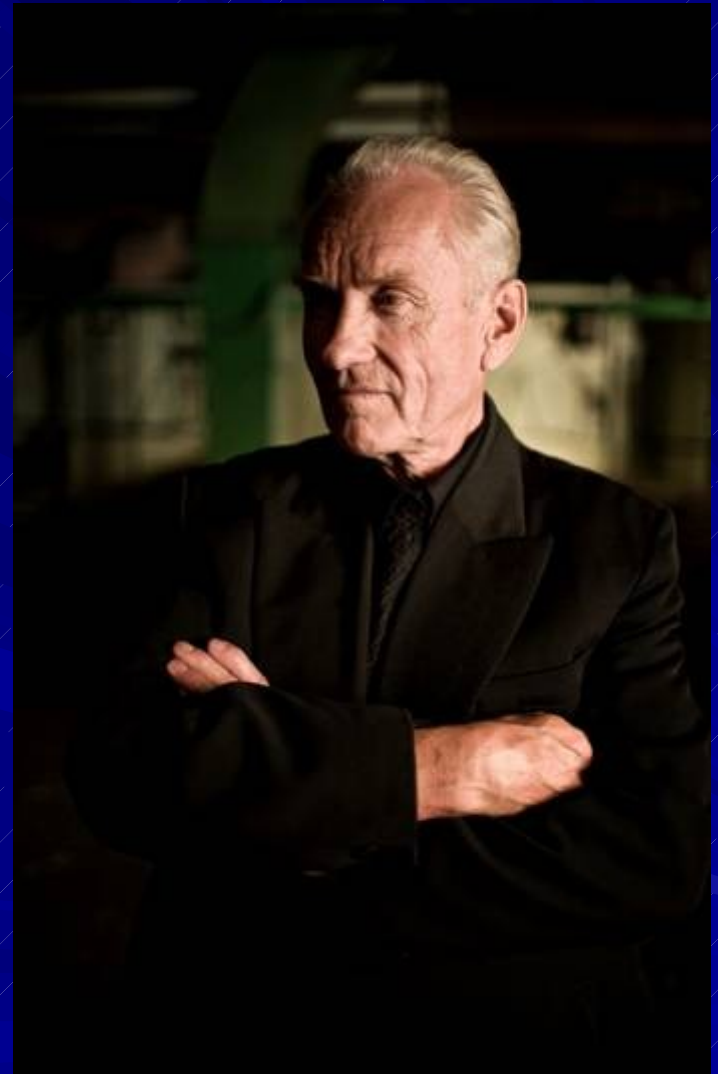
■ Sorrento's capo Melissa hunted me down. No one tries to hide anything from that woman. She does not cut off your fingers, mind you. She will castrate you if you say anything that displeases her. Literally, as it turned out.





- I pleaded for my life, of course. We all do humiliate ourselves in situations like this.
- “Stop crying like a woman, Antonio!” he commanded.
- But I didn’t manage to stop crying. I was hysteric.

- “Listen, you pathetic excuse for a man. Melissa has more balls than you will ever have. You do not deserve to be a man.”
- He turned to Melissa: “I think Lorenzo over in the fifth district deserves a present. A little love toy. See to it!”





■ There had been rumors, of course. What was the point of punishing if no one knew the risk? But I had never really believed in them. Melissa brought me to Frank and the Slicer, who gave me that fatal injection.

The Y2K
nanoviral serum
immediately
started its evil
work,
reprogramming
my DNA and
changing my
body structure.



■ It was painful as hell,
but I was alive. I
guess I am a pussy,
because I am still
glad I am alive.





- The Boss had decided to give me to Lorenzo, an associate over at the west side.
- Lorenzo had a weak spot for hot Latinas, and Melissa acquired some DNA from a Brazilian beauty and mixed with DNA from a Puerto Rican girl the Boss had loved when he was young.



- I was so fucking beautiful, it hurt my eyes. And Melissa trained me extensively in the secret arts of womanhood (at gunpoint, I might add): on how to apply make up; how to dress; how to move; in short: how to become the ultimate gangster accessory.

■ This is my “show him you sexy butt posture”. According to Melissa it works every time. I was not sure I wanted it to work.



■ This posture she calls “the chest exposure trick”. I was still not used to having tits, let alone exposing them in any way!



■ It wasn't until the first shock subsided and I was able to explore my new body, that I realized that I really had become a woman.

■ These wonderful curves of female flesh were undeniable. I have always loved tits, and now they were mine.





- Melissa drove me over to Lorenzo's house. The message was simple: "If you don't please him, you are dead!"

- “Why didn’t I just run away?” you ask. Take the bus to Canada or something.
- Well, I did not exist. I had no papers, no passport, no money, no name. And even if I did manage to get away, the Boss had contacts everywhere.



■ So it was this or death. My philosophy is simple: As long as I live there is hope -- hope for something better, a new life somewhere else.





■ I found Lorenzo in the pool. For the mob the pool is, like expensive cars and guns, a symbol telling the world that they have made it.

- If he had any idea of what kind of girl I was, he didn't show it.
- "Butch has sent me," I told him.
- "Come over here, bella donna!" he told me.





- What would you do if you were in this situation? Run away? Remember, you cannot see it, but there is a gun pointing at my head.



■ I did what women have always done in situations like this: You make a small room in your mind and lock your heart away. They you become the best actress the world has ever seen.



■ He loved my ass. I would too, if I had been him.

- “Listen babe,” he said to me. “Let’s make a deal. A deal for grown-ups!”
- “All right, “ I said.
- “I love women,” he said. “I treat them right. If you treat me well, I will give you a good life here!”





- This came from a man who used to cut the fingers of his class mates in the fourth grade.
- He surprised me, though, proposing a pact like this. Who was I to deny him his peace of mind?

- “You are so beautiful,” he said to me. Definitely not an original phrase, but for the first time I actually took this truism to heart.
- He was right. It was / who was beautiful, not someone else. Maybe this would not be too bad.
- When he kissed my nipple I felt a weak tingling sensation along my spine.



■ I could feel my nipples stiffen in anticipation. I tell you boys, male nipples are nothing in comparison!



■ It was at this point I realized there was no turning back. He touched my pussy through the thin fabric, and I could feel it respond with moisture.



- My weak moaning gave me away. I could see that it turned him on.
- I touched my clit and felt my breath quickening.





■ Then he started exploring my ass, undressing me in the process.

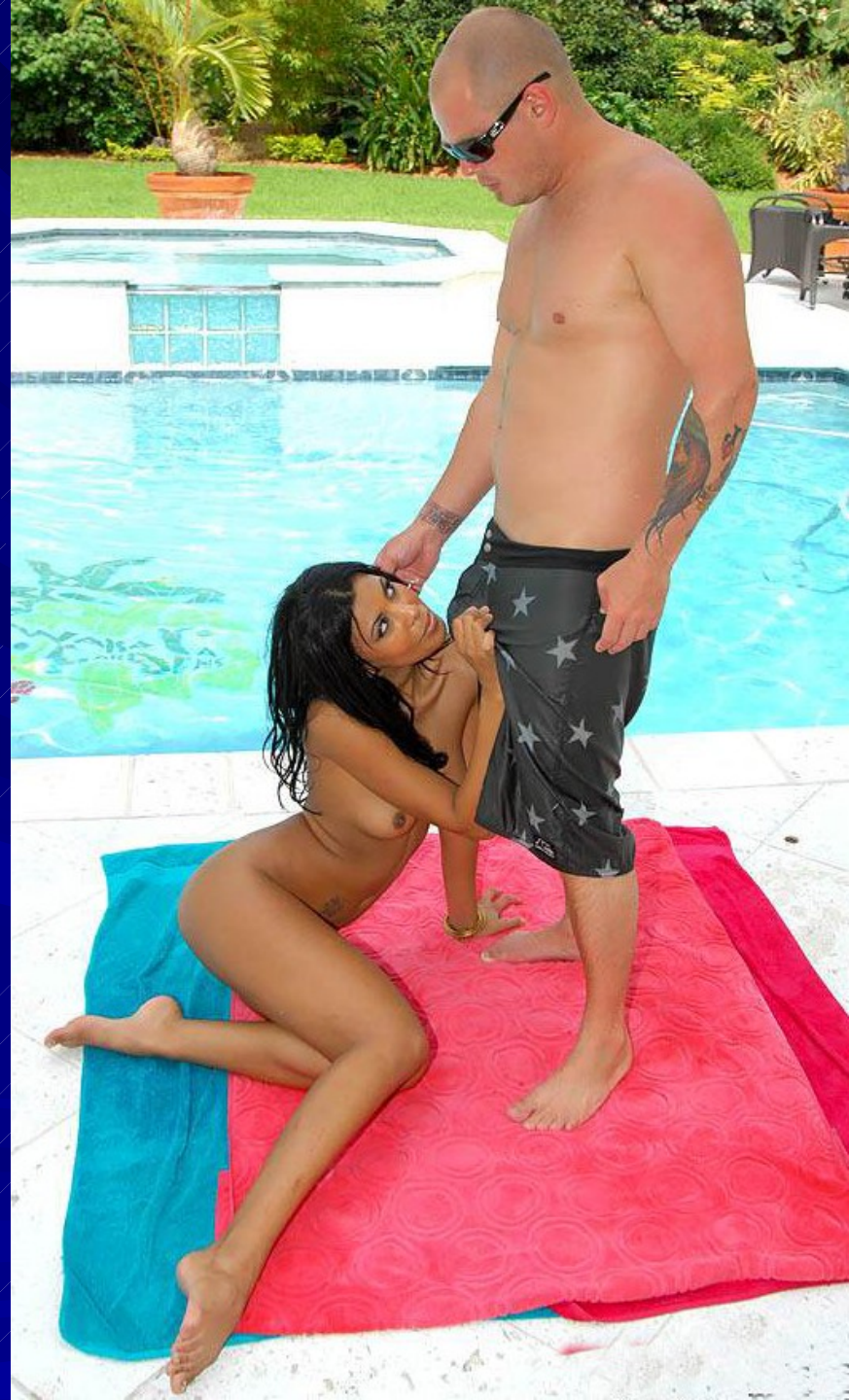


■ At this point I found myself without will or strength. Instead my body vibrated with strange longings I have never felt before.

■ “Let me make you comfortable, my lovely lady!” he said and lifted me up out of the pool.



- “Remember our deal! If you make me happy, I will make you happy!”
- He pushed me down on my knees. He wanted me to suck his cock.





- The strange thing was that the bulge in his shorts excited me, because it proved without a doubt that he desired me.
- When I touched his hard member through the fabric, I could feel an urge to pull it out.

■ “Turn him into a
cock sucking
bitch!” the
Butcher had told
Melissa.
“Humiliate him
beyond belief!”



■ Well, here I was, a
cock sucking bitch,
and I didn't mind
that much really.





■ I wanted to put that thing into my mouth. I wanted to feel him harden inside me, and the salt musky scent aroused me even more.





■ I had prepared myself for rape. Instead I found myself grabbing his dick and urging him to fill me up with it. I can't tell how good it felt, having him moving inside my pussy!



■ Then he started rubbing my clit, bringing me closer and closer to that desirable and dangerous abyss only women really know.



■ I am truly a woman now, I said to myself, cherishing it instead of resenting it.



■ It was as if I was relieved of a heavy burden. I hadn't lost my male life as much as been given a new one as a woman. A better one, I might add, as I realized that this woman was a much smarter person than the one I left behind.



■ New opportunities appeared before me. I knew a lot about the Butcher's operations Lorenzo didn't know. May be I could help Lorenzo become the new boss. In return he could buy me a new identity, and make me rich.



■ I wriggled my ass towards him and begged him to fuck me from behind. As I felt his cock's thrusts shake my body, I realized that I was happier than ever.

■ To my delight I realized that as the old me had been nothing but a testosterone-driven failure, the new me was a devious and cunning woman. Coupled with beauty that gave you a deadly combination.



- “Darling Lorenzo,” I said. “What do you say to becoming the only boss in the city?”
- “Oh, I would like that very much, Lucrezia,” he said to me.
- And the rest, as they say, is history.



EPILOGUE

- This is Bobby. She is beautiful, isn't she?
- She lives over on the East Side, together with Cesare, Lorenzo's deputy over there.



- Bobby isn't very bright, it has to be said. But she will make Cesare a devoted wife.
- Unlike me she is a submissive woman, who understands that her man has the right to decide. Her job is to become a beautiful Italian mama, giving birth to many sons.





- She is looking forward to motherhood. She has already been to many stores selling baby clothes and toys, dreaming about how great it will be.
- Cesare is doing his best to make sure she gets pregnant.



- I am not a revengeful woman. I know that Bobby will have a reasonably good life, even if she will grow fat, and Cesare will find himself a mistress or two -- eventually.

■ I mean, who am I to deny Bobby the pleasures of womanhood? After all she was the one that gave this gift to me!





■ I actually think Butch Sorrento likes his new life. He doesn't have to worry about upstarts like Lorenzo taking over his turf anymore.



■ All she has to worry about now is to keep Cesare happy, and she seems to be very good at that.



■ She has become a better cocksucker than I am!

- Cesare was a little bit freaked out about the whole thing first, the Butcher having been his boss and all.
- But he did understand that I had to make an example of him, so that no one dares to do the same with my beloved Lorenzo.
- Besides, I have made Cesare a rich man. Wealth is a great motivator.





■ Cesare has asked me to be the Godmother of their first kid. He understands who is the real boss of the Family these days.



- If you ever get a visit from one of my boys -- them demanding a fee for services rendered -- do not hesitate too long before you say yes.
- I have several captains looking for wives and mistresses, and I deliver them tailor made.

For more transgender erotica
visit Rebecca's World over at
www.rebeccamolay.com

For more pictures of Lucrezia
(played by Giselle) and Bobby
(played by Bonita) go to
www.realitykings.com

