



MORGANA

Transgender erotica
by Xing Xing
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT!

For adults only!



FEM/FLUXX



IT WAS NOT THAT I DID NOT KNOW WHAT THE RED HEADED MAYFAIRS WERE ABOUT.

MY FAMILY, THE SINCLAIRS, HAD BEEN ALLIED WITH THEM FOR CENTURIES.

FROM TIME TO TIME THE TWO FAMILIES HAD INTERMARRIED, AND GIVEN BIRTH TO POWERFUL WARRIORS, WITCHES AND POLITICIANS.

SO YOU WANT TO GO OUT WITH ME? ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE ASKING, SEAN?



FASCINATING!

MORGANA IS A MAYFAIR, SEAN. THE MAYFAIRS DO NOT SETTLE FOR ANYONE.

MY MISTAKE WAS TO BELIEVE THAT THE TWO MAYFAIR SISTERS NOT ONLY WERE WOMEN AT THE TOP OF THE SOCIAL LADDER, BUT THAT THEY ALSO WERE REGULAR YOUNG WOMEN LOOKING FOR A SUMMER FLING.

NO, WE ARE LOOKING FOR MEN WITH INTELLIGENCE, STAMINA, A WILL TO POWER AND GOOD GENES.



COME ON
GIRLS! I AM
ASKING FOR A
DATE. IT IS
SUMMER. WE ARE
SUPPOSED TO
HAVE FUN.



I SEE. FUN.
WE CAN HAVE
FUN. WOULD YOU
BE WILLING TO
TAKE THE
TIRESIAS
TEST?


THE TONE OF HER VOICE
WAS FLAT,
CALCULATING. BUT I DID
NOT HEED THE
WARNING.



AND WHAT
IS THE
TIRESIAS
TEST?

AH! IT IS A TEST OF
YOUR MANHOOD. WE ARE
LOOKING FOR STRONG MEN
WITH A CLEAR SENSE OF
THEIR DESTINY AS MEN, MEN
THAT CAN MATCH OUR
STRENGTH AND
CUNNING.





I WANT YOU TO
SPEND A WEEK WITH
ME, AS A WOMAN. WE
WILL HAVE A LOT OF
"FUN", AS YOU CALL IT:
WILD LESBIAN SEX,
YOU AND I.

I HARBORED NO DOUBTS
ABOUT HER ABILITY TO
DO WHAT SHE SAID. SHE
WAS, AFTER ALL, A
DESCENDANT OF
MORGANA LE FAY.



AH, WELL,
MORGANA. THAT IS
WICKED,
CONSIDERING THAT I
TOOK THE TEST
LAST YEAR.

YES, YOU DID, AND
YOU FAILED. BY DAY
FIVE YOU WERE DOWN
ON YOUR KNEES ASKING
THE GARDENER TO
FUCK YOU.



OH,
BUT HE WAS
SO HANDSOME
AND I FELT
SO... EMPTY
INSIDE.



I USED TO BE
PHILLIP, SEAN.
REMEMBER ME, THE
CHAMPION OF THE CRICKET
TEAM? I KNOW YOU: YOU
WON'T MAKE IT. YOU DO NOT
HAVE WHAT IT TAKES. I
DIDN'T EITHER. BUT IT
IS OK.

MORGANA'S SISTER
CHIMED IN.

HE IS WEAK, ISN'T
HE? ALL POSH AND
PREPPY, SPOILED BY
GENERATIONS OF
SERVANTS AND MONEY.
HE WILL SPREAD HIS
LEGS IN NO TIME AND
BEG HIS FRIEND
GREGOR TO FUCK
HIM.

YEAH, SEAN, WHY
ISN'T GREGOR HERE?
NOW, THAT IS A MAN I
WOULD LIKE TO SAMPLE.
MIND YOU, I PREFER
GIRLS.

OH, DO MAKE HIM A
BLONDE, MORGANA. I
LOVE SEEING A BLOND
HEAD OVER MY PUSSY.



SO I WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THEIR TRAP, AGREEING TO SPEND ONE WEEK AS MORGANA'S LESBIAN LOVER. AND THE DOG THAT HAD BECOME SO FOND OF ME, WAS THE FAMILIAR OR DEMON MORGANA USED TO CHANGE ME.




A close-up photograph of a woman with long, straight red hair and bangs. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera with a slight, enigmatic smile. Her skin is fair, and she appears to be wearing a dark top. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with green foliage and a white railing.

SHE INVITED ME OVER
THE NEXT DAY. AS SOON
AS WE WERE ALONE
SHE ASKED AGAIN.

ARE
YOU READY
FOR THE FUCK
OF YOUR
LIFE?

GREGOR WOULD NEVER
HAVE AGREED TO THIS,
BUT I FELT THAT MY
MANHOOD HAD BEEN
QUESTIONED. BESIDES,
I COULD NOT HELP
WONDERING HOW IT
WOULD FEEL TO KISS
THOSE LIPS OF HERS,
AND IF THIS WAS THE
WAY---



A photograph of two women in a romantic embrace. The woman on the left has long, vibrant red hair and is wearing a black short-sleeved shirt pulled up to her shoulders, revealing her midriff, and white underwear. The woman on the right has long brown hair and is wearing a bright red off-the-shoulder top. They are standing in front of a large window that looks out onto a tropical garden with palm trees. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting daytime. The image is framed by a thick red border.

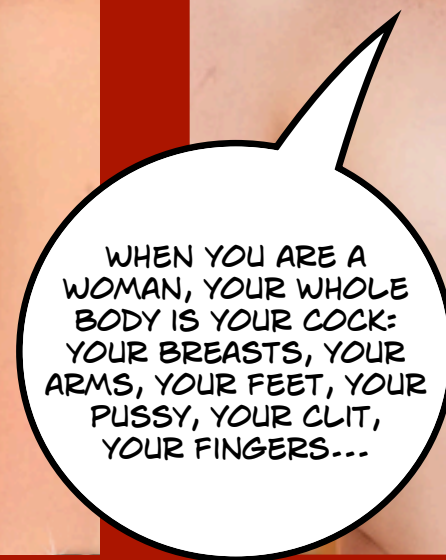
I REALIZED THAT I WAS SHORTER THAN HER NOW, AND ALL THAT MUSCLE I HAD WORKED SO HARD TO BUILD UP, WAS GONE. I WAS SMALL, SOFT, AND COMPLETELY DEFENSELESS.

I COULD SMELL HER SKIN, HER HAIR, HER PERFUME, HER PUSSY. I COULD FEEL HER HAND ON MY TIT. MY BREASTS WEREN'T THAT BIG, BUT I COULD FEEL MY NIPPLE SWELL UNDER HER TOUCH.

I WAITED FOR THE FEELING OF MY COCK STIFFENING, BUT INSTEAD MY CROTCH RESPONDED WITH A STRANGE STIRRING. I FELT MY PUSSY GETTING MOIST.



WHAT YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND, STUPID BOY,
IS THAT HAVING SEX AS A
WOMAN IS A HUNDRED TIMES
MORE PLEASURABLE THAN
ENTERING A WOMAN AS A
MAN.






THEY TELL US ALL KINDS OF LIES TO KEEP US DOWN. THAT WE ARE WEAKER THAN MEN, THAT WE HAVE LESS LIBIDO THAN MEN, THAT WE ARE TO LOOK UP TO MEN.



AS I EXPLORED THE PETALS OF HER PUSSY, MY CURIOSITY GREW. I WONDERED HOW MY OWN PUSSY LOOKED.

I FELT THIS INTENSE
URGE TO SERVE THIS
WONDERFUL WOMAN. I
WAS NOTHING
COMPARED TO HER, I
KNEW THAT NOW. SO I
DECIDED TO GET AS
MUCH OF HER
GREATNESS AS I
COULD.



A photograph of two nude women sitting on a large, curved wooden stool in a bright, sunlit room. The woman on the left has red hair tied back and is looking down with her mouth slightly open. The woman on the right has long brown hair and is looking off to the side. A speech bubble is overlaid on the left side of the image, containing text about female anatomy. The background shows a white bed and a window with greenery outside.

MEN HAVE USED THE FACT THAT
THEIR COCK IS SO VISIBLE TO DENY
WOMEN THE ABILITY TO FEEL. BUT THE
TRUTH IS THAT DOWN HERE YOU HAVE
SOMETHING THAT IS MUCH MORE THAN A
SIMPLE ROD. THERE ARE MILLIONS OF
NERVE ENDINGS DOWN HERE. YOUR CLIT
GOES DEEP INTO YOUR BODY, AND YOUR
WOMB CAN CREATE LIFE.

A photograph of two nude women in a domestic setting, possibly a living room. The woman on the left has red hair tied in a bun and is leaning forward. The woman on the right has brown hair and is leaning back against a wooden surface, with her hand on the first woman's buttock. Both women have their eyes closed. The image is framed by a thick red border and includes two comic-style speech bubbles. The background shows a window with a view of greenery and a grey armchair.

OH,
YOU ARE
WET, SEAN. MY
LITTLE GIRL
IS WET.

OH MY GOD!



I LOVE YOUR
SWEET PUSSY!



THIS IS
THE TASTE
OF YOUR
PUSSY. WHERE
IS THAT PROUD
MAN NOW,
EH?





AND IT WAS ALL SO
SOFT AND SENSUAL. I
COULD FEEL HEAT
BUILDING UP DOWN
THERE, AND TINGLING
WAVES OF PLEASURE
SPREAD THROUGHOUT
MY BODY.

AND I GAVE IN TO THOSE
FEELINGS, EMBRACED
THEM, AS SHE HAD
HOPED I WOULD DO.
THIS CAUSED THEM TO
BECOME EVEN
STRONGER.





NOW, AT THIS POINT I GUESS
YOU WILL START FEELING "THE
VOID" OR "THE HUNGER" AS
SOME WITCHES CALL IT.

YOU SEE, IT DOES NOT
MATTER IF YOU ARE STRAIGHT
OR LESBIAN. MOST OF US FEEL
THE THE NEED TO BE FILLED
AND FULFILLED.



OH NO,
YOU CANNOT
USE THAT
ONE.



YOU ARE AFRAID YOU
ARE GOING TO LIKE IT,
AREN'T YOU?




THAT BUZZING THING
MADE MY WHOLE BODY
SHIVER IN ANTICIPATION.
OH YES, I WANTED IT
INSIDE ME. I WANTED
HER TO FUCK ME WITH
THAT COCK.

WELL, YOU
SHOULD BE AFRAID.
THE CHANCES ARE YOU
WILL BE BEGGING FOR
THE REAL THING VERY
SOON.





A photograph of two young women lying in bed. The woman in the foreground has long brown hair and is looking towards the right. The woman behind her has short red hair and is looking towards the camera. A third person's legs are visible on the right side of the frame. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing text. The background is a plain white wall.

I WANT YOU TO
IMAGINE A BIG, STRONG,
HANDSOME MAN FUCKING YOU.
HE WANTS YOU, HIS BIG
SWOLLEN COCK TESTIFIES TO
THAT. HE LOVES YOU. AND NOW
HE WANTS THE TWO OF YOU
TO BECOME ONE.



I WANT YOU
TO SEE THE
IMAGE OF YOUR
SMALL, FEMININE
BODY, UNDER
THAT STRONG
MAN.



I AM
COMING!
FUCK, I AM
COMING!

THE UNBIDDEN IMAGE
OF GREGORY POPPED
UP IN MY MIND. I WAS
SPREADING MY LEGS
FOR HIM, AND
SCRATCHING HIS BACK
WITH MY LONG NAILS,
URGING HIM DEEPER
AND DEEPER.



OH MY GOD, YOU WERE
FANTASIZING ABOUT
GREGOR, WEREN'T YOU? I
KNEW IT. HE IS YOUR BEST
FRIEND AND NOW YOU SEE
HIM THE WAY A WOMAN
SEES HIM.

WHY DON'T YOU CALL HIM
TOMORROW. ASK HIM OVER.
HE CAN COMFORT YOU WITH
HIS BIG FAT COCK.

I WAS SO
EMBARRASSED. I
WANTED TO RUN, BUT I
HAD A DILDO UP MY
SNATCH.

SHUT UP,
MORGANA!
SHUT UP!



IS IT
ALWAYS
THIS GOOD?
THESE WAVES
OF PLEASURE
THAT GO ON
AND ON AND
ON?

NOT
ALWAYS.
BUT WITH A
GOOD
LOVER... AH,
NOW YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU
HAVE BEEN
MISSING.








THE SHE LEFT ME
ALONE IN THAT BIG
HOUSE. HER PARENTS
WERE IN MONACO. I
KNEW THAT. THAT WAS
ONE OF THE REASONS I
HAD DARED TO VISIT
HER. BUT NOW HER
SISTER WAS GONE AS
WELL, AND PAM,
FORMERLY KNOWN AS
PHILLIP.




A close-up, high-angle portrait of a young woman with long, dark brown hair. She has light blue eyes and is looking directly at the camera with a slight, enigmatic smile. Her lips are painted a soft pink. The lighting is soft and warm, highlighting her features. The background is out of focus, showing hints of a yellow and brown object on the left.

THERE WAS NOTHING TO
DISTRACT ME, WHICH --
I GUESS -- WAS
MORGANA'S INTENTION.
ALL I HAD WAS MY
FEMININE BODY AND MY
VIVID IMAGINATION.

I WANTED TO SHARE MY
FEMALE BEING WITH
ANOTHER WOMAN. I
REALIZED I WANTED A
WOMAN TO SEE ME AS A
WOMAN, RESPECT ME
AS A WOMAN. AND THE
THAT NIGHT I HAD THIS
VIVID DREAM OF BEING
TO THE HAIR DRESSER.





FOR ME THE HAIR SALON
HAD BEEN A MYSTERY: A
PLACE WHERE WOMEN
TALK AND MAKE
THEMSELVES PRETTY,
NOT ONLY FOR MEN,
BUT FOR EACH OTHER.







THEN WE KISSED AND
MADE LOVE





BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT
IS IN DREAMS. IN ONE
MINUTE THE WOMAN
WAS EATING MY PUSSY.


AND IN THE NEXT I WAS
SUCKING THE BIG COCK
OF A MAN.





I DON'T
NEED TO BE
A BOY ANY
LONGER, DO I,
WHEN THERE
ARE MEN
LIKE YOU?

AND THEN I HAD HIS
COCK INSIDE ME, AND I
HEARD MYSELF SAY THE
MOST SILLY THINGS.

A photograph of a scene in a room with white walls and a glass shelf. A woman with long brown hair is seated in a white chair, leaning back with her mouth open. A muscular man is positioned behind her, penetrating her with a large, dark, cylindrical object. Another woman with long black hair stands behind the man, her hands on his shoulders. On the glass shelf to the left, there is a pink spray bottle and two tall glass vases containing white flowers and water. The entire image is framed by a thick purple border.

SHE SAYS THAT
SHE DOES NOT
NEED A COCK
ANYMORE, SHE
CAN USE YOURS.

I WOKE UP SCREAMING
IN MY BED THAT NIGHT,
TERRIFIED OF MY
SURRENDER TO THAT
MAN.

BUT I COULD ALSO FEEL
MY VAGINAL MUSCLES
CONTINUE TO PUMP
THAT DREAM COCK OF
HIS, HUNGRY FOR
SOMETHING MORE
SUBSTANTIAL.





I AM A
BRUNETTE,
SMALL, BLUE
EYES, GIRLY
FIGURE. COME
TO THINK OF IT,
I LOOK
EXACTLY
LIKE YOUR
TYPE.

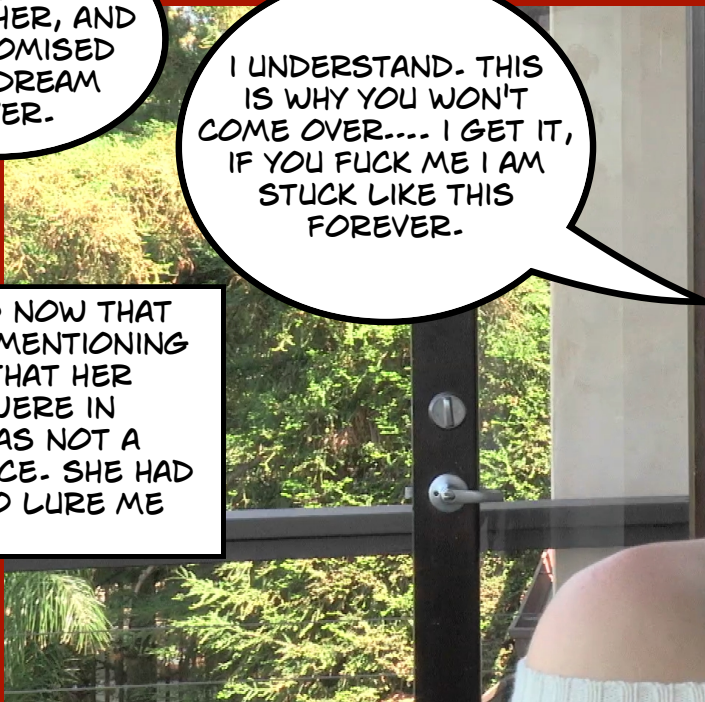


YOU THINK SHE MADE ME
THIS WAY ON PURPOSE?....
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "SHE
OWES YOU ONE?"



I SEE, YOU
HELPED HER, AND
SHE PROMISED
YOU A DREAM
LOVER.

I REALIZED NOW THAT
MORGANA MENTIONING
THE FACT THAT HER
PARENTS WERE IN
EUROPE WAS NOT A
COINCIDENCE. SHE HAD
WANTED TO LURE ME
OVER.



I UNDERSTAND. THIS
IS WHY YOU WON'T
COME OVER.... I GET IT,
IF YOU FUCK ME I AM
STUCK LIKE THIS
FOREVER.









IT IS GOOD
TO SEE YOU
TO.

THEN I HAD TO LOWER
MY EYES. I BLUSHED
AND STUTTERED. I
SUDDENLY FELT NAKED.



COME...COME
ON INSIDE!



I KNOW I FUCKED UP, OK, BUT NOW... I DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO. IT FEELS SO GOOD TO BE A WOMAN.

I FEEL SEXY, HEALTHY, AND IF I HADN'T BEEN SO HORRIBLY HORNY, I WOULD HAVE BEEN AT PEACE WITH MYSELF.



I SEE. SHE SENSED THIS SIDE OF YOU AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT. LISTEN, I WILL NOT ABUSE YOU BECAUSE SHE MADE YOU THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD.



SO YOU LIKE ME THIS WAY?

DAMN IT, SEAN. SHE HAS MADE YOU SO SWEET AND ADORABLE THAT IT HURT MY EYES.

AND WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DRESS LIKE THAT? THIS IS ALL SHE LEFT YOU? AM I RIGHT?

THE TRUTH WAS THAT SHE HAD LEFT ME A DRESS, BUT I LIKED THIS OUTFIT. I KNEW IT WOULD HAVE AN EFFECT ON GREG.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME. WE MATCH IN MANY WAYS.

BUT I HAVE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT YOU IN THIS WAY... UNTIL NOW.

I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME SENSELESS. OK? THERE I SAID IT.

ARE YOU CRAZY! THAT WOULD MEAN AN END TO SEAN! I HAVE YOU MET PHILIP?

I WANT TO SHARE THIS BODY WITH YOU.



AND IF THAT MEANS I WILL STAY A GIRL FOREVER, I AM FINE WITH THAT. PHILIP IS HAPPY AS PAM.



DON'T BREAK MY HEART!



BUT YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND! A MAN!

DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN TO YOU?



ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?



I AM A
DIFFERENT
PERSON
NOW.

FOR A WOMAN THERE IS
NOTHING AS AROUSING
AS A STIFF COCK. IT
TELLS YOU THAT YOU
ARE DESIRABLE.



I LOVED THIS MAN AND I
WANTED TO PLEASE
HIM.

AND THEN, FINALLY, MY
NEW BODY GOT WHAT IT
WANTED.





YOU WON'T BELIEVE HOW DIFFERENT IT IS TO HAVE A PUSSY, GREG. I HAVE A WHOLE CAVE INSIDE ME THAT WANTS TO WELCOME YOU INSIDE.



I WAS SO READY FOR THIS. NOW HIS EMBARRASSMENT AND BEWILDERMENT GAVE WAY TO LUST.

AFTER ALL, THIS WAS THE KIND OF GIRL THAT TURNED HIM ON THE MOST: YOUNG, FEMININE, MISCHIEVOUS.




GOD, YOU
ARE SO
BEAUTIFUL.

I HAD TAKEN THE
INITIATIVE. I HAD
SEDUCED HIM, BUT NOW
HE WAS IN CONTROL
AND COULD DO
WHATEVER HE WANTED
WITH ME. I LIKED THAT.




I LOOKED DOWN AT HIM AS HE STARTED LICKING MY PUSSY. MY SOFT TITS DREW TWO OF MANY BEAUTIFUL CURVES DEFINING MY BODY. I LOVED LOOKING LIKE THIS.



THAT DID NOT STOP ME
FROM BEING SCARED.
THERE WAS NO WAY
BACK AFTER THIS.
WOULD I BE ABLE TO
LIVE THE LIFE OF A GIRL
WITHOUT THE SOCIAL
TRAINING OF ONE? AND
WHAT WOULD MY FRIEND
SAY?

I SPREAD MY LEGS
WIDER FOR HIM. YOU
HAVE NO IDEA HOW
MUCH THAT EXPOSURE
RELIED ON MY TRUST IN
HIM.

A photograph of a woman with long dark hair lying on her back on a red bed. She is looking upwards with a surprised expression. A man's hand is visible on her right hip. The image is framed by a thick red border.

MAYBE I WOULD JOIN
THE GIRLS IN THE
GARDEN, LURING
ANOTHER POOR GUY
INTO A WOMANHOOD.

I TENSED AS I SENSED
HIS COCK ON MY LABIA.
GOD, I HAD LABIA!!!



AND THEN HE PUSHED
HIMSELF INSIDE ME. I
GASPED IN FEAR AND
ANTICIPATION.





OH-- OH, THAT
IS--- I CANNOT
BELIEVE IT--- YOU
ARE INSIDE ME ---
OH GREG!

HE TURNED ME OVER
AND FUCKED ME SLOW
AND STRONG FROM
BEHIND.

I COULD FEEL HIS COCK
STRETCH MY VAGINA
BEFORE SLIPPING OUT
AGAIN. THEN IT WAS
BACK, GOING DEEPER. I
MOANED AND BUCKED
AND CLUNG TO THE
SHEET.



AND WHEN I THOUGHT HE
COULD NOT GET ANY
DEEPER, HE SURPRISED
ME AGAIN.





I HAD TAKEN WOMEN FROM BEHIND AS A MAN, SO I HAD A PRETTY GOOD IDEA HOW HE FELT: IN CONTROL OF THESE WONDERFUL ROUND CURVES OF WOMANHOOD.

THE FACT THAT HE WAS WATCHING MY ROUND ASS MADE ME EVEN MORE AROUSED.

THEN HE DRAGGED ME
ON TOP OF HIMSELF,
NIBBLING AT MY TITS,
ALLOWING ME TO
CONTROL HIS
PENETRATION.





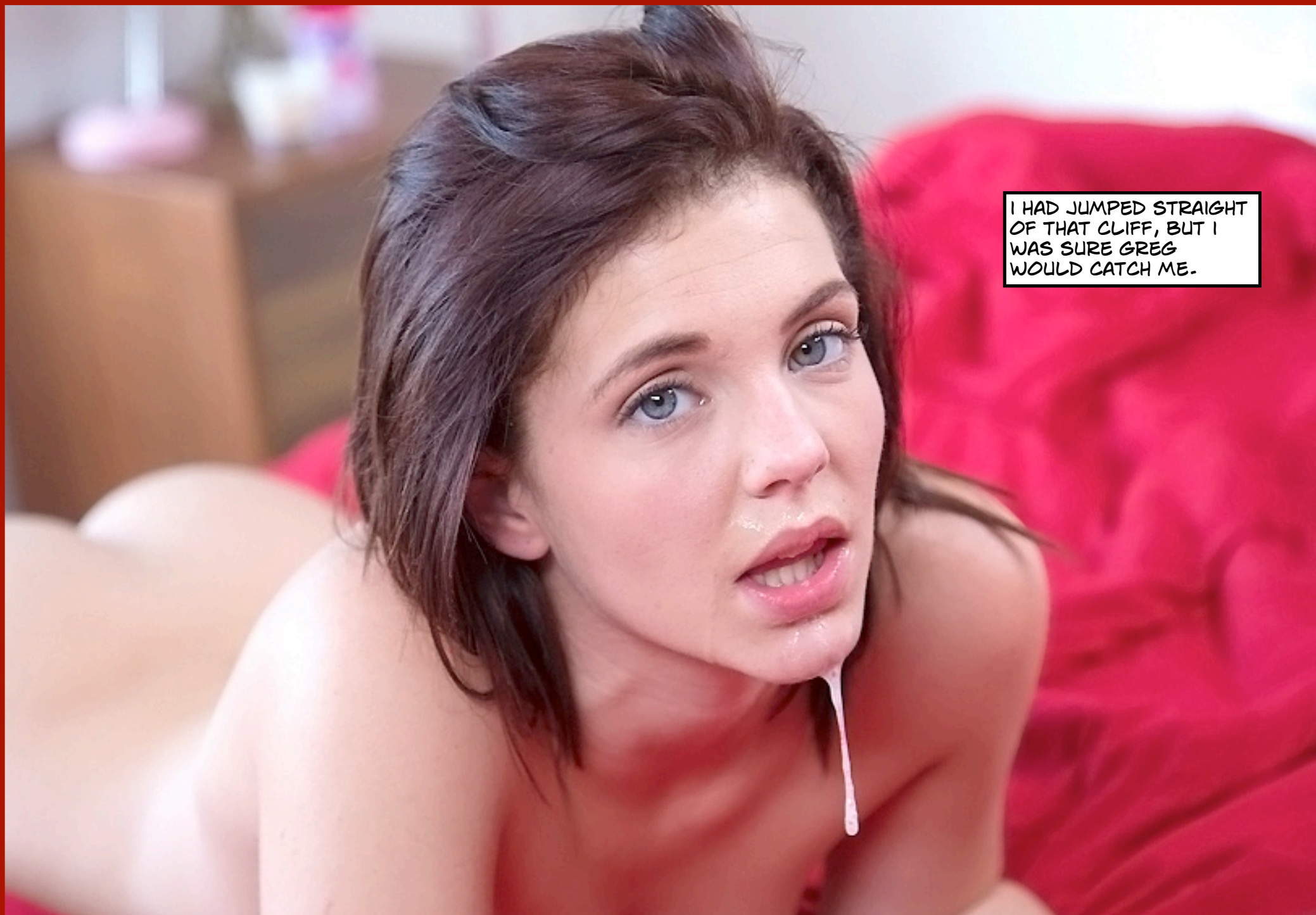
OH
GOD, GREG,
I CANNOT
BELIEVE THE
SIGHT OF
US.

I WATCHED HIS COCK
MOVING UP INSIDE MY
SLIT AND REALIZED THIS
WAS WHAT I WANTED TO
BE.



HE DIDN'T WANT TO
MAKE ME PREGNANT, HE
SAID. "AT LEAST NOT
YET!!" MY HEART LEAPED
AND I LET HIM COME IN
MY MOUTH.





I HAD JUMPED STRAIGHT
OF THAT CLIFF, BUT I
WAS SURE GREG
WOULD CATCH ME.

*Morgana: Ellen Alexandra
Sean: Kiera Winters*

*Imagery by Reality Kings
Additional Imagery (Dream Scene): Brazzers*

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