



CASINO

TRANSGENDER EROTICA BY THE FOXX
FOR ADULTS ONLY!

WELCOME TO THE
XANADU CASINO.



IT IS ONE OF THE
SMALLER ONES IN LAS
VEGAS, BUT IT ATTRACTS
A DIVERSE CROWD IN
SPITE OF THIS.



IT IS OWNED BY THE
MYSTERIOUS MRS. X.
SHE OWNS AN EMPIRE
OF CLUBS AND BARS,
BROTHELS AND ESCORT
SERVICES.



MRS. X IS KNOWN AS A
BRUTAL BUSINESS
WOMAN-MANY OF THE
MEN WHO DISPLEASES
HER HAVE BEEN KNOWN
TO DISAPPEAR.



WHO'S
TALKING? YOU
OWN MRS. X
THIRTY GRAND.
YOU ARE IN A
WORSE SHAPE
THAN ME.





WELL, GENTLEMEN. IT IS NOT FOR ME TO SAY, OBVIOUSLY, BUT IF YOU OWE MRS. X THAT MUCH MONEY, IT IS BETTER TO START EARNING SOME, RATHER THAN LOSING MORE HERE.



WELL,
YEAH, BUT
WHERE CAN I
GET THAT KIND
OF MONEY?

WHAT DOES SHE
DO TO THOSE WHO
CANNOT PAY,
ANYWAY? BREAK
THEIR FINGERS OR
SOMETHING?

I WOULD NOT LIKE
THAT. I CAN'T PLAY
CARDS WITH BROKEN
FINGERS.



THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT!

HMMM,
YOU ARE IN
LUCK TODAY,
BEN.



THE
RUMOR HAS
IT THAT SHE
HAS HIRED A
SHAMAN FROM
NICARAGUA.

WHAT'S A
SHAMAN?

SOME
KIND OF
NATIVE
AMERICAN
WIZARD, I
BELIEVE.







WOW.
LOOK AT THAT.
BEN, MAYBE WE
WE BOTH WILL
FIND A SOLUTION
TO OUR
PROBLEMS
TODAY.



WHAT ARE YOU
PLAYING?

BLACK JACK.

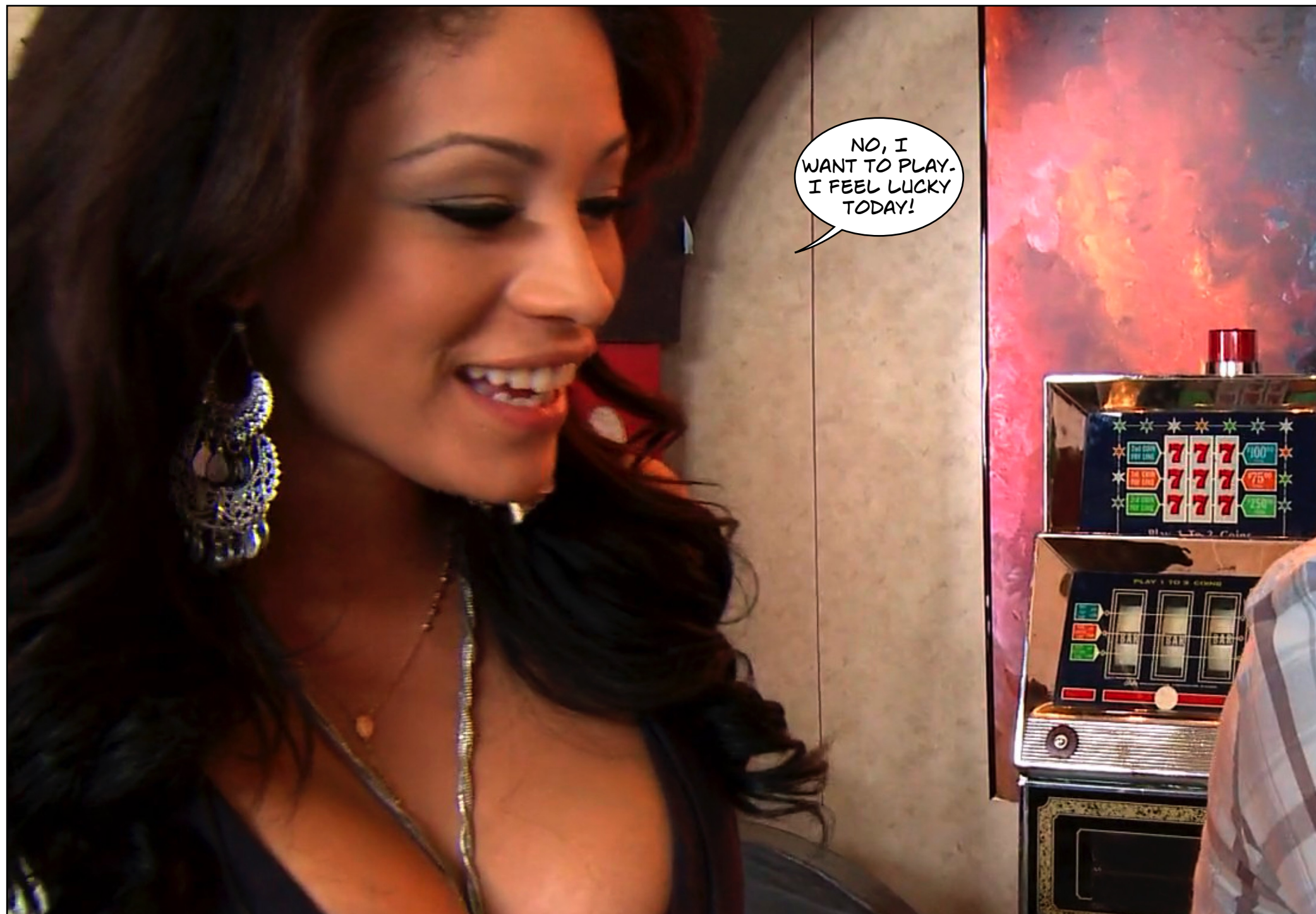
THAT'S STRANGE, I
THOUGHT ALL THE
PEOPLE CARDS HAD
WHITE PEOPLE ON
THEM.

WELL, MISS, THE
POINT IS TO GET A HAND
THAT ADDS UP TO 21.
CARDS WITH PICTURES ON
THEM ARE WORTH 10, THE
ACE ONE OR 11.



GEE, THAT
SOUNDS
COMPLICATED.

MAYBE YOU
SHOULD GO TO
ANOTHER TABLE. IT
WOULD BE BAD IF
YOU LOST ALL
THAT MONEY.



NO, I
WANT TO PLAY.
I FEEL LUCKY
TODAY!



BY THE WAY, I HEARD
WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE
SHAMAN. IT IS TRUE THAT HE
CHANGED ONE COP INTO A COW,
ONCE, BUT THOSE WHO OWE HER
MONEY, ARE TURNED INTO
GIRLS.

ARE THEY
NOW? WHY?



SHE FORCES THEM
TO WORK IN THE SEX
TRADE, YOU KNOW. ONE
YEAR FOR EVERY TEN
GRAND THEY OWE
HER.



TAKE A
LOOK AT
KATIE OVER
THERE. SHE
USED TO BE A
CROUPIER HERE
AT THE CASINO,
BY THE NAME
OF KEVIN
COX.



HE STOLE
80000
DOLLARS FROM
THE CASINO TEN
YEARS AGO, AND
COULD NOT PAY
IT BACK.



SO SHE SENTENCED HIM TO FIVE YEARS AS A GIRL.



SHE WORKED AS A CALL GIRL FOR FIVE YEARS, AND THEN MRS. X ASKED HER TO COME BACK TO THE CASINO.

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

KEVIN WAS MY UNCLE. I GUESS THAT MEANS THAT KATIE IS MY AUNT NOW.



OK,
I WILL TAKE
THE CHANCE. I
AM ALL IN
TOO.

WELL, I NEED
THE MONEY, EVEN
IF I DO NOT
BELIEVE THIS
TURNED INTO A
WOMAN STUFF.





I HAVE TO
ASK. IF YOUR
UNCLE WAS TO BE
CURSED FOR FIVE
YEARS, HOW COME
HE IS STILL
WORKING AS A
GIRL?



THEY SAY THAT IF
YOU STAY LIKE THAT
FOR MORE THAN FOUR
YEARS, IT IS HARD TO
GO BACK TO BEING A
MAN.

IT IS
POWERFUL MAGIC
YOU KNOW, AND THE
SHAMAN MAKES ALL
THE GIRLS STRAIGHT
SO THAT THEY CAN
BETTER SERVE
THE MEN.




SHE
SAYS THAT
SHE LOVES THE
WAY MEN
STARE AT HER
BIG TITS.

THAT IS SO
FUCKED UP.



SHE
ALSO SAYS
THAT SEX IS
SO MUCH
BETTER WHEN
YOU ARE A
WOMAN.

BULLSHIT!



I HAVE TWO OF
THOSE JACK
FELLOWS.





I
DON'T WANT
TO BECOME A
GIRL BECAUSE
OF YOU.

CALM DOWN, BEN.
DON'T BELIEVE THAT
STUFF. THERE IS NO
MAGIC.



YOU WERE IN
ON THIS!


WHAT CAN I SAY. THE
BOSS NEED SOME NEW
GIRLS FOR THE LAS
VEGAS ESCORT
AGENCIES.





YOU DID A
GOOD JOB,
HONEY.

IT ALWAYS
MAKES ME A LITTLE
BIT SAD WHEN THIS
HAPPENS. IT REMINDS
ME OF WHAT
HAPPENED TO ME.



I HAVE BEEN A
GIRL FOR TWO
YEARS NOW, WITH
TWO TO GO. I
SHOULD NEVER
HAVE HELPED MY
UNCLE CHEAT THE
CASINO.

NO,
YOU
SHOULDN'T,
BUT YOU DID.
BUT YOU MAKE
A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL.



WE
DESERVE A
BREAK, DON'T
YOU THINK. WHY
DON'T WE GO
TO MY ROOM
AND HAVE
SOME
FUN.





I CANNOT STOP
THINKING ABOUT
THEM. TOMORROW
MORNING THEY WILL
WAKE UP LONELY AND
CONFUSED. AND THEN
THEY BECOME SO
HORNY, SO HORNY.



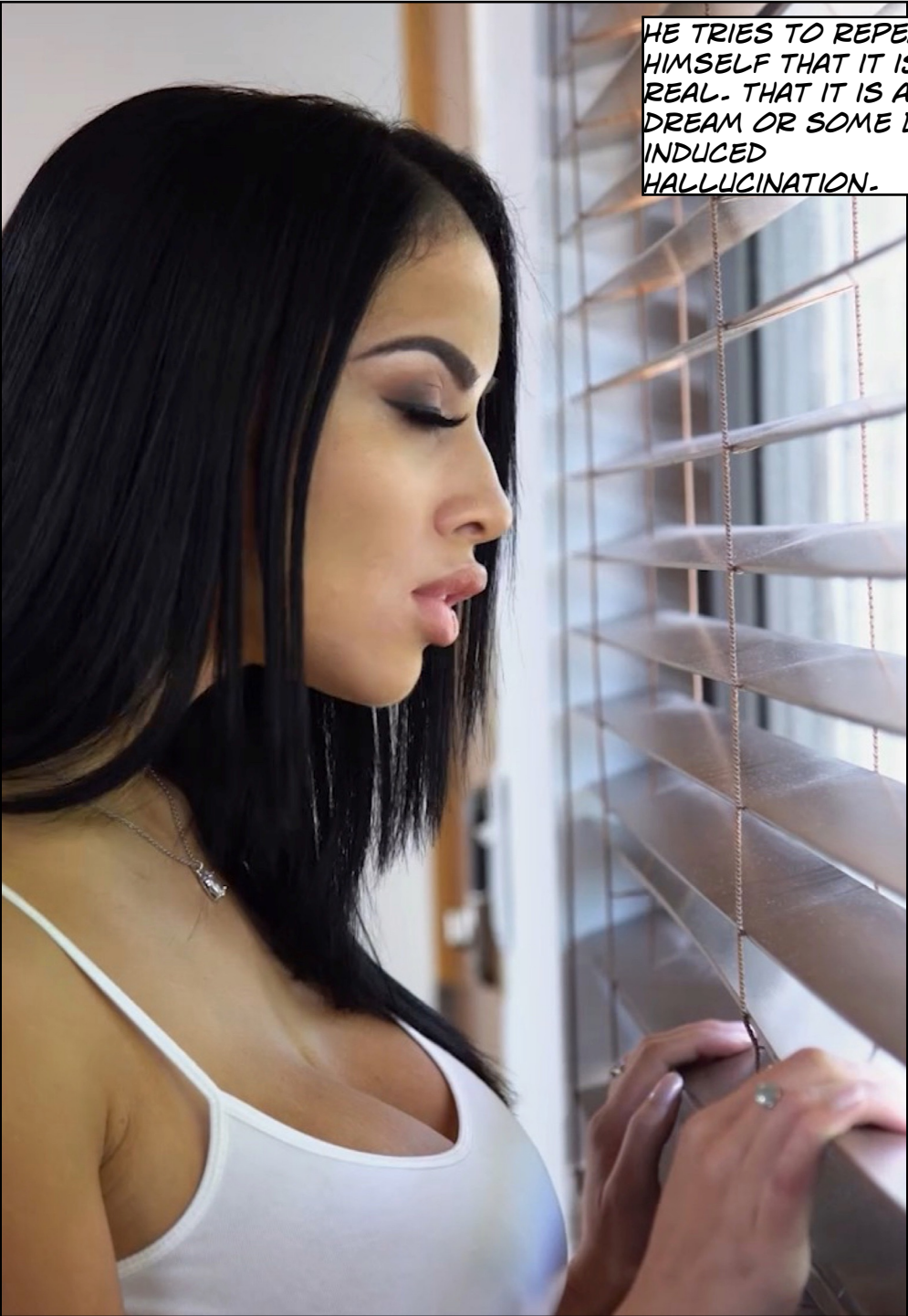
I WILL
MAKE YOU
FORGET ALL
ABOUT IT.

THE NEXT MORNING






IT IS SUNDAY MORNING,
JIM HAS JUST WOKEN UP
ON A SOFA. HE IS NO
LONGER HIMSELF. HE
WENT TO BED IN A
MOTEL IN ARIZONA LAST
NIGHT, ON THE RUIN,
AND WOKE UP HERE,
SOME PLACE BACK IN
LAS VEGAS.



HE TRIES TO REPEAT TO
HIMSELF THAT IT IS NOT
REAL. THAT IT IS A
DREAM OR SOME DRUG
INDUCED
HALLUCINATION.



BUT HE CAN FEEL THE
SOFT HAIR ON HIS
SHOULDERS AND THE
HEAVY WEIGHT OF HIS
TITS ON HIS CHEST.



THE DOOR IS LOCKED.
HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE
HAND OF A GIRL.



THERE IS NO ONE HERE,
AND HE GUESSES THAT
THIS IS BECAUSE THEY
WANT HIM TO LEARN TO
KNOW HIS NEW BODY.

HE TRIES TO DISTRACT
HIMSELF AND TURNS ON
THE TV.



HE LIKES THE LOOK OF
THE WOMAN, BUT
WOULD RATHER NOT BE
REMINDED OF WHAT HE
HAD BECOME RIGHT
THEN, SO HE TRIES TO
SWITCH CHANNELS.



AND FAILS.

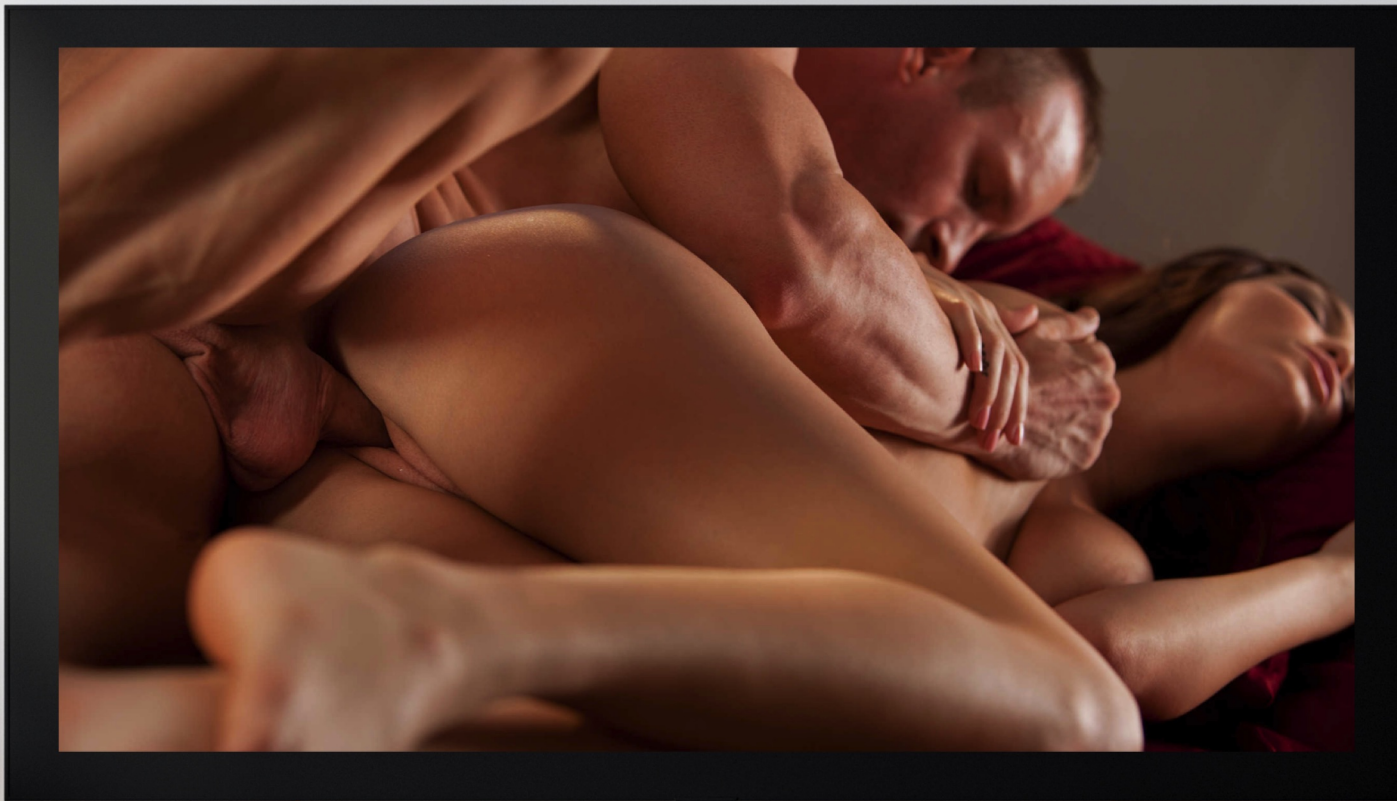
FUCK.



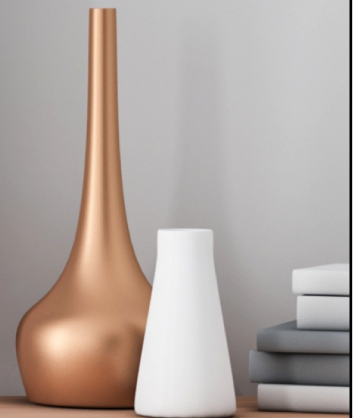
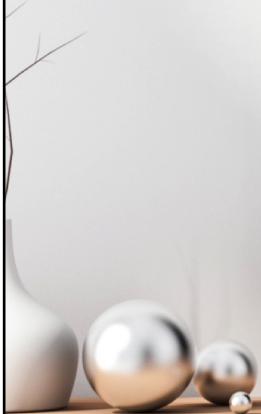


HE KNOWS THAT THEY
ARE MESSING WITH HIS
MIND.





OH
YEAH, THAT'S
SO GOOD...





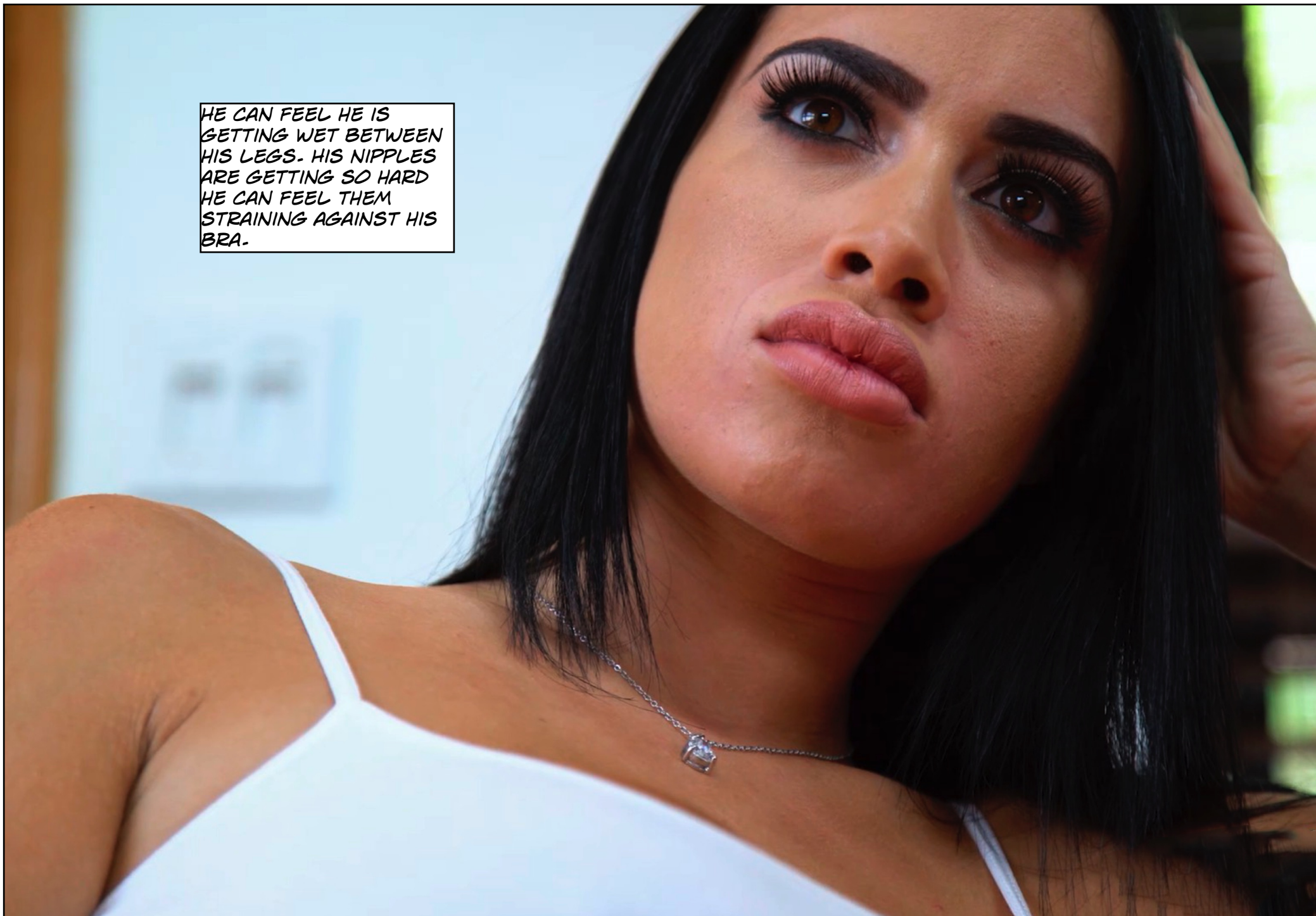
FUCK, THAT WOMAN IS
SO HOT. HE WOULD
LOVE TO FUCK HER, AND
FILL HER UP WITH HIS
COCK, JUST LIKE THAT.



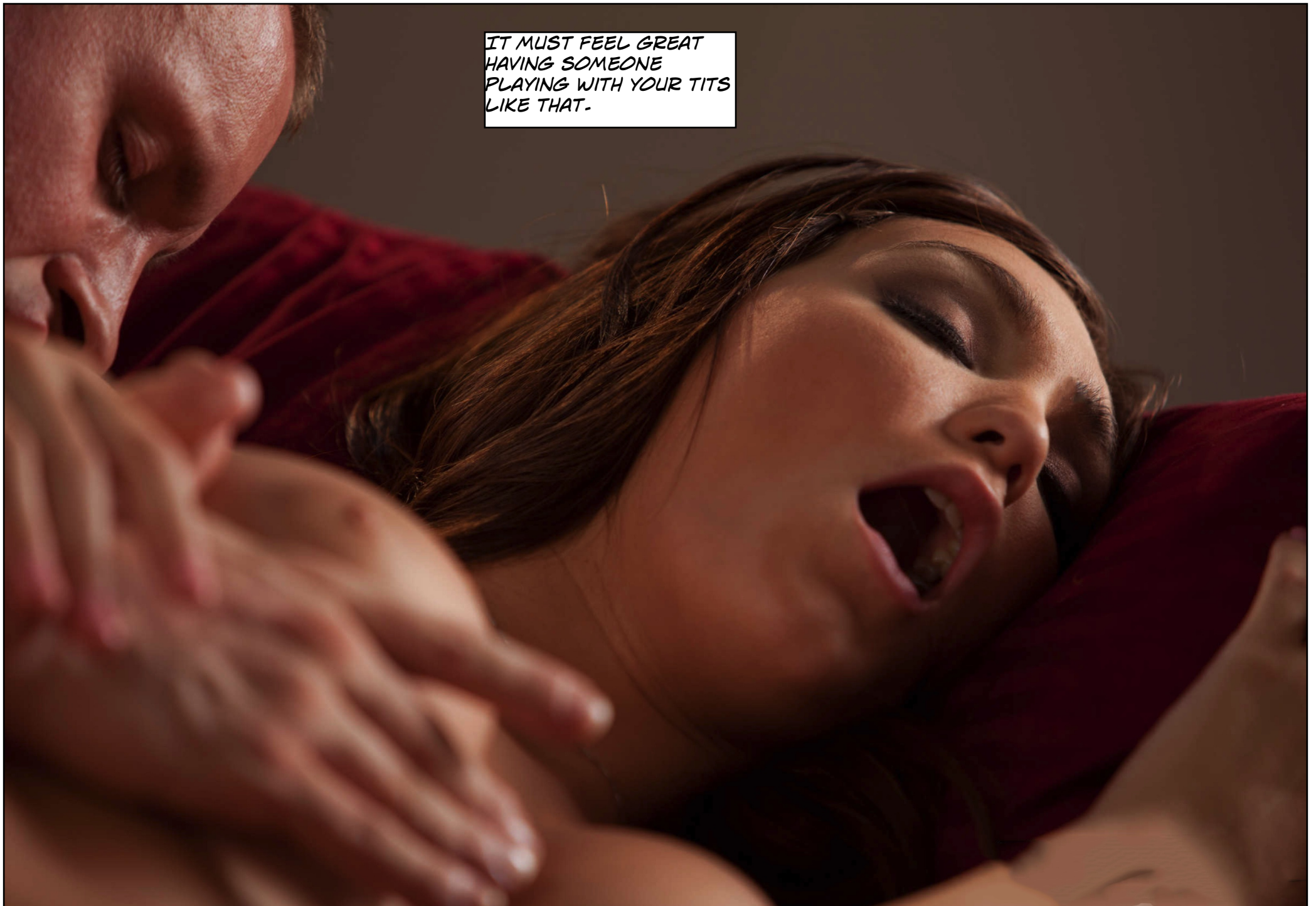


OH YEAH,
FUCK ME
HARD.

HE CAN FEEL HE IS
GETTING WET BETWEEN
HIS LEGS. HIS NIPPLES
ARE GETTING SO HARD
HE CAN FEEL THEM
STRAINING AGAINST HIS
BRA.



IT MUST FEEL GREAT
HAVING SOMEONE
PLAYING WITH YOUR TITS
LIKE THAT.



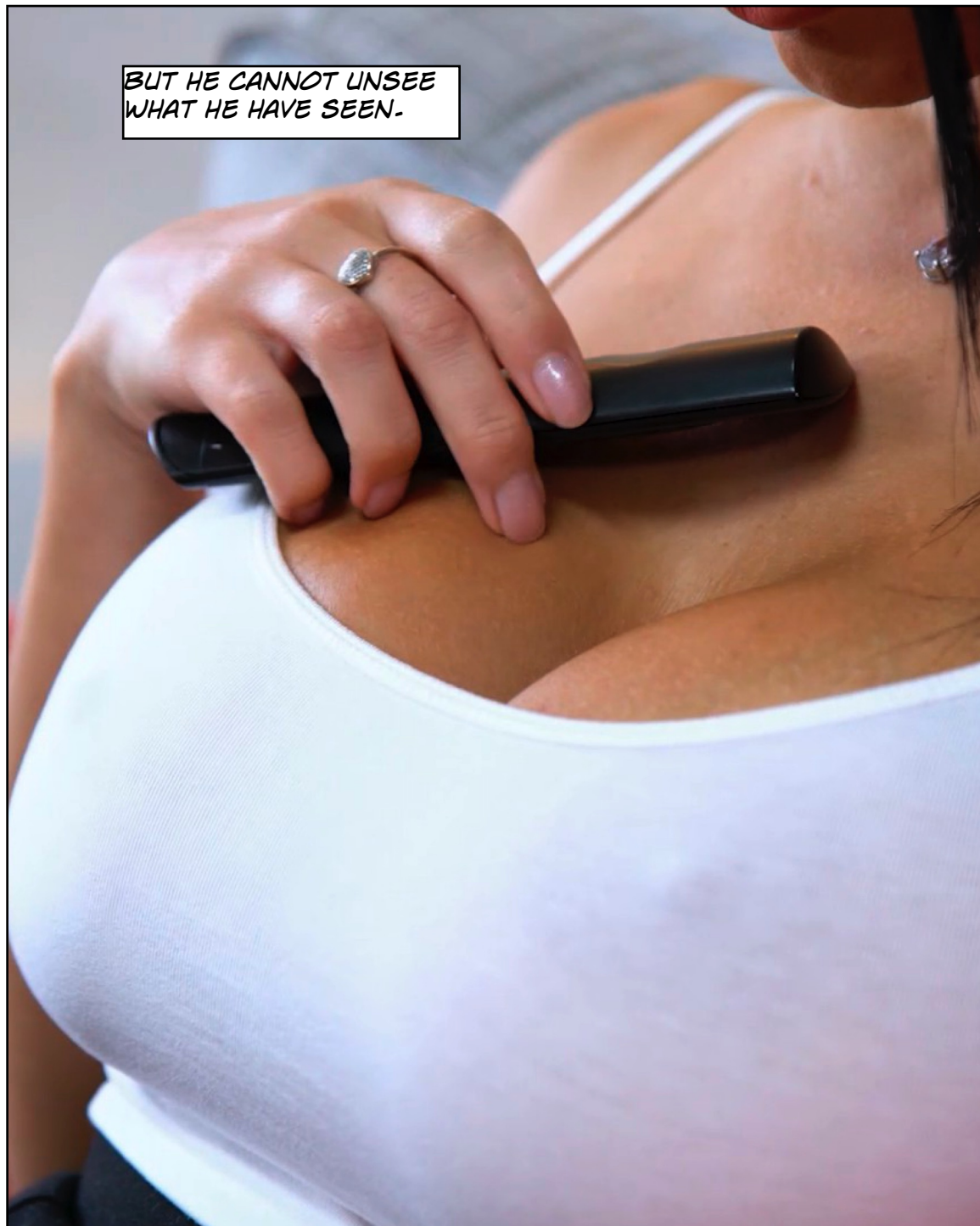
AND FEEL THAT BIG FAT
COCK FILL YOU UP...



HE TURNS OFF THE TV.



BUT HE CANNOT UNSEE
WHAT HE HAVE SEEN.



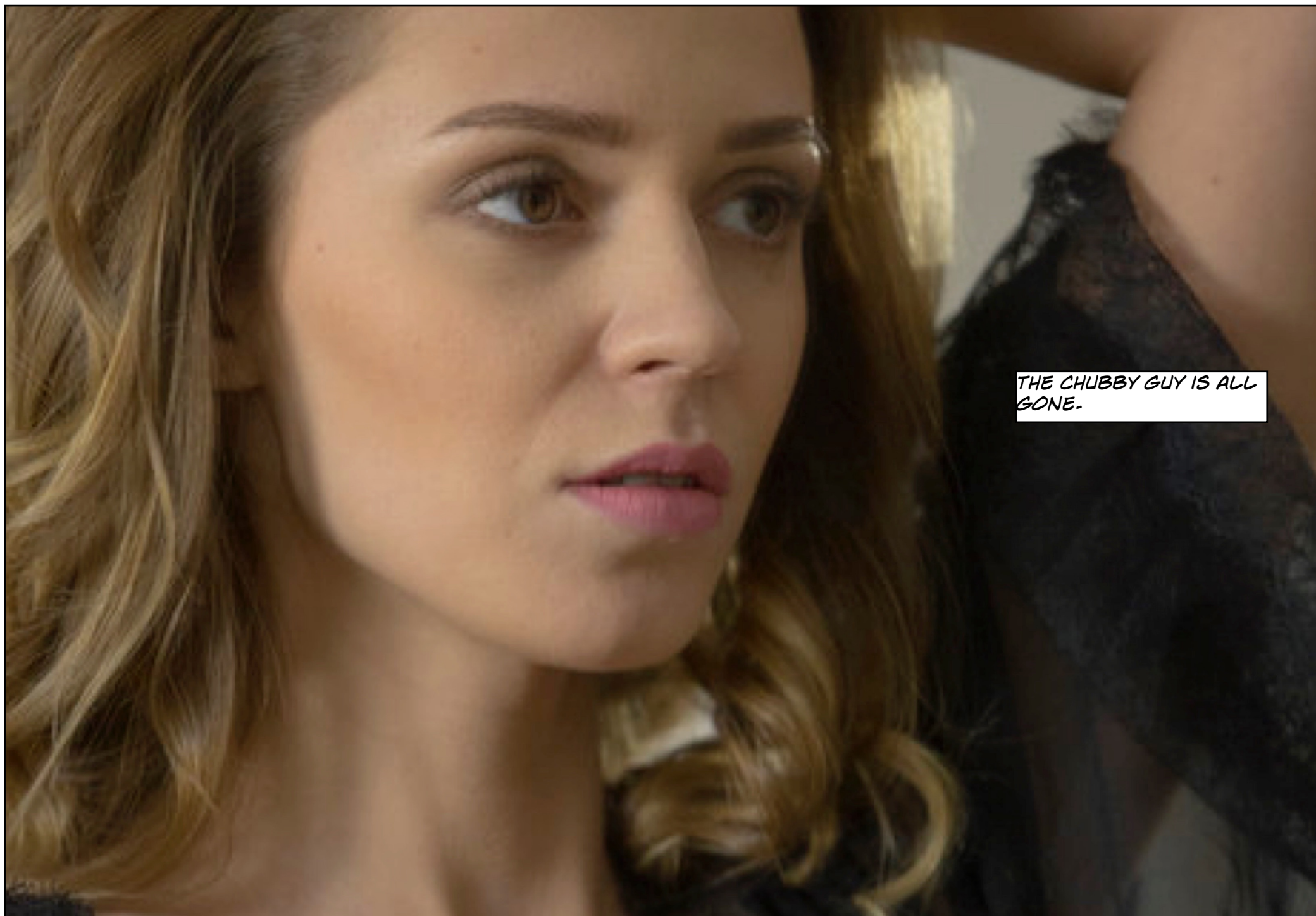






AT THE SAME TIME, BEN
IS TRYING TO
UNDERSTAND THE GIRL
WHO IS LOOKING BACK
AT HIM FROM THE
MIRROR.





THE CHUBBY GUY IS ALL
GONE.


THIS PERSON IS SO
SOFT... THIS PERSON
SMELLS OF ROSES AND
CHAMOMILE, NOT
DIESEL, CIGARETTES
AND BEER.





HE IS WEARING HYPER
FEMININE LINGERIE.



A photograph of two women from the waist down, wearing black lace bodysuits. They are standing side-by-side, facing away from the camera. The woman on the left is slightly behind the one on the right. The lighting is warm and soft, highlighting the texture of the lace and the contours of their bodies. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

HE CLIPS HIS LEFT
BREAST. IT IS SOFT TO
THE TOUCH, YIELDING.



THIS IS THE KIND OF
GIRL WHO WOULD
NEVER LOOK TWICE AT
BEN CARPENTER. ONE
OF THE UNREACHABLES.
BUT NOW HE IS THAT
GIRL.

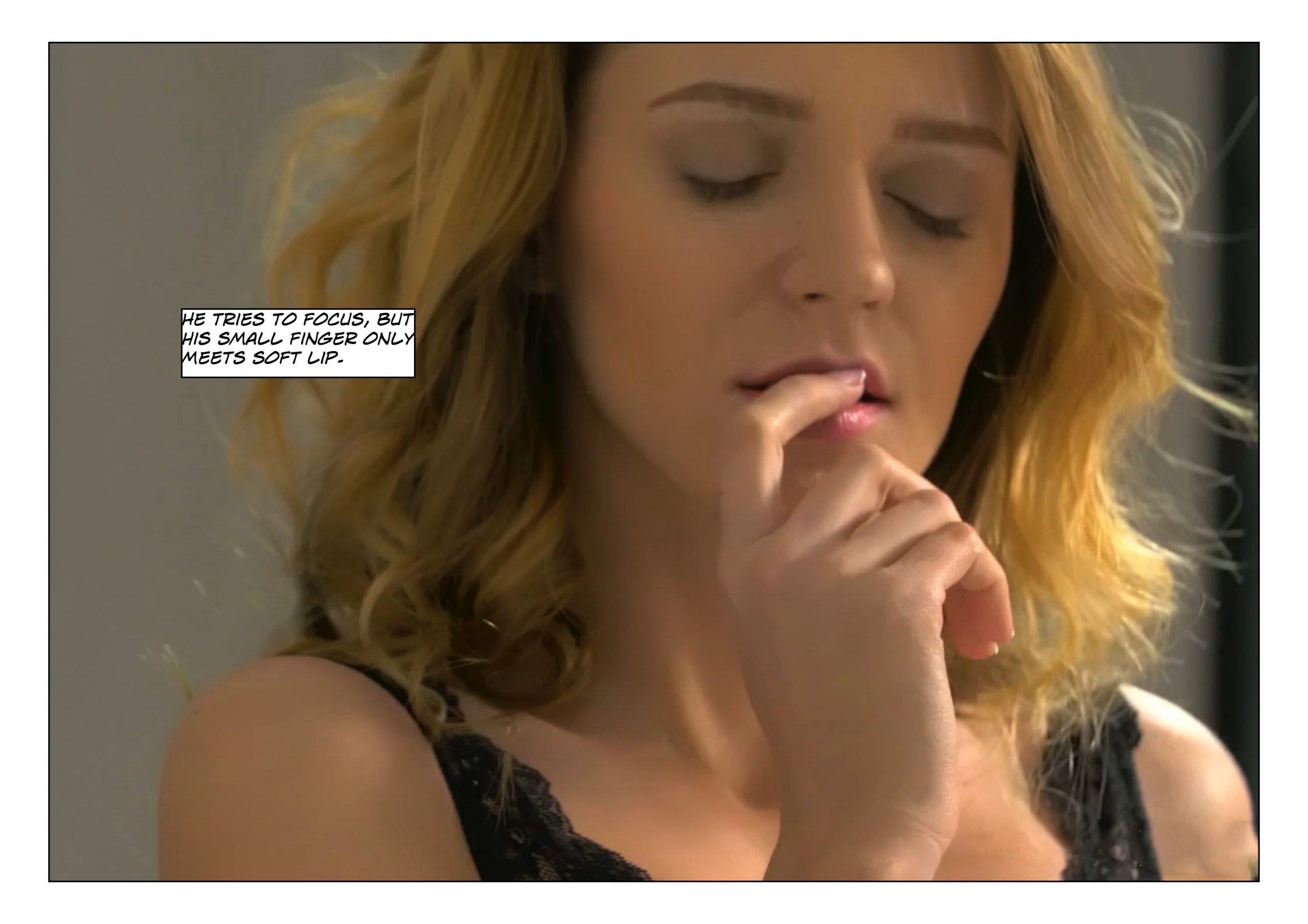
BEN FEELS DIZZY AND
GOES OVER TO THE
BED. HE IS BOTH
SCARED AND AROUSED
NOW.





HE TRIES TO FIND
HIMSELF INSIDE THE
GIRL, THE CONFIDENT
GUY. THE BIG GUY. THE
STRONG GUY. BUT HE IS
NOT THERE.





HE TRIES TO FOCUS, BUT
HIS SMALL FINGER ONLY
MEETS SOFT LIP.



IF ONLY HE COULD HAVE
MET THIS GIRL AS A
MAN.



HE WOULD GLADLY HAVE
MARRIED HER AND HAD
HER KIDS.

GOOD GOD, MAYBE HE
CAN GET PREGNANT
NOW?

JIM LETS HIS HAND
SLIDE BETWEEN HIS
LEGS. THE FAMILIAR
BULGE IS NO LONGER
THERE.

HIS CROTCH IS HOT ON
THE OUTSIDE AND HOT
ON THE INSIDE.
STIRRING. STRIVING.
SEARCHING FOR
SOMETHING.



HE GRABS HIS LEFT
BREAST AND LET HIS
HAND GLIDE OVER THE
SOFT SKIN AND THE
HARD NIPPLE. HE LETS
HIS RIGHT HAND SLIDE
OVER HIS PUSSY.



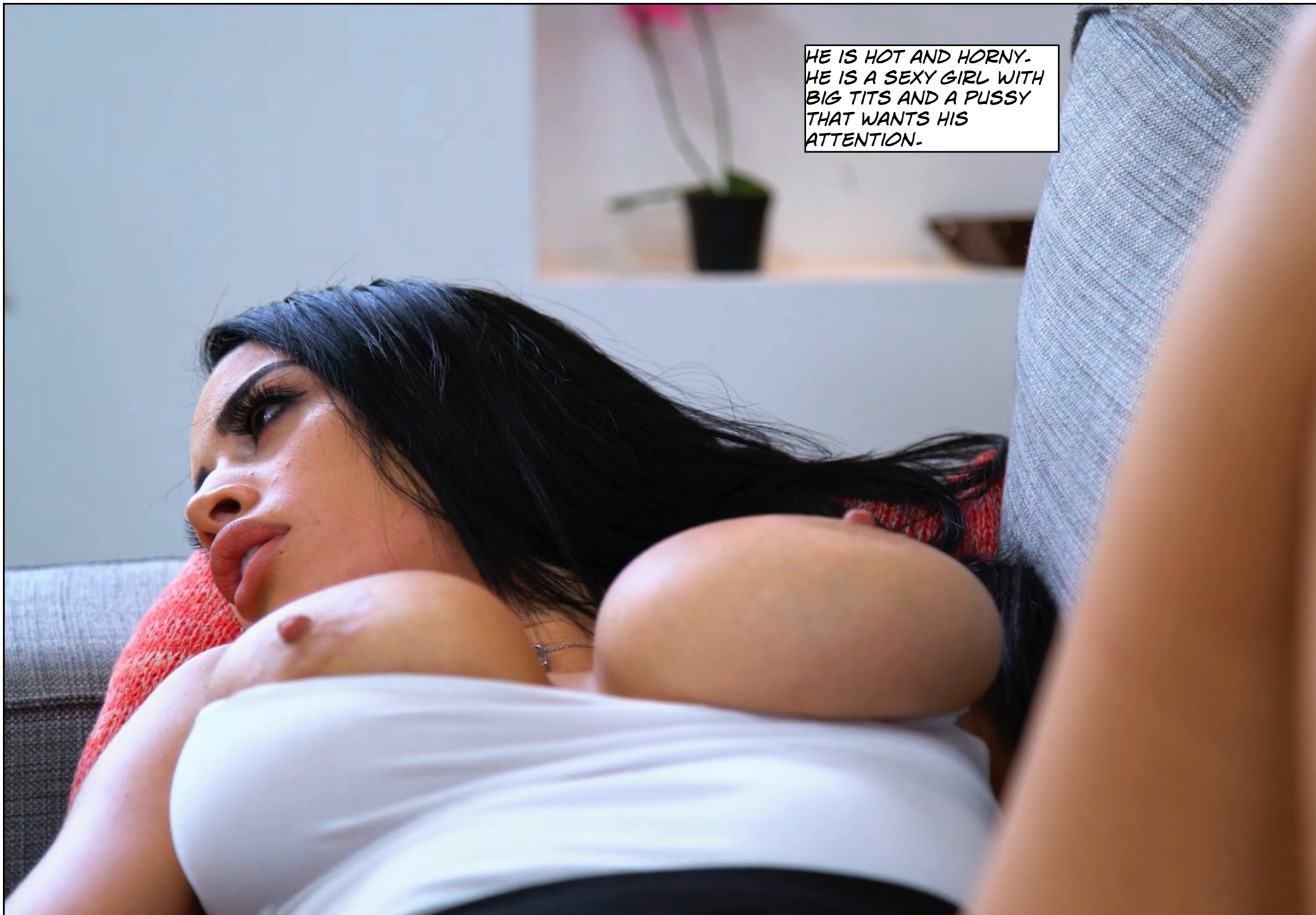
HE PUSHES THE REMOTE
DOWN BETWEEN HIS BIG
TITS, WHICH TURNS THE
TV BACK ON AGAIN.



HE TRIES TO THINK OF
HIMSELF AS THE GUY IN
THE SCENE, BUT HER
TITS AND HIS TITS
MAKES IT CLEAR THAT
HE IS SHE.



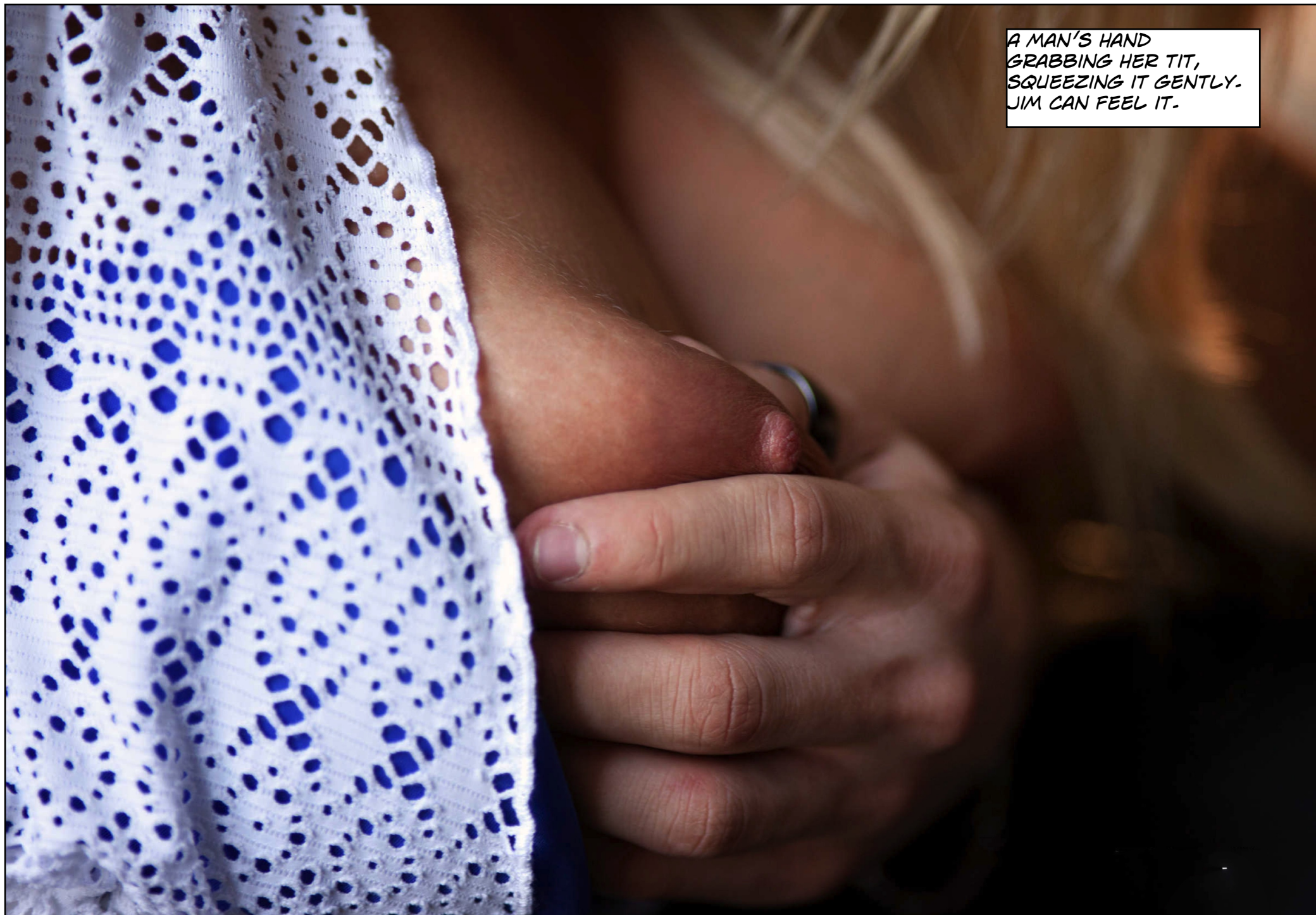
HE IS HOT AND HORNY.
HE IS A SEXY GIRL WITH
BIG TITS AND A PUSSY
THAT WANTS HIS
ATTENTION.






HIS PUSSY RESPONDS
STRONGLY TO THE
IMAGE OF THAT COCK
SLIDING IN AND OUT OF
THAT PORN STAR PUSSY.

A MAN'S HAND
GRABBING HER TIT,
SQUEEZING IT GENTLY.
JIM CAN FEEL IT.

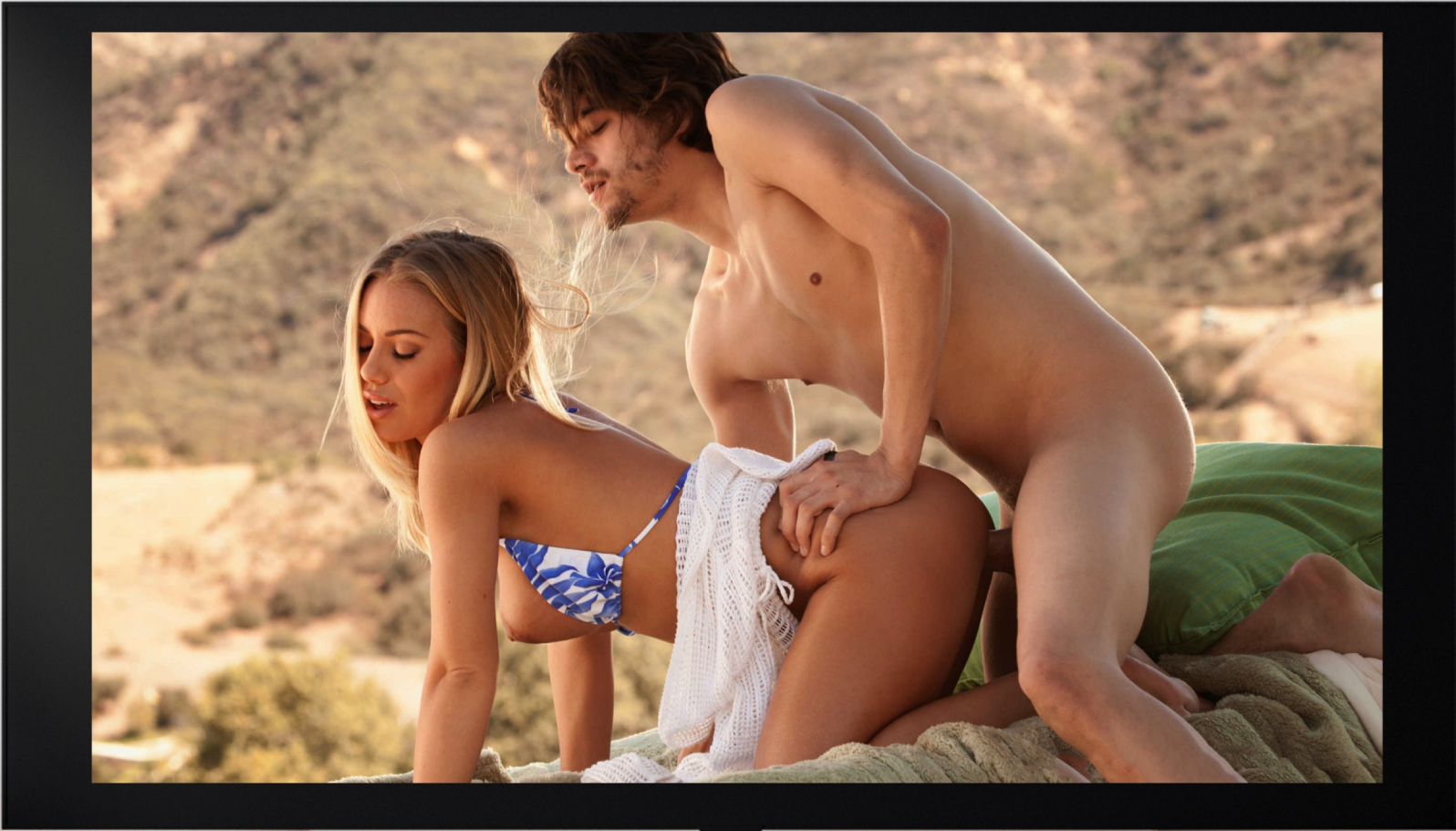


A close-up photograph of a woman lying down, her head tilted back and mouth open in a state of pleasure or relaxation. Her right hand is resting on her hip, with a heart-shaped ring visible on her ring finger. The focus is on her skin and the ring, with the background being a soft, out-of-focus grey surface.

WHEN HE WAS A MAN,
THERE WAS REALLY
NOTHING THERE, BELOW
HIS BALLS, BUT NOW HE
FINDS A WHOLE NEW
WORLD WAITING FOR
HIM.

HIS FINGERS MEETS
SOFT, MOIST, PUSSY
LIPS AND A DEEP
GROTTO MEANT FOR
COCK.





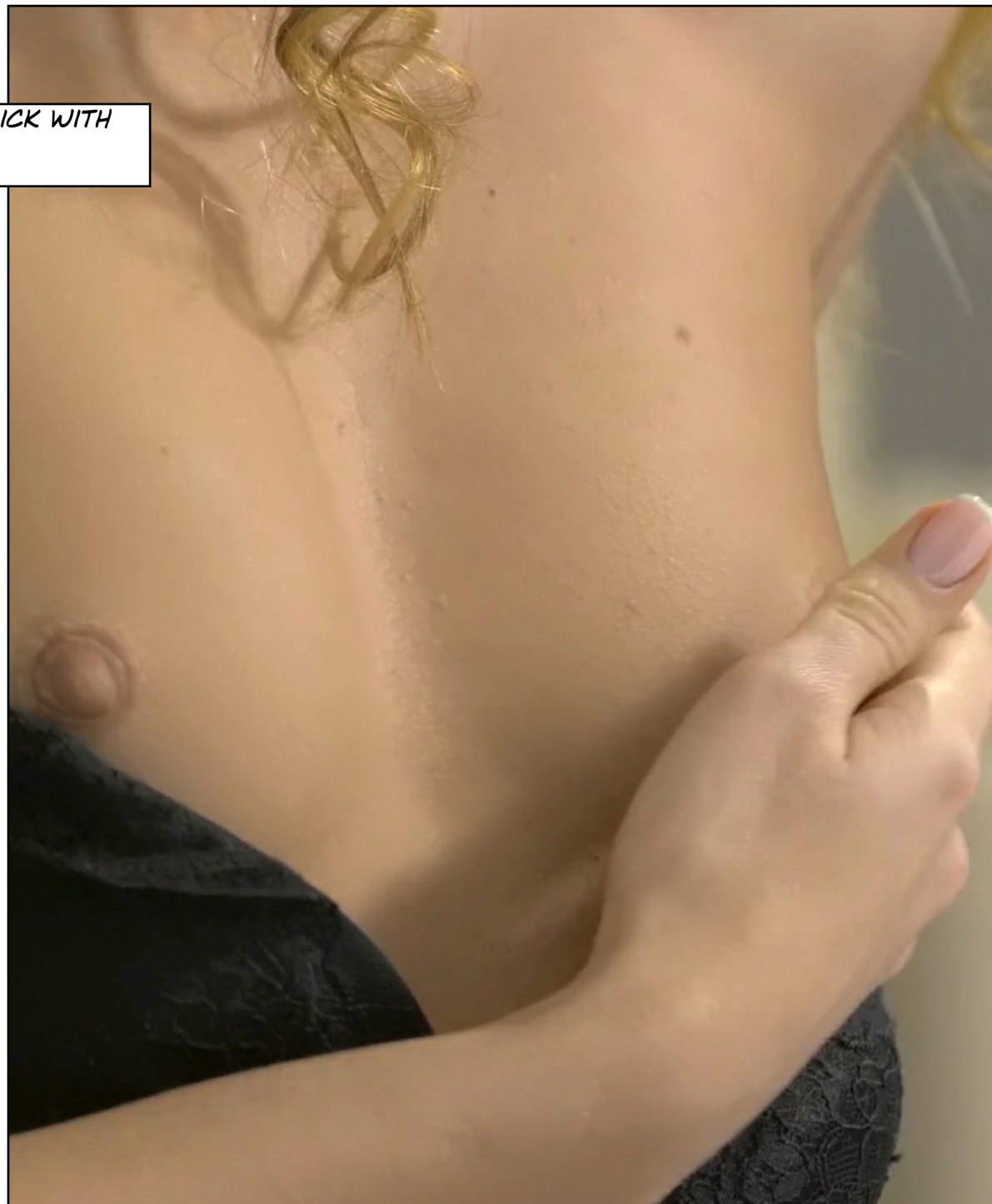
HE IMAGINES HIMSELF
BEING THAT PORN STAR,
BENDING OVER, TAKING
IT ALL IN, AND HE
COMES. HE COMES
OVER AND OVER AGAIN,
LIKE A GIRL.



HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS
LOST THE FIRST BATTLE
FOR HIS SOUL. THEY
WANT HIM TO FEEL LIKE
A WOMAN, THINK LIKE A
WOMAN, BEHAVE LIKE A
WOMAN, AND HE KNOWS
HE IS HALF WAY THERE.



BEN FEELS SICK WITH
FEVER.

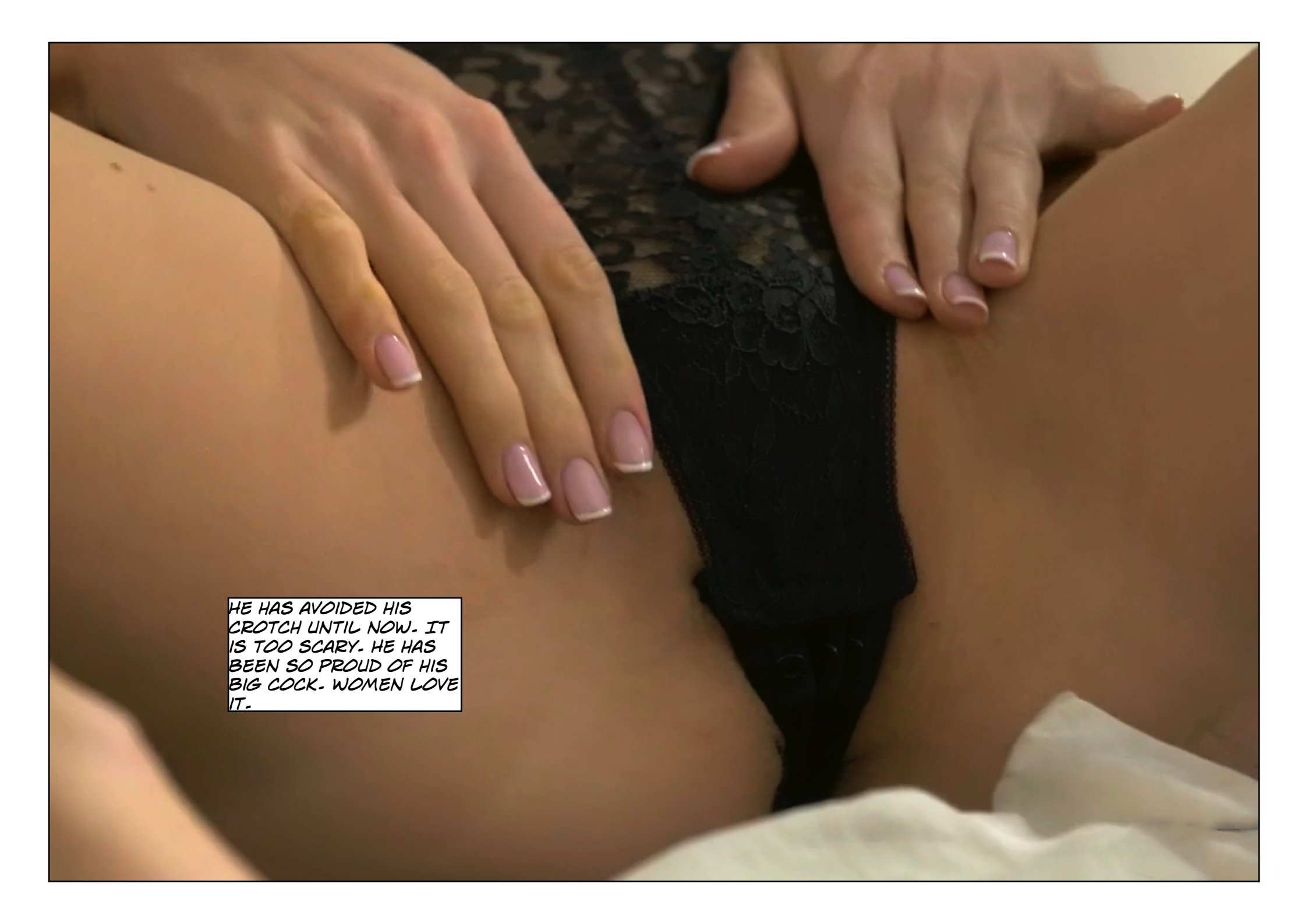


HIS HARD AND HAIRY
CHEST HAS BEEN
REPLACED BY SOFT
FLESH AND SWEET SKIN.







HE HAS THE ROUND ASS
OF A YOUNG WOMAN.



HE HAS AVOIDED HIS
CROTCH UNTIL NOW. IT
IS TOO SCARY. HE HAS
BEEN SO PROUD OF HIS
BIG COCK. WOMEN LOVE
IT.



BUT HE WAS ALSO
CURIOUS, AND HE SOON
REALIZES THE BODYSUIT
CAN BE OPENED DOWN
THERE.




HE CAN FEEL HIS PUSSY
BREATHE AS IT WAS
LIBERATED FROM THE
CONFINES OF ALL THIS
FEMININE LINGERIE.



OH MY
GOD, THIS IS
REAL.

HIS VOICE SOUNDS
STRANGE, GIRLY, HUSKY,
SWEET..

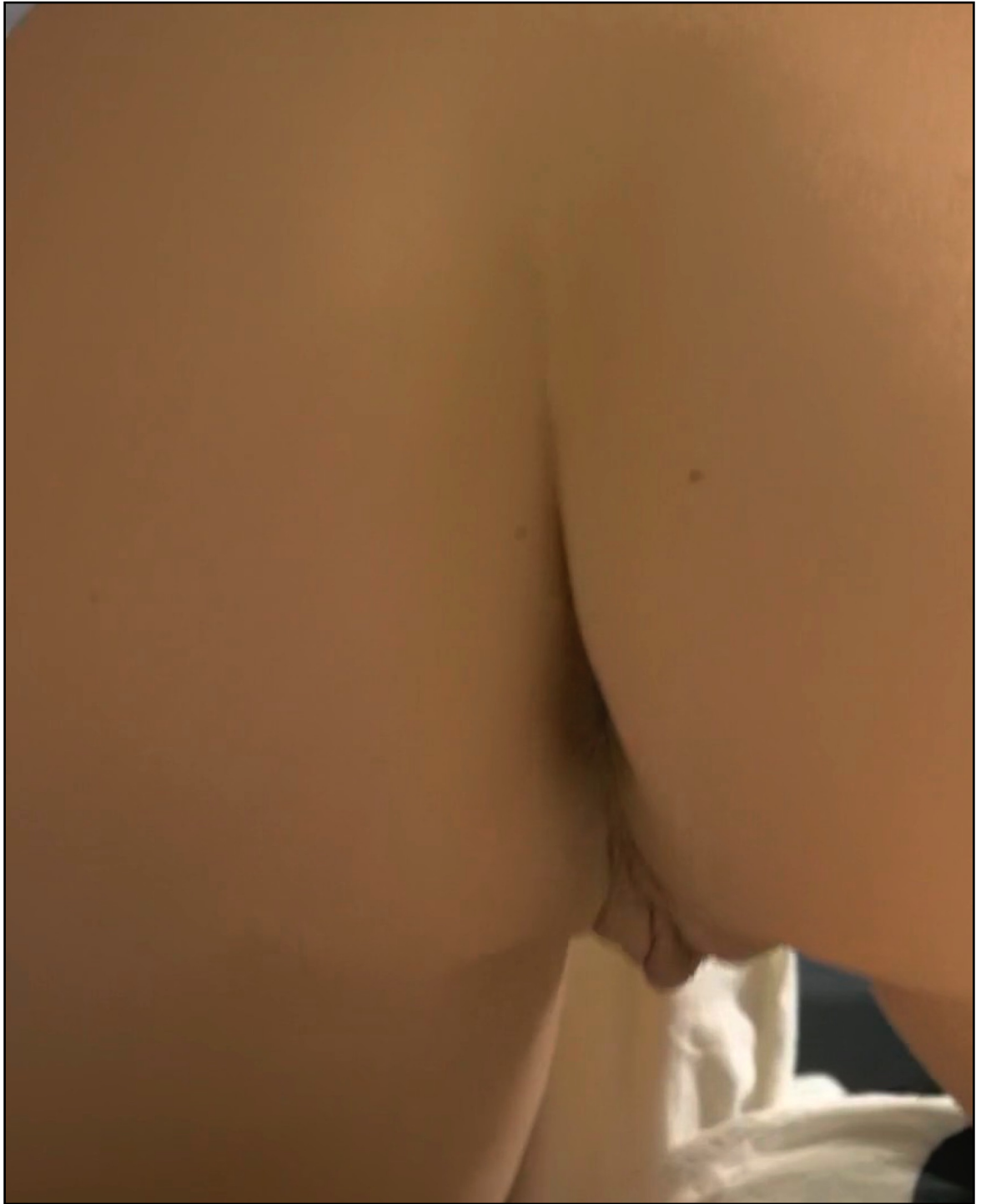


HE REMEMBERS WHAT
THE GIRL IN THE CASINO
HAD SAID. THAT MRS. X
WANTED GIRLS FOR HER
SEX TRADE.

SO THAT IS IT. HE IS TO
SPREAD HIS LEGS FOR
MEN NOW, HAVING THEM
THRUST THEMSELVES
INTO HIM, FUCK HIM
HARD AND LONG.

HE CAN FEEL HIS PUSSY
REACT TO THE IDEA. A
MUSCLE DEEP INSIDE
HIM TWITCHED. HE IS
GETTING MOIST.





HE THINKS ABOUT THE
WOMEN HE HAD HAD,
HOW THEY HAVE URGED
HIM ON, EMBRACING HIM
WITH THEIR LONG LEGS,
PUSHING HIM DEEPER
INSIDE.



HE CAN SEE IT NOW, IN
HIS MIND, A COCK
REACHING FOR HIS
PUSSY, PUSHING ITSELF
UP AGAINST HIS PUSSY
LIPS.



HIS FINGER FINDS HIS
CLIT, AND HE MOANS IN
SURPRISE. IT FEELS
GOOD.



A close-up photograph of a person's back and shoulder. A hand with light pink manicured nails is resting on the person's back, near the shoulder blade. The skin is a warm, light brown tone. The lighting is soft, creating gentle shadows. In the bottom left corner, there is a white rectangular box containing black text.

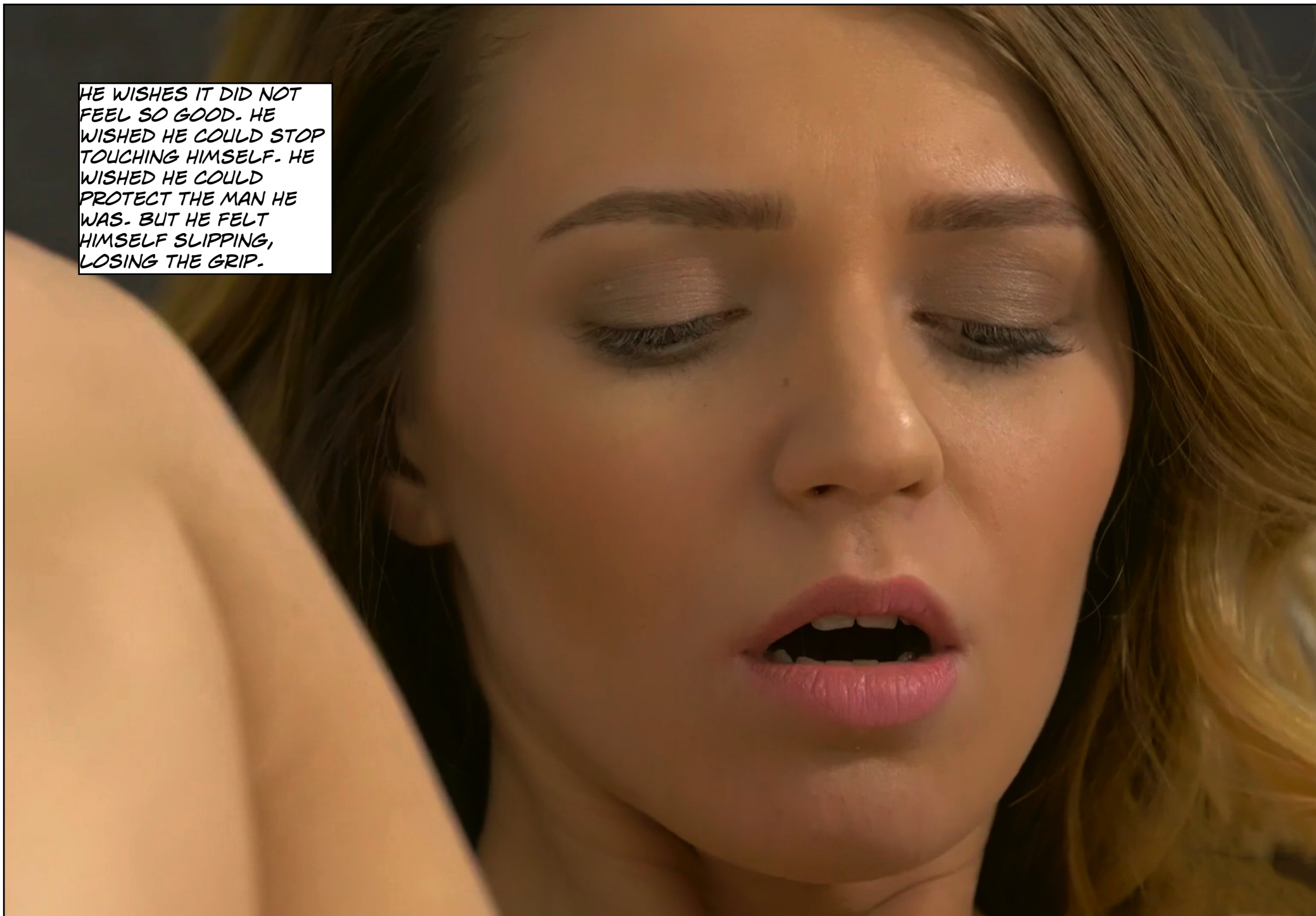
HE CANFEEL HIMSELF
SLIDING DOWN THE
RABBIT HOLE.



HE PUSHES TWO
FINGERS INTO HIS
VAGINA AND FEEL IT
HOLD ON TO THEM, AS IF
ENJOYING THE
PENETRATION.



HE WISHES IT DID NOT
FEEL SO GOOD. HE
WISHED HE COULD STOP
TOUCHING HIMSELF. HE
WISHED HE COULD
PROTECT THE MAN HE
WAS. BUT HE FELT
HIMSELF SLIPPING,
LOSING THE GRIP.





HE NEEDED MORE THAN
THIS. HE COULD FEEL IT
NOW. THIS WOMAN
NEEDED COCK. SHE
NEEDED COCK. HE WAS
SHE NOW. HE WAS SHE.

HE REALIZED HE HAD
LOST IT ALL. HE HAD
LOST HIS LIFE. HE WAS
A WOMAN NOW, AND HE
BELONGED TO MRS. X.





TO BE CONTINUED

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