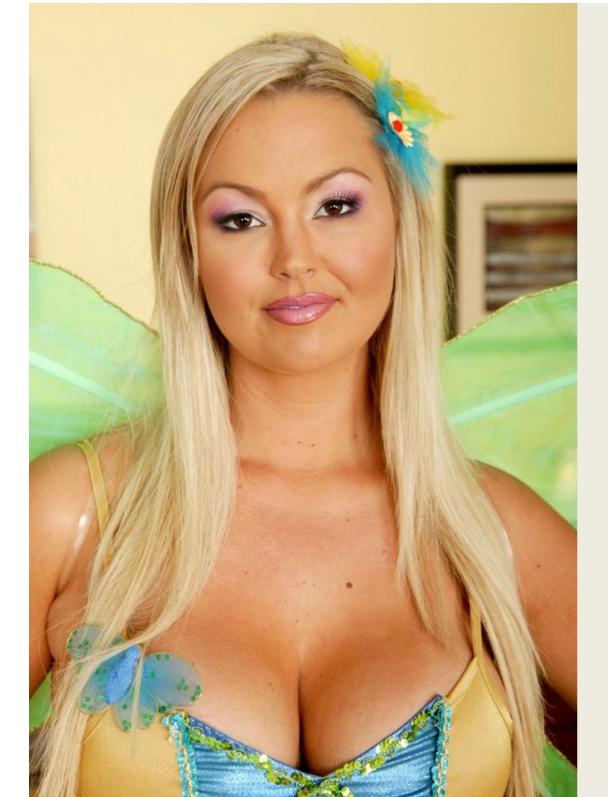
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT! FOR ADULTS ONLY! Transgender erotica by Rebecca Molay

Teenage Miracle



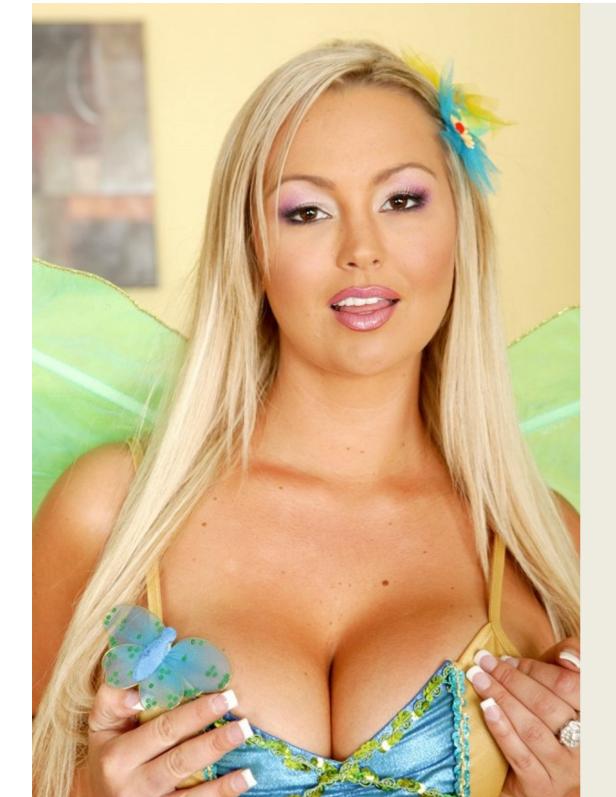
Hi there! I am Fiona the fairy. Yeah, I know that no one believes in my kind anymore, but I can assure you that there are quite a few of us left working incognito. It is our job to help people that are stuck. You know, stuck in their ways, in their fears, in their constant striving for perfection. It is my job to help them get closer to their inner self, their true being.



Yeah, yeah, I know it sounds a little bit new agey and unbelievable. But did anyone believe in radio before Marconi? Thought not! Magic is just another word for what we do not understand. Sure, I could tell you about reformatting of the underlying reality matrix and whatnot. You would still not believe me.



Sex has become a major part of my work. It is quite amazing, really, as Homo Sapiens didn't have any serious problems with sex until some 4000 years ago. I mean, they made no fuzz about it. If you liked boys, fine! If you liked girls, likewise. It didn't matter if you were male, female or twospirited. People used sex to get along and to please each other.



It used to be that if a man saw these two babies, he would approach me and ask me if we could play. Nowadays, most men will be transfixed. One part of them wants to touch, another wants to get to get to know me, a third tries frantically to find something to talk about, and the final part – the biggest part – feels guilt about it all. Hey, they are tits! That's all! Nothing to fret about.



I specialize in the two-spirited ones. The ones blessed by the goddess. The ones who have both a male and a female spirit. They used to be so much fun!



There was a time when they were respected by their tribes. There were women who became chieftains, and men who weaved. They knew both worlds and were revered as shamans. Today they have no language, no role, no idea about who they are. And they feel nothing but shame.

Well, I have made it my role to help them. To reconcile their two sides. To help them explore their amazing gift.

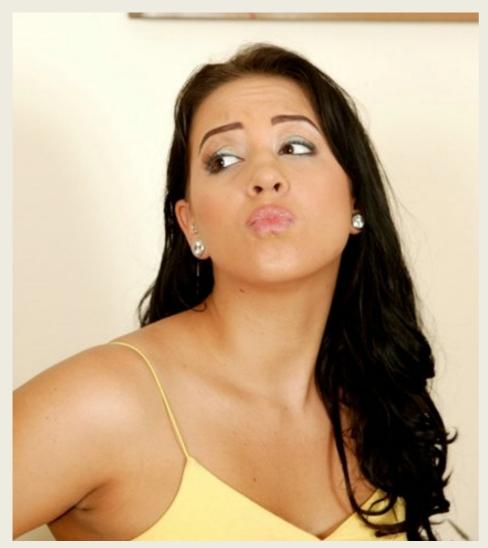




This is James and Jenny. A great couple who love each other very much. The problem is that they are both two-spirited and they don't know it. They both know something is wrong, but they have no way of telling each other what that is.



They both know that they want to grow even closer, but sex gets in their way. Jenny tries again and again, but James gets confused and leaves her without that kiss that could have helped them both.

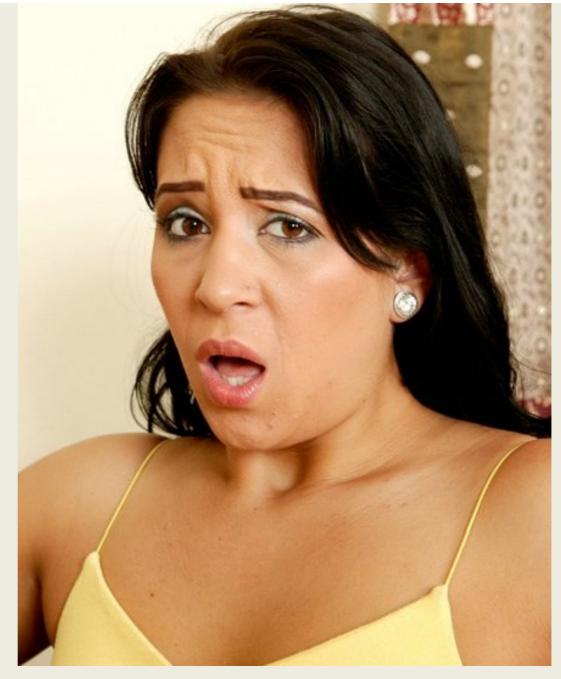




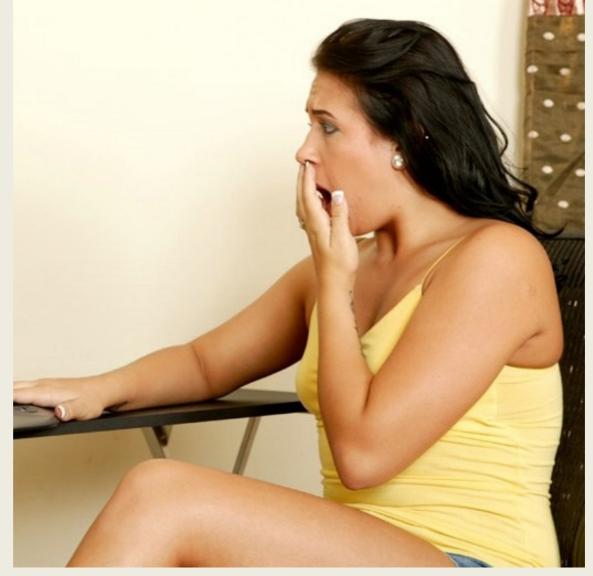
Jenny feels rejected and alone, and starts to wonder if she is useless and unattractive.



So she does what women do in this magical day and age. She checks her husband's Web-browser to see if he has a secret lover. In the deep of his cache-files she finds a copy of a notorious transgender site.



It seems her husband has a secret life she never new about.



At the same time she realizes that there is something about this gender-confusion that touches a soft spot in her. Teenage dreams of make-believe come back to her. She can see herself as a man, with a... No, she cannot go there!



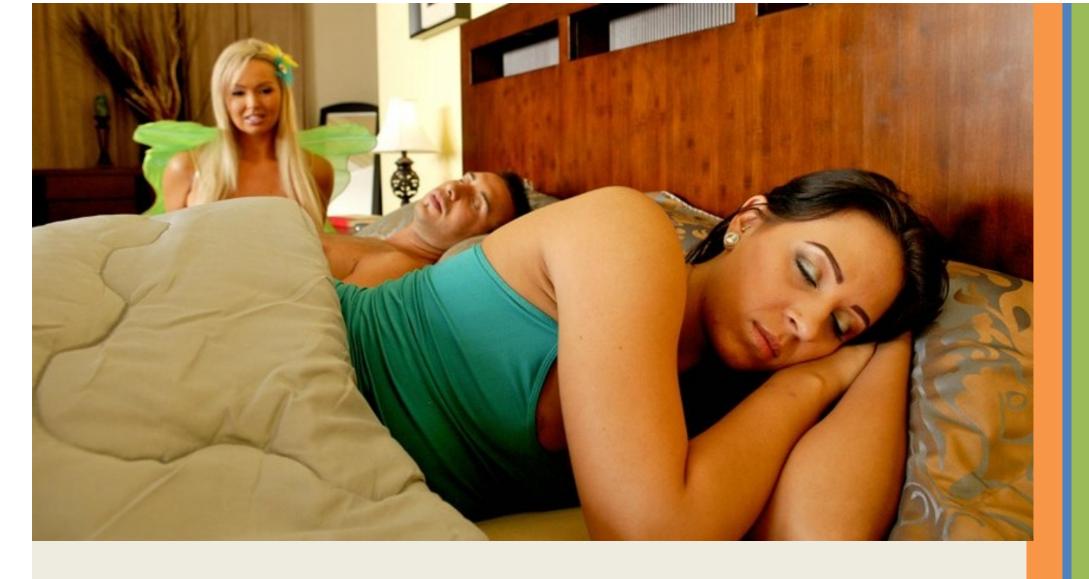
That night she pretends to be asleep before James comes to bed. She cannot talk about this now. She needs to think.



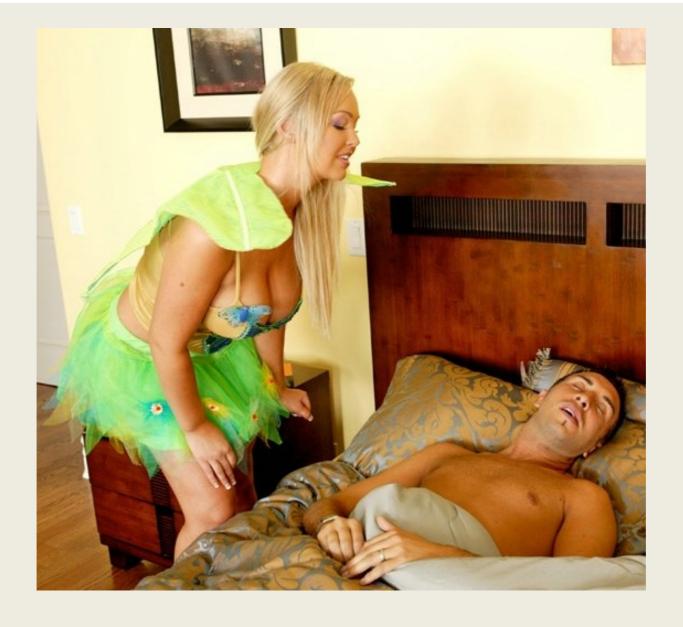
Still, she has to try, right? They have to find a way to solve this puzzle, but James pushes her away.



Far too often this is the beginning of the end, but I have kept an eye on the two for quite some time now.



It is time for them to explore their dreams. One short spell and Jenny is deep asleep. I have to start out with James, I think, and cannot have Jenny disturb us.



Look at this man! Who would have thought that at this very moment he dreams about being a young, teenage, girl doing girly stuff with all her girl friends.



I can hear them giggling, talking about make-up, horses, rock-stars, boys and – above all – the other girls in class. Bless you, girl!



And he never shows this side of himself to anyone. No one would understand, right? Wrong, I understand.



They are always so confused at first. They don't believe in fairies anymore, remember? Even the Tooth Fairy cannot get rid of her money, anymore. She invested them all in a hedge fund that sucker!



"Be quiet, James, your wife cannot hear you. If it helps in any way, you can just pretend you are dreaming!"



"But who are you?" he asks. "Why are you wearing that costume?" "Think of me as a kind of social worker," I tell him. "This is my uniform, and don't worry about my wings, they are made in Hong Kong. My spirit wings are real, though, and thousands of years old."



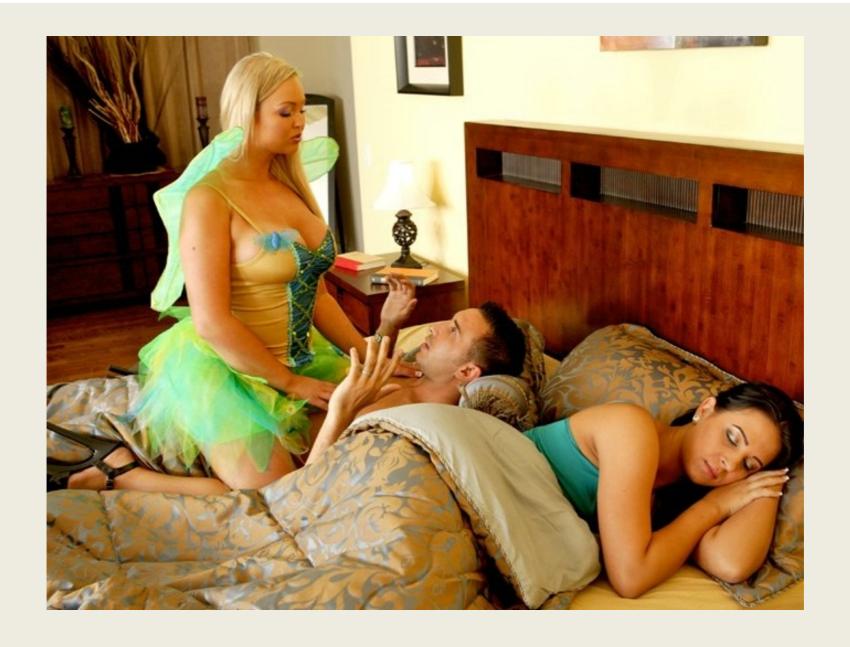
"You have not hurt her, have you?" he asks me. I have to give it to him, he does have some spunk. "No, it is just a sleeping spell," I tell him. "I need to give you a wish."



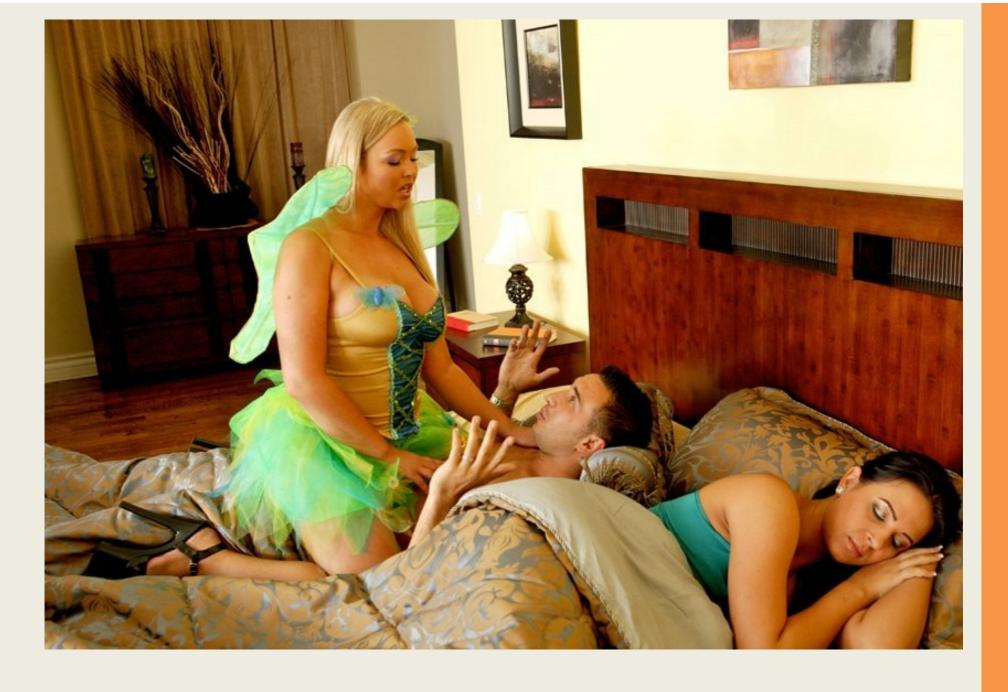
He has reached the It-can't-be-true-so-I-might-as-well-play-along-stage now. "Are you some kind of fairy godmother? Do I have three wishes and so on?"



He is actually closer to the mark than you would believe. People believe fairy tales are just fairy tales. I can tell you, they contain the deepest wisdom of the human race.



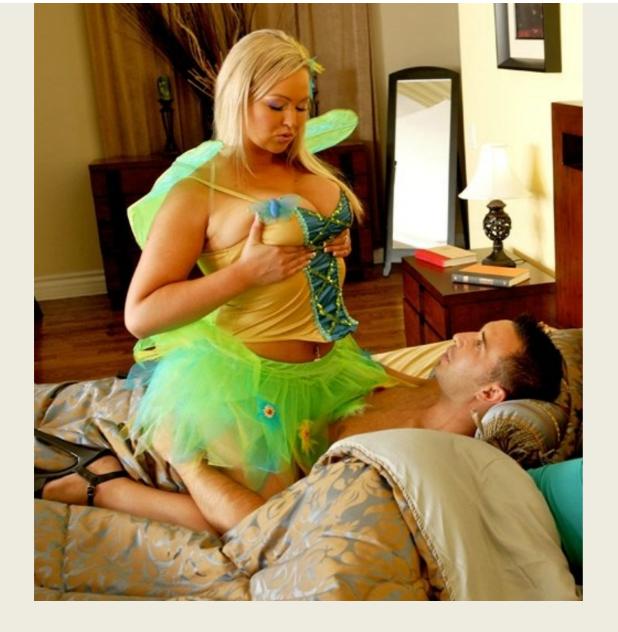
"Listen, I need you to be honest with yourself and with me." I say "I can fulfill one wish for you, but only the one that expresses your true self!"



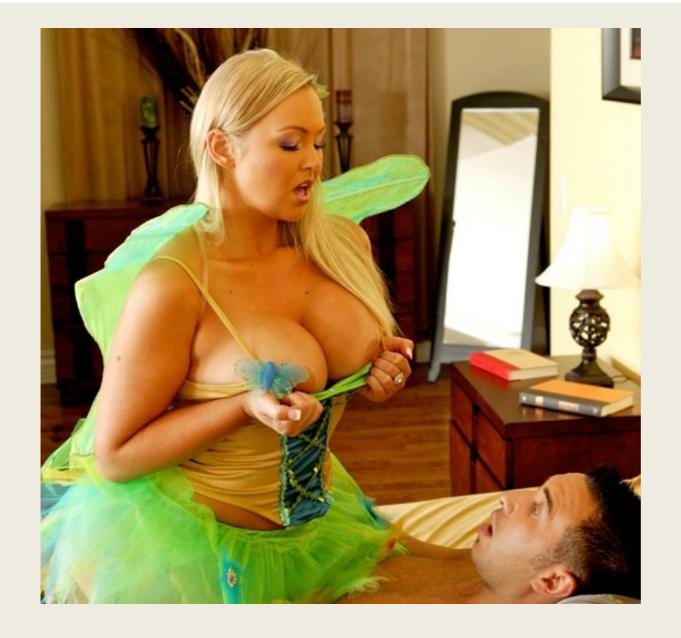
"What do you mean?" he asks. "You mean like 100,000 dollars in unmarked bills? World peace? Like that?"



"If that is what you wish for, you will receive nothing," I tell him. "That is not what your inner self is requiring."



"I need you to be honest!" I tell him. "Do you like these?" I ask him and lift up my heavy tits. It is a rhetorical question. I can feel his hard dick up against my butt and know the answer.



"What is it you like about them?" I ask him. "They are woman!" he answers. Which is a dead giveaway. Normal guys do not say that kind of thing.



We have come to the point where we need some privacy, so I spread some fairy dust over Jenny. That moves her over to a parallel dimension. It doesn't hurt a bit, I assure you.



"Tell me what you think about women," I ask him.

"To me they are everything," he tells me. "I live for their beauty, their laughter, the way they dress, for the way they brush their hair behind their ear, the way they make themselves beautiful. Every woman I meet is a goddess, and I am filled with this strange longing..."



"To touch them?" I ask. "Yessss," he replies. "But there is more?" "Yes, there is more. It is like I want to be like them, you know. To share their beauty!"



"You wished you had tits of your own?" I have him now.

His face is red and he is stuttering: "I.. I.. Don't know... Maybe... I love their softness, the curves. For me they represent mercy, I think, and a life more gentle." "Can you picture yourself having breasts?" I ask him.



"Yes," he says and grabs my sweet mounds of flesh.

"Big like these?" I

"Big like these?" I ask him. It is important to get hold of his own image of his twin soul.

"No," he says.

"No, her tits are not big, but they are soft, and have big puffy areolae," he says.



I can see her in my mind now. I can see a dark haired, slim, and small teenage girl.
She is sweet, as sweet as this man's soul. No wonder Jenny loves him.

"What's her name?" I ask him.

"Veronica," he replies.
Veronica is strong in
him if she has made
him believe in her
true name. That is
good.



"How do you imagine the life of Veronica?" I ask him. "Does she have a friend?" "Yes, she is very popular," he replies. "And her best friend is as beautiful as he is.



I am getting close to the end now. I soon have all the information I need. I move down to his cock. I need to release his own magic to let Veronica free.



"Tell me about the girlfriend," I say. "What's her name?" "I don't know," he replies. "Ask Veronica!" I tell him. "Her name is... it is... Maria!" He laughs, relieved.



"OK," I whisper. "That is good, Veronica. I would love to be Maria, your good friend. Are you ready to journey to another life?"



"What do you mean," he asks and moans as I embrace his dick with my tits. "You don't need this one where you are going," I say.



I let him come in my mouth, and by tasting his semen I get access to all the information and all the power I need. We move over to the other dimension!



A dimension very much like your own. There are some differences. Apple is the dominating OS. Pepsi is larger than Coke, and instead of James, there is Veronica. And that's me, Maria, to the right.



"This is the weirdest dream!" James says and looks into the large wall mirror. (He is still in there, somewhere). "I look so sweet, and pink!"



"Yeah, you do!" I reply. "I love that smile of yours. Who could have believed there was such a beauty hidden inside your rugged male body"



"You don't look so bad yourself," Veronica says and moves closer. "You are sexy!" "I sure am, baby!"



"I wish this was real," Veronica says and smiles to the image in the mirror. Ah well, she will find out in time.



"Is this my home?" she asks. "Yes, this is your room. Your parents, who you haven't met yet, are on a weekend retreat. We have the house for ourselves."



"Oh God, this is so much fun!" She giggles now, the way teenage girls do. "Do you think that we could, like, play or something?"



"Play," I ask, pretending not to understand. "Yeah, you are so beautiful, you know, and I feel so dizzy. I think am getting..." "Horny?" "Yeah..." She blushes profoundly.



This is the part of my job I love the most. To be a human being in love and to share that love with a beautiful soul like Veronica's.



"What do you want me to do?" she asks and grabs my ass. The look in her eyes in not so innocent as it was one moment ago. "I want you to explore every inch of my body," I reply.



It never fails. There is always a part of the boy left in them that wants to be heard at this point, before they settle in their new life.



A boy that wants to...



(Oh yes, this is good. Veronica is licking good. I hope she will...)



... fuck me in my anus. Oh yes, that's old James, all right. But I won't let him stay in control much longer.



"Look in the mirror!" I command. "Let's take a look at the pink beauties under your pink shirt, shall we?"



They are small, but they are oh so feminine. I tell her that she is beautiful. The girl inside her laps it all up.



Now it is my turn to explore her body. I know she wants me to touch her pussy, but that's not for me, not yet.



"Please touch my pussy!" she begs me.



I try to stall by caressing her slowly all over her body.



"I think I can hear your boyfriend in the drive way," I say. She looks at me, confused: "Boyfriend?" "Sure," I say, "What do you think happened to Jenny?" "Let's get dressed!" Veronica screams.



Veronica turns towards the door. "You can't be serious!" "Of course I am serious. I moved Jenny over to this dimension first, and one of my sisters have been taking care of her, ahem, him. Hi Bill!"

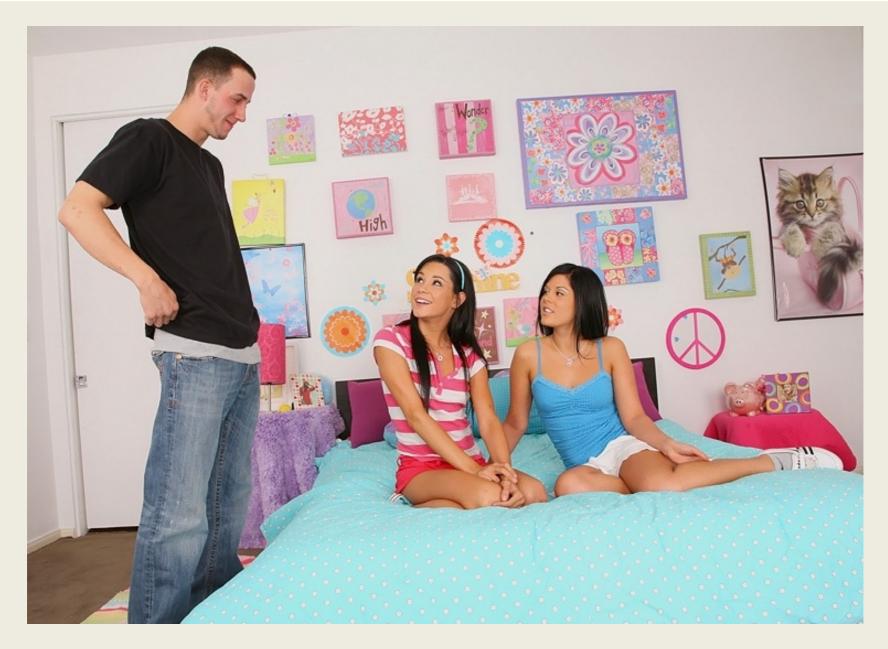




"She looks happy!" Veronica whispers. "Yeah, remember, Jenny was in as much pain as you were..."



Veronica is confused, embarrassed, and does not know how to handle this. "How do I look!" she whispers frantically. "You look fine!" I tell her.



"Is that really you, James? My, you're sweet! And so small!" Veronica looks up at this long man, and doesn't know what to say.



Finally she manages to ask him: "How does it feel being a man?" "I feel great!" he replies. "I feel strong, capable of doing anything!"



"But you have always been strong, Jenny! That's one of the things I have always loved about you: Your self confidence, your way of facing whatever life throws your way!"



"And who is this?" he asked and pointed at me. I found myself blushing. You have to understand, this is a teenage body!

"This is Maria, my girl friend!" Veronica proudly announce.

"Yeah? I think she is your fairy good mother! And I guess I should be mad at your both for tricking me into this dimension."



"Yes," Veronica says. "Maria is my fairy godmother and I love her very much for what she has done to me. And since this is just an hallucination, I am sure I can share her with you!" Well, listen at that! Isn't that nice! Yummy! I couldn't wait to put my teeth in him.



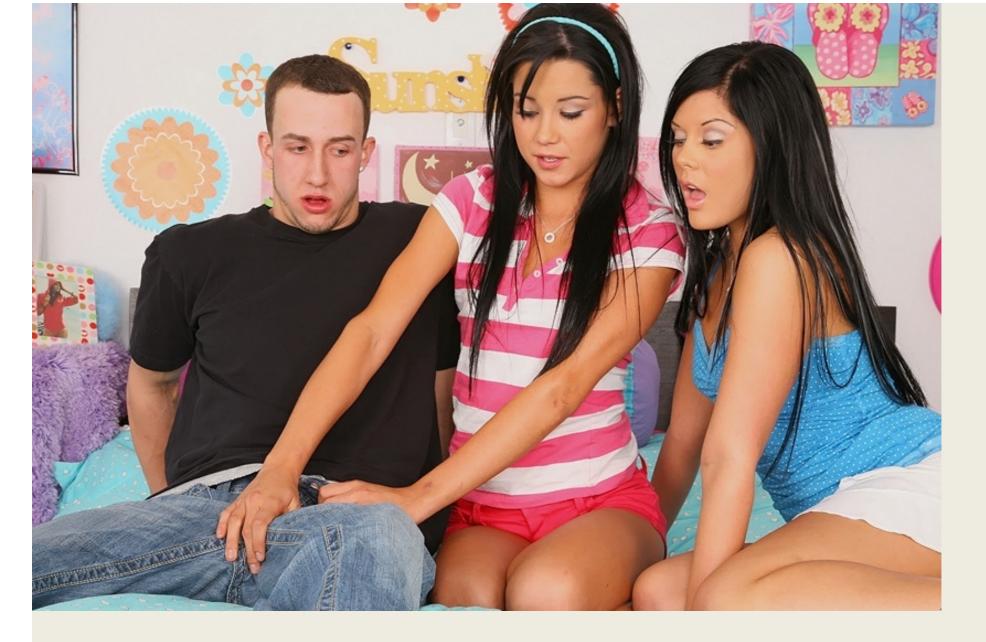
"I guess you could say that in one way we are married by fate, the three of us!" Veronica smiles. What a devious bitch I have brought into the world!



"Maria," she says to me. "I am sure you would like to have a look at that swelling of his!" As if you wouldn't!



"Are you sure you are ready for that?" I ask her. "It is not for me, dummy! I can't touch that. I used to be a man, dammit." "Sure," I say, "whatever you say, darling!"



"Why don't you unwrap it for me?" I ask. "M'Gawd! It stretching all down his leg, you know," Veronica replies, shaken. "Hey listen the two of you" Bill says. "Don't talk as if I wasn't here!"



I can see that Bill is confused. This is probably his first erection ever, and having two sweet teenage girls this close to him must be unnerving. Even if he is married to one of them, in a way.



"That is one big pecker!" I exclaim. I can see that Veronica is longing to touch it. I just hope Bill has enough self control to let her savor this moment.



"I can see that Fairyland has been good to my wife – I mean, my husband," Veronica says and starts to drag down his trousers.



"Can you handle this, Maria?" She is not fooling me, but I can play along. "Well, it is huge, but I would like to have a taste!" I say. Bill is just moaning.



I know that Veronica is intimidated by her longing for cock, and I am more than willing to give her some time. She is enjoying herself, though, as she is teasing Bill. "Hold on to your ammo, Bill," she laughs. "There will be no more multiple orgasms for you, remember!"



I love the taste of hard cock in my mouth. What really makes me happy, though, is the way Veronica looks up at her husband. I can see love in her eyes. She wants him to be happy,



In the end, however, she cannot help herself. Her desire becomes to strong. And after all. She knows this man, even if she knew him as Jenny, and she wants to be the one pleasing him.



First she teases him, playfully, with her teeth,



Then she engulfs the head with her mouth and starts to suck. Bill holds her head gently.



We have become worshippers of the Phallus, and Bill accepts our devotion.



Veronica tries to deep throat it all, but there are limits to what her little girly mouth can handle.



I am so horny now, that I can hardly think clearly, and I can see the same look in Veronica's eyes.



It is time for this couple to lose their second virginity. Bill goes down on his wife and tastes pussy for the first time in his life.



He has one enormous advantage (no, not that one); he has had a pussy himself and knows exactly where to lick and where to push.



It is time.



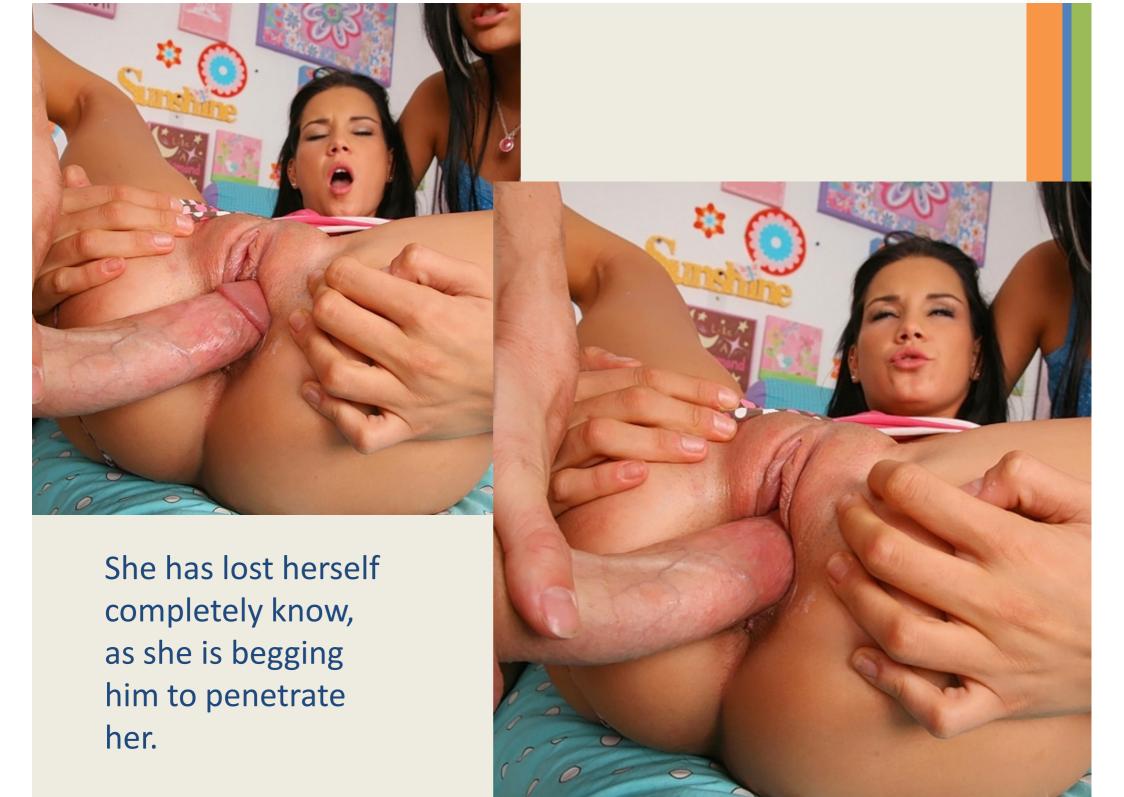
She looks back at me as for reassurance. "You want this, girl!" I whisper. "Welcome your lover!"



She is so eager that she tries to help him by spreading her legs even wider.



The sound she makes when he pushes the head of his dick up against her pussy is unbelievable. This is pure longing.

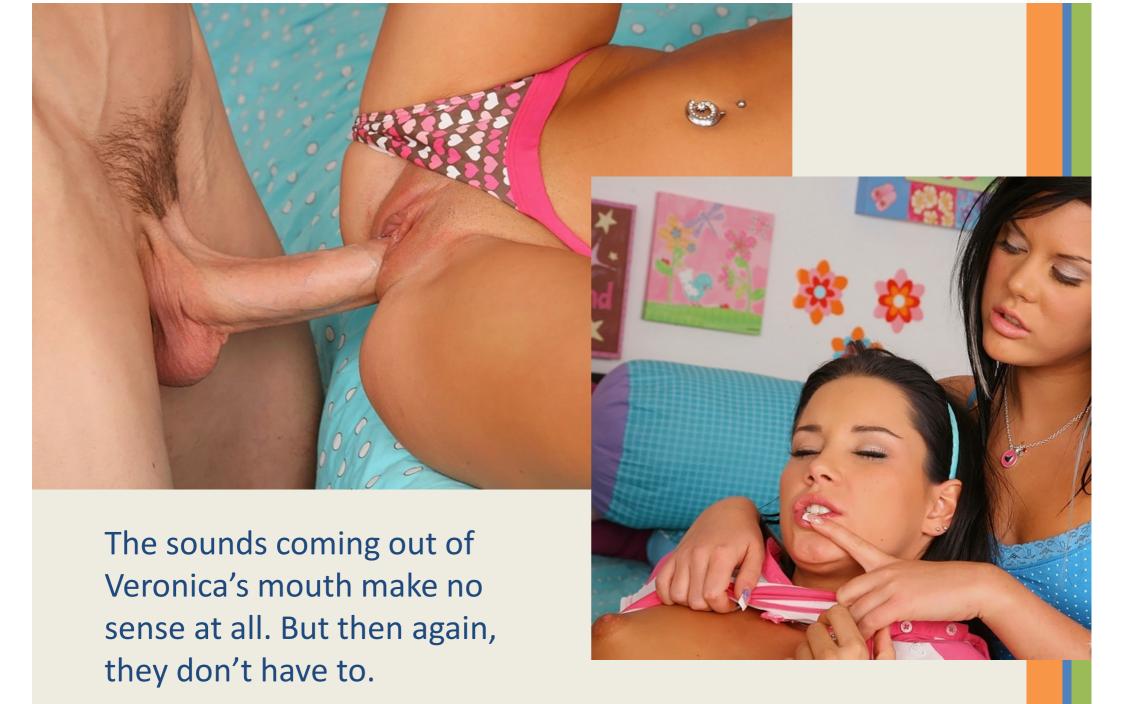


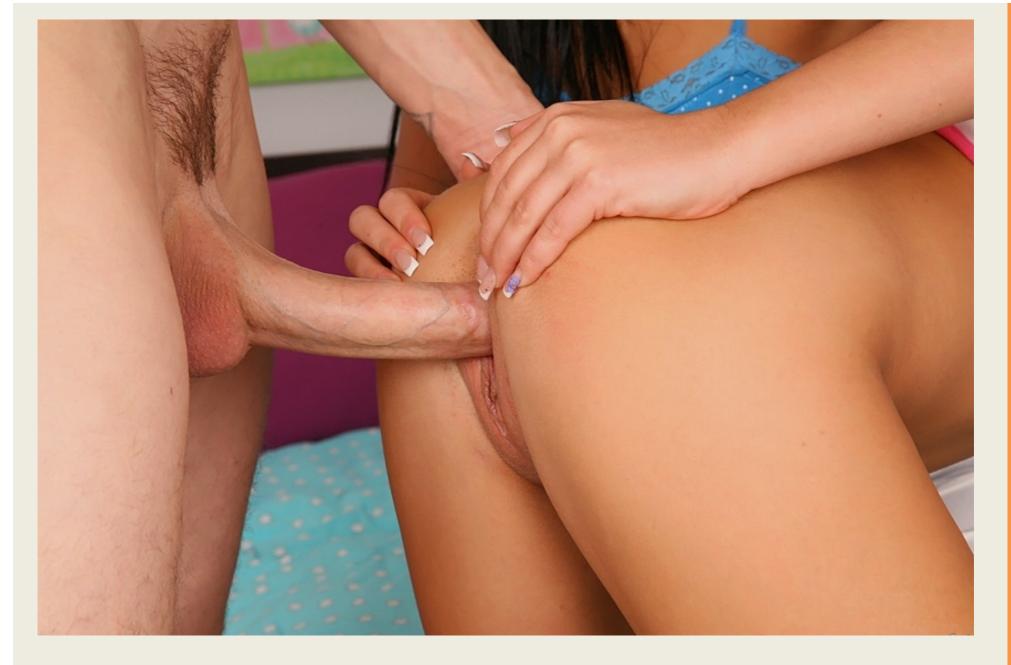


And then, finally, the two of them are united again, although in reverse this time.



They are beautiful people and I love them very much,





This is her deepest dream coming through. I want her to slow down, but she wants it all at once. She turns around and aske him to fuck her from behind.



I think it is the amazing sensation of being allowed to give in and let go that finally gets to her. She doesn't have to work hard or pretend to enjoy this. He wants her to feel good.



She looks back at her small, sexy, body and the way his cock slips inside her and feels turned on beyond belief.



The problem is that I am close to the edge as well. I need him!



I think that turns her on even more.



I straddles him and feels his big cock slide inside me. Oh God, that feels good!



The fact that Bill has been able to hold back his load for so long is amazing. There is probably some fairy magic involved.



Veronica attacks him with a never ending enthusiasm.



Nor does she forget me. I lose count of the times I come.



"Please, Maria," she asks me. "I should have woken a long time ago if this is just a wet dream. Is this really real?"



"Yes, it is real," I say. "And unless you ask me to, you can stay here forever. As can Jenny as Bill."



"Will you stay, too?" she asks me. "For a while," I say. "There are others out there that needs my help, and you will find new friends."



Bill makes a grunt, telling us he is still there. "Yes, I said, and your lover here will stay with you, if your new parents allows it."



"And they probably will, if the two of you are discreet." Veronica is far from discreet as she kisses me.



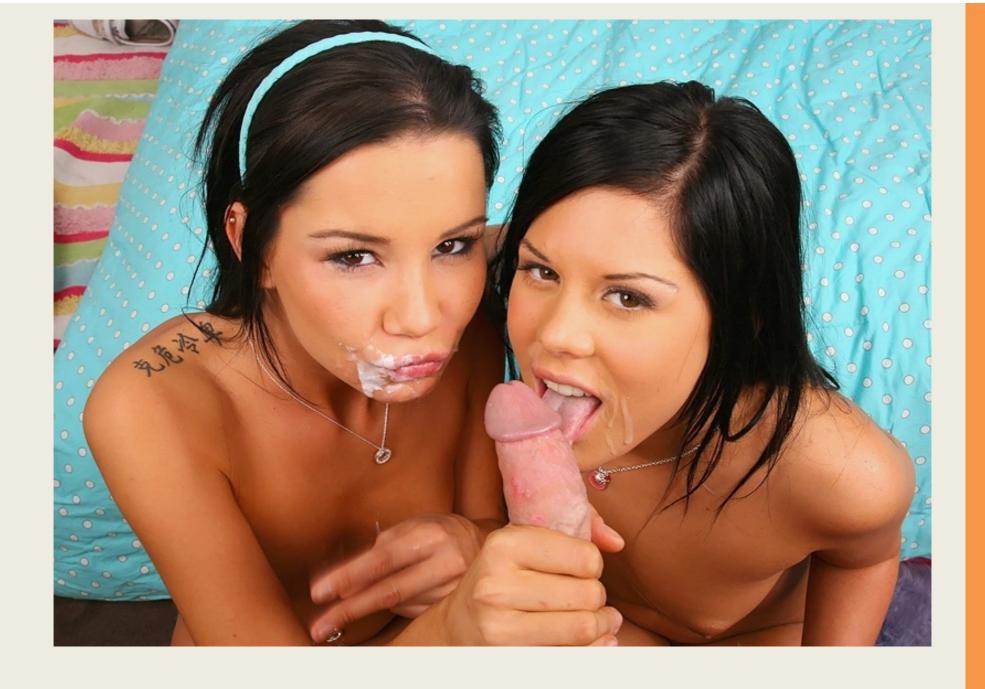
We both understood it is time to bring this brave man out of his misery.



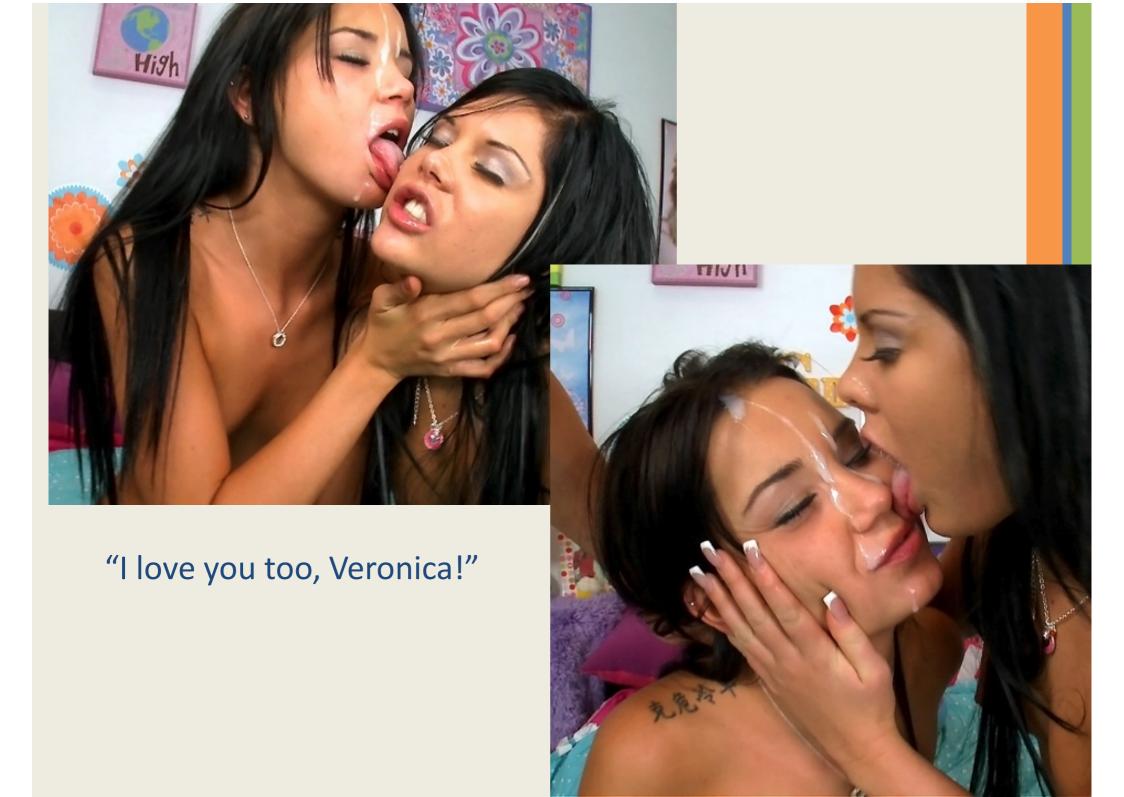
We both help him the best we can.



And is well rewarded.



Welcome to your new life, Veronica. I know you will enjoy it.





The fairy dust sequences is from <u>Brazzers.com</u> and the model is Abbey Brooks.

The teenager sequence is from Realitykings.com and the models are Tanner Mays (Veronica) and Madison Parker (Maria)

For more TG erotica, see www.rebeccamolay.com