

Back when I was a small boy, my biggest dream was to be like my mother. She was beautiful, strong and kind. My father had left us behind, after my mother got pregnant with my sister. I looked up to my mother, because she somehow managed to take care for us.



I never really identified with being a boy. All the other boys in my class were into sports and cars. I do not want to claim that my interests and the way I played were the reason for what happened later, it is ok and normal for boys to play with dolls and roleplay as girls, I however always felt more like being a girl.



My mother was a conservative woman and did not really know what to do with me.

She considered my desires as just a phase. As I got older, I had to learn the hard way to not talk to her about what was going on inside of me. In fact, I started to consider it as wrong and just a phase as well and tried to ignore my urges.

I grew fat and did not really like my body. I did not care to change anything about me. I had just given up with being confident in the way I look. Something I thought of as inachievable for me.

My mother got sick in my last year of school. She got diagnosed with ALS and couldn't work anymore. We had always been just getting by. Now we had to live from social security.



My sister had grown up poor. She didn't know anything else. But the new financial situation made it even harder for her. We were reliant on neighbours handing us old clothes and barely had enough to eat. I had a couple of friends in school who helped me with meals at school, my sister Jacky however had just joined school and had little to no friends. She even got bullied for the old clothes. She was ultimately the reason why I wanted to find a job.



My best friend Danny had spoken to his parents about our current situation. It was weird to rely on handouts, but I was willing to do so, if it meant for Jacky to be in a happier mood and well fed. This gave me more time to search for a job.



I was looking at the newspaper in order to find a suitable job. Most did pay below minimum wage for a young boy like me, however.

But then, I saw something weird. There was an inseration from a man, who looked for “a good time”. The text said, that he only looked for other men...

I had never been interested in the girls in my class in a romantic way. I had already had sexual thoughts about other men, however. Something I thought of as disgusting and wrong at the time. Something embued into me by my mom.

The thought of being with another man however excited me. I told myself, that I was only going to do it for the money. I lied to myself back then, of course.



I was really self conscious about the way I looked. It was hard for me to actually go to the hotel, that the stranger wanted to meet me at.

We had texted back and forth before our meet up and he had already seen pictures of my naked body. Not only did he not mind the way I looked, he actually told me that he considered me sexy.

Even after all that, I was still scared, that the guy would see my naked body in real life for the first time and ridicule me or just go away. As I stood there, however, I saw the bulge in his pants growing and the way he looked at me ensured me, that this was actually going to happen.

I was flattered but inexperienced. The stranger was gentle with me and I allowed him to guide me.



It is hard to describe how I felt in that moment. It was a validating experience, even though I was aware that I essentially had whored myself out. It was painful at first, but as I relaxed it started to feel very pleasurable. The thought of me taking the active role had never even crossed my mind. When the stranger offered me to fuck him, I declined immediately. Being the passive part felt more natural for me.



That was my first sexual experience ever. I was never interested in my penis and had not even masturbated at that point. My penis didn't disgust me, like some others have told me since, but I just wasn't interested in using it.

The stranger was very pleased with our little meet up. He paid me a big amount of money and asked me if he could share my number with some of his friends. Only if I was interested, of course. I said yes...



The stranger had booked the hotel room for about 20 minutes longer. He had to leave, but told me that it was ok if I wanted to stay for the rest of the time.

When he was gone, I just laid in the bed and thought of what had just happened. I had sold my body, a fact that would have been the most troublesome thought for most people. I however, had trouble accepting how good it had felt and how attracted I had been to the stranger.

As I lay there, thoughts of having felt like a girl suddenly entered my mind. I was scared to admit it and so I tried to tell myself, that I was 'just' gay.

My conservative mother would have been angry about that, back then. If I was trans however...
well...





With the money I had earned, I bought lunch for my family. Jacky was really happy, since I had gotten some fast food for her. Something she barely ever had before. I remember how happy her big grin made me and I knew I was going to see other clients, that very moment.
I wanted to change something however. I wanted to approve my appearance and lose weight asap.



Weeks went by and I had already lost a good amount of weight. I also started to let my hair grow out a little. I had to admit to myself, that it I did it because of the 'unnatural' urges I felt. But if growing my hair out was a compromise that made me feel better in my body, then why not?

There were several men with long hair after all.

Jacky loved my longer hair and always wanted to brush and braid it. She had so much fun with it and I knew I had made the right choice. She showed me how to braid hair and so I did it for her as well.

I saw one or two clients a week at the time and for now, money did not seem to be a problem anymore.

One client really loved my feminine look, how he called it and asked me for something special...



The client I was seeing had already booked me two times prior.

He had brought panties and a bra that did actually fit me. It was weird but flattering how much thought he had to have poured into doing this with me.

After I had tried my very best with the make up he had brought, I looked at myself in the mirror. I had never felt so good in my body before. There was no denying how good seeing me like this made me feel...

I asked the client for a favor. I asked him to treat me like a girl. He gladly went along with it.

I am not sure how long it would have taken for my egg to finally crack, if it had not been for this client and his sexual fantasies. I would not be the person I am today, if he hadn't made me that offer that day. Of that I am sure.



I had never before felt that much pleasure. It was a moment of true ecstasy and acceptance.

This is what I wanted.

This is who I was...



This client may have saved my life.

Back then, I did not realize, but I had been severly depressed for most of my teenage life.

He had been the one who I first met, who I first felt like myself with and who finally made me crack my egg.

After he had given me the meds, I started tearing up. He took me into his big muscular arms and comforted me.

I told him everything that had been going through my mind in all these years. He was the first person I ever opened up to. It felt like a huge weight was lifted off of my shoulders. As if something finally broke free.

He listened to me and since a friend of his was trans herself, he knew quite a bit about the topic and was able to answer some of my questions.

He told me that he was only interested in men, so he was not going to book me again, but he ensured me, that I could always contact him, if I needed something.

I had lost a client that day, but won a friend.



The road ahead was finally clear. My mother had to spend a few weeks at the hospital in order for her to receive treatment. In that time, I took the pills and worked out even harder. It was way easier now. I had a goal to work towards. I was getting close to finish school with pretty good grades. I tried to hide my changes, but most people in my class didn't seem to care anyways.



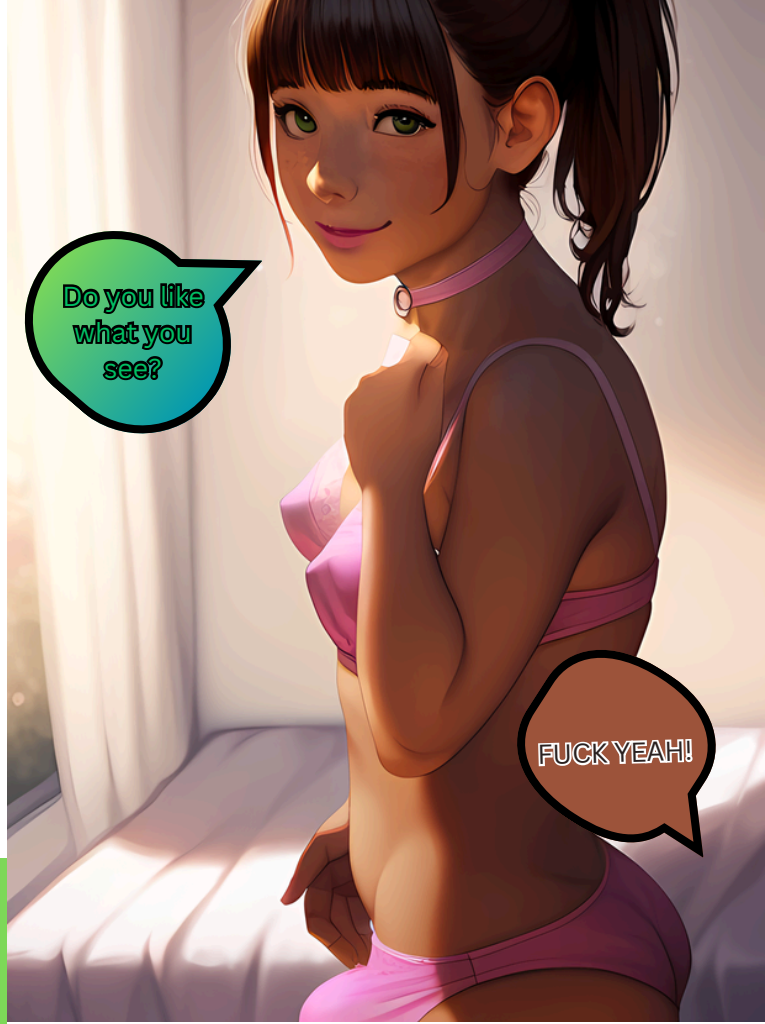
My mother's treatment had only delayed the inevitable. When she returned from the hospital, she was too weak to walk most of the time. She needed a wheelchair to move around the house.

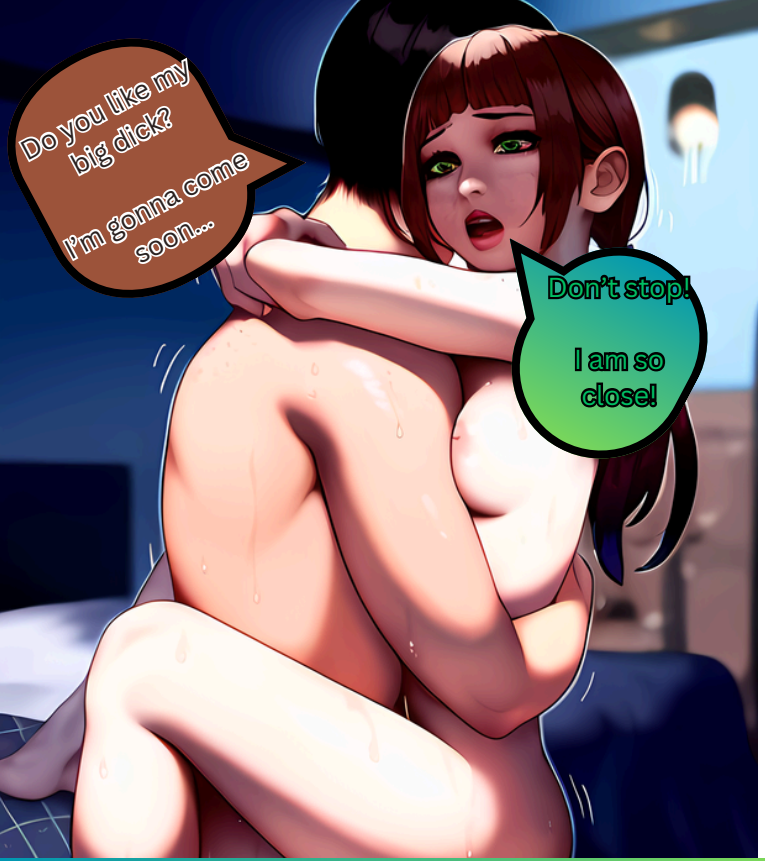
I started binding my chest around the house. I did not intend to talk with my mother. I was scared. I knew how she thought of trans people. She hated them and I didn't want her to hate me.

weeks went by and my changes became harder and harder to hide...

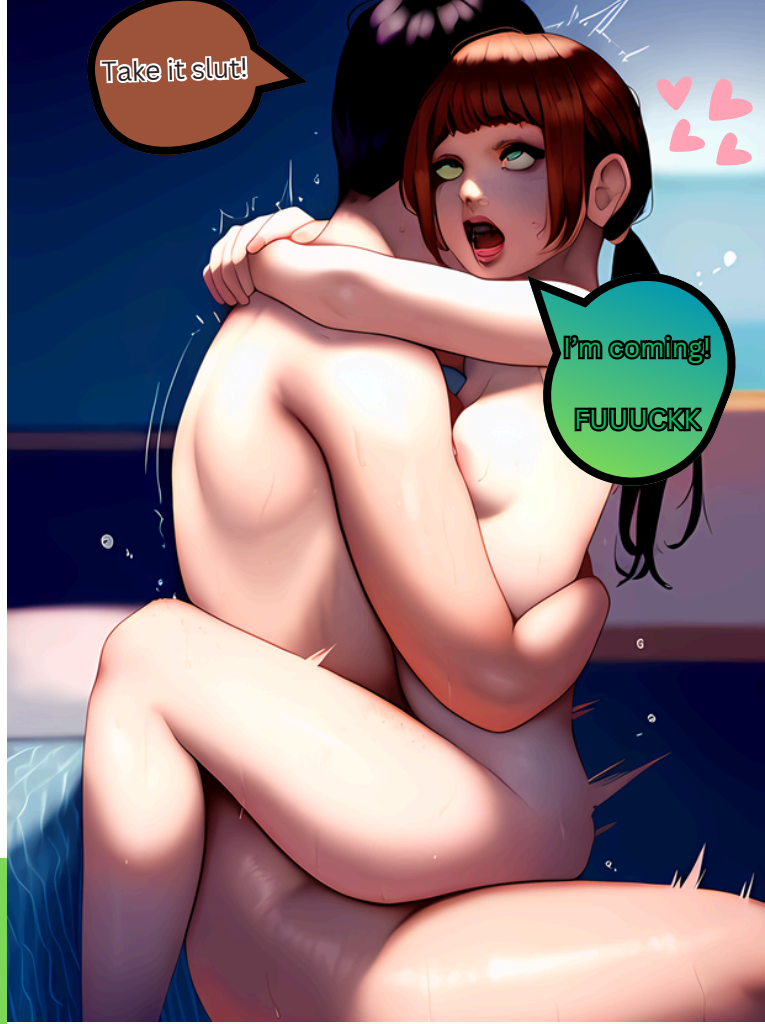


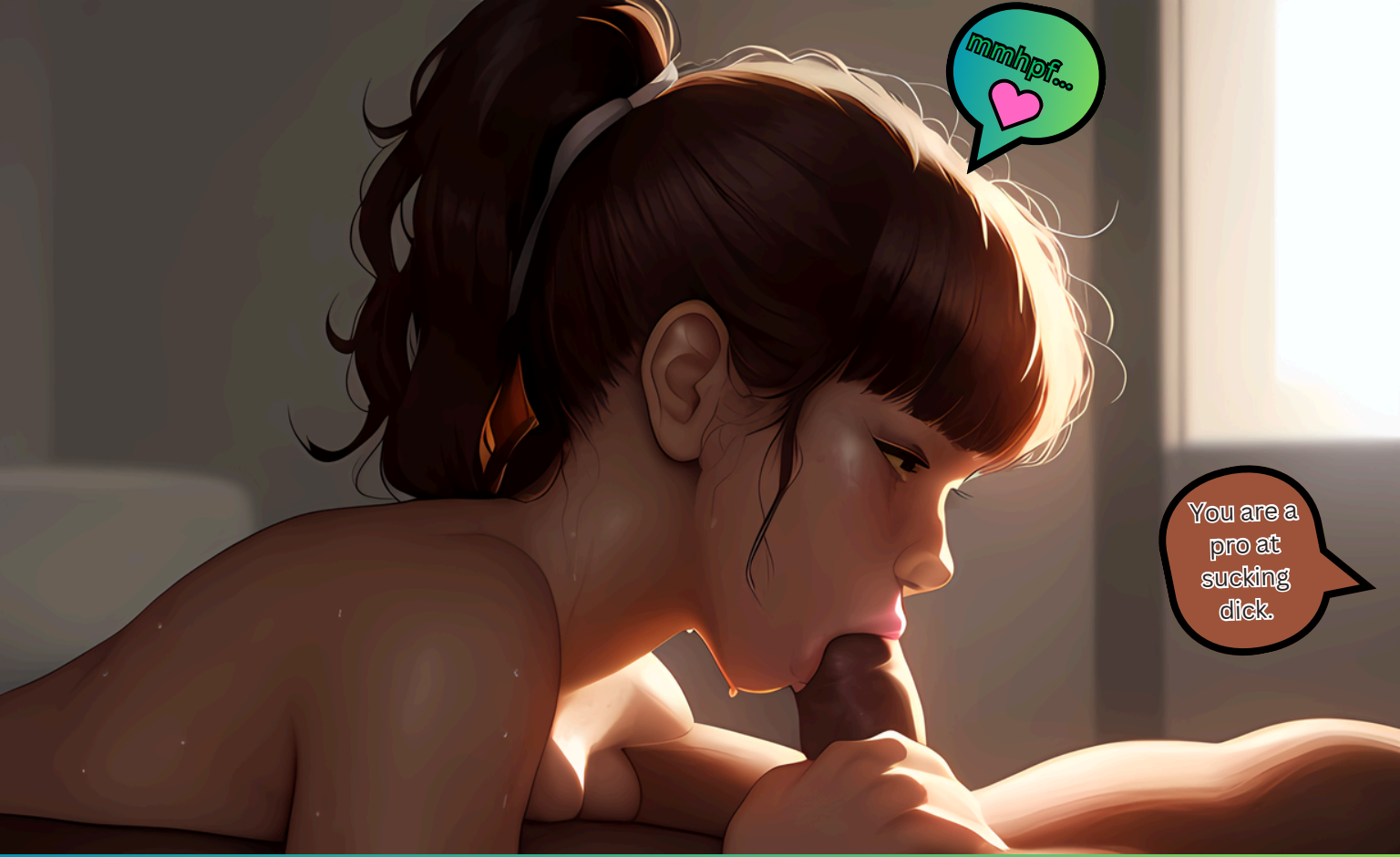
I was living a double life. I knew I wouldn't be able to hide much longer and I wanted my mom to know. With each day, I was more and more convinced, that she would understand me and change her mind.





I was still seeing clients. They were the only people at the time, that only knew me as a girl and didn't treat me any other way. I had lost most of my old clients, but had gotten plenty of new ones.





I was neither proud nor ashamed of being a whore. It was just a way for me to be my true self. I wouldn't recommend it, though. Some of the guys are kinda creepy and there is way more healthy ways of finding yourself.



I didn't have the stomach to talk to my mom. I wanted her to notice and approach me. After 14 weeks of HRT, I did not hide at home. I didn't bin my boobs and my mom saw me. I went shopping with my sister and left my mome behind...

To this day, I still ask myself, if anything would have changed, if it had been me who came to her...





It was easy to convince Jacky of my new identity. I was still Jim for her, though. I was looking at girly names on the internet, but had not decided on a new name yet. But hearing her call me sis, was making my heart race from happiness. When we arrived back home hower, my mom looked really serious. I didn't know what that look of her's meant, but I knew that we had to talk...



I changed into an outfit, that left no room for uncertainty. I wanted her to see me. The true me. I had rehearsed what to say over and over again, but she interrupted me as soon as I started...



I had expected tears. I had expected something bad to come out of this conversation, but never could I have imagined, how my mom was actually going to react. I heard Jacky cry upstairs, but my mom blocked the way.



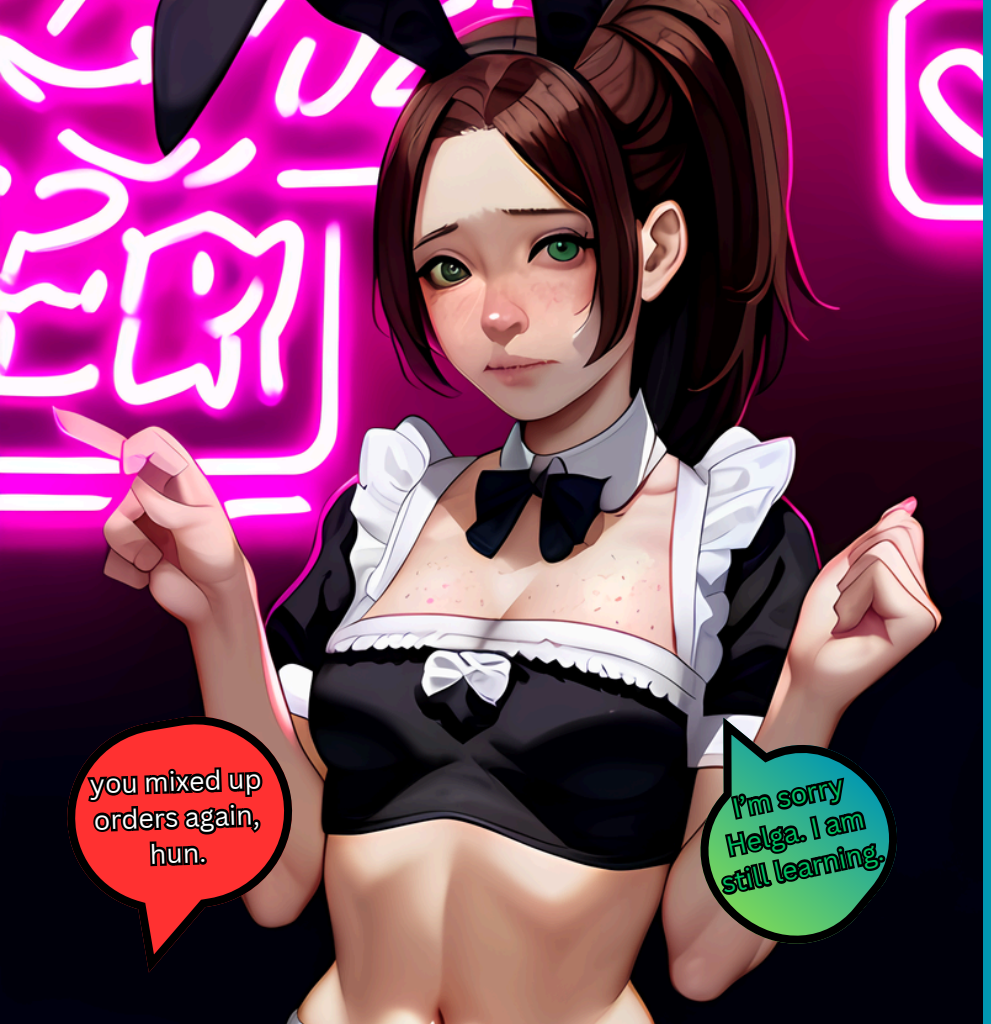
I was allowed to pack a few things. Not much. I was traumatized and suddenly homeless. I still tear up thinking about that evening. Some hurts never fully heal...

I didn't know what to do, so I called my old client and asked him for help. He knew a place where I would be able to stay and work for a while. A safe haven for trans people. But also... a stripclub...

At first I thought they were going to try and take advantage of me. But as it turned out, I had come to the right place.



The woman who took me in, was the owner of the stripclub. She had once been a stripper herself and worked herself up the ladder. Her name was Helga. Apparently she had german heritage. She explained me, that her own daughter was a trans woman and that she wanted to help people in need. Sadly I wasn't the first to seek shelter and sadly, I wasn't going to be the last. I was familiar with sexwork, as you know. But at the time, I didn't feel ready for that. Helga asked me if it was ok for me to wear slutty costumes. I said yes and was hired as a waitress.



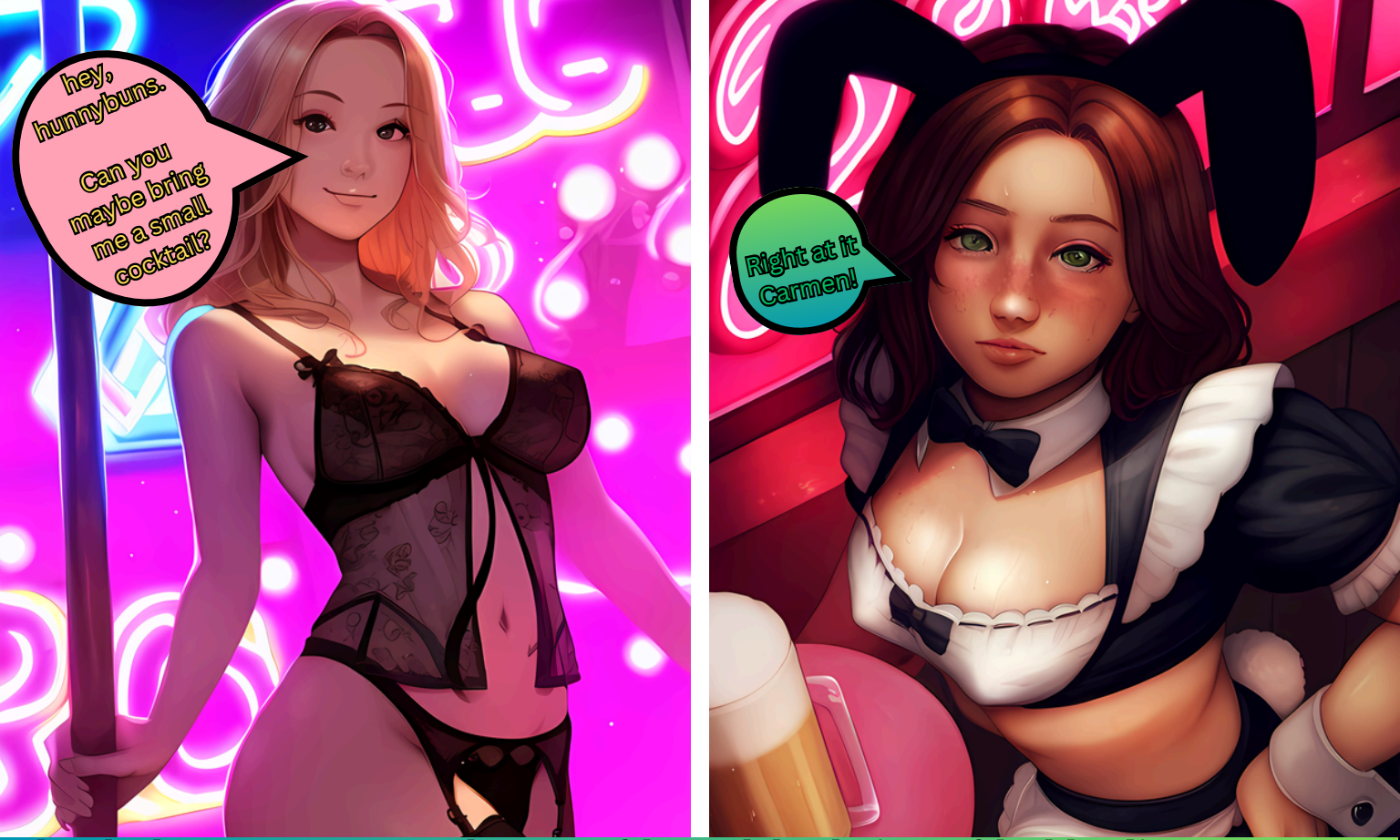
I really really really sucked as a waitress. I was clumsy, slow and mixed up orders all the time. I was getting on the nerves of some of my coworkers, but Helga was extremely patient with me. She never raised her voice, she never said anything unfair, she was all around the greatest boss imaginable.

Helga knew how traumatic the last couple of days had been for me and the last thing she wanted to do, was to add to the trauma. She wanted to give me time to heal. For her it wasn't about business. One clumsy waitress wasn't going to hurt.

The place was filled with many actually very nice people. Other trans and gay people visited to hang out here and everyone who didn't behave, was immediately thrown out. Many of the people referred to themselves as 'sex-positive'. I really like the idea nowadays even though my lifestyle has changed now.

Helga didn't ask me to do anything. I would have even been allowed to work in my usual clothes if I wanted to.

Helga offered the strippers to use some spare bedrooms if they wanted to earn something extra. She didn't even take a single penny for that.



Helga's daughter's name was Carmen. She was one of the most beloved strippers of the club and it was an open secret, that she did some sexwork on the side. She couldn't remember my name at the start, so she just called me hunnybuns. I gotta admit that at the time, I preferred it over Jim.



Carmen was the most reasurring, most self-aware and bravest person I had gotten to know until that point. We became friends after the first few days, even though she was almost 10 years older then me. I talked to her about everything and she was very understanding. Since I sucked at being a waitress, she offered me to join her for her next client.



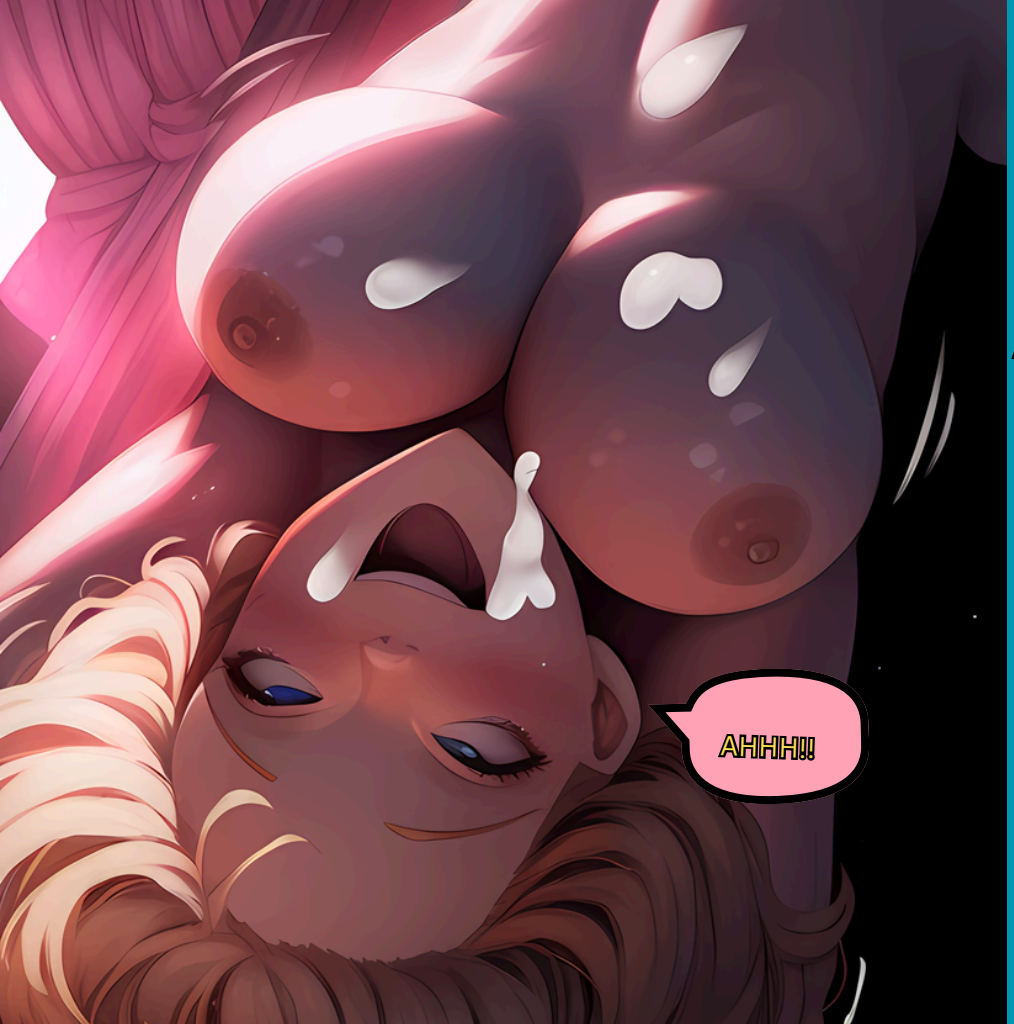
I went with her. I wasn't sure if I wanted to join or was just going to watch. I was everything but inexperienced at that time, but I had not even thought about sex ever since my mother had said those awful words to me. I was not sure if I was ready. I had cut all connections to my old life. I didn't even go to my final exams. I didn't have anything anymore, but this.



As we entered the room, I saw one of the sexiest men I had ever seen, lying on Carmens bed. I honestly would've slept with him without getting paid. I didn't want to do anything though, before Carmen asked me to.



Carmen was really good at this. The client was moaning and panting the entire time. She used her flexibility to her advantage and gave him an experience that was going to be hard to replicate. No wonder many of her clients were regulars.



I was extremely aroused. I was just standing there and wanted nothing more then to do and look like what Carmen just did and looked like.

Carmen was a goddess at her craft and I wanted to be like her.

As he emptied his balls inside of her, she came all over herself.

Afterwards, the client looked at me and raised one of his eyebrows.

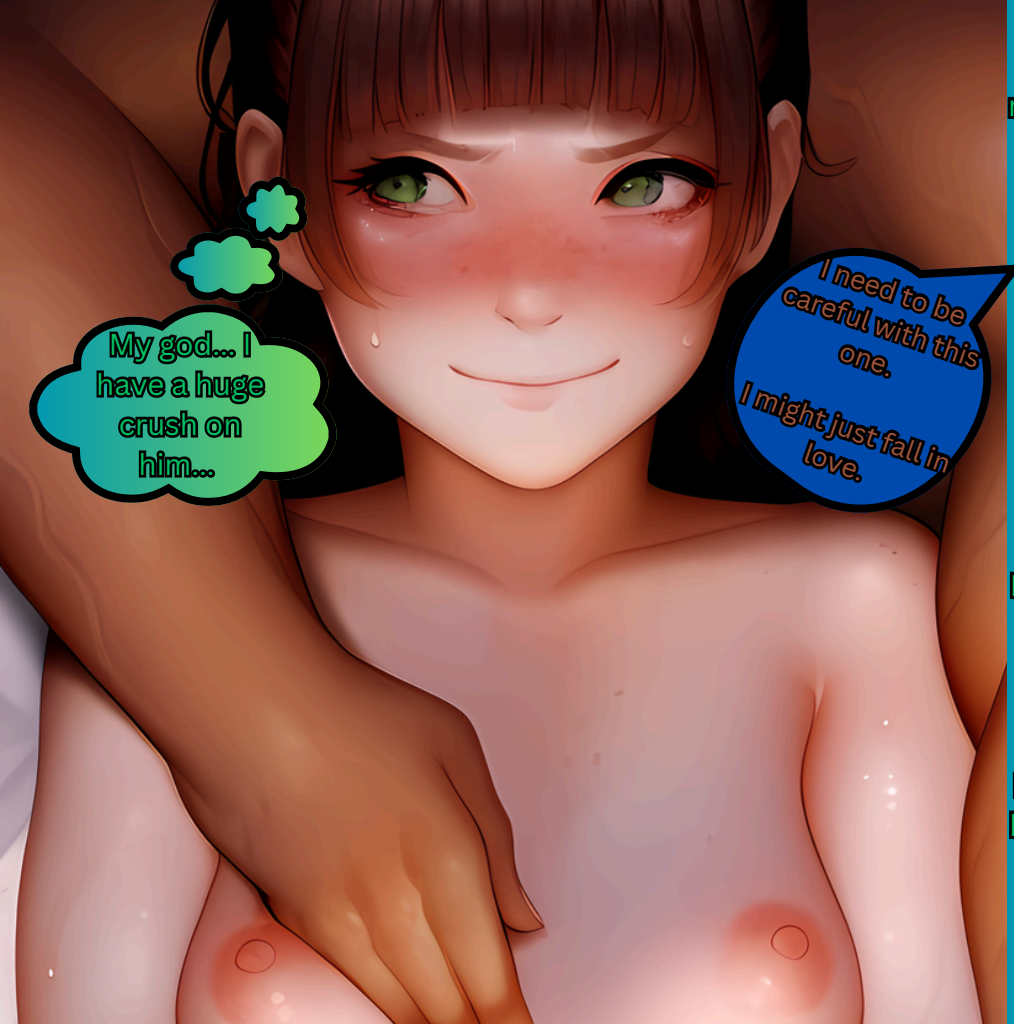
It was clear, that he was going to be ready for a second round and I couldnt help but slowly move towards him.

I was incredibly aroused, my nipples had stiffened and my heart was racing as the blood made my body pulsate in excitement...



let's just say: I had a great time...
Before that, I didn't even know I could take a dick that big. Well, the answer was a resounding yes!


YES YES YES YEEESSS!
I'm cumming!!!



I was embarassed, when the client lay next to me and started to cuddle me. I had not cuddled with my clients prior to this.

I was way to exhausted to have sex an additional time, but just the thought of currently being his girl, really made me wish I wasn't.

He groped my breasts and played with my nipples, as Carmen was sucking him off.

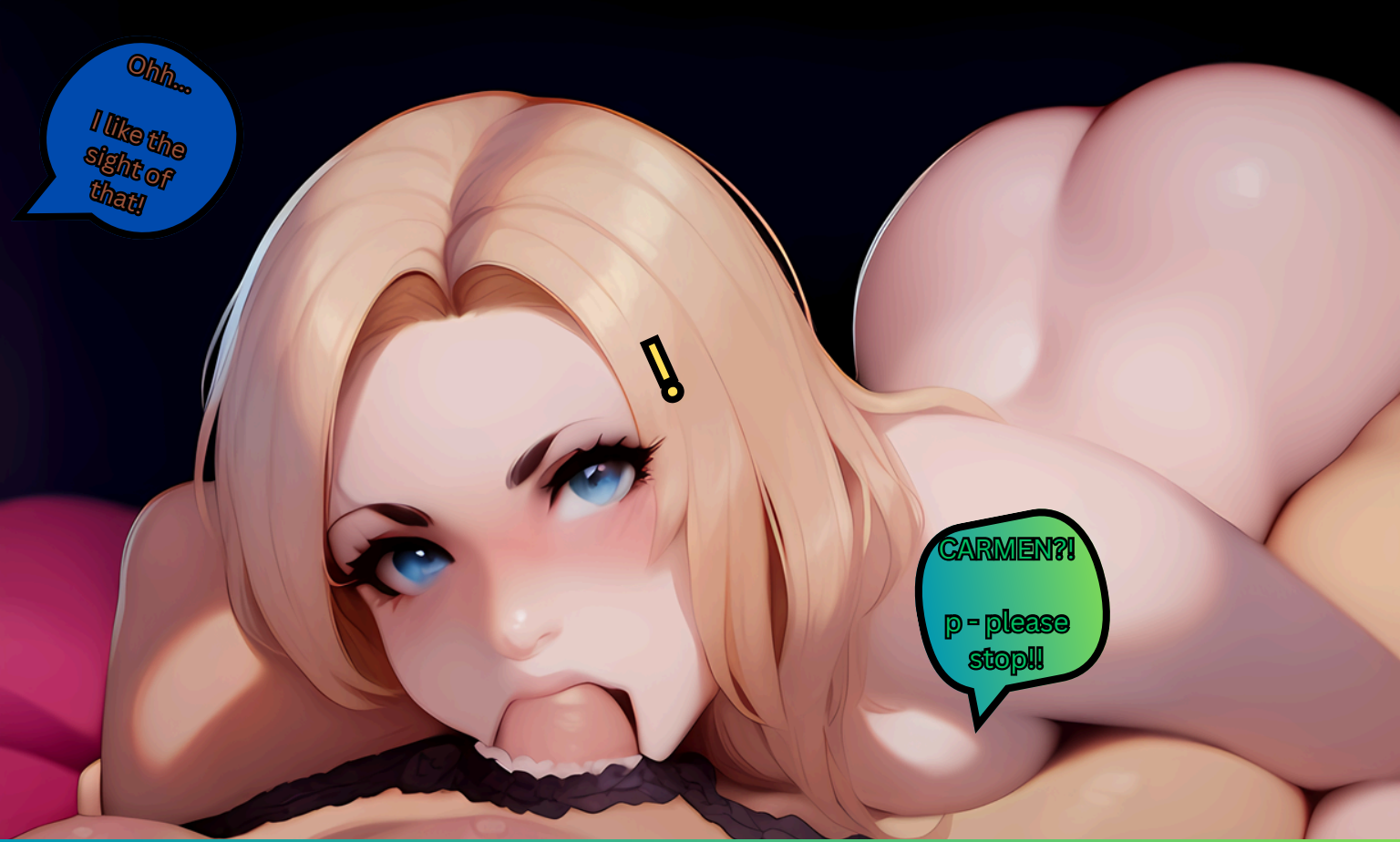
I couldn't believe how much stronger and bigger he was then me and couldn't even look at him without getting turned on again.

Most of the guys I had been with had been older or chubbier types. I didn't mind, but only now I realized HOW MUCH into men I actually was.

His smell drove me crazy.



I was fantasizing about being this guy's girlfriend so much, that I didn't even notice the boner I had. Carmen had just finished the client off an additional time, when she noticed my swollen penis.



Carmen had misinterpreted the signs and started to suck me off as well. I was shocked and immediately asked her to stop. She did of course and apologized. She wanted to reward me. Only then did I realize, how much I didn't like to use my penis.


After a few months...
giggle
Hi boyyys...
suck
After that, I worked as a fulltime sexworker wor quite some time. I was able to save up a good sum of money, but I didnt really do it for the payment. I liked it. And I was good at it. I knew that I wanted implants, though...



A wish, that I ultimately got to fullfill. Helga and Carmen had helped me with finding a surgeon, who was worth his money. I may have chosen the same size as Carmen. I'm sure she knew, but she didn't mock me for that. I hope she was flattered.



Life was great. I enjoyed driving boys crazy and playing the dumb little whore for them. It boosted my self esteem every time I made someone drool, when I advertised Helga's club on the streets. That was, until one day...



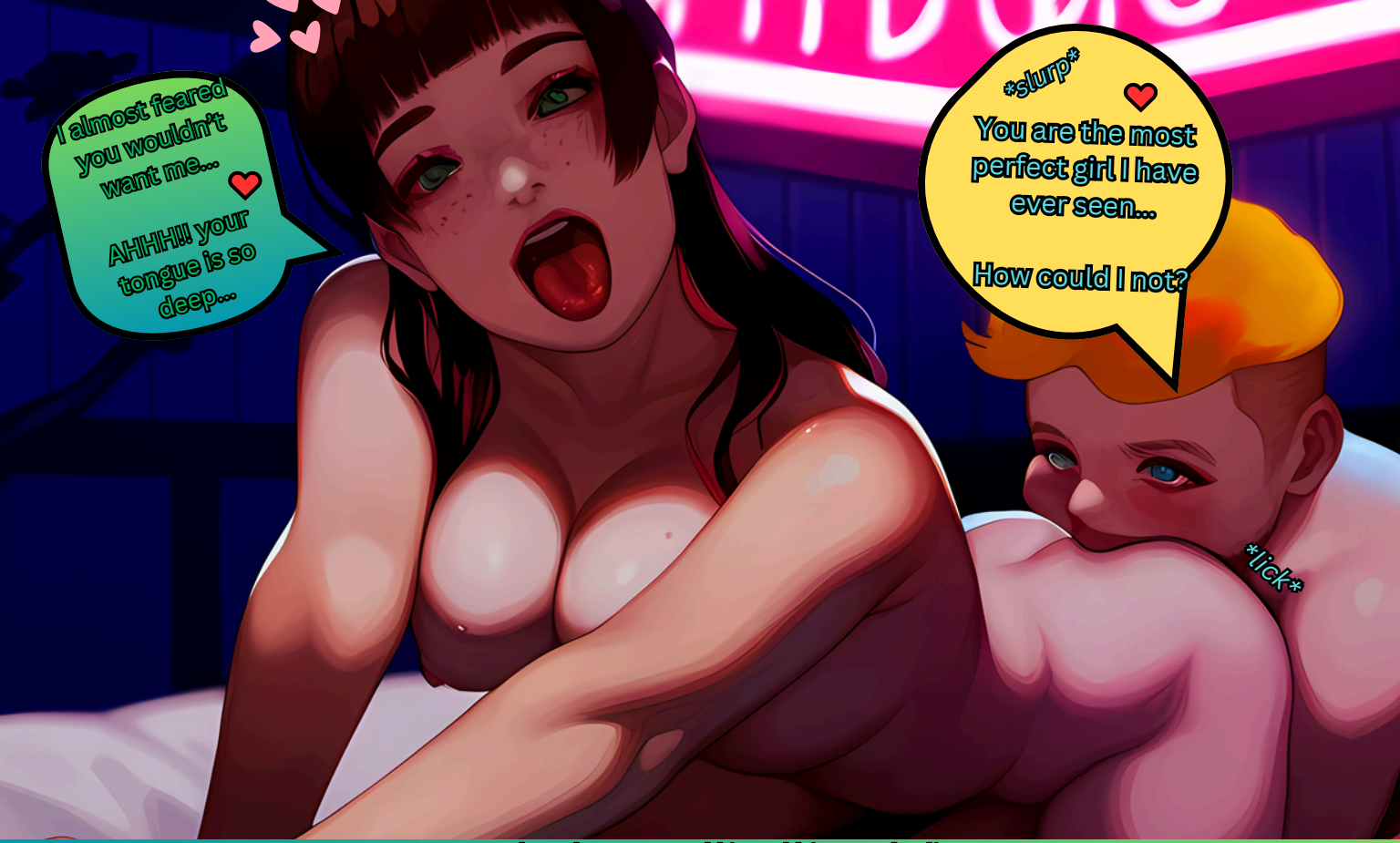
To be honest with you, after all this time, I had almost forgotten about Danny. He had been my best friend throughout all my childhood and I suddenly felt ashamed of not even having said goodbye. At the moment, I was just a pretty whore in his eyes.



I was so flabbergasted, that I had said his name out loud without even thinking. I saw him looking down at me and his glance rested on the bulge in my crotch for a while. If I didn't tell him now, he was going to figure it out by himself...



He didn't believe me at first. Then he asked me all kinds of questions. He wanted to really make sure, that I was here on my own volition, he asked if someone was hurting me and he expressed all kinds of concern. I told him that I was here, because I wanted to and after that, I told him everything that had happened. He hugged me with his big warm arms and for some reason, I didn't want him to stop. I couldn't believe how good he smelled...



I exposed my breasts and kissed him on the lips...
I didn't know if it was the old memories we had together, or if it was because someone from my old life comforted me, but he made me feel safe and loved. At the time, I wanted nothing more, then to be in his arms and become his...



The sex with Danny felt wonderful. I don't know how to describe it, but I guess you probably know what I mean. Sex just for the sake of fucking, is nothing more then just that. This time emotions were involved and it changed the entire equation for me. We were not simply fucking, we were making love...



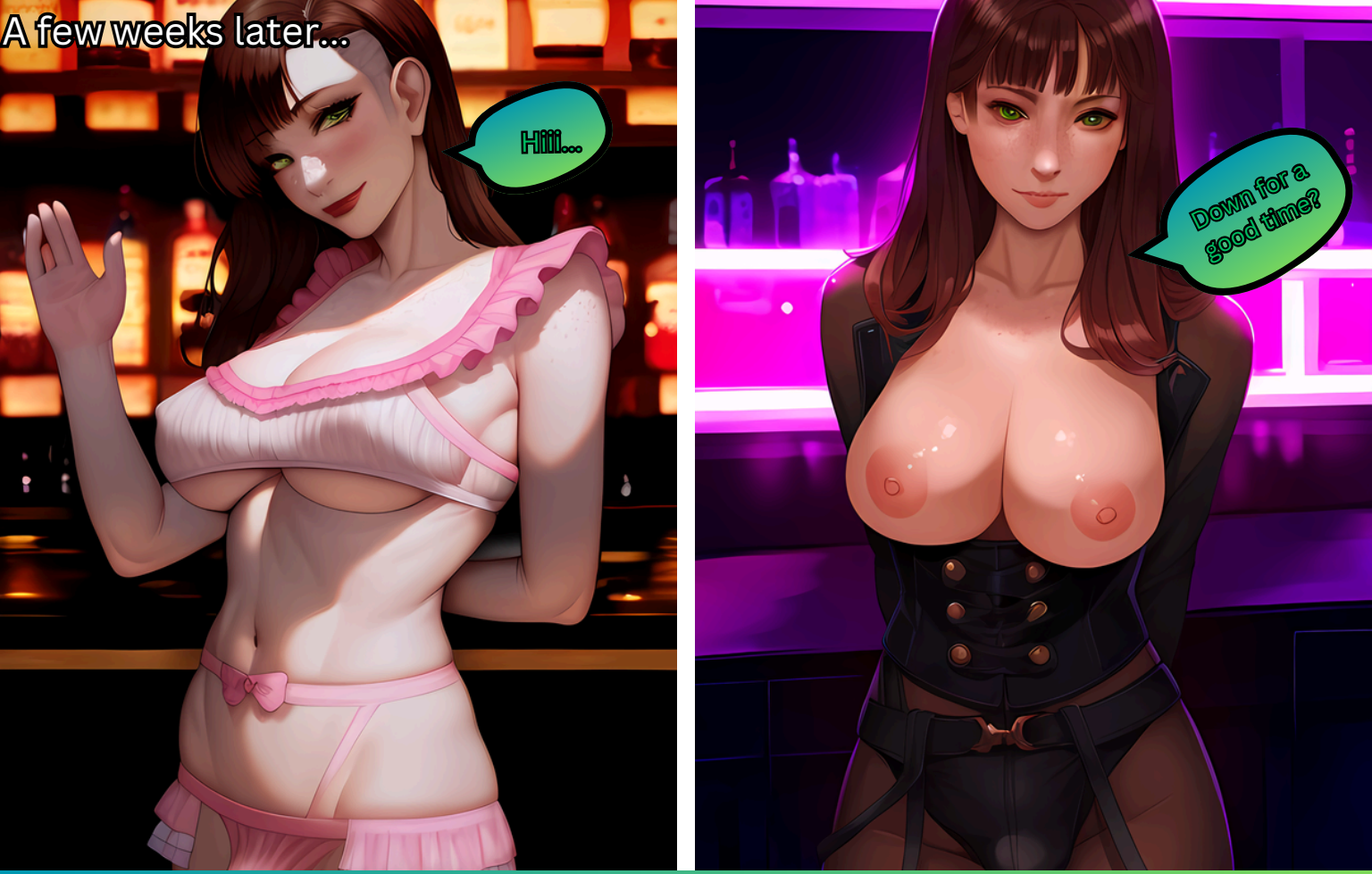
I had had many orgasms over the years. Not one compared to the one I had that night. I felt loved. Actually loved. But as soon as the sex was over and and I looked up to him, I felt regret. He looked at me so lovingly and warm and all I could think about was being scared of hurting him deeply...



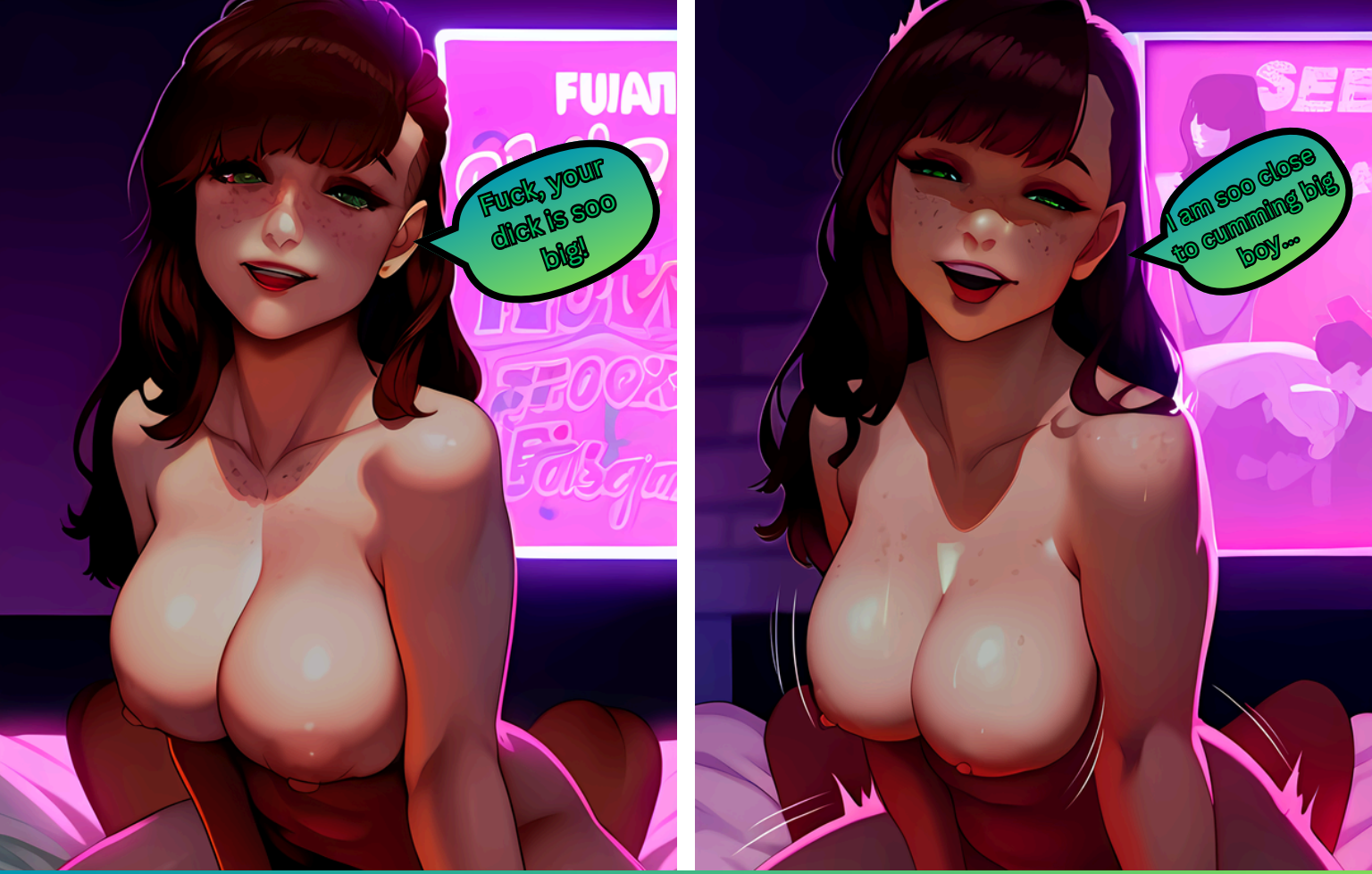
Now the trauma reared it's ugly head. At that point, I wanted nothing more then saying yes. To become his girlfriend and see where that would lead us. But After everything my mother had said and after my father had left us, I had internalized the thought of not deserving to be loved. Stupid and irrational, I guess, but that was how I felt...



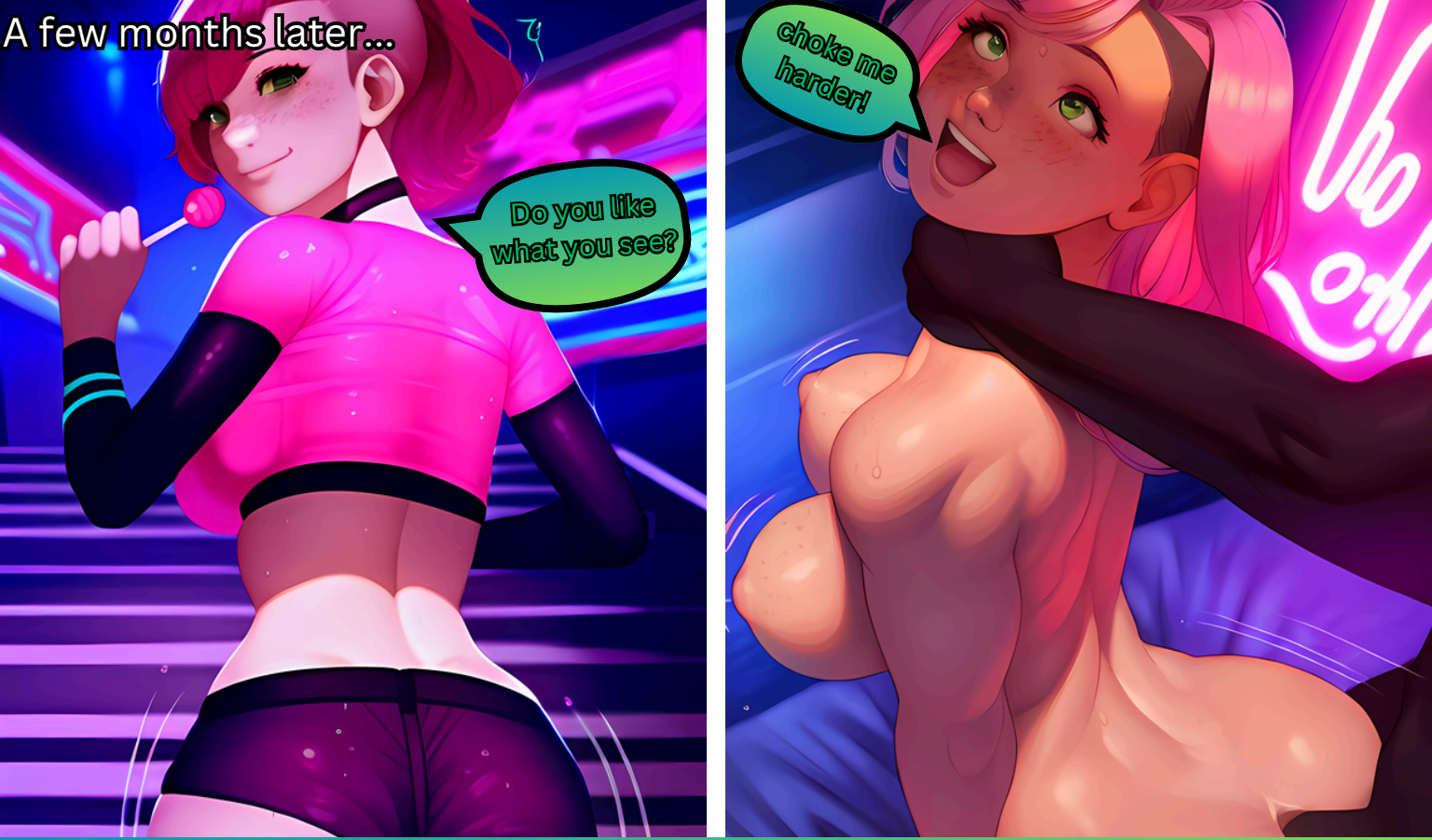
Danny was rightfully confused, but so was I. I leaned in to kiss him and we didn't seperate for what felt like eternity. As he left, he made me understand, that he wouldn't give up on me so easily. I cried as he left, because I was convinced, that I was never going to see him again, but Danny made good on his promise...



I went back to whoring fulltime. I tried not to think about Danny anymore, but I didn't enjoy my work as much as I did before...



For the first time, I actually had to lie to my clients and pretend how much I was enjoying myself...



Danny called me every week and we would talk for hours. I dearly wanted to just be a thoughtless whore. To not be anything but an object for men to lust over. The only thing that prevented me from losing myself, was Danny. Even Carmen and Helga were starting to really worry about me. Danny didn't pressure me. He was patient and gave me time. Even when I actively tried to hurt him, he didn't give up on me...



The only thing that kept me from going insane was Danny at the time, but I had never fogotten about Jacky.

I had not told her or my mother where I lived, or what I did. I even still signed the envelopes with my deadname. I wished at the time, that Jacky was still part of my life, but subconsciously, I had given up on that a long time ago.

The wound my mother had inflicted in me, was way too deep for me to try. I was scared of seeing my mother again. Letting her see what I had become. After all, I was actively working towards her being in the right about me. I was losing myself and tried to become a soulless husk and object to be used. What else to call someone like me, other then a monster or a pervert?

I am ashamed to admit it, but I guess it was my stupid way of process the harm she had dealt me.

Jacky however had never truly given up on me...



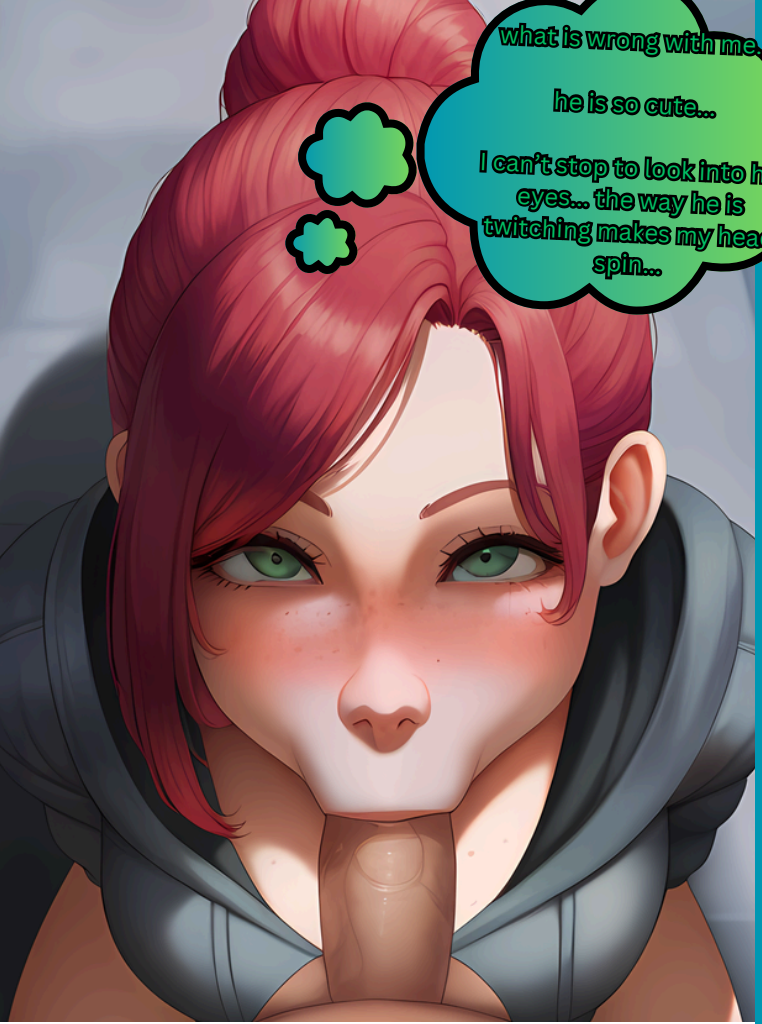
Carmen felt responsible for my inner conflict. She didn't fully grasp what was going on inside of my head, but her hypothesis was close to the actual truth. Seeing me at my current state hurt her deeply, but she didn't know what to do about it. She had noticed how important Danny had been for me and all her hopes were invested in him. She didn't want to pressure me, but if Danny did as much as send me a text message or funny gif, she made sure I knew it immediately.



I tried to find my least slutty clothes in order to visit him at his place. Not an easy task, as most of my clothes were chosen in order to attract men with skimpy designs. In the end Carmen had to lend me a gray hoodie of hers, because I just wasn't able to find anything. Danny had waited for more then a year at this point for me to ask him out. His masterplan was now to cook a candlelight dinner for the two of us. I watched as he struggled in the kitchen and couldn't help but notice how cute all of it was...



The feelings I had been trying to kill off, came back and hit me like a truck. I wanted to be with him, more than anything else. I wanted to show him my appreciation and adoration in the only way I still knew how to. I got down on my knees and crawled towards the kitchen...



As I knelt in front of him, massaging his glanse with my tongue, many thoughts rushed through my mind...

Do I love him?
Yes...
Why do I love him? For psychologic reasons?
Because he actually cares for me more, then he does for my body...
Because I feel so safe with him...
Because he would never actively hurt me...
Because I feel loved around him...
Because he was already there for me, before anyone else was...

I... I love him...
I am worth something to him...
I want to deserve his devotion!
I want to show him my love.

It felt like I was waking up from a bad dream, that had lasted for several years by now. I swore myself at that moment, to stay at his side. That day, I am sure, Danny saved my life.



There it was again. The pleasure I had missed for all that time. The pleasure that only results from being actually loved by the other person...



I finally awoke from my nightmare and was willing to be with the person I loved. It had been 4 and a half years since I had been forced out of my home. For the first time since then, I actually felt like I had found a new one...



Since I had finally came back to my senses, I had to make new plans for my future. I had to rethink many of the things that I did in the last few years. On the way to become my true self, I had ironically lost myself. It was time to get back on track. I had spoken about my plans with Danny and he was very supportive. He would go with me, whatever way I chose...

One month later..







I had a date for the surgery. It was going to be a few months until then, but time didn't matter as much, now that I was back on the right path. Danny took me into his appartement with open arms. He cleared a lot of space for all of my stuff, but there wasn't that much that I even wanted to take with me. Most of my clothes I gifted to the club. If any of the newer girls could use anything, so be it.



The day of the surgery had come and Dr. Watanabe guided me through the entire process. I was scared and excited at the same time. There was alot that could've gone wrong, but when I woke up, I instinctively knew, that the surgery had been a success...



I cried from the sheer amount of happiness. My crotch hurt like hell, but Dr. Watanabe gave me some painmeds, which helped. My vagina would need to heal for a couple of months, before it could be ‘used’ and I would need to dilate it a couple times per day, but it was done. I had done it. With that, a new chapter in my life started.



Dr. Watanabe had done a fantastic job and now it was up to me, to do everything right.

But there was another urgent point on my list. Something I had pushed away for far too long.

Much of the surgeries cost was covered by my insurance and I had made sure, to stay put and not spend anything on unnecessary expences.

The next step was to go back and confront my mother. I had talked with Danny about everything and it took some convincing, but his appartement was big enough. I wanted to ask Jacky, if she wanted to move in with us...


Two months later..
I know you can do it hunnybuns. I'll stay here if you need me. Just a phonecall away.


I'd actually love to get to know Jacky. Bring her with you when you come back.

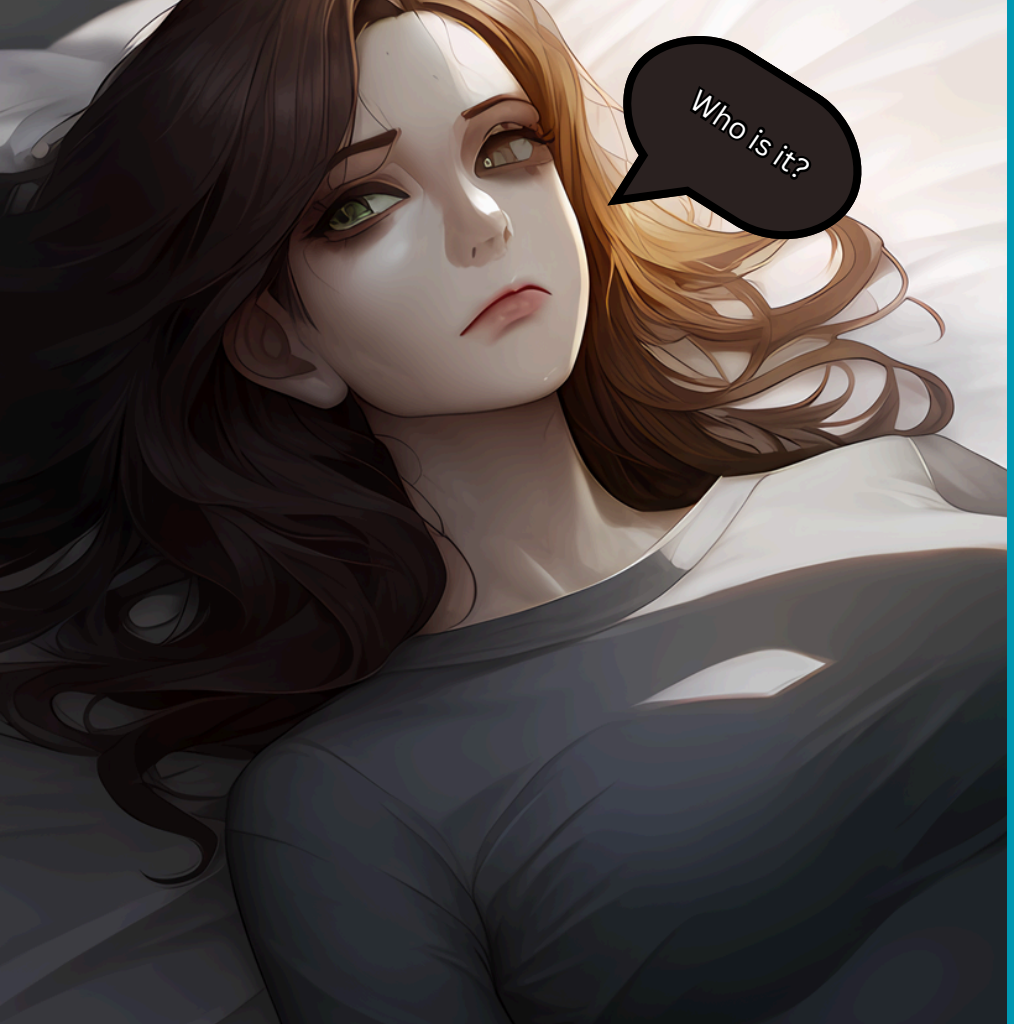


Carmen had offered me to accompany me on my way back home. We drove to a café, where she was going to wait for me to return. She also offered me to kick my mom's teeth in, but I gladly declined. I wanted to see both of them badly, but I was really scared...



I nearly froze when I heard movement inside of our old house, after I had knocked. I was close to having a heart attack. Everything in my body screamed, that I was making a mistake and that I needed to run away. I almost did, when suddenly the door opened and an angry teenager stood infront of me...


Jacky...
Is that you...?
Who the fuck ar-...
J - Jim...? You aren't fucking Jim, are you?
are you h - his girlfriend or something?
Jacky... it's me...



Jacky didn't hug me or say anything else to me. Instead she turned her back on me and went inside as fast as she could. It had not been the heartwrenching reunion I had hoped for, but I had made the first step.

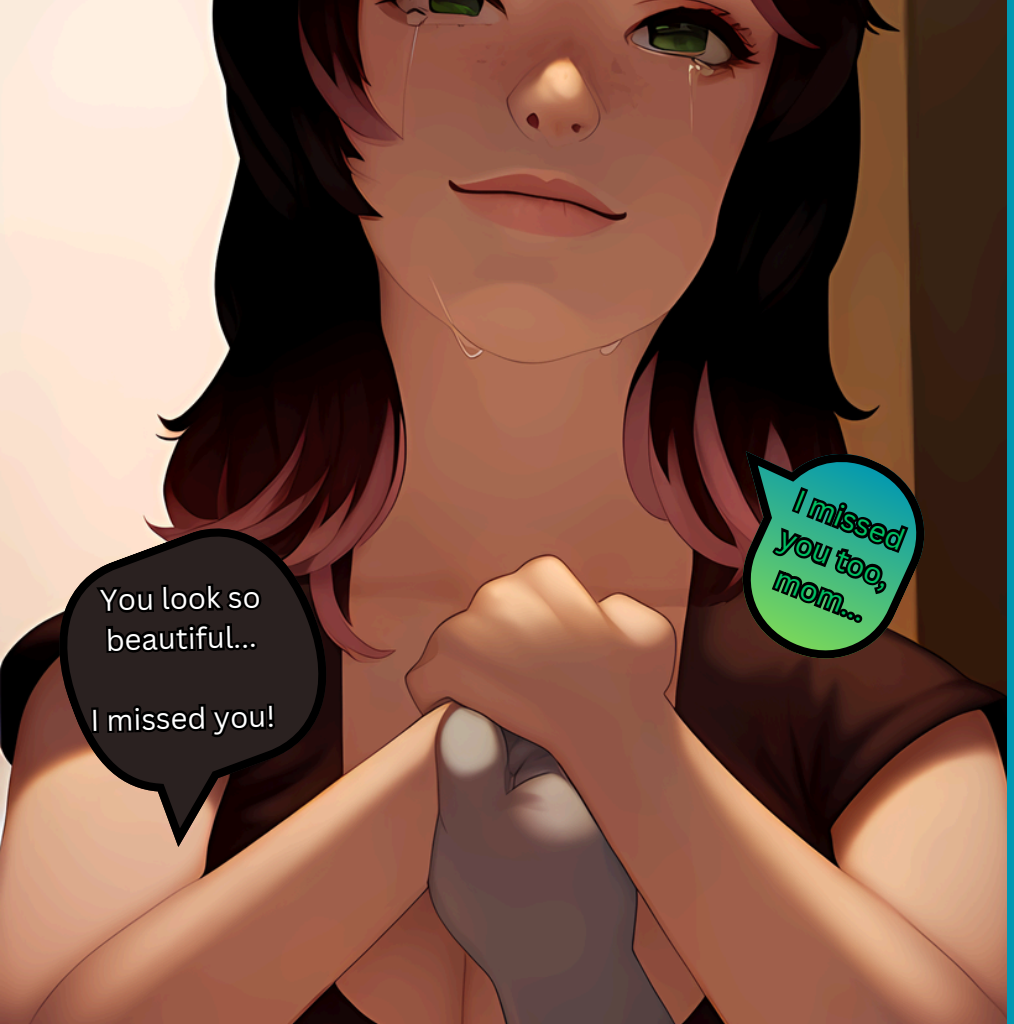
Jacky stood in our living room and didn't turn around to take another look at me. Instead, she looked like she was shaking a little and with a weak and muffled voice, she called for our mother.

'M - Mom... w - we have a visitor...'

She went towards a room, which had been our old dining room back when I still lived here. I just followed her, without saying a word.



My mother lay in a hospital bed. She looked sicker and more pale, than I would have thought. She was apparently not able to walk anymore and had to stay there the entire day. I had been so scared to meet her again, expecting a monster. But what I found was a weak and defeated woman, on the brink of death. Jacky didn't know what to say and neither did I.



My mother reached for my hands and I gave in. We held each other for the first time in more than 5 years.

All the scary scenarios I had imagined, all the retraumatization I had feared, I had expected many things to happen. This had not been on the list.

She actually looked glad to see me. There was not a glimpse of the hatred from the day we went seperate ways. She was happy.

Jacky and I were sobbing. None of us knew, what to do in a situation like this. We just lived it and tried to figure it out ourselves.



Jacky and I went to the café Carmen was waiting at. I messaged her, to keep her head down, since I had not been able to explain anything to anyone yet.

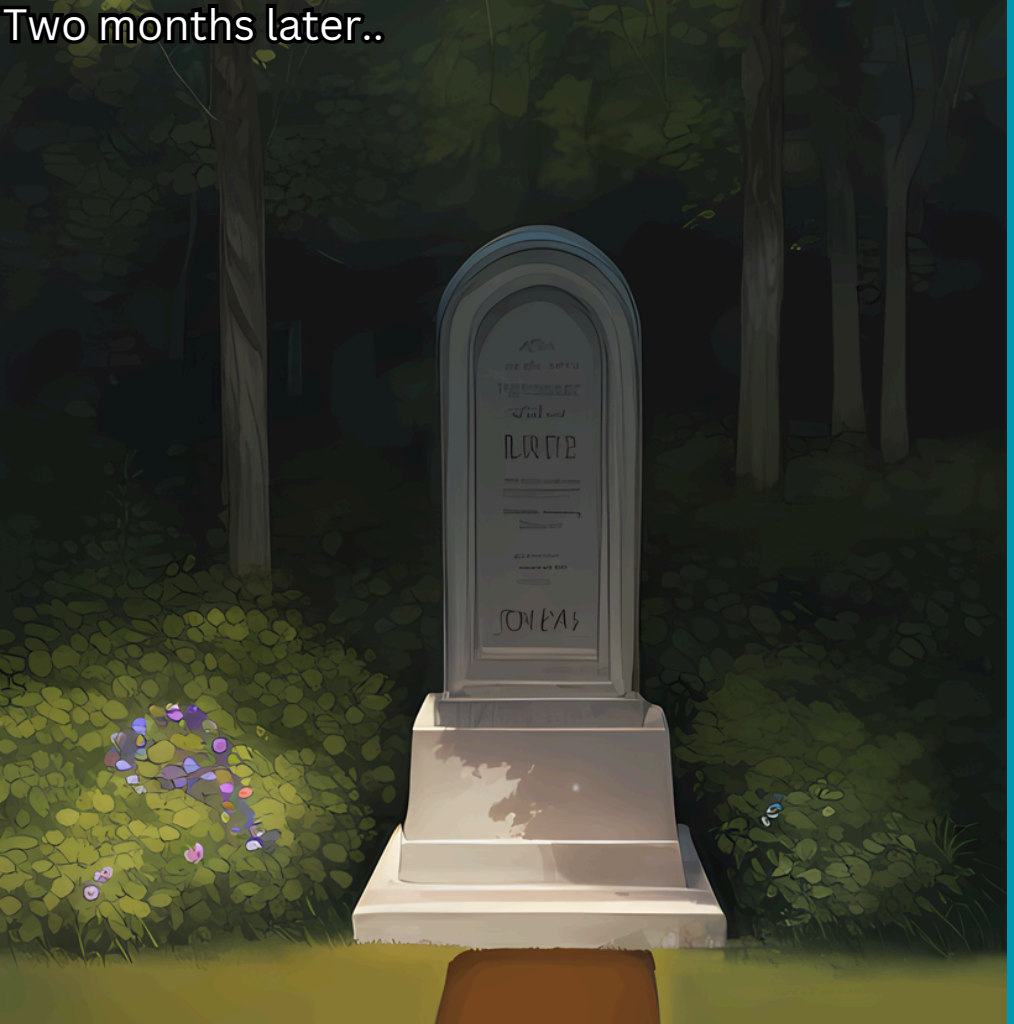
Jacky turned out to be more troublesome than I had imagined. She was mid-puberty, had to pull up with a lot of adult problems and was quite a pottymouth.

I still saw the cute innocent girl from back in the day in her, but she had grown up quite alot.

She tried to provoke me, but I didn't give in. I just endured and in my opinion, I deserved much of what she threw at me. I had not only left my mother all that time ago, after all.

We talked about mom's health and it became clear, that she wasn't going to live much longer.

I offered Jacky to move in with me and Danny and at least she didn't decline right away...



From that day on, I spend as much time with my mother and Jacky as possible. Danny was very understanding and supportive, as always.

He actually visited them together with me two times in the following two months and my mom still knew him from back in the day.

It became clear, that even now she still wasn't too happy with the entire trans topic, but her hard shell had softened quite alot over the years.

I guess dying and having a trans daughter herself, helped with that.

Jacky and I started to prepare everything for the time after mom's death. We had to fill out a whole bunch of documents and she spend alot of time at our place, in order to renovate her future bedroom to her own taste.

two months after our reunion, our mother died...



I can not stress enough how much Danny turned my life to the better. If it hadn't been for him, I would have still been whoring myself out at this time in my depraved attempt to turn into an emotionless doll...
If my mother had died, before I had had the chance to make up with her, I would have never forgiven myself...



Jacky tried her very best to test me. It wasn't easy to keep my cool, but I endured. I kind of owed it to her.



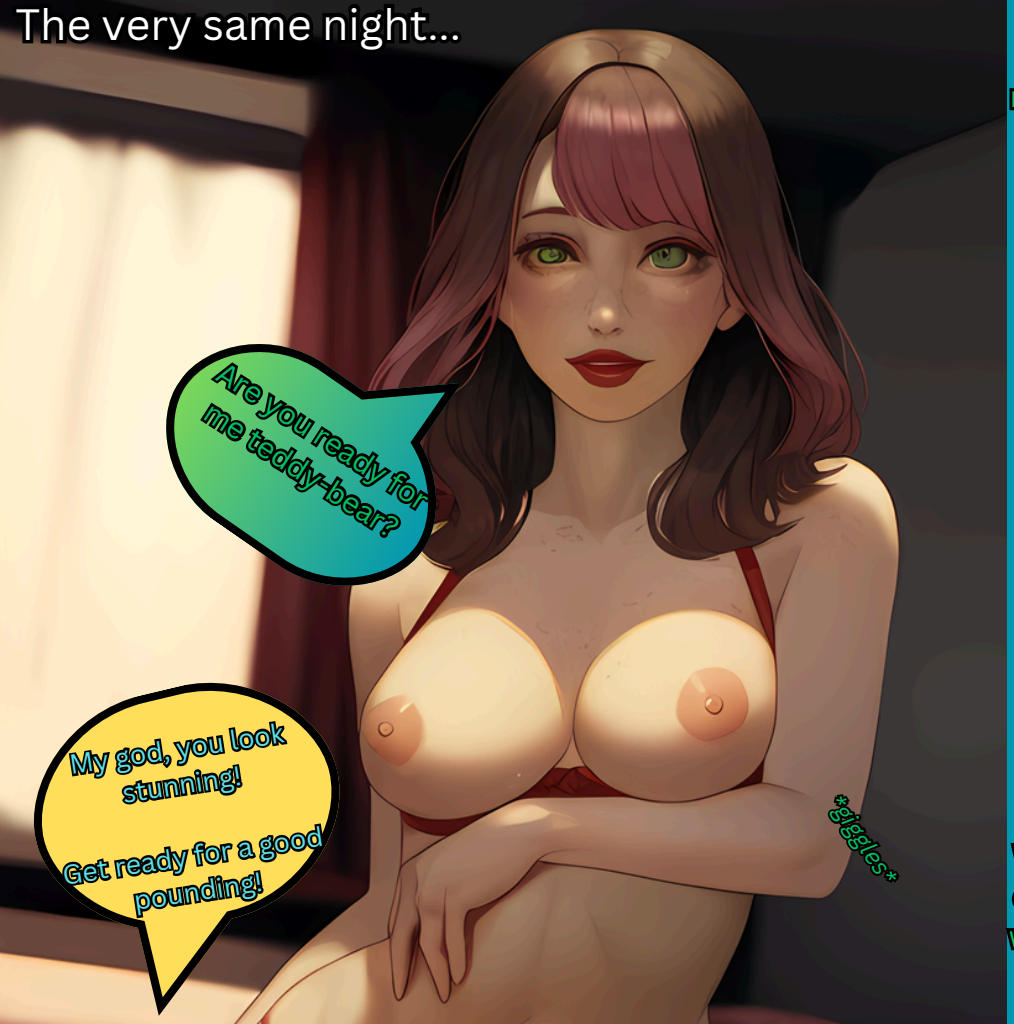
Danny was more patient with her than I was. It had only been one week and she already turned the appartement into a mess, every chance she got. Danny reminded me of her age and that our mom had just passed away, but Jacky really knew what buttons to press in order to rile me up. At least she had stopped to call me by my deadname...



For the first time since Danny and I moved in together, I actually wished that I had become the soulless puppet (I am just kidding, lol).



I was really envious of Danny and how Jacky behaved in front of him. I guess it is normal among sisters to mock one another. But that didn't matter right now. Today was a very special day for me. Today was the first day, we would be able to risk penetration...



I dolled myself up for Danny that night. That night, I was going to lose my virginity again and other than last time, I was actually in love with the person who would do it.

We flirted like teenagers as I sat down on his lap and we started to make out, while he slowly undressed himself. He kissed my nipples and neck, whilst I started to massage his massive boner. it had been poking through his pants the entire time as if it tried to pierce me right through the fabric.

He lifted me up as we kissed and threw me onto the sheets. I got myself in position and lifted my butt up, as I started crawling on all fours.

We were so giddy and horny, that we completely forgot how thin the walls were and that Jacky was right around the corner.

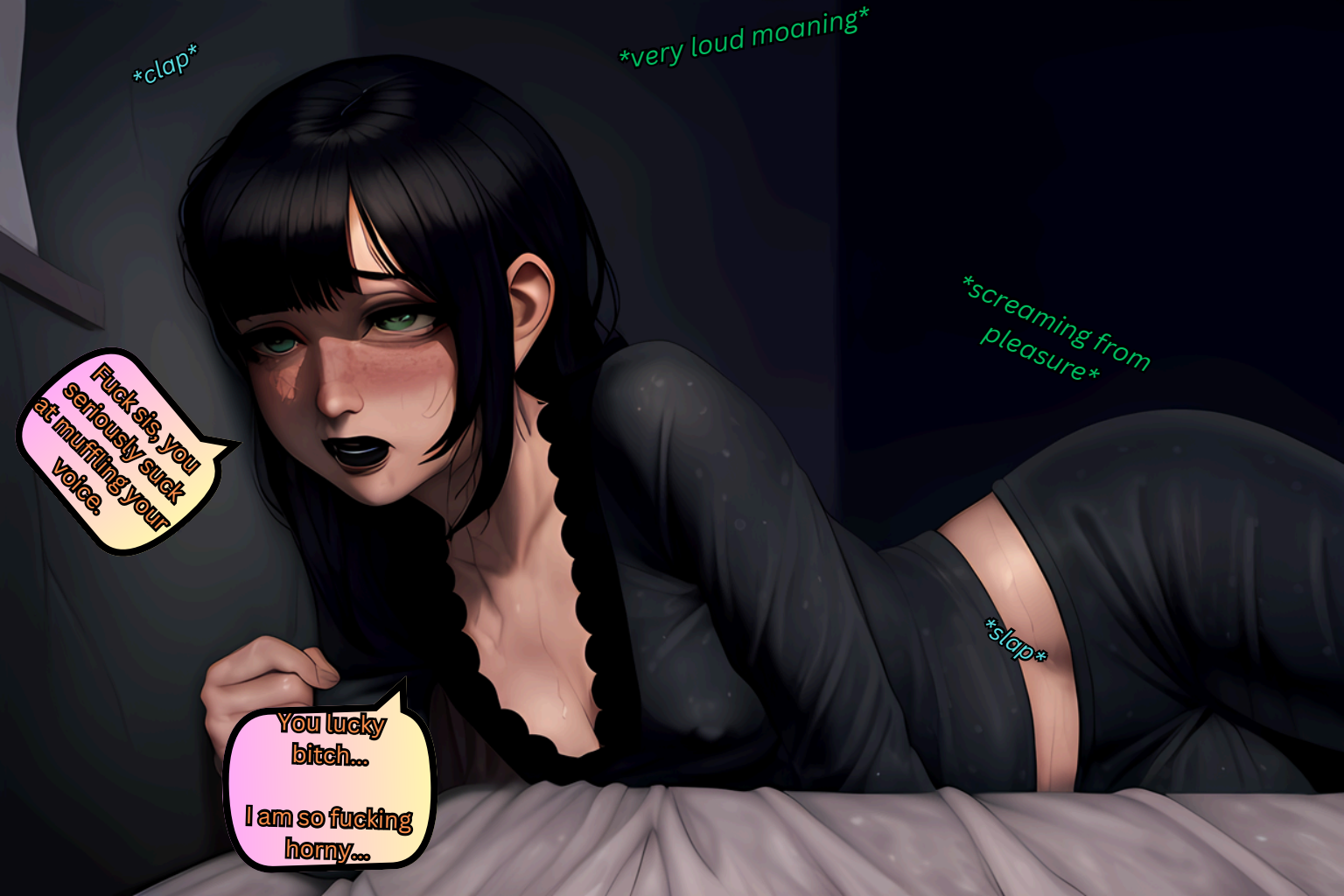

giggling and moaning sounds
panting and laughing sounds
Are they fucking serious now?
Holy shit... look at those tits!
YESS, HARDER!
I think I can take it!
Fuck! Your pussy feels so fucking great!
Jacky never fully told me what happened that night, as I am sure she was a little bit too embarassed...


I can't believe it! You are fully inside!
Fuck, this feels great!
The dilation really paid off.
you are so tight, babe!
clap
slap


I am going to move faster now!
slap
Holy shit!
HOLY SHIT!


Sounds like you are in heaven Carla...
Oh Fuck, this is great!
clap
slap
unintelligable noises


I am not going to let you off the hook so easily!
this was only the first!
clap
slap
cummi- ... I gonna... UGH!!!


clap
very loud moaning
screaming from pleasure
slap
Fuck sis, you seriously suck at muffling your voice.
You lucky bitch...
I am so fucking horny...


orgasming again
clap
moaning
wet fucking noises
slap
Give it to her, Dan!
Fuck, I am close too...



After Danny and I had fucked like rabbits for more than 3 hours, I slept like a baby. Jacky had her first day back in school, after our mother had died and I prepared breakfast for her.



After the embarassing announciation, that she had heard the sounds that I had given from me that night, she took the eggsandwitch out of my hand and just left for school. I felt hot and was out of breath, but then came a realization...



My sister's words filled my heart. With that, for the first time in what felt like forever, my life felt actually perfect.

We actually had build a sister-sister relationship, like I had always dreamt of.

I guess it took her hearing me getting my brains fucked out, in order to respect me more.

After that we didn't fight quite as much and grew closer by the day. She actually started opening up a little and we shared everything with one another.

That she considered herself bisexual, what boys and girls she liked in her class and even stuff like women's hygiene, I spare you the details.

I also opened up to her and told her about everything that happened over the years and what state Danny had found me in.

She was in disbelief at first, but only because she didn't believe me how successfull I was as a whore *giggle*


A few years later...
I can not believe how happy I am.
Fuck girl, I can not believe how happy you are!
Maybe I should find myself a hubby *giggle*
I think Danny is gonna propose any day now...


It's so cute that Jacky copied your hairstyle...
Don't tell her, she is a little sensitive about that...


It's been a few years now and you are still on cloud 9. At this point all you guys are missing is children.
Oh cmon Carmen... you know we c-...
Believe me Carmen, it's not like they aren't trying to knock her up. They are at it two times a night!
HAHAHA!
JACKY!!


HAHAHA!
You should see your face, sis!
I am sorry Jacky, we are trying to find a handyman that can install something that makes the walls soundproof...
YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST!
Thank you for entering my life!

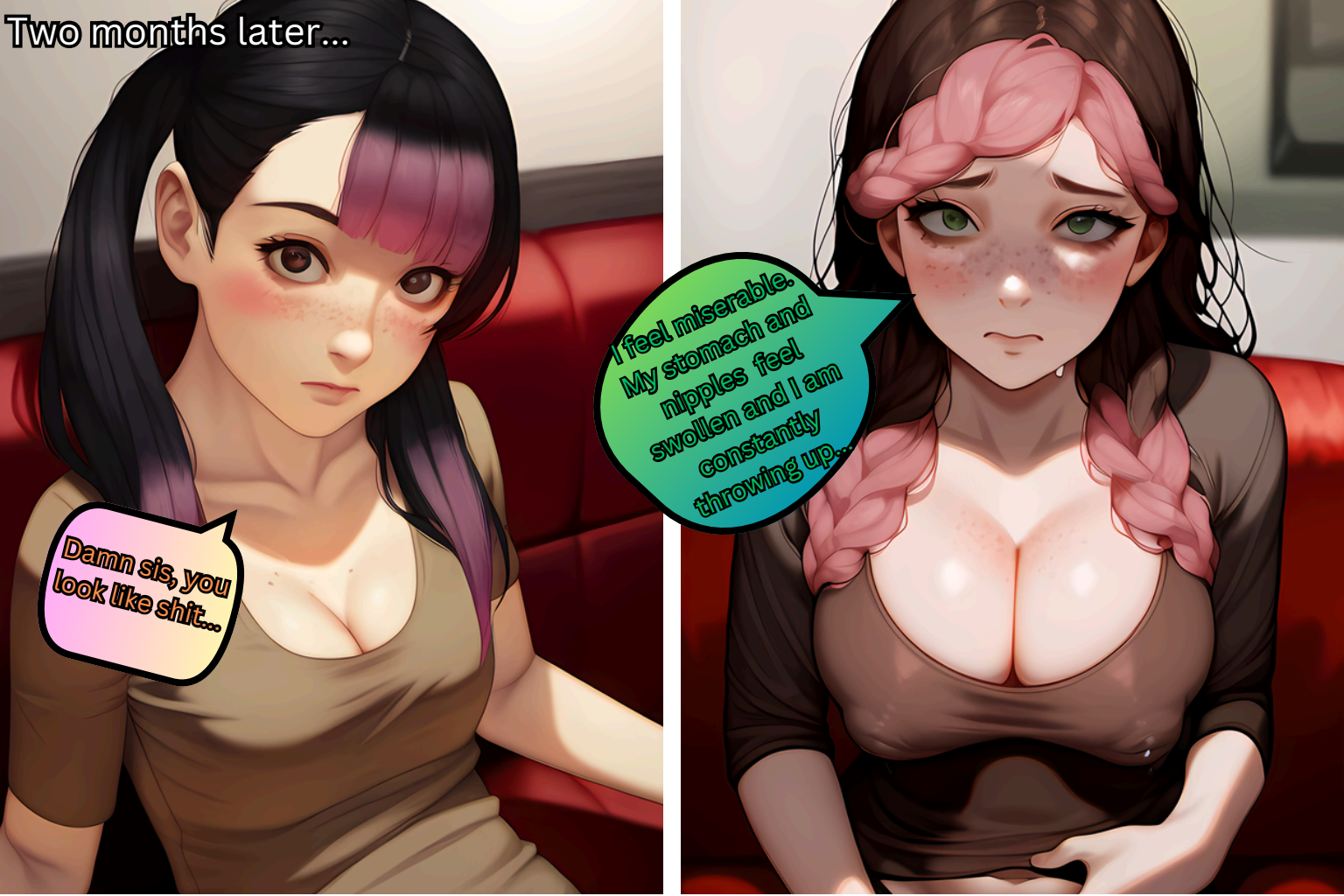


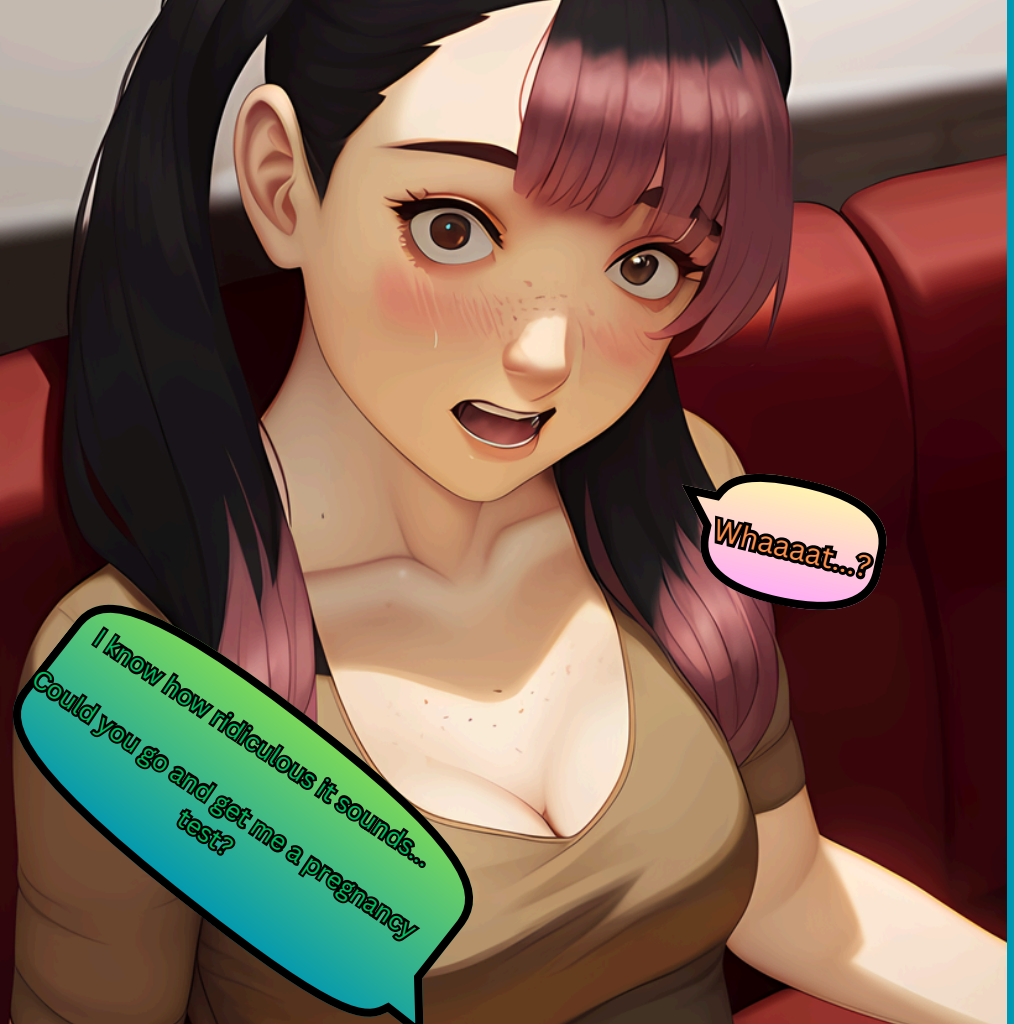
I had thanked Danny a thousand times for the wonderful life I was living with him, but it still didn't feel like enough.


It's only the afterglow, babe. You are getting sentimental again.
No, I mean it...
You always talk about me saving you. Don't forget what you have been doing for me. I was single for most of my life and you make me happier, than I've ever been before.



Words would never be enough... Due to a freakish accurance however, it wasn't going to stay just with words...


Two months later...
Damn sis, you look like shit...
I feel miserable. My stomach and nipples feel swollen and I am constantly throwing up...



I had been in talks with Dr. Watanabe for a months prior, because my vagina had started bleeding randomly. It had been acompanied by cramps and Dr. Watanabe told us, that we should not have sex for a couple of days.

The bleeding stopped and so did the cramps, so we didn't really worry too much about it.

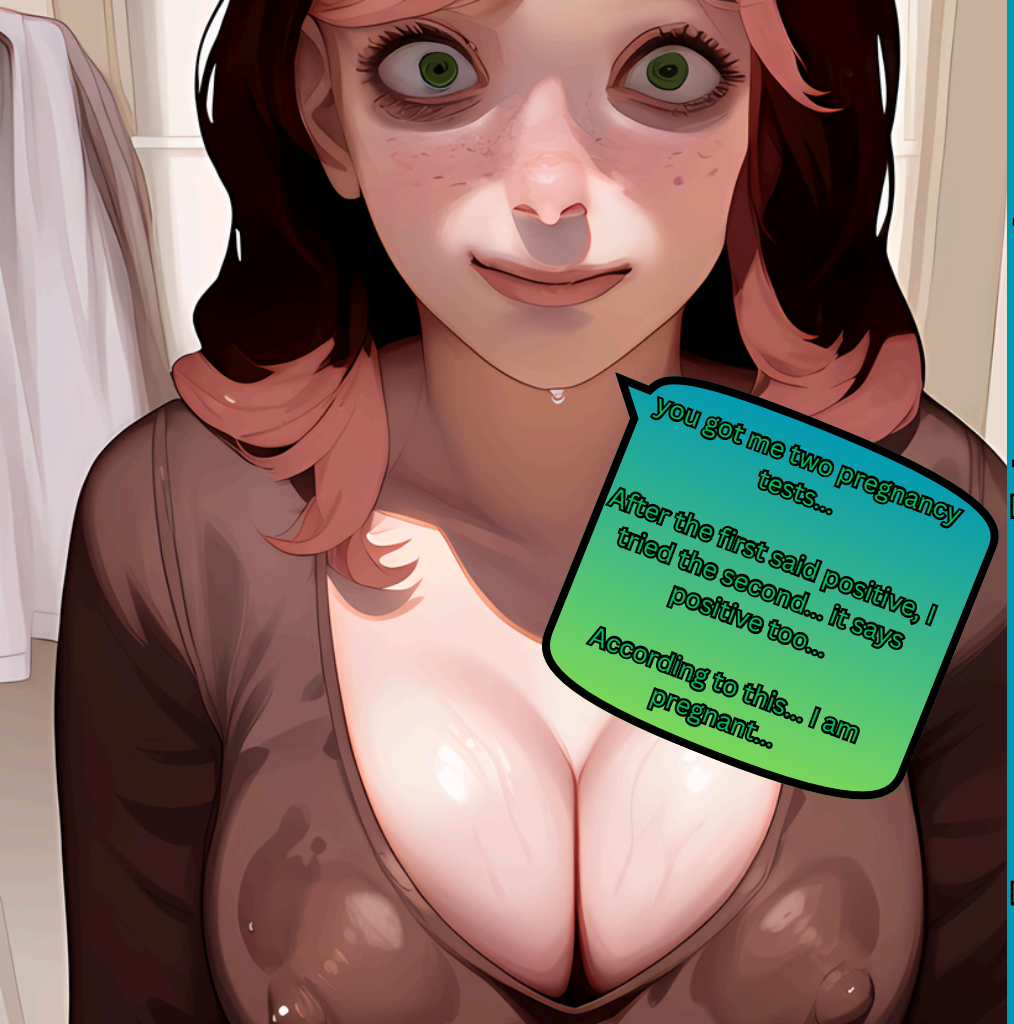
That was, until it had started again out of nowhere three months ago. Dr. Watanabe asked me to come visit her and she checked my vagina with some of her instruments. The bleeding had almost stopped by then, so she thought of it as unusual, but not really worrysome, since she didn't find any open wounds.

The bleeding had not returned in the last two months, so I had almost forgotten it myself.

Now the cramps were back, but without the bleeding. I had this weird feeling, maybe influenced by a strange hope, that a miracle had occured. I needed to make sure before telling anyone about my strange theory.


peeing noises behind the door
Damn, she got me all hyped up.
For a moment I forgot that she is trans.
This is kind of cute, though.
I guess she is way more feminine then most girls I know. No wonder she forgot it herself...
positive... it says positive again...


panic noises in the bathroom
Wha-...
What did you just say...?



I think it is unnecessary to say, how utterly shocked I was, that my weird suspicion turned out to be true...

I didn't have the heart to tell Danny, so I called Dr. Watanabe first. Of course she told me that this wasn't possible, but she still ordered me to come by as soon as possible.

Jacky and I drove to the clinic immediately to run some tests.

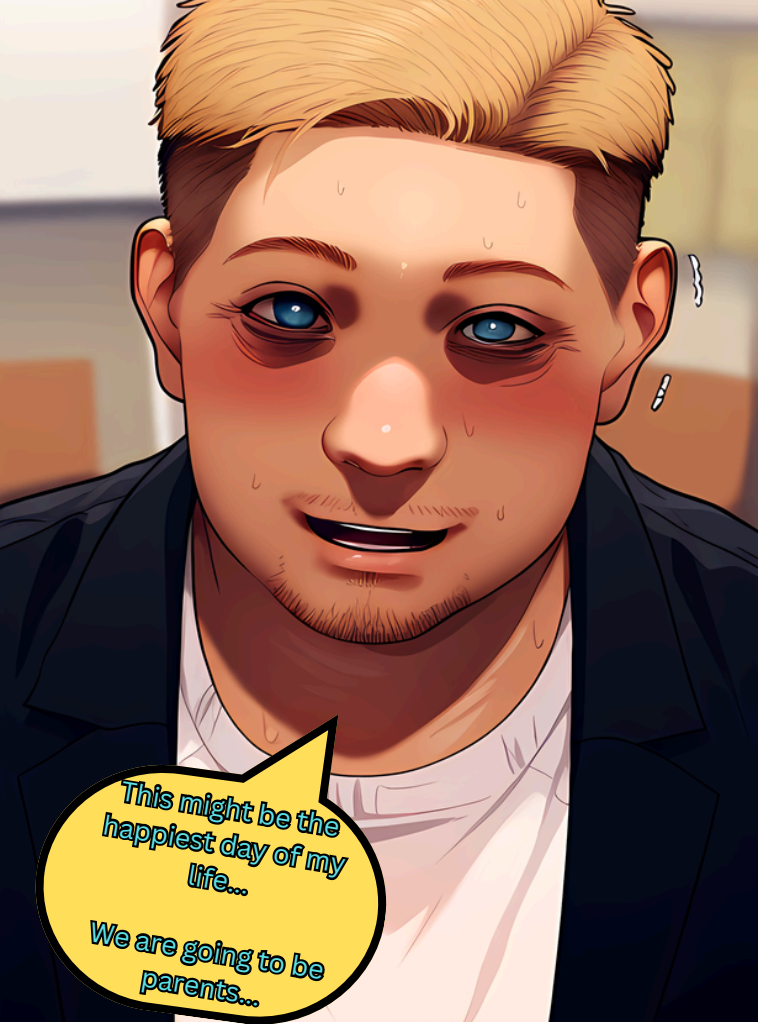
The doctor opened with a pregnancy test herself, still ridiculing me for the idea, but her laughing stopped, when that test turned out positive too.

They had an old ultrasonic device in the clinic that they dug out in order to test it on me. As it turned out, not only had I grown fully intact ovaries, there was a healthy fetus in the uterus I shouldn't have.

Dr. Watanabe asked me to run some more tests, but I was tired and still in shock, so we drove home instead. Not without giving her some blood samples however.


two days later...
I feel like I am going to throw up again...
Please don't...
not while we are sitting here...

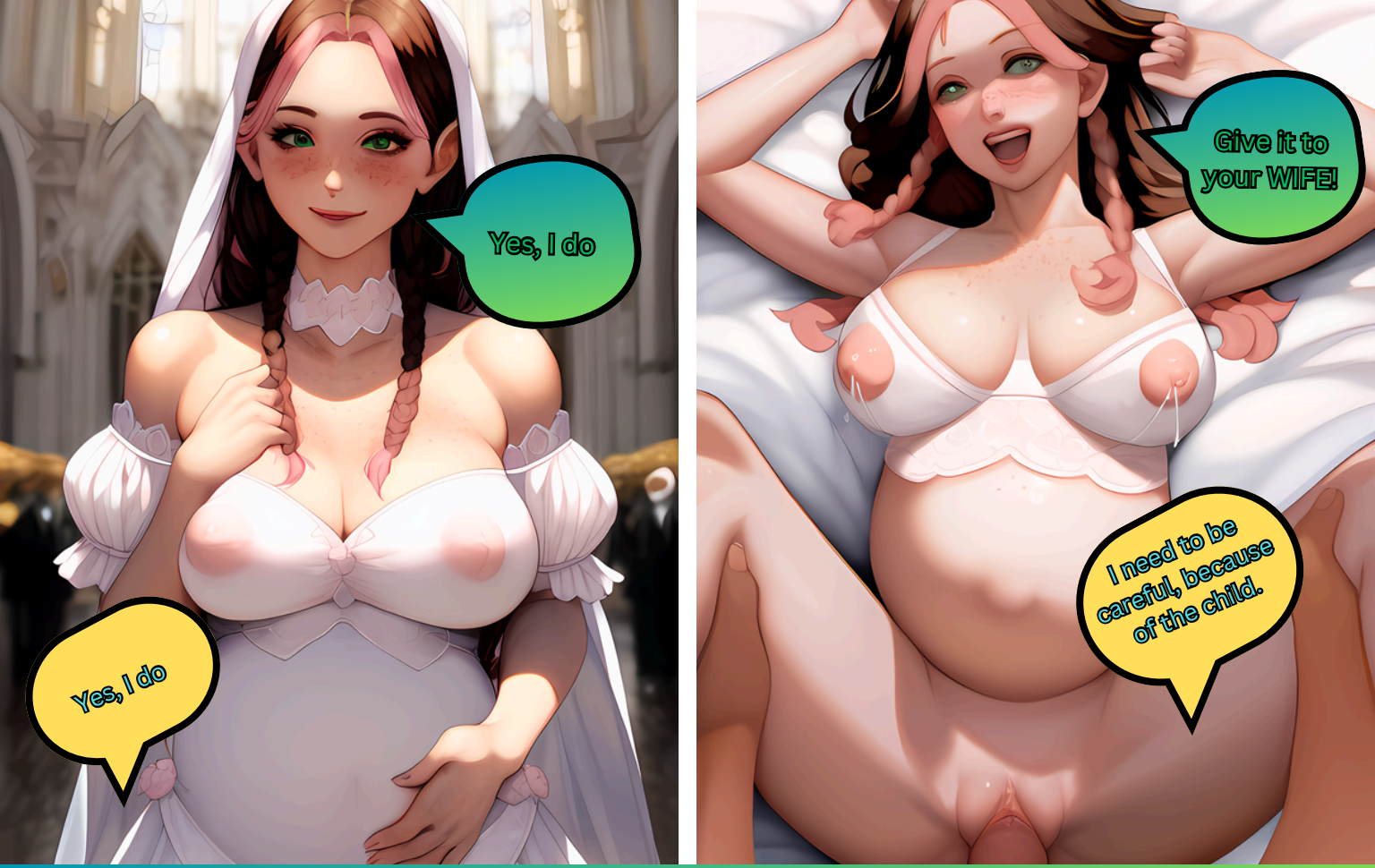

I mean...how?
Is it... contageuos?
Please tell me it is contageous...
So it is true?
It is actually true...?


This might be the happiest day of my life...
We are going to be parents...


Yes, I guess so...
I love you!


Don't make me cry assholes...
You are the cutest people ever...


4 months later...
You look so beautiful, Carla!
You guys make me ruin my make-up!



Danny proposed to me shortly after receiving the news. Our wedding was one of the best days in my entire life.



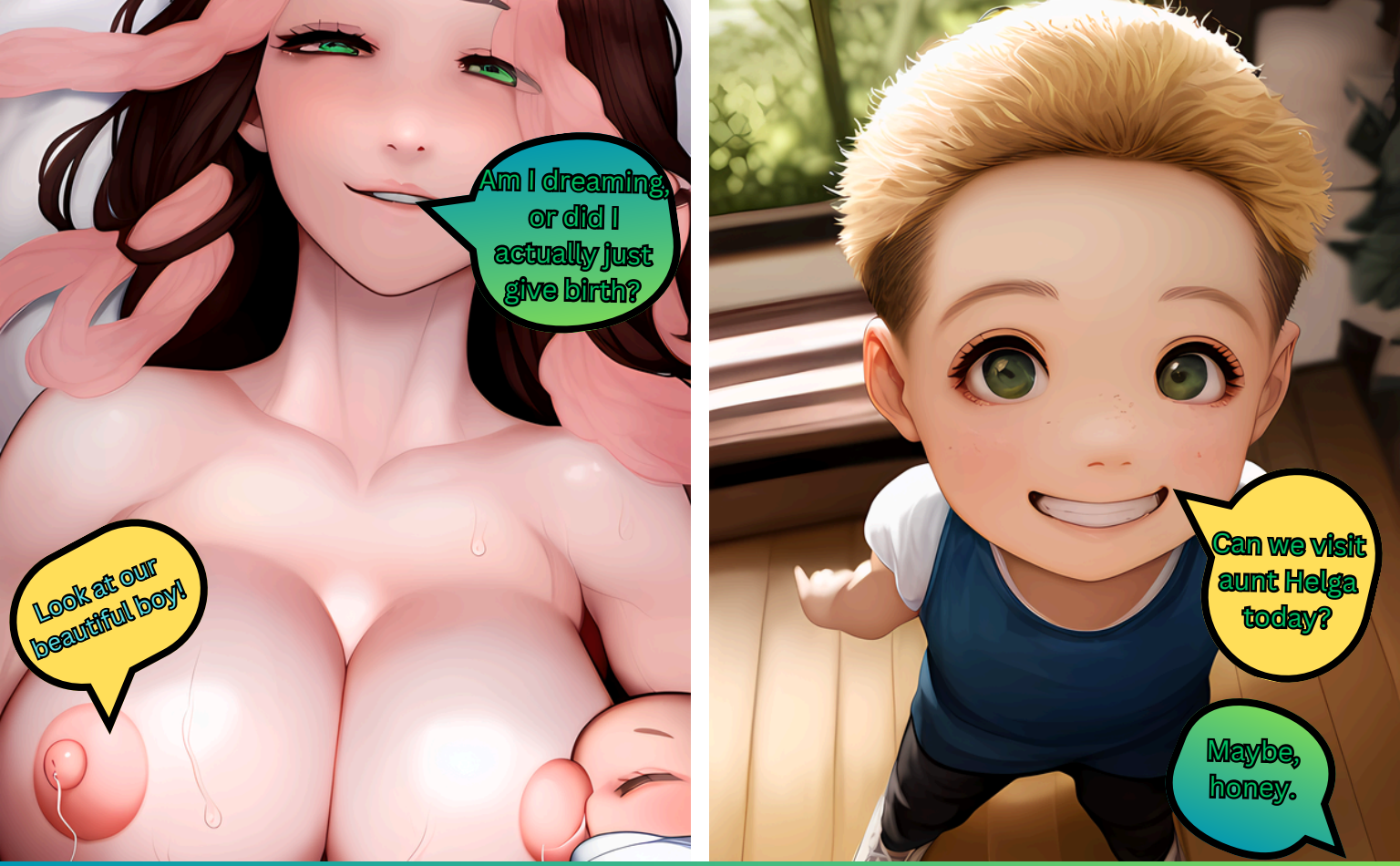
Dr. Watanabe had no answers, only theories.

Her theory was, that I grew ovaries and a uterus during the healing phase after my surgery.

Since I had basically taken wrong dosages of estrogen ever since I started (I only started to visit an actual doctor for my medication after the surgery), I must have won some kind of hormone lottery and the pregnancy was part of a one in a million chance, side effect.

She was still trying to replicate what happened to me, last time I talked to her last month.

I really hope she finds out how to replicate it, so that others can be as lucky as I had been.



Our son was born 6 years ago. He has a loving relationship to Helga, Carmen and Jacky. We still consider making another one...



Jacky is now almost finished with her medical exam. She strives to become a hormonologist, in order to work with Dr. Watanabe. She wants to help transpeople and became an activist.



Today, I live quite the ordinary life.

I have become the center of our small family, even if it is only because Carmen and Jacky are terrible at cooking.

Hmm... What else? We moved into a house recently, so we got alot of spare place. Enough for maybe one or two more children...?

In the end, I stayed true to myself and kept fighting. If I hadn't, I would have never found the hapiness I deserved.

Everyone deserves happiness. And sometimes happiness is found at the strangest places.

THE END