

Mirror Sister (MtF, AR, RC)



"Hey, Hannah? What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost."

The words passed right through you as you stared in shock with your lovely doe-like eyes at the young man near you, your gaze soon wandering to your wife and the man she was kissing some distance away. You could feel your heart beating in your lithe chest, your breasts rising and falling with each dainty breath you took. The chair you sat on felt softer than you thought due to your padded bubble butt, the world spinning around you as you tried to make sense of what was happening.

A few moments ago, you had been inside the antique shop with your wife, merely browsing and looking for something to buy for the house. She had been busy talking with the owner as you were looking at some stuff, your gaze idly wandering over the lamps, furniture, and things in here. Eventually, you stopped and stared in shock at a mirror, your brain trying to make sense of what it saw. You couldn't see your reflection in it. Instead, a young woman was there, mimicking your every movement. She looked like she could have been Amy's younger sister, the girl having the same adorably cute face and doe-like eyes you loved so much about your Korean-American wife. It was too weird to see the girl instead of your reflection, your heart racing as you tried to understand how it was possible. You leaned forward, pressing your hand against the reflective surface, and felt a cold shiver pass down your spine. Then, a moment later, the girl smirked and reached through the mirror with her dainty hand. She grabbed your wrist and pulled, her strength surprising you and causing you to stumble and fall through the reflective surface.

Everything went dark for a few moments, and you could tell something was wrong when you felt yourself stumble a few moments later. You could feel the long hair caressing your face and back, the unfamiliar weight on your chest, and the soft feeling of your clothes rubbing against your smooth and hairless skin. Your heels clicked against the floor as you shifted the weight of your lithe figure, hips swaying and feminine sounds escaping your plump lips. You turned around, hair swaying in the air with the motion, and stared at the mirror behind you. Once again, you only saw the young woman again, but this time the mirror reflected the truth. You glanced down and saw the same breasts hanging from your chest and saw the same trendy outfit on your feminine figure that she had. You could swear you caught a glimpse of your old body in the mirror, walking away in the distance, but you wondered if it was merely your imagination. You pressed your manicured fingers

against the surface, trying to pass through it again, but you felt nothing but the natural chill of the cold mirror as you touched it. Slowly but surely, you began to realize that this wasn't a dream, and there was a real possibility that this wasn't temporary.

"There you are! Come on, Hannah. Your sister is waiting outside," an unfamiliar but hot voice said, the masculine tone snapping you out of your daze.

The young and handsome man looked like he was around your new body's age, and you gasped as he put his arm around you before escorting you out. You stared at his face with your doe-like eyes, heart racing and loins itching as you realized how hot you found him. You had never been attracted to men before, but now you couldn't keep your eyes off him. Every inch of your body buzzed from his gentle touch, unwanted and lewd images soon flashing before your head of all the things he could do to your body.

Before you knew it, you were outside the shop and soon saw your wife there. To your surprise, she had her arms wrapped around another man and her lips pressed against his. You felt a sting of betrayal and jealousy seeing her kiss another man, but you also felt surprised at how you saw her. Amy didn't feel like your wife before, but she felt like family. You could feel a tingle in your brain as new images flashed before your eyes, growing up with the woman and seeing her as your overprotective sister. Neither Amy nor the man had seen you or the man you were with yet, and you overheard her whisper something to the man she kissed.

"I'm so happy that Hannah's found someone like Luke," she said with a smile. "I can't believe my little sister is finally growing up."

"So you're finally going to stop following her around and protecting her?" the man teasingly said, his hands on your wife's ass.

"She's finally a woman now and doesn't need me to watch over her anymore," Amy replied, kissing the man again. "Besides, she has a boyfriend that can take care of her now."

At that moment, your heart sank in your chest. Did your wife forget about your former self? In this reality, had you always been a girl? Not only that, but you had never seen her this happy before. She was beaming with joy, with a smile on her lips and a glow in her eyes that she had never had before. You were so shocked that you didn't even listen as your sister, her man, and your new boyfriend talked to you and each other, your mind racing as you tried to figure out what to do. The shock was too much, and you didn't even notice how you took a seat to stop yourself from falling over.

The more you stared at Amy, the more you realized how much you loved her. However, it was different from before. You felt no attraction to her, just sheer pride and joy of having her as your sister. Not only that, but you just wanted her to be happy. Right now, she looked overjoyed, and seeing the smile on her lips was enough to make your heart soar with happiness. You had no idea how this all happened or if it was even possible to revert to normal again. However, you wondered if you wanted to return to your old life. Would you even be able to make her as happy as she seemed now? To make her smile in the way her new husband made her smile?

You had been so deep in your thoughts that you didn't even notice your sister and her husband bid you goodbye and left, stopping only a few yards away to kiss a bit more. You only snapped out of your daze when you heard your boyfriend talk to you, pulling you back to the present.

"What's wrong, Hannah? Can't believe you managed to date such a smoking hot guy like me?" he said, helping you up on your heels and pressing your lithe body against his. "Then again, I still can't believe I'm dating a girl like you."

You blushed as he moved a hand under your skirt, squeezing your ass and sending tingles of pleasure down to the feminine snatch between your legs.

The way your bosom pressed against his hard chest made your heart flutter, and you had butterflies in your belly from how excited he made you feel. You saw the love in his eyes, and you couldn't deny that you didn't feel the same.

For a moment, it felt wrong to give in. It felt like you were cheating on your wife. But, you turned your head and gave your wife another glance, watching as she kissed her new husband. You knew you could never make her that happy, and you knew how much she loved you still, even if it was as her sister. Maybe, this was for the best?

You looked up at your new boyfriend again, your cheeks rosy red and your heart racing as you felt your libido rise. Every inch of your body wanted him, and you knew he felt the same for you. His bulge pressed against your body, your loins ached with need, and you felt ashamed by the emotions and urges that washed over you.

"Hey, how about we head back to my place? I'm sure that your sister and her husband are heading home to fool around, and we can't let them have all the fun," he said, kissing you on your lips and pushing you over the edge. Your pupils would've turned to tiny little hearts if it was physically possible from how he made you feel. "Don't you agree, Hannah?"

You didn't say anything. Instead, you could only stare dreamily up at the man as he led you back home to show you the pleasure of your new life.

Model: Yutori (www.instagram.com/creamcandy12...) (Not 100% sure it's the right Instagram account)