



Sister Love

Transgender Erotica by Rebecca Molay

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT

For Adults 18+ Only!

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My sister wanted to be a marine. Semper Fi and all that. The problem was, they didn't want her, even if there were two wars going on. She didn't have the physique they were looking for, they told her.



I had. I was one of the best ice hockey players in the state. But I had no wish to go over to Iraq to fight insurgents. God knows what made Jennifer want to go there.



Come to think of it, maybe I know. Jennifer was one of the sweetest and innocent looking girls at her college. Maybe we didn't take her as seriously as we should.

In an email she later told me that it was seeing me half-naked in the bath room that made the difference. It was all so unfair, she said, that I could have what she wanted. She wanted to be strong, like I was. She wanted to kick ass!



It was one of her
fraternity-sisters that
helped her out. She
was member of some
kind of cult.




She provided the statuette. Jennifer gave it to me as a gift. “It will protect you in the times to come,” she said to me. It didn’t help that she snickered when she said it. But I loved my sister and put it up on a shelf in my room.



I shouldn't have. I slept for seven days and seven nights, having the most intense erotic dreams you think of. My dreams were full of sensual women, surrounding me, loving me.





And when I
finally did wake
up, it was in my
sister's bed. As
her.

And due to my vivid
erotic dreams I woke up
masturbating with my
hands in my wet pussy!





I woke up screaming, but not with the deep masculine voice the girls liked so well. This was more of a girlish squeal.

It took me hours
to get to my
senses. Finally, a
warm bath made
me calm down.
By that time I had
found the letter.





Jenifer had been accepted in the marines, in my body, and there was nothing I could do about it. After hours of swearing on the phone to police men and military officers, I realized she was right. No one would believe me.

So what could I do? I was a teenager again, but this time living at the other end of the scale. I was living in the world of make up and stuffed animals, gossip and girl's cruelty, posters of pop stars, scented candles... and I found it hard to cope with it all.

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Fortunately, I knew about most of her friends. I told Tina I had been ill for a week and that I had had a slight spell of amnesia. She thought me all about mascara and lipstick.



And I definitely knew enough about my sisters to fool my parents. In general mothers try to fool themselves into believing everything is all right, and as I was on my best behavior she let it slide. She was very worried about my “brother”, though.



No, I was not settling down in my new fate. I searched the Internet for the Daughters of Ereshkigal Jennifer had mentioned in the letter. I searched for bodyswap magic and any relevant keyword, but found zip of a serious nature. I found many amazing TG blogs though. You won't believe what goes on there!

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I had two choices: I could go mad or I could make the best out of it. After all, unlike Jennifer I could live without being a marine. And if she survived her ordeal, maybe I could get my body back. I wouldn't count on it, though, as the statuette was gone.





I had one big advantage: Several years of additional college studies and I made sure “Jennifer” took the same courses I had taken. I became a popular co-student.

But I can't for the life of me say what made me take Frank home for a study session. Admittedly I had made some feeble attempts at masturbating, but that caused "forbidden thoughts" to pop up in my mind, thoughts that made the man in me cringe.



Not that I hadn't
been curious enough
to explore this new
body of mine!

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All right, maybe it was the suppressed urges that drove me. I was in my sister's body after all, and she had never been anything but a heterosexual.





Besides, I was starting to like Frank, as a human being you know. He had the right sense of humor. He was polite, unlike some of the creeps out there, and I was getting lonely.

Which is probably why I
started to make fun of
him.





And why I suddenly
found myself so much
closer to him.



“What the fuck are you doing?” I said to myself and pulled back a few inches.
“Stop flirting with that boy unless you mean it!”



But at the same time as I pulled back I found myself touching his face.

He was kind of cute.
Moreover, at this
point even this
shy boy was
starting to believe
he had a chance
of getting some.

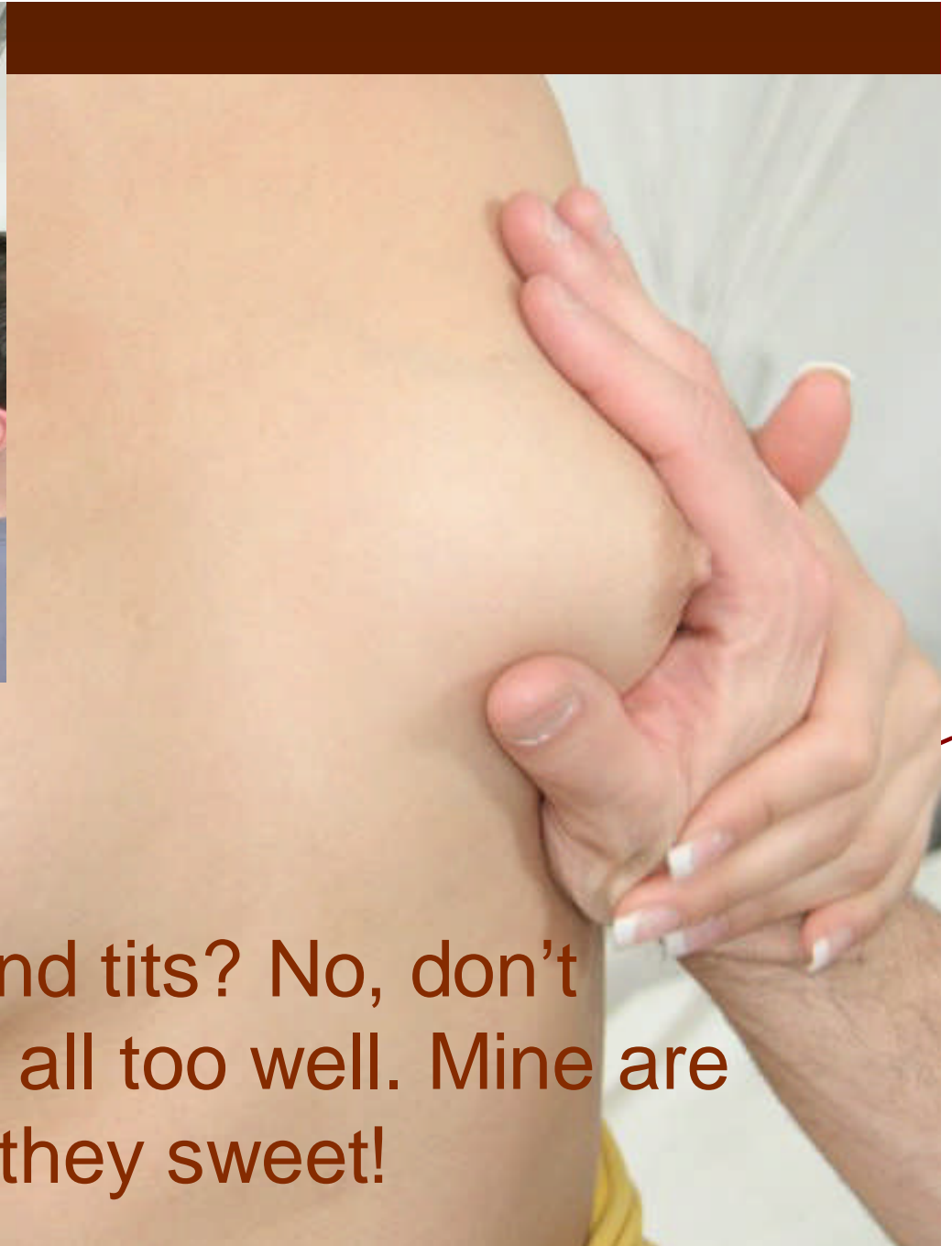




It is not all about genes, mind you, far from it. But I found myself licking my lips to make them redder. And those sultry eyes. I assure you: No one had taught me this!

Woops! It just
happened you
know. At least,
that's what I tried
to tell myself.





What is it with boys and tits? No, don't answer that! I know all too well. Mine are not big, but oh, are they sweet!

I stopped
struggling.
What was
the point,
anyway? I
risked
spending
the rest of
my life as
a woman.
Should I
spend it as
a virgin?

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That bulge
turned me on.
My body was
full of phallic
fascination.
This fascination
had no words,
but I felt proud
over the fact
that I could
have this effect
on another
human being.

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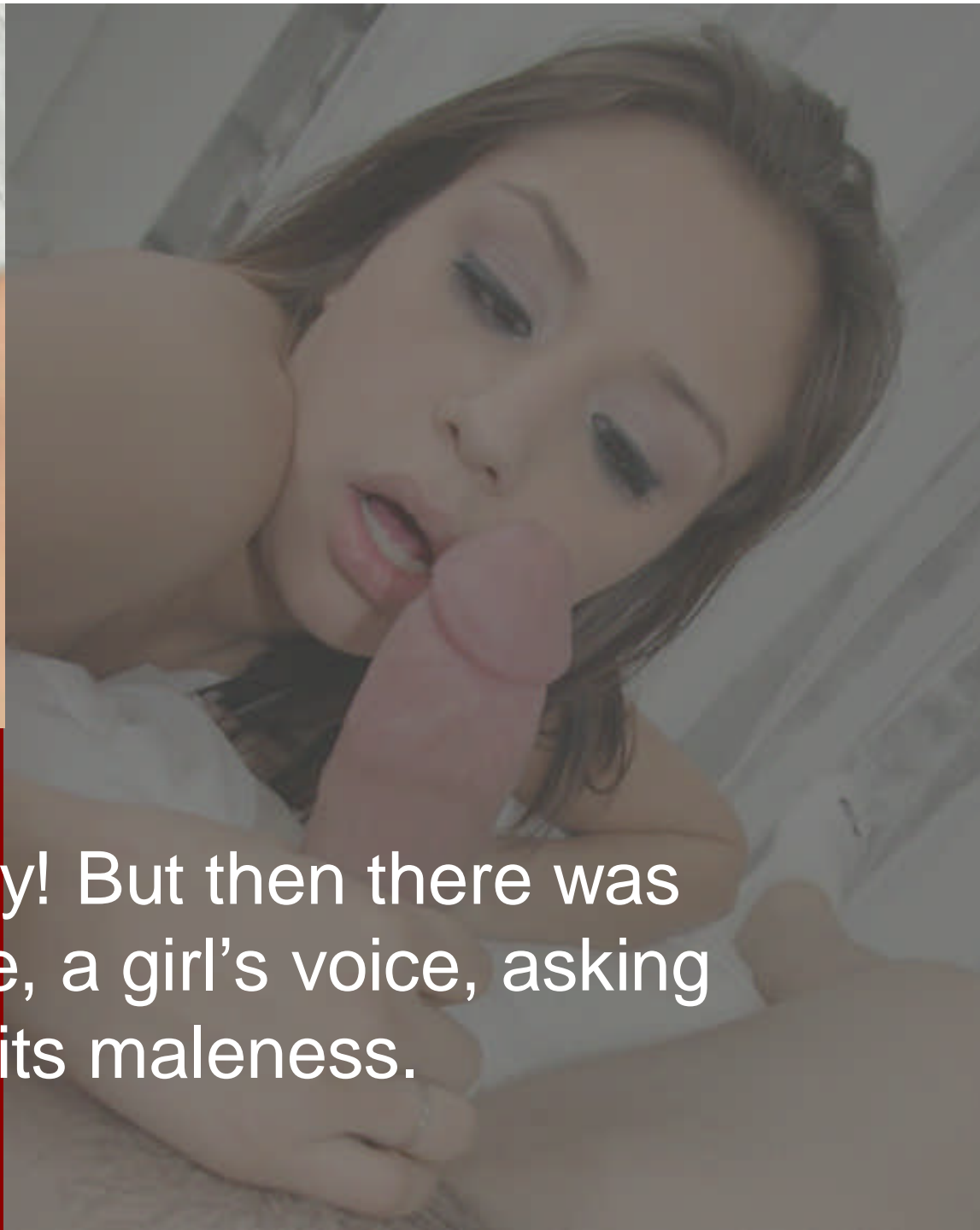
However, it was feeling it stiffen in my hand that made it all too real.



I was on the verge of chickening out. There was no way I would allow this thing inside me!



He urged me to put
in my mouth! I
couldn't blame him.
I had, after all,
urged him on!



I couldn't possibly! But then there was that other voice, a girl's voice, asking me to worship its maleness.



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She won...



At that moment I finally felt like the woman I had become, feeling my silky hair flow over my soft skin as I carefully licked his cock.

I found myself
on the floor,
on all four. I
was dazed
and
confused,
but also
amazingly
horny.

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Then he took control. He lifted me up on the bed, making me both painfully and excitingly aware of how small I was and how strong he was.





He had already spread my legs. Now he sat up on his knees and put the head of his dick against my labia. I was shaking with confusion and desire.

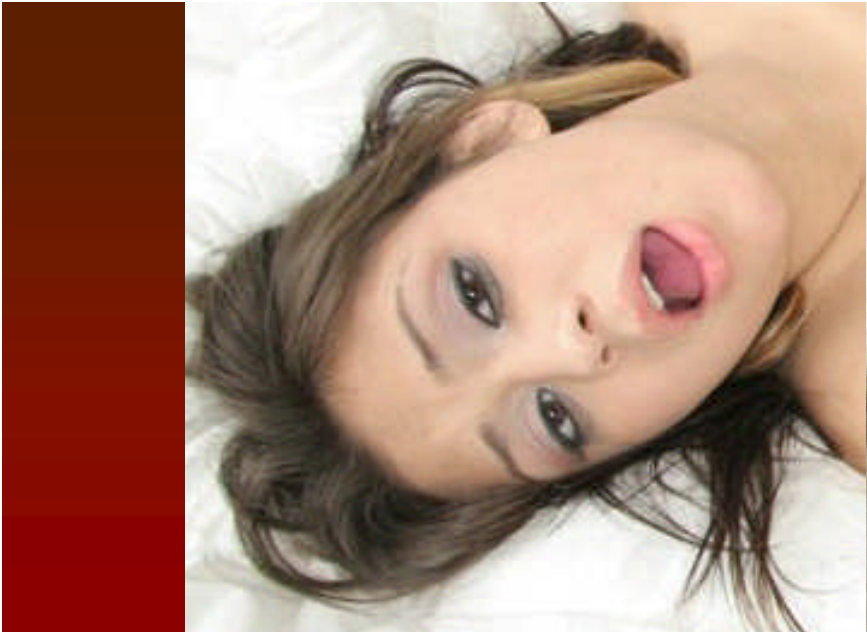




I had never felt so vulnerable as in that moment.
But my fear gave way to...



...lust as I felt his cock fill me up inside.





I suddenly realized that I was allowed to give in. I didn't have to be in charge all the time. I didn't have to worry about what others felt all the time.



He turned me around and started to fuck me from behind, and I just let him have his way with me.



I turned around.
The sight of his
fat cock sliding in
and out of my
wet pussy made
me come...

...again and
again. I realized
I was drooling.

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I also found that I enjoyed taking the initiative, riding hard cock.





I realized I have one big advantage as ex-boy: I know how they think. I let him come on my tits. I couldn't have him knock me up now, could I?

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I made my
peace with
my new life
that day. I
will see
Frank
again. And
there are
other boys
and other
men.



Pictures of Annette Allen from Brazzers.com



More transgender erotica over at www.rebeccamolay.com