Blended Family

I know the rules. You are not supposed to fall in love with your stepsister, especially when you live together, and you have lived together for years. But you don’t understand. I wasn’t brought up with a stepsister. Until quite recently I had a stepbrother, Matt.

Then everything changed. Matt became Maggie and I fell in love.

My mother left home when I was only 12, and never came back. I spoke to her only a few times a year and visited her only once. She had a new husband and a new life, and so did I. My father was lucky to meet Maggie’s mother Julia, who really did make him a better person. We all saw it – my older brother and I in particular.

And with her she brought Matt to live with us.

I guess that I always thought that Matt was just quiet. We included him in our activities and he was grateful that we did, but we never felt that he was really engaged in the boy things we did. We had no idea of the internal turmoil going on. He was fighting his feelings. He tried to do what we did to fi in as a third brother in a family full of boys, but he could never quite do it. He really did try – I guess that he did not want to be transgender, but it was only a matter of time before he needed to face up to reality.

Julia and my father knew before we did. I guess Dad wanted to make sure before there was any family announcement, but when it came, I was shocked.

“There are going to be some changes in this family,” he said. “You boys are going to have a sister.”

So, we both looked at Julia, assuming that she was pregnant. That would be a surprise, but not as big as the surprise that followed.

“Matt will be Matt no longer. He will be transitioning to living as a girl. Your new sister Maggie. And that is the last time any of us will ever refer to her as he or him. Is that understood?”

Matt just sat there looking like Matt, except somehow a little more at ease, as if a huge weight had been taken off his back.

“Sorry guys,” he said, because to us he still was a he. “You might get some shit at school over this, but this is who I am. I have never been a boy. I just cannot live as if I am anymore.”

My brother and I looked at one another. I guess I was waiting for somebody to say that this was a huge practical joke, but Julia had tears in her eyes and my father looked as serious as a heart attack. This was real.

“Ok,” I said. My brother nodded. To show support we both gave Matt a hug. It was the last time. The following day, Maggie would be living in our house.

She made her appearance at breakfast. Her hair was not long then, but it had been combed in a feminine style with a side parting and a floral clip, and her eyebrows had been shaped by Julia the night before along with some other stuff. She was wearing a colorful top and jeans. Julia made a point of giving her some pills in front of us which she then swallowed with her orange juice. This would be the stuff that would work the miraculous changes on her body, although those changes were months away.

She just smiled at us, and we nodded that we were cool with it all, because she suddenly was a she.

Maggie was right. We did get some shit at school. We were the guys with “the faggotty brother”. We stood up for her. That is what brothers do. We had always been good brothers to Matt and the was not going to change for Maggie. We got into some trouble, but the principal accepted that what we had done we had done “for honorable reasons”. He had a talk in front of the school about “gender dysphoria” and stuff like that, and he warned people about abusing Maggie.

Maggie was grateful for what we had done, but she said that she was ready to take her share of whatever came. She did not want us to suffer for what she was doing. She said: “So long as you understand, there is no choice for me. I have to do this. I am female. I just have a physical abnormality.”

When she put it like that, it made it easier to understand with every day that passed. With every day it seemed harder to believe that she even had that abnormality – harder to believe that she had not always been a girl jus dressed like a boy.

She grew her hair out, long and dark. It really was the most beautiful hair, and she knew it. She washed it and brushed it. It always looked great. My first fantasy about her was about that hair. Even when it was only shoulder length, she pulled on a jumper in front of me and then used both hands to flick it out. I was standing right behind her – close enough to smell the shampoo scent. My dick stiffened in my pants. It had only ever done that before at night in my bed.

I told myself that it was because I had not been looking at her face. I told myself that it was not my stepsister that I was thinking about when I jacked off in the shower that afternoon, but it was.

Then the breasts appeared. When they first did, they were like two perky little cones that stuck out under her tee-shirt. That was before her first bra. I just want to squeeze those little tits, and roll the soft nipples until they were as hard as bullets. I used to dream about hose nipples too.

Then they grew like crazy – bigger and bigger, blowing out of successive bras seemingly every day. And they were beautiful tits too. Some girls seem to have tits heading for their armpits but Maggies hung in front like a pair of ripe peaches but wobbly.

She would sit down to breakfast and say: “Mom, I need to get a new bra, next size up”. She would cup them and push them around, right in front of me.

Maggie was proud of them and I guess I understand why. With tits like that she was clearly a girl. She wore dresses and tops that showed them off, and it seemed she liked to bend over, especially in front of guys who had called her a faggot. It seemed that she also could not help but check them from time to time, just to see that they were snuggled into their cups. When she did, I thought that I might go crazy. If I had lost it, then I would have torn off her clothes and stuck my face right between those puppies.

I know that these kinds of thoughts are wrong, even if she was not my stepsister. But this kind of desire is so strong. It was just that the object of such huge temptation was always there – in my class at school and at home and anywhere that we went as a family.

I read up about incest. It is called “pseudo-incest” in the case of step siblings, and it usually only arise soon after the family comes together. Once all the kids in a household are living together as brothers and sisters, the family instincts take over the sexual ones. Matt and I had been brothers for ages. But that is the problem. Matt is gone. Maggie is new.

She kept me awake at nights, or the thought of her did. I tried to imagine her having a penis, which she had then, and which would have to be the ultimate turn-off. It would simply disappear when her panties came off, and then seconds later I would wake up wet.

So it is just sex? It is like a centerfold under your pillow – something that you are familiar with but only comes alive with imagination. I was not really attracted to her – she was just an object to feed my pubescent libido. It could not be love? Could it be love? It sure felt like it might be to me. Honestly, she is the most beautiful thing in the whole world. I cannot stop thinking about her even fully clothed.

I cannot tell my parents how I feel. I cannot tell anyone. It is burning me up.

Just recently she has started talking about the prom and her operation scheduled for after graduation. Both things are driving me nuts. She is talking about guys who might take her to the prom and asking my opinion about them, and all I can think of it how lucky they are while I roll around in torment. I don’t want to say it because it will hurt her, but I think that some of the guys who are asking her out are not genuine – doing it for a dare or something. But what really troubles me is the thought of these guys kissing Maggie. She is my sister! We are close. I adore her. But she wants a life.

And after her operation some other guy will get to pop her cherry. Anybody else can, but never me. It can never be the brother … not ever.

“Hey Bro, do you want to go down to the park for a game of putt putt?” She flicks that gorgeous hair and bounces those wonderful tits, and gives me a pleading look.

What I want to do is to make love to her. That is what I want.

Life can be so confusing, don’t you think?

The End

1655

© Maryanne Peters 2024