

Hey everyone! MDF here. This story is a bit messy. I'm not 100% happy with how it turned out, but I just can't figure out how to make it click, so here you go! I wanted to have something to post so as to not leave you hanging. Anyway, this story is about a trans woman coming out to her girlfriend. Hope you enjoy!

Here's a version in [Times New Roman](#).

CW: Dysphoria, Futanari, Transformation

"Why do you ask?" Abieni sat still as I touched up her arm, wrapping the bandage along the cut. She'd gotten stuck in a trap while scouting down south, but we'd found her before they did.

I shrugged as I stowed my equipment. "I just... everyone else on our squad is a woman. Isn't it weird?"

She stood, flexing her arms, and smiled down at me, patting me on the head. "We needed a doctor, and you're here. I don't think it's weird." She pinched my cheek. "Do you regret taking this post and meeting Kella?"

I blushed. "No, not at all. I just... wish it was different."

She tilted her head, but Mickey's clapping beckoned us out into the courtyard before she could formulate her thought. The others emerged from their tents, and I went to stand next to Kella. She rested her arm on my head, her green abs at eye-level. It was always a struggle to pay attention when near her.

"Alright, everyone," Mickey said. "Our orders just came in. Abieni, we're gonna need you to gear up and head out. Diana, you're going with her for cover fire. Falk Squad needs backup on a prisoner extraction."

Kella raised her hand.

"Nope. You two stay here. The rendezvous point is over the southern ridge, so if they need anything, I need you two to be at the top of your game. Got it?"

Kella nodded, reaching her arm around to pull me against her side. Mickey walked off with Abieni and Diana to give them further briefing.

Kella leaned down towards me. "Wanna cuddle for a bit while we wait?"

I glanced back at my tent, but I'd already mostly cleaned up. "Sure."

As soon as we were alone, I curled up in Kella's thick arms and let her breathing soothe my aching bones. "Think we'll get some leave soon?"

She nodded, tussling my hair. "Probably. We've been out here for months and we're one of the best squads they have. They need to keep us in good spirits."

I rolled over to cuddle face-to-face, breathing in her scent through her clothes. "I love you."

"I love you too, babe."

Was this the moment? Could I tell her?

Then I heard her snoring. No, it'd have to wait.

But it wasn't so bad living a lie. I just... had to figure out how to say what I wanted. Maybe rehearsing is a good idea.

"Babe, I'm..." but the words wouldn't come, so I settled down into her and closed my eyes.

I jolted awake as Mickey stared down at us, crossing her arms. "You two need to be up in case they need anything."

I yawned, elbowing Kella. "Sorry, I didn't mean to-"

"Sorry doesn't cut it. Do better next time."

I nodded, standing and heading over to my tent. Everything was in its proper place, so all that was left was to wait.

Why couldn't I tell Kella what was bothering me? Why was I so weak? I sniffled away my tears and got out my textbook, going over proper surgery techniques and procedures. That always relaxed me.

We didn't hear anything for a while, before shouting broke out over the hill. I rushed out to find a stranger, probably one of Falk Squad's men, judging by the insignia, carried on a makeshift stretcher.

"Bring her here!"

Two others carted the injured woman into my tent, and helped me set her up on a table. "I'm Doctor Robbie. Can you tell me your name?" I asked, shining a light into her eyes.

"Julia. I'm fine, just-" she cut off with a groan, clutching her side. "Stabbed."

I nodded, stripping her shirt so her abdomen was bare. Her skin was mottled with scars, and depending on how well I did my job, her current wound might become the center of attention.

"How bad is it?"

"You'll live, though you'll be confined to bed rest for a few days. Maybe a week or two." I got out my suture kit and got to work, cleaning the wound and sewing her back up. "Make sure your doctor takes a look at it once a day until it's fully healed."

She nodded, moving to get up, but I pushed her back down. "What did I just say? Bed rest. Take it easy." Once she was settled into a nook in my tent, I headed back into the quad. "Anyone else injured?"

After a few hours, Falk Squad's wounds had been tended to. Aside from Julie, they were mostly just nicked and scraped, requiring an occasional stitch or two.

Diana, on the other hand, had been shot by an arrow, and had been waiting patiently until I was done to mention that.

"Diana!" I cried as I saw her wound. "You should have been second!"

"I'm fine, darling. Calm down." I cut off the end of the arrow, and pulled the head through the other side. She barely even winced. "See?"

"At least it went all the way through. If it had gotten stuck in bone..." I shuddered. "You're an idiot." I bandaged her leg, though the bleeding stopped pretty easily. "You could have died."

"But I'm fine."

I sighed, turning away as I finished bandaging her. Julia was sleeping behind a curtain, and Kella was waiting for me.

"Robbie," Diana said as I packed up my supplies.

"Yeah? Need something?" I turned to face her.

"No, but I can tell you do. You've got that far-off look in your eyes. Fight with Kella?"

I shook my head. "No, things are great with Kella. I just..."

She stepped forward, tilting my chin up to face her. "You just?"

"Can't tell her something."

She sighed, settling back onto the bed. "Can you tell me?"

I paused, then nodded. "I think so. If you promise not to be weird?"

"Darling, I-"

"Promise?"

She nodded. "Promise."

C'mon Robbie. You got this. "I wish I was a woman."

She nodded. "I see. Anything else?"

I shrugged. "I wish I wasn't a man."

She laughed a little. "Sorry. Just, you thought I would get mad at you?"

"Maybe. I'm weird, right?"

"Robbie-" she grimaced. "Darling, it's alright. I know the others won't mind. I'm sure Kella would be happy to support you."

Tears were already brimming in my eyes, and it didn't take long after she took me in her arms to start sobbing fully. "It's okay, it's okay. You're not weird. You're normal." She stroked my hair, whispering affirmations as I cried.

Just then, the flap of the tent swooshed open and I turned to see Kella standing there. "Rob- oh." She paused, looking from Diana to me. Then she opened her arms, and I leapt into them.

"I'm sorry, Kella, I can't- I just-" the words wouldn't come.

I heard Diana's voice from behind. "Take a breath, darling. Tell her what you told me."

I pulled away from my girlfriend, intending to look her in the eyes, but my gaze only found the ground. "I don't want to be a man." I sniffled.

"Okay," Kella said. "What..." she trailed off.

"I wish I was a woman," I finally said. Without a breath Kella scooped me up in her arms and cradled me in the way I liked.

"Oh my heavens, Robbie, you little bastard. Did you really think I'd care?"

I glanced up at her.

"No, wait, that's not what I meant. I mean... it's fine. I still love you. I've been thinking about being attracted to women recently anyway, so it's fine."

She set me down after a minute, and I steadied my breath and my thoughts. "So, this is cool?"

Diana stepped forward, putting a hand on my shoulder. "Yes, darling. This is fine. We're all women here. If anything this makes me more fond of you. Now I can strip without worry." She sighed. "Thank the heavens."

I blushed, looking at Kella, who was just beaming at me in return.

"Can I change my name?"

Kella paused. "Why?"

Diana stepped forward, putting a hand on her forearm. "It's a common process for women like her. I met many growing up. She may want to change her name, the way she dresses, or more." She turned to me.

I nodded. "Yes. I don't have a new name yet, but I want to. And I want to wear dresses, and high heels, and grow long hair."

Kella pumped her fist, to which Diana shot her a look.

"What? I always wanted to see him- er, her in a dress. She's gonna look hot." Her eyes trailed off.

Diana crossed her arms. "This isn't about you, Kella."

I stopped her. "It kind of is. She's my girlfriend. Sure, it's about me, but I want her to enjoy it too."

Kella nodded, biting her lip. "You're so awesome, babe. How about... Ronnie. No-Bigg- no, Selina. Yep, that's the one I'm suggesting."

"I kind of like Ronnie, actually. Short for Veronica?"

Diana nodded. "Cool, Ronnie. That'll be easy to remember." She kissed my cheek. "Should I gather the others?"

I shook my head. "Not yet. I want to talk through this with Kella more first. Come on," I grabbed her hand, dragging her to our tent.

She sat down on our mat while I leaned against the desk. "So?"

I shrugged. "I want to hear what you think."

"I'm cool with it. Having a... girlfriend is fine. I... what about sex?"

I blushed. "Right. I... have been wanting to talk about that."

She waited while I gathered my thoughts. "I want you to fuck me. For real. I know I've been scared, but that's because I don't want to get fucked as a man."

She bit her lip. "Alright, sure. But... what about your little guy? You gonna want a witch to push him inside out?"

I shrugged. "Maybe. I just want you to be cool with it."

"Cool with what?"

"Me being a girl. Forever. I won't be going back. I want to wear dresses and bras and let you fuck me."

She nodded. "I'll have to adjust my expectations, but I think I always knew you'd be the one walking down the aisle at our wedding."

That made me pause.

"Sorry, did I say something?"

"No," I said, tears coming back to my eyes. "I love you."

"I love you too. Ronnie." She said the word like she was implanting it in her mind.

She pulled off her shirt. "Wanna fuck? Not penetration, yet. I think we need to wait, but how about you come over here and grind against me?"

I nodded, stripping down as well. Her devilish smile upon seeing my bare form always made me shy, but when she pulled me down into her lap, my little member at attention, the outside didn't matter.

She pulled off her pants, her fat cock straining to escape its panty prison. Finally, it grew too big and she let it free, the massive beast reaching up to my chest. "Oh, fuck, I've been pent up."

I smiled, leaning down to kiss her tip before shoving my own penis against hers. Mine was absolutely tiny, dwarfed by hers in every way, but that just made me feel more like a woman. This woman, my girlfriend, housed this beast between her legs, and she was just as much of a woman as anyone else.

I shook my head, and wrapped my legs around her so our dicks could rub together. "Ooh," she moaned, reaching down to adjust the angle. "Good girl," she whispered, making my little lady splutter out some precum.

"You are going to take this dick deep in your ass. I'm going to mark you. You're mine." She reached forward, one hand wrapped around our cocks, the other around my throat. "Fuck. I can't wait for you to get a dress that I can ruin."

She shoved me down onto my back so my ass was in the air, and she rubbed her cock between my cheeks. "Oof, yeah. I can just imagine you squirting all over yourself when I finally crush this little hole of yours."

One finger has begun testing the depths of my asshole, but I pushed it away. "I didn't clean. You can fuck me later, okay?"

In response, she clasped my thighs together around her cock, my little balls supporting its weight, and she began thrusting.

"How... the fuck... did I not realize you're a woman?" she said between thrusts. "These thighs are so fucking soft."

Watching her face contort in pleasure as she rammed me made my dick harder, straining against the onslaught of her thick cock. "I don't know. You're the one who's felt them before."

She wiped some sweat from her brow, her black tangles falling into her face. "Are you gonna grow tits? Holy fuck... I can just imagine it..."

Then she came. It wasn't one of her strongest orgasms, but she still blasted me in the face. I leaned forward to capture the head of her cock in my mouth, preventing most of her seed from wetting our bed.

She pumped me full, reaching down with one hand to bob my head back and forth while she steadied herself with the other. "Ohh, good girl, Ronnie. You're... I like you as a woman."

I swallowed the last of her cum and fell backwards onto our mat, her collapsing on top of me and crushing me beneath her weight. "It's like I'm actually breeding you, now." Her

breathing grew haggard, and she bit my neck. "If you get a pussy we can have babies. Like... actual babies."

She pulled back from my neck to shove her face against mine. Her fangs dug into my lips as her tongue ventured down my throat, choking me with all its might. "Ooh," she pulled back. "This is gonna be good. We'll get you a dress next time we're in Allian, and I'll fuck you in it."

I started crying, again. I'd gotten used to the feeling of having my feelings overwhelm me for the past few days.

"Shhh..." she stroked my hair, making me cry even harder. "It's okay, Ronnie. You're gorgeous."

As we got cleaned up, Mickey called us all out into the quad.

Diana raised an eyebrow at me, but I shook my head, and she turned her attention to our CO. "Everyone! The mission today was a complete success. We've been granted leave of two weeks."

Everyone cheered, and Diana glanced over to me. I nodded.

She stepped forward. "Before everyone leaves, Doc's got an announcement." She patted me on the back. "Good luck."

I stepped forward, locking eyes with Kella for support. She gave me a big toothy grin and two thumbs-up, filling my soul with encouragement. "I... I'm a woman. I wanna be called Veronica, or Ronnie, if that's easier." I nodded. "That's it."

Mickey looked a little confused, while Abieni smiled, stepping closer. "This doesn't change anything. For any of us, okay? I've known so many trans women..." she paused. "Would you like me to introduce you to them? There are plenty of support groups in Tract."

I nodded, and she hugged me. Mickey tilted her head. "So I guess we're all women now?" She turned to my girlfriend. "Kella, do you care if we all shower together? It'd save on water."

She shrugged. "So long as you don't mind me getting excited about showering with my cute girlfriend."

Abieni rolled her eyes, but Mickey just nodded. "Sounds good. Pack your things everyone, we leave at dawn."

Allian unfurled before us, its majestic towers craning out like fingers towards the sun. I rode on Kella's shoulders, watching as Abieni and Diana ran forward, cheering. It'd been a while since we'd been home.

We had to check in at the base first, and Mickey stayed behind to chat with her old crew, leaving the rest of us to head into town.

As we passed my place, Kella and I bade our friends goodbye, and stepped into the foyer. I breathed in the dust, the familiar scent of home. Kella tossed me onto the couch and ventured into the city to get some groceries.

She returned a few hours later, and I got to cooking while she took her turn on the couch. "So," she said, as I boiled some eggs, "how does it feel?"

"How does what feel?"

"To be home. As the real you. Are you excited to share your bed with me for the first time?"

I shrugged. "I guess. While we're here, do you mind if we speak to a transformation specialist?"

She waved a piece of paper at me. "Picked up a charm at the market. Of course, this is to my tastes, so if you don't like it we can stop by again later."

"I'm sure it's great. And we're definitely keeping that, if it interests you."

She smiled at me. "I love you."

"I love you too- agh, water's boiling over!"

We ate dinner fairly quietly, though I was bouncing in my seat the whole time, wondering what kind of charm she'd gotten me.

Finally, when the dishes were clean, she presented me with a locket. "Of course, it's not a real transformation. It only works when you're wearing it. But I think it'll be fun."

I clasped it on quickly, only fumbling once, and felt my body shift. After the tingling sensation faded, she smiled.

I was about the same height, though a weight had attached itself to my chest. And my head. My hair was far longer, and a golden wave rather than the ratty black mess it was before.

I stripped off my clothes, examining my skin thoroughly. It was incredibly smooth, and my tits were so warm and soft. My ass had grown too, as had my thighs, though I was still fairly skinny.

The last change was maybe the biggest: the little man between my legs was replaced with a tiny slit, already dripping as I discovered my changes.

"Oh," I heard Kella say.

"Oh? Is it bad?"

She shook her head. "No. It's good. It's really good." She picked me up, carrying me to our bedroom, where she sat me down in her lap. "I wasn't- you still look the same. I mean, your face is still you, even if it's different."

She curled her fingers in my hair, tugging gently. "Holy fuck, this is awesome."

I rubbed my slit against her trousers. "I know. Is this body... is it stretchy?"

She nodded. "And you don't have to worry about cleaning out."

I collapsed into her arms. "Thank heavens. I was dreading that part." I looked up at her. "Is it okay... I mean, I still want to do anal, even though I have this. Is that okay?"

She smiled, stroking my throat. "Of course. As long as I get to try it out at some point."

"Trust me. You will."

I crawled into bed, spreading my ass as Kella positioned herself over me. "I love you, Ronnie."

"I love you so fucking mu-" before I could finish that thought, she entered me. Her fat orcish cock slid into my ass, sending sparks of pure ecstasy up my spine and through my body.

"Wow," I managed to get out. "This is... ooh..." I moaned as she thrust deeper. Her cock was fucking huge. By the time she'd gotten halfway, my brain was done trying to hold

onto reality. Life was good, and I was safe, so my brain just let my body do the thinking, leading to me shoving my ass further down her cock.

"Good girl," she moaned, leaning forward. One of her hands grabbed my tits, immediately hardening my nipples, and the other came down on my head to support her. With my face - and moans - buried in the bed, she began to thrust. Hard. She'd obviously been pent up for a while, her mating instincts taking over now that she'd found something to really fuck.

"Ronnie..." she moaned, pulling out before slamming her weight back into me. I could feel her balls smacking my pussy with each thrust. "You're so fucking tight."

She picked me up, flipping me over so I was on my back. "Moan for me," she said, fucking deep in my guts and crashing down so our tits and tongues mashed together. As she pulled away, kissing down my front and playing with my tits, she grabbed my hand and brought it to my pussy. "C'mon, baby, play with yourself. I wanna see you cum."

My brain could only do what she asked at that point, so I did. I flicked my clit as she fucked my ass, letting out all the ungodly sounds that had been trapped in my soul for years. I was a girl. I was her girlfriend. Kella was fucking me, hard.

Eventually, black spots took over my vision, and I squirted onto her groin just as she kissed me on the lips, thrusting all the way in and pumping my guts full.

Her raucous moan filled my mouth, and her saliva switched with mine until we were completely the same.

Finally, she pulled out, leaving my ass gaping and leaking cum, and she pulled me up to her chest under the covers. "Good girl," she whispered as I rested my head on her tits. "You were such a good fuckdoll."

I moaned something somewhat resembling her name, and passed out, dreaming of tomorrow.

I find myself saying this a lot, but I feel like this warrants a sequel. Maybe one involving Ronnie meeting that support group Abieni mentioned? Or one later down the line, at their wedding. My mind is brimming with ideas. Regardless, hope you enjoyed! If you've got feedback, I'm happy to hear it. You can find my website [here](#).