

*Saving my  
Sister's  
Marriage*

*By Bewci*

“Walter, it’s the only way,” said my brother-in-law, Robert, crying over my shoulder, “I am losing her, but I can’t lose my child!”

My twin sister Samantha was just eight weeks pregnant when she had a terrible accident. I rushed down to the hospital as soon as I heard the news. She was in the ICU, getting intensive treatment from a group of doctors. They were barely keeping her alive. My parents were already mourning their daughter’s death, and I was too shocked to let down tears. So when Robert begged me to save my sister’s baby, I just knew I had to do it. I didn’t know how, but I was willing to do anything to keep my sister’s essence alive.

The doctors told me that new nano-tech equipment could alter my body and make me identical to my sister down to my genes in just a few minutes. Then they would transplant my sister’s womb inside my newfound uterus, giving the baby another chance at life. I was blown away listening to this. Robert had enough money to afford this, one of the advantages of being a stakeholder of major 500 companies. He was so desperate he even offered me a hefty \$300 million, but I denied it. I was doing this for my sister.

I signed the papers, and Robert assured me that as soon as I delivered the baby, I could revert back to my male self, and he would also pay for my reverse transition. I told my parents everything would be alright before I was ushered into a room

full of futuristic machines and equipment I had never seen before. They strapped me to a bed and injected a heavy dose of sedative. My eyes blurred, looking at Robert outside the door. Everything went black.

I had a dream. I was in my living room, and Samantha was standing before me. She smiled at me and hugged me. Her body melted, absorbing into my body. I panicked for a moment, stumbling down onto the floor. My hands looked dainty like those of Samantha, followed by my legs. My chest rose, and so did my belly, forming a baby bump. Long brunette hair cascaded down from my head, reaching down to my elbows. I gasped and woke up. I was in an operating room, lying on a hospital bed. I looked down at my body and saw the two orbs and protruding belly from my dreams. "Oh, God," I whispered under my laboured breaths, getting a good look at my reflection from the mirror hanging on the wall. Every cell of my body was an accurate replica of my sister. My hands stroked over my bulging womb. She was alive in me. I burst into tears and cried for hours that day.

When I got discharged from the hospital, I realized I had thrown away my life for the next nine months. I didn't regret my decision but didn't think through either. I had lost my job, and paying rent was a headache. My parents insisted that I should stay with Robert as it would help him cope with his wife's death, as well as he'll be able to take care of me and the baby. I was hesitant, but Robert wanted to repay me in

every way possible. He had access to everything that his baby needed, and I couldn't deny that.

Robert took me to his penthouse, a serene place far away from the hubbub of the city. I was amazed by the things he could afford now. Robert wasn't so rich when we first met. However, he worked hard after Samantha motivated her. Their love was so strong that he made it his goal to give her the best life possible.

Robert gave me a quick tour of the house and showed me my bedroom. Despite so much wealth, Robert cared about his family's privacy, so he only had a few people taking care of the house. There was a cook to take care of my nutrient intake and a cleaning servant, so I didn't stress myself with unnecessary work. And then there was a gardener and a watchman who worked and stayed outside. Robert had enough passive income every month, so he decided to stay home with me until the baby came. I thought it was sweet.

I had to learn to dress in female clothes, and Robert helped me with that. I preferred the loose ones as I didn't want the baby to feel pressured. The first few weeks felt like hell with morning sickness and mood swings, which caused me to lash out at Robert for making me go through this. I didn't mean any of it. Robert knew and didn't mind. Instead, he gave me ice cream and chocolate that lifted my spirits on a whim.

Such drastic shifts scared me and made me wonder how much women suffered during pregnancy. I got bouts of depression and anxiety that caused me to wake up crying in the middle of the night. Robert always rushed to my room and stayed until I went back to sleep. It wasn't until long after that I preferred that we sleep in one bed for convenience. I slept much better ever since then.

Months went by, and I gained significant weight. My breasts almost tripled, and my belly turned into a big pot. I had gained twenty pounds in three months, almost half of it being the baby and the amniotic sac. The doctor said the baby and I were both healthy, which brought us immense relief. However, he caught us off guard when he suggested sex as a remedy to relieve uterine cramps. Robert and I darted at each other in embarrassment. We had a deep sense of gratitude for each other. But I feared they were evolving into something more profound in the last few months. I was no longer sure if I admired him or if it was love? It made me question my reality, and guilt overshadowed me.

So far, I have had it under control. But during the third trimester, my pregnancy peaked, and so did my sex drive. The hormones flooding my veins and the increased blood flow to my genitals made everything too sensitive to touch. My nipples darkened and spread further, becoming humongous for feeding. I returned to my bedroom as my nights were restless and too intense to spend alongside a man. I could see in Robert's eyes that he was as desperate as me, but he never

approached me. I could understand how difficult it must be for him to see the love of his life every day and keep himself away from her. So when we locked eyes with each other one morning in the kitchen, and he leaned to kiss me, I didn't resist at first. We spent a few seconds in the heat of the moment until Samantha's face danced in my mind, causing me to push him away. I apologized and rushed out to my bedroom. I spent hours contemplating what was happening to me and if I should do what I was thinking of doing. It felt so wrong to have sex with my sister's husband. But was it cheating? What would my sister think? Wouldn't she want Robert to be happy? Would she forgive her brother for taking her place after she died? I got my answers as the baby kicked inside me, and I looked down at my fertile womb.

That night, I returned to Robert's bed. We spent awkward moments lying beside each other, throwing short-lived gazes until I said, "It's okay. She would want you to be happy. And if she was alive, she would forgive me for what I sacrificed to save her baby. I know, she told me." I looked down and stroked my curvaceous belly. Robert didn't wait another second after what he heard from me. He locked lips with me and kissed me in fervour desire. "Can I call you Samantha?" he asked. "Huh, yes," I muttered under heavy breath. He kissed me again and then started stripping my clothes.

My heart raced faster as the clothes unfolded, and a massive erect cock sprung from his pants. The uterine cramps intensified, oozing out fluids from my puffy vagina. "It's safe for the baby, right?" I asked as my motherly instinct kicked in.

“It is safe,” he whispered, aiming his rock-hard member at my entrance. I was baffled, looking at his bulging head sink into me. I yelled without inhibitions as it went deeper in, rubbing against the tentative inner flesh. I had never felt such intense pleasure before. My jutted-out nipples puckered up, shivers running down my back. He pulled and pushed and then pulled again. His rhythm and sense of direction were immaculate, as if he knew me inside out. He knew spots that I didn’t fathom myself that drove me crazy. My hefty milk bags jiggled as his pace fastened, urging him to grab them. He pressed his hands on them and squeezed them, sprinkling streams of milk all over his face and mouth. By then, I was in the seventh heaven, my eyes rolled back and tongue drooling out. He kept pinching my nipples while fucking me like a beast. His balls patted against my asshole, stimulating me further into blissful oblivion.

“Oh, Samantha, I missed you, baby. I missed you so much!” Robert fumbled during the exhausting session. I looked at him with drowsy eyes and bit my lips in lust. “I love you, Samantha,” he murmured. The way he looked at me and said it struck my heartstrings. I knew I had to reciprocate. “I love you too, Robert.” My words pushed him over the edge. He pulled out in the nick of time, spraying his hot cum on my tits and belly. Robert and I knew one session wasn’t enough, so he followed me into the shower. Let’s just say that my cramps vanished since that night.

Our interactions grew more intimate instead of the usual platonic talks. Robert took care of me in all the ways I needed

until the delivery day. Then, after arduous labour for what felt like an eternity, I gave birth to a baby girl. We were ecstatic, naming her “Lily” after her grandmother’s name. After that, however, sadness overcame Robert’s face. He knew the contract was over, and I was free to be my male self now.

I held his hand and said, “I’m not going anywhere. Lily is my daughter too. And I love you.”

Needless to say, I never looked back at my former life as a man since I had found a loving family and a purpose to save my sister’s unfulfilled marriage. I did my best, being a devoted wife and mother to not one but three kids. Rest in peace, sister.