

2033 vintologi

Tensions between republicans and democrats had grown and both sides were convinced that the other side was really bad. The republicans did manage to pull a narrow win by purging voter rolls and by help from outside forces.

A lot of males struggled to find a sexual partner and this resulted in a lot of sexual frustration and hostility. The politicians at first tried to just ignore this problem but recently several things changed including the legalization of prostitution in 40 states and most of the states that still banned it officially never enforced that law unless the authorities wanted to go after the individual for other reasons.

When people in started rioting in Baltimore the republican president responded strongly resulting in 300 people getting killed, of them 270 were african american.

It was expected that the republican president would get away with violating the constitution but the democrats decided to try to impeach him anyway, commentators frequently claimed the democrats were making a mistake but as a response they said that the constitution is more important than getting re-elected.

Unexpectedly 30 republicans jumped ship and voted with most democrats to start the formal impeachment trial in the senate. People were still thinking the president would be acquitted.

The president wasn't acquired, 21 republicans voted with the democrats to remove the president from office and ban him from running again.

10 days later a bill was signed that was a reform to the mental health act, this would allow courts to force people to undergo medical treatments against their will and this included treatments that wasn't specifically for mental health.

The bill was introduced with the purpose of giving equal rights to everyone, now a formal conviction of a crime would be required to force someone to undergo treatment, in return all limits for what treatment that could be were removed.

People was expected that the supreme court would intervene and prevent some forms of cruel & unusual punishment but then focus shifted to a scandal a supreme court justice may have been involved in. The supreme court justice claimed he was innocent but he was replaced anyway.

It turned out 4 other supreme court justices was also involved and they all got removed from office, all claiming to be innocent. Some people were protesting but the protests were ignored.

Out of desperation the lone guy kidnapped 7 individuals claiming he would kill them unless the supreme court justices were reinstated, the demand was ignored and all hostages were slowly tortured to death. One woman got stabbed over 100 times and it's not known how long it took until she died.

The kidnapper refused to surrender and eventually got killed, many claimed he was mentally ill and that we needed more mental health screening. He had a conspiracy theory that democrats and republicans worked together to end democracy and that this was the real reason why the president was replaced with the vice president and also why 5 supreme court justices were replaced, his conspiracy theory was the main justification for him being regarded as a paranoid schizophrenic.

It was discovered that the kidnapper never had a girlfriend and that he had made misogynistic comments online. He had been active in the republican party to elect the president and he got very upset about the impeachment. He had written angry posts about how the election was stolen.

Things started to escalate with the government implementing a system with special 'courts' that were different from the criminal courts. In the past these courts were used for things like involuntary psychiatric treatment but now with the new legislation they could be used for any medical procedure including medical experiments by declaring an individual incapable.

Formal conviction of crime was still required but the trial was not held in an ordinary court, instead it was tried by the same special court that also had the power to give forced medical punishments, only ordinary majority was required for conviction and laws were changed such that being unable to properly take care of yourself became a criminal offense that people could be convicted of, in addition laws were already so numerous and wide they could always find something to pin on an individual.

The old legal system was allowed to remain in parallel but this was only used when the government wasn't really interested in the outcome.

I was busy studying so i couldn't really focus on what was going on politically. My parents are both Asian that migrated to America, they pushed me hard to study but still i struggled to get good grades.

There was this girl i was in love with and i told myself she probably loved me back. i often helped her with studies and i got the impression that we was building something together.

I had never had a girlfriend before and i was looking forward to kissing for the first time, hugging for the first time, losing my virginity. The fact that i was 17 and a virgin did bother me, i wanted to have a wife and children in the future.

There was one asshole in my class that would often bully me, once he kicked me in the balls in front of everyone and people were just laughing, he later claimed self-defense and because he was a popular guy everyone took his side and i got a warning.

I had spent 6 hours of my free time working on a very important assignment she did, the next day at school i saw to my horrors how she was kissing another guy, the same guy that had bullied me earlier. I exploded with rage and attacked them both, i ended up knocking out several teeth but fighting against 2 people was too difficult and they ended up severely beating me.

The entire thing was caught on camera and my mental health got called into question, i had already been involved in an incident where i was falsely accused of starting a fight and now i also had this on camera.

My memories are not very clear but i remember the police escorting me to the hospital. I was able to recover from my injuries but i was still not allowed to leave.

What i didn't know is that while i was at the hospital a panel of 7 individuals were discussion what to do with me and it was determined i was going to participate in a trial. I only found out about this once 8 days had passed and i had healed. They wanted me to just sign a paper accepting my rather unusual sentence but i first called my parents, they told me that i was lucky not to be sent to jail or a psychiatric ward, i was informed that these days some people never get out after doing a crime like i did.

I was informed that i was going to participate in a 270 day trial where i would be given 2mg estradiol and 50mg bicalutamide or a placebo, i would not be told which. I asked what that would do and i was informed they have decided to let me participate in a chemical castration trial, i was informed that the 2mg estradiol was just added to increase the effectiveness of the chemical castration and that it wouldn't have any significant feminizing effect. I decided to sign the papers thinking i got off easy.

When i was given the the pill i hid it under my tongue and pretended to swallow it, i though i had fooled the nurse but then he lifted up my tongue and i got found out, i was forced to swallow it but i was thinking “hopefully this is just some sugar pill”.

After taking the pills i started panicking and i begun crying, was i becoming emotional now because of estrogen? i honestly didn't now. I was afraid i would never be allowed to have children, i wasn't allowed to bank sperm prior to the the trial, this my family was willing to pay for it but it was denied.

I did however not notice much in terms of changes, no breast growth and my emotions soon got back to normal, i realized that i was assigned to the placebo control group so i stopped worrying and continued to take my sugar pills. I felt like i had finally won in life and i got motivated to work hard

Day 30

I was studying for a math exam when a nurse came to my room and gave me the pills, i just took them like normal but i started feeling strange afterwards, first i just started crying and later i started feeling a pain in my chest, i panicked thinking that i probably got the active ingredient, i brought it up to the nurse and she said that she wasn't allow to say whether or not she got the active ingredient. I gaslighted myself telling myself it was just all in the head but

Day 35

I had now had chest-pain for days and my emotions was still very different, one really awful realization hit me, i had been switched to active ingredients day 30. I felt really bad anxiety for ours but then after a while i accepted it and told myself that it would only be a temporary thing. I had been told that the trial would only last 9 months and then it would be over.

Once i had been on the treatment for 88 days i was told that my hormones levels would now be measured to confirm that i was indeed getting treated with active ingredients, i had already started to develop breasts. They finally told me that i had been switched to active ingredients after 30 days.

I was informed that i would have to take 3mg estradiol/day instead of just 2mg for the rest of the study, i was told that there was only 180 days left now and that i shouldn't panic about it. The bicalutamide dosage was lowered to 37.5mg/day so i was thinking that it wouldn't be any worse than my previous regime, i was wrong.

I did notice a change in emotions again when the dosage was increased and my breasts kept growing. I was thinking that i could get a surgery to remove them later but i started to get worried about the fertility, i was also afraid that i would not be allowed to stop the treatment after 270 days as promised. Being male was an important part of my identity and i was afraid it would just slip away.

I was told that i would be confined at the facility for the 9 months during the trial and and i wasn't allowed any access to the internet. They did control what i watched and following politics became very difficult. I heard rumors about dramatic things happening but i couldn't really make sense of it partly because of the hormones i was forced to take, i was no longer able to think clearly.

After 150 days i was told the dosage would be changed again, now i would have to take 4mg estradiol and 25mg bicalutamide per day and again i noticed a difference. I was thinking that “this is fine there is only 60 days left now”. I stopped getting spontaneous erections and one day i started crying hysterically over something stupid.

I was allowed to study freely at the facility and i was even allowed to write tests there. Studying hard was a way for me not to get bored since i didn't really enjoy the social activities with other people there. Another reason why i focused so much on my studies was because i tried to escape from all the stress and take focus away from what was happening to my body.

One of the guys higher ups at the facility tried to pressure me to engage in sexual activities with me, he would sometimes touch my breasts and i hated that, i started to get afraid he would rape me but the place was well monitored so he wouldn't be able to get away with that. His name was andrew and he was 30 years old, he was very strong but not very good looking. He never raped me but he did sometimes touch me on my breasts and i hated that, it felt weird.

Day 210

I was informed that my estradiol dosage would be increased to 5mg but that this would be the last dosage increase, i didn't think 1mg more per day would make much of a difference but again i was wrong, maybe i was just imagining things but i though i noticed a changed in emotions.

The final day at the facility

The female nurse that used to give me pills apologized and i told her that it was ok, i knew she was just following orders. She told me that she tried to look into the trial that was held earlier and that the whole thing was very strange, 3 of the 7 judges was essentially ignored and at the final hours of the trial 4 of the judges had met privately alone before deciding that i would have to participate in the trial.

I was told that i would now meet my new guardian that would take care of me, instead of that being given to my family i was instead told that i would get someone appointed that had been appointed by toe board.

I opened the door and went inside, to my horror i saw 2 males, one was a cop and the other was andrew. I was informed that andrew would become my guardian. I started shaking and told the cop that andrew had molested me.

Andrew claimed that i still suffered from schizophrenia and still needed a guardian. Despite being on estrogen i still exploded in rage and attacked andrew, i was of course chance-less and soon i was on the ground. I later saw 4 more guys show up, what i did was futile and i had to apologize.

I was told that andrew would escort me to his place and that andrew would take care of me 24/7.

Instead of stopping the medication as promised andrew had decided to increase the dosage to 6mg/day estradiol and keeping the bicalutamide dosage at 25mg/day. I didn't want to take the pills and tried to resist but then andrew treated to instead inject instead. I was crying hysterically and eventually agreed to take my medication, they made sure i didn't hide the pill anywhere.

I was totally devastated. i had earlier got a really good grade on an exam and i was worried i wouldn't be able to continue with my studies. Andrew knew about how well i had scored on the test and i could sense jealousy from him, he had earlier tried to convince me to be his girlfriend but i had rejected him

because i couldn't stand him.

Something electronic was attached to my ankle, the cop explained that this would allow the police to easily track me if i tried to escape. Andrew explained that this was important for my own safety too in the case i got lost.

I was taken to a police car together with andrew. I was really worried, andrew tried to calm me and for a while i felt a little better about it but i still had a really bad feeling about it. I tried talking to the cop that was driving the car but he didn't really respond, i ended up saying nothing most of the time since i wasn't comfortable talking to andrew when the cop could hear me.

The cop did follow me when i was handcuffed at andrews home and before he unlocked my handcuffs the cop warned me “you better not do anything stupid or you will be sent to jail or worse”, he explained that andrew would have full custody over me and that this included power over medical decisions, i had already been told this before.

Once the cop had left andrew led me to a bedroom. He groped both my ass and my breasts and it made my uncomfortable, i saw myself in the mirror and my face was red. Then i sensed andrew touching me on my genitals. I tried pushing him away but i was too weak, i had been on estrogen for too long, i finally swallowed my last remaining pride and stopped resisting. I was really scared and i didn't want to upset andrew with all the power he had over me. Andrew continued to grope me and i felt very strong sensations, i started to moan and convulse as he continued to touch me.

Andrew pulled down his pants so i could see his dick, it was big and i started to get scared. His dick didn't smell good, it was obvious he hadn't washed his penis for some time. Andrew wasn't circumcised and there was a lot of white smeg on his dick he hadn't bothered to clean out.

Andrew: “open your mouth”

It was disgusting but by now i knew that i had to please him so i did, i sucked his dick clean for about 10 minutes before i felt him cumming in my mouth, it was even more disgusting and i really had to force myself to swallow it, even after i had swallowed it i still had the after-taste of semen, i wanted to throw up but i stopped myself from doing that. I felt like i was humiliation, it was not just a feeling, i was being humiliated.

Andrew: “good girl”

Andrew could see the hate in my eyes, he knew i didn't want this, he knew i just wanted to study for school.

Andrew: “i got all your books, you can start studying now as a reward”

I had heard it was possible to replace a guardian if he treated you poorly but there was a lot of risks to that, since my parents wasn't approved for it i would probably be sent to someone even worse if i complained and andrew might retaliate against me if i start the process.

Andrew showed me his my new room, he had really brought everything i needed to study for the exams i still had to do to graduate from high-school. The room i got was nice, especially the bed. The only downside was that it didn't have any windows.

Andrew: "i will work from home now so i will be able to take care of you".

Day 271

The next day andrew told me i needed better clothing, i already had female clothing but my bra was now far too small, last time my doctor measured them they were 30B.

First i was thinking about escaping but i quickly realized the futility in that with a tracker stripped to my wrist. I instead decided to avoid attention and try to enjoy the shopping.

Walking in public presenting as a female was embarrassing, i knew i didn't pass as a girl but nobody was saying anything directly to me.

We finally arrived to an expensive store, both me and andrew were unsure what to buy so we had to ask in the store for help. My breasts were now almost size 30C.

I was first thinking that maybe andrew would want to follow me into the exchange room but instead he let me change bras in private.

After a while i found a really sexy bra and i pointed to it without really thinking, then i got embarrassed but now it was too late, andrew asked me to try it and then he decided to buy it for me. I realized that it would probably be the best to keep andrew happy so we continued shopping and we found more sexy clothing.

I was still embarrassed but my pride was less important now, i just wanted to survive and not be too badly abused. I was thinking that maybe if i am nice to andrew he will be nice back to me.

When i got home andrew told me i was going to take a shower before changing underwear.

I smiled to andrew and asked if i could shower alone and surprisingly he agreed to that. I started to think of andrew as a nice guy for giving me some privacy, he actually listened to me.

When showering i did feel better. I would have preferred silence but unfortunately andrew had to wash the cloth we have bought, efforts had been made to reduce chemicals in clothing but one wash was still recommended.

I had thrown the old underwear in a basket so i had nothing new to put on until the washingmachine had finished, i took a long bath and started to think about my situation.

Andrew: "your new clothes are ready"

I got excited and walked out naked, andrew really liked seeing that and he enjoyed helping me putting on my new sexy bra. My perspective had change and i decided to try to enjoy this new life if possible, i was still thinking of it as something temporary.

Later that day when andrew had finished doing some work via his computer he started moving towards me. Andrew began to touch me all over my body and again it made me uncomfortable, andrew knew i didn't want him to touch me but he did it anyway.

Andrew: "i can feel it, your breasts are bigger now".

Day 272 to 359

My life was fairly normal for a girl. I kept Andrew happy by letting him have fun with my body, using it as his toy when he wanted. Andrew would typically wait 3 to 7 days before making me suck his dick again. I tried to tell myself semen tasted ok but it never really worked out like that.

I was afraid Andrew would force rape me in my rectum but he didn't do that, i got the feeling that he was holding back for some reason. He only finished in my mouth and always made sure i swallowed everything, like he was afraid to leave behind evidence.

He did still let me decide to go outside and do things but i didn't really want to, i still didn't pass as a female and it was awkward.

Day 360

Andrew informed me that he would change the dosage again. Now i would have to take 7mg estradiol/day.

Day 361 to 419

Andrew became more controlling and no longer allowed me to shower alone. i wanted to just beat him up but i was afraid i would end up in a worse situation if i did.

Getting schoolwork done became more difficult, i was afraid i would be unable to graduate.

Day 420

Andrew raised my estradiol valerate dosage to 8mg/day, i was told that he was just following the recommendations from the doctor. Of course i didn't want to swallow it but i did it anyway since i knew i had to please Andrew.

Day 421

Andrew showed a rope he had bought.

We went to his bed and i was asked to lay with my breasts down. Andrew attached one end of the rope to my wrist, put the rope under the bed to attach it on my other wrist. The knot was of a type where it would get tighter around my wrist if i applied force to it.

I got really worried now, what i had gotten myself into?

Andrew started touching me and i couldn't do anything to stop him. Then he pulled down my pants and i was now naked. Andrew showed me a bottle of lube and how he applied it to his dick. I realized in horror that he was going to rape me now and it was too late to stop it.

I felt his dick at the opening of my rectum. He applied more force and i made a sound.

Me: "it hurts"

Instead of stopping he applied more force and felt his dick went inside my anus, it was both a bit painful and i started having a weird feeling. Within a few seconds his entire dick was inside of me, then he started thrusting and it was too much, i started moaning like girls in porn movies, i thought they were just acting it but now my body started convulsing and i started to orgasm, first once and then again, then again.

I tried to think of some way to get away, this was too much for me, i didn't want to be his sex-slave. As i was screaming loud i started undoing one of the knots via the edge of the bed. I could have gotten away now but I decided to let him finish inside me.

Later i felt him cumming inside my anus so i quickly turned around and managed to land a kick on his head knocking him out.

I saw a lot of blood on the bed, i realized that i had been bleeding a lot when he had raped me and now i felt a lot of pain in my anus.

The door was locked from the inside so you would need a key to get out.

I didn't know where he hid they key so instead of getting out via the front door i grabbed a chair and hit it hard on the window, it took multiple hits but eventually it shattered enough for me to get out.

I did end up harming myself when getting out and i started bleeding even more, i was afraid i would die from bleeding out. I realized andrew could probably track me from the blood if we couldn't already track me from my ankle device so i decided to run on the street hoping to

I was completely naked when i was running at the street. Soon i saw a car slowing down, it was a women, she stopped and i told her to call 911, she did.

She was told to drive me to the hospital so she did, there was a lot of comotion and the police was also involved, i was worried they would arrest andrew resulting in me being sent back to the fascility.

Andrew did get arrested and now they did have technical evidence against him, his semen was in my rectum and my blood was in his bed.

Day 422

I woke up screaming, it was a bad dream. After being in the bed for about 3 hours i got discharged from the hospital and as i feared i was told i would be sent back to the fascility.

Without andrew harrassing me it was ok to be at the fascility again.

I was hoping i would be finally allowed to stop having to swallow pills each day but i was told i was still obligated to do that for 118 more days, then i would be allowed to be free and i wouldn't have to take pills daily, this sounded too good to be true, would i finally get my autonomy back?

I was finally able to start catching up with school again.

Day 470

I was finally able to catch up with school, i started feeling good about my life again, hopefully soon i would be able to live a normal life again.

I began viocetraining by professional so i would be able to pass easier socially as a girl, at first i didn't want to do that training but then i realized that it would be fun being able to fake a female voice so i ended up having daily sessions.

Day 480

The estradiol valerate dosage was raised to 9mg/day, i didn't really notice much of a difference, it was like my body was getting used to it by now.

Day 510

The estradiol valerate dosage was raised to 10mg/day

Day 540

The estradiol dosage was raised to 11mg/day. N

Now there was only 30 ways left.

Day 556

I was allowed to leave the facility to participate in the highschool graduation, i was finally able to see my friends again but they no longer recognised me, i made up a lie that i was supposed to graduate from another school but i was unable to travel there, they believed me partly because they was focused on other things and didn't really pay too much attention to me.

Most of my formal classmates was drunk so they didn't really pay attention to me not being able to properly fake my voice or me still having a rather masculine face.

I had adapted some feminine manners and i was able to somewhat fake my personality, still if it wasn't for the fact that they were drunk they would probably had recognized me.

Day 540

This was the day i was going to leave the facility.

I was now told about the conditions for my release:

I was going to be put on estradiol valerate injections and this would be every 5 days, a nurse would come home to me and do the injection for me.

I would be under this forced treatment for the rest of my life, this would last until a court decided it was safe to let me detransition. I was informed that a court had already ruled that this treatment would last at least 10 years., then it could be renewed every 5 years.

I asked "so i will never be able to have children"

Doctor: "no, i am afraid not, after 10 years or estradiol valerate injections at such strong dosage you will be permanently infertile".

I punch at the wall to hard i injured my hand and i started crying uncontrollably.

Doctor: "i am sorry about this".

Me: "it's not your fault".

Doctor: "i wrote a letter for you, you can read that once you get to your apartment"

Me: "i have an apartment now?"

Doctor: "yes we were able to work that out together with your parents"

A nurse escorted me to my apartment. My stuff had already been moved there so i just ended up laying in the bed for a while.

Nurse: "i am going to give you your first injection soon, are you ready?".

Me: "yes i am, can i see the syringe?".

The nurse showed me how she was first drawing a substance from a vial, then he exchanged the needle for a new one. Both needles were about 1.5 inch long and 1.9mm wide, i got really nervous, i was thinking that surely she is not going to put the entire length in.

The nurse smiled and pulled my panths down. I then felt the needle being inserted and It was uncomfortable, i felt that she inserted the entire length and then she started injecting it.

The substance being injected was more painful than the insertion of the needle but it was not too bad, i could probably get used to it over time. The injection only took about 20 seconds and it wasn't nearly as bad as i thought it would be.

As time passed i realized something, this was nothing like the old pills i was given, this was far stronger. My emotions started changing again and i started to feel like i felt like the last remaining masculinity was being eroded now and soon i would be just like a girl except for one thing that was missing, no amount of injections with estradiol would allow me to get pregnant.

Day 541

I woke up and felt my breasts hurting. I put on a bra but now the bra andrew had though me earlier started to get a bit small, i used it anyway and decided to maybe buy new ones when my breasts had finished growing.

I was able to get disability from the government but i wanted to try working, i try to come up with something nice to work at but i really couldn't think of anything that would really suit me.

Day 545

Now the nurse ringed at the door again and i now what would happen, It was almost like i looked forward to getting the injection now, she was really nice to me and i longed for companionship like that.

Again my panths were pulled down and again it did hurt a little but i still enjoyed her company. I liked her taking care of me.

I installed a few dating apps and started working on figuring out what partner i wanted. I realized that i now felt more attraction go guys than girls. I wanted someone to fuck me like andrew did earlier, i wanted to please someone and be used. I wanted to feel strong pleasure and be overwhelmed again.

I did however notice that when i tried dating i didn't really find anyone that was good enough for me, i found guys willing to fuck me but they were all pathetic, i wanted more.

Day 550

After injecting me for a third time the nurse told me i should see the doctor tomorrow.

Day 551

The doctor told me about facial feminization surgery, we talked about it for hours and i decided that i should do it, it wouldn't cost me anything.

He told me that i would have to wait about 200 days for it since i was still being feminized by the hormones.

Day 555

I heard the nurse wring the doorbell so i open and there she was, she was just as beautiful as i remembered her to be.

Nurse: "i am going to inject you in the leg now".

We went to my bed where i layed down with my breast up.

Nurse: "look away".

Instead of looking away i kept looking as she moved the syringe towards my leg and then i felt the pain as she did the injection again.

Day 611

I finally decided to go to the store to get new brahs.. At the store we found out that my breasts were somewhere between 30D and 32E in size. I decided to go for E-cup since i expected my breasts to continue growing a bit.

Day 700

After being injected for the 32:th time the nurse told me i should meet the doctor.

I was informed that i would have the facial feminization surgery in 54 days. I wanted this surgery since I was still not fully comfortable presenting as female when being outside, i still had a hard time passing as female despite taking hormones for 670 days.

The day of the facial feminization surgery

I mask was put over my mouth and the nurse told me to count down from 10, then i remember waking up with pain. I couldn't really see the results but i could tell the surgery had been extensive.

When i woke up i realized that they had removed my ankle monitor, i was told that i didn't have to wear it anymore if i didn't want to, i decided to ditch it because i didn't want authorities to be able to track me like that, well they could probably still track my phone but i felt more free this way.

I was told it would take about 14 days for me to recover from the surgery.

Day 713

I removed the last bandage and i looked at my face for the first time since having the surgery, i got shocked with what i saw. I now looked just like another girl, hopefully now i could live a normal life as a female except for the injections.

Day 714

I had a dream where i was swimming in the sea and i decided that i should try to make that reality. I hopped on the bus and decided to travel to a beach.

Several guys were giving me unwanted attention on the bus, it got so bad that the busdriver had to stop the bus and he was close to calling the police because they started groping me and it made me very uncomfortable, i considered calling the cops on them but i decided that i should just let it slide, they ended up being thrown out on the street and had to walk to the beach instead.

I wished i was stronger so i could just beat up people bothering me but then i realized that then i could get into legal trouble. I still considered trying to get a license for conceal and carry but that would probably not be possible with my past.

The beach was pretty crowded, i wished i could have one beach for myself but that had to wait maybe for later, i wanted to tan top-less but that had to wait too.

I swam far out just to get some space for myself. The water was clear so i decided to start diving with and open my eyes when i was under water, it was really refreshing. Finally i was free, i no longer had to carry the ankle monitor with me.

I swam for a whole hour and i even managed to see some fish, then i got tired and i decided to swim back and return home, this time i wasn't bothered with any guys but i sortoff wished i had gotten at least some attention.

When i was back home i took a bath and started thinking about my life, i still felt like i was missing something.

Day 725

After being injected by the nurse again i decided to head to the beach, once there i saw a familiar face, it was the guy who had bullied me in highschool.

I couldn't resist flirting with him telling myself i was just leading him on. Then when we got closer together i got a tingling feeling, like i was falling in love, we ended up starting kissing on the beach and he also touched my butt, It was a wonderful feeling and i wanted more.

We went home to his place and told me to put my arms together behind my back, he tied them and made sure there wasn't any way for me to get out of that easily. We started kissing and soon after i was sucking his dick, now it was too late to turn back.

I had my phone with me and the bully recognised it once i was already tied up, he was already smiling when he tied me up so i think he recognised me somehow. He then called me with a female version of my old name and i got worried he was going to hurt me again. He trusted his dick down my throat and i almost puked, my heart started beating rapidly, he did it again.

Bully: "good girl".

I had to bend over a couch and i found myself in a position where i was totally powerless, i couldn't really move my legs and i couldn't move my arms much either. He started squeezing my boob and it was pretty hard. Then he slapped me really hard multiple times on my ass.

I felt his dick at the opening of my anus. He tried getting it in but it failed.

Me: “your dick is too big.

He instead started fingering me in my anus, first with one finger, then with two, finally after applying some more spit to his dick he tried again with more force. Soon i felt his dick deep inside me and i made a sound, he started thrusting really hard and i began screaming hysterically, it was just too much.

I felt wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure, thinking clearly became impossible, my entire body was shaking and then he started fucking me even harder. I told him to stop multiple times but instead he started to fuck me even harder. I probably orgasmed over 20 times and each orgasm was really powerful. My mind went black and i could only think about the next thrust, the next orgasm.

When he was close to cumming he told me to suck his dick again, luckily my anus was clean at the time so it wasn't too bad, then i felt him ejaculating in my mouth and i felt the taste of cum, it was a big load but it didn't taste too badly, i swallowed it all.

Bully: “good girl”.

He untied me and we cuddled a little afterwards, we exchanged some contact info and then i took the bus home, now i was in love.

Day 714

When i woke up i saw that i had a message from the bully: “message me again when you no longer have a dick”

I was devastated, i thought that i had gotten a nice boyfriend but now i would need another surgery to even have a chance, i wasn't even sure if i wanted SRS in the first place, it felt wrong to have it just to please a bully like that.

I was also thinking that maybe if i did have SRS things would be easier, i would be able to use female locker rooms without them finding out i was born male. Maybe i could even have sex without him realizing i wasn't born a female.

Day 740

After the injection the nurse told me i should see the doctor about something. We had the meeting the same day and the doctor told me:

“i think this trial might be for you, it's a new experimental method for transgender pregnancy”

It was a new method where the penile tissue would be used to create something similar to a zero depth vaginoplasty and then a lab-grown vagina would be inserted that would be capable of child-birth. My testicles would be turned into ovaries via a new experimental method.

I was told i would be told in 30 days if i was chosen for the trial. I was informed that only 50% would be allowed to undergo the procedure, the rest would be put in a control group.

Day 770

After the injection the nurse showed me a letter, i would now find out if i was chosen for the trial.

We opened it together, i had been chosen for it. I was now awaiting major surgery.

Day 834

I got a letter in the mail telling me would have surgery in 14 days. The letter contained detailed information about the procedure, i was informed that it would take 30 days before i would get ovaries transplanted and during that time i would have to continue with the injections.

I was told that this neovagina didn't need any dilation and that the sensitivity would be very high, so high in fact that having sex could be dangerous due to overloading the brain.

The day of the SRS

I was really nervous before the surgery, what if something went wrong, would i really be able to get pregnant, would i really be able to give birth.

A mask was put over my mouth and the nurse told me to count down from 10, then i woke up with severe pain and i could tell i no longer had a penis, i no longer had testicles, i had been castrated for good.

I was prescribed SSRI medication with the purpose of reducing the sexual sensation to more safe levels, i pretended to agree to it and decided to flush down the pills down the toilet instead.

Day 844

Now the pain had lessened but it was still pretty bad, i didn't know SRS was this painful but i was still glad i went through with it.

I got a letter where i was informed that i would no longer be subjected to any forced treatment. I started thinking that maybe it was because i participated in a trial resulting in people looking into what had happened to me.

But now it was too late, my testicles and penis had already been removed, i had already decided to stay female for the rest of my life. I was just hoping that i would be able to make a female pregnant.

Day 871

Finally i no longer felt good and i liked the look of my new vagina, i was really satisfied with the result and i probably had a better result than most. I realized that i now passed as a female even when naked and this would make my life significantly easier.

Having to pee when setting down was an adjustment but i was ok with that.

I now tried masturbating for the first time but i noticed that just touching it resulted in very overwhelming sensation, it was really sensitive and i was afraid to have sex. I started having regrets about flushing down the SSRI pills now but i couldn't bring myself to ask for new prescription.

Day 875

The nurse came to me for the final injection.

Nurse: "will you miss the injection".

Me: "i might miss you, you have been really nice to me".

Nurse: "i am sorry for what happened to you, i wanted to make you feel better about it, can you promise not to tell my husband about what I will do next".

me: "yes".

Then the nurse kissed me on the lips. She then told me that I should learn how to do my own injections. It wasn't too complicated. I drew the right amount of liquied to the syringe, then I changed to a new needle. I did clean the injection area with alcohol and finally i pushed the needle in. I pulled back slighly to made sure there wasn't any blood and then i injected it sloowly.

Nurse: "good",

I was really proud of myself that i was able to do it on my own, it was easier than i though it would be.

Day 878

I was again at the operating table, a mask was put on my mouth and the nurse told me to count down from 10. Then i woke up but i didn't feel much pain this time. I was informed that the surgery had been a success and that i should be able to get pregnant now.

I was told to stay at a building close to the hospital, they would measure my hormones daily to make sure everything was working.

Day 880

My estrogen levels were measured again and it it was finally confirmed that my body now made it's own estrogen, i would no longer have to inject it. I felt great relief no longer having to worry about maintaining good estrogen levels.

Day 889

I was going out to shop for brahs when i noticed that i was bleeding. I got really worried and headed back to the hospital. It was really scary but then i was told that i was menstruating for the first time and that everything was fine.

I had mixed feelings about this. I now had to think about how to deal with bleeding every month and i was also worried something would go wrong if i got pregnant. I was also very excited about potentially being able to have children, maybe my dream would finally become reality.

I was finally discharged and i returned to my normal living area.

Day 890

I tried masturbating again and this time it felt really great, my entire body was shaking and i felt like was was close to passing out, the pleasure was really insense and it was like getting drunk, it took some time before i was able to think clearly again.

This was the day i fell in love with my female body, it was really great and i felt privileged.

Day 908

I gave up on my pride and messaged the bully back saying i would visit him in 2 hours.

I used revealing clothing and sexy underwear, i knew he would be unable to resist that. I never got a reply but i ended up taking the bus to him anyway, i knew where he lived now.

I ringed at this door and then he opened, he quickly groped me behind my legs and i made a sound.

Bully: “good, come here”.

The bully undressed me and took me to some chair, i remember seeing a chair like that in a tickle porn video. Both my arms and legs were restrained and my heart starting beating really quickly.

First he started to kiss me and it was heavenly, then he started touching me again everywhere and then he started tickle me, i started laughing hysterically and tried desperatily to get out but i was completely powerless to resist.

He started licking my new pussy and i felt wave after wave of pleasure, the orgasms were amazing. He began fingering me and and it was too much, i screamed that he should stop but he continued and everything got blank for me, i could no longer think clearly.

Then i saw to my horror how he moved his dick towards my vagina.

Me: “dont do that”.

Bully: “you are so cute when you say that”.

The bully smiled and i was just waiting for it. Then i felt his dick sliting into my vagina and i felt like i was in heaven, then he started fucking and i could feel my sanity going away, i started screaming hysterically for him to stop but he didn't listen. I ended up fainting but then i woke up by him slapping me on my breasts and then he continued to fuck me, i went in and out of consciousness and until finally i felt him cumming inside me. It was amazing to feel his semen inside my vagina.

Bully: “are you ok”.

I was in shock and i said nothing, my body was exhausted and i had marks over my body since i tried so hard to escape from the chair i was restrained to.

Me: “i think i need to go home”.

The bully took away the restraints but i couldn't bring myself to move, i remained there and he ended up calling an ambulance.

They found nothing wrong with me at the hospital so they just drove me home, then it hit me, maybe i was going to get pregnant. I told myself that probably nothing would happen, i only had sex once.

Day 930

I still hadn't gotten my second period but i was thinking that maybe that was normal or maybe they didn't work.

I noticed Fatigue, i no longer had the energy i used to have.

Day 940

Still no period and i noticed that i had unusual food cravings. I also noticed soreness in my breasts. I got the impression that they were growing again for some reason.

Day 946

I started noticing Nausea at the morning. Now i started seriously considering buying a pregnancy test but instead i just waited.

I considered calling the bully about it but i decided not to.

Day 1000

I noticed that my stomach was getting bigger so i ended up calling 911. They drove me to the hospital and they did some tests. They started doing an ultrasound examination of me.

Nurse: "you are pregnant".

Me: "no that's impossible".

I then saw a baby moving, it was my baby, i really was pregnant, i couldn't believe it. It was a boy.

Nurse: "dont worry, everything is fine with the baby".

Day 1100

Now my stomach was so big it was obvious to other people i was pregnat, just walking became more difficult.

Day 1170

When i woke up i noticed that my bed was wet and it wasn't pee, i was thinking that maybe the water had gone now so i started hearing so i called 911.

They sent an ambulance and i was taken to a hospital bed where i would be monitored.

I started feeling some minor contractions but it wasn't too bad, easy to manage.

Over time the contraction got more severe but i had too much pride to request pain medication. I wanted to feel like how it was to give birth without any pain relief and the doctor was thinking that it was safer to give birth without any drugs interfering. We had agreed that the health of the baby should be the priority.

Over time the contractions got increasingly bad but it actually made me excited, the pain just increased with each new contraction but i stopped viewing it as a bad thing.

Then we got to the transition phase and i got increasingly dilated, 5cm, 6cm, 7cm, 8cm.

The pain was so severe i am surprised i didn't pass out, i still loved every moment of it. I felt like now i was a real woman and finally i would becoma a mother, my dream of becoming a parent would become reality.

It was time to start pushing so i did, i was exhausted but i was supported by the nurses at the hospital, they helped me through it. Then i felt the baby going through my vagina and i got close to passing out again. He got out quickly and then the umbilical cord was cut. He started screaming quickly which made me glad, it was a healthy baby.

I took him towards my breasts and started breastfeeding him, it felt amazing when he started to suck on my nipple.

It was now close to midnight and i was tired. I feel asleep.

Day 1171

When i woke up again at the hospital i was informed that the bully had found out about the pregnancy and now he wanted full custody over the child. I called him and convinced him that we should go for joint custody instead and that i would take care of him more when he was a small child.

I was informed that the bully was fairly successful and could afford to hire a good lawyer, i instead had a troubled past, i was afraid i would lose custody completely unless i agreed to a deal.

I no longer had any interest in that bully and i do not think he had much interest in him either, we both however had a lot of interest in that baby.

I realized that the father would probably raise him to be an asshole just like him, maybe that was a good thing?

Day 1523

The relationship with the father of my child kept getting worse. We were both frustrated with the situation and we decided to switch to taking care of him every other week once i had finished breastfeeding him.

We hadn't had sex since he impregnated me almost 2 years ago.

Day 1710

I fed my child with breastmilk one last time and then i left him to the father (bully). Finally i would get some time to do other things.

Day 1711

Now i headed to the beach alone for the first time in a really long time. I swam for a really long time but not as far out as the last time, i didn't want to die now when i had a son to take care of.

Day 1717

Now i got my child back and now i was actually really happy to see him.

There was a kindergarden in our town that seemed nice so i talked with the child's father about putting him there. We were thinking that maybe he needed more socialization.

Day 1770

Me and the father or the child both watched from a distance as we tried having our child one day at kindergarden but it became clear it really wasn't that great of a place for him.

Since what we had been doing so far had been working we decided to continue with that instead.

We decided to instead find other ways for him to interact with children before school. We had considered homeschooling but the public education had improved to the point where we decided that he should get a normal education.