Runaway Transgirl, Part 1: How I Ran Away

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A transgendered teenager runs away from home.

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There comes a point in your life when you make a decision that changes everything. Even though I was terrified, I was sick and tired of pretending to be someone I wasn't. I had been wearing my twin sister's clothes for years, and I had to be a girl.

Flash forward to the beginning of summer, a few months after my 16th birthday. I still liked to swipe my sister's clothes, but I didn't look like some faggot little kid when I did it. I taught myself, with help from the internet, of course, to make myself look hot. I made a decent pair of breast forms, grew my hair out, and spent my allowance on a basic makeup kit. I practiced my mannerisms, I nearly perfected my voice, and even occasionally went into town as a girl. I had been decided for months; I was never meant to be a guy.

I decided to tell Mom and Dad.

The next day was a Saturday. My sister had gone out with her boyfriend, leaving me and my parents alone.

"Mom? Dad? Could... could I talk to you?"

Dad muted the TV and Mom shut her book. "What is it, sweetie?"

"Um..." I had no idea what to do. "Mom, Dad, I hope you don't hate me for this... I've known for a while..."

"Oh my god." Dad slammed his hand on the arm of his chair. "My son's not going to be some faggot, is he?"

"No... Um, no..." I felt tears grow in my eyes. "I wanna be a girl!" I spoke fast, and cringed.

And hour later, I sat sobbing in my room, with a black eye, no confidence, and no respect from my parents. Grounded for what could be years. Just for trying to become who I should be?

I hated them. I wiped the tears from my eyes, and made my decision. I didn't need this bullshit. I had to leave. I took an armful of my sister's clothes, all extremely comfortable, as I had no idea where I'd end up. Nothing that I couldn't easily run or climb in. My makeup kit was a bit of a debate in my mind; not much need to look sexy on the run, but I felt weird leaving it behind. I got dressed in a pair of jeans and a cute tank top, grabbed my bag, grabbed all , and left the house quietly, never planning on returning.

I walked for hours, leaving town alone and permanently. I walked down the highway until nightfall, and then hid out in a gas station bathroom off one of the exits. I cried myself to sleep.

I woke up groggily later to a gruff voice. "What're you doing here?"

I looked up. There was a chubby man in a dirty wifebeater and a ragged pair of jeans. His face had specks of food on it, and he had a lopsided half-grown beard.

I looked up at him, kinda nervous. "Um... nothing... I needed somewhere to sleep..."

I glared at me. "How old are you, girl?"

My eyes widened. I was surprised a bit by how he addressed me, but then I remembered how I was dressed. "I... I, um, I'm sixteen."

"Young lady like yourself shouldn't be alone. Where're your parents?"

I didn't know what to say. "Um..." I said the first thing that came to my mind. "Dead! They're dead..." I lied.

"Shame. How long?"

I hesitated. "Um, a month."

"Shit. Well, I'm sorry, girlie. You need a ride somewhere?"

I got off the floor. "Um... Yeah..."

"I'll bring you home, 'kay? You still know where you lived, huh?"

"Yeah... yes, I do... Thank you..."

He lead me surprisingly gently to his truck. He got in the driver's side, wiped a few cigarettebutts from my seat, and we settled in.

He didn't start the truck. "Um... I'll tell you where to go..." I murmured.

"What, you think this ride's free?"

I froze. "I... I don't have money..." A lie, of course, but I needed this money.

"I'm not talking about cash, baby." He smirked. "I remember when my wife looked like you."

My eyes widened. "I... I'm not... No... I'm not, um... a hooker..." I looked away, reaching for the door.

He grabbed my arm. "Please... I'll drive you anywhere! I need this..."

I didn't know what to do. Sure, I've fantasized, but it was never like this. I didn't want to lose my virginity in a filthy truck to a filthy truck driver! There was also the little dilemma about my lack of a vagina.

I thought for a second. "What do you want?" I asked shyly.

"Just blow me! That's all!"

I considered this. "I've never..."

"That doesn't matter! You're a sexy piece of ass! You've gotta learn sometime!"

I thought a bit more, until he started growing impatient. I nodded. "I'll do it."

I had pictured something like this for years. I had watched the videos, read the stories, and occasionally took a banana from the kitchen to practice. But this was the real thing. I was scared!

I timidly unzipped his pants and pulled them down. He had a small bulge in his boxers, and I have to admit, I was getting turned on myself. I hope it didn't show in my pants.

His own member was very short, probably not even four inches. In my fantasies, he was always much

longer, but this was a real thing. I couldn't complain.

I brushed back my hair as I lowered my head to that hairy forest and the one tree rising from the center. It was pale and uncut, completely unlike my fantasies, but I slowly and nervously stuck my tongue out and licked the tip anyway. I flicked at it timidly, but soon enough got used to this situation. I sped up a tad, and ran my tongue flat up and down the length of his cock. He moaned slightly as I worked my way around it, still unsure of what I was doing. Eventually, he pulled my head up, and announced that he decided I was taking too long. I froze. After years of dreaming and imagining, I had my chance, and I was horrified. I needed to do this, though.

I wrapped my lips around him, about half an inch from the very tip. I bobbed slightly, only working the head, until I got used to that and worked my way down. I imagined I'd get my head down, balls to chin, but I couldn't. I gagged and lifted my head back up,embarrassed. He stroked my hair.

"It's fine, babe. This is your first time. I'm almost there."

Slightly reassured, I went back to it, working the length slowly and carefully for about five minutes more. I ended up enjoying it, by some point, and was slightly disappointed when he grabbed my hair and pulled me up.

My head inches from the first cock I've touched, it twitched, and a few strands leaked their way out. He pushed my head down into it once he was done, and I licked it up. I sat back up, and he pulled his pants back up.

"Damn, babe. It's almost a shame that was a one-time thing."

He started the truck and we drove through the night for a few hours, until I requested he pull into an exit to a random town. He dropped me off outside of a smallconvenience store, and I waved goodbye shyly as my first time drove off.

I sighed, still tasting the juices in my mouth, went inside, and got the bathroom key.

I pleasured myself before drifting to sleep.