

Team Player, Part 1 (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFace

Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Richard Starre is a star US college football star with all the bravado to match his skill. Unfortunately for him, he develops the rare Lumin's Syndrome, and he soon finds his tall, dark, and handsome looks becoming a lot more short, blonde, and buxom. As he changes, he tries desperately to remain a player, and hide his condition from his teammates.

Team Player, Part 1

“AAAAAAAAAAND TOUCHDOWN!”

The crowd roared, and Richard's teammates surrounded him, enveloping him in a tightly-packed formation of protective equipment and muscle. He gave a bestial yell, raising his fist in the air as he was lifted up upon their shoulders and carried across the field, still holding the football that had been used to secure the winning point. It was a crowd-thrilling moment, but few had truly doubted that Richard Starre would be the hero of the match. With his 6'3 height, impressive muscles, and dominating spirit, Richard had a body and mind built for football. He was able to take heavy punishment and keep on coming back, and he seemed to be hyper alert as to the location of his teammates, his opponents, and of course, the ever-important ball. He was a champion sprinter, a marathon athlete, and his temerity matched his build.

Of course, it was not just the regular football fans that cheered him on as he was carried to the centre of the field; his presence had managed to draw a sizeable female contingent around his age too. It was sometimes joked that Richard Starre had been 'blessed by the heavens', as he was not just a powerfully built man, but an incredibly good looking one too. He had a rugged handsomeness not often found in men his age. For all his macho presentation and egotism, it truly was earned, given his lantern jaw, mysterious dark eyes, and - for those many women who had been lucky enough to share his bed - a rather well-endowed 'third leg.' It was enough that some of his own teammates were jealous of him, though they few would ever admit it.

“STARRE! STARRE! STARRE! STARRE!”

The massed stadium chanted, and even some of the followers of the opposing team joined in, before being reminded by their more sensible peers what a massive sports faux pas they were committing. The two teams - the Bulls (Richard's team) and the Dragons - shook hands, but it was the winners who remained in the spotlight, basking in their victory. Richard tore his helmet free and held it up to the crowd. He dropped it, took the winning ball,

and tossed it away, allowing whoever was most loyal or excited or rabid or simply lucky to take it.

“Another winning touchdown,” a reporter yelled over the cacophony of noise as the team began to file back to the change room. “Nicely done, Dick!”

Richard briefly frowned, before breaking into a smile.

“The name’s Richard. You can call me Starre. I don’t go by Dick.”

The reporter flustered. Despite being in perhaps just his forties, he was already bald and his thick glasses made him look nebbish. The exact kind of person that Richard would never let within a hundred feet of his person outside his profession.

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t know.”

“It’s pretty common knowledge, dude.”

“Well, uh, okay. I’m sorry. How do you explain your latest win? Are you being picked up by one of the all-stars now that your final college year is half-way through? What do your teammates think of all your stunning victories?”

Richard gave his smuggest smirk. “A lot of questions you got there, what’s your name?”

“Um, Ted,” the nervous man replied.

“Yeah, well, that’s a lot of questions Ted. I’ll take ‘em one at a time. I can explain my win easy; it’s because I’m the best. Simply as that.”

“Don’t you think your teammates have something to do with that?”

“Course I do; they keep the opposition off my back so I can do my thing. Am I being picked up for it? You know I can’t confirm anything about the selection process, but I’ll just say this; talks are happening. The NFL would be right fools not to pick Richard Starre.”

“Any team preference?”

A handsome, practised grin. “Whichever one gives the sweetest deal.”

“That’s a lot of, how shall I put it, gumption for someone so young. My last question about your teammates-”

He didn’t get time to finish, because Richard simply laughed and grabbed the man’s microphone. “My teammates have my back, that’s all you need to know. They know I pull them over the line. I’m lucky to have ‘em, and they sure as shit are lucky to have me. Ya’ll have a good night now.”

And with that, he descended down into the change rooms.

“The fuck was that, man?”

Richard shrugged. Brandon had a towel around his waist, and was standing over him. The star of the team simply sat, towel covering his well-endowed manhood, but otherwise enjoying the post-shower heat within the room.

“The fuck was what, Brandon?”

The other player was attempting to loom over him, and only partially succeeding. Brandon had dark skin, an impressive set of muscles with a dominant eight pack of abs, and a close-shaved head. He was certainly good looking, though overshadowed by Starre himself in that department, just as he was in all others. Even his height was outdone by a single foot. He crossed his arms, looking furious and expectant.

“Don’t kid me with that shit! You know exactly what the hell I mean. All that ‘I’m the star player, they’re lucky to have me’ bullshit!”

He waved his hands around in an exaggerated fashion. Several of the other teammates tactfully decided to ignore the argument.

“Well, it’s true ain’t it? You *are* lucky to have me. I’m the glue holding this team together, Brandon, and you know it.”

“I know the star quarterback is also a grade A asshole, is what.”

“For fuck’s sake Brandon.” Richard stood. “Just because you can’t keep up doesn’t mean I have to slow down. The crowd cheers for those it likes, you know that as well as I do.”

He patted his teammate on the back as if they were close-knit buddies.

“Well, maybe if someone didn’t hog the spotlight!” Brandon returned.

Richard nearly rolled his eyes. The man just couldn’t let it go that he wasn’t the actual star of the team. He turned to face Brandon, letting that extra foot of height do the initial talking.

“I don’t *hog* anything. I *take*. If you can’t take the spotlight, maybe there’s a reason you’re always number two to my number one.”

Brandon huffed. “The only reason you’re a number one is because you’re a piece of piss.”

“Well, if that’s because I’m number one, then what are you Brandon, if you’re number *two*?”

There were light chuckles from the other players, and the dark-skinned man shook with fury. He made to swing a blow, but the other players surged forth immediately to pull them apart, led by Tain.

“Woah woah, calm dudes, calm! Fucking calm, okay?”

They both looked to the ginger-headed man with the heavy smattering of freckles. He wasn’t pretty, but there was a reason he was known as the ‘freight Tain.’ He was the most built member on the team, even if he wasn’t the most athletic or skilled.

“It’s okay,” Richard said, pulling the man’s arm off his shoulder. “We were just fooling around, weren’t we Brandon?”

“Yeah. Just fooling,” Brandon said, his level gaze never leaving Richard’s.

The two men parted, tempers evening out. Brandon’s expression remained serious, but the star quarterback was already adopting a shit-eating grin.

“Well, good game fellas, good game. Thanks for having my back. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got a hot girlfriend who’s in dire need of having her brains fucked out.”

He gave his traditional whistle goodbye, and went over to get dressed. Brandon could only shake his head, and lean over to one of his buddies.

“Christ, what an asshole. Can’t believe he gets to fuck Dina Paley.”

“Oh fuck! Ooohh fuck! Fuck! Don’t stop! I’m nearly there!”

Richard shoved his face into Dina Paley’s magnificent tits, gripping her wonderful ass at the same time. She truly was the hottest chick on campus, probably the hottest chick on the planet, as far as he was concerned. And she was all his. She had rich olive skin - Persian ancestry, wherever ‘Persia’ was - and her figure was something else. She had a set of tits that were half the size of her own head, and they were pert and perfect, bouncing and wobbling with each movement. Just ripe for sucking on. Her hourglass figure was curvaceous, and she’d had some work done on her ass to make it nice and peachy, just the way he liked it. She had a real set of dick sucking lips too, and they matched her coy face and that long mane of black hair.

“Mmmhhhhmm . . . s-so damn close Rich!”

“Me too babe!”

Her soft thighs were currently wrapped around him, her hands on the back of the chair he was sitting on. She was on his lap, facing him, bouncing aggressively on his dick as it slid deep into her. With each bounce, he thrust deeply into her, causing her perfect tits to bounce. They were level with his face, and she squealed in pleasure as he motorboated her, feeling her soft flesh.

“Oohh that tickles! But it’s so damn goood!”

“I bet.”

He gripped her waist, helping her thrusts match his, and keeping her aloft enough to let those massive melons bounce in front of him.

“Look at me baby, let’s cum together. Hey, look at me. Mhhmh - Rich! Rich! I’m so close, I want us to cum together, I want to see your eyes, baby!”

Rich ignored her, preferring to suck and lick her hard brown nipples. Her body was what he wanted - in fact, he often found her voice more than a little annoying. The truth was, Dina was good for sex - she practically had a body built for it - but as far as he was concerned she was just another dumb Instagram-obsessed bimbo. If she didn't want him looking at her tits, she should have gotten a reduction. But if she ever did, it would be on par with a war crime, as far as he was concerned.

"Fuck yeah, Dina. I'm gonna cum!"

"Look at me!"

Instead, he groped her massive tits, pressing her cleavage against his head and causing her to moan in incredible pleasure. Her body shook, waves of orgasm overcoming her, and with a pulse, his own dick released. He groaned as the rush, the thrill of male orgasm followed, and his dick pumped powerfully, shooting burst after burst of his jizz into her. It was a good thing she was on the pill, because he'd often imagined his seed was damn potent enough to sow a field, he came so much. Chicks loved that about him, and he could tell she did in that moment. She clutched him, still riding that same wave, and he grunted with each throb of his massive manhood, still erect inside of her.

"Oooohooohhhh! S-so m-much!"

She trembled one last time, and so did he, and then they simply rested against one another, sweating and breathing heavily. After a time, she uncurled from him, and her temperament had changed a little, looking somewhat shy, and more than a bit confused. She caressed his cheek lovingly.

"Why didn't you look me in the eyes, baby?"

Richard sighed. Why did she always have to ruin it? "I just didn't feel like it, Dina. I was staring right at your tits, and I was liking the view."

She gave an awkward smile. "Well, I like it when you look me in the eyes when you finish. It's romantic."

"But we're not being romantic, babe. We're fucking. I was fucking you, and part of fucking you is the fact that you have a set of dynamite tits. C'mon, you know this."

She scoffed, and stood up. They both gasped a little as his impressive length slid out of her, and some of his ejaculate leaked down her leg.

"Christ, I have to clean up. Can't you look me in the eyes next time, then? I'll make it worth your while . . ."

That intrigued him. "You mean you'll give me that titty job I've been asking for, right?"

A smile. "Maybe . . ."

"Then when 'maybe' becomes 'yes, absolutely', you got yourself a deal."

She made a move to the bathroom, but at the precipice turned to face him. For a moment there seemed to be something on the edge of her tongue she was working on how to say, and then finally she simply said it.

“I just - I just feel like sometimes you just see me as a floating pair of tits, Rich. Like, I’m proud of the girls, and I love it when you’re all over them. You know I like showing them off when I want to feel nice. But - but it can be a bit demeaning when you can’t do something I want you to do, that won’t cost you anything.”

Richard tried not to scoff. He’d already taken flack from Brandon just after the game, and now this. It wasn’t helping his mood.

“Look, Dina, I’m not cut out for all that lovey-dovey crap, alright? I’m the fucking quarterback of the Bulls, and I’m going places. I don’t want people thinking I’m some kind of sissy getting whipped by my own girl. I’ll look you in the eyes next time if you don’t make such a big deal out of it, how about that?”

Her expression just seemed sad. “Okay.”

She withdrew, closed the door, and not too long after, the shower started.

“Jesus, her period must be coming or some shit. Talk about mountains out of molehills. She and Brandon would get great along together.”

He smiled to himself as he rose from the chair.

“Yeah, right. As if I’d ever let Brandon get anywhere near a girl this good. He can get stuck with Monica Hughes for all I care.”

He shifted, and winced briefly as he felt a strange itch in his dick, and on his nipples. Had Dina been too rough? He didn’t remember her playing with his nipples at all, but indeed there was a strange ache to them. He scratched them idly, deciding he needed a rest anyhow. After all, there were parties to come this week, and he wanted to have his full energy when he got wasted.

And his body indeed had the pressure of being tired. At least, he was certain that’s what it was.

He was asleep before Dina even got out of the shower, and already dreaming of her tits again, though for some reason they were a lot closer than he remembered . . .

The next week things began to change for Richard, though it was so subtle at first that he barely noticed. As usual, his college classes were a drag. While blessed with a tactician’s understanding of his sport, the star of the football team gave almost no effort to his regular studies. Thanks to the school’s rabid desire to rake in that sports money, though, he practically had an army of personal tutors, trainers, aides, and programs to ensure he got his

minimum passing grade required to graduate, and ensure a place upon a professional NFL team. Still basking in the fresh glory of their victory over the Dragons, Richard partied hard almost every night, showing off Dina's sexiness repeatedly, and encouraging her to show her fabulous cleavage around Brandon just to make him jealous. She hadn't enjoyed that aspect as much, but he'd been too drunk and full of male bravado to truly listen to her opinion.

The excessive partying meant that the odd soreness developing in his body was initially attributed to just the hangovers and roughhousing that accompanied such events. More than once he clashed with Brandon, with the team having to pull them apart, Tain for the most part acted as mediator. It took some of the sweetness out of the victory, a fact he attributed to Brandon's obvious jealousy, but it wasn't something to be worried about; he was more concerned with the fact that he had a maths test upcoming, and needed the extra tutor time, a fact that embarrassed him often.

It was at one of those tutor sessions that the teacher noticed that Richard was scratching at himself, particularly his chest. Indeed, ever since his first major clash with Brandon after the game, where they'd nearly come to full blows, he'd been feeling a strange soreness in several prominent places. There was a pressure in his hips that had developed, and it sometimes rose up to his waist. It was frustrating, but he didn't consider it a great big deal, only it hadn't gone away, even after he'd confided in Dina and she'd offered a number of ointments. He certainly didn't want other people - especially his teammates - to find out that he needed pharmaceutical shit on his dick. He'd be a laughing stock.

But if his maths teacher even noticed . . .

He booked an appointment the following day with a doctor who wasn't associated with the school, or the team, and was situated at the edge of town. Dr Kaley was her name, and her photo looked pretty attractive for a woman in her mid-thirties, with hazel-coloured hair and cute glasses. It was part of the reason he'd picked her, as shallow as it was.

"Well, she better not fucking be a sports fan," he hoped.

Dr Kaley was a sports fan, as it turned out. Specifically, a *hockey* fan. It repulsed Richard to know that the woman followed such an inferior sport, but then she was Canadian by birth apparently; it was only to be expected. He sat and waited, hoping not to be noticed at the small clinic, until he was called forth by the receptionist, the doc herself appeared a moment later to summon him to her office.

"Good day to you, Mr Starre," she said, gesturing him forth, "how can I help you?"

She was pretty hot, he decided. She had that 'sexy nerd' thing going on, and even though she had a good ten-plus years on him, he could imagine she'd be a wild thing in bed.

Not that he was planning to cheat on Dina; he wasn't a cheater. But he liked to view the other samples from time to time.

"Well Dr Kaley, I've been having these weird itches lately."

He took a seat, and she opposite. The door was, thankfully, closed.

"What kind of itches?" she said, opening her laptop to take notes.

"Well, it's kinda embarrassing . . ."

"Is the itching on your penis? There's no need to be embarrassed Mr Starre. I assure you, I see patients' genitals everyday. Yours will be no exception."

"No, but they are exceptional," he responded automatically.

She blushed a little. "Well, that is a response I didn't expect. But I can assume that I am correct then? Have you tried an application of ointment? It could also be a fungal infection of some nature. May I inspect?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. You may."

He stood, and at her direction dropped his trousers and briefs. She inspected him clinically, giving no opinions. But he could tell from her eyebrow raise that she was indeed impressed. He smirked to himself.

"Can you lift your penis? Perhaps there is an infection beneath, or a rash."

He followed her instructions, but still nothing.

"Very well Mr Starre, you may put your clothes back on and take a seat"

He did so, and there was an awkward moment where she took some notes.

"How long has this itch been going on?"

Richard shrugged. "About a week. But it's not just on my dick, it's my nipples too. They're real itchy, and sometimes raised. And I've got this strange pressure in my hips lately, and my stomach feels . . . off."

"Do you drink often?"

"Yes."

"Smoke?"

"Time to time, but not often."

More keys were tapped. More entries placed on her record. She fired several more questions, discussed his medical history, even sexual history. Several suggested prescriptions had already been suggested and tried by way of Dina, and it was becoming increasingly clear that Dr Kaley was not entirely sure what the problem was. She made several more entries on her laptop, then retrieved a prescription sheet and wrote down a series of squiggles broadly resembling the English language upon it.

"Here," she said, handing him the paper. "This is a slip for a blood test at the nearby clinic. I have an idea that this may simply be a result of overtiredness, perhaps augmented by less-than-stellar sleeping conditions. Still, can't be too careful, and bloodwork is a good

indicator if this has internal implications. Get this done today - the clinic is only twenty minutes out - and the results should be back in just a few days. I'll give you a ring if it's anything serious, or just have a message sent if it's something ordinary."

And with that, she sent him on his way. Richard had three vials of blood taken within the hour, and arrived back at his frat, feeling quite itchy still.

"Better not be anything fucking important," he said to himself.

The itching, the pressure, only continued. Over the next three days, Richard had to cancel training once just so he could rest up and deal with the irritation of it all. Things had gotten bad enough that he actually turned down sex with Dina, spurring yet another argument about meeting her needs instead of just his. His grades were suffering from the distraction, and he was fearful that whatever strange bug he'd caught was making him lose weight; he had lost a pound or two, and felt a little thinner around his usually broad shoulders. It was enough that Brandon nearly checked him when bumping past him in training. When Dr Kaley called, it came as a relief. At least initially.

"Richard, we have your results. I'm going to have to ask you to come to my clinic as soon as possible."

A knife entered his heart. A terrible cold knife.

"Doc, is it serious?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Shit. Fuck. Is it cancer?"

"No, no! Nothing terminal, I assure. Or dangerous, sort of."

His breathing came a little staggered, relieved that it wasn't deadly, but confused at her tone. "Then . . . what is it?"

"Again, I think you should come to the clinic first, Mr Starre-"

"Dr Kaley, what is it?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line, a sigh.

"I'm afraid - I'm afraid you have Lumin's Syndrome, Richard. It's an extremely rare medical condition."

Lumin's Syndrome . . . he had heard that name before. Something in an old news report, or a joke at the frat, or . . . no. It couldn't be. That was impossible.

"Doc, is that the condition where . . ." His voice trailed away, terrified of the implication.

"I'm afraid it is," Kaley said over the line, her voice level and professional. "Richard, you're turning into a woman."

He dropped the phone. It fell in slow motion, cracking on the floor. Time seemed to stop, his breathing shallow, lungs not getting enough oxygen. Becoming a woman? There was no way. But there, denting out noticeably against his t-shirt, were two swollen, itchy nipples. He hadn't truly noticed it until now, but they had grown.

And they were looking positively feminine.

"Holy fuck."

It couldn't be true. It just couldn't be. Lumin's Syndrome? It had only affected a few hundred people or so in the last forty years, at least that's what Wikipedia told him. Richard refused to even acknowledge the news after the phone call. He'd simply hung up. He spent the next forty minutes pacing around his room, trying to avoid touching his weirdly swollen nipples. Was that the first sign? Was he growing fucking tits?

Denial came easy. He did his research, or what passed for it given his complete lack of academic skill. The internet wouldn't just lie in the first few results, would it? On several forums, there were people who claimed that certain oils or diluted chemicals in bottles of water could reverse it. But then why hadn't Dr Kaley mentioned this? Maybe she was about to, before he hung up.

The phone buzzed several more times, and each time it was from her. He didn't dare touch it. His skin shivered, his forehead pooled with sweat. Both symptoms made him panic; it was easy to become paranoid and assume that any strange feeling was a sign of change, like the way the tiniest discomfort made one paranoid of mosquito bites when they were in season.

"Turning into a fucking chick," he muttered to himself, "no way. It's got to be a false reading. I can see other docs. Shit, I gotta talk to my coach."

He was halfway to messaging him on his phone when he suddenly stopped. Tell the coach? What the hell was he thinking! He'd have no choice but to bench Richard, perhaps for the rest of the season, and no doubt that Brandon Becker would be put in charge of the team. And even if Coach Gleeson kept his lips tight, the situation would be strange enough that the rest of the team - especially Brandon - would no doubt investigate. I mean, Richard fucking Starre, the champion of the Bulls, their captain and crucial quarterback, suddenly reduced to looking on passively from the bench like some pathetic little newbie. They'd dig and dig and dig until they found the answer, and after that, it would be open season. Everyone on campus would know he had Lumin's Syndrome, and would be asking him all about it. Mocking him. Asking to see his weird fucking nipples

"I'm not having that. No fucking way," he muttered.

He thought of Dina Paley, that big-titted beauty. The thought of never being able to thrust into her again, of having his own damn vagina, his own damn tits, was too much to handle. He was Richard Starre, and he was going to fight this.

The only problem was . . . how? He was no scientist, he was no captain of industry or heir to a rich CEO. Sure, he came from some wealth, but it was his jock-ish power that got him through life. Hell, the college literally paid tutors to get him the bare minimum pass in science, just so he could qualify for professional NFL once he graduated.

“There’s got to be something I can do,” he said to himself.

Very nervously, he picked up his phone. It had buzzed again. It was surely past the doc’s working hours, but obviously she felt it was important enough to mention. He called back, and it rang just three times before she answered.

“Mr Starre, you hung up on me before, I wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“I - I’m just fine doc,” he said. His voice had cracked a little with the tension, and much like before, he was briefly gripped by the fear that his voice was becoming more feminine. “It was just, you know, like a lot to process or whatever.”

“I know, I completely understand. And I hope you forgive me calling so many times, but it’s just such a rare condition, and for someone like yourself to have it, I can’t imagine how it would feel.”

How did she think it would feel? It felt humiliating! Emasculating! Literally! He comported himself and spoke.

“Honestly doc, I’m still wrapping my head around it. Are you sure the diagnosis is correct?”

“That’s what I want to talk about. We need you to come in for further testing, of course, and we’ll need to monitor you through this.”

“Yeah, but that wasn’t what I asked.”

There was a silent pause on the other end of the phone. “Richard, with a diagnosis of a condition this rare and specific, obviously the chance of a false positive is possible. I ran the test four times, and each time it came up - I even used different equipment. I am near certain you have developed Lumin’s Syndrome. That’s why we need to book you in again.”

Richard clenched his spare fist. Something nasty settled in his stomach, boiling over.

“For the cure?”

Another pause, this one brimming with even more tension. “Richard, this is not a condition with a cure. There is no known way back. Others have tried with steroids, testosterone supplements, physical activity, sexual activity, and so on, but as far as we can tell, this has had only minimal impact.”

He grimaced. The thing in his stomach grew hotter. He was reasonably certain it was just anger, but his paranoia made him imagine a uterus, pink and girly for some reason, forming in his core. It disgusted him.

“Then . . . then what is the check up for, doc?”

“To help monitor your change. To allow us to learn more of the condition, and what genetic component is involved. And to give you help with your body as it feminises. I myself transitioned when I was in my twenties-”

“You were a man?”

The revelation was shocking. Kaley had seemed attractive for an older woman. She was trans? It threw him for a loop. He didn't know quite what to make of it.

“Indeed. But I always knew that deep down I was a woman, and so I transitioned. It took time, and not all the bodily changes and surgeries were easy, and once I was ‘finished’, so to speak, I still had to learn how to be a woman. Like a baby deer learning how to walk on its own four legs, if that makes sense. I'd like to offer you that same chance. But this is not a good conversation to have over the phone, which is why I'd like to book you in for a follow up appointment so we can-”

“Forget it.”

A shocked pause this time, from an unexpected intake of breath. “Mr Starre,” she said, more formally, “I understand this is a trying time-”

“I don't have Lumin's Syndrome. Your equipment must be whack or something.”

“Mr Starre, I can assure you that-”

“I'll call *you* if there's anything wrong. For now, I got a game coming up, and I can't deal with this distraction.”

“Mr Starre, the changes will only get more significant as you-”

He clicked the phone off. It had been a damned stupid mistake to call her back. The woman was ridiculous. She wasn't even a real woman, or something! At least, that's what the guys joked about in the locker rooms. The truth was, Richard didn't live in a world where people like that existed in his social circle. The thought that someone might be born a man - destined for muscles, dominance, power, the terrific feeling of testosterone flowing through his veins - and would choose *not* to live that life, and to actually *embrace* becoming a woman, well, that was actually a little too confronting. No fucking way would that be him.

He threw the phone on his bed, and only then did he realise he'd been idly rubbing his nipple with his hand. He pulled it away, irritated by the soreness.

“Even if she is right, I can beat this,” he said.

Richard continued to search online, looking for anything that could help him with Lumin's Syndrome. The syndrome was so little known, some even disputed its existence in countries that had never experienced it. All the reading was making his headache worse,

and he'd never been much of one for study. It did give him hope that it was all made up, however.

"That's it!" he shouted aloud. The apartment was empty, but the gesture still seemed dramatic. "I don't need to study this shit. I got a whole college that's willing to pay my way through."

A plan, simple but elegant, began to brew in his mind. He'd get others to do the work for him, and - and he could focus on football! What better way to stave off womanhood than to get out there and play the most manly, roided up game there was? He'd show Brandon Becker who was the real man, and he'd go even further than that. He was going to fuck Dina Paley's brains out, give her the kind of sexual pleasure she'd never felt. Make her feel so special that she could spread the word on what a man he was. That would *have* to help, being the most manly man he could be.

"But they can't know about this Lumin's Syndrome bullshit," he said. "No, I gotta make a cover story."

He smirked, looking in the mirror. Sure, his nipples were a bit weird, but it was likely just a rash. And if it was this syndrome the doc warned of, he'd show the world that he was so damned manly his system would shut it right out.

He flexed in the mirror and chuckled.

That night, Richard dreamed of a woman in the middle of a nightclub floor. As the denizens danced and the lights shone, she stood out, her movements sensual as she danced up against a male partner. She had her back to him, but he could see her long platinum blonde hair and delicate back, the dress parted all the way down to just above her hips, and clinging tightly to her rotund ass. It was a short, pink dress, and it hugged a perfect hourglass figure, which was evidently so busty that her breasts could be seen even from behind, jostling with each swing of her arms. Her male partner grinned, obviously turned on by the beauty before him, and Richard couldn't help but step forward through the crowd to make her acquaintance. As he did, the lights seemed to dim until it was only the mysterious woman in the light. Even her dance partner faded into darkness.

Richard reached forward to touch her shoulder and she turned his way, her glossy pink lips full, her blue eyes wide, her face perfect in every way.

"Richard?" she said, in his voice.

Over the next week, Richard put his plan into action. It was, he knew, not so much a plan as a series of vaguely connected ideas, but it was given momentum by the irritating soreness across his body, and the looming fear that he did indeed have Lumin's Syndrome. Dina had once tried to tell him about something she'd learned in philosophy, about a cat in a box that was both alive and dead. It hadn't made any sense at the time, and he ended the conversation by grabbing her big sensitive tits and taking her to the bedroom, but he was starting to feel like that cat now: on one hand, he refused to accept that he had Lumin's Syndrome, and on the other, he was desperately acting to rid it from his body.

It was denial of the worst kind, but he denied being in denial, and that was that. He simply decided that he needed to coerce every aspect of his life towards being not just a man, but the most dominant fucking alpha male that had ever been conceived. The fact that he continued to dream of the blonde woman only made him more determined. Screw Doctor Kaley and her talk of there being no cure. If he did have Lumin's Syndrome, he'd purge it from his own body, just as he had when he was sick in other ways. Surely, it was nothing a macho man couldn't handle? And so the plan was put forth.

Step One: find a group of weird geeks and pay them to figure out the best way to be manly as hell. He was sure he already knew, but they had all that science shit on their side, and even he respected the science of protein diets and muscle building.

"What the hell do you mean 'manliness building?'" the nerdy girl he'd been directed to asked. Her name was Liza and she was a pint-sized goth with a thick pair of glasses, wrapped in a cheap-looking leather jacket and black denim pants. She wasn't exactly what Richard expected.

"What do you think I mean?" he said. "I wanna be more manly. More testosterone, more muscles, more being a total dude and everything."

She raised a pierced eyebrow. "You're Richard fucking Starre, you know that right? Like, *the* image of being the stereotypical heteronormative cis-het alpha male with toxic masculinity up the wazoo?"

"Look, I don't know what most of that nerd shit means, alright? I just want to be more of that, okay?"

"Is Brandon Becker going to take your captaincy or something?"

"What, no! It's just - I want an edge, that's all." It was an easy lie. It wasn't half incorrect.

"Uh-huh. And it wouldn't be because the steroids you're currently taking are causing your nipples to puff up, right?"

She chuckled as he looked down at his shirt and swore. Indeed, his nipples had only gotten puffier, and were currently denting through the fabric of his top.

“Yeah, you should be careful getting into that stuff. Especially since it also makes your balls shrink.”

He resisted the urge to put his hand there. Over the last week, his balls had indeed been sore, and it seemed like they had shrunk, just the tiniest bit.

“Look, I’m offering two grand, how about that? The college will pay for it all, since you’ll be my tutor. I just want you to draw up a plan for what it takes to be the biggest damn alpha male ever, okay?”

She managed to bite back a comment, instead biting her lip in a way that was a little cute. Richard bet she would be a terrific lay. She took a few moments to consider the offer while Richard waited, and it was clear she enjoyed making him wait.

“Fine,” she said. “I’ll be your ‘manliness’ tutor. Do the ‘nerd shit’, is that right? But you better be good for the money, and you better not pull any alpha male shit on me, okay? Or else I will make this blow up in your face.”

He gritted his teeth.

“Fine, so long you don’t bitch out on this. Deal.”

Step Two: do all the regular manly stuff he was already doing, only more so. Over that week, Richard threw himself into training more than he ever had. He arrived early and left late when it came to the field, and did laps whenever he could, working up a sweat that made even his fellow teammates question his sanity.

“Just trying to upstage me again,” Brandon said, scoffing.

“Like it takes effort,” Richard said.

But that wasn’t enough. In his time outside of sport, Richard went harder at the gym. He added twenty-five percent to each weight load in his routine, and made sure to add an additional set to each workout. The deadlifts, the pull ups, the chin ups, the bar lifts, even the freaking stairmaster, all of them became a challenge for his masculinity. He arrived ready, his body no longer a temple, but a battleground, where the very fate of his form could be decided. He placed tape over his irritated nipples to disguise their weird growth, and wore baggier shirts so no one could see that his weight loss had continued, his shoulders further shrunken in. He practised alone, without a partner - that was usually Tain’s role. Instead, he chose his times when he knew no other team members would be there, so he could focus on building his wasting muscles up faster than they could deplete.

But manliness was more than just muscles and fitness. Being an alpha male meant getting lots of pussy. Dina Paley was the hottest chick on campus, and while they were already sexually charged, he was now fucking her day and night between his workouts. She

wanted a relationship, and all that chatter she made about being more 'open and communicative' or whatever was a damn strain, and certainly not manly, but he put extra care into making sure she came like mad every time they fucked, and it dimmed her complaining somewhat. Still, she couldn't help but make the occasional comment.

"For fuck's sake Richard, just watch the damn show with me, and maybe I'll give you a blow job. Sometimes, I'm not up or sex, okay? Sometimes I want to actually *feel* like we're a couple."

But Richard didn't have time to 'feel'; that was exactly the kind of feminine bullshit that would make his changes worse, or at least that's what Google told him.

Women felt.

Men *fucked*.

And if it weren't for the fact that she had the most perfect set of tits on campus, he would have dumped her. Hell, maybe he should have; weren't men meant to sleep around a lot, like, because of evolution or something? It was a thought that stayed with him, especially since it was becoming harder to deny that his sensitive dick was indeed slowly shrinking in size, and his balls too.

Step Three was simple: stay casual, stay cool, stay calm and stay unemotional. Women were emotional, men were passionate. There was a difference he couldn't quite define, but his instinct told him he was right. More importantly, it was essential not to blow his fuse and break down crying: *that* was definitely what a woman would probably do, or certainly not a man at least. He still had three games until the final, provided they won the semifinal, and there was no doubt in his mind that would happen, so long as he was on the team. No, he had to stay the course, keep being the beloved 'Starre' of the football team, the quarterback that always won.

This was, in many ways, the hardest step. His body continued to become irritated. His scalp itched, and he would often idly scratch at his hair, which was growing longer than seemed possible. The pressure in his waist had only grown, and combined with his slightly widened hips he almost had a slight hourglass figure, a sight which humiliated him. Dina just thought he was losing weight, but she could see him looking at him sometimes, her eyes curious. There were other issues too; his eyes looked a little lighter, and his stubble wasn't growing at all. He'd made the mistake of shaving, and it simply hadn't returned, leaving him with a slight babyface look.

Others were noticing too, particularly after that week's game against the Griffons, who lost, though not by as much as they should have. Despite all his efforts, Richard

couldn't muster the energy he usually possessed on the field, and when the two sides clashed, the champion quarterback was somehow pushed back by the opposing tide. For a brief moment, he even experienced a strange fear; it was like the other men on the field were bigger than him!

After the game, he tried to make it straight to the showers, but first there was the media presence waiting. The first question, to his shame, was about his altered body.

"Have you been losing weight?" said the reporter. It was Ted, the same one from the previous game. He had somehow noticed he was slighter in figure. "Some have commented that you look less muscled this week, and none of your teammates have seen you at the gym. Any comment?"

"Just trying a new look and a new diet. It's gonna make me even deadlier on the field than before," he replied.

"So there's no truth to the rumours that Brandon Becker is to be the new star of the team and prospective for the NFL league? After all, he managed to score one more touchdown than you today."

A nerve went off in Richard's temple, and he grabbed the microphone, mugging the camera.

"Let me just say one thing: Brandon Becker is a great college footballer. But Richard Starre is the only one on this team who has what it takes to join the big leagues."

He cracked that classic Starre smile, and left the field. Brandon stared daggers at him as he entered.

"Not ready for the big leagues, huh? What the fuck was that shit out there?"

Richard just shrugged, and made to move past, but Brandon put up a hand.

"Hey, we're not done with this. You made a fool of us out there. The so-called 'star of the team' now struggling against the worst team on the roster. What happened?"

"Just a bad day. We won, didn't we?"

"Christ, you're an asshole. And you say I'm not ready for the big leagues. I scored more points than you!"

Richard grabbed the man by his dark shoulder and pushed him back. He didn't move as far as either expected, but it gave him an opening to slip past to the private shower.

"First time for everything, right?"

He showered alone, and changed alone, and didn't go close to the communal area where they usually all shot the shit after the play, clad in their towels. He could hear them whispering at how strange it was when he left, and Tain failing to play peacemaker with Brandon.

“Hurry up and give me your nerd low down,” Richard said to Liza.

He had asked her to meet him behind the old campus building that was now being converted into dorm housing. The goth nerd had showed up with a veritable binder of information.

“It’s all here,” she said. “Got my money?”

He sighed, reached into his pocket, and pulled out his cash.

“Yeah, weirdo, I have your money. Now let me see what you’ve got.”

“Now remember, it’s just a start. Frankly, there’s no actual science of manliness, but I poured over some of the dumbass ‘alpha’ dudes on the internet, and put all their dumb as shit nonsense into an easily digestible list for you. I’m talking eating red meat with just your hands level of stupid, and guides on how to sleep around behind your woman’s back, and even how to dress so you, I don’t know, don’t look too pink? It’s all stupid in my opinion, but exactly what you’re looking for.”

“Whatever, thanks I guess,” he said, taking the folder. “Again, it’s so I can get an edge.”

“Yeah, yeah, I put a lot of work into this. A *lot*. So much so that I found some other information too, some real interesting stuff about bodily changes.”

He opened the folder. The pages looked mostly blank.

“And even some stuff about what causes swollen nipples and rapid hair growth. Along with inexplicable shoulder mass loss.”

He poured through the pages in the binder. Each one was blank. His heart seemed to freeze as Liza kept talking.

“I figured you weren’t on steroids. I thought you’d dyed your hair, but then I saw how smooth your chin was when you came for an update the other day.”

More blank pages. More rising tension.

“And that’s when I realised it. You’re not looking to *become* an alpha male.”

He turned to the last page.

“You’re trying not to *lose* your alpha maleness.”

The last page simply had the words *YOU HAVE LUMIN’S SYNDROME* written in big letters on it, followed by a smiley face sticking its tongue out. Richard stared at Liza in shock, uncertain what to say. The other woman smirked.

“I think my bill just got doubled for my silence alone,” she said. “But don’t worry, I’m going to make it worth your while. I’m going to help you, Richard.”

Richard applied the tape over his nipples, but he was fighting a losing battle. It was now two weeks since he was told he had Lumin's Syndrome, and he was terrified that Doctor Kaley had been right. After all, how often did men grow not just large nipples, but *breasts* as well?

Right now they were only little A-cups, but their tenderness told him they were still growing, and he couldn't help but massage them with his hands idly whenever he was distracted. Occasionally, he would brush his nipples in such a way that it sent a shiver down his spine, and only then would he realise what he was doing and force himself to stop.

Other changes were continuing as well, embarrassing ones. For the first time ever, he had turned down sex with Dina after she noticed how much weight he was starting to carry in his ass. It was ballooning up, made all the more emphasised by his shrinking waist and widening hips. Even his skin was softer, his chest hair dissipating rapidly. Dina claimed she liked it, but if his breasts developed any further he couldn't just claim it was an 'allergic' reaction anymore. It would look increasingly what it was; actual boob growth.

His teammates were starting to note the changes as well. They saw him shirtless and naked just as much as his girlfriend did; it was a shared change room after all, and footballers didn't give a shit about stuff like that. But now he felt forced to hide, wrapping a towel around his shrinking junk immediately, to avoid them seeing his larger-than-usual butt, or that his penis was looking less impressive than even Jacen's. But nothing could disguise those full nipples, and it was Tain that noticed them with alarm.

"Oh man, are you okay? Seriously, you look like you've had an allergic reaction or something?"

Richard nearly died inside. Tain cared, he kept the hotheads from *butting* heads, but he had the tact of an elephant.

"The fuck?" Brandon said, and several other eyes joined in. Richard had somehow hoped to avoid it.

"Yeah, it's just an allergic reaction," he said, trying to blow it off. "It'll go down. Doc said not to eat any more honey."

"Honey? You're fucking kidding me. Is this drugs or something?" Brandon said. "Is this why we only barely edged out another victory today?"

For reasons he couldn't understand, Richard felt oddly intimidated by his rival's presence. Ordinarily he could simply push him aside, show him who's boss, but after yet another game where Brandon shone and Richard had been relegated to being the less-than-star quarterback, he was not feeling remotely dominant.

And there was another feeling too, a stranger one. He couldn't stop lowering his eyes to admire Brandon's perfect pecs and shower-soaked abs, a powerful eight pack of muscle that was far more ripped than his own, despite his recent workout regimen. His rival's dark

skin was somehow enticing to look at, and his gaze was drawn over to his powerful biceps and sexy forearms and -

Sexy forearms, what the actual fuck? Brandon noticed him looking.

"You alright there, Richard? Second game in a row you've been flagging. Are you admiring the new champ of the team?"

"Just - just leave me alone Brandon," he said, getting up to leave. It was a lame thing to say, but he couldn't even muster the confidence anymore.

"Jeez, someone's down today. Get your head in the game Richard. And go see a doctor man, you look like you're developing little titties."

He laughed, and several men giggled with him, but Richard simply stormed out.

"Fuck you," he said. Tears brimmed in his eyes, and he wiped them away. He never cried like that! It was like he was damn hormonal all of a sudden, and couldn't keep it together. It made him feel weak.

No, worse than that. It made him feel *vulnerable*.

"The fuck is this?" Richard asked.

"It's bodywrap, dumbass. Gee, you football types really are stupid."

"What the hell do I use this for?"

Liza raised an eyebrow and looked up and down his form. It made Richard feel like he was being examined, just like Doctor Kaley wanted of him. The goth's eyes lingered on his developed breasts. In just a few days after the last game, they had grown yet further. They could no longer be excused as simple allergic reactions; now they bobbed, and bounced, and wobbled, and jostled, and jiggled. There was a discernible weight to them.

"Those are nearly B-cups, at a glance," she said. "And you might not be finished developing. You want to hide that you're a woman? Then you gotta bind those girls down."

Richard frowned. "They fucking aren't 'girls.' They're temporary."

The goth smirked. "Sure."

"This can't be just it. I'm paying for you to keep your mouth shut but you also said you'd fucking help me."

There was a slight, desperate whine in his voice. He'd noticed it had raised an octave a little lately, and he was doing all he could to talk in a lower pitch. It still slipped out sometimes, though.

"Don't worry, keep your panties on, tough girl, I thought of plenty more. Got you some padding you can wear under your clothing to bulk up your shoulders and hips. Also some makeup."

"Makeup!?" he said, aghast.

"Yeah, makeup. It isn't just for making girls look good, alright? Hollywood professional use this stuff to make action heroes look rugged. You're lucky I'm not just an academic whiz but a real makeup whiz as well. I'll teach you the right application to define your manly features and draw attention away from those full lips."

Richard instinctively touched his lips before lowering his hand. They had indeed swelled up, becoming noticeably pouty. Brandon was asking questions, and even Tain was a little curious. Dina thought they were 'cute', but she seemed to be revelling in his changes lately, saying that he seemed "so much more in touch with your feminine side." If only she knew.

"Okay. Anything else?" he said to Liza.

She retrieved one more item.

"Hair dye?"

"Yeah. It's going blonde at this rate and we need to keep others from putting the clues together. You're gonna use this."

It was revoltingly ironic that in order to stay looking like a man, Richard needed to learn everything about how to do makeup and hair care like a woman. Unfortunately, he had no real choice; his face was looking more and more androgynous, like a weak sissy man or nerd. When he'd decided to grab a quick beer in town to calm his nerves, a gay man had even hit on him! He now had poutier lips, softer skin, loss of all facial hair, and a nose that was looking increasingly small and, he was afraid to admit it, *cute*. There was no telling how far it'd go.

The other changes were proceeding as well. Despite his continual workout, his overclocked gym routines, his consumption of protein and testosterone supplements courtesy of Liza, his muscles continued to melt away. His abs were shrinking - not disappearing, thank God, but certainly reducing heavily in size. The same was certainly true of his biceps, though his thighs had only shrunk a little, becoming softer.

Everything was becoming soft, really. His tits - he hated thinking of them like that, but they were most definitely tits - were still achey and sore, and were growing somehow even faster. He was well into a B-cup now, and the body wrap Liza had gotten him was a godsend. It was a little tight on his chest, but it had to be; he adjusted the wrapping to ensure there was only the expanse of ordinary male pecs.

The padding likewise helped. Apparently, in another ironic twist, it was the kind of thing transgender people used before transitioning fully, to put bulk in all the right places.

They were more important than ever; his shoulders were undeniably smaller now, and his hips had continued to widen even as his waist contracted. He was starting to get an hourglass figure, and it was accompanied by a general softness across his whole form, a layer of fat that was spreading to his breasts, his hips, his thighs and his ass. The last actually fucking *jiggled* now as he walked. It was goddamned mortifying, and so he took to wearing the special belted jeans Liza had got him, which squished his ass in, albeit uncomfortably.

He continued to push his routine, but as his body changed, his legs becoming more womanly, his feet smaller, his broad strength weaker, it was getting harder and harder to keep it up. He knew he was smaller, but when Liza pointed out that he was a couple of inches shorter he just about screamed. The whole thing was emasculating, and in a moment of weakness he visited Dr Kaley.

It was after hours, and he waited in the parking lot, heart beating nervously. The doc exited later than anyone, carrying her bag. It marvelled Richard that she'd once been a man. How the everloving fuck did she come to terms with that? How could anyone willingly give up on being a dude? She approached her car and he seized his opportunity.

"Doc," he called, "I wanted to talk to you."

"Sorry, sir, if you want to make a booking you need to call during work hours."

"Doc, it's me."

She turned, looked at him, and there was a painful delay in recognition. "Richard Starre? Oh my God, I'm so sorry, I didn't recognise you. The Lumin's Syndrome . . . you've changed!"

It was a kick right to the balls. Appropriate, given how sore they were at that moment.

"Doc, we need to talk."

She gave a look of utter compassion as she stepped forward, and somehow he broke into tears before she'd even said another word. She embraced him in a hug, and he whimpered, clutching her as she helped him move towards her clinic, and then into her office. He could barely say a word. His chest wrapping was tight, and his scalp itched, and it was like he could *feel* a damned fucking uterus forming in his stomach, pushing aside his intestines.

"There there," the doctor whispered, "there there. I know what it's like, in a way. To not be in the body you're meant to have, I mean."

"C-cure," he managed, as he took a seat opposite her, wiping away heavy tears.

"There's gotta be a cure."

Dr Kaley gave a sad smile. "I'm sorry, Richard, there simply isn't. There's been attempts, in fact there was a rather spectacular failure on the East Coast. The technology and understanding of the condition just isn't there yet, and the lack of cases means a lack of funding."

He sniffed, accepting her handkerchief. He felt pathetic, crying like this.

"What can be done?"

"Well, first we monitor you, so maybe we start to know more about the disease. And we can offer support services, counselling and the like."

"I don't need f-fucking counselling. I'm not some mental case or crying woman, I'm Richard fucking Starre."

There was a pause, the doc clearly trying to figure out what to say next.

"Well, I can still recommend it. I can put you in touch with someone who developed Lumin's Syndrome last year, and has adjusted rather well. She became blonde too, like you're becoming."

He placed a hand over his head, stiffening. It felt longer already, even after he'd cut it. Were even more blonde roots showing? Damn it, he'd already dyed them brown twice over!

"Okay," he breathed, "fine. We can do that."

A smile. Dr Kaley adjusted her glasses and began writing.

"Very well, we can get started tomorrow. We'll need you to get some scans done, as well as take some time from your studies. Of course, your sports career will have to be halted entirely in the meantime, but someone like you can certainly get back on the horse in no ti-

Richard stood so abruptly that the woman startled. "Halt my career? I've got two games left, doc! *Two!* I need to show the national league what I've got. I'm a shoe-in for a pick, but all this Lumin's shit has me wound tight. I can't do that."

She looked at him with astonishment.

"Richard, I implore you to think about this. Your body is changing. You can't keep denying it."

"I'm trying some other stuff. It's working."

"This is denial, Richard," she said, placing her hand on his arm. "It's the stage that's hardest to get past."

He pulled away. "I'm not giving up football. It's all I have. And if you can't figure this out, I'll figure this out on my own. I'm going to be a star, and no weird disease is gonna stop me."

Even as he spoke the last words, his voice cracked a little higher. His cheeks flushed, and he left the room.

“Wait, Richard, wait!” Kaley called. “At least give me a chance to connect you to this other woman. The one that has Lumin’s Syndrome. Her name is Francine.”

But it was too late. Richard left the building and slammed the clinic door shut. Tears brimmed once more in his eyes, and he wiped them away. He was not going to become a woman, and he sure as hell wasn’t giving up his football career. The stupid doctor wanted him to accept being a woman, but he refused to give up that easily.

He needed to be a man. He needed to lay down some pipe.

“Ooohhhh . . . that’s nice! There! D-don’t stop!”

Richard thrust into Dina, savouring the way his dick was hugged by her vagina. She was tight, so damn tight, and he told her as much.

“Fuck you feel good, babe!”

“Mmhhm,” she moaned, smiling up at him, “and you *are* g-good! Oohhh!”

She was wearing nothing, but he was still in his shirt and jeans, his zipper undone to allow his large dick access to her. It wasn’t as large as it once was, however, and felt oddly sensitive, but he’d manoeuvred it inside her so quickly he doubted she cared.

“I love this new you,” she groaned, tracing his cheek with her finger. “The way you cried a little at that movie. How you talk about your problems with study. You have no idea how sexy it is to be with a sensitive man!”

It was enough for him to almost lose his erection. He didn’t want to be a sensitive man, dammit. There was no such thing, as far as he was concerned! And it only served as a reminder for what was happening to him. He gripped her tighter, and kissed her deeply to shut her up, eliciting a moan from her. Her hands ran down his chest, and to his shock he found that despite the tight wrappings, her fingers still elicited a powerful shock of pleasure from his nipples.

“Oohhh!” he moaned, and he felt them harden.

Dina paused, and then her eyes lit up. “Oh my God, Richard, I never knew you had such sensitive nipples! That’s so hot!”

She rubbed her fingers around them, even as he groped her large breast, and he couldn’t help but shake with pleasure. They’d never felt like that before, but now they electrified him, sending pulses of ecstasy through his chest.

“Aahh - ahhh - they’re - ohhhh, Dina, they’re sensitive!”

“I can tell!”

She rubbed them harder, and his dick hardened with the motion. He thrust again, sliding deeply inside of her, and again, and again. And soon he was getting closer and closer to climax, all thanks to the way she played with his breasts.

“Wow, you really love th-this!” she stammered. “They feel s-so different! L-like little titties!”

He thrust, not even caring what she said anymore. The feeling of his dick was good, but having his chest groped *was amazing*, and soon his balls ached for release. The pressure built and built, and he closed his eyes and -

- and saw in his mind’s eye Brandon Becker beneath him, his handsome dark face grinning as his strong hands groped Richard’s bare tits. It was wrong, it was all wrong, and yet it felt so damned right that he couldn’t take it anymore.

“Oohhh fuck, oohhh Brandon!” he called.

He came inside of her, harder than he ever had before, before collapsing beside her. Dina’s face had gone from aroused to concerned to aghast. Her eyes were wide, and even in the post-coital pleasure of the moment, Richard felt his blood freeze.

“Did - did you just call me Brandon?” she said.

He didn’t know what to say. Because he *had* called her Brandon, and more than that, had imagined she *was* Brandon.

And for some reason, he had fucking *liked* it.

To Be Continued . . .