

No Nut November (Man to Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Story Tier Prompt for Babjie

Wade has a problem: he has been diagnosed with the gender changing Lumin's Syndrome. Fortunately for him, a new treatment is available: an experimental drug that prevents the changes. The catch? He just needs to avoid ejaculating for a whole month while the drugs flush the genetic condition away. A good thing it's just in time for No Nut November then, but will he be able to make it?

No Nut November

Wade was about ready to cry. He never cried; family upbringing ensured that, and with his big athletic frame and alpha male appearance, it wasn't the kind of look he wanted to give. And yet still he could feel the bit of tears forming in his eyes. Why him, goddamn it? Why did he, of all people, have to be diagnosed with Lumin's Syndrome?

"We're lucky we caught it so early," Dr Mason continued, showing a series of blood work results that were incomprehensible to the young tradesman. He worked concrete and wood, not medical mumbo jumbo.

"It's still gonna turn me into a damn bimbo," Wade said, holding back the tears. "Everything I've worked for. My girlfriend Serra. My job. Getting fit at the gym . . . and I'm gonna turn into some kind of goddamn slut."

The doctor winced a little at the language, but quickly offered hope. "Not necessarily," he cautioned. "There is a new experimental drug, and I might be able to get you onto the program. There's already been some success with it: it not only holds the condition at bay but can effectively flush it out over the course of a whole month."

Wade suddenly looked up, no longer burying his face in his hands. He fixed up his brown hair and rubbed his eyes. "Then let's get me on it, doc!"

"There's just one condition," Dr Mason said. "And as a virile young man, I don't think you're going to like it . . ."

"We're seriously not allowed to have any sex for a *month!*?"

Wade was beside his girlfriend Serra on the couch in their apartment, holding her hand. She was a gorgeous thing, slim with dark hair and a vamp-like look that exuded raw sexuality when she wanted it to. She was also by far his biggest expense: Serra *loved* pretty

dresses for her figure, and shoes, and date nights, and as the man of the house he was expected to pay for it all. Sometimes it made him feel used, but the sex was so damn good.

“None,” he replied, wincing. “If I orgasm in any way, the Lumin’s changes will start even if I’m on my pills.”

“You’ll just turn into a friggin’ woman?”

“No, I think the doc said it’d be piecemeal; bit by bit.”

“So we could have a little sex,” she teased, roaming her hand over his crotch and making him hard almost instantly. “You don’t have to do the usual stuff, right?”

Wade practically jumped off of the couch. “No! I’m sorry, Serra, but I can’t do anything.”

“Not even a cheeky little handjob? Or a blowjob?”

Wade had to swallow. Serra was grinning from ear to ear. “This is serious. You can’t tease me like this. Look, I was diagnosed at the end of October and we’re only on the third now. Just think of this as, you know, No Nut November.”

“Ugh, that’s for weird incels and virgins.”

“Doesn’t matter. Please, I don’t want you to go, you know I love you, babe.”

She smiled. “And I love you too. But it’s going to be soooooo hard to go a whole month without fucking that huge cock of yours, and feeling these amazing muscles while you bang me against the wall. Remember that?”

God, he was hard. It was infuriating. “I do,” he replied. “Very fondly.”

“Mhmm, but you’ll have to do some things for me, then, if you aren’t going to be able to attend to my needs.”

“Yeah?”

She strode over and opened her laptop, already bringing up four different shopping sites.

“So this makeup is really expensive but will look so good with this other new moisturiser I need you to get me, and that would go great with this hot crop top that I just know you’ll love . . .”

To his shame, Wade let her purchase everything using his card details. Two hundred dollars of work money down the toilet, and he was already paying the bills. Technically, Serra wasn’t even on the apartment register! Frustrated at his inability to get his end of the bargain, he retreated to their bedroom while Serra put up one of her girly shows on the television. His hard on was so damn erect, he could have sworn he was more turned on than ever. Without even much thought, he lay back in bed and thought of what it had been like to bang his girlfriend against the wall. Before he even knew it he was tugging away at his dick, stroking it until the sensations were utterly unbearable.

“Ughhh - oh sh-shit!”

He came, far quicker than expected, his seed shooting over the covers. Wade curled his toes, instantly feeling a flood of changes sweep over him. He panted as his muscles deflated, just a little, and he could actually feel his arm and leg and chest-hairs retract, pulling back into his body even as his eyebrows became a little more feminine, his jawline a touch softer, his nipples a little more prominent and sensitive. Even the hair on his head grew a little longer, and his pores shrank, leaving his skin so much better looking. He had to scramble to see these changes in the mirror, but as soon as he did, he almost panicked. They weren't massive changes, but they were noticeable. The guys on the worksite would mock him for being a metrosexual or something now. He quickly worked to clean up his mess and try to disguise his changes.

"Oh my God, did you seriously change already? You couldn't last five minutes?"

Wade swallowed. He turned to face Serra, who was looking at him with something like disgust.

"I was just . . . you were being all sexy before!"

She scoffed. "Doesn't mean I want you to turn into a woman!"

"But - you were the one that -"

"You need to show some backbone, Wade, seriously. I'll never be able to be your sexy trophy girlfriend if you don't start being a man when it counts. Don't forget you want that supervisor spot or whatever."

She left the room, leaving Wade incredibly deflated.

"It was just one mistake," he muttered to himself, catching his slightly feminised reaction in the mirror. "Just a . . . a freebie! Yeah, a freebie, that's all. From now on, it's No Nut November all the way."

His work buddies did rib him quite a lot, and other friends regarded Wade curiously for his obvious changes. Occasionally Serra made a teasing comment, vacillating between telling him he actually looked cute and warning him that she wanted a 'real man' to support her lifestyle. Indeed, she was somehow milking him even more now that they *weren't* having sex, because over the next week and a half of No Nut agony, she continued to show herself off in pretty new dresses, enjoying walking around in lingerie in the apartment, what with the summer heat, and generally making him purchase all kinds of lovely experiences for her including several spa days.

"Dude, I don't know what's going on with you," his workmate Charlie said to him during their lunch break at the construction site. "But I keep telling you, she's way too far on the crazy part of the crazy-hot scale."

“No, she really loves me,” Wade insisted. “She just likes to have things, you know.”

“She seems toxic to me. Seriously, she knifed one of your tires back when she thought you were leaving her!”

“We made up!” Wade insisted, trying to keep his voice low. Since that first change, it was naturally a bit higher. “Besides, the sex is . . . great.”

“Yeah, I bet. Just don’t put it all on sex, man.”

“Trust me, I can’t.”

He really couldn’t. The urge to have sex with his girlfriend was growing and growing. He had a strong libido already, but since getting diagnosed with Lumin’s Syndrome it was like it had skyrocketed. The damn prescription pills he was taking to flush it out of his system were doing nothing either, at least in keeping his arousal in check. He found himself getting an erection at the oddest of times, even when he was at work! Serra often chuckled when she saw it.

“Awwww, I really miss that big thing. Seriously, if this takes longer than a month to sort out then I might just have to consider that you aren’t taking this relationship seriously.”

Wade couldn’t help it. He needed to appease her. “I do! I do take it seriously! Serra, you’ve no idea how much I want to fuck your brains out. I love the sounds you make.”

At this, moved to him, shoving her slim but gorgeous bust into his face as she pulled his head down.

“Then fucking do it, coward.”

“I - I can’t.”

“Not with your dick. Use your mouth, moron. Your tongue.”

It was a lightbulb moment for Wade. Perhaps this was a way to enjoy sex without actually ejaculating? This was his thought.

It was also incredibly wrong.

Things started well. Serra moaned and whined and whimpered in that sweet, sensual voice as he went down her. Her legs shuddered, placed over his shoulders as he went to town on her pussy, licking her throbbing clit and bringing her closer and closer to the point of ecstasy. The only problem was that it was *hot as hell*. Again, there was no thought to it, save for Wade hoping that he could simply stroke his member during the act but not go to the point of cumming. He began to masturbate, holding one of Serra’s legs with the other hand as she cried out.

“Yes! Yessss, cum in m-me! I want to f-feel you cumming in meee!”

It was almost a taunt, and made him briefly wonder if she knew what she was doing. But then her legs locked around his head, her orgasm hitting her, signalled by a delirious cry. Unfortunately, it also sent Wade rapidly over the edge as well. He gasped as his balls

pulsed, and then a long stream of semen erupted from his penis, the orgasm sweeping through him.

“Ahhhhhhhh,” he groaned. “Yesssss, ohhhhh!!”

The changes began, and he couldn't even regret them in the moment thanks to the pleasure. His hair grew yet longer, overtaking its previous boundary line even after being cut, elongating all the way down to nearly his chin. His nose shrank, becoming more button-cute, while his cheekbones shifted, ending with a more prominent appearance. His nipples, already too sensitive, swelled yet further, gaining wider areolas and then rising from his chest as flesh and tissue poured in behind them. He gasped, still pressed against his girlfriend's womanhood, as two small but present breasts developed. But there were other changes too: his cock retreated slightly, shrinking in his hand, and his hips audibly creaked as their bones reshaped, widening further. More muscles deflated, turning to fat that was then sent to his rear and hips and chest. The poor man shook and trembled, trying to pull away from Serra but unable to until she finally released him.

“Mhmmm, that was good,” she said, slowly rising. “I guess you really are still a man, Wa-what the fuck!?”

Wade pulled back, trying to shield his new breasts pathetically. His hair hung around his eyeline, obscuring his vision. It looked lighter now, almost blond.

“I - I couldn't help myself! It was the fucking Lumin's! I told you we couldn't get intimate, Serra!”

But already his girlfriend was rising, utterly furious. “This was meant to be about me. Me! Not you! And now you actually look like you're half a woman. I'm not into that, Wade! You need to be more careful!”

“But I was! You were the one that-”

“Don't gaslight me!” she screamed. “You need to do something to make this up to me. And then keep it in your pants! God, we're going to have to get you new clothes.”

“If there's any money left,” Wade muttered.

“What was that?”

Normally Wade would have apologised, or dismissed what he'd said. Now, something in him snapped.

“If there's any money left, I said.”

“I can't believe you just said that. Especially after all I do for you!”

“What do you do for me, huh? Look pretty and have sex and be a trophy girlfriend? That doesn't help me right now!”

Serra scoffed. She began putting on her clothes. “In that case, I might go away for a few days. See how you go without me then.”

“No, Serra, I didn't mean it like that!”

But she'd already made her decision. "Good luck with the new look. Contact me when you want me back. I expect you to roll out the red carpet."

Not long after she'd gathered some things - with his help, of course - she was out of there, leaving Wade feeling pathetic and alone. The tears came in full this time, and were impossible to keep back. He'd never felt so emotional before, not since he was a kid, but the crying was oddly cathartic.

It was then that he noticed something about Serra's wardrobe. She had emptied it of numerous dresses, mostly ones he had purchased for her after she'd demanded them, but now a few remained. Something in his mind must have changed along with his body, because a single thought rose up into his brain that was impossible to avoid.

"That purple dress looks kinda cute," Wade remarked.

He wondered if he could pull it off.

It was difficult to maintain No Nut November. The Lumin's Syndrome had left Wade so completely horny, and his breasts - A-cups though they were - had a sensitivity that made it difficult not to play with them. Even watching television and seeing a cute babe was enough to make his shrunken penis go hard, and sometimes he would wake up with his hand on his dick, stroking it softly in response to a sexy dream.

And that was the other thing; the notion of what was sexy had begun to change for poor Wade. He continued to take his pills to ward off the Lumin's, but increasingly he was noticing the muscles on his coworker's arms, especially Charlie's, who was just a few years older than him and, unlike the other guys on site, generally took care of his appearance. His dreams manifested even more vivid imagery; there were a few in which Wade was a woman, and Charlie or some other workman was fucking his/her brains out, making him/her wail in ecstasy. It was enough to make him fearful in the morning, but also to experiment a little. It was just something to pass the time, at least that's what he taught himself, but Wade began to wear some of Serra's clothing. He'd shrunk in height a bit and could fit into most of her things, but the true pleasure came from learning how to do makeup from online tutorials, and then examining himself in the mirror when the effect was complete.

"God, I could be real pretty if I kept changing," he remarked once, adjusting 'his' purple dress and turning around. "And I could have such a cute butt!"

But then he would grit his teeth.

"But I won't. Jesus, what am I doing? It's just a thought experiment, or whatever. Jesus, I need to scrub this stuff off."

It didn't stop him from accidentally wearing some makeup to the worksite one morning. Already a few of the guys were making remarks, and Mick even fucking *catcalled* him when he left work, having changed into a shirt and pants. There were whispers and rumours and questions, and the only response Wade could give was that he was "going through some stuff," which was the understatement of the century. He would get back to the apartment and find himself lonely, missing Serra yet oddly afraid she would turn up on his front door again. He'd even started watching some of her girly shows and getting invested, and - this was the worst part - ordered a really cute golden dress one of the main female stars wore when out on the town to meet a new love interest. He wore the purple dress of Serra's most often while waiting for that to arrive, finding it so damn comfortable and . . . right.

"Stupid Lumin's, stupid dress, stupid female feelings."

And always, always, damn always was that desire to ejaculate. To masturbate. To cum and orgasm and *change*. Sometimes it didn't even seem like a bad thing: he'd researched other women who had once been men and how Lumin's had treated them. Some were dumb bimbos, others hot scientists, some regular joes who just became sexy ladies and kept on trucking, and one who basically started a cult. But they all seemed pretty happy, at least most of them did. It was hard not to want that happiness; when was the last time he was truly happy? Had Serra made him happy outside of the sex?

The question came to a head when she returned, finally. By then it was the 20th of November, two-thirds through the month. Masturbation was a constant temptation, a constant worry. He'd nearly cum several times, and even being near orgasm had spurred on tiny changes; his breasts were now B-cups, albeit on the smaller end of that scale, and his face looked even cute when done up right. His hair had a sheen to it, now a honey-blond colour. He'd also been feeling more emotional lately, and wanting to be a bit more stylish in appearance.

It was after one of these stylings that Serra arrived. Wade was taken completely by surprise by that point, because he was in the purple dress again and watching another girly soap opera, having just done his makeup *and* his nails in private. Now, he realised far too late that Serra still had a key to the apartment. The door opened, and the changing man was a deer in headlights.

"Hey sexy," Serra said, stepping into the living room. "I want you to know I've forgiven you, and I'm totally ready to take you back and make this w-"

She froze, looking at 'him', dressed up like a woman and certainly appearing like one.

"Babe, is that my fucking dress!?"

Wade didn't know what to say.

Serra stared at Wade, blinking in disbelief.

“Holy shit,” she said. “You’ve become a girl. “I leave for just a few days-”

“It was over a week!” Wade screeched, voice cracking.

“-and you go full girl. I can’t believe it. You weren’t loyal to me at all, Wade?”

Wade was in a panic, he tried to rub his makeup off but just ended up smudging it. A growing part of his mind flooded with embarrassment: how could he ruin such great eyeshadow? And he was so good at doing lipstick lately, and now it was all blurred! He winced as Serra watched him, folding her arms and cocking one eyebrow. She was looking at him as if he were a roach.

“I’m still a man,” he protested weakly. “I’m just trying to resist the Lumin’s, you don’t know how hard it is, and you haven’t made it easy!”

Serra narrowed her eyes. “Show me.”

“Show you what?”

“Show me you’re still a man.”

Trembling, Wade removed Serra’s purple dress, lifting it over his head. He was left in just his underwear, his B-cup breasts obvious, jiggling just slightly. At least he wasn’t a bra, though he’d embarrassingly ordered a few online. He covered up his chest with his forearm and dropped his underwear with his remaining free hand, pulling it down from his slightly widened hips. His member was not huge, but it was there.

“S-see?” he managed. “I’m still a guy. I just have to beat this, Serra, and I’ll be a proper man again.”

But her eyes just narrowed further. She walked around him, examining him as if he were a zoo exhibit. Then, rather dramatically, she let out a long sigh.

“If you *were* a proper man at all, you’d show me a good time *right now*, to make it up to me, of course.”

Wade gulped. “Serra, you can’t, like, expect me to do that! I’ll turn even more!”

“Then that’s a sacrifice for me. One last change - you know you won’t change fully, so it’s not a big harm. Just a temporary way of making it up to your hot girlfriend who has been so very patient with you.”

As she spoke, she was tracing her fingers over his form, even lowering his forearm to flick a finger over his exposed left nipple. It shot a little pulse of sensitivity through him, making his cock begin to harden and rise. Already his mind was flooding with desires driven by his Lumin’s Syndrome. If he *did* ejaculate again, then he could look even prettier. His boobs were equal to Serra’s right now, but soon they would be even *bigger*. And he could have an hourglass figure, and sexy blonde hair, and nice hips and legs and - and - and -

He kissed her, as eager to feel another turn towards womanhood as to assert his male dominance. Serra was playing him, he knew, but he *had* to prove that he could still be

a man. He gripped the other woman, sliding his tongue inside her, trying to ignore that she was now slightly taller than him. She moaned in response.

“That’s more like it, lover boy,” she replied when they parted. “Now take me to your bed and fuck me silly. I’m on the pill, don’t worry. I want to feel how much of your cream you can put into me.”

The worst part was, it didn’t sound nearly as sexy as it should have. Even as the pair retreated to the bedroom, Wade’s changing mental state was retranslating her words in order to keep himself aroused. He was imagining Charlie. Nice, kind, handsome Charlie at work with his impressive muscled and charming personality. Even as Serra lay on her back on their bed and he climbed on top of her, his boobs dangling embarrassingly, he imagined he was riding Charlie instead. How good would it feel to have his boobs rub against that manly, hairy chest?

“Fuck your girl,” Serra ordered, and Wade did. Pretty quickly he closed his eyes, however. He slipped inside her wet pussy after the requisite foreplay, but found himself aching for release.

“P-please, play with my . . . chest,” he pleaded.

Serra snorted, but did as he required, pinching and rolling his nipples with her thumbs and forefingers. It was divine, and soon he was thrusting harder, bucking his hips and fantasising about what it would be like to be *thrust into*. It was enough to push him to his limit.

“Oh God, we have to stop, Serra! We have to-”

“Don’t you fucking dare!” she cried. “I’m nearly there, even with that small prick of yours! D-don’t stop!”

He didn’t. He wouldn’t. He couldn’t. He ejaculated into her, moaning with an orgasm that lasted longer than usual, even if his actual amount of semen was half the standard amount. But even as the pleasure rolled like thunder through his body, he began to quake with changes. Wade was still positioned over Serra, resting on his hands against her, and so she had prime viewing to the changes that followed.

“Mhmmm!” he whimpered, voice going higher as his blonde hair extended and lightning, framing his face. “It’s h-happening! Oh f-fuuuuck, it’s a r-really big one! Ahhhh!!”

His breasts bloomed. They were already average-sized B-cups, but now they swelled up, tissue and fat expanding within them, nipples growing in size and sensitivity. They hung lower and lower even as they became rounder and rounder, and their weight seemed to double. They jiggled with Wade’s moaning movements, but they weren’t the only changes; his entire body was resculpting itself. His left hip popped outwards, followed by his right. His penis, still slightly hard, shrunk a full half-size again within Serra. Any remaining body hair was gone but for the finest peach fuzz, and his thighs gained that womanly softness, as did

his buttocks. His lips, already a source of pride to him, puffed up further, and there was an odd itch as his eyebrows and eyelashes gained supermodel-esque qualities, the former shaped perfectly, the latter long and curled. What remaining muscle he possessed now shrunk away, melting down to produce the curves of his body. Even his height shrank a little, his distance from Serra shrinking not just from the further growth of his now D-cup boobs, but also from his arms shortening.

In the end, he was panting over her, voice now far more feminine than masculine, the sounds almost erotic; there was no denying the sheer release the changes gave his body, courtesy of the Lumin's. After long, luxuriating moments, ones spent imagining how Charlie would see him, Wade opened his eyes and noticed Serra's angry expression.

"S-Serra?"

"Oh. My. God. Get the hell off me, you freak!"

"But you-"

"Off, off, off, off! NOW!"

He stumbled backwards and she got up, already moving to put her clothes on. "I can't believe you didn't hold it in," she said. "I swear, next time we have sex, you better be careful. I have my needs, Wade, but you are being way too irresponsible. Next time, you have to be smarter, or you'll end up a total bimbo for sure."

Something burned within Wade. He wasn't sure if it was from Charlie's words earlier in the month about Serra being 'toxic,' or his newfound confidence courtesy of the Lumin's Syndrome, or simply his own boiling resentment finally spilling out over the pot. He got up from the bed, still unused to the strange weight of his surprisingly pert D-cups, and trying to ignore how *right* it felt to have a nice pair of hips and trim, flat stomach. Wade brushed the blonde hairs away from his face - they were nearly to his shoulder now, and then placed his hands on his hips.

"There won't be a next time, Serra."

Serra paused, glaring at him. "What did you just say to me?"

Wade coughed, gathering his mental strength. His new female hormones were making this moment of decision oddly emotional "I said, there won't be a next time. We're through."

"Are you serious? You're having a hissy fit over this!?"

"Damn right I am!" he replied, voice almost approaching a singer's soprano at points. "You keep twisting my words, gaslighting me, pushing me to do things. I'd still look like a man - *be* a man - if it weren't for you pushing me! I'm through with it."

"This is just you having a-"

"It's not, Serra. We're done. I'm dumping you. I should have listened to Charlie ages ago. He was right; you *are* toxic, and look what you've done to me. No more. Get out."

Serra finished putting her dress on in a hurry. She jabbed him painfully in the boob, making Wade wince.

“No no, you don’t dump me. *I* dump *you*. You’re not worth it anyway, Wade. You’re practically a girl already, especially with those big tits.”

“Bigger than yours,” he said, before catching himself. He was even sticking his chest out more.

Serra trembled with anger. “Oh, so that’s it, then? You’re embracing it now. You’re never becoming a man again, you know that? Charlie this, Charlie that. What’s the bet you end up sleeping with him and going all the way? That’ll teach you for treating me this way. You’ll be stuck as a dumb blonde bimbo the rest of your life.”

“Better a bimbo than being with you one more second. Get out.”

Serra left in a huff, screeching invectives and shouting dramatically for several minutes outside the apartment before leaving altogether. Wade trembled, shaking a little from the emotion of it all and even wiping away some tears.

“A blonde bimbo,” he finally said to himself once he’d calmed, approaching the full length mirror in his room. He was indeed well on the way to being one: his face was pretty and on the way to being beautiful, and makeup would take it the rest of the way. His boobs were big and quite wobbly; it was an alien but pleasant kind of weight. And his figure; God, he could just imagine having the sexiest damn hourglass figure.

Serra’s words floated into his head, the ones about Charlie. It made him coo a little. The thought of being a busty, sexy blonde on his friend’s arm made his nipples harden. Without meaning to, Wade began to rub them, until the pleasure rose further.

“Shit!” he declared, taking his hands away as his penis hardened. It was just a stub now, barely a penis at all. Without it, he’d be a full woman. Would that be so bad? He had to remind himself he was meant to have the appearance of a fit, athletic alpha male, not an alpha *female*. And yet still . . .

“I wonder if my big boobs will get even bigger,” he mused.

Wade kept taking the drugs to flush the Lumin’s out. He was nearly to the end of the month, with it now being the twenty-sixth of November. He had come so close to masturbating several times, often when watching one of the girly soap operas he was addicted to that featured a handsome male love interest. Only by focusing on other feminine interests could he save himself: he was now a natural when it came to makeup and even haircare, as he obsessively watched Youtube videos showing how to get a natural sexy wave and proper colouration.

Female clothes were nearly impossible to avoid now. Serra left taunting messages often, but she never returned for half her stuff, so Wade started wearing them again. The only problem was that they didn't fit! With a shameful recognition of his own warped pride, he realised that his figure was simply too voluptuous, especially with his enlarged rack, to possibly work with Serra's slim clothes. He daringly went out and purchased more again, even pitching his voice higher to sound totally female so an attendant could help him with his bras.

Double-D cup. It was wild to hear it said, but once they were fitted - especially the white pushup that made them really pop - that same swell of pride was attached to the swell of his chest.

"I look like such a beautiful blonde," he remarked in the mirror.

"You are, honey," the saleswoman replied, and it made Wade feel all warm and gooey inside.

By the time he got home, he was walking with more of a hippy sway, and letting his breasts bob dramatically. Men looked his way and it thrilled him, and he had to keep biting his lip and reminding himself that this was all wrong. More taunting messages from Serra followed, but they didn't work as the vengeful ex intended:

'UR going to be a DUMB blonde BIMBO.'

'You won't make it. Ur going to be OBSESSED with S-E-X. U'll never have me again. Ive done my research. U'll be getting cock in u every day every day every day.'

'R those tits still growing into MEGA TITS? Enjoy back pain, BITCH! Im gonna laugh at u when you wind up on some guys arm as his personal cum dump, lol!'

Wade could only try to control his breathing and keep his hands off his increasingly sensitive tits as he read her messages.

"Fuuuuuck," he declared to himself. "I don't even feel scared by that. Shit, it sounds good. I could have mega tits, mhmhm. Be some guy's bitch - no, his girlfriend. I'd be a bit ditzier, but I'd be *his*. He'd love me. Charlie would love me, I bet. He'd put cock in me every day."

Even the words 'cum dump' only attached a pleasant sensation to his privates. He stirred them, rubbing them, and only just resisted at the point of climax. There were just a few days to go.

"I can do this," he said, but the mad mantra was being repeated more out of inertia than actual desire. The gorgeous golden dress had arrived in the mail just yesterday, and he couldn't wait to put it on. The thought alone made him shiver.

"I'll make them all turn their heads . . . especially Charlie . . ."

It was a stupid move, she knew. Why was she doing this? Hell, why was she thinking of herself as a she? She had just one day to go, but the changes had continued slowly with each teasing of her body, each lustful thought about being a goddamn showstopper of a woman in public. But it wasn't enough to simply catch the turning heads of men on the street, or to see women jealous at their own comparatively flat bodies. No, she needed to get back to the worksite.

Wade had received a number of calls and messages from work. Everyone was wondering where she was, and Charlie in particular was getting concerned. It was a nice change from Serra, who was communicating less and less but still taunting with stuff like *'I BET you cant make it 1 more DAY!!!!'* Instead, it was things like; *'Hey buddy, what's going on? I stopped by your place but you weren't there. Serra sent me a really long message about you having Lumin's Syndrome? Is it true? The other guys have all heard now as well. Is there anything I can do to help?'*

He had no idea, but his words were like honey to her fly. They were comforting, protective . . . *manly*. And in fact, it was reading them that seemed to make her mentally identify as a woman; she could only think of herself as a man when she actively concentrated on it, otherwise she defaulted back.

And now here she was, wearing her golden dress, moving towards the construction site. She made for one hell of a sight, she knew. Her curves were outrageous, and shoulderless design meant that her full Double-D chest was amply shown off. Various workers looked her way. A number whistled. Some even catcalled.

"Woohoo, show us what you got, lady!"

Wade blushed. This was all so wrong. But it was as if kicking out Serra had finally made her stop being so ashamed of becoming a woman. She let her hips swing, her boobs bounce, and her hair way in the wind as she strutted onto the construction site.

"Uh, lady, as much as I like the look of you," her manager started. "You can't be he-"

She withdrew her work ID from her cleavage and presented it.

"It's me, boss," she said, sounding nothing like her old self. "You may have heard I got Lumin's. I'm here to see Charlie."

To say that he looked quite envious despite knowing now who this woman was would be quite the understatement. She moved to Charlie's station where he was propping up some scaffolding, and coughed politely. When he turned his head, Charlie must have been looking at one of the prettiest girls he'd ever seen, wearing a tight gold dress and a construction hat for safety, a bright orange high-vis vest placed awkwardly around her little shoulders.

"Um . . . hello?" he said, his eyes gazing at her breasts.

Wade giggled. She simply couldn't help it. "I got your message, mate," she said, placing one hand on an impressive hip and thrusting out her chest subtly. "I guess Serra spoiled that I got Lumin's right?"

Charlie blinked. "*Wade!?*"

"The one and the same. I'm pretty much a full chick now, though. At least until tomorrow, I think. I was wondering if you wanted to go out for drinks tonight, just for fun?"

Some plans are good, but just don't work out. Some plans are stupid, and fail spectacularly. And then some plans are just so foolhardy that they collapse back into themselves, somehow succeeding against odds. Such was Wade's plans to spend some time with Charlie. She knew she should have waited just a little longer, but her female hormones and womanly mind were desperate to be with him as a woman, just a little bit. The Lumin's had made her more impulsive, and certainly hornier, so when Charlie arrived at her apartment to pick her up for what was really kind of a date, she was already in a new dress. It was a tight scarlet-coloured one that showed off even more of her boobs, as well as a leg slit too.

"Holy shit, Wade, you really are going fully into it," he said. "You look . . ."

"Like the sexiest gal you've ever see?" she asked.

"Y-yeah. Hell yeah. Oh my God. Are you sure you're alright?"

She giggled. "Never better! You helped me see Serra for who she was, and I'm looking to repay the favour. You look great too by the way. No offence, but the Lumin's is making me see you as very, very handsome. Really super hot."

He smirked sheepishly. "Um, I'll take it. Shall we go?"

She bit her lip. "Um, come on in. I need to take care of something first."

Her nipples were hard, obvious against the cups of her dress. Her little penis was even harder. The Lumin's hormones were rising, and without Serra to mock her for it, she could embrace them personally without feeling shame.

"Just need to go to the bathroom," she said, but as soon as she was in private she was pulling up her dress and rubbing her member. "Ohhhhh, ahhh. Ch-Charlie."

She wasn't being quiet, she knew, but she needed this. God, she needed this. She didn't even care anymore what this did; she wanted this man. She could be good for him in a way Serra hadn't been for her. She could be the good girlfriend she always wanted.

"Mhmmm! Yes, ch-change me!" she cried in the bathroom. "One - last - change!"

She curled her toes, quickly grabbing some tissues. The last ejaculation - the very last - occurred, and the changes began immediately. To her delight, her breasts swelled again, bulging over her cups, and her curves became even more exaggerated. Her hair

lengthened down to her upper back, and her face finished up, leaving her with a supermodel's looks.

"Um, are you okay in there?" Charlie asked. "Is it the Lumin's? I can go!"

"Don't!" she cried, her voice sensual. "Don't go! I'll be right out."

She stood, lowering a hand to her crotch. She was greeted with a wet slit between her thighs, welcome and warm. She smiled to herself, that warmth spreading.

"I'm perfect," she whispered to herself. "Oh God, I'm perfect. But . . . I'm stuck like this. I'm stuck . . ."

It was like being hit by a freight train. She was stuck like this. One day to go before freedom, and her female impulses had taken over, her spontaneity and womanly lust driving her to this moment. She could have cried. She could have screamed. The her that dated Serra and wanted to be the right man for her would have.

But then she heard Charlie's voice.

"Are you sure you're alright, buddy?"

And then she smiled. She let her dress slip from her body, adjusted her now overly filled bra, and stepped out of the bathroom wearing nothing before her workmate but her dark, sexy lingerie.

"You tell me, tiger," she said, winking as she posed her perfect blonde body. "By the way, I think we should stay in. I'm all woman now, and the Lumin's has given me needs. Like, really powerful needs, if you get the picture."

Judging from the hard bulge in his pants, Charlie really did.

It had been the best sex of Wade's life. The sensation of being *pounded*, of having a strong masculine man on top of her, making her a woman, had been unrivalled. Just the brief pain of her hymen tearing, which was then swallowed by the sheer delirious delight of having her tight, wet pussy strained by the penetration of his big, hard cock. She had wailed as he sucked on her tits, groping them even as he thrust into her, and she had wailed with the best of them, even raking her nails along his back. When she climaxed, her entire body shuddered from the multiple orgasms that followed, and the feeling of his cum flooding into her made her feel like she'd made the best decision in her life.

In the post-coital aftermath she curled up against him, letting her friend-turned-lover play with her heavy breasts while he spooned her. Neither could quite believe what had happened. Goodness knows, she didn't. She was still grappling with the fact that she was now a chick for life, and not just a chick, but a mega hot one who felt the need to dress sexy, move and talk sexy, and act like a sex hungry loyal girlfriend. But then she felt his warmth

against her, and it all seemed right. This was what a real relationship could be, not what she had with Serra.

“Charlie?” she said.

“Yeah, Wade?”

“Um, I have two questions for you.”

“Sure. Have at it.”

“Do you think Wren is a nice name for me?”

He held her tighter. God, it felt good. “That’s always been a hot name for me. It suits you. What’s your second question?”

She shifted around, pressing her chest against him and lowering one hand to cup his balls, feeling his cock slowly rise against the flat of her belly.

“Would you like me to be your sexy blonde babe of a girlfriend?”

Charlie grinned sheepishly again. “I mean, if that’s what you want, I, uh . . .”

“Do you want it?” she asked, still teasing him.

He nodded desperately. He was getting hard as iron now. “Yeah, holy fuck, I do. I really, really do, Wade. Wren.”

It made her feel all warm and gooey inside. Enough to love the fact that she’d gotten Lumin’s Syndrome. She moved Charlie so he was on his back, then kissed his mouth, then his chest, then his stomach, before moving further . . . down.

“I’m your girlfriend, then,” she declared. “And a good girlfriend does this.”

Charlie groaned as she took his hardness inside her mouth, clutching her head as she began to give him the best blowjob of his life. She couldn’t have imagined doing this once, but now her brain lit up like a Christmas tree from the sheer joy of it.

The only thing that would be better would be crossing paths with Serra and showing off how happy she was to be a busty blonde bombshell.

For now, Wren was a better girlfriend already than she ever was.

The End