

Alteration Window (Man to Bimbo TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Harvey is an ageing retiree looking to get back into the dating game thanks to his silver-haired good looks. But when he finds out he has late onset Lumin's Syndrome, his doctors warn him that he needs to avoid any stimuli that could trigger a gender-based change, after which this 'alteration window' will pass and his masculinity will be restored. But Harvey starts to find it hard to resist such stimulation, especially as he looks younger and better looking . . .

Alteration Window

Harvey Carreck combed his hair one last time and winked in the mirror.

"Still got it, you handsome son of a bitch," he said, his voice buttery smooth.

Despite his age, Harvey was indeed quite a good looking man. In his mid-fifties, he had developed the kind of fine-wine aging that few men can hope to achieve: his eyes had friendly wrinkles around them but could still manage a piercing gaze, and his hair had become that peppered silver that was catnip to middle-aged women. And while his strength wasn't what it was, a lifetime of athleticism thanks to his involvement in weekend football had left him quite vigorous.

"Wish me luck, Deidre," he said, kissing his two fingers on his left hand and raising them to the sky. "Hope you understand."

He imagined she would. His wife had been a deeply compassionate woman and their marriage an old-fashioned yet loving one, both of them in their roles and happy to occupy them. But it had also been five years since her passing, and Harvey was starting to contemplate the dating scene again, even just the sex scene, really! In some ways, much as he mourned his wife and wish she could be back with him, he still looked forward to the vibrancy and excitement of one-night stands, hook ups, and flirting with several ladies at once, even if he was doing with an older category and an older age than many.

"Yes, I'd say you're just about to make an impression," he said, though to his surprise his voice caught on that last word, making it a slight girlish squeak. Frowning, he cleared his throat. "Better not make that sound on a date!" he said with a guffaw, flattening his shirt. His nipples were strangely sensitive lately, but he could easily ignore it. They weren't making themselves too obvious, and besides, he could ignore some older age bodily weirdness. He

was already doing it with his knees. The older man straightened his shirt one last time, winked again in the mirror, and headed out.

He had a hot date with a woman who seemed to really embrace being a 'cougar', at least judging from her profile, and he had every intention of letting her live up to that reputation.

"You look different from last night."

Harvey opened his eyes, waking from his state of pure relaxation. He was naked in Bethany's bed, enjoying the aftermath of their night together. He'd even gotten up and made them waffles before returning, and after eating had simply luxuriated in her presence. She was in her mid-forties, and deeply beautiful with her midnight black hair and wise, seen-it-all expressions.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I'm certainly feeling relaxed, if that's what you're talking about."

"No, I mean your face. You look younger than you did last night. Your eyebrows are different too. And you have colour in your hair."

Harvey frowned. "I can guarantee you that I don't. I've had silver hair for years now."

Bethany reached across and plucked a hair from his scalp, eliciting a small 'ow' from him.

"Fair warning, next time."

"Brown, see?"

She held the hair up, and sure enough in the morning light that flowed from the window above the bed, thankfully still concealing them from public view, he could see that indeed the hair was brown.

Harvey was astonished. He'd always been proud of how vigorous he was, how timeless and ageless his good looks were. Goodness knows, Deidre often commented on them, and frankly had been a little bit jealous at times. But having brown hairs still sticking out from his scalp?

"Don't tell me you snuck out and did some light touch ups?" Bethany teased, placing an arm across his masculine, hairy chest. "Though I won't lie, you're feeling a bit slimmer here too. Usually the day after is when you notice all the flaws. Maybe I'm just a lucky girl?"

Harvey smirked, rattled off some forgettable one liner that he nevertheless made memorable thanks to his charming delivery, and proceeded to enjoy some further time with this woman. They both knew this connection was just fleeting - neither were looking for anything serious just yet - but it didn't hurt to have a little morning encore after a previous

night's passion. And yet, for all that Harvey performed admirably, he couldn't help but feel his lovemaking had taken a backseat to his own bodily concerns. Bethany was right, he *did* feel different. Weaker in some ways, healthier in others. His stamina was there, but his musculature had taken on a slimness he didn't recognise.

Perhaps a visit to the doctor was due.

"Are you sure?" Harvey asked, deeply aware of how odd his own voice sounded: smoother, less crisp. Younger and lighter, and lacking that molasses-like feel.

"Very sure," Dr Harmon said. "See here."

He turned his screen, which had a lot of technical information about Harvey's blood levels that didn't really make a lot of sense to the retiree. He had worked in commercials and marketing all his life; the only graphs he understood were ones that demonstrated audience engagement. Still, Dr Harmon seemed to anticipate this, and broke it down for him.

"What your tests all show is a breakdown of the XY chromosomes in your system, and the steady production of and replacement by the XX chromosome - the female configuration."

Harvey let out an exasperated sigh. Of all the conditions he could have had, *of course* it had to be Lumin's Syndrome. The genetic condition that turned one into the opposite gender and usually did a number on your mind, leaving you not only female - at least in a former man's case - but also some randy bimbo type. And *just* when he was getting back into the dating game and enjoying life as a silver-haired older fox.

"There's nothing that can be done then, is there?" he said. "I've heard the stories, seen the news segments. At least I'll reverse in age before losing my mind, right?"

Dr Harmon made a reassuring gesture. "I wouldn't stress just yet, Mr Carreck. Since the emergence of Lumin's Syndrome there's been a great deal of research into it, especially with cases becoming more common. Once it was extraordinarily rare, now it can affect one in three hundred thousand people. Still very rare, but when a certain billionaire developed the condition . . ."

Harvey nodded. "Suddenly there's a lot of funding into it."

"Exactly. And what we've been able to do is map a number of different manifestations of the condition. It's not an exact science yet, but we can broadly estimate with a great deal of accuracy when a form of Lumin's is irreversible, when it will cause mental regression or heighten arousal, and so forth. And, in this case, it allows us to know when a form of Lumin's *can* be stopped, and even *reversed*."

Harvey perked up. In just the week it had taken to get an appointment, his changes had progressed further. His eyebrows were far less masculine, and his skin had de-aged, leaving him looking like a man in his thirties. Well, not a *man* exactly; his once masculine figure was startlingly androgynous by this point. His manhood was still present but half its usual side, and his figure was hairless. His nipples had grown, and there was an undeniable 'pooch' of sort on his chest, two pooches to be specific. Harvey certainly wasn't ready to start referring to them as 'breasts' anytime soon, but the doctor had not minced words and referred to the growth of his 'breast' tissue. Even his waist looked thinner, and his smooth legs were almost lady-like by this point. Harvey was cutting his hair, but even that was getting a shiny quality, thicker and bouncier and *browner*. There was no silver left on his head, in fact.

So it was with distinct awareness of just how much his body had already changed, increased energy and a slight libido lift and all, that he listened intently to Dr Harmon's next words.

"You are in what we call the 'Outside Suggestion-Based Alteration Window,' or OSBAW for short," Harmon said. "You can also just call it the 'Alteration Window,' if you prefer."

"Okay, that works for me. Uh, what exactly is that?"

"To put it as simply as possible, Lumin's Syndrome is driven by hormonal responses. Think of it like a chocolate craving, or perhaps a caffeine addiction. You drink a coffee, your body likes it, gets hooked on the chemicals, so what do you do?"

"You have another coffee," Harvey answered.

Harmon clicked his fingers on his left hand. "Exactly. The more you feed the addiction, the more it takes from you. Soon you're up at 3am trying to figure out what went wrong with your sleep. Your strand of Lumin's is much the same: when you encounter stimuli - suggestion - that 'feeds' the condition, priming your body to change, the more your body will be driven *toward* change. But if you starve it, avoid all stimuli that encourages change, then eventually this 'outside suggestion-based alteration window' will pass. Your system will recognise this as an outside influence, and flush out those invasive XX-chromosomes and change it to back to that masculine XY you want to keep so badly."

Harvey sighed with relief. "So, these changes . . . ?"

"Have you been engaging in sexual relations? Spending time with men or women in a romantic or arousing fashion? Sexual stimulation of the self?"

It came crashing over Harvey, the sheer irony of it. He'd changed so much, all because he'd been trying to get back out there and be a dating man again. He couldn't help himself: he actually *laughed*.

"Okay, doc. Tell me what to do and I'll do it."

Harvey was apparently quite lucky. According to all the additional scans and estimations by his doctor, his OSBAW, his 'alteration window' was a mere *two weeks*. All Harvey had to do to halt and avoid any further changes was to avoid all outside stimulation that could spur forth his changes, and that would be enough for him to revert to his full silver-haired sexy-Daddy manhood.

"Ugh, since when did I start using the 'D' word?" he said to himself, sitting on his couch with a glass of moderately expensive wine. "Probably another 'stray thought.'"

That was the other thing that the doctor had warned him about. As short as two weeks seemed to him, it would be a *lot* to someone with Lumin's Syndrome. The impulses to feed suggestions for his body to change would only get stronger, like an addict finally going clean and suffering withdrawal syndrome. In that respect, Harmon had advised *against* total seclusion: apparently more than a few Lumin's sufferers gave in to masturbation, watching porn, and even hiring hookers in order to avoid the crushing boredom and mix of arousal.

Still, after two days things were looking good. He was suffering from minor bouts of arousal - his shortened dick was getting quite stiff at times, and while watching some films he had to turn them off midway when the leading man started to look far too handsome.

"Goddamn Marlon Brando in his goddamn prime," he murmured while trying to watch *On the Waterfront*. "Those goddamn cheekbones."

And yet, despite these occasional small bits of suggestion, ones that left his body subtly more changed, he still endured. Harvey made sure to get out to buy groceries. If a good looking man or sufficiently beautiful woman was nearby or going down an aisle, he simply moved to a different aisle and focused his thoughts on fine food for his retirement. Still, it was a wound to his ego to be called 'ma'am' or 'miss' on occasion. As nice as it was to have the energy of someone in their late thirties, his hair was growing at what felt like an exponential rate, and his overall body shape had subtly changed by this point to give the suggestion of a rather masculine-looking woman rather than a feminine-looking man.

But as day four rolled around, Harvey was starting to feel under the pump. Movies were right out; even the damn *extras* were catching his eye, male and female alike! It was like his natural attraction to women was being balanced against the Lumin's desire to make him aroused by men. He would look at the occasional passerby in public, or drive past a jogger - God, the joggers got him for some reason, the way they showed such endurance and showed off their lean muscles - and then would think about it for the rest of the day. He would *dream* of it, and for as much as 'outside stimulation' or 'suggestion' or whatever could be staved off during the day, the land of dreams was beyond his conscious control. He would

wake, covered in sweat in the middle of the night with his hand upon his genitals. And always, always it was in response to the image of a man.

“You have to be very careful,” Dr Harmon warned him. “Clearly the Lumin’s condition is thriving off of arousal in connection to maleness. It is altering your sexuality.”

“But I can’t live like this!” he replied, voice almost yelling, though it sounded much weaker now that it was almost a woman’s voice; husky, but feminine. “I’m not quite a week in, and it’s so damn hard. I’ve just started my retirement, just started to date again. I really, really don’t think Deidre wants me to turn into some sex-starved bimbo.” He laughed. “Actually, that’s a total fucking lie. She’d find it hilarious. Absolutely goddamn hilarious. She could rib with the best of them, by God. Probably tell me to get over it and enjoy the new opportunities life had to offer, or something.”

Even Harmon had to grin at that, but then his expression became stern.

“Typical medication fails to work against Lumin, and even has the potential to inflame the symptoms of arousal. But . . . there is something I might be able to technically advise *outside* my strict capacity as a doctor. If you’re willing to hear it.”

Harvey gestured to his form. His breasts were small but evident, and his hair was now down to his chin in length: he had stopped caring about cutting it, especially with his jaw possessing a more feminine arch to it.

“Doc, look at me. I’ll take anything.”

Harmon looked to either side conspiratorially, as if the closed room was somehow packed with eavesdroppers.

“You may be able to avoid outside stimulation and make it through your window by seeing to your needs.”

“But that will just change me further? And there’s no way I’m having sex with a m-”

The doctor’s hand went up. “Provided you have sex with a woman. It can work.”

“They’ll just think I’m a woman, won’t they? I can’t go back into the dating scene like this. Or even the hookup scene.”

“There are going to be women interested in someone who looks like you, Mr Carreck.”

“Who? Who would be interested in this?”

Harmon smirked, the folded his hands together as he leaned forward.

“Mr Carreck, does the word *lesbian* mean anything to you?”

Harvey knew he shouldn’t feel nervous. He was still pursuing women, right? Not much had changed in that respect, even if he was pushing against a need to bat for *both* teams, if one

was to wrap sexual interest in a cliché metaphor. He had just a week remaining of his OSBAW, and while he'd allowed some changes to slip through the cracks, his doctor nevertheless had commended him, and assured him that such minor changes would eventually reverse. All he had to be careful about was 'crossing the chasm,' another metaphor that held a far more frightening meaning: the development of a true set of female genitalia, which would effectively mark the point of no return. For now, he wasn't anywhere close to that mark, even if the transforming man was closer than he'd like.

Harvey appeared now to be an androgynous woman in her mid-twenties, easily thirty years younger than where he'd expected to be. And he *felt* it too; the energy, the more rampant libido, the urge to move and dance and give over to passion more readily, particularly as he entered *The Clam Trap*. The rather amusing title was appropriate: this was a lesbian bar, the kind of place he could find a woman who would be interested in his new looks and help sate his current appetites, and better yet be free of any man that would stir his Lumin's up. And as the music pumped, the transformed man found his confidence returning. Perhaps his imagined spirit of Diedre was right; perhaps he was going to explore a different side of life.

"Welcome to the Clam Trap!" one woman said, with the classic butch look and tats down one arm. "Haven't seen you here before. You new?"

"You might say that," Harvey said awkwardly. "Never been to a lesbian bar before."

She guffawed. "Ha! Dipping your toes in or jumping in headfirst tonight?"

Harvey looked around at the various women in the bar. Some were dancing, others were drinking, others still were just enjoying the company of friends and lovers in shadowed booths. And while there was an entire range of woman in here, from lipstick lesbians to the butchest of the butch, he couldn't help but notice a few solitary women who looked very attractive to his eyes . . . even if they weren't men.

"I think I'm going head first in," he said, trying to ignore how stiff his nipples were getting just at the sight of these lovely ladies. "Embrace the new me a little bit."

"Damn straight, girl!"

Harvey began to socialise over the next few hours. It was a little awkward, pretending to be a woman, but apparently that combination of nervousness and new energy was enough to attract a few interested parties, or perhaps that androgynous look really was just kind of sexy for some reason, because soon he was having a number of drinks bought for him. One woman in particular, a rather attractive figure in her early thirties named Margot, with blonde hair and a serious femme fatale vibe, was checking him out up and down, not to mention making sure to keep the alcohol flowing. It gave Harvey some much needed liquid courage, and when asked to provide a name, it came surprisingly easy.

"Harley, my name is Harley. Short for Harleen."

“Harleen, I like it? And you say you work in commercials?”

“Yeah, mainly stuff on TV and what appears on posters. Not nearly as interesting as the kind of art you do, I imagine, young miss.”

“Young miss? I’ll have you know I’m older than you, at least I think so. You can’t be older than twenty five, surely?”

“I’m fifty,” Harvey said, before giggling a little, just as Deidre used to. “Wait, no I’m not. I’m twenty five, yeah.”

“Okay, old timer, good to know you’ve got a fixed again.”

She leaned forward a little, showing off her bust a little. “The real question is, would you like to join me in that back booth there and get to know me a bit more?”

Harvey’s nipples stiffened. His penis hardened a little also, though it was diminished enough that such an erection would be impossible to spot from the outside.

“Yeah, I’d really love that,” he said.

Margot took ‘Harleen’s’ hand as she took her to one of the empty corner booths. She sat right up beside Harvey, one hand on the transforming man’s thigh, their faces almost touching. Her smile was like that of the Cheshire Cat, and it was clear that she was just as attracted to Harvey as Harvey was to her.

“So what do we do in this little booth together?” Harvey said, feeling a little bubblier and more nervous than usual.

“Well, we can drink,” Margot said. “Maybe light up a smoke, if you’re into that. Or . . . we could do this.”

She took ‘Harleen’ by the sides of her head and pulled her in for a kiss. Harvey gave himself over to it, enjoying the fine taste of this woman, her curves and the manner in which her body seemed to want to escape the dress. They began making out, running each other’s hands over one another, and Harvey was astonished at how sensitive his little breasts had become. He wasn’t wearing anything other than a thin wrap around them, so when his nipples became quite erect they poked rather obviously through his shirt. Clearly, Margot liked this.

“I think you’re enjoying me,” she teased.

“I’m starting to show a little interest, yeah.”

“One thing, I’m not looking for something serious. I am looking for someone willing to have some fun. Are you fun, Harleen?”

‘Harleen’ kissed this woman again, this time sliding his tongue out and dancing with Margot’s. The two performed a very passionate French kiss, and it seemed to finally work for Harvey: he wasn’t thinking about men at all! Despite looking more female than male, his Lumin’s fixations were stalled in the presence of Margot, her sheer sensual passion making him excited for more.

“Does that answer your question?” he asked as Harleen, withdrawing just a little from Margot but still resting a soft hand upon the woman’s lovely bare thigh. Her dress was not long, and it pleased Harvey.

“It does indeed,” Margot said. “You know, we could go a little further. Get to know each other a little more . . . at my place?”

A nervous chill ran through Harvey. He was still male *down there*, and while this was proving a wonderful relief for his libido, one that kept him anchored to an attraction to a woman, things could go south very quickly if all was revealed. And besides, a part of him felt the deception may have gone too far.

“I - I would love to. God knows I’m feeling more than up for it. But, uh, there’s something I should tell you. Should have told you half an hour ago, actually. I’m, uh, kind of . . . new to being a woman.”

Harvey let that sentence sink in. Margot cocked her head like an owl, letting her blonde curls rest on her perfect shoulder. Then the other shoe fell, and her eyes widened.

“Oh, I see. Well, are you a woman?”

Harvey swallowed. “Not down there.”

“But everywhere else?”

“I don’t understand.”

She rested her chin in her hands. “Do you feel like a woman?”

Harvey slowly nodded. This wasn’t a lie. Somehow it had taken going to a lesbian bar to feel like a woman. “I - yes. Yes I do.”

“You’re clearly on hormones, right? And had work done?”

“I’m definitely changed,” Harvey said, and it wasn’t a lie.

Margot grinned. “Well, it’s not my usual fair, but I won’t say I’m not curious. I think we can work with this, don’t you?”

It wasn’t Harvey that smiled in giddy relief this time.

It was Harleen.

Harleen pantied, rolling off of Margot, the act of which elicited a moan of relief from the other woman. They both lay on their backs right beside one another, hands interlocked, the pair of them taking in the pleasures they had just experienced.

“That was something else,” Harleen said.

“First time as a woman?”

“I - not a full woman.”

“Close enough. Those wonderful titties of yours sure are sensitive.”

‘Yeah, wish they were bigger,’ Harleen said, before catching herself. Had she really just said that?

“Well, they were fun enough all the same. Honestly, if it weren’t for that pecker of yours I would have thought you were entirely natural, if you don’t mind me saying.”

Harleen cooed a little as her lesbian partner ran a hand over her stomach and then caressed her hip. “No offence t-taken. It still feels weird to me. To have a different body, I mean. I feel so young as well. I haven’t had sex like that in years and years.”

Margot chuckled. She got up on her side to look over Harleen.

“Are you sure you’re only twenty five? I swear, you talk like a pensioner sometimes.”

“I’ve got an old soul, or some I’m told,” Harleen said.

“Well, we can work on making it young again.”

Harleen nodded. She certainly *felt* young at that moment, not to mention female. It was a damn good thing that her Lumin’s Syndrome seemed to shift her body further based on arousal from *male* stimuli, otherwise she’d be absolutely lost up shit creek without a paddle by this point. Somewhere between making out with Margot and having sex with her the new woman had started *thinking* of herself as female, and as Harleen, and she hoped this was just a temporary effect thanks to her new persona.

She hadn’t expected to have sex quite so soon, but God it had been good. Despite Margot being at a lesbian bar, she evidently was open-minded enough to have sex with someone she thought was - and for all intents and purposes was, in a roundabout way - a trans woman. Certainly, she hadn’t complained when Harleen had been thrusting into her, though the real emphasis during sex had been the pair of them caressing one another’s nipples. Harleen had almost orgasmed just from that, and she’d made sure to finish Margot off with her fingers, delicately teasing the other woman’s folds. It had been a while, but she hadn’t been clumsy. She still had game no matter her form.

All in all, Harleen couldn’t be happier. She really was getting a different slice of life, and had found a good way to keep the Lumin’s Syndrome at bay. There was just one concern left . . .

“Margot?” she said.

“Hmm?”

“Can we do this again, sometime?”

Margot smirked, still tracing her fingers over Harleen’s form.

“Oh, that was already predetermined, dear. Just remember, I’m not looking for something emotionally serious. I like you, but this isn’t love. Think of it as a very close friendship, if you will, with a bit of continual fun on the side.”

Harleen sighed with relief. “I can work with that.”

That was how the rest of the week played out for Harvey. Whenever he returned to his home and was by himself, he could easily think of himself as 'Harvey' again. He was male, of course, and this was just a brief interruption. When he was home, he could daydream about being that silver-haired charismatic fox again, getting back into the dating game and leaving those beautiful middle-aged damsels wanting. But when he was with Margot, or just in public in general, things were entirely different. It was hard *not* to think of himself as *herself*, as *Harleen* Carreck, during those times. He'd talked about it with Dr Harmon, and the specialist had given him some warnings.

"It shouldn't be too harmful," he said flatly. "Your window is still stabilised, but you have to be careful."

"I mean, my breasts feel a bit bigger," Harvey said, gesturing to his chest. They were a B-cup now, and to his embarrassment he'd had to shop for bras for the first time in his life. Thankfully, the women at the local department store had been more than kind and helpful, though he still occasionally pulled at the strap, not used to it resting on his shoulder.

"Yes, there will still be more minor changes. This is called the Latency Effect: you're not actually seeing changes in response to current stimuli, but stimuli from last week or the week before. Think of it as changes behind the curve. Your body reacted to stimuli previously, generating the XX chromosomal change, but those physical changes take time to take effect. It's only when you receive a significant dose of stimuli when you have a lot of XX chromosomes remaining that immediate changes can occur, and this is the danger I'm warning you about. You're doing very well, and the sense of gender identity crisis you describe is completely normal. But if you were to introduce male stimuli to this mix . . ."

Harvey had gotten the point. He tried to limit his time going outside, but also avoid going stir crazy and giving in to his wandering mind. This was hard to do, as he was starting to realise that there *were* indeed mental changes, ones that were perhaps being advanced through his contact with Margot.

For one, he was getting a lot bubblier. Harvey had always been a warm figure, but Deidre had loved him for his dry wit. Now, he was actually chuckling and even *giggling* from time to time. He found himself making statements without even thinking, like when he complimented Margot's latest dress in a burst of commentary, which left the woman clearly quite pleased. And that was the other thing: Harvey was also developing a sense of feminine style and aesthetic as well. He'd had to purchase some new clothing that fit him, but what had been intended as a quick run for some cheap shirts and women's pants had turned into an entire adventure. He'd purchased new bras, including, bizarrely, a push-up one that made

his B's look like palm-filled C's. He'd also even purchased a dress, not that he'd worn it once. Even the shirts and pants he'd purchased were rather cute and stylish, if a little old-fashioned. Margot liked that part of it, though.

"You look like you're dressing for the eighties!" she remarked, laughing a little. "We just need to get you a perm to match that colour. At least you haven't got a suit, or we'd have to deal with shoulder pads!"

She helped Harleen modernise a little between their nightly pleasures, and it was indeed getting nightly. They weren't just meeting at The Clam Trap, but sometimes in town to meet for coffee with Margot's other friends. They were mostly lesbians, though she had a few trans friends as well. One in particular was named Taylor, and she immediately struck up talking to Harleen.

"Doesn't it just feel weird seeing the world from a new perspective?" she asked. "It's like I'm who I was always meant to be, but at the same time it's just so strange for people to see me differently. Does that make sense?"

"Like, so much," Harleen said, struggling not to pepper her speech with 'like' when she got nervous. "I'm in the same boat. Everyone sees me as a woman."

"Well, that's what you are, right?"

At this, Harleen felt a strange glow within her, one that left her giggling more than usual. "I guess so!" she exclaimed, running a hand through her hair. It was getting longer still, just like her face was getting more feminine. At this point, Margot rubbed her bare leg against Harleen's, and from her expression the meaning was clear: *this has been fun, but let's get out of here. I want you.*

And so the pleasure continued. Now when Harleen climaxed, she actually moaned out loud, whimpering just like a woman, her body shuddering in an imitation of multiple orgasms that she just couldn't quite reach, but so desperately wanted to.

"Ohhhhh! Yessss, I want m-more! I want to be m-more of a woman!"

There was a lurch within her, a coming change, and she had to roll away from Margot, who was cumming herself, and quickly focus on herself. She wasn't Harleen, she was Harvey. She was Harvey. No matter how fun and sexy and cute she felt, no matter how invigorating it was to be young again, to be able to have fun and dance and hook up easily again, she wasn't a woman.

The changes stalled, though she felt some small effect to them: her breasts were a little larger again, her manhood shrunken further. Her hips were that little bit wider, her waist skinnier. And her skin! She ran her hands over her skin, marvelling at how smooth and soft it was.

“A bit much for you?” Margot teased, sitting up a little to light a cigarette. She was incorrigible, always lighting up after sex as a way of coming down. Harleen actually thought it was quite sexy.

“Y-yeah,” Harleen said, trying to not hold her breasts and make it too obvious that they had grown. Margot had just assumed the hormone injections or whatever were doing their work, but too many changes would be too obvious. “I think I should go.”

“A shame, I really like snuggling afterwards. You want me to drive you home?”

“No, I can run. I love running now that I can do it again so easily.”

Margot shrugged. “I can never figure you out. You sure you’re okay?”

Harleen bit her lip. Even that was fuller. She almost wanted to be cuter. Was she okay? No, she was fighting this. Her alteration window was so nearly at the end. The small changes she could sweat, but if she lost her penis and testicles, if she gained a freaking *vagina*, it would be game over for Harvey, and hello Harleen for life.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she lied.

She got up, showered off and dressed herself, and then worked her thoughts off with a run home. The entire time, she couldn’t stop thinking about Deidre. Wherever she was, if there even was an afterlife, Harleen had no doubt the woman would be supporting her, even if she’d be teasing Harleen to hell and back about the situation.

“I’m holding on for you, honey,” Harleen said, though she wasn’t exactly sure that was true. Male pride was a bigger factor, and besides, Deidre often touted women as better than men whenever the battle of the sexes arose in some silly debate. Neither Harvey nor Harleen could really imagine what Deidre would want them to do: fight back and remain a man, or embrace youth and a new life? Start again?

“I will start again,” Harvey said, taking control of *his* mind again, and banishing those bubbly dreams of being a beautiful, stylish, sex-loving young woman from her thoughts. “Start again as a man getting back into the dating scene again. I’m too old to start again.”

The only problem was, at that moment, he felt so very young and female.

The alteration window’s deadline was exactly twenty four hours away. In just one day, Harvey would be Harvey again, or at least his body would begin the irreversible trend back. A damn good thing too, because as much as sex with Margot was pleasing him, it was also making him *very* Harleen, and as much as Harleen liked sex with girls, she had also started her boy thoughts again. She couldn’t help it: the dreams were starting to shift towards the sight of hard cocks and wonderfully chiselled abs. When she passed a handsome figure in his thirties, something went weak in her knees. Her own dress sense had changed in just

two days; she had literally gone out just to purchase a crop top and a dress with a plunging neckline. Combined with her push-up bra and new C's, and she really looked like she had some nice cantaloupes. Her face was entrancingly beautiful now, something Margot remarked on often during their sexcapades, and it was hard for her *not* to have a 'come get me' expression when she saw someone she liked. Her jawline was perfect, her cheekbones elegant and defined. She looked like a supermodel, and it was a testament to her own will that, as much as her syndrome wanted her to embrace it, she still managed to resist losing her manhood. She just needed *that*. That was it.

It was just a lot harder than she imagined on this final day, when the temptation to pleasure herself to the thought of being made a woman for life at the hands of a virile stud of a man was always there. Nothing seemed to draw her thoughts away, and she was starting to think her plan to just stay at home and enjoy the last day with a cup of wine was a very bad idea. Thankfully, Margot was there to the rescue with a message.

'Hey there. Thinking of doing something really adventurous this afternoon. Want to come have even more fun than usual?'

Harleen leapt on this, and the only terrible thing was playing the waiting game. She pictured Margot's body and it made her giggle with arousal, and that at least kept her thoughts centred on attraction to a woman, even if it also made her want to be even hotter, sexier, and *sluttier* for her friend with benefits.

"I'll have to wear a really hot dress," Harleen said, her voice going up another half-octave.

Harleen arrived at Margot's place more daring than ever. She had to be, in order to stave off thoughts about hot men. She was wearing a very attractive and very tight blue cocktail dress, on that was entirely shoulderless but was wrapped tight enough to push her bosom up, emphasising her lovely cleavage. It was, in many ways, her last hurrah as a woman, so this also pleased her. Certainly, it felt nice to let her hips wiggle a little as she walked to the doorway. God, who knew that being a young, vivacious woman could be so fun?

Margot opened the door, and even for the usually cool-as-a-cucumber woman, this sight was too much. Her jaw dropped, and she had to close it before her cigarette fell out.

"Holy shit, Harleen. How many hormones are they pumping into you? Goddamn all of them?"

Harleen giggled, turning on the side a little and thrusting out her chest just to give her lover a better sight.

“I thought I might try and have a bit of extra fun this evening. You said you had something special planned.”

Margot grinned. “Oh yeah, I should probably tell you rather than leaving it as a surprise, because you might not be into it. I’m not alone here, if you catch my drift.”

“Um . . . ?”

Margot smirked. “Old soul, huh? I think you’re too young to catch my drift. I’ve got another playmate who’ll be joining us, if you’re up for it. Three’s company, and all.”

Harleen blinked, her brain barely able to process this.

“I’m talking about a threesome, Harley.”

“Y-yeah, I get that. It’s just, wow, that was such a dream of mine in my youth.”

Margot cackled, taking her hand. “You’re still in your youth! Time to enjoy it! Come on in!”

She took Harleen straight through to the familiarity of the bedroom. “Hey Jesse, trust me, I reckon you’ll love this feisty girl!”

But when the former male turned the corner, she was shocked to see not a woman in the room, but a *man* instead. A deeply handsome man, with perfect olive skin and a hairy chest and piercing grey eyes and chiselled abs and style and charisma just oozing out of his intrigued expression.

“Harley, say hello to Jesse.”

“H-hi Jesse. I - uh, didn’t realise you would be a man.”

Jesse raised his eyebrows. His gaze was wandering up and down Harleen, making her feel like the object of pure sexual desire. It was making her wet already . . . no, that was just her imagination. She didn’t have a vagina. She didn’t have a vagina, damn it, and she never would!

“Is that a problem?” Jesse asked, standing. He was wearing just a pair of jeans, but they were unbuckled and the zip was already down. His erection was starting to show, and it looked *big*. Enough to make Harleen bite her lip and try not to whimper.

“N-no,” she managed. “I like both.”

“I knew it!” Margot exclaimed. “I could see you eyefucking all those gents when we were out having coffee. Don’t tell me you don’t swing both ways.”

Harley trembled. She shouldn’t be here. For Margot, it was just good fun. But for her, it was the difference between saving her life as Harvey or being stuck as Harley for good. She needed an out, she needed . . .

“M-maybe if I just have you,” she said to Margot. “And he can have you too. But not him and me. I don’t think . . . I’m not ready for that.”

Jesse shrugged, clearly happy with such an outcome. "So long as I can watch you two at it at the same time," he said easily, his dick even more obvious as it tented out. Harley licked her lips, trying not to think about how such a thing would taste.

"We'll start you in the shallow end of the pool then," Margot said.

"I thought you were a lesbian?" Harley whispered to her as Margot began sliding out of her clothing to reveal her lovely body.

"Oh, honey, I mainly go for women, but if you should know anything about me by now, it's that I'm very open-minded. Now, why don't we give Jesse something to masturbate to?"

She peeled Harley out of her outfit, revealing her luscious lingerie, and the two women began to caress and kiss. Harley knew she should get out of this situation, but the woman was just too sumptuous, and her needs were borderline nymphomaniac in proportions. She kissed Margot passionately, French-kissing her even as she rubbed her enlarged breasts against Margot's own. Her panties were still on, but she was getting a little hard, her tiny penis struggling to stay erect. Instead, the pleasure was everywhere else, especially when Margot began to suck on her titties, extracting whimpers of delirious bliss from her.

"Ohhhhhh, mhhmm! D-don't s-stop!"

"Enjoy this, Jesse," Margot teased. "Then hurry up and get behind me. I want to be between you two."

Harley's eyes went wide as she saw that Jesse was stroking himself off. He was out of his jeans and entirely naked, and the sight of him was divine, especially as he moved along behind Margot and began to grope and squeeze her, touching her ass and playing with her tits. Soon the woman was between the pair of them, the object of their shared lust.

And yet . . . Harley only had eyes for Jesse, and Jesse only had eyes for her. The two stared at one another even as they brought Margot to climax, him thrusting into her from behind while Harley played with her breasts and kissed her again and again.

"Yesssssss, you're doing it p-perfectly!" Margot cried. "You two should g-get together. You won't regret it, Harley! You won't regret it at - OHHHHHH!!!"

She came, convulsing between them, but her words hit Harley square in the chest. She wanted to be a man again. She knew she had to be. But the temptations of the Lumin's Syndrome were rising more powerfully than ever, and all she could think about was what it would be like to have a tunnel for this well-endowed man to thrust into. To be wet and ready for him, to have a tight, sexy pussy. God, wouldn't that be divine? To start again, to have a new life, to let go of her male ego and her old age and be young and silly again. To live the life she never had, while never forgetting the blessings of what she did once have.

Harley shifted, and Jesse did too. Margot was still upright, lost in pleasure and leaning against Jesse, but now the other pair were coming together. It was like being on autopilot. Harley knew what she was doing, but it was like being in a daze, a dream. A wonderful, wonderful dream.

“Make me a woman,” she said, and the words were more true than anyone else in that room could have known.

“My pleasure,” Jesse quipped.

By that point it was too late. The choice had been made, and Harley was resigned to it. Deidre was laughing, she knew, wherever she was. Laughing and wishing her the best of luck, no doubt. Not that Harley would need it with her body, because in moments Jesse was all over it. He palmed her breasts, licking her sensitive nipples before kissing her tender neck. She gasped, feeling more female than ever, giving herself over to him completely. To feel his hardness, his strength, it was a new kind of pleasure that she was already addicted to. She ran her hands over his chiselled abs and touched his penis gingerly, enjoying the throbbing hardness of it. He hadn't come yet, and she wanted him to do that for her. She was getting so damn wet in response to it already, to the point where Harley could feel her juices seeping down her thighs.

Wait, what?

Harley paused for just a moment, lowering a hand down underneath her panties. Sure enough, the change had occurred without her even noticing, the stimuli of this sexy stud leading her over the cliff edge. She had a wet and warm slit there, complete with labia and sensitive clitoris.

“Ohhhh, I want you inside me,” she moaned, turning away from him so he could cup her breasts. She lowered her panties, presenting herself to him. His hard cock pressed against her folds, and for a moment Jesse whistled.

“Huh, you're more complete than I thought,” he said. “Trust me, you're going to like this.”

And before she could summon any last willpower, not that she wanted to, he plunged inside of her. The sensations were phenomenal. So different from sex with Margot, and yet so utterly rewarding. *This* was what her body, her syndrome needed. This was why it had been so needy as of late, because on some level her changes recognised she was nearly outside of her OSBAW, and it was time to get her body in full drive. Jesse gripped her hips and ploughed into her again and again from behind. Her wet walls clung to him, milking his cock, and the feeling of his strength only turned her on all the more. She looked back to see a startled Margot watching the proceedings in awe. Clearly, her friend hadn't figured out the Lumin's thing yet. But it didn't matter in the end, because she moved to Harley, cupping her

breasts and kissing her and doing all she could to heighten her pleasure as Jesse's huge member continued to pound her like a piston.

"Ohhhhh, yes! I'm so close!" she cried. "I want to be a woman! I want to be a woman forever! I want to be young and pretty and sexy and female foreveeeerrrr!! OHhhhh! Aahhhh!!!"

She convulsed as her first true female orgasm arrived, and then again and again. Margot kissed her, holding her even as Jesse thrust once more and then came within her. The sensations were overwhelming, so much so that the new woman nearly fainted.

But God, oh God it felt good.

She was a woman now, and she knew she would be for life.

Harley giggled as she met up with Margot for coffee. She was wearing a hot pink crop top and a cute denim skirt, both short enough that all her best features were emphasised. Her hips swayed, and her brunette hair bounced against her back. She knew she looked like she'd come out of a supermodel magazine, and she celebrated that fact.

"Hiya, Margot!" she exclaimed, hugging the woman. She had it on good authority that both of them loved the feeling of how their breasts squashed together.

"Looking good, Harley," she said. "And hot!"

"I feel hot! I've got summer girl vibes!"

"No doubt you do," Margot said, chuckling. "You've really taken to being a woman, huh? I still can't believe you were a fifty year old guy. You were a silver fox."

"I can be a total sexy silver foxy lady again, you know. Just, like, in thirty years."

"I have no doubt you will be, thought hopefully you'll be on time to things by then."

Harley bit her lip. "Sorry, I was with Greg again and-"

"Greg? I thought you were with Jesse?"

Harley got a little red in the cheeks. She often did, when hyper aware of what a total sexy nympho she'd become thanks to the Lumin's. She still had most of her mind, at least, but she definitely acted happily like a bit of a sexy ditz at times. "Jesse was yesterday. Wait, no, that was Samantha. I think Jesse was the day before. Him and Hayley. At the same time of course."

Margot sighed. "I helped create a monster."

"A super hot monster."

"That I don't doubt. Do you want a coffee? You'll have to pay for it; I've already finished mine."

But Harley just grinned and leaned over the table, emphasising her lovely breasts and squeezing them together just so.

“That’s okay,” she said, “because I’m not really interested in coffee right now.”

Margot paused. “No?”

She shook her head, letting her hair settle perfectly. “Not at all. I’ve got a new life and a whole lot of energy, and that Lumin’s makes me so damn horny I just can’t help it. Deidre totally is finding this hilarious, so why don’t I?”

Margot tapped the table with her fingernails.

“Just you and me?”

“Well, since you mentioned Jesse, we could always try that threesome again, you know, with even more participation this time?”

Margot stood, already gathering up her purse. “You know, I may have created a monster, but I find myself pretty happy about it.”

Harley giggled. She was happy too.

The End