

Mini-Story: Control (Couple to Bimboes TF/TG)

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As voted on by our Deluxe Tier patrons

A Husband donates blood for his wife due to an on going illness, little do they know that he had recently caught Lumins Syndrome which has now infected the wife with the male strand of Lumins leading to them both transforming into what they believe is the ideal woman. While this is happening they try to encourage certain traits they want the other to have or to lose before it all culminates in an all night sex marathon while they fight for control over who is in charge and what changes the other takes on.

Control

Cindy was thankful to have such a caring, loving husband. During her difficult battle with a protracted illness, Todd had taken care of her at every stage, doing everything possible to make her know that she was loved. It was difficult, of course, particularly given that their bedroom life had died while she was fatigued and recovering from various treatments. Todd was often stressed trying to make the bills, and the pair - who were normally quite good looking, if a little ordinary in that kind of 'background brunette' sort of way - began to look visibly more stressed and aged.

But finally the horror story was coming to an end. Cindy's latest treatments were working, and her husband had volunteered to be the one to give her the necessary blood transfusion that would see it all take. He was a universal donor, after all, and proud to help her out.

"Plus, it's a real blood bond thing," he joked. "You know, a husband literally giving his blood to save his wife. Pretty romantic, right?"

"Yeah," she said, taking his hand. "Pretty romantic."

The treatment worked. The fatigue, the tiredness, the awful insomnia and weakness of the body slowly began to die away. Todd gave several more blood transfusions, and each time his blood was tested just in case, to make sure he didn't pass anything on. He was always cleared, of course. That was, until the final time, when the doctor made a shocking discovery only *after* the blood tests had been resolved. The secondary clinic it was sent to had examined the sample further, and found something strange.

"Lumin's Syndrome?" Todd asked, holding his wife's hand at the hospital bed. Cindy had been feeling quite chipper until this moment. "Isn't that - it can't be."

"The one where men turn to women," Cindy murmured, looking up in shock. "That can't be right. It's incredibly rare."

"It is," their doctor said, his face granite, trying to remain courteous as he explained the humiliating circumstance. "But it appears nevertheless that you have it. It is a genetic condition that is difficult to catch, at least in the early stages, but it appears activated."

Todd swallowed. He had noticed his voice cracking lately, and his muscles being not so pronounced. He had assumed it was stress, but then his hair had been growing faster, instead of going thinner. He looked to Cindy, who seemed to notice the same signs.

"Are you saying that my husband is becoming a woman? Isn't there a way to stop it?"

The doctor frowned. "I'm afraid there is no known cure. There are only ways to . . . psychologically direct the changes, I'm afraid. It will respond to stimuli, to a partner's conscious desires being expressed, and to arousal. You may find that you are able, at least, to become a woman you would be happy being, provided you do not allow your mind to wander."

Todd didn't know what to say, or do. But there was another concern that Cindy voiced.

"What about me, doctor? Do I have Lumin's Syndrome?"

"To my knowledge," the doctor said, "women cannot acquire it. There is no known case - at least provable ones - of a woman becoming a man from the syndrome. But we can monitor you as well, if you'd like?"

None of them liked any of it, but they consented.

Todd tried to deny it, the next stage of processing was already turning to grief as he grappled with his altering body. His skin was smoother, and it was losing all its blemishes. His body hair was falling away in the following days, and his short goatee no longer existed at all. Worse, his eyes were turning blue from their natural chestnut brown, and he didn't know why until Cindy offered up an embarrassed suggestion.

"I, well, I always thought blue eyes were very pretty on a girl," she said, red in the cheeks.

Todd was not enthused. "You're kidding."

"I mentioned it once or twice. I thought you knew. I said I hoped that if we had kids that they had my mother's eyes instead of mine."

"Oh God, I must have remembered it subconsciously, and now I'm getting blue eyes. Damn it! What else do I have to be worried about? You aren't going to mould me into some perfect lesbian lover, are you?"

"Well, that's not the worst idea. I mean, if you had a bit more tush in your tush . . ."

Todd suddenly felt a pressure there. He groaned as his ass expanded subtly, gaining more fat and filling out more. Cindy's eyes went wide.

"It was just a joke!"

"Just a joke! How do you think I feel? I just grew a woman's butt? Damn it, Cindy, I supported you for so long, I need you to support me."

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry. I can be such an idiot. I wish I could be a better wife."

He embraced her. "It's okay. You are. Mind, *you* could have a bit more 'tush' in your tush as well, hon, just to keep up."

They laughed together, trying to come to terms with it all. But the laughter stopped when Cindy groaned, and her rear did indeed expand, even bigger than Todd's. The pair stared at their respective rears, then each other.

"We need to see the doc."

"Incredible," the doctor said. "You *both* have Lumin's, though it appears only Todd is transitioning to femalehood."

"That much is obvious, doc," Todd said, his voice a little whiny. It had jumped up in tone, and his Adam's apple was nearly completely melted away. Worse, his breasts were starting to form, and his penis was in full retreat. He could easily be mistaken for an androgynous woman, and the only strategy he and Cindy had been able to utilise was trying to encourage certain traits to develop: e.g., she constantly showed him images and descriptions of *tall* women, to preserve his height, and ones that were quite athletic, to preserve his strength. It was partly working, but unfortunately a lot of these women were models, and so his bust continued to develop. The fact that Cindy clearly liked blonde women, aesthetically, was also making his hair change colour, much to his annoyance. It was growing longer, and fast at that. Worse, the mental changes were kicking in, telling him to *like* it.

"What is happening with me then?" Cindy asked, gesturing to her skin and overall figure. Her own changes were dramatic, though not masculine in anyway. For one, her skin tone had darkened to a light oliver, and her eyebrows and hair had darkened also. Her lips were fuller, and her body more thin in the waist and wide at the hips. Her breasts were just a little larger, but she'd only ever been an A-cup. Now they were solid B's, which was noticeable for her. And, of

course, while her mind hadn't changed much, her voice sounded more sultry, with a touch of some kind of accent in it.

The doctor took off his glasses. "I'm afraid that your body is changing into that of a different woman's. You still retain your chromosomal disposition, but your partner's likes, suggestions, the context of women or depictions of women around you, as well as your own desires, are all mixing together to change you."

"Oh. OH. Todd! You dog!"

Todd gave a sheepish grin. During the long periods without sex, he had taken to masturbating to sexy women online. One of his favourites was a deeply desirable Middle Eastern woman with a killer figure. Something about her olive skin and entrancing eyes just had him enraptured. He felt guilty about it, but he was a red-blooded male, after all. Only now it was affecting his wife.

"We had best be careful," Todd said, still wincing. "We've got to try and take advantage of this. Harness it and direct the changes before they direct us."

Cindy harrumphed, but agreed. He himself felt a bit annoyed anyway: he was the one growing breasts, and he had been by her side during her disease. Why couldn't she be a bit grateful for larger boobs, at least? He was certain he wanted her to have larger ones than him!

Unfortunately, the changes continued for the pair, and it became increasingly difficult to keep their own fantasies under control, or to stop stimulating the changes in their partner. Todd was insistent on remaining as masculine as possible as a woman, but his body and personal instincts had other ideas, and so his chest grew, his hips widened, and his hair increasingly became a gorgeous Scandinavian blonde. Likewise, Cindy's skin tone darkened, her eyebrows thickened to a gorgeous Middle-Eastern look, and her eyes continued their change to grey-green. Her height reduced, her curves became more exaggerated, and she was quite annoyed that her breasts also continued to grow to utterly prodigious proportions, just to match Todd's clear fantasies.

"We need to stop this!" she said in her developing accent. "Our changes are nearly done! You are nearly a woman! But if we don't figure out what we want each other to be soon, then we'll be stuck as we are!"

"I'm trying not to mention stuff," Todd replied, "but it's hard not to give a little back about how hot and exotic you are, when you keep making me into this tall, blonde bimbo!"

"You're not a bimbo, damn it. You're just a tall northern chick. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"I never wanted, like, huge boobs or anything! Or to be saying 'like' in half my sentences!"

Cindy winced. She had a secret thing for bimbo types, and now her husband was becoming one, complete with the slight twang in her voice. It was quite cute, and the fact that he noticed her smiling each time he showed that twang was likely a signal to his Lumin's to keep developing it.

"Well, what about my accent?" she snapped. "You keep mentioning how hot it is, what do you think the result of that is? It just gets stronger! And you always looking at my tits! They're the size of my head now! Far too huge!"

"Well, at least they're hot!"

"You're hot too! Very hot!"

"Like, you really think?" Todd said. "I'm still part male. I'm a goddamn, like, freak!"

At this, despite their marital trouble, Cindy rushed to his side and pressed her curvaceous body against his tall, supermodel one. "Honey, you're not a freak. We're just changing, and we're sucking at controlling the changes."

Todd nodded, feeling a bit turned on. "I'm just . . . meant to be the one in charge. The breadwinner. The man."

"There won't be a man soon, sweetie. We'll have to adjust. Take on new roles. Why don't . . . why don't you let me show you?"

And with that, she kissed him, raising a hand to begin fondling his large left breast. Todd couldn't help himself, he moaned in pleasure, feminine bliss overtaking his male pride. He reciprocated, kissing his wife back, and starting to caress and grope her own prodigious chest. Soon the two were retreating to the bedroom, overwhelmed with lust. They peeled off of each other's clothing, still unable to resist one another. The Lumin's Syndrome was coursing through their bodies, the final changes ready to be unleashed. They could feel it.

"Oh G-God, I think I'm, like, going to become a full woman," Todd moaned, on top of his lover. His breasts grew a little more, much to his embarrassment.

"S-sorry! I was just enjoying feeling your amazing t-tits!"

"I love yours too! And that accent! And that body!"

Both of them changed further, realising what they were doing.

"But I'm s-still in charge, like a man," Todd said, even as his cock retreated.

"Ohhhhh, as if! You're going to b-be more submissive than ever! Can't you hear yourself?"

Todd's mind altered yet further, the Lumin's racing to complete the mental changes as his body finalised. He groaned as his vulva began to form, as the last traces of manhood disappeared. He felt so womanly, so feminine. So submissive.

"N-no! Well, if I have to b-be like this, then you get to be t-totally exotic and hot! Always wearing the s-sexiest outfits!"

Cindy blushed, humiliated, but the need to do so was already infecting her mind. She began to caress and rub her lover's new female parts, even as her own body became yet curvier.

"I want to be in charge from now on - ohhh!"

"N-no! It's still, like, me!"

"You'd like it more, I bet, to be a total blonde bimbo! *Tina!*"

"And you could be my bellydancer, ever, like, think about that?"

The back and forth continued as they raced every closer to climax, both of them increasing the other's conformity to their new role. Finally they could take no more, and they both squealed out passionately, overwhelmed by the ecstasy of their new forms and altered mindsets. In the aftermath, both Cindy and Todd - now thinking of herself as Tina - lay panting, their hot bodies intertwined.

"Like, I think we lost all control there," Tina said.

"Y-yeah," Cindy replied, though she couldn't help but grin. "But it wasn't half-bad, was it?"

Tina grinned back. Try as she might, she couldn't be angry about her new circumstance. And neither could Cindy. Losing control had its advantages.

The End