

Embracing my Inner Bimbo (Man to Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Harvey has been diagnosed with Lumin's Syndrome; the genetic condition that will not only change his gender, but carries the danger of changing his mind, too. But unlike other sufferers, Harvey embraces this change! He's sick of being a boring office suit; he's ready to be a fun-loving bimbo!

Embracing my Inner Bimbo

Harvey could tell that Doctor Carter found his reaction to his diagnosis surprising. It made sense: who actually *smiled* when they were found to have Lumin's Syndrome? Everyone knew what the genetic condition was by now, even with the miasma of disinformation floating around on the internet, not to mention all the fetish sites of social media hotties claiming to have had it. Put simply, it was a very rare but very real condition that caused one's body to undergo a change in gender, usually afflicting males more than females. In a manner of days to weeks, sometimes months, the victim would find themselves no longer their original gender. Even more than that, their changes would be influenced by their psychology and environment: there were numerous real study cases of smart businessmen who had ended up as lustful truckstop girls, or an antisocial oldie who became a young cult member, devoted to pleasing her new husband and bearing hordes of his children. Others lost their intelligence, many gained exaggerated traits they found attractive as a man. Suffice to say, getting Lumin's Syndrome was a terrible humiliation for any man: you ran the very real risk of becoming an outright bimbo.

Which was exactly why Harvey had smiled when Dr Carter had told him the 'grave news.' He was surprised himself at his own reaction, and managed to suppress it pretty quickly.

"I'm sure this is a lot to take in," Dr Carter said. "Especially for a man your age, with so much of your life ahead of you."

Harvey was, after all, only thirty years old. He was expecting to be manager of his floor in the next couple of years, and even get a minor raise. He ran a hand through his short dark hair, already thinning around the edges where a widow's peak was unfortunately developing.

"It's not a death sentence, though."

"Precisely, Harvey. You still have a whole life ahead of you, just not the life you originally envisioned. I want to assure you that there are many measures in place to avoid the worst of what you may have heard about Lumin's Syndrome. Please don't believe the

misinformation out there, though; there are currently *no* ways that will prevent your gender transition. *But* there are numerous effective techniques to preserve your mind as much as possible, and even prevent overly-large changes. To put it even more bluntly, the days of every Lumin's sufferer ending up in a situation where they need to custom order their bras and succumb to an aching need to jump the bones of the nearest man with a warm pulse are long over. We *can* influence your changes to be as normal as possible; in effect, so that you remain *you*, just *you* with some different plumbing."

And that was the problem, and also the reason for Harvey's smile.

There was a salvation in this, Harvey thought, but it wasn't in doing what the doctor ordered. At least, not exactly.

"You're telling me I can influence the changes?" he asked.

The doctor nodded, confirming just that.

Harvey smiled again.

Harvey spent the whole next day grinning as the news sank in. He had Lumin's Syndrome. He had *Lumin's Syndrome*. How could he be so lucky? Had he finally earned some good karma in his life? He wasn't sure how, but he'd damn well take it. Most people - especially men, he knew - would be irate to be afflicted with such a condition, and part of him was still very nervous. But the thing about Harvey was that he *hated* his life as it currently was. As a young man, he'd been so excited to enter the workforce, make his way up the ladder, make something of himself, own a nice house with a good garage, find a sweet girl to marry, make a family with her, the whole enchilada. The American Dream, you might say.

Instead, he was still a lower-tier employee at his company, slaving away in a boring white cubicle in the dehumanised conditions of corporate culture, chasing a promotion he still might not get that only offered the most meagre improvements to his situation. He was still renting, and the price of that was being jacked up each month; instead of moving to a house, he was likely going to move to a much smaller apartment! And as for women, good luck with that! Insane hours at work gave little time for social interaction, and something about the endless minutiae of filling out forms to multiple overlapping supervisory roles had crushed his self-esteem into a small, square paperweight that could easily go on his desk. He hadn't even won Employee of the Month this year. And all this for a company which specialised in making tissue paper. That was it! Just tissue paper! No grand product, no great vision, just tissue paper.

And baby wipes.

At night Harvey dreamed of breaking free of his cubicle prison. Of seeing exotic locations. Of going back to his college self and shaking him by the shoulders and saying “Damn it, you fool! Go out and party! Your business degree isn’t worth it! Go have sex! Go live life! Be fun and free, embrace that silly side that you keep hidden, even if I know you’re embarrassed about it! Try to wear fun shirts! Learn some skincare before you start looking like a dried out corporate husk! LIVE, GODDAMMIT!”

But he’d never found a way out since, no matter how many times he had the dream in all its infinite variations. How could one remake their entire life and embrace something new, when one was stuck upon the tracks?

Well, now Harvey had his answer. It seemed crazy, the notion of becoming a woman, but if there was anything more different from his own life, surely becoming female and giving himself a new look *and* outlook would be the thing, right? And who wasn’t curious about being a woman!? He could make himself look better! He could try to develop new skills! He could try dating again, from the other side! God, it all made so much sense! Where others cowered in fear of being changed by the Lumin’s Syndrome, he was already daydreaming about what opportunities it presented.

Would he become an attractive, slim, academic librarian type?

Would he change race? Some Lumin’s Syndrome victims managed it, and that could be exciting!

Perhaps he would just become a female version of himself, but mentally steer himself towards confidence and joy?

Or maybe he would enjoy a thicker, curvier body, one that could always fall back on a trophy wife life if he ever dared to go so far?

All these ideas floated and fought one another in his mind as he worked, tapping away at keys slowly, filling out forms, his mind elsewhere.

“What’s gotten into you today, Harv?” someone said, a voice piercing through his imagination.

Harvey blinked and looked across to the neighbouring cubicle, where Mark sat. He didn’t exactly like Mark. They were work acquaintances, though. Mark was the kind of guy who excelled at what he did and seemingly found happiness in boring cubicle make-work. He had a big gut and a seemingly equally big head, but he was genial enough.

“Oh, sorry, did I do something?”

Mark chuckled. “You’re *smiling*. Since when were you happy?”

Harvey was well aware of the tingle in his nipples, the slight numbness in his member, the warm flush in his system that indicated the enormous amount of hormones flooding through his body, ready to change it.

“There’s a big change on the horizon for me, Mark,” he said, raising his coffee. “I’m just getting excited.”

“Promotion, huh?”

Harvey actually winked. “You could say that.”

The pressure was on. A few days later, and Harvey was definitely noticing a change in his nipples; they were more prominent, and developing wider areolas. His stomach had also become a bit more trim, and he was certain there was a little more fat on his hips, though not many others could tell so. But there was still a paralysis: what women would he choose to be? It was like the metaphor of the fig tree in *The Bell Jar* - any life he chose would mean the death of all the other future possibilities, and yet they were all withering and falling away the longer he was paralysed by pure indecision.

Thankfully, his choice was made up for him as he made his way to his apartment door. His neighbour, an attractive woman named Sophie, was having trouble getting into her own room. Harvey tried not to look at her too much - he knew she was a lesbian after a *very* bungled attempt to get to know her better - but she was still a sight to see. She had dyed pink hair and had a totally vintage-retro kind of look, with curls inspired by the 1970s and bright older-fashioned clothing too; in this case, a form fitting purple turtleneck top with a stylish orange cravat. Her leopard print pants only made her stand out all the more, and yet somehow she made the outfit work. It didn’t hurt that she had a nice figure and the kind of smile that could light up one’s world. She gave one of those smiles at that very moment, looking over to Harvey as he was about to enter his door.

“Heya, Harv! Do you think you could help a girl out here?”

Harvey coughed awkwardly. “Oh, Sophie! Sure, I’d love to help. What do you need?”

She gave a sheepish grin. “Um, I think I need a man’s help, actually. First time I’ve ever said that, ha! I’ve been locked out of my apartment.”

“Oh, did you lose your key?”

She held hers up, that sheepish look remaining. “Um, not exactly. You remember Madeline?”

Harvey remembered her, alright; she was the French woman Sophie had been dating, the one who he was *definitely* not jealous of, no siree.

“Yeah, I remember her,” he said, trying to sound as neutral as possible. His voice had started to squeak a little lately.

“Well, I kinda . . . dumped her.”

His eyebrows raised. “Really?”

"Yeah. I don't know, she was so stiff and formal all the time. She definitely wasn't my type, I see that now. I guess I'm kind of a bit of a party girl chaser. I like the blonde bimbos, what can I say? Sorry, this is very much TMI. Anyway, I broke it off with her, and she sort of . . . left and changed the locks before she did."

"Oh, shit."

"Yep! I think I've almost forced the lock though. I just need a man's strength to push it to pop it all the way. Think you can use that brute masculine strength of yours?"

Said brute, masculine strength was already starting to wane, but Harvey was more than happy to lend his aid to the beautiful woman.

"Where do you need me?" he asked.

She smiled. God, it was a pretty smile. "Just push against the door when I tell you to. Shove it, if need be, but don't hurt yourself! I'd never forgive myself."

"No problem. Um, that's a pretty cool style you've got today, by the way."

"It's not too much? I love to go vintage, but it feels a bit hodgepodge to me."

"Not at all, it looks great, Sophie!"

"Aww, you're a sweetie. Okay, now . . . push!"

He did so, banging his shoulder against the door. It flung open, and he toppled forward, crashing onto the floor of the living room in a heap. Sophie couldn't help but giggle behind him, and he stood up, more than a little embarrassed and dusting off his sleeve.

"I think I might have given it a little too much there," he said.

She laughed. "I'd say so! Damn, you're a tougher guy than I thought!"

He didn't tell her the ironic truth, but instead looked around her apartment. There was a noticeable poster of a rather lovely blonde in sexy lingerie with all the right curves and a big pair of ripe t-

"Oops!" Sophie said, leaping in and pulling down the poster. "Sorry, ignore that." She brushed her hair behind her ears, blushing furiously. "Whenever a relationship ends, I sort of put up a few posters of my ideal kinda gal. Again, TMI. I'm not some weirdo, is what I'm saying. It's like dudes who put up sexy calendars when their girlfriends break up with them. I just wish that Madeline had maybe pulled *this* down when she changed the locks so I didn't embarrass myself!"

But Harvey was fascinated by the poster; he'd only caught a brief look at the woman, but it was like her impression was etched into his mind; her full lips, her 'come get me' eyes, the way she smiled in such a way as if to say to the world 'I am a sexual creature and I am *not* afraid of it.' She was . . . perfect.

In fact, so perfect that he had to cough again and get himself back into the real world.

"N-nothing to embarrassed about, Sophie!" he said, his voice cracking just a little. "I did something similar when I broke up with my old high school girlfriend."

“Yeah, well, I’m a twenty seven year old woman,” she said, laughing. “Anyway, thanks again. Let’s catch up for a coffee or something at some point so I can pay you back. My treat.”

“That would be great,” he said.

It really would, Harvey thought. After all, if a simple poster of Sophie’s would finally stir him to action on the woman he wanted to become, then what else could he pluck from her mind as his Lumin’s Syndrome progressed?

The changes continued, and now that Harvey had a good sense of his overall destination, they were beginning to speed up as well. His hair was growing longer, and it was starting to go blonde at the roots. His eyebrows were altering also: becoming more arched, and losing their wispieness in favour of thick hairs. Not bushy, mind, these were sharply defined eyebrows. Just like the woman in the poster, his eyes were turning a grey-green, light and enticing. He’d already organised contact lenses through his doctor just so he didn’t have to explain much at work . . . yet.

Of course, he would eventually be able to use up some government leave; Lumin’s sufferers could get federal funding while they reorganised their life. But he wants to wait that out a bit longer. For now, he was content to see that his rear was swelling up, his breasts just barely starting to develop in tandem; barely an A-cup, but enough that he purchased a compression bandage just to avoid any uncomfortable gazes. The other change that Harvey noted was in his genitals. No vagina yet - his research told him that was usually the final or near-final change, but it was certainly diminished. He’d always been on the smaller side of average, much to his shame, but now there was excitement as it became even smaller than that.

“Soon, I won’t have a dick at all,” he said to his reflection. He shuddered from a combined mix of fear and excitement. “I’ll be a woman. A beautiful blonde woman with big tits and an amazing body. And you know what, Harv? You’ll be a damn *fun* one.”

Just that notion put a bounce in his step as he agreed to meet with Sophie several days later for a coffee. He’d cut his hair a little, but now it looked like he’d dyed the ends brown while his blonde roots were revealing themselves. His face was softer, but it wasn’t hard to disguise that; he still had some facial hair that could cover it up, and there were the contact lenses. Of course, his hips were starting to widen, so he had to avoid swaying them, even just a little.

“You finally made it!” Sophie cried from her outside seat next to the street. “I’m over here, Harv!”

He grinned and made his way over to her. He'd never been to *Rocket Coffee* before, but the place sure smelled nice. And, as usual, Sophie was damn gorgeous, garnering attention from men and women alike with her vintage clothing. Today she was wearing what looked to be a kind of 1950s or 1960s housewife-style dress, red in colour with a lovely white diamond pattern along it, only with a v-neck that exposed some of her lovely bust. She had slanted glasses on and hoop earrings, and her pink hair was styled off to one side with lovely curls befitting an older age. She was definitely a mix of modern and retro, and it made Harvey all the more eager to know more about her perfect kind of gal.

"Already ordered you a coffee," she said, gesturing to the mug before him. "Hazelnut latte with one sugar, am I right?"

Harvey blinked. "Yes, it is. How did you know?"

Sophie guffawed. "Because you're always carrying one around, and I caught you ordering ahead of me a couple of months ago at *Abel's Coffee Place*. You called it 'your usual.'"

"Wow, you know me better than I thought."

"Well, we're neighbours, aren't we?"

"I guess I should be more neighbourly."

"That's what this is, right? Thanks again for the other day. I was worried you might think I was breaking in or had lost the lease or something."

He shrugged. "I knew that wouldn't be you. You're too nice."

"Aww, see, you do know me!"

"I certainly know your style. You look amazing, by the way. I feel waaaaaay too corporate even when I'm *not* working."

She shrugged. "Yeah, you do look a bit white-collar chic, sorry to say. You're definitely using something new, though. You look better - in the face, I mean. You can take that as fact from me too. You know, being a lesbian and all, you know I'm not flirting with you."

Harvey leapt on this opportunity. "About that, think you'll get back into the dating game anytime soon?"

She huffed, taking a sip from her coffee before continuing. "Ugh, I doubt it. Maybe I'm too picky, but I seriously swear I just haven't found the right gal for me. I love a fun, excitable kind of woman, but something about my own style keeps attracting the more possessive, serious types. But I don't want to give up my style, y'know?"

"Of course not!" Harvey said, perhaps a little too loudly. "But, out of interest's sake, what would be your ideal girl? You never know, I might know somebody."

Sophie chuckled. "You know any sexy blondes with big boobs and a huge tight ass that just want to be wild and free?"

Harvey took mental notes on this. "You never know. I mean, who doesn't like a hot blonde? I know I wouldn't mind dating one."

"Men."

He chuckled. Well, it was somewhat like a girlish giggle, which made Sophie raise an eyebrow. "Like you're any better! No offence, but it sounds like you want a bimbo!"

"Hey, what's wrong with a bimbo?"

"Aren't they usually quite . . . stupid?"

"Simple isn't stupid. The best date I ever had was with a girl named Daisy who was questioning herself. Sadly, she's got a rich husband now - what a bitch, right? But she was definitely a bimbo type. Blonde, hot, nice rack, something we can both appreciate. And she was the bubbliest, giggliest, ditziest person I ever met. Most people think that's stupid, but in my mind she had her priorities straight: she liked to party, she liked having sex, she wanted kids, she wanted to look good, and she liked making people happy, including herself. Most people would call Daisy dumb, but-

"But most people work in boring corporate cubicles that suck the fucking life out of them, while she's living her life to its fullest."

"Exactly, you get it, man!"

Sophie ordered some food and insisted on paying for his, and their conversation turned to work (she was a digital artist struggling in the age of AI), movies (turns out they both loved the classics, which made sense, given her vintage aesthetic), and how they deal with their asshole landlord (poorly, was the general agreement). But as enthralling as Harvey found the conversation, and as much as he was starting to think of Sophie not just as a neighbour but was an actual *friend*, a thought that truly excited him, he couldn't keep his mind off of what she had said about Daisy, and the kind of excited, happy, joyous, and *glamorous* life she lived.

The future was open to Harvey. He didn't just have a body to aspire to anymore.

He had a whole bimbo life to achieve.

The plan was very simple: whatever Dr Carter recommended, Harvey would do . . . just with a little twist. When the medical professional said that a common technique to retain one's self as much as possible was to put posters around the room, then Harvey did just that, except with posters of busty, slutty looking blonde women. When Dr Carter said meditation on his own mental traits and skills was an excellent way to combat mental Lumin progression, Harvey crossed his legs on his yoga mat and imagined the kind of mindset he truly wished to have: giggly, bubbly, ditzzy, and *free*. Instead of watching recordings of men

talking and walking in order to at least be a 'butch' woman, he chose to devour content of swaying hips, bouncing breasts, and purring, sensual voices. He practised sexy poses, kissy lips, and even started taking selfies with him adopting feminine poses. He researched different kinds of nail polish and dress types, and when he went to bed he imagined the feel of a bra upon his chest and tight lingerie underwear tight against his enlarged rear, and emptiness between his thighs.

"Mhmmm," he would moan, satisfied at the feeling, his voice definitely less masculine now. "I *totally* want to be like that."

Even the use of valley girl speech was something he encouraged in himself. Though he would put it as "I soooooooo want to encourage this in myself."

The best part was, it was having a strong effect. His future body was coming out of hiding as the days passed. Each morning he would wake to find new changes, and at the end of the day there would be small but noticeable improvements. Harvey was already losing height. He wasn't tall, but his five-foot-eight height was already down to a five-foot-seven, and continuing to lower. His limbs were shrinking in turn, but on top of that were losing their broader male structure. His knees were no longer knobby, and the blemishes on his skin were disappearing. He felt a thrill of excitement at how sensitive that skin was getting, particularly upon his neck, his rear, his thighs, his hips, and - most of all - his *chest*.

That was because Harvey's breasts were now fully out of hiding. It had been the most wonderful discovery to realise they now actually *bounced* on his chest when uncovered. Not a whole lot, barely much at all, really. He wasn't even a B-cup, but he was now having to order clothing online in the hopes it would fit his body. He'd done research and measured his shrinking shoulders and rib cage, and hopefully his determination would pay off.

"You're going to be a woman, Harv," he said to himself in the mirror one night, enjoying the softer expression he now possessed, and especially the increasingly kissable lips. "Goodbye boring, depressed office worker, hello sexy blonde bimbo! I bet Sophie is going to *love* you."

The thought sent a thrill down his spine. How soon until the changes were too far along to hide, though? That was the real worry. At some point, he'd have to come clean. But for now, he could at least go to bed and rub his nipples and caress his nascent breasts.

That was another thing Dr Carter had told him: touching the areas of change will only encourage them to keep developing. Well, when it came to his hips, his breasts, and his inflating ass, Harv gave a *lot* of encouragement.

Harvey was struggling to complete his work. It was soooooo boring. Just ones and zeroes, ones and zeroes, and then a whole heap of forms about the latest production and sales statistics. Surely his job wasn't even necessary? It was like being a cog in a machine, but the machine was booooooring. He'd already shaved his pencils down to the nubs, checked his lovely nails several times, and fixed up his longer hair in the reflection of the computer screen, and it had only been two hours! God, when would this torture end!? At least his clear inability to cope was a sign that the mental changes were occurring: he wanted nothing more than to go home and obsess over his looks, and probably do some online shopping for hot dresses for when he fully changed.

"Ughhhh, sooooo boring," he grunted, flinging his head back.

"Dude, you won't stop complaining!" Mark said. "What is with you today?"

"I don't know, man. I just want to hit the club or something. Go dancing. Go for a run. Try on some new clothes. Anything but this totally garish setting with this boring white design aesthetic, ugh!"

Mark cocked his head. "Okay, something is definitely up. The Harv I know is definitely depressive, and definitely hates this place, but wanting to go to the club? Dancing? 'Garish'? And you're looking and acting really different lately, too. Your hair is blonde, you've changed your eyebrows, and I swear you're wearing perfume. Wait, are you becoming a woman?"

Harvey's jaw hung open. "Like, holy shit. How the fuck did you guess that?"

Mark clapped his hands together. "I knew it! You *are* becoming a woman, right?"

"Y-yes. Shit, keep this on the downlow. I've got no idea why I just admitted that."

He did, of course. A bimbo isn't exactly known for her great lying skills.

"Are you transitioning?" Mark whispered, rolling his chair over. "I'm sorry, I gotta ask, man. Like, it's kinda the talk of the office now. Jennifer thinks you're going through a metro stage, but I think it's more than that. You seem way happier lately, even if you hate the job."

"I'm - fuck it, I'll just, like, come out and say it. I've got Lumin's Syndrome."

"What!? No fucking way."

Harvey giggled. "Yes, totally way. I'm becoming a woman because of it."

"Dude, I'm so sorry."

But Harv shook his head. "Don't be. I can't wait. I want to be a different person. I'm sick of being a sad sack. I'm going - get this - to become a bimbo."

"I - what?"

Another giggle. God, it felt good to tell someone!

"I'm soooo looking forward to it. I'm gonna be free and out there, enjoying life to the fullest!"

"I - I don't know how HR will react to that, man."

Harvey considered that. “Yeah, I hadn’t, you know, thought of that or whatever. I think . . . I think it might be time to take some leave.”

“I’d say so. Maybe reconsider your plan?”

“Oh, so no way. I’m totes doing this. But when you next see me, I might look a little different! Hell, I’m gonna take that leave right now!”

“I don’t think that’s how it wo-”

But Harvey was already skipping all the way to HR for a *very* interesting meeting.

Harvey had a real problem, and he wasn’t sure how to fix it. He was on leave for two months, fully paid, while his changes asserted themselves, and so he was revelling in all the new free time. It allowed him to indulge in learning how to do makeup, how to figure out dress sizes, how to get ahead of feminine hygiene and all that. But as much as it was a blessing that let his body change ever more rapidly, it also meant he was seeing Sophie all the more often. She worked from her apartment, and now he was having to cover up when he went too and fro, despite all his new mental compulsions wanting to show off his bouncing B-cup breasts and the fact that he was now wearing a bra.

A fucking *BRA!*

He’d never been more excited to put it on and feel the wonders of support, or to try on some fashionable blouses and even an ill-fitting dress. His facial hair was gone, and his male shorts and pants couldn’t even fit on him now that his ass was getting noticeably peachy and full, not to mention his wider-than-normal hips, but his boobs brought the most excitement.

“She’d love to play with these,” he murmured to himself, cupping them at night. He’d already orgasmed once just from touching them too much, and it had made him jizz his pants in the act, which had required an annoying cleanup. Still, there wouldn’t be much more ejaculation soon: his penis was just a microscopic little thing now, and what looked like the edges of a labia were forming on either side of it.

None of this was a huge problem, of course. He could feign sickness to Sophie when necessary. The real problem was that he’d gotten too excited in texting her and given away that he was ‘no longer’ sick, and now she really wanted him to come over and look at her latest round of art.

Come over, when there was no way of hiding just how womanly he had become, and how feminine his mannerisms now were.

“Time to bite, like, the bullet,” he murmured to himself as he looked down at his soft, ever growing curves. He palmed his breasts excitedly. “Who knows? Maybe she’ll be, like, pretty excited and stuff!”

Sophie did not look excited when she opened the door to see Harvey. Instead, she looked shocked. Well, she looked just confused at first, thinking Harvey was some stranger, but when he’d insisted it was him, *then* she looked shocked.

“Um, Harv, do you mind explaining what’s going on here?”

“Can we talk inside? I think you’re gonna, like, wanna hear this over a cup of coffee or something.”

He giggled nervously as she allowed him to enter, and Harvey even felt Sophie gaze on his backside as he walked in. He’d started wearing clingier clothing. Still *mostly* male, but his current yoga pants could definitely be thought of as female, given how they clung to his increasingly swollen posterior.

“Harv, what . . . what happened to you?”

The transforming man blushed a little, biting a little into his lower lip, which had become increasingly full, not to mention *luscious*.

“So, this is, like, gonna sound pretty weird. But I’ve got Lumin’s Syndrome.”

Sophie gasped. She was wearing a cute orange seventies outfit today, her hair still styled and pink, albeit in a more period appropriate bob this time. “Holy shit, that’s the condition from the news last year. That big hotshot footballer ended up as a really hot cheerleader. It changes your gender!”

Harvey shrugged, then gestured to his form. He was wearing a jacket in his old men’s size, but slowly unzipped it. His breasts were still not huge - just bigger B-cups, not even up to Sophie’s lovely C’s - but they were certainly obvious, particularly with how they stretched the tight shirt he wore.

“So, as you can see, I’ve definitely noticed.”

Sophie gaped once more. “Oh my God. Harv, I’m so sorry! And you’ve gone blonde! And your - well, your, um-”

“My ass? Isn’t it totally blowing up? It feels so peachy now! Did you want to feel it?”

He caught himself; those were his bimbo thoughts. They were so fun and ditzy, but now probably wasn’t the best time for them to come out, not yet.

“I think . . . I’ll hold off for now, thanks. Jesus, Harv, this is crazy. I’m so, sorry. I didn’t realise. Do - do you need anything? I mean, is it reversible?”

Harvey shook his head, causing his blonde hair to settle over his eyes. It had been growing so fast lately, faster than his hairstyles could be maintained.

“No, lol,” he said, literally saying ‘LOL’ out loud as if it were a real word. “I can’t go back. There’s no scientific way, not that I, you know, understand sciencey stuff or anything. But I’m totally turning into a sexy blonde bimbo, am I right?”

Again, Sophie’s face was one of pure confusion and shock. “Y-yeah, I’d say so. Is there a way to halt it? I mean, how are you holding up? I assume there’s a way to stop yourself from turning out like this.”

Harvey had planned to be intelligent about this; come clean about becoming a woman and then slowly work towards admitting that he was okay with it, and that he actually rather liked Sophie. These stages would come over a series of days, naturally. They would *not* - emphatically *NOT* - be told all in one giant rush of excited words.

Which was why his damn bimbo mind took that conversational ball and ran it straight off a cliff in all of his excitement.

“Okay, so, there is technically a way to stop this all from happening to me. It requires proper meditation, and guiding the body I want to have to stay as manly and like the original me as possible, right? But, like, why would I actually want that? I know this sounds soooo crazy, Sophie, but I don’t *like* the original me. I don’t mean in a sad depressing way - well, sorta - but it’s not like I hated myself or anything, but I haven’t been happy. I’ve never really liked being Harvey or how my life turned out. I always wanted to be silly and have parties and be attractive and go on dates and instead I focused on my job and my job ended up sucking. Soooooo much sucking. And not even the fun kind.”

He giggled, voice now sounding quite feminine.

“Anyway, I decided why not change into something different if I’m gonna be a woman, right? I thought about soooo many options, but, like, so many sounded good. And then when I helped you with the door it was like a total epiphany because there up on your wall was this totally hot bimbo with blonde hair and big boobs and a great ass and curves, and I was like ‘why couldn’t I become like her?’ Besides, you really like those types, so I thought maybe I could see if you were interested in me once I’d changed, since I’d be exactly the kind of gal you liked, and I’ve always had a super big crush on you, and I was soooo crushed when you turned out to be a lesbian, but now we can be lesbians together, right? Right?”

Sophie’s jaw was practically on the floor. Harvey realised that on some level he had definitely miscalculated. It had seemed so right when he’d laid it all out like that, but now he had a funny feeling in the pit of his belly - the place where he could definitely feel a womb growing these past few days - that he’d made a wrong step here.

“So let me get this straight,” Sophie said, rubbing her temples and squeezing her eyes shut for a moment as if working out a bad headache. “You saw one poster of my ideal

girl and had once conversation with me about her - a conversation you deliberately engineered, I'm realising now - in order to, what? Become my girlfriend? To sleep with me? You're turning yourself into a busty blonde dumb ditsy silly bimbo type just for *that!*?"

Harvey froze. This wasn't how it was meant to go, and definitely not what he was meant to communicate. "Um, no! No, that's not it at all. This is mainly for me, Sophie! I want to be like this! When you talked about liking someone that was wild and free, that's what I realised I wanted all along. I just want to start embracing my inner bimbo and, like, have fun for once in my life! Be beautiful and stylish and - and totes sexy, you know?"

Sophie rubbed her temples again, but seemed to calm somewhat. "Okay, okay, that makes a little sense. Crazy, but it makes sense. Look, this is a lot for me to absorb, Harv. I mean, you barely look like a 'Harv' anymore. Do you mind if - look, can we just take a break from catching up for a while? I just need to get my head around this while you keep, you know, *changing*."

Harv swallowed. "Oh . . . of course. Sorry, Sophie. I guess my dumb blonde head is making me say all the things wrong. Shoulda, like, seen that coming. I'll leave now."

"I'm not saying we can't be friends. I just . . . give me some time, man. Woman, I guess."

Harvey gave some weak apologies and left, but as soon as he was back in his room he cursed himself. "You stupid dumb blonde, what were you thinking!" he screeched at his reflection. "You really stuff that up! Gawd, I'm becoming such a bimbo."

Maybe it was time to stop. Maybe this whole venture had been a mistake. But those thoughts only existed for a few seconds. Harv had made a mistake in laying it all out to Sophie and dumping her feelings on her, but that didn't mean the transforming man couldn't be the buxom beauty she desired to be.

It was simply too good to resist.

And besides, that totally cute pink dress was arriving soon.

"I'll just have to convince her I mean well!" she announced finally, before skipping to her room to start trying on various things and feel if her boobs had grown.

She hadn't even noticed that she'd starting thinking of herself as a 'she.'

Harvey's path towards womanhood continued. She was so close to being a girl completely, so fucking *close*. Her penis was barely more than a miniscule nub, the nascent beginnings of a very sensitive clitoris. She could feel her tunnel forming, as if it were *burrowing* through her like a root, her feminine flower about to bloom. And that wasn't even getting to the other changes, the one that left her a *very* desirable looking woman beyond her genitalia.

For one, her boobs had gone up a whole new cup size. They were now full, pert C's, quite the handful, though she had her eyes on much bigger prizes, constantly staring at pictures of top-heavy women with magnificent busts in order to motivate herself. Still, she adored the cleavage she now possessed, and enjoyed pressing her upper arms together to emphasise it all the more.

It was her ass, though, that had really taken first place, combined with her widened hips that gave her a figure that looked ripe for baby-making. Harv could barely believe how much they swayed now, nor how much her rear *bounced*, though her derriere also had a firmness to it that made it once juicy, bouncy behind. It was the kind of ass that Sophie would stop and stare at, and Harv knew that to be the case because her neighbour had done exactly that when she'd gone out in her daisy dukes one afternoon to go shopping. She could feel her neighbour's astonished eyes on her ass, and it had made her giggle to herself.

"I'm gonna reel you in, I just know it!" she'd murmured to herself, before laughing again. She kept that thought in mind as she went shopping for better fitting clothing, as well as larger and sexier bras to prepare for further growth.

Said growth happened over the course of the following days. Soon, Harv decided that she didn't just have breasts or boobs, but full on *tits*. Men looked at her when she walked past, and a few catcalled her. Others whistled or threw comments, and while it initially felt very weird for the former man to be seen as pretty - even *sexy* - she started to slowly embrace it, wearing even showier things like crop tops and tight skirts that emphasised her growing bust and swelling behind, not to mention styling her increasingly long blonde hair so that it had attractive waves to it. It spilled to her shoulders now, but wasn't done yet.

"Not done at all!" she declared as she went to the mall yet again. "Ohmigod, I'm becoming suuuuuch a girlie girl. I really, really want to buy some pink heels!"

The transformation was nearing completion, and her mental changes were only picking up further pace. Harv laughed at the notion that a regular man would be horrified by what was happening to him, but she was revelling in every moment of it: the sensitive boobs she couldn't stop playing with, the shapely legs that she showed off, the ass that bounced perfectly, capturing everyone's attention. Her voice was now a sweet soprano, adding further to the effect so that she sounded like a total sweetheart, albeit not the brightest one.

But Harv was having the time of her life. She was embracing her inner bimbo, and already thinking about a new name as she headed through the mall, two bags of very pink clothing in her arms, and a lovely new manicure for her longer nails. She hummed a little tune to herself, enjoying the bounce of her breasts which *had* to be a D-cup by now, and definitely heading to delectable Double-D's. Would she become a Hayley? What about a

Hannah? No, that didn't suit. Hope was a cute name, but even to her bimbofying mind that sounded a bit on the nose - and she had a real cute button nose now.

"What name should I have? What name should I - ohmigod! Mark! Hey, Mark! It's me, Mark! It's Harvey!"

She jogged across the mall, breasts bouncing in her pink bra, her low cut pink crop top showing them off nicely. Mark looked different out of work; he wore a simple polo top and cargo shorts. Suuuuper unstylish, Harvey thought, but very him. The large man took one look at Harvey and frowned.

"I'm sorry, miss, do I know - wait, did you just say Harvey?"

She nodded eagerly, full lips turned in a beaming smile. "Yup! That's me! How do I look? Totes different from how you last saw me, I bet!"

Mark's eyes wandered to her chest, which made her feel quite flattered thanks to his male attention. Then he leaned a little, and she obliged him by half-turning so he could see the ass you could now bounce a quarter off of. A mile off, in fact.

"What the fuuuuuuck," he said, drawing out that last word in a long high note. "You sure have, Harv. Jesus Christ, I know you told me you had Lumin's Syndrome, and the second I heard you had 'emergency leave' I figured it was because you were 'crossing over,' as you might say, but holy fucking shit. You look like a completely different person."

"A good one?" she asked sweetly, pressing her breasts together and leaning forward.

"A - wow - a damn good one. Christ, you look *hot*, Harv. Are you completely changed?"

"Just about!" she proclaimed. "But my boobies are still totes growing. And they're only getting more sensitive. I came, like, super hard the other day just from touching them. I'm becoming a real bimbo, by the way. A silly blonde bimbo, ain't it cool?"

"Y-yeah," Mark said, almost salivating. "R-really cool. I don't suppose you're looking for a boyfriend anytime soon?"

She giggled and patted his shoulder lightly. "Aww, that's soooo super nice of you, Mark! But I'm not super interested in you. There's this girl, and I really want her, but she got a bit freaked out that I sorta became her perfect girl, and I think she thinks it was me being manipulative, but I swear I wasn't! I'm pretty sure my breezy brain can't even *be* manipulative now! I just want to be cute and stylish and live life to the fullest!"

Mark seemed to consider this. "Well, in that case, why don't you take her? To the club, I mean."

"Huh?"

He shrugged. "Nothing like a club to get a girl. It's how I met my wife."

Now it was Harv's jaw that dropped. "I thought, like, you just asked me out."

Mark smirked. "Harv, *any* man would ask you out. *Any* man. Damn!"

At that, Harv even beamed a little. Now if only she could think of a name.

Just two days later, it happened; Harvey became a woman. Even better, it hadn't been while she was asleep, but while she was watching some new reality trash on TV that had her utterly engaged. Suddenly, a heat developed between her legs, and an arousal struck her. Harvey began to fondle her tits with one hand and feel between her thighs with the other, and with what felt like a *pop* there was suddenly an opening there, her penis now a throbbing clit, her insides already wet and horny.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, biting her lip. "Ohhhh G-God! It f-finally happened! Ohhhh, yes! Yessss! Mhmm!"

Suffice to say, it didn't take long for her to experience her first female orgasm. When it came - and it came in *waves*, *multiple* - she thought of Sophie, and imagined that sexy, retro-chic woman naked against her, their breasts touching, their hands all over their curviest, most sensitive parts. It made her cum all the harder.

"Yesss, Sophie! Yess! I want you!"

It was then that the plan formed, one she executed that Friday. It wasn't the most cunning plan, but it was definitely worthy of the new *her*. Harvey still hadn't thought of a name for herself even a couple of days later, but she certainly had changed her figure even further. Her boobs had expanded yet further, and were now quite heavy on her, not that she minded their ripeness. They were rounded globes, E-cups in fact, and even in a good sports bra they jiggled and wobbled. This occurred even more thanks to her endlessly showy movements; she found it hard *not* to bounce and shift and shake her shoulders in ways that emphasised her chest and rear, and now that her dresses did their best to show off a lot of skin, there was less holding all her bouncing parts up as well!

Still, if there was a plan to work, it would centre on moving her body in all the right ways. She worked for hours on her outfit and hair and makeup and presentation, even getting jewellery for the occasion, including her ears pierced. But the result was spectacular: Harvey was adorned in a hot pink dress that clung to her every curve, with a deep, *deep* v-neck that not only exposed much of the upper halves of her big boobs, but showed off some tremendous side boob as well. The hem was also very short, managing to cover her ass but only just enough to tease invitingly at the view of her lingerie if she leaned too far over. Her blonde hair had been straightened, falling down to below her breasts at the front and halfway down her back behind her. It was thick and voluminous, and framed her perfect face well. Said face had thick, kissable lips (one man on the street had called them 'blowjob lips' and she'd responded "Thanks! Aren't they the best?" much to this confusion). She really

wanted to try them on Sophie, but this had to work. The dress was lovely, because it tied around her neck, allowing her shoulders and arms to go completely bare, and a maximum amount of cleavage to be shown. And my, was there a lot to show.

“Please let this, like, really really work!” she whispered to herself, nervous as she knocked upon her neighbour’s door. Her heart beat heavily in her chest as she heard the footsteps approach. And then the door opened.

“Hey, you can bring the package in - Harvey! Holy shit!”

Harvey grinned. The perfect name had come for her, but now was not the time to deploy it.

“Ta-da!” she exclaimed. “What do you, like, think? I’m a full woman now! But I think my boobs are still growing, lol!”

Sophie was awestruck, just as Harvey had intended. She grinned, beaming with delight as she struck a pose, hand on her wide, cocked hip.

“Are you, like, ready to go?”

“What? Ready to go where?”

“To the *Club Ritz*, silly! I’m taking you out for a fun night, girl!”

Sophie shook her head, as if shaking off sleep in the morning, even though it was now evening.

“Harv, this is all so sudden. I told you that I needed time, and -”

“And now you’ve *had* time. Aww, come on, Sophie! Look, I really meant what I said the other day; I really did want to be a bimbo! I love being a total blonde hottie without a care in the world. At least I would be, if you would just give me a chance. I’m not even asking you to, like, make out with me, as totally hot as that would be. I just wanna make you happy and hang out with you again, even as girlfriends. Not, you know, *girlfriends*. And besides, I want to have fun, and I can’t think of anyone I’d love to have fun with more, especially with how you wear that cute retro stuff, am I right?”

Sophie grinned sheepishly, her pale cheeks blushing. It made Harvey feel all sorts of things for this woman; yep, she was definitely still attracted to Sophie. Hell, she was fucking *horny* for this woman. And she could tell her plan was working.

“Oh, what the hell!” she declared. “Let’s do it! But give me a moment to get out of this thing. I want something stylish!”

Sophie looked totes amazing in her sequined purple dress! It was straight out of the seventies or eighties, and it suited her slightly thicker figure well. With her wavy pink hair and

her gloves, she seriously looked like she could be a movie star, and Harvey could barely keep her eyes off of her as they entered the club. Mind, that made two of them; Sophie kept glancing at the other woman's rear and cleavage, and Harvey worked to show them off even more.

"You really are pretty hot, you know," she yelled over the roar of the club music as they entered.

"Damn right I am, girl! Now let's get drunk and dancing! I wanna test this hot new bod out, and I want my sexy neighbour with me!"

At this, Sophie cheered, and it was clear that she was now fully on board with what was happening. The pair attracted the attention of a good section of the crowd, and more than a few offers from men to buy drinks from them. Harvey giggled and waved them off.

"Sorry boys, it's a girls' night tonight!"

"I guess you're not used to getting attention like this, especially from men!" Sophie said as they ordered their first shots.

Harvey downed hers, then grinned widely. "Definitely not! But I can super get used to it, I tell ya! I love the way they can't, you know, look at my eyes!"

"Well, you're definitely showing off the 'golden globes,' girl."

"That I am! Do you like what you see?"

Sophie blushed. "You know I do. I mean, you're basically my perfect woman. A bimbo blonde and everything. I just feel bad that you ended up becoming this. I mean, you say it wasn't actually for me, but I still feel responsible."

At this, Harvey just sighed in an exaggerated fashion, which set her big boobs wobbling and a nearby man to almost drop his drink as he stared. His girlfriend slapped him.

"Ugh, Sophie! How many times do I have to, like, tell you that I want to be like this! C'mon, let's dance together after this next drink, then I'll show you how much I totes love my sexy, curvy new body! Yeah!"

They had two more drinks, in fact, and Harvey was giggling at how tipsy she was already feeling now that her girl body was more easily affected. It gave her the confidence to give in to her new instincts and sway all her most delightful parts, getting closer and closer to Sophie as the music thrummed through them. The multicoloured lights poured across their beautiful bodies, and everything in this moment just felt *right*, and even more so as Harvey turned and made sure her neighbour was dancing up against her delectable derriere.

"Like what you see!?" she called out.

"Fuck yes!" an equally tipsy Sophie replied with a shout. "Everyone here does, but me most of all!"

"Go on then, give it a slap! Then dance with me!"

Sophie laughed, and did just as she asked. Soon the pair were holding one another, spinning around and laughing, their movements clumsy and attractive all at once. Harvey had never felt like this, so in tune with who she was and uncaring over what others thought about her. It was just her and Sophie as far as she was concerned, and she had embraced her inner bimbo to her fullest. Well, almost:

“Nghh!” she cringed, clutching her chest, where a pressure pushed out, then subsided.

“Are you okay?” Sophie asked, concerned.

But Harvey just grinned and thrust her chest out. “Last change, I think! I’ve got big ole F-cup titties now! What do you think?”

Sophie marvelled at the sight of her heaving chest.

“Holy shit, Harv.”

“It’s not Harv, not anymore, silly! I’m a girl now - a sexy top-heavy one - and I know exactly the same I, like, totally want. Call me *Harmony*.”

Sophie bit her lip, stopped dancing, and stepped forward.

“Harmony, huh? I *love* it.”

And then, before Harmony could even realise what was happening, Sophie’s lips were upon hers, and the two were engaged in a passionate moaning kiss upon the dance floor, their hands roaming over one another’s bodies, their full breasts pressed together, their tongues intertwining in one another’s mouths.

It was making Harmony aroused beyond belief.

“How was that?” Sophie asked as she finally pulled back.

Harmony panted, flushed with need.

“So good I, like, really want to get out of her, y’know?”

“Then what are we waiting for, Harmony? Let’s go. I want to feel that busty body against mine, pronto.”

The pair giggled as they practically ran from the club, Sophie already calling for a cab.

They had barely made it into their apartment block, and already they couldn’t keep their hands off one another.

“Your ass is so fucking wild!” Sophie said, tipsy as she groped it.

Harmony giggled before kissing the other woman. “My tits aren’t too bad either! I want you all over them when we get to your place? Um, or mine? What’s, like, better?”

“My place! I’ve got a big bed!”

“Yes! I totally wanna bang you on it. And for you to bang me. Mhmm, I’m getting sooooo wet just thinking about it. I’m still a girl-virgin, you know.”

Sophie kissed her neck, giving her a hickey. “Let’s fix that right now, you blonde bombshell, you.”

“Ohhh, that’s n-nice! A shame you have to take off your dress! I love your retro thing!”

“Trust me, you’ll like me with it off even more.”

Harmony did. They peeled out of their dresses and underwear and bras, both teasing one another, making out in between losing articles of clothing. Harmony was so damn horny by this point that it was almost torture, so when Sophie had finally removed her bra she practically *leapt* upon the other woman. They were rampant, the pair of them kissing and groping and feeling and squeezing and making animalistic love. Sophie took charge, and that was fine by Harmony, who was more than happy to be the submissive, yearning bimbo needing someone to quench her inner fire.

“Ohhh, I want you to make me cum soooo hard, Sophie!”

“Trust me, I will, Harmony. God, you’re so fucking perfect. My dream girl. This is definitely what you want?”

“Yes! Oh, yes! Now lick my big tits already!”

Sophie didn’t need to be asked twice, and soon she was sucking on Harmony’s fat pink nipples while rubbing her opening with her spare hand. Harmony was in ecstasy, laying on back and writhing as Sophie had her way with her. But she was just as lustful, and so she gripped the other woman and returned the favour, sliding two fingers into her warm pussy and stroking her sensitive clit.

“Yessss,” Sophie moaned. “That’s s-spot! Fuck, you’re r-really good at this!”

“I wanna be better. I wanna be the best, for you! If you’ll - ahhh - you know, like, have me and stuff! I’d really like that!”

“So would - ohhh - !! I want you as my girlfriend, Harmony. I realise that now! I fucking want you!”

“Mhmm! Then make me y-yours! Ahh!”

Sophie did. She definitely knew how to please a woman, because she did something with her fingers that Harmony had *no* idea was even possible, but drove her so completely wild that she raked her fingernails lightly down the other woman’s back while making a noise of squealing delight. She was beyond words at that point, and moments later was hit by an orgasm so powerful that it was no longer a series of waves, but a collection of *tsunamis*, each leaving her body shuddering and squirming, her various parts jiggling as well, even as Sophie smiled eagerly at the results.

“Fuck yeah,” she repeated, before grabbing Harmony’s limp hand. “I’m close too. Just rub right here and . . . ahhh! Mhmmm! Yes!”

It wasn't an explosive orgasm like Harmony's, but the new woman was pleased that Sophie came as well, and then she flopped her attractive naked body on top of the former male, the pair murmuring in a post-coital haze as they held one another. It was perfect, it was loveliness, it was pure comfort. And having Sophie's fingers sinking into the flesh of her impressive ass only made it better. That wasn't even getting into the divine sensation of feeling her lover's breasts pressing up against her own, their nipples rubbing upon one another.

"Mhmmmm," Harmony moaned, smiling warmly with her eyes still shut. Everything was perfect. She could never imagine being Harvey again. She'd made the right choice; she knew it now for certain. She was a blonde-haired, big-boobed, voluptuous blonde who would always wear tight hot pink clothing and wear high heels. God, it turned her on just to think about it all.

"That was so fucking good," Sophie eventually said, pulling up to look at her lover and brush her blonde hair. "I could get used to having a hot bimbo girlfriend, you know."

"Mhm, like, me too," Harmony said dreamily. "I don't know how much, like, longer I can stay here, though. I can barely afford my rent."

Sophie licked her lips. "Well, you could always move in with me?"

Harmony gasped. "So soon? We've been girlfriends for, like, a day! A night!"

"Yeah, but I've got a feeling this'll work out just fine, Harmony."

The hot new bimbo beamed. She had that same feeling. And as her libido slowly returned over the next twenty minutes, she made sure to share it with Sophie too.

Multiple times, in fact.

The End