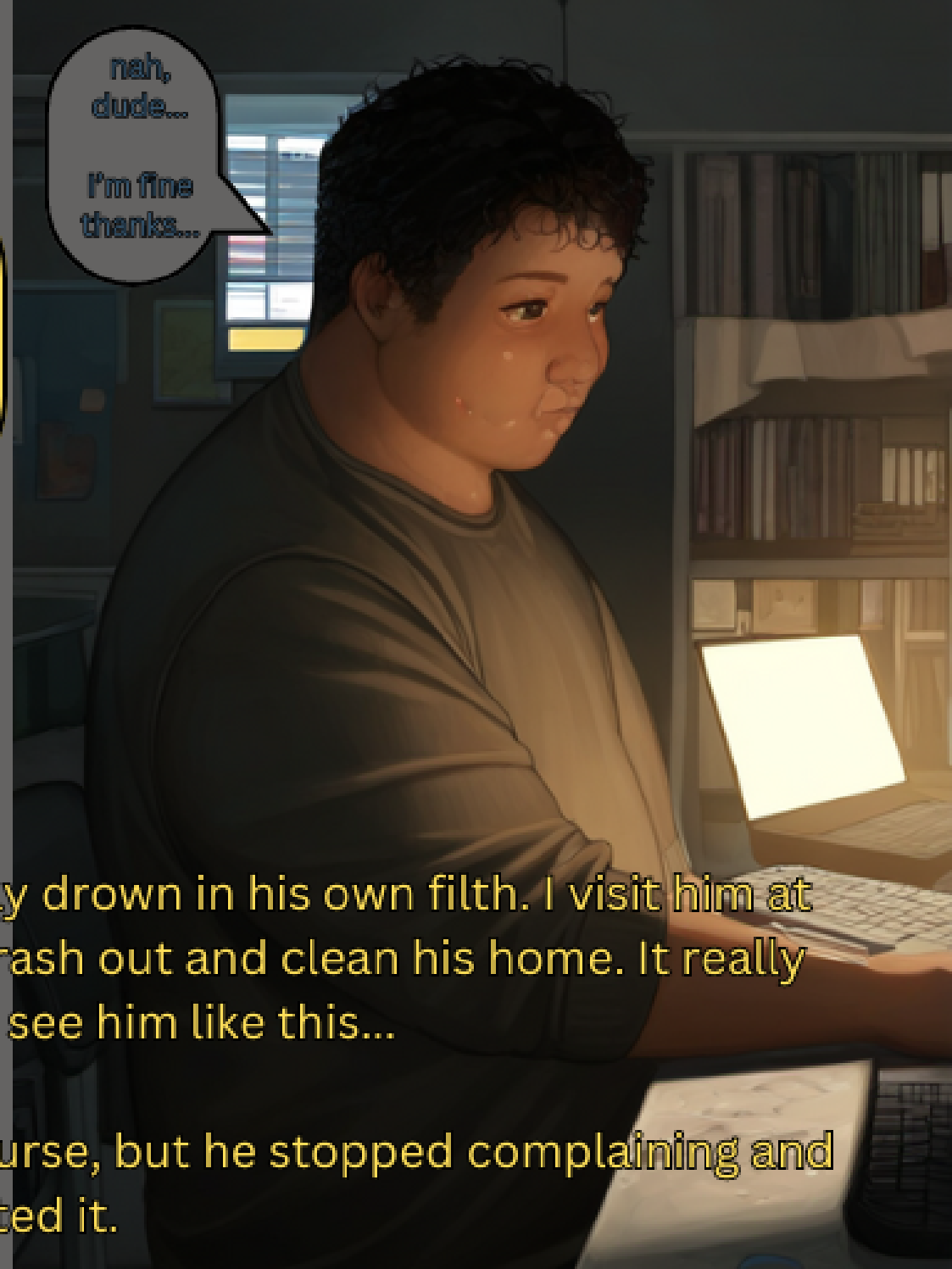
A dimly lit living room with a large window overlooking mountains. The room is mostly in shadow, with light coming from the window. There is a sofa and some chairs. The text is overlaid on the bottom half of the image.

My best friend lost his parents 4 months ago. He has always been the nicest and happiest guy around. But after that incident, he became severely depressed. His girlfriend wasn't able to handle that and left him too. After that he started locking himself in his room and gained alot of weight. I am the only person he even allows to visit at home.



It's a beautiful day outside. Would you like to go out and... I don't know... buy some games?



nah, dude...  
I'm fine thanks...

If it wasn't for me, he would most likely drown in his own filth. I visit him at least once a week to throw all of his trash out and clean his home. It really breaks my heart to see him like this...

He doesn't want me to do all this of course, but he stopped complaining and accepted it.

The situation did not seem to improve...

actually it seemed to get worse by the minute.

I feared to lose the wonderful guy I once knew. He clearly needed something positive in his life. Something that I wasn't able to give him.

Or... was I?

He had always had a fable for goth- and e-girls. But in his current state, he was unlikely to find someone that could cheer him up.

ok...  
cool...

I'll be back in a few days. Tell me if you need anything...



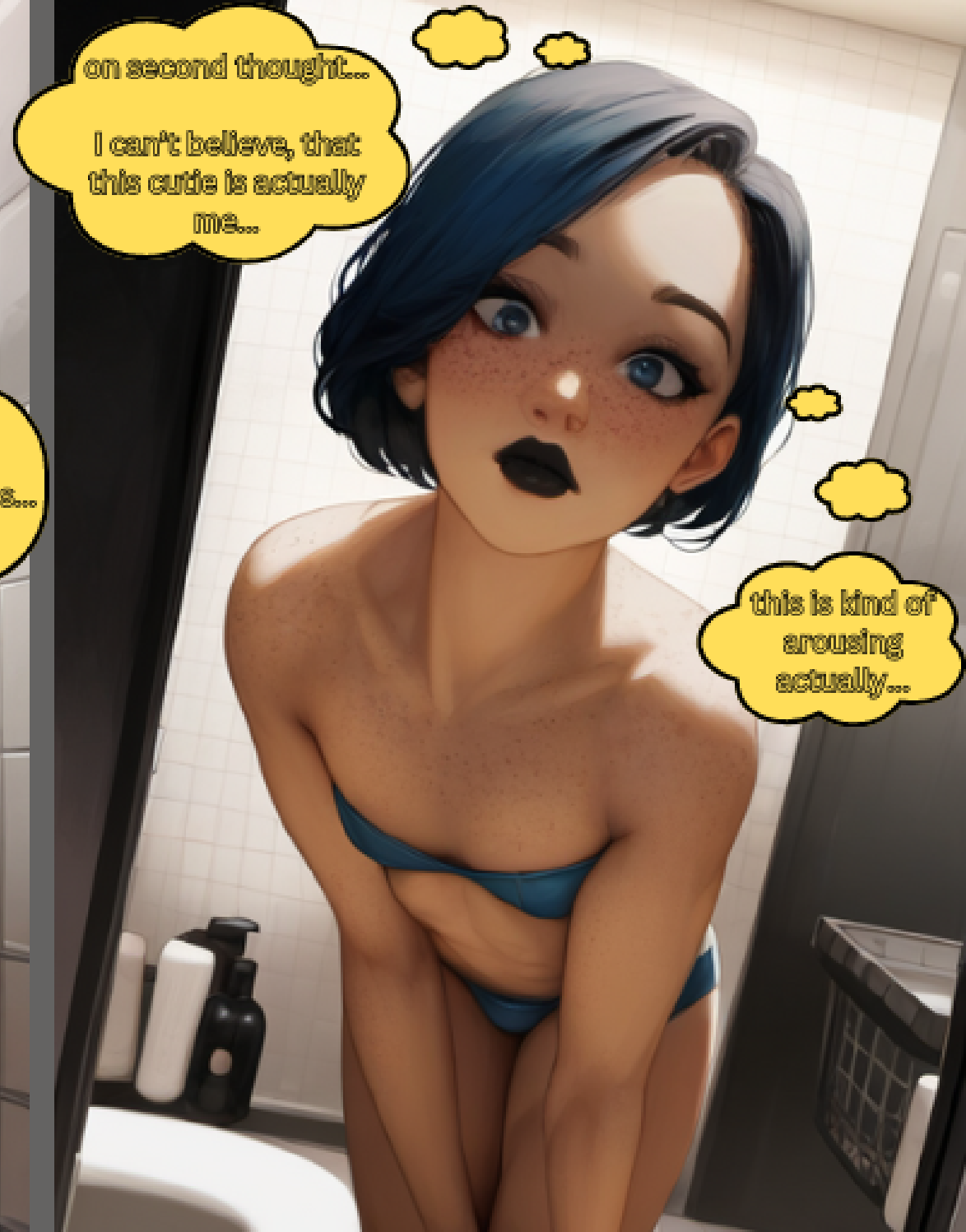


My god...  
dafuq am I  
doing? This is  
never going to  
work.



Now apply the  
lipstick carefully  
around the...

The next time I went to go grocery shopping, I saw a big drug store that also sold wigs. The wigs seemed like they were a little bit too much, so instead I bought blonde extensions, pink and blue hair dye and makeup. I just wanted to see how it would turn out, if I tried to make myself look feminine. After following a tutorial, I was impressed by the result, but the extensions didn't work for me. I tried the blue hair dye instead.





I know this is kind of strange...

Mike...

let me do this for you, ok?

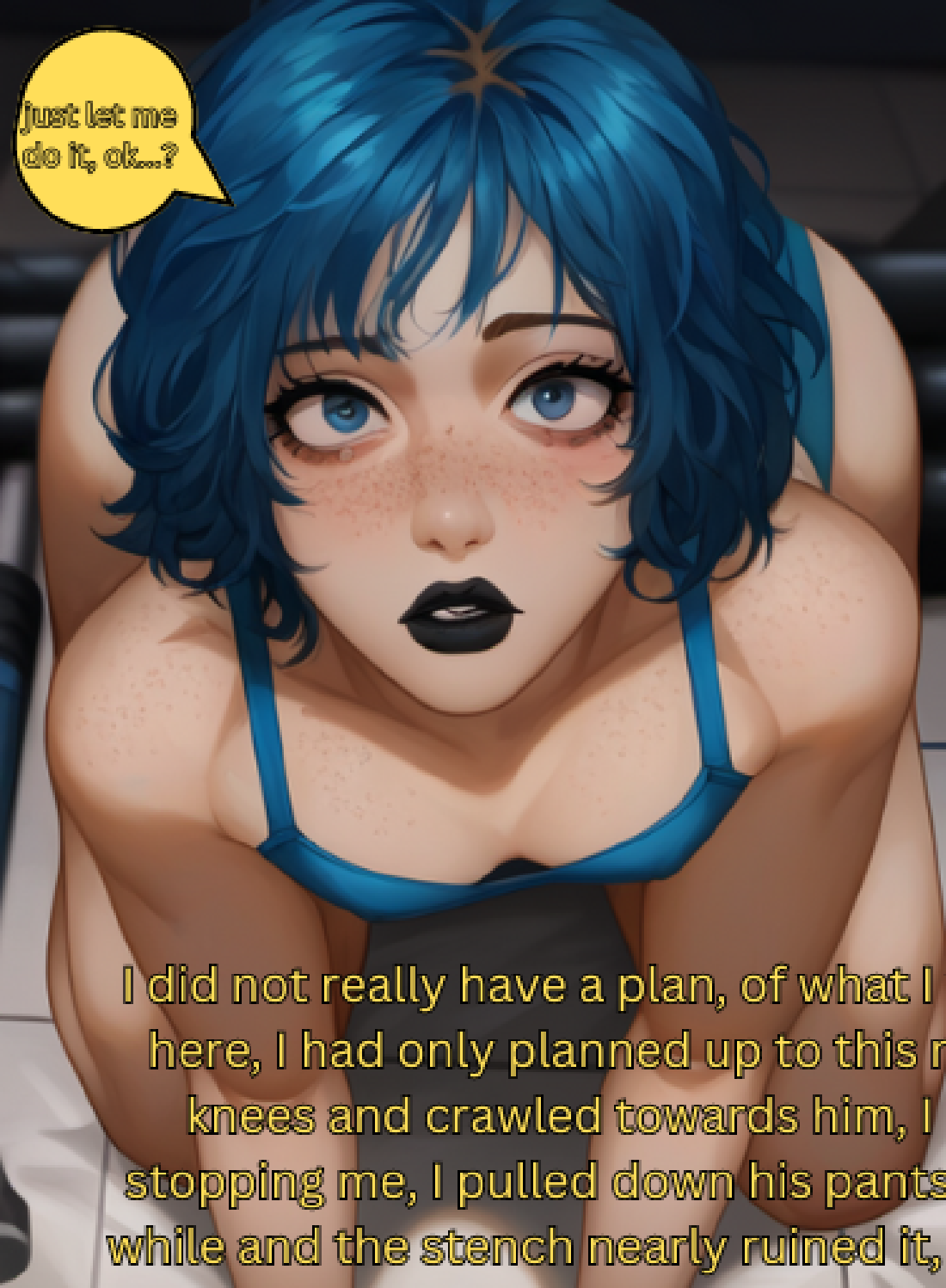
The next time I visited him, I did house chores as usual. He barely even looked at me and just sat at his computer. He didn't even notice the hair color under my hoodie. I went to the bathroom and did the makeup. I put on the bikini I bought, that matched my new haircolor.



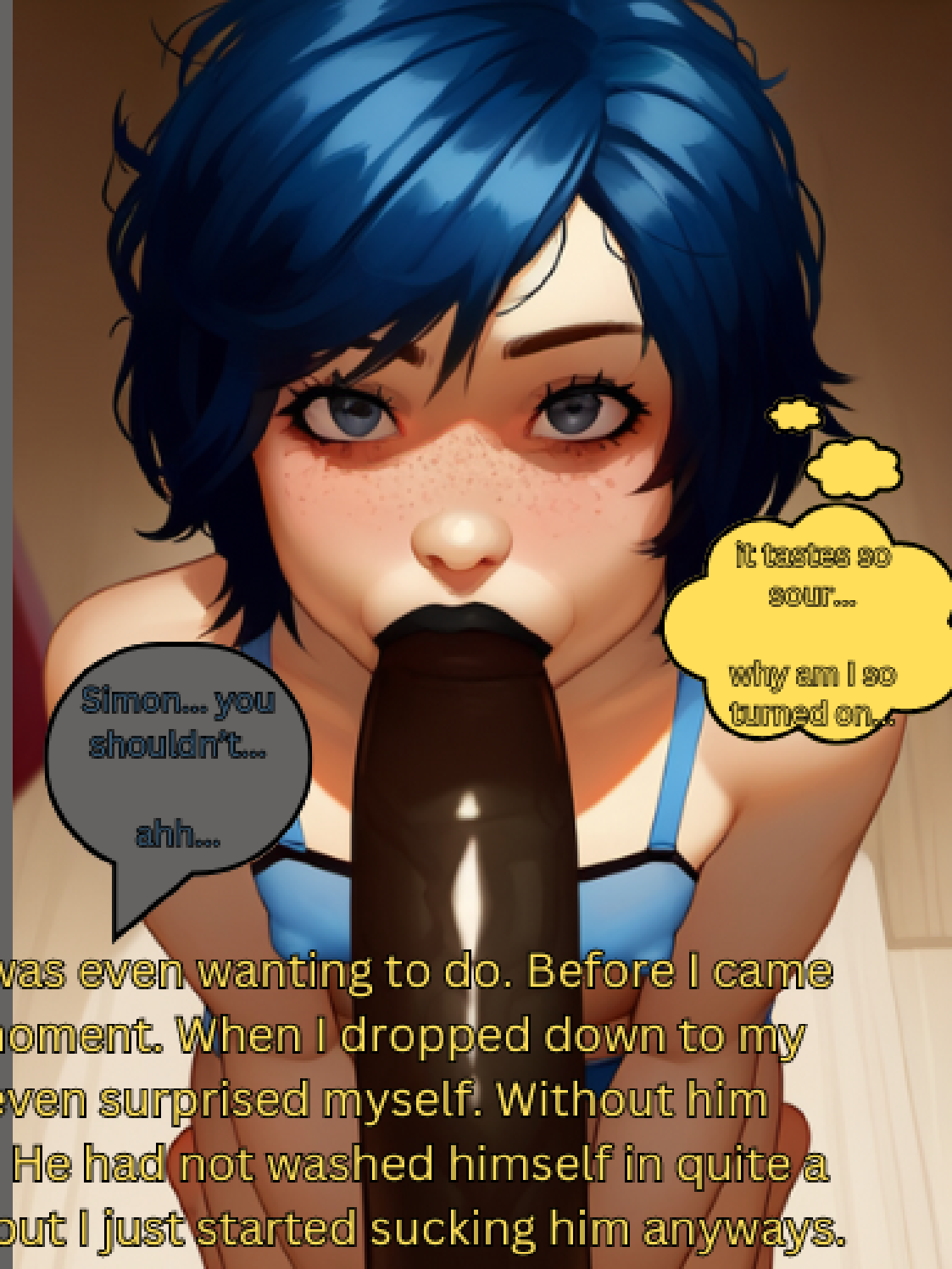
let you do what for me...?

wtf...

he is kinda cute...



just let me do it, ok...?



Simon... you shouldn't...

ahh...

it tastes so sour...

why am I so turned on...

I did not really have a plan, of what I was even wanting to do. Before I came here, I had only planned up to this moment. When I dropped down to my knees and crawled towards him, I even surprised myself. Without him stopping me, I pulled down his pants. He had not washed himself in quite a while and the stench nearly ruined it, but I just started sucking him anyways.



are you  
alright,  
Mike?

... that was...  
that felt  
really  
good...

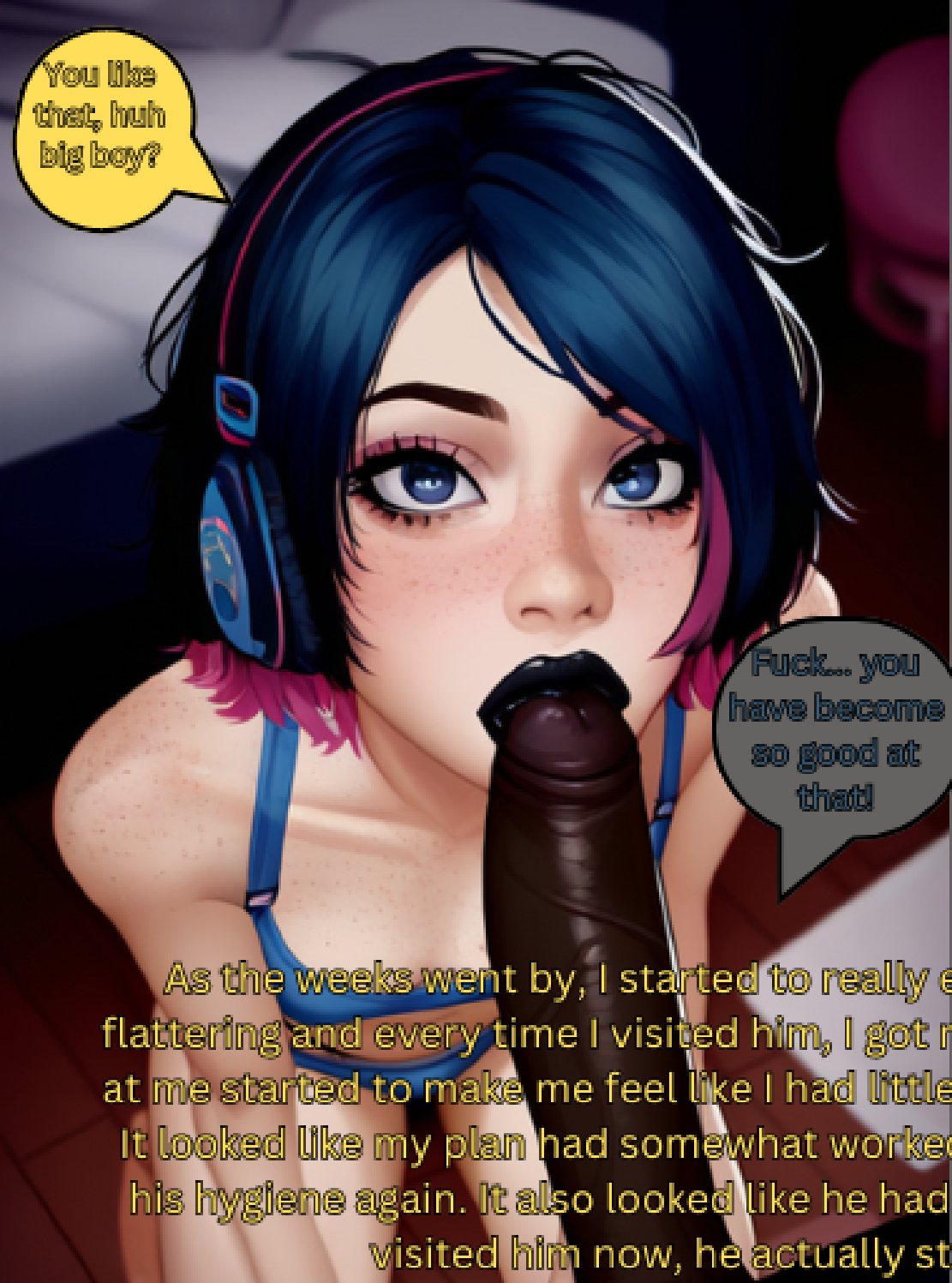
After he had finished inside of my mouth, we just kind of sat there.

During the blowjob, I had gotten carried away and really started to put my back into it. Mike squirmed and moaned everytime my tongue caressed his glans.

He asked me why I had done this and I just shrugged without a real explanation. I didn't want to hurt his feelings by being too honest.

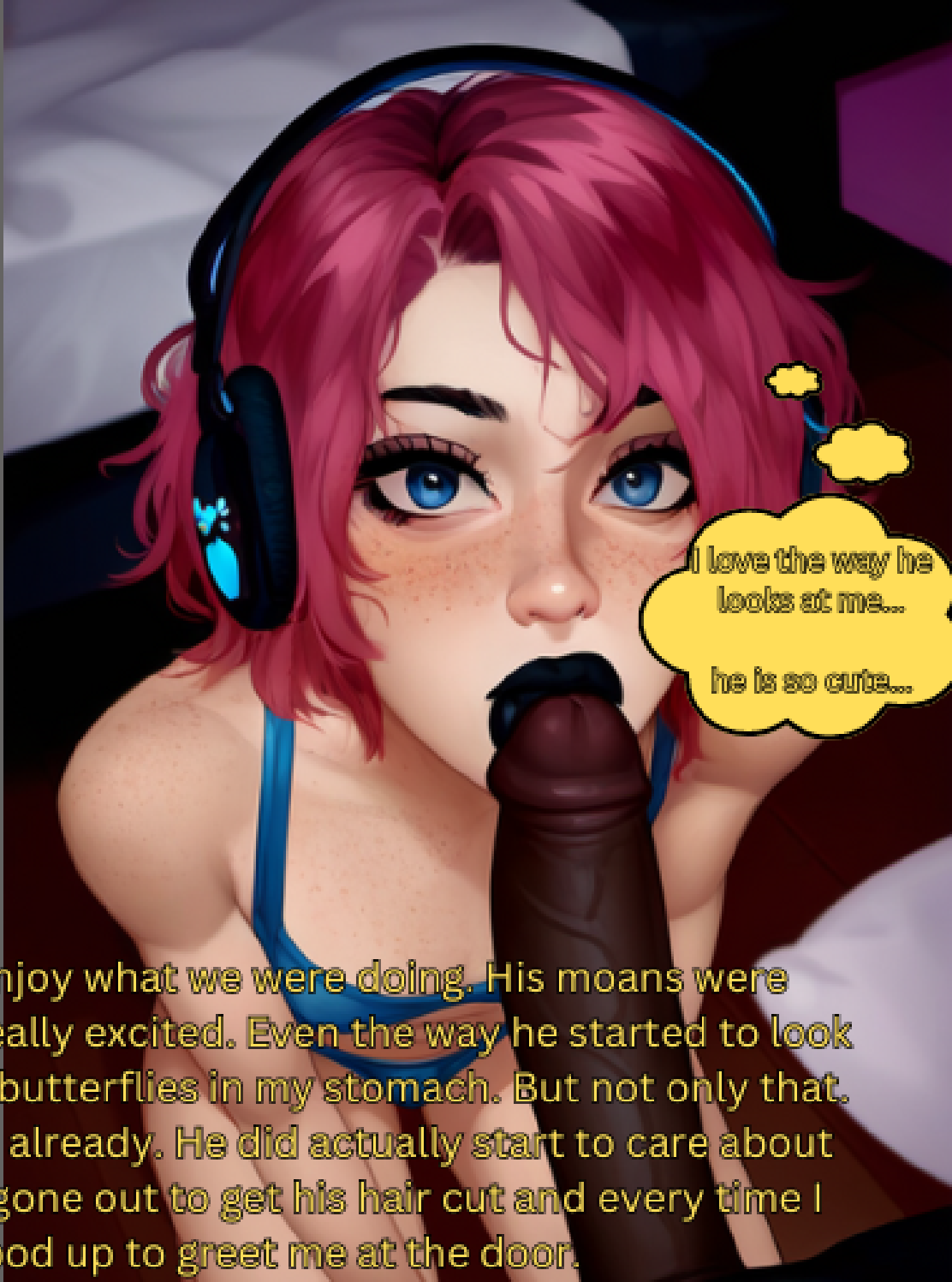
I just told him, that this was going to happen more often from now on and that I would appreciate it if he washed himself more.

But deep within my on mind, I had to admit that I enjoyed all of it way more then I maybe should have.



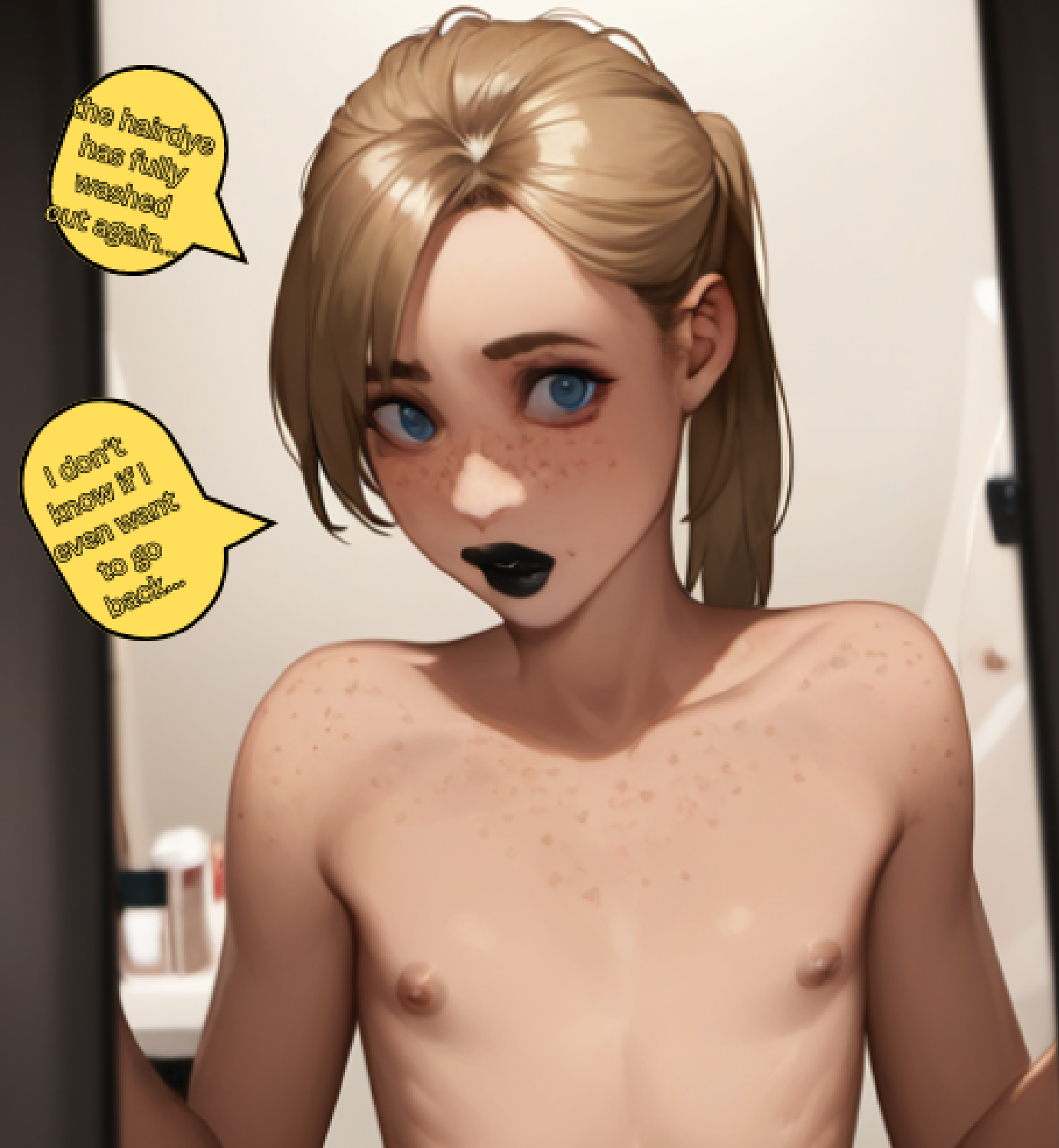
You like that, huh big boy?

Fuck... you have become so good at that!



I love the way he looks at me... he is so cute...

As the weeks went by, I started to really enjoy what we were doing. His moans were flattering and every time I visited him, I got really excited. Even the way he started to look at me started to make me feel like I had little butterflies in my stomach. But not only that. It looked like my plan had somewhat worked already. He did actually start to care about his hygiene again. It also looked like he had gone out to get his hair cut and every time I visited him now, he actually stood up to greet me at the door.



the hair dye  
has fully  
washed  
out again...

I don't  
know if I  
even want  
to go  
back...

2 months had went by and I started to wonder, if I even wanted for this to end...

If my plan was successfull and Mike had returned to his old self, what then?

Did I want the way he looked at me now to change again? I had grown fond of looking cute for him and dolling myself up. I had to face it... If he did start to date again, at this point it would break my heart if it was anyone else but me...

I started to inform myself about transgenderism and it turned out, that much of what was discribed matched with how I felt. Deep down I think I always would have preferred to have been born as a girl...



I want them to grow faster...

I hope Mike will like my new look... The gothgirl style really suits me...

I started to change again, but this time it was not for Mike. This time it was for myself. I had ordered T-blockers and estrogen to reshape my body. It took few months, but as I looked at myself in the mirror, I had never felt more appreciative of my own looks. I didn't talk to Mike about my changes. He did ask me, don't get me wrong, but I wasn't sure if I was ready to talk to him about it yet. At this point it wasn't all for Mike after all. At this point it was also about discovering who I was.

After 5 months...

He almost ruined my makeup again.



Hey, Simon...  
Can we talk...

after we had finished our latest session, Simon wanted to talk to me.

He had figured out that I started all of this to get him out of his depression months ago. He was worried if I had changed myself so much only to please him. He told me, that if I had gone so far just for him, that he might need to end our friendship for my sake. I had not of course, but the thought of losing him, still made me break down in tears. I told him everything and he listened. Then he hugged me and I never felt so happy in my entire life. We kissed for the first time and after that, we were officially a couple.

His progress was awesome. Not only did he look and behave like he used to, I'd even say that he improved it...



One big thing that I still needed to figure out for myself, was if I wanted to try to have sex with him...

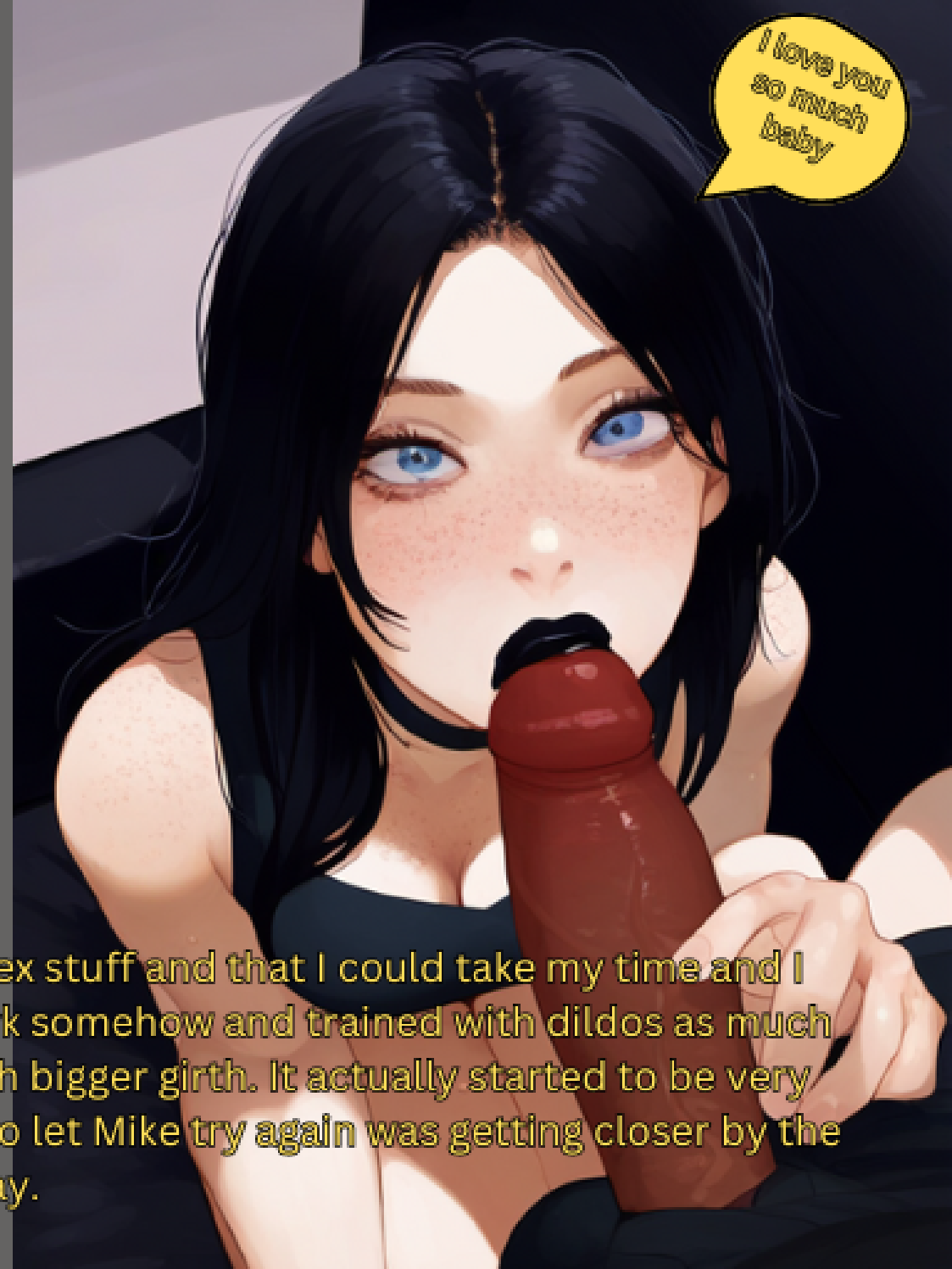
I had tried to pleasure myself back there over the months, but his shaft would still be a lot to take in...

After 6 months...

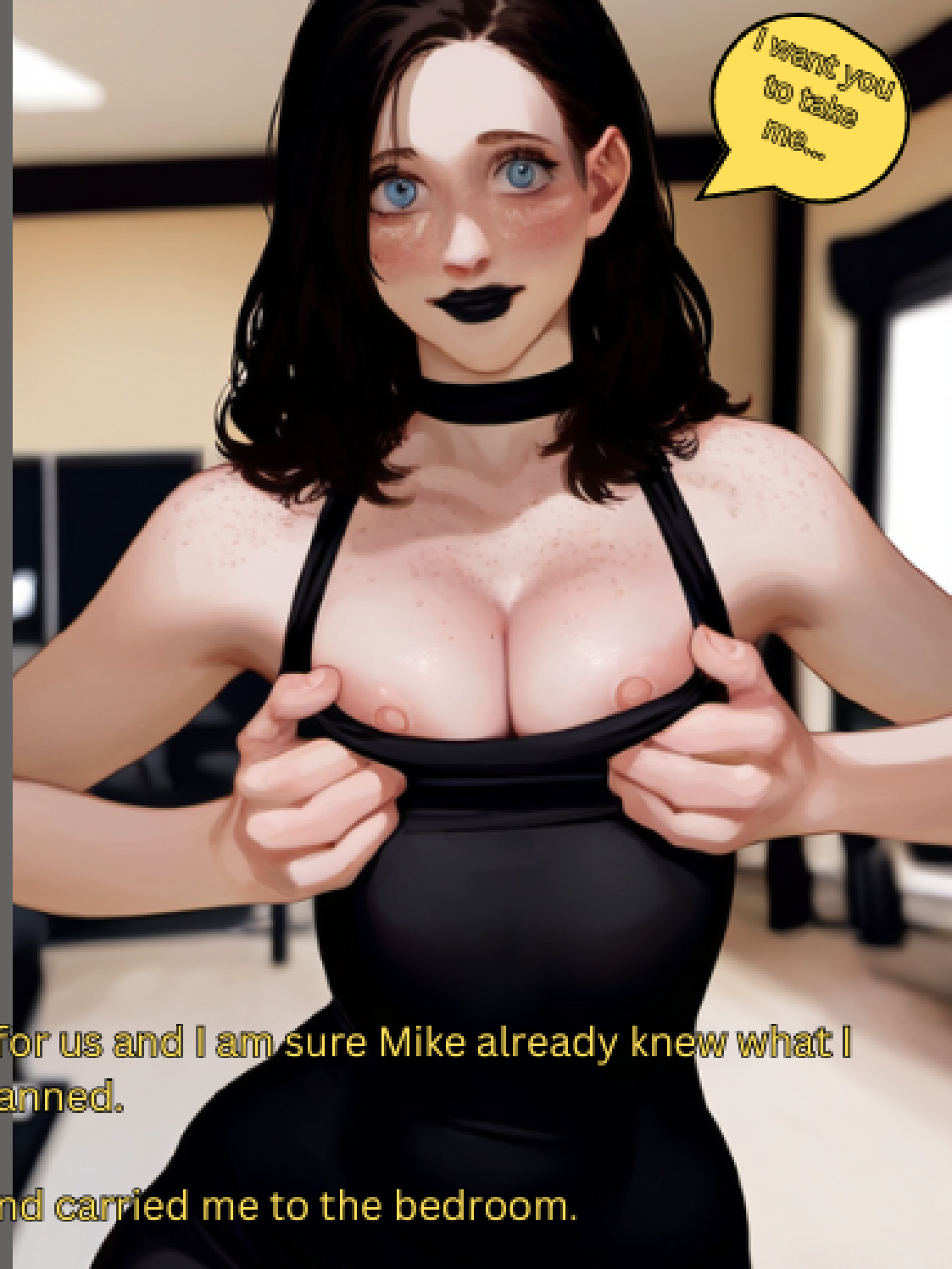
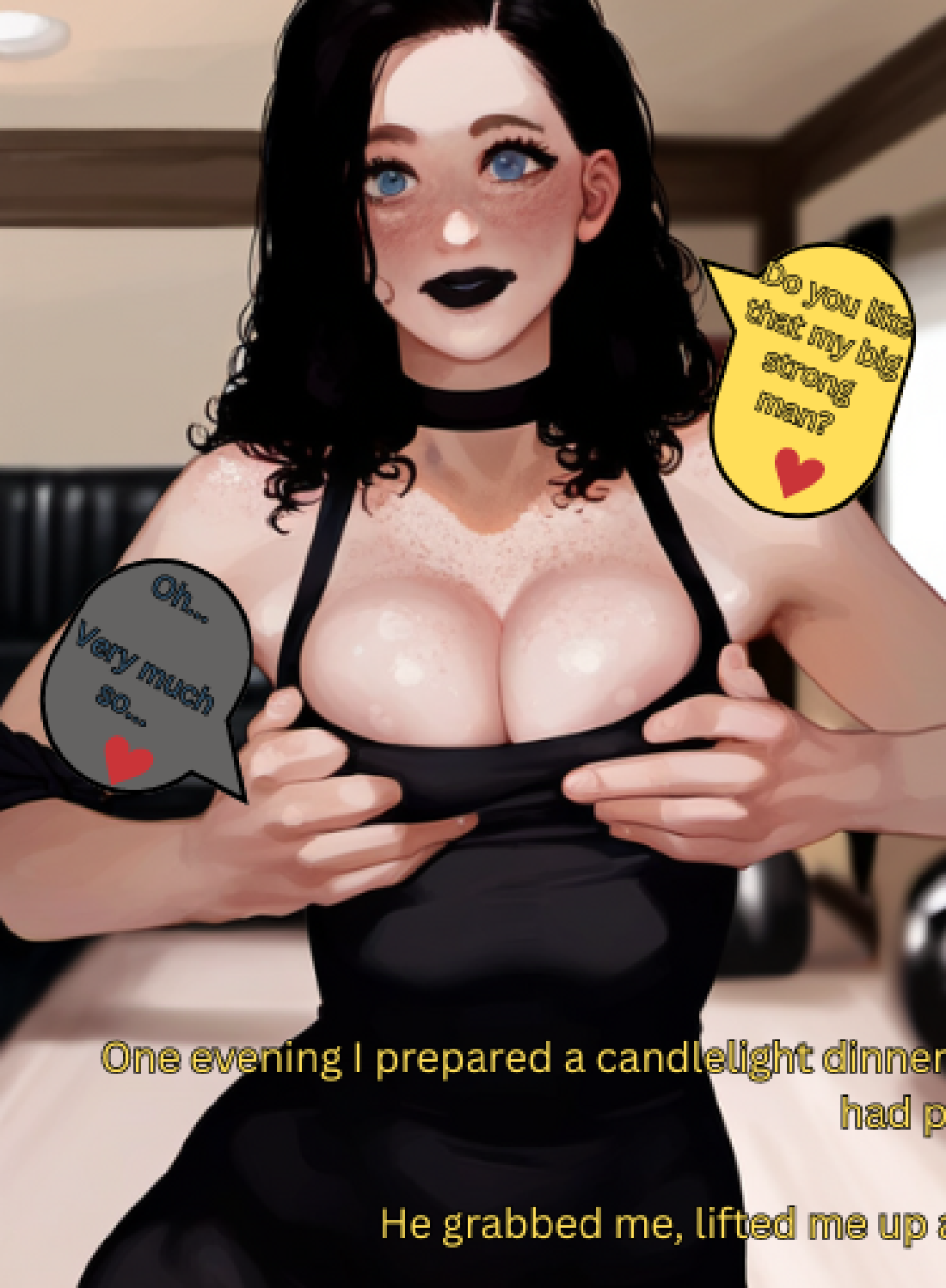


As we tried to have sex for the first time, Mike slowly pushed himself into me. He did not want to hurt me and I tried to endure the initial pain.

After the first few actual poundings however, I couldn't stand it anymore and we stopped.



Mike ensured me not to worry about the sex stuff and that I could take my time and I loved him for it. But I wanted to make it work somehow and trained with dildos as much as I could. Every time I tried to use one with bigger girth. It actually started to be very pleasurable for me and the day I was going to let Mike try again was getting closer by the day.



One evening I prepared a candlelight dinner for us and I am sure Mike already knew what I had planned.

He grabbed me, lifted me up and carried me to the bedroom.



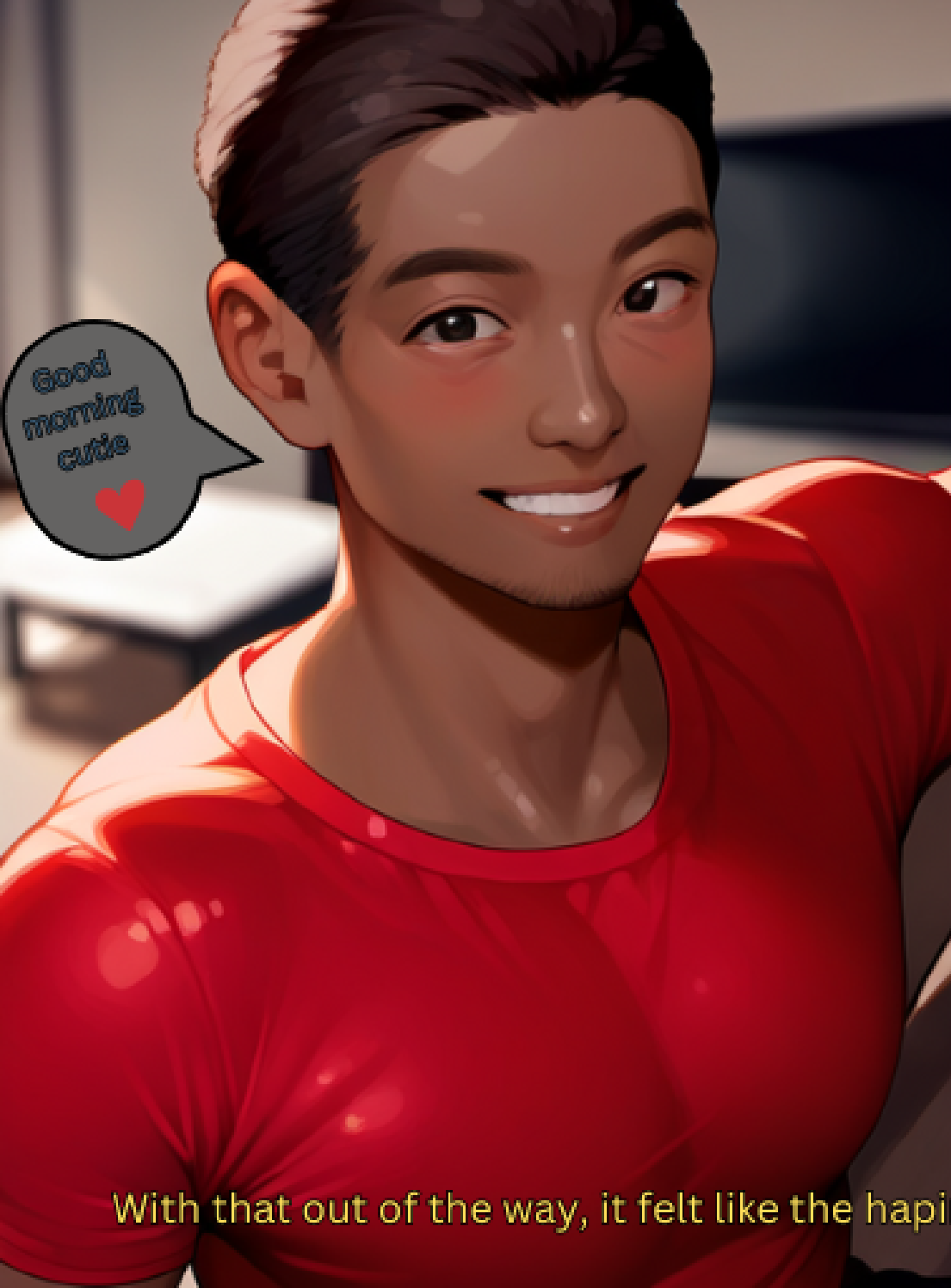
Come here and fuck me big boy!  
Make me your woman! ❤️

He threw me onto the bed and I immediately undressed.

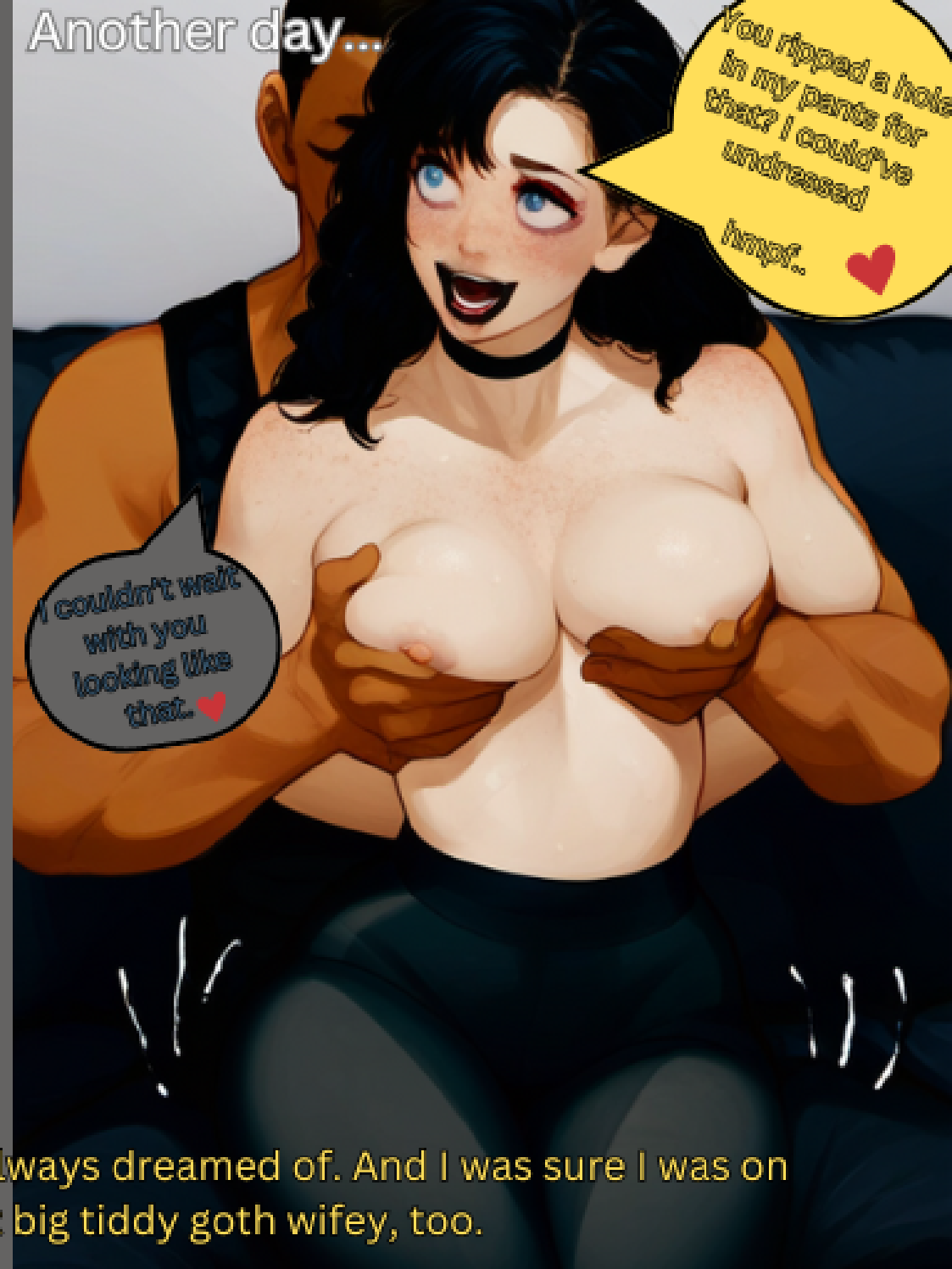
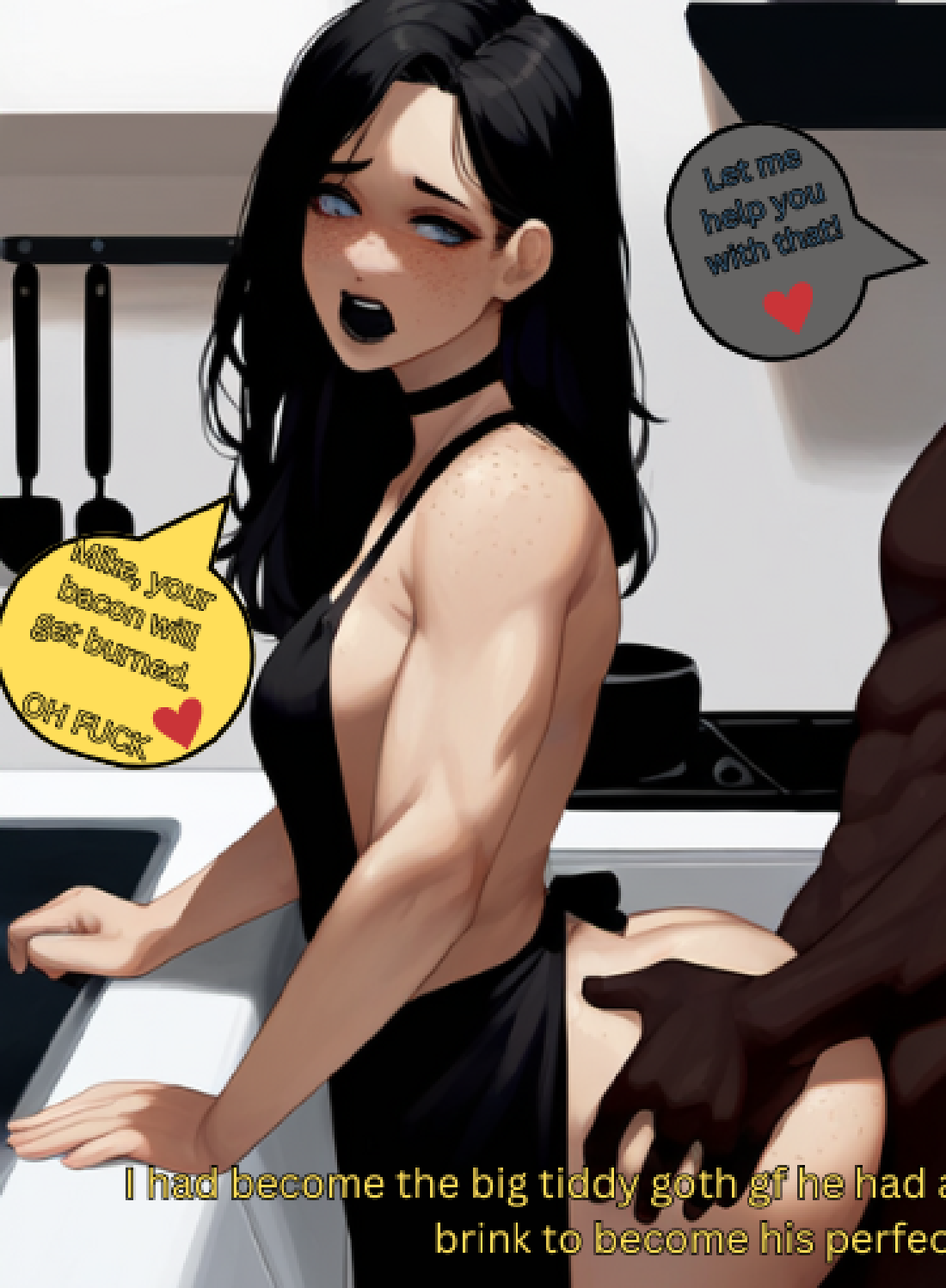


OH FUCK  
YESS!  
HARDER!  
❤️

He fucked me really hard and I had never before been happier. It still hurt at first, but then the pain got replaced by pleasure I had not known before. I came several times that night.



With that out of the way, it felt like the happiness in our relationship had reached its peak



I had become the big tiddy goth gf he had always dreamed of. And I was sure I was on brink to become his perfect big tiddy goth wifey, too.



Woopsia...  
I am sorry  
Mike. I didn't  
think that  
was  
possible.

I am going to  
be a father?  
  
OMG OMG  
OMG OMG...

And then, something unexpected happened.

I was pregnant...

Mike freaked out of course, but for some reason I didn't.

I think I knew, that if I ever was going to be a parent, I had already found the perfect partner.

Mike was going to be an awesome father, I was sure of it. And the thought of becoming a mom for his child was actually kind of exciting.

Who would've known we were ever going to get this far, when all of it started as an admittedly dumb idea of a worried friend.



Mike proposed to me one month after the birth of our first child.

A cute young boy, who we named after his father.

I have never been happier in my entire life. ❤️

THE END