

Happiness (Lesbian Bimbo TG)

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Commissioned by KID

Jeremy and Chloe work at the same goods and services company, and both are dissatisfied with their life trajectories. Despite Chloe's success and Jeremy's low status, both feel similarly lonely. But both have a genetic condition that causes them to feminise to the point of bimbohood, and as it spirals out of control, their lives begin to intertwine.

Happiness

Chloe smiled. "And Chloe wept, for there were no more worlds to conquer!"

David tittered next to her. "Oh, haha, Chloe. Don't let the new position go *completely* to your head. Just know I'm still going to be climbing up after you."

Chloe turned to face her defeated, but friendly, rival. She extended hand.

"I have no doubt you'll make it, David."

"Thanks, Chloe. Try not to feel too lonely up the top now that you're the floor manager of this branch."

With a smile, he left. Chloe's own smile hung around just a little too long. When David closed the door, it finally faded. He'd hit closer to the mark than he'd intended, and she felt a lingering malaise that seemed to wound her victory. She had made it to floor manager, but how much would it isolate her further? It was a continual fear of hers. In her quest to rise up the ranks at *Aerada* she had already found her social circle diminish. When she was simply manager, the relationship between her and her employees shifted, a divide growing. Would it grow further still?

She flopped into her office couch, groaning. That irritating anxiety always crept in at times like this, undercutting what should have been a time of celebration.

"I've got to get a damn aspirin," she said.

Chloe was not an unattractive woman. She was fit, often going to the gym, with a solid muscle definition most ladies would be jealous of, without being unseemly. She was African-American, but liked to keep her hair ironed straight and silky, so that it hung to her shoulders. She had an athletic figure, and with her tall 5'9 height and B-cup breasts, she could look rather attractive when she dressed up for a date night. Not that she often went on those. Life and work was too busy, and if she wanted to get even higher up the corporate ladder then she had to eschew relationships for a bit longer. After all, she'd come this far at only the age of twenty six, and so her burning ambition aimed ever higher. Besides, there

was that *other* consideration. The one she had to carefully manage. She'd done so for several years now, and was confident it would be okay.

But as always, that slight fear remained. It could be lonely at the top.

A little tremor overcame her, and she felt her hormones go briefly out of whack.

"Nevermind the aspiring, I need my fucking pills," she said. A hot flash hit her, and with a frustrated groan she went to her desk. The top drawer was locked, but after opening it with her special key she took out the pills that she didn't want any of her employees to find out she had. The label read, *EXTRA STRENGTH TESTOSTERONE*.

"Two today, if it has hit me that early," she said.

She swallowed them down with a glass of water, then locked the drawer. She didn't want her condition to get the better of her. She'd made it this far. The doctor had said it was stable. There was no way it would be getting in her way.

Jeremy took another drink of his coffee, sighed, and continued to type. In contrast to Chloe - who was his boss - he was Caucasian, skinny and lacking in muscles, only 5'7 in height, and had short brown hair. He looked to be the regular kind of office worker you could pass without even noticing that you had passed him, which was just fine by him. After all, unlike his ambitious boss, Jeremy was perfectly happy being a regular working Joe. He didn't like to socialise during his lunch break, or to make small talk around the water cooler, or to bring presents for Reception Lady Number 5 when it was her birthday. He liked being a loner. It worked just fine for him. He could arrive at work just on time and leave the moment it hit five o'clock without worrying about being held back by trivial conversations about matters no one cared about.

"Hey Jeremy, are you sticking around for trivia night on Wednesday?" someone asked. It was probably Jen. He wasn't the biggest fan of Jen.

"I think I'll skip that one," he called over the cubicle wall.

"Are you sure? We need someone else for our team, and we hear you're a bright one!"

He sighed again. "Yeah, I don't think so. I've got an appointment."

"Oh, what kind of appointment?"

An appointment with a can of beer from his fridge was the answer, but he wasn't going to tell them that. "Oh, just a routine checkup."

Another person a cubicle over gave a dramatic groan. "Another one of Jeremy's famously convenient appointments!"

It was Steve. Always Steve. He was far worse than Jen.

“Well, you can believe me or not, but I won’t be coming,” Jeremy said. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a call to take.”

He didn’t, but it made him feel better to tune it all out. He had a social life that was separate from work. It wasn’t exactly expansive, and it was quite infrequent, but he was happy being alone. After all, it was difficult to be around others without them asking . . . questions.

Jeremy felt a little tremor in his system just from thinking about said condition. Looking around to see that no one was looking, he opened the top drawer on his desk and took out a bottle of his pills.

EXTRA STRENGTH TESTOSTERONE

He gave a bitter chuckle. “Doesn’t *feel* like I’m on extra strength,” he remarked, looking at his skinny arms. “But whatever stops me from becoming some sort of bimbo, I guess.”

He downed two pills with a can of coke. Then another, just for good measure and against the advice of his doctor. He may be a loner in part due to his humiliating condition, but there was *no way* he was becoming some sort of dumb, horny woman.

“No fucking way,” he mumbled. He breathed a sigh of relief as the soreness in his chest dissipated, and the slight expansion of flesh that had bulged forth melted back down.

Just then his boss passed along his cubicle, the manager for the whole floor. To Jeremy’s eyes, she was a pretty cute thing. Crazy to think she was only a year older than him. She was obviously better put together: she always wore smart business clothing that matched her dark skin and straight hair. He tried not to linger his gaze too long on her. She gave a simple nod.

“Work going well?”

“Yes, boss. New sales rates are looking good.”

“Great to hear . . . sorry, I’ve forgotten your name.”

“Jeremy.”

“My apologies Jeremy.”

“You’re not the first.”

And just then an actual call came, and he was back to work.

Though neither knew it about the other, both Chloe and Jeremy were afflicted with a genetic condition called Estra’s Disease. It was an incredibly rare condition, with no known cure, though it could theoretically be managed. Chloe had been diagnosed several years ago, and Jeremy likewise when he was twenty two. Both were shocked to learn of the symptoms and

eventual outcome of the disease if left untreated. Estra's, much like its name sounded, caused the body - male or female - to produce copious amounts of estrogen that were far out of balance than the usually expected levels. Over time, these hormonal imbalances caused the individual to become increasingly feminine in appearance, and even went so far as to cause further chromosomal changes as well. In the case of a man with Estra's, he would eventually find himself becoming hermaphroditic, then later on, fully female. This included a fully functional female genitalia, capable of having periods, and even carrying a pregnancy to term and giving birth.

But this was not to say it didn't have massive repercussions for female sufferers of the disease either. That was because Estra's didn't just stop at making both individuals female, but instead incredibly feminised to the point of having exaggerated female bodies with overdeveloped breasts, buttocks, thighs, and hips. The disease reduced the intelligence of those who suffered it, and with the rush of hormones caused their libidos to positively skyrocket, so that sexual activity became a continual craving. Not for nothing was it sometimes referred to in impolite circles as the 'bimbo disorder.'

Both Chloe and Jeremy greatly feared this outcome. Neither wanted to be a bimbo. For Chloe, the reasons were obvious. She was an intelligent, ambitious young woman who already had good looks, and she had no intention of being reduced to a sex-craved slut. Jeremy, on the other hand, while not the biggest alpha male, certainly had his male pride, and had no intention whatsoever of losing his dick and ending up having sex with a man, like some sufferers did!

As such, both were on heavy prescriptions for extra strength testosterone supplements: Chloe to avoid becoming even more feminine, and Jeremy just to hang onto his own masculinity. Both had managed to hold against the disease successfully, though small concessions had been made: Chloe walked with a bigger sway in her step than she would have liked, and her face had not always been so gorgeous. And Jeremy found it practically impossible to grow facial hair, or to bulk up. It was an annoyance to both of them, especially Jeremy, but both were at least comfortable in the fact that their diseases were manageable.

Well, that was until both started to notice some unexpected changes.

Chloe grunted in annoyance as she fitted her bra. She'd worn this only yesterday, why was it so damn tight? Had her boobs bloated a little? Was she on her period?

"I'm not slated for a period for a couple of weeks!" she complained. She adjusted the cups, wondering if the bra had just shrunk in the wash or something. After all, she only had

modest but rather nice B-cups, so it shouldn't be an issue. Her sister had stayed over recently, and she was a size larger - perhaps it was one of her bras?

But a look once she took it off confirmed it was her size: 32B.

"The hell? Why isn't this fitting me, then?"

She grabbed her breasts, only to wince a little. They were indeed a bit sore, just as if her period was on the horizon. Perhaps all the stress of being a floor manager these past several weeks had gotten to her and brought her period on early. It hadn't happened before, but she knew women that it was the case for. Because as it stood, her breasts were certainly quite flushed, and fuller than usual. They had a weight and a wobble that certainly fit them as C-cups. She gave an exasperated sigh, and put on the bra, despite its discomfort, and headed out to work. It was all she could really do. She checked herself one last time in the mirror, adjusted her red makeup, and left.

"I could have sworn my lips weren't *that* full," she said as she drove.

Jeremy winced as he put on his shirt. His nipples felt quite sore today, as they had the previous day. He was convinced he'd caught a minor rash or something, because they were sticking out more than usual, like little pink berries. It annoyed him, because they were quite noticeable beneath his shirt, and the only solution was to wear some bandaids over them to stick them down in place. He sneezed as he looked in the mirror, fixing his hair.

"Hope that's not the start of a minor damn cold," he complained. His voice cracked a little as he spoke, as if confirming that very fact. Certainly, his nose looked a little red. Weirdly, it looked smaller than usual, instead of bigger, like you would expect with someone about to develop a runny nose. He shook his head, trying to snap out of it. He didn't make a great salary, so he couldn't afford a day off during a month of big bills.

"Just fucking put up with it until Friday," he muttered. "Just two days. Then see a doctor if absolutely necessary."

He adjusted his hair, annoyed at its longer length. He preferred it short, but it had snuck up on him, now falling down to the bottom of his ears like a female pixie cut. It even looked lighter than usual.

"Gotta get my haircut too," he mumbled.

He brushed his teeth and headed out. When he got in the car and put on his seatbelt, he tried to ignore the rumbling in his stomach. He was goddamned hungry, far more than the skinny man usually was.

"Maybe buy from the cafeteria today. Just this once."

Chloe was frustrated for the next couple of days as her boobs continued to stifle her top. They were most definitely C's: her sister didn't look too different from her and so it was easy to look at her own size in the mirror and then her sister's in photos she had.

"Just hurry up and arrive already," she told her body, expecting her flow anyway.

Her discomfort wasn't limited to her larger breasts, which one woman rudely suggested under her breath was a result of 'stuffing.' No, she was noticing other strange signs. For one, while her hair always grew in fast, it seemed to be coming in a lot faster than usual, now hanging further over her shoulders. David had even asked if she was trying out extensions, much to her confusion. And more than that, her hips were feeling sore, as if there was a kind of pressure in her bones. She continued to bite her lip when a seeming tremor came over her, and the fullness of those lips made her a bit alarmed. She hadn't even considered, after all this time of dormancy, that it could be a result of her Estra's Disease.

"It better fucking not be," the floor manager said, but the possibility stayed with her, making her paranoid. She wished she could have someone to confide in, to talk to about it, but she hadn't even told her family, and her sister, while friendly, was also quite an ambitious woman, and her worry would only enhance Chloe's worrying. And now that she was floor manager, her employees were just that: her employees. Not her work friends, but people she presided over. It created a lonely distance that again made her feel a bit despondent.

And so it was that she spent much of her time in the office, only doing the rounds as needed. She did her work well, but all the time she couldn't help but notice that her lips were plumper, and that her pants were starting to feel a tiny bit stretched by her hips.

In the end, she bit the bullet. She called her local GP and booked an appointment on the Saturday of that very weekend.

Another day, another invitation to Trivia Night. Jeremy almost wanted to go to this one. After all, it was Ancient Egyptian history, which was something of a little love of his. For the briefest moment, he was willing to take some of his coworkers up on their offer. Sure, he tended to be a bit of a lone tree in a plain field, but the pull of social interaction wasn't completely closed off to him.

Except that he *had* to turn it down. And not only because he was worried the conversation would turn to home life, or history prior to work, or something that would cause someone to be curious about his more meek looks. No, even that paranoia wasn't too far fetched now, because he was also worried about several very real changes he'd noticed

over the past couple of days leading to the weekend. For one, his hair did indeed seem lighter, almost like a dirty blonde in the right light instead of its usual chestnut brown. It was also in need of a sudden haircut. His jawline seemed weirdly soft, and his eyelashes a bit long. His nipples had only expanded a little further, becoming sorer and sorer, and there was a palpable feeling of discomfort in his chest, like a continual pressure was being exerted upon it, from the inside out. He was feeling a greater surge in his hunger, and perhaps it wasn't just his imagination that he'd put on some weight. Certainly, the scale agreed. Overall, he looked softer and fairer, and he was no fool. Something weird was happening, and even taking four of his expensive testosterone pills didn't appear to be doing anything substantial for him. Still, he took them anyway, and as always took a deep breath. His skin became a little more masculine, less smooth and perfect. It tingled a little.

So he turned the invitation down, and instead called his local GP. He was surprised and thankful they could fit him on Saturday morning. If nothing else, a meeting with his doctor could alleviate his fears. For the rest of the day he got back to work, concentrating on his usual problem solving over quality complaints and transport errors with their products. It was a good thing that his manager, Miss Chloe Barks, wasn't on the floor much today, or her severe manner could well have caught out his lack of productivity. But when she did appear, she just seemed oddly distant and unfocused as he was.

"Good work, good work," she muttered as she walked past, despite the fact that Jeremy was doing nothing of the sort. He just shrugged his shoulders, particularly when Steve began to wonder aloud what was up with her.

"Everyone has bad days, I suppose," he simply said. "Perhaps it's a date night and she's nervous."

Steve chuckled. "Yeah, she did look dolled up, all right. Did you catch that cleavage? Didn't realise she was hiding a not-too bad pair."

But Jeremy was already back to work, worried about his own potential 'pair.'

It was not the news Chloe wanted to hear. Far from it: it *terrified* her.

"What do you mean, building a resistance?" she asked her doctor.

"It means that your body appears to be adapting to the heavy testosterone usage. Effectively, you might be moving towards total immunity to testosterone supplements, causing the disease to progress, perhaps to completion."

She put her head in her hands, trying to ignore the increased weight in her breasts as she did so. Or the pressure upon her waist and hips.

"This can't be happening. There has to be something I can do, right? Would more

help?”

The doctor gave a sympathetic expression. “Well . . . perhaps. There’s a chance that overwhelming your body with an even bigger influx of the male hormone could stem or even reverse some of the changes your body has gone through over the last week, but it could just as easily be useless.”

Her heart pounded, a jackhammer drilling against her ribcage.

“What are my options?”

“Well, as I see it, there are really only two. You can take the increased dosage, but in truth I believe that it is far more likely you will just run into the same immunity problem down the line, delaying the inevitable.”

“And what’s my other option?”

He gave an apologetic shrug. “You could simply see what the disease will do. As I’ve said many times, the effects *do* range, and it is only the extreme cases that seem to go quite far in terms of femininity. You may just experienced an increased bust and more, er, curvaceous figure, and that might be it. Not the end of the world. It could well be a blessing.”

Chloe bit her lip. So there was a hope of not changing too much. The testosterone pills had come with their own cost. Not just to her love life - though her ambition had been part of that too - but also her sense of self. As a woman, taking so much testosterone gave her hot flashes, hormonal irregularities, and sometimes made her feel more aggressive than she would have liked. Occasionally she had to deal with stray hairs in areas they didn’t belong, and she didn’t like what they did to her sleep schedule at times. But could she really give them up? She’d come so far, and she’d scaled the ladder. A part of her yearned to just keep going as she was, but another, deeper part of her was tired of this charade, and wanted it done with. The fear was strangling, and she hadn’t been able to truly enjoy her success while Estra’s Disease hung over her.

“I’ll have a think about it, doctor. For now, can I have a prescription for the testosterone pills, please?”

Jeremy was waiting, checking out his phone, feeling quite nervous. He almost didn’t see his boss Chloe exit out into the patient waiting area and talk quietly with the receptionist. It piqued his interest, to know that she was also here, and it gave him a small chance to look over her in a regular setting. She was wearing a casual dress that outlined her nice figure, and he was surprised that she had a not-at-all bad behind in it. He’d always thought she was

flat, judging from her suits. Unfortunately, it reminded him how his own ass had ballooned slightly.

It was then that he got the call to go in to see his regular doctor. He stood, and as he passed, he managed to catch a few hushed words exchanged between Chloe and the receptionist organising her prescription.

“Yes, those are the ones, the testosterone. Extra strength.”

His eyebrows raised at the words used, but she seemed to have a sixth sense, because she turned and saw him. For just a brief moment, they were like two goldfish staring at one another, eyes wide open in horrified recognition. Quickly, Jeremy regained himself and went into the GP’s room, putting out of mind what he’d just heard. After all, he had bigger fish to fry, and wanted assurance that nothing was going wrong.

Which made it all the worse to find out that it absolutely was.

“You - you’re telling me that the testosterone isn’t working?” he said, agitated. “Is that why my nipples are getting swollen? Am I growing fucking tits? Am I going to bimbofy?”

The doctor made a calming gesture. He seemed to show a bit of surprise dealing with the case, and had remarked something about ‘deja vu,’ but Jeremy was chiefly concerned with this particular development.

“You may indeed do just that. I can’t tell you how the disease will go. Remember, the extreme cases, er, ‘bimbofy,’ as you put it. Though that is not a medical term. I would prefer ‘feminisation and alteration of brain patterns.’ But again, as I’ve explained, a greater dosage may just hold off the inevitable.”

“Well, screw that. I’m trying it. I need a damn prescription, doc. I can’t become a woman. I’ve given up so much already to stop this from happening. I’m not letting it win now!”

The doctor indeed gave him the prescription, and he took it readily. His first stop was immediately at the pharmacy, where he got the tablets. His new regiment called for four a day.

Naturally, he took six.

“No way am I becoming a woman,” he said. “Or even woman-like. I don’t care if I have to spend the rest of my life alone dealing with this shit, I’m not changing. I’m not!”

But even his words didn’t fill him with confidence. And neither did the pills.

Chloe decided to take some of the pills, but just at her regular dosage. She had always been a sensible woman. The science was the science, and if she couldn't truly do anything but delay her changes, it was better to confront them now and deal with them in a controlled manner. After all, it turned out it was likely her changes would only be minor, right?

As such, she got her prescription, took her regular dose, and then visited the clothing store the next day. She purchased several new bras at an annoying but acceptable cost, and found that simply having her larger breasts nestled more comfortably into their new cups was a load off her back. Literally.

"They actually look pretty nice," she said, admiring her figure in the mirror. Her hips had definitely widened a little. And had her waist contracted? She still had all her muscles, thank God, but she definitely looked more . . . attractive. Yep, there was no denying it. It was subtle, but there were some undefinable elements that had made her a bit more feminine and perhaps even refined.

"Maybe it won't be too bad," she murmured to herself. Her ass, after all, had only expanded a tiny bit. "Maybe I'll just get a bit cuter but not too cute to be taken seriously by upper management. I can deal with a few extra stares if that's it."

The following week, Jeremy was starting to not just double his dose, but triple his dose. Whatever immunity he was building to the supplements of testosterone seemed to have collapsed, and it was making him very, very worried. The strange, continual aches and pressures were now all over his body, and he was finding it hard to concentrate on his work. The only thing keeping him from getting a reprimand was the fact that his boss seemed to be more concerned with her own appearance than his. She was constantly looking at reflective surfaces whenever she was out on the floor, adjusting her hair - which seemed like she had extensions lately - and generally wincing at some pain or ache and shuffling back to her office. It was an odd sight at times, and made him wonder if he was missing something obvious.

Except he couldn't think too deeply about it. After all, his own body was starting to betray him. His masculinity, never too impressive but always a certainty, was starting to get called into question by his own damn coworkers. Steve and Liza down the hall were the most common gossip mongers, but Jen too, who with all her niceness contributed to the general concern. It all added up to a number of comments from a number of sources.

"Jeremy, have you started using a new moisturiser? Your face looks so soft!"

“Hey Jer, what’s up with the walk lately? Did you have an injury? You’re swinging your hips like the ladies in marketing, I tell ya!”

“Hey, keep your voice down, but do you think Jeremy might be gay or something? He’s looking real feminine lately. Just check out his eyelashes, and those lips! It’s like he has lip fillers or something.”

“You know, I have noticed that he’s touching his chest a lot lately. Do you think he’s getting surgery or something?”

“Or stuffing. It’s not just me, right? He definitely looks like he’s got little titties growing there.”

It was enough to make Jeremy cry privately, and that was even more humiliating. He *never* cried. He was stoic and impersonal as they came, but now that his own sense of manhood was being interrogated, even whispered about, it made him ever more vulnerable. He wanted to shrink into the ground. More than that, it made him want to express something. Say something. But he couldn’t, and that was just as bad. He was becoming ever further isolated, and he was starting to see that his own choices had led to this life of alienation. He was alone, and had been by choice. But now it was more like being adrift at sea, with no one to help him.

Jeremy took another deep breath, hating how his chest was slightly heavier, how his hips had widened an inch or two. He rubbed his arms nervously, and noticed not for the first time that they were almost entirely devoid of hair. Smooth as a baby’s bottom. He choked on a silent sob, and even his voice cracked a little higher.

“More pills. Fucking more.”

He took them, for all the good it would do. It managed to stem the tide. He grunted as their effect set in. His slightly heavier chest pulled back in a little, and the extra fat around his hips retreated. He coughed, and his voice cracked, becoming lower once more.

“Thank fuck. That at least puts a dent to this bullshit.”

But to his despair, his body structure hadn’t changed back. The changes to his hip bones, the ones that had caused them to become subtly wider, all remained.

“Goddamn it!”

Chloe felt like an idiot. She’d forgotten that a core part of her job was to pass on the T-forms to the upper floor, and to send out the general hiring email on the previous Friday. She’d been forgetting simple stuff more and more, and her everyday tasks of overseeing complex sales

and return procedures, as well as general shift management, was becoming almost bewildering to her. She attributed this to the immense distraction of her changing body. Unlike what she had hoped, her femininity was only increasing, and it was stirring her into an isolated panic. She grimaced as she walked down the hall, checking in on her employees and discussing work matters for next week's targets.

Her breasts were most definitely larger. Perhaps full D's already. They were threatening to spill out of her bra, which she'd only bought last week, and it was made even worse by the fact that it had the effect of outlining them against her female suit top as well. Certainly, a few people were eyeing her, and it made her blush. She didn't like to think about how it made her feel a little warm in her belly.

If that was the change alone, perhaps she could even enjoy it. She certainly wouldn't want them larger, but what girl didn't want a nice chest, even if she had to hide it to be taken seriously at work? Except that there were other changes that had continued also. Her hips were wider. Her ass seemed to be growing. Her hair was now to the bottom of her shoulder blades, and his lips had puffed up so that she almost appeared to be permanently pouting. She was starting to get afraid. No, that wasn't right. She was already afraid. She was starting to get *terrified*.

About the only thing that was keeping her calm was the fact that she had started to masturbate again. She wasn't usually one for a lot of self-pleasure, but lately her body had only gotten more needy. More than once, she actually got a bit naughty and unlocked a private closet at work, locked it from the otherside, and fingered herself into oblivion. Her new breasts were shockingly sensitive, and she could have sworn her clit had grown, becoming tantalising to touch. She struggled not to suppress a moan, and more than once she got the indication that *someone* knew something was up.

That office worker, Jeremy, was looking at her occasionally. He looked a bit odd, almost a bit feminine himself. But perhaps that was just the lens she saw the world through now.

Jeremy groaned as he checked out his changes in front of the mirror in the work bathroom.

"Goddamnit! I look like a fucking freak! I took twelve testosterone pills today, what freaking gives!?! I'm still changing and growing *tits!*"

It was undeniable, as well. He'd taken to using chest wraps at work. He couldn't take sick days, not during this particular period when his overtime was getting him extra cash for

the upcoming bills. But it made hiding his bodily transformation difficult. His nipples had expanded, and were shockingly sensitive. More than that, he had developed breasts. They were small, perhaps little B-cups, but the fact that they were no longer A's after a brief period of discovery was shocking in itself. He constantly felt a need to massage them, and that alone made him groan in unwanted pleasure from their sensitivity. He understood on some level that touching them so often was only encouraging further growth, but it was impossible *not* to! Soon he'd need a bra. He probably already did, given that they were already jiggling a little.

"Fucking boobs," he whined. "I can't believe it."

He'd stayed late, of course. He needed that overtime pay, and also being the last to leave was actually easier than the first to leave: it gave less suspicion, even though everyone was already looking at him funny. Certainly, Steve had continued to joke about how much "extra weight" he was putting on. That was another thing Jeremy couldn't help: his hunger had shot up, and he felt the need to gorge on more calories and protein than even his teenage years of growing. It was translating directly into gains in places he didn't want to be gaining: his ass, his hips, his thighs. He was increasingly having an obviously womanly figure, and wearing loose slacks and a jacket in summer could only hide so much, especially since now he had to pretend he was dying his hair a dark blonde. That was getting longer too.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he cried. He teared up a little, cringing at the sight that greeted him in the mirror. He looked like a drag queen, or at the very least a crossdresser wearing implants. He'd realised the other day that he was also losing height. He'd never been super tall, but he was meant to be 5'7. Now he was a measly 5'5. Occasionally, an aching twinge in his spine informed him that he only had further shrinking to go.

"This is unfair. This is, like, so not fucking fair!"

He didn't even *sound* like himself anymore. It was distracting him from his job: he could barely even remember how to do a T5 form anymore, and he needed to keep handing those to the boss. He sighed, thinking about Chloe. She too was looking more feminine these days, perhaps just to show off in her new position. She did look rather delightful though, even in her stress.

"Mhmm, quite nice," he mumbled.

His dick strained in his pants, growing more erect. His nipples stiffened in an alien way, and he found himself rubbing them, savouring the sensations. Pulses of pleasure travelled down to his loins, and he felt a familiar tugging.

"Oohhh . . . ahhh - ahhh - oh, oh, God! Oh GOD! YES!"

It happened too quickly to believe. Suddenly, he came, and from nipple play along. He'd rubbed and tweaked the pointy parts of his breasts, caressing the tender flesh and giving himself a minor climax. He didn't know whether to be relieved or concerned at the fact that despite his cock throbbing in orgasm, he wasn't pumping any semen into his underwear.

"Fuck, that can't be good. Fuck! I'm getting out of here. I need fresh air."

He moved quickly, not bothering to tighten his bindings too much. He took another two pills, uncaring how many he was using. It seemed to do something, because to his unbelievable relief (and the relief of the strained bindings) his chest boobs shrunk back in. They didn't go completely away, but they couldn't be more than tiny, near-imperceptible A-cups now. He sighed, surprisingly a little pleased by the feeling. Removing his bindings briefly, he saw that even his nipples had shrunk, areolas too. They were still womanly, but he could get away with them, perhaps. He put the bindings back on anyway. A quick inspection of the rest of his body informed him that his ass and thighs had also lost that feminine fat that made them a little curvy too.

"S-small relief, then."

He would be the last one out, after all. He could lock up, and fix the straps in the car. Except as he moved along the cubicle floor, he happened to stumble past his boss, Chloe.

To his shock, she was also in a state of undress. And she was moaning in ecstasy.

"What the fuck?"

Chloe would have turned bright red if not for her dark skin. She thought she was the last one in the office, but she must have checked the schedules wrong! She was making all sorts of mistakes lately, and this was the worst one yet! Jeremy stood before her, eyes wide at the sight of his boss rubbing her big boobs and placing a hand down her grey pencil skirt. She hadn't intended on masturbating, especially in her own workplace, but the feminisation was making her body more than just busty; it was making it horny as hell too. Already, her bustline had expanded to prominent D-cups, and they were showing no signs of stopping. Her figure was now an hourglass, and she had a sharp suspicion it would be positively perfect in its curves if it kept going. All over her body, the aches of change were starting to feel more wonderful, almost natural, and that terrified her. Her big boobs - or 'boobies' as she occasionally thought of them now, for some reason - demanded attention, especially after so many of her employees had been staring at them, giving rise to a more powerful libido.

And so she waited until the last person had left, found a private cubicle free from security cameras, and stripped off her jacket and shirt. She had massaged her full globes, and relished the feelings of orgasm that build and build, especially when she rubbed her big, dark nipples, the pair of which had only expanded and formed wide, sensual areolas encircling them.

“Oohhhhh . . . f-fuck! Oh, God! They’re s-so much more s-sensitive than usual - eep!”

She tried to keep her noises to a minimum, but it was like her body was supercharged with feeling, and only massaging her most private parts would let it out. As the transformation had continued, Chloe’s body was hungry for pleasure, demanding attention. She rubbed her pussy and to her surprise she found it became wet far quicker than anticipated, whereas usually she was quite slow to start after a long foreplay. She moaned, grunting as she massaged her swollen clit, and soon she was groping her body with wild abandon, panting in a higher-than-usual voice in response to the soon-arriving orgasms.

“Ohhhhh Godyes . . . mmhmm yes! Yes! Yes! Aahhhh . . .”

It was then that, unexpectedly and alarmingly, one of her employees walked straight up beside her, and paused in shock. It was Jeremy, the one she’d seen at the GP’s office. Had he been spying on her? Despite the alarm, her horniness had not dissipated, and when he cried “What the fuck?” at her presence, she couldn’t help but rub her needy vulva several more times in quick succession even through the sheer humiliation.

“I c-couldn’t help mysseEEELLFFFF!!! AAAHH!!!”

She erupted into orgasm, more powerful than she had ever felt before. It was like she’d been living in a tunnel all her life, knowing only the small pleasures of a confined existence, but now she had dug up to the great blue sky, and experienced a freedom she had never known before. She cried out, trying and failing to smother her own ecstasy. It was all too much, and somehow having someone behold her orgasm was simultaneously shameful and strangely arousing. The man just looked at her, not knowing what to do, as she fell to panting, slowly calming down.

“I - ahhh - I couldn’t help myself,” she repeated.

“Boss, Miss Chloe . . . what is going on? Holy shit, why are you masturbating in the office? Is this a regular thing? Do I need to call HR?”

Chloe stood on wobbling legs, wiping her wet, pussy-smelling hand upon her skirt before hastily buttoning up her shirt. Already, her breasts felt heavier, as if they’d changed in real time.

“N-NO! Please don’t! It’s - what do you know?”

The employee looked from side to side. “What are you talking about?”

"I mean about my appointment!" she exclaimed. "At the GP's office! I saw you there!"

Jeremy held up his hands. "I've got no idea what you're . . . talking . . . about . . ."

His words faded, and Chloe noticed for the first time that they were higher in register than they should have been. And while she didn't know this man well, his face was also certainly softer as well. Other changes, too: his hair was lighter and longer, his figure more feminine, and his chest . . .

"Holy shit," she muttered. "You have it too. Estra's Syndrome."

The man immediately covered up his chest. "I don't know what you're talking about, but I have to go."

But she was already moving to block him. In the aftermath of her masturbation, her hormones were running high. She could feel more changes upon her, and her pills were on another floor entirely. She *had* to talk to this man.

"Don't lie! You must have it - I can see you've changed, Jeremy. You even look shorter, I swear!"

"You don't know me at all, I've always been this tall" he replied harshly, but his voice cracked even as he said it, giving lie to his words. Chloe seized on this immediately, drawing closer to him.

"Oh, yeah? Show me your chest then?"

"What? This is harassment!"

"Show me! You've seen what you m-might become! We could help each other. You do have it, don't you? Do you have a cute bust like I do?"

She blushed a little. Cute bust? Where was her mind going these days?

But it seemed to have a strange effect on Jeremy. The man groaned, seemingly in response to her words, and began clutching his chest.

"N-no! What are you doing? H-how! But I took the pills!"

To both their shock, his shirt visibly expanded. He scrambled, feverish as two bumps formed upon his chest, tightening against the fabric. He squirmed, grumbling invectives. Chloe's eyes widened as she saw how much of the rest of him was subtly changing too: his hips groaning a little wider, the part of the shirt around his waist getting looser, as if his waist was pinching in. But the real star of the show were two obvious breasts, perhaps B-cups, that moments later caused some kind of binding to snap open.

"GAH!!" he shrieked, voice cracking upwards. He stared at her, and for just a moment, she could see a peak of little cleavage at the bottom of his now-loose collar. But then the panicking Jeremy shook his head and simply pushed past her. There were tears in his eyes,

and though she didn't know him well, she knew the man who was often quite the loner was usually very stoic.

"I'm sorry!" she yelled, trying to follow him. "I didn't mean to, like - oh Gawd!"

She shook her head. She could normally be so persuasive, but the words just weren't coming to her. She clutched her head in frustration, groaning in annoyance.

It was then that a button on her shirt pinged off. She looked down, raised her eyebrows. A mounting pressure rose in her chest, and to her shock they began to expand several more inches. She looked up, but Jeremy was already out of the room and likely heading for the exit. She thought for a second about following him, but the pressure continued to rise, making her squirm. Her chest was so damn flushed and hot.

"Mhmmhm - ahh! Oh G-Gawd! So b-big!"

They expanded yet further, pressing against her shirt and pinging off yet another button. Her globes spilled over the cups of her D-cup bra, and to her shock she saw that they were now likely DD-cups! The kind of tits that men went crazy for.

"Great! Now I need, like, more clothing!"

She looked up the empty lane towards the exit once more, but Jeremy had not returned. With a fitful groan as she tried to cover up her increased cleavage, she began to walk to the exit as well, her hips swaying that little bit more once again. Chloe resolved to try and contact Jeremy. She needed someone else to talk with.

After all, she was starting to believe that her changes were not only inevitable, but more extreme than she was capable of ever hiding.

The next week was dreadful for Jeremy. The sight of his own boss reduced to some busty, masturbating bimbo . . . it was unbelievable! Worse, the knowledge that she had Estra's Disease, and was obviously further along than him (or not, he was a man, after all, and the disease would act differently for him), gave him a glimpse into the lusty, busty future that could well be awaiting him. After all, his changes had only continued, with his chest growing slowly but surely, so that he now had to wear tight bindings to prevent his now-ample C-cups from being seen. It was as if each time he reduced their size with the pills, they only grew back larger, and quicker too! But he had to rely on the pills, he simply had to.

The weather was only getting warmer, but he was forced to cover up in ways that were making his coworkers give him a curious eye. Other bodily changes proceeded apace also, and they no longer happened invisibly: sometimes he would wake up in the middle of

the night, sweating and groaning and overcome with unwanted pleasure as his hips expanded, as his dick shrunk, as his waist contracted, and so on. His hair, which he repeatedly cut, kept extending in length ever faster in following days, growing back blonder each time. He couldn't even effectively dye it because of its rapid growth.

He frequently visited the bathroom at work, dodging questions about his appearance, and fuming at the sight of his feminising body. His boobs - and it was undeniable that he did in fact have a pair of jiggling boobs now - were sore from the constant compression, and continuing to ache with the promise of future growth.

"Ngnnhh . . . they w-won't, like, stop!" he declared. He winced at his application of the word 'like.' He couldn't stand filler words, but he was using them more often as he was stressed. "Why do f-feel so good sometimes!?"

He checked no one else was in the bathroom, and gave way to temptation: he started massaging his sensitive, sore titties, and moaned with delight at the pleasure that followed. It made his cock erect, but his penis was now well-below average size, and his balls had shrunk too. He pulled his hands away, managed to achieve a minute little orgasm that kept his lust at bay.

"Ohhhhhh . . . ahhh . . . th-that's enough f-fow now. Ahh."

Looking in the mirror, it was obvious that his body structure had changed. He'd started taking a stupid number of pills each day, swallowing several every time he felt that tremor of change, that growing warmth that signalled further change. But though he managed to hold off changes during those times, the truth was it was only a temporary pause. And no matter how much extra testosterone he took, it couldn't return or re-alter his changing bone structure: Estra's Disease was simply too strong. His doctor had even warned of another, more terrible possibility: that by taking so much testosterone, he would only be strengthening the disease for when it finally 'won out', and that the results could lead to an extreme level of feminisation.

"No!" he gasped to himself, rewinding the bindings around his chest and doing his best to hide his increasingly womanly body. "I'm not becoming some bimbo bitch. I'm just . . . I'm not."

He took another few pills for good luck, and savoured the almost *orgasmic* feeling of his womanly features retreating. But that cathartic sensation was ruined by the appearance in the mirror. His chest may have receded again, but they had only reduced from C's to B's this time, and still had the weight and presence of a regular woman's chest. And of course he still had his shorter height and wider hips, which were not going back down.

"This fucking sucks."

He returned to work, ignoring the background horniness he was starting to feel as a fact of life, and doing his best to stop brushing his boobs. Occasionally, a coworker would notice that he was gingerly adjusting his chest, and he would flush red with embarrassment. It only made him put his head down further. As he was doing more and more often these days, he stayed late, not wanting anyone to see the way his hips swung strangely when he walked. He was also paranoid about people seeing that his ass had expanded. The flesh was firm but plumping up during his sleep, and when he got into the car . . . there was a possibility someone might see.

Unfortunately, it meant he ran into Chloe again. She hadn't changed much over the week, though he'd largely done his best to avoid her. She had tried to track him down several times, but he was quick to take a call or go to the bathroom. Certainly, Steve was continuing to talk about "how much hotter" their boss had gotten, particularly "her big black boobs, which are way bigger than I would have suspected, right?"

"Jeremy, can we, like, talk or something?" she said. Her voice had a bit more of a valley girl twang to it.

"We don't have anything to talk about," he said, in his own squeaky voice.

"Jeremy, we both have the same condition, don't we?"

He sighed. "Of course we fucking do. It's Estra's! I'm turning into a goddamn woman! I have tits! I don't want to talk about it."

She paused. "But don't you think that - I mean - we could try to figure it out together?"

"You're my boss."

"And I'm scared! I feel like I'm getting, like, not as smart. I'm struggling to hide it. And I'm thinking I should just let it happen. At the very least we could totes support one another."

She appeared to cringe at her use of the word 'totes.' Jeremy felt bad for her. He'd always thought Chloe was highly attractive, though not the kind of person he'd hang out with, and certainly out of his league. But knowing she had Estra's, and that she was considering giving in to it . . .

"No, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not giving into this. I don't want to end up with huge tits, or as a woman at all."

"Neither do I! But what if it happens? Can't we at least compare notes?"

"I don't want to, *like*, compare notes!" he declared. His voice cracked. It was hard not to stare. God, she looked so damn sexy and absolutely fuckable. She fumbled with her top, trying to attach a button, but it only pinged off, causing her to squeal lightly.

"See? I'm getting these big boobies and I can't help it! Yours look so much smaller. How are you doing it?"

"I'm t-taking the pills," he stuttered.

"Yeah but, like, yours are going down again!"

"Because I'm a m-man," he stuttered, feeling that tremor come over his form again.

"That's j-just it. But they k-keep - oohhhh - they keep - oohohhh fuck!"

There was something about Chloe that kept causing it. Her gorgeous looks, her increasingly sexy bimboness. Those huge, round, soft tits. It made his body want to be like that too, despite what he wanted. He grunted as the pressure rose again, just as it had last time they caught up, and before he could even unbind his chest the wrappings simply snapped open, giving way to his surging boobs.

"OOOHhhhhh!! N-noo! S-stop! I don't want big titties!"

He couldn't focus on why he'd said 'titties' like some crass porn character, because at that moment he was too busy holding his chest and trying to push them back in. It was a fruitless effort, and only left him salivating in accidental pleasure as his hands rubbed against his nipples. They stiffened, growing larger than before. His boobs were doing the same.

"Ssssoooooo biiiiiiig!"

Chloe's jaw dropped. She'd obviously never seen this kind of growth on someone else before. His dick went hard in his pants, and to his annoyance he realised it had shrunk again too. His body was flushed and aroused and *growing, growing, growing* a bigger set of boobs that were now easily Double-Ds in size.

"Why d-do they f-feel so fucking goooooo! NGGNHH!!"

A terrific orgasm ripped through Jeremy's body. He shuddered, ejaculating into his work trousers right before his own boss. A button ripped from his shirt, letting his full, flushed cleavage show. His ass surged out a little, his hip fat too. He was left standing there, panting.

"Like, oh my Gawd," Chloe said. She cradled her chest, and even she moaned a little as her own boobs expanded, as if fed from his energy. Or influenced by it. "This is why we totes need to talk!"

It was a good idea, but Jeremy's flight instinct was already upon him. Having to confront an image of what he might become, of what Chloe was evidently *still* becoming, scared the shit out of him. As always, it was easier to retreat into isolation and loneliness. It wasn't a happy existence, but it kept him safe. He gave a few apologies and left Chloe standing alone. He barely resisted the urge to massage his sore behind as he exited the building.

His chest bounced all the way to the car. This time the pills could only reduce his chest to still-full C's.

In the days that passed, it was the loneliness that got to Chloe. She took her testosterone supplements sporadically, but they were winding down. Unlike Jeremy, they could only hold changes a little at bay, not reverse anything. And it seemed his reversions were temporary anyway. She had always thought of herself as one that listens to the science, and her doctor and now a second specialist were both saying the same thing: Estra's Syndrome was continually overriding any testosterone she took to avoid ultra-femininity, and taking more of the supplements would only strengthen her ultimate transformation by the end. It was a sad thing to admit to herself, but she hoped that with some practicality she might still be able to work her way up the ladder.

Except . . . was it really worth it?

In the few weeks she had been a floor manager, and in the lower tiers of management prior to that, she had felt distanced from her fellow colleagues. It truly was lonely at the top, and the stress of managing the smooth flow of business was getting to her. Perhaps part of it was the disease making her brain a bit foggy, but it also felt like the work was genuinely exhausting her. It had been so long since she had someone to talk to, *really* talk to.

"I thought having this job would make me happy," she mused to herself in her office one morning, "but I feel more isolated than ever."

Beyond her four walls, coworkers intermingled and laughed and gossiped, but those conversations were closed off from her now. And if there was ever a chance to be the 'cool boss' and rejoin them, then that time was surely passing, because the changes to her body had made her so damn secretive and stressed and horrified that it wasn't worth trying.

Another tremor, another pulse. She was jolted from her thoughts as a strong heat came over her once more. This time it was centred upon her hips and waist, on her backside.

"Oh G-God! Not again! Surely it's nearly - ughh! - done!"

She grasped her table, ignoring the call on her buzzer from her secretary. She squirmed in her comfortable seat, rising slightly as her cheeks plumped up. She groaned under her breath, her vagina tingling with desire as her thighs also rounded, becoming thick and gorgeous and stretching the confines of her work stockings.

"AAnnhh - what, what is it?" she said, answering the buzzer.

"Mr Pearson to see you," came the response.

Chloe gritted her teeth. Her waist contracted, her body tensed. Her hips became even more child-bearing in nature: where they had been slim before, now they were increasingly wide, with a wonderful curve that just spoke of fertility and femaleness. Despite her initial revulsion at her changing body, she couldn't help but giggle in delight, only to stop herself.

"Miss? Mr Pearson is waiting."

Chloe hit the reply button. "Sorry! I was, like, sorting something out. Send him in."

Mr Pearson was a major part of the company, and a couple of levels above her in responsibility. The fact that she'd forgotten that was unnerving. He came in, looking a little sour. He was an older man, white, with grey hair.

"Good of you to have me," he said.

"I'm totally sorry," she replied, "please have a seat, Mr Pearson. Can I get you a drink?"

"I'll pass," he said. "You look different from when we last met."

His gaze lingered over her form, resting on her breasts, which undeniably rounded out her shirt, forcing her to have the top two buttons undone. Her cleavage was most impressive, and most on display.

"I, uh, have a condition. I'm, like, taking pills for it and stuff. It leaves my boobies bloated."

She froze in shock, except for her hands which flew to her face. Mr Pearson seemed surprised too, but managed to recover quicker, taking a seat.

"Well, uh, my sympathies," he said, still looking at her chest again and again. "But I've not come to discuss your, er, medical difficulties. I'm more concerned with your work ethic. You were promoted to floor manager of this entire section because of your efficiency, but in the last couple of weeks that efficiency has wound down. We'd like to see this be only a temporary state of affairs. After all, we're expecting great things from you, Chloe. You wouldn't want to let us down, would you?"

She shook her head meekly. She tried to think of ways to be cordial, professional, witty, but none were coming to her. In fact, she felt weirdly submissive and intimidated by this man, lost in the conversation entirely.

"N-no sir. I'll do, like, my best."

He gave a sharkish smile. "That's really good to hear. You take care, Chloe. And perhaps get a better fitting outfit. Wouldn't want to give the wrong impression, would you?"

“What impression would that be?” she asked, leaning forward. Her breasts pressed against the desk, causing her boobs to rise towards her clavicle, exposing even more of their tender curvature to his sight. He looked stunned.

“Well, uh, I would hope you, um, know,” he said, before making his way out. She realised with a jolt that he had a very clear erection that he was trying to hide by hunching over. It left her gazing down at her increasingly curvaceous form.

“Like, why the fuck did I just totally flirt with him?”

Jeremy’s phone buzzed yet again. He knew who it was. Chloe had continued to message him via email, and like an idiot he had sent her his number rather than have evidence of their condition be all over their workplace’s servers. But now she was *texting* him, shooting messages and reaching out in the hopes that they could sit down and talk. He felt bad for her. The once stridently ambitious and professional boss who’d been a rising star was now becoming ever sexier, and ever more valley-girl sounding. Her last text had been alarming:

Jeremy, we should talk in case this affects you too. I’m totes becoming a bit dumber or whatever. It’s hard to explain, but certain behaviours are really strange to me : 0

She certainly hadn’t used emojis up until that point, or some of her other choice words in text form. The texts continued to come.

Jer, pls respond. I’m so lonely at the moment. I can’t find anyone else with the disease. I see you in your cubicle all covered up and I get worried. You look so sad. Sad and angry.

He was sad and angry. Goddamn angry, in fact. He’d already started mixing up T-80 files with the T-70s, and when Steve and Jess made a joke within earshot of him at work, he’d struggled for far too long to understand the punchline. The very obvious punchline about his odd attire lately.

“I’m becoming, like, not as smart,” he muttered. “It’s not fair! My mind was always my own! I didn’t form relationships, I didn’t have a girlfriend, I did everything I could to be cautious and not give or do anything to feed my condition, and now I’m, like, losing it all any - NNGH!!”

The phone buzzed, but he barely heard it. The tremor came over him, the power of Estra’s Disease coursing through his system.

“N-no! NO!”

He leapt to the bathroom, where numerous testosterone pills were. He could stall it. He was *sure* he could stall it. But just as he managed to open the pill bottle, and was about to down half the remaining pills, his body suddenly seized, and they spilled all over the tiles.

“AAGh! Ohhhhh . . . n-no! Gotta have them! Have to t-take p-pills!”

He scrambled to try and get them, but they rolled everywhere, and his fingers were like sausages for all the good they were to him. His body seized again, his stomach lurching. Something big was happening deep inside him, below his intestines. Jeremy groaned aloud as his guts shifted. Something was *growing* within him, pushing aside organs to make way.

“Oh God! Oh God! Oh Gawwwd!”

His voice gained a twang not dissimilar to Chloe’s, causing him to help in a female fashion. He doubled over, managing just to catch himself on the sink. The sickening lurch continued, stomach bubbling, wasting tightening, skin smoothing. His face began sweating heavily, the light sheen of moisture only outlining his cheeks as they became higher, more pronounced, and his cheeks rounding out to have a cute chub. The hunger that had continued the last few weeks roared in his belly, and he was forced to move to the kitchen, even as his ass swelled and hips widened. They popped outwards, and were followed quickly by his breasts, which strained against the cups of the bra he’d finally been forced to wear. They must have been Double-D’s by that point, perhaps E’s. He dreaded the thought of them getting bigger, but each time they bloated up he became almost delirious with pleasure.

He opened the fridge, panting heavily. His spine clicked, forcing his body shorter yet again.

“F-fuck! This is, like, soooo fuck!!”

But those were his last words for now, because his ravenous hunger could not be denied. Chloe had not mentioned these symptoms, but then that was his fault for not asking her, he supposed. As it was, he began chowing down on biscuits, pastries, pies, leftovers, icecream, and anything else that could add to his caloric content. He needed fatty foods, as well as anything else that could fuel his changes, and it was impossible to deny that hunger, no matter how much he wanted to.

“MMhmm s-sooo goood,” he moaned, over half an hour after consuming much of his leftovers. He grunted, shifted on the couch in discomfort as his changes continued. He tried to get up, but he was so overburdened by a full stomach that any dream of reaching his pills before he transformed further were dashed for the second time that very night.

“N-nooooo, it’s totes not fair! NNGHH!!”

He ripped off his shirt, and managed just in time to undo his bra strap and fling it off before his boobs expanded once more. They gurgled in response to the terrible pressure

behind them. Jersey cradled his chest, but soon his palms overflowed with the expanding flesh as they soared not just to what had to be E-cups, but onto EE-cups, perhaps even the cusp of F-cups.

“OOhhhhhh . . . nngnhh . . . eueuruggghh . . .”

He grunted, panted, breathed heavily as his other parts became overdeveloped as well. His body took on a further hourglass figure, and his dick shrank yet further. His hair extended once more, now almost platinum blonde as it reached his shoulders.

“F-fuck. Fuck. FUCK!”

He stood, unused to his altered centre of gravity, and moved to the bathroom again. His jaw fell at the sight that greeted him. He was definitely more woman than man now. He still had shoulders that were too big, and his face still looked mannish on the whole, but there was no denying just how female he’d become, especially with the big, flushed tits wobbling on his chest so heavily. He spent a long time taking in his reflection, horrified at the 5’4 freak staring back at him.

“Pills. Pills.”

But this time the pills were weaker than ever. If his chest were E’s, and he wasn’t sure, then he was left with ripe, cantaloupe-sized double-D’s, and an ass that still couldn’t quit. The pills were weaker, and the changes were stronger. It was a dangerous combination. It was only after five or so minutes that he finally walked back to the living room, grabbed his phone, and sent a reply to Chloe.

“Okay. Let’s meet.”

They met at a cafe on the other side of town. Chloe was nervous, which annoyed her, since she was usually good at keeping her focus. But Estra’s syndrome was getting to her, and now she found that her emotions were always a little more on her sleeve now, easy for others to see. She’d tried to wear something neutral, but she was outgrowing her bras as quickly as she could buy them, so for her DD-cups there was no hope of truly containing them. Already they were pushing the limits of their size, heading to E-cups potentially. She wore a modest dress that, due to her body, nevertheless looked dynamite on her. She felt a shiver of pride as she strutted to the cafe past various interested men. She’d always taken pride in her young, fit appearance, but now her curvaceous body was so much more openly sexual, and as much as she hated to admit it, part of her changing self was quite proud of the effect it elicited. Especially how so many men were checking out her chest, or her swaying ass.

Or both.

She almost walked past Jeremy until she recognised the features of his face. It was astonishing: in just a few days his bodily changes had accelerated, and now he was sporting a pair of breasts that were easily the size of her own. He was wearing a thick jacket, but the top was zipped down due to the summer heat, and so his cleavage was very, very obvious for all to see.

"Holy shit, Jeremy?"

The man blushed a deep shade of red. "Yeah," he said in a tinny voice, "it's me."

"Can I sit?"

He nodded.

"I see you've, like, changed," she said. "You're, like, the same cup size as me now. Or abouts." She giggled nervously.

"It totally sucks," he replied miserably. He lifted his face, and Chloe was struck by how feminine he looked, though he still retained enough mannishness about him that he could get away with being seen as perhaps a feminine man if he covered up. Or just someone in mid-transition to womanhood. "I'm a fucking freak."

"We both are," Chloe answered. "I'm getting dumber each day."

"You have it better than me. At least you're used to being a woman."

"Yeah, I guess there's, like, that."

They sat in an awkward silence until a waitress came by and took their orders for coffee. To her own shock, Chloe felt a sudden desire for a pumpkin spiced latte. She gave the order, which made Jeremy chuckle.

"Could you be any more stereo . . . whatever the word is. Basic. That'll do."

She chuckled. "It's the Estra's, maybe. My taste buds are changing. I just really, really, really feel like one. You should try it."

Jeremy sighed. "Fine. I'll have one too, thanks."

The waitress left, leaving them to awkwardly take in each other's changes.

"Your boobs are amazing," Jeremy said. "Sorry, that slipped out."

"It's okay," she replied. "I know that happens now. I say the dumbest stuff without even thinking. I even called them my 'boobies' to my boss."

Jeremy giggled. "Okay, that is, like, very stupid."

"Right!? It was Mr Pearson, too."

"No way! That ghoul would have totally been thrown for a loop!"

"He was!"

An easier energy began to descend upon the proceedings as the pair started to discuss the various ways their changes had affected them. Chloe led the discussion, even willing to discuss the awkwardness of how “completely fucking aroused” she’d become as of late.

“Oh Gawd, me too,” Jeremy said in that valley girl twang he’d also developed. “I feel . . . it’s embarrassing. My boobs get all warm and flushed and I can’t stop massaging them. I manage to shrink them but they get less small each time, and blow up bigger faster than ever!”

“Me either! It’s crazy. But each time I do they always ache like they’re about to grow!”

“Ughh, it’s sooo bad!”

The two laughed again, only to pause their conversations as their drinks were delivered. Chloe drank hers and moaned a little *too* loudly, savouring the taste in a clearly sensual manner.

“Okay, I’ve got to try it now,” Jeremy said. He took a sip. Instantly his eyes widened, then closed, and then he proceeded to give a similar moan, only a little less intense.

“OOhhhhh that’s damn good! Okay, that’s really, like, fucking good!”

“Gawd, I feel so basic right now. Like a goddamn bimbo already.”

At that, Jeremy went a little more quiet.

“I’m scared of that,” he said.

“Me too,” Chloe responded. She placed her hand out and grabbed Jeremy’s. He didn’t pull away. “That’s why I wanted us to talk. We’re the only two who really understand what we’re going through. We can help each other. Maybe, like, even cover each other at work or whatever. I don’t think I’m going to be floor manager for long unless I figure something, like, super smart out.”

Jeremy nodded. “Totally. We’re losing our IQ, aren’t we?”

She nodded. “Yeppers. Gawd, I’m saying shit like ‘yeppers’ now. Isn’t that just the biggest sign huh? My body is changing, my speech pattern is changing, and I’m getting soooo dumber.”

Jeremy sniffed, wiped a tear from his eye. “And soon I’ll have a pussy. I’ll be a bimbo too. Fucking Estra’s Disease.”

“Yeah, fuck it!”

They raised their mugs, took another sip of soothing spiced pumpkin latte together.

“I don’t want to stop fighting it,” Jeremy said. “But I think I’m just making it worse. The doc said I might have more changes than I would have had if I’d just given up on the

supplements. I've fucked everything up, and now I'm totes going to be some dumb bitch with big titties."

It was like the conversation had just veered sharply into the tragic, and Chloe found herself swept up in it. Jeremy looked so sad, so cutely helpless, that she just couldn't help herself. She stood, moved to his side, and pulled him up into a deep hug. He sobbed into her shoulder. For a moment she was startled: she hadn't realised how much shorter he was now! Or that she had perhaps grown in height. Either way, their heights were now more than reversed, and so Jeremy felt quite submissive and . . . adorable, in her arms. Especially since their boobs were pressed against one another, hers upon his. She didn't want to admit it, but it was causing some quite . . . pleasurable sensations. All in all, she almost didn't want to pull away from him. And judging from how he held her, perhaps that opinion went from his way as well.

"There there, I've got you, girl," she said.

"Not a girl," he said, but it was in a slight giggle, the way someone admonishes a friend, or a spouse. "Your boobs feel real comfy, by the way. Fuck, that kinda came out of me."

"It's okay. Yours feel fantastic."

They parted, and with a crimson blush upon his cute pale features, Jeremy brushed a platinum hair behind his ear and sat.

"Okay, that was super weird. Let's just pretend it didn't happen and talk."

Chloe nodded, sat as well. Both of their pairs of jugs clearly wobbled heavily as they sat, and Chloe couldn't help but notice how nice Jeremy's behind was coming along. She'd never been super into girls, but she'd always been curious. But now . . .

She let the thought sit idle, as they continued to talk about how they were coping.

Jeremy was out at work. Out, at least, as someone who could no longer deny their femininity. It had come out of necessity more than anything: it was basically impossible for him to cover up his increasingly shapely body, and moreover the fact that his IQ was dropping meant he kept making muttering comments that others picked up, ones that gave away the game even before he voiced it out loud to his coworkers.

"Goddamnit, my tits are sooooo sore!"

"Need a bigger bra. Jen, can you tell me what cup size you are? It's, like, a personal matter."

“Steve, stop looking at my ass, you weird perv!”

Stuff like that. The overall effect was that everyone knew something weird was up, and as his dick was only getting smaller, and his tits bigger, and his body developing a cute, curvaceous chubbiness, he needed to come clean.

“Trans? Jeez, I had no idea,” Steve said. “I always wondered why you were so cloistered up. Was that the reason?”

“Cloista-whata?” he replied, before making the connection. “Oh, uh yeah. Sure. It was all me being scared of coming out and shit, or something.”

Jen certainly raised an eyebrow. One thing was for sure: Jeremy was getting a lot worse at hiding his true emotions, much like Chloe was. But it was only due to his boss’ encouragement that he was able to take this step, and as humiliating as it was, it was also a necessary one.

In the following week since their cafe chat, the two had continued to meet, as well as hang out after work. If a month ago someone had told him that he was going to become close friends with the dark-skinned beauty that was his boss, the driven, ladder-climbing woman who managed his floor, he would have told that person they were dreaming. Now, their friendship was not only blooming quickly, but necessarily. Jeremy’s libido was only becoming more powerful, and he felt the need to rub and pinch his fat nipples and round behind numerous times a day. Chloe was similar, though he was perhaps even hornier than her. They had taken to covering one another at work: she would order him to attend to some mysterious issue at a private location so he could vent his horny body’s needs, and then in turn he would bother her secretary regarding an IT update or a booking that needed to be made, allowing Chloe to either masturbate in her office without disruption or to simply slip away to her closet.

“I can’t believe how much I’m totally playing with my pussy these days,” she marvelled after work. “It’s like the more I change, the more I’m, like, a total bimbo! They should call it the Bimbo Disease. Gawd, my sis would be supes embarrassed of me.”

Jeremy giggled. He was doing a lot of that lately. As he did, he admired the other woman’s curvaceous form. She was indeed quite a sight, especially since she had started wearing more form fitting clothes around the office. She was clearly doing the same to him, and their shared horniness at the other’s form obviously hit a breaking point, because they both suddenly halted.

“Oh.”

“Oohhhh.”

“You?”

"Mm-hmm. You t-too?"

Jeremy nodded. He bit his lip, which at that very second plumped up even further. She instead moaned more loudly. The changes were upon them, and Jeremy instinctively reached for pills that weren't there in his pocket. But it was too late, and his automatic reaction was pointless. He couldn't fight this. All he could do was right it out, and perhaps enjoy it.

"Oohhhhh - it's a big one!"

"M-meee tooo!"

"C-can you hold me?"

She nodded, rose to embrace him. Neither wanted to admit it fully just yet, but they were very aroused by the busty form of the other, and even their increasingly bimbo personalities. Their big boobs pressed against one another, and just like that, they began to surge forth. The two woman moaned sensually, as if engaged in sex, as their already-sizeable chests expanded. Without thinking, Jeremy reached and grasped Chloe's ass. His nipples stiffened, hers too, and she matched his action, fondling his expanding ass cheek.

"OOHhhhh!!

"AAAghgh!!"

"We're getting sooo hawwwwt!!"

"And s-sooo heavy! So big and round!"

In those moments of change, their mental degradation was obvious. Pronounced. And worst and best of all, in those moments they each relished it. They orgasmed together, almost as if they were lovers, and they held each other for a long time before parting. Jeremy gasped at the sight of Chloe, who had clearly raced ahead. Her big boobies were easily triple-E cups, and they strained her suit top, a sight that Jeremy found it hard to stop looking at. He hadn't told her, but increasingly he was masturbating to the image of her in his head, the sight of her wobbling ass, her magnificent tits, her full-lipped grin. Somehow, the more she became a wide-eyed bimbo, the more turned on it made him.

She grinned, looking at the diamonds of skin showing through the strained shirt.

"I'm, like, the bustiest woman I've ever seen. Sooooo buxom."

"Like, wow," Jeremy said. "And mine are like definitely E-cups now! I can't fit this bra at all!"

"Me either!"

The two giggled, and once more Jeremy was turned on by the other woman. He continued to feel that arousal over coming days, but that wasn't all. He and Chloe seemed to

connect in a way that was not normal for him. After so long not associating with anybody, he found himself talking at length with her about any old topic, even girls' business - it was, after all, something he'd have to get used to.

"Do you think I'll be, like, happy?" he asked nearly two weeks after their first coffee 'date.' "You know, when I become this dumb slutty bimbo? No offence."

Chloe shrugged her shoulders, an effect that led to her boobs wobbling rather wonderfully. She'd taken to having her shirt off when it was just her and Jeremy left in the office. She claimed it let her "big boobies breathe," something that made Jeremy giggle, but also turned him on greatly. It wasn't hard, given the gorgeous sight of her perfect dark globes straining against her huge bra. Not to mention how much of a stunning hourglass figure the woman had developed, including the wide hips that stretched the confines of her pencil skirt.

"Like, I dunno," Chloe said. "I dunno if I'll even be able to, like, keep my job. I feel totally behind on it. But at the same time, apparently productivity is up, somehow?"

"It's because everyone likes pleasing you now," Jeremy said. "Mark thinks you're a total slut now, and Steve is just as totally gross. I hear him all the time, and he can't stop staring at your ass. But, like, they all want to please you. The floor is mostly men. And the women like you now that you gossip with them more."

Chloe beamed. "I thought I couldn't . . . well, I was scared I couldn't do that as a boss, now. I guess it took becoming a total airhead to filter out all my anxieties."

It was quite the epiphany for someone who'd lost a few IQ points, Jeremy thought. And it gave him some hope.

"You know, I'm gonna take off my shirt too," he said.

"Mhmm, nice. I mean, you are?"

"It looks comfier. And I guess I've got to get used to showing off my huge big titties. They're soooo sore, and I bet they're just gonna get bigger."

Chloe moaned. "You have no idea how much that turns me on. Oh! I mean -"

Jeremy froze as he removed his shirt, allowing his plump triple-E tits to be unleashed. They were already the same size as Chloe's monsters, and he realised he could well overtake her. "Wait, you're turned on by . . . me?"

Chloe was silent a moment, before nodding demurely. "It happened two weeks ago, on our date. I - I couldn't help myself. You were sooo cute! And your big boobs against mine, and you felt so nice, and I've always been, like, at least a little bi, so . . . yeah. You're hot."

Jeremy didn't know what to think. His body flushed quite warm, and Chloe's own embarrassed smile made him want to smile too. Hell, it made him want to kiss her, and suck on her tits, and stroke and lick her wet pussy, and - and - and now he was horny as hell.

"Do you feel the same way?" she asked. "I feel supes embarrassed to be admitting this. But we've been helping each other out, and we were so lonely, and we're, like, the only ones that can really understand each other, right? Plus, we're becoming so damn hawt. It's embarrassing, but I feel this connection to you, Jeremy."

Jeremy did feel a kind of connection. For one, Chloe was hot as hell, and only getting hotter the more of a bimbo she became. For two, he felt at ease around her, comfortable in a way he hadn't felt in a long, long time. But as always, his instincts to hide away, to be a loner and avoid opening up to others, descended upon him.

"I, like, get it. But I'm not ready for something like that," he said. "This is all to cray cray. I mean, crazy."

Chloe nodded, but she was obviously disappointed. "Okay, I understand."

She placed her hand on Jeremy's smooth thigh, and the transforming man shivered in unexpected delight.

Chloe didn't understand. The two were spending more and more time together, both at and out of work. Hell, they'd even stayed up late together at her apartment, sipping wine and eating the food she'd cooked (Estra's Disease hadn't taken her amazing cooking skills, thankfully) and laughing at dumb jokes that their increasingly bimbo-like minds found a lot more funny. It was obvious that Jeremy was attracted to her. The blonde babe-to-be was constantly checking out Chloe's large triple-E cup tits and her curvy ass with its hourglass figure. In fact, Chloe had taken to wearing even more showy dresses, at work and outside of work, just to entice him. There was something about his loneliness that spoke to her of a kindred spirit, even if 'kindred' would be a hard word to crack these days for her. And, as it turned out, they both had a love of pop culture and addictive binge watch shows.

More than once, she'd tried to make a move on the feminising man, but he always turned red and seemed to change the conversation. As their IQs lowered, these attempts to avoid going any further with their friendship became less and less subtle, particularly as the urge to show off their bodies became stronger. As she was no longer trying the testosterone regimen and simply trying to adapt now, Chloe felt this urge a lot more strongly. On a night of relaxation after work, the two of them went to a bowling alley, which had often helped de-stress her after a hard day. She had planned on being practical, but a mix of her own new forgetfulness with the laundry coupled with an increased desire to be more flirty with her form led to her wearing a tight, cute black dress that outlined all her wonderful new curves.

When Jeremy saw her, he was clearly instantly smitten, she just *knew* it. After all, despite still trying to wear somewhat masculine clothing, his nipples clearly pressed against the surface of his tight shirt, and he kept biting his plump lip as he stared at her cleavage.

"Like, enjoying the sight?" she asked.

"Yes, so much! I mean, no! Not like that!" Jeremy replied. "I just - let's just play, okay?"

"How good are you?"

"Totally good," he replied with a grin. He pushed his blonde hair behind his back. It had gotten longer again, but Chloe was delighted to see he was no longer trying to cut it. If she could embrace becoming a bit of a bimbo, perhaps he could too. He hadn't even told her if his maleness was gone or not, but she didn't want to pry . . . much. Certainly, his tits were gaining on hers, which made her a little jealous. They were definitely Double-Es.

The two got started, and what a start it was. Chloe indeed was damn good at bowling, but she had a slight klutziness to her new movements that left her giggling at some of the gutterballs. For the most part she could get a strike or a spare, but occasionally she would pose for Jeremy's pleasure, making the other Estra's victim giggle also at the sight.

"Stop that! You're making everyone stare!"

"Let them stare!" she exclaimed. "I'm, like, so sick of having to be so separate from everyone. Be so professional all the time. Maybe this disease is the best thing that, like, ever happened to me or whatever. Maybe it's finally setting me free to be as womanly and proud and sexy as I totes want to be. Plus my boobies are sooo huge!"

He jiggled them in her top, cupping them so that they were further emphasised. Jeremy looked absolutely tortured in the best way, and it only made her have even stronger feelings for him. He was quite shy, and didn't realise what a sexy lady he was turning out to be. She resolved to help him realise. She purchased them a couple of alcoholic drinks, giggling as she took them to him.

"Now see if you can do any better! Get some of that nice liquid courage, sister!"

Jeremy crossed his arms, not realising how much they emphasised his chest further.

"Fine! I'll show you."

"But let's, like, make it interesting."

He raised an eyebrow that was becoming ever more perfectly arched. "Oh yeah, like how?"

Chloe grinned, strutting up to him and leaning over so that her perfect black boobs hung heavily in her tight dress top. A number of men were clearly looking her way, but she only had eyes for the cute, shy, and perhaps even *demure* bimbo-to-be in front of her.

"How about whenever I beat you in a bowl, you tell me something you actually, like, L-O-V-E about becoming a sexy curvy slut."

Jeremy groaned, but nodded. "Fiiiiine."

He stood and took his ball, and with a bit more hip movement than usual, managed to get a spare. Chloe cheered, jumping up and down. She'd always been a little embarrassed at being so outward, always wanting to be professional. Now, she had no such fear. Instead, she simply grabbed her own ball. She placed it against her chest.

"Look! I'm nearly as big!"

Jeremy practically spluttered. And then he actually did, when she got a strike. She sauntered back, swinging her hips in a seductive manner. "Okay sexy, what do you like about being a totally hot girl."

"Not a girl yet," he confirmed. "But fine. I guess, like, having boobs is pretty nice. They feel really good, and they're soooo soft and sensitive."

"Mhmm, I'm loving my big titties as well. They're like, almost three times the size of what they used to be."

"Gawd, I sometimes *hope* mine will be even bigger, it's crazy! But enough, I'm going to win now. That was all you got."

But to her delight, Chloe managed to keep her giggles to a minimum, and bring back some of the fire to her old self. Increasingly, she was discovering that while she may be a bit dumber, and a whole lot more lusty and flirty and excitable, the disease wasn't wiping out her natural talent, and she could still summon upon her skills when needed, just in a more bimbo-like fashion, she supposed. She did so for the rest of the match, scoring higher than Jeremy over and over again, and forcing him to discuss the parts he actually liked about the change.

"I guess I like talking to the office staff more. I always, like, thought I was a loner. But some people are super nice and kinda hot. I don't like having to pretend to be trans and I'll have to admit it's Estra's one day, but the girls are all soooo supportive."

"Yes, I've totes masturbated. No, not with my cock, dummy! It's my tits. Sometimes I just wish I could have a vagina so I can fucking *feel* it, ya know?"

"Of course I've tried on dresses. I look way too cute in them, gurl, but that scares, like, the fuck out of me! What if I like it too much?"

"Chloe, of course your ass looks big in that dress. Your ass looked perfect even before you changed, but now it's, like, even more perfect. Gawd, this is so embarrassing to admit, but I used to stare at you."

"It's supes bad, but I'm getting sooo addicted to these trashy reality shows you mentioned. But cause I'm turning into a girl it's okay now, I guess?"

"I don't miss shaving. But hair is such a bother! I've got this need to make it look really cute and shiny blonde now."

All this time, they continued to drink, getting tipsier and tipsier, flirtier and flirtier. Chloe felt wonderful, free in a way that she hadn't in years. It made her regret how long she'd fought against her condition, because being a bimbo was utter bliss. The loss of IQ wasn't great, emphasised by how much she fucked up figuring out her score after each strike, something she would have easily determined before. But the expanse of her huge bosom, her perfect hips and thighs, the way it made her feel and others stare at her, it made her feel so fucking horny in all the best ways. And her stress had melted away. For once, she didn't feel lonely, and neither did she feel unhappy, particularly with the smaller Jeremy giggling at her side as they got worse and worse at their bowling.

Finally, as they finished their last game in a hopeless series of gutterballs, she worked up the courage to ask the question to the man who, in truth, was more woman than anything else.

"Let's not finish the fun yet!" she said. "It's a Friday. Why don't you come back to my place?"

Jeremy bit his lip, obviously enticed. His large chest rose and fell. And then, to her delight, the alcohol helped him over the line.

"Okay, Chloe," he said. "That sounds totes good."

Jeremy's heart beat nervously as they relaxed in Chloe's expensive apartment living room. His body was tensing, feeling those little tremors of change to come. He knew that the dosages of testosterone would only make him even more feminine in the future, but when he felt those tremors, the temptation to at least hold off the changes for now rose, and he couldn't help but reach for the pill bottle in his bag.

But on the other hand, sitting beside him as they watched a trashy reality wedding show, was Chloe. She looked fucking gorgeous in her tight black dress, and her tits looked like they were about to spill out of her top in a way that made him want them to. He wanted to suck on her big brown nipples, and feel her hands against his form, in a way he hadn't felt for a long time. Just thinking about it made his fat nipples hard as hell, and he couldn't stop brushing his thighs together, imagining what it would be like to have a vagina there.

"Oh G-Gawd," he groaned, as the show shifted to credits.

"What is it?" Chloe asked, shifting closer.

"I'm sooo fucking horny all of a sudden. I have to go. I'm sorry!"

He stood to go, his large boobs wobbling in his tight t-shirt, but Chloe grabbed his hand. "I'm horny as fuck too, you know."

It said a lot about Jeremy's lowered intelligence that it took a moment to realise what she meant. "Oh, but - I don't know. I'm - you look so hot, but you're my boss and -"

"I'm not your boss here," she replied. "C'mon, Jer. We're two hot sluts in the making. I told you I don't, like, want to go through this alone. And you're so sexy with your big boobies."

"My - my changes aren't finished. I still have a teeny cock."

But she pressed up against him in a way that made his body burn with desire. Her breasts resting against his, and she encircled his shoulders with her arms, her dark soft skin against his equally soft light tone.

"I don't care, sexy," she said, grinning from ear to ear. "I just want to fuck your brains out. Don't you want that too?"

Jeremy's defences were evaporating, fast. For so long, he'd managed to keep people at arms length, but now here was the hottest, bustiest, most curvaceous woman he'd ever seen, pushing her hot body against his, and not finding the effects of Estra's Disease upon him repulsive at all. No, she seemed to find them utterly arousing. All those years of fear, and it turned out there was no need to fear at all.

"Oh Gawd, you're so damn hot," he replied.

"You bet, sister," Chloe replied. And then before Jeremy could even reply, or try to find an excuse not to kiss this woman, Chloe took the initiative. After all, she was still an ambitious girl, just in a more sexual way now.

The two kissed deeply, moaning in sensual passion as they ran their hands over each other. Their passions inflamed, Jeremy found himself being undressed by Chloe, and he in turn began to pull at her dress, helping her get out of it. They kissed again, moaned again, and soon they were back upon Chloe's large couch. She grabbed the remote and turned off the television, allowing them privacy as they explored each other's bodies.

"I've - ahhh! - wanted to do this for s-so long!" Chloe groaned on her back. They got her bra off, and Jeremy marvelled at her tits. He began to squeeze them together, and rolled the nipples between his fingers, making her squeal. "Oh Gawd! That's s-so fucking good! I love having big boobies so much now!"

She reached out and grabbed his own, freeing them from their cups. Jeremy was overwhelmed as his large tits dangled, his nipples rubbing sensitively against hers, causing them both to become delirious.

"They're s-so hawt!" Jeremy declared. "I want to suck on them!"

"F-fucking do it!"

She pulled off her panties, exposing her throbbing clit, and he did the same, revealing his miniature manhood. Soon, the two were naked on the couch, and Jeremy was shivering with delight as he took Chloe's enormous dark left nipple in his mouth and sucked at it. Her body squirmed beneath his, and Chloe grabbed his head, running her fingers down his back. Once more the tremors came over him, and he feared further change.

"W-we have to s-stop! I'm going to change!"

But then she said something that shocked him. "I f-feel it too! Let's just ch-change together! I want you! I want you so bad! I think I love you!"

She was speaking the truth, Jeremy knew it. If he was still truly a man, he would have been stoic, frozen in uncertainty. But now, flooded with estrogen as he was, he was hit with a wave of compassion and love for this woman as well.

"Admit it, you love me too!" Chloe said. "You love me in my tight dresses and my gorgeous dark skin and my big tits and my silly giggle and how much I can wrap you around my finger. You love it, and you love me, don't you?"

It was too much for Jeremy. He had to come clean. He could no longer be shy. She had forced his hand, and in truth, he wanted to say it. "Fine! Fine! I love you! I love you, Chloe!"

"I knew it! I knew you fucking loved me! I had to seduce you like the gorgeous hottie you are to make you say it!"

She pulled Jeremy down and kissed him deeply. Her tongue entered his mouth, and he returned the favour. He couldn't believe he'd held off for so long. He loved her. He wanted her. He needed her.

And his body was fucking *hot and heavy* for her.

The tremors arrived again, but this time, he welcomed them.

"Nnghh! The changes are coming! They're coming Chloe!"

"Let's change together, lover! I want to see the female you! And I want to be your bimbo slut, and you to be mine! I love you!"

"I soooo love you - AAHHH!!!"

And suddenly the changes were upon them both. Jeremy grunted, tensing even in the act of sex. The pressure focused on his genitals, and to his astonishment, he was actually

pleased to feel them recede back into his body. Chloe grinned, placing a hand there and pretending to 'push' his nub of a penis into the tunnel that was forming. A little shock of bliss erupted through his body as his new vulva formed, the womb that had grown within him much earlier finally connected to the outside world via a new vaginal passage. It came into the world already wet and aroused, and Chloe wasted no time rubbing his throbbing clit, which was all that remained of his former manhood.

"Oohhhhhh . . . yesssss . . . finally!"

"You like it?"

"I love it, now that I have it! It's s-so sensitive!"

But it wasn't all the changes. To their shared enjoyment, their breasts expanded yet further. Chloe looked in awe at Jeremy's chest, which swelled up more than one cup size to mammoth G-cup breasts. They were easily the size of his own head, *her* own head, and their nipples enlarged also, full and punk and perfect. She instantly took to sucking on them, and the new woman moaned pleurably. His body structure altered further, more fat depositing around his waist and thighs and expanding hips, leaving him with a sexy hourglass figure that nevertheless had a slightly chubby, beautiful big girl look to it. To finish her off, her platinum hair fell to the small of her back.

Chloe clearly relished the changes, feeling Jeremy's new body over, and in that moment, Jeremy celebrated her new changes. She was fully a woman. Years of worry, brooding, and stoicism melted away, her intelligence lowering further until she felt wonderfully submissive to her boss - now the boss in their sexual relationship as well.

For her part, Chloe's body exaggerated yet further also. She giggled at her boobs, which expanded to massive, wobbling F-cups. They were round and sleek and perfect, but it was clear she was slightly jealous of her lover's larger size. Thankfully, her ass was much rounded, and her hips wider too, like perfect babymakers. Her black hair extended off the side of the couch, easily long enough to reach the bottom of her ass.

"Yes! Oh God, yes! Make me a bimbo! Make us silly, free, slutty, sexy bimbos for life!"

They felt each other, and soon she was on top of Jeremy, rubbing the other woman's clit and placing her fingers inside her new wet pussy. Jeremy returned the favour, and the two were driven to ever greater heights by their immensely nubile bodies.

"I'm close!" she cried, "I'm so fucking close!"

"Me too!" cried Jeremy. "I'm soooo nervous! I've never had a female orgasm, like, ever! But I'm sooo hot for it!"

Chloe kissed her on her big pink nipples, groped and squeezed her breasts.

"Trust me gurl, you're gonna totally love it!"

She rubbed the new woman right across her G-spot, and just like that, Jeremy couldn't take it anymore. She arched her back against the couch, and cried out in a voice that was undeniably high and cute and *female*. She groped Chloe's ass in response to the pleasure, and that coupled with her hand at Chloe's pussy drove the other woman over the edge as well. Chloe joined Jeremy in a chorus of ecstasy, both of them moaning, wordless, as they were hit with more orgasms than they had ever experienced. They rolled across the pair like waves upon the ocean, slamming into them again and again, particularly as their breasts mashed together, nipples rubbing against one another.

"S-soooooo fucking goooood!" Jeremy cried. "I love this! I don't ever want to go baaack!"

"Gooood! I want to fuck you every day, you sexy slut! I love you Jeremy!"

"Call me Janice!" she huffed. "It's, like, the name I could have had. And I think it's sooo hawt! OOHhhhhhh!"

"Janice - ahhhh! - I love it! It makes me sound sooo cute! I - MHMHhhmhmhmm . . ."

It took a long time for either of them to come down from the numerous orgasms they had. It must have been a side effect of Estra's Disease, because the pair were positively jelly-like for minutes afterwards, Chloe's head resting on Janice's G-cup titties. But the two were perfectly comfortable as they were, lost in bliss, their minds no longer analysing their situations or focused on worries. Instead, the two were perfectly content with their bimbo-ness. Whatever difficulties it might bring them, they had their new sexy figures, their glorious libidos, their excitable energy, and most importantly they had each other.

A month later, Chloe and Janice were officially a couple. They would have been official a lot earlier, but figuring out the paperwork was such a nightmare to the new pair now that such things were so boring to them. Astonishingly, Chloe actually kept her job. It seemed that the ultimate job of a manager was not to ride her workers and constantly worry over reports, but rather to encourage and build the team. And while her obviously dumber self often made comical mistakes and sometimes put a graph upside down during a speech, she had become the ultimate 'peppy manager' type, always fawning over employee work and building them up, and even bringing in her amazing pastries to share. To Mr Pearson's astonishment, he simply couldn't fire such an effective manager, even if she absolutely *broke* the boundaries of acceptable dress code with her dresses, which always showed off her astonishingly curvaceous figure. It was only the intervention of a law firm who represented

clients with medical issues that helped her: Estra's Disease gave her unfair compulsions, after all, and Mr Pearson would have to put up with it.

He was soon okay with it, after appreciating her cleavage with his gaze more than a few times.

Janice was similarly happy, though not entirely suited to the same job anymore. She'd already been flagging before, and all the technical stuff was sooooo confusing and boring now. But since Chloe's secretary quit after finding her boss too unprofessional, there was a wonderful opening. It took some clearance, but soon Janice was having a lot of fun. After all, the job involved always being sexy and cute for her boss, fielding her calls - which was sooo addicting - and checking her calendar and stuff for her. It wasn't easy, but she was sure not to let her lover down, and on the occasion she made a mistake, Chloe simply punished her . . . in the bedroom.

The former man would have been astonished to see how much dumber he was. He constantly talked in a high, cutesy tone, and had a habit of biting a finger nervously, like the girl who'd been caught with her hand in the cookie jar. And her speech was very bimbo-ish, even by Chloe's impressive standards:

"Tee hee! I just thought this dress looked, like, *mega* cute, and I thought I'd look sooo pretty in it. What do you think?"

"Chloe! Bae! You always spoil me! I wish I could cook like you, but I am totes always burning the toast. You're like the sexiest chef ever, I'm not even joking, bae!"

"Hello, are you here to see my hot boss? I know I shouldn't call her boss, but she's my girlfriend and my roomie and when she wears PJ's it makes me soooo horny and - Oh, sorry! I should just let you through! She's free now!"

It was sometimes amusing to Chloe, who was a little smarter, though still very much a bimbo with sex constantly on the brain. The two adapted more than they could have imagined as a bimbo lesbian couple, and they made sure to show just how well they had adapted each night. Judging from the moans that echoed out from their apartment quite constantly, and three times as much on weekends, they had finally found happiness indeed.

The End