

Just Take Care of Me, Okay? (Friend to Hot Bimbo Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Ezra has a problem: his best friend Wade has Lumin's Syndrome, which means he's slowly transforming into a woman. But his strain of the Syndrome is particularly powerful, and it will eventually render him as a very submissive and horny bimbo-type, which has them both scared. So Wade has a proposal for his best friend, one that scares Ezra: be my boyfriend when I change, and just take care of me, okay? Ezra wants to say no, but as his friend changes more and more, saying no gets a whole lot harder.

Just Take Care of Me, Okay?

Part 1: The Diagnosis

I looked Wade up and down. He was a tall, muscled, sporty dude with a square jaw and dark, perfectly styled hair. He had literally been described as 'tall, dark and handsome' by a number of former girlfriends of his, and even a couple of mine who couldn't help looking his way. I couldn't even be annoyed at that. I was no wimp myself, and I was working out more often lately, but there was no way I could match against my best friend's height and build. He was a total package as far as ladies' were concerned, which made what he'd just said to me all the more ridiculous to hear.

"You're fucking with me, right?" I asked.

Wade swallowed, shook his head. "No Ezra, I'm not. I've had it confirmed by three different doctors already."

"But, surely not you? I mean, look at you, man! You're a freakin' Hercules! You could deadlift *me*, for crying out loud!"

He gave a sad smirk. "Not for long, I suspect, unless I'm lucky with my change. I've got Lumin's Syndrome, dude, and there's no cure."

He collapsed back into the couch of my apartment living space. It sagged a little beneath the weight of his buff form. He grabbed one of the beers sitting on the coffee table and cracked it open, drinking it down much more quickly than I'd ever seen him do, even at raging parties on campus.

"But surely there's something you - we - can do?" I asked. "I mean, what if it's a misdiagnosis?"

He slammed the can down on the table angrily. It was enough to make me flinch. He stared down at it.

"There's nothing that can be done. Don't you watch the news? They did that expo on it last year and was all over the internet. That footballer across state who ended up being the sexy fucking cheerleader with the huge tits! She went from being big and athletic like me to only being big in the chest. She was going to be a star on the field, and now she's married to the guy who was second on her team. She gave birth to their second kid last year. I looked her up; she's practically all over him even in public because the syndrome left her a total trophy wife slut type. Fuck, that might be me."

I didn't know what to say. I'd never seen my best friend so dejected. We'd known each other since the early days of high school when I joined the football team. I'd never really been terribly great at it, but Wade had been a standout. He was popular, and only got more popular the buffer and tougher he became, especially with the women. But a huge part of that popularity was because he wasn't a dickhead jock about it. Well, he was a big jock, but not the bullying kind. He loved to party, to have sex, and to meet new people, but he was always positive and never cruel, and stood up for the nerdy kids more than once. Stood up for me when it was clear that I wasn't the strongest specimen. We ended up bonding over other things; our love of cheesy action movies, our shared interest in pursuing education (him in sports science, me in more general subjects), and our habit of hitting new and interesting bars, even if I had way less success with women than he did. God knows, he was a bloody great wingman though.

And now he had Lumin's Syndrome. This man who was practically my big brother in all but blood, the friend I had looked up to, been protected by, and had shared more than a few laughs and parties with, was going to slowly change into a woman down to a genetic level. And he was telling me there was nothing I could do about it.

I sat down next to him on the couch, and placed a hand on his shoulder. It was the sort of contact between guys that was as close as deep, tearful hugs between women. The language of men, and one I hoped he wouldn't lose with the changes to come.

"Wade, I don't know what to do or say, but I'm here for you, man."

He just looked straight ahead, but gave a slow nod. "I know, dude. Thanks. It's just . . . fuck. Fuck! It's a lot to take in. My whole life, right down the toilet."

"It might not be that bad. Don't a lot of Lumin's people just end up as female versions of themselves."

He nodded again, took another sip of a second beer. "Some do. Most end up into dudes, though. Goddamn it, I don't even want to think about that. I've been with hot chicks for years, and I've always shown them a good time. I don't want to be on the other end of that equation. And what if I can't do sports science anymore? I was going to teach phys ed,

but I might end up stick thin or some bullshit. And god help me if I end up some cock hungry slut or something.”

“Dude, that won’t happen,” I assured him, but he didn’t look so assured as he finally met my gaze. “I know you, Wade. There’s no way, even if you do change, that you’ll stop being *you*.”

He smirked. “You really mean that, don’t you?”

“Of course, dude. You know I’ve always been the smarter one, so I know my shit when I tell you that I’m not going to stop being your best friend, even if you do turn into a hot chick.”

He snorted. “Wow, okay. Right between the legs, huh?”

“Well, that’s what’s happening anyway, right?”

He laughed. “Go fuck yourself!” he said, but in that playful manner between friends. I could tell I’d momentarily lifted his spirits.

“You fuck yourself! You’ll get to experience the other side of ‘that equation’, as you say.”

“Jesus, I should never have told you.”

“Of course you should have. We’re best friends. I’m not leaving you out in the lurch. Whatever happens next, mate, we’ll work this out together. You’re welcome to come by my place any time, you know that.”

“Good, because I’m still strong enough to punch my way in if I want to!”

I took a beer, and we began to drink and talk, and he slowly told me the series of events that had led to this moment. I had noticed some of them, but not taken in the whole pattern. Wade had been complaining of itches across his body for a couple of weeks, and I’d noticed him scratching his nipples more than once. I didn’t think much of it. He’d also had a cough lately, and occasionally his voice had cracked, much to his embarrassment. It had cost him a hot date at a bar, and while I wasn’t successful with her either, it did allow me to rib him a bit over it. But according to him, there were other signs I hadn’t been able to notice; a subtle thinning of some of his impressive shoulder muscles, and hair growth on his head that had been faster than usual. He’d also been feeling strangely hot and emotional lately, even tearing up one night when he was exhausted, without really knowing why. It had felt like his hormones were all out of whack, and so he’d gone to the doctor’s, and they’d done test after test after test, and in the end determined that it was the ultra-rare Lumin’s Syndrome, the genetic condition that would take his chromosomes from an XY to an XX.

“It explains it all,” he muttered when he was done. “They’re still taking more tests. They’ve done enough study on Lumin’s to see what substrain it might be. It’ll be able to possibly tell how bad the situation will be. My best hope is just a girl version of me. The worst, well . . .”

He let the possibility hang in the air silently between us. I could easily imagine the worst case scenario: my best friend reduced to a vapid, sex-starved bimbo who could only think about cock. It would be a nightmare.

"It won't come to that," I said.

But Wade said nothing, slipping back into a malaise again. He didn't seem so sure.

I knew as soon as I saw the doctor's face that the news wasn't going to be good. Wade had asked me to attend his appointment with him as support, something I never expected of him. The man was an emotional wreck. He was just twenty-two years old with his whole life ahead of him, and now his life was forking in a direction he never could have anticipated. Worse, Doctor Gerald was removing his glasses and sighing, taking a seat and pausing as if figuring out how to drop the bad news.

"Just tell me, doc," Wade said, fidgeting. "What is it? It's bad, isn't it? Am I going to change race? I'm not becoming white or something, am I?"

Wade was Middle-Eastern in appearance, with olive skin to match his dark hair. He traced his ancestry back through Ancient Persia, though I think that was more to impress girls who were into that kind of 'royal lineage' stuff.

Doctor Gerald gave a wan smile. "Nothing like that, as far as I can tell. Racial drift is rare even in Lumin's. But . . . it does appear to be a particularly radical substrain, and shares a lot of similarities with our most extreme cases."

Wade sagged. I put my hand on his shoulder.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It means that - Wade, would you like to talk alone? This may be uncomfortable in the presence of a friend."

"Best friend," he corrected. "And anything I hear, he can hear. He's a brother to me."

"Very well," the Doctor said. "I'll put it plainly, then. Every bit of information from your blood work and this particular strand of Lumin's Syndrome indicated that it will come with major neurological changes, including alterations to your present intelligence, including a significant reduction to your critical thinking skills, semantic knowledge base, and information in the long-term."

"I'm going to become an idiot," Wade remarked. "Or . . . or disabled."

"Not necessarily, though we don't use that term specifically. But your overall intelligence will likely be significantly reduced, and your impulse control will likely also suffer. To add to this, the strain also shares major similarities with other Lumin's Syndrome cases that developed a very strong libido *and* a switch in sexual orientation."

"Fuck," Wade said.

"What does that mean?" I said, though I suspected I already knew.

"It means I'm going to become a fucking braindead bimbo, just like I goddamn feared."

Wade clenched his fists in anger. I knew my friend; when he got really angry, he was likely to punch a wall. It rarely happened.

"It might not be that bad," I said.

"That's true," Doctor Gerald pitched in. "Every case is unique. What's best is for us to continue monitoring it, and you to keep yourself as comfortable and normal as possible, even in these un-normal circumstances. The change will occur regardless, but panic and heightened emotional states might only make the change more severe. Better to take it day by day, and monitoring will let us know more."

Wade nodded. "Sure," he said.

He got up and walked out. It was left to me to sort the bill out, which I was more than happy to for my friend's mental state. When I got to the car though, he wasn't there. He shot me a message saying he'd be walking home.

'Need time to clear my head,' the message said.

I felt very, very bad about my next thought, which was that once the changes kicked in, a 'clear head' may be exactly what he was getting.

"Don't even mentally joke about that," I told myself as I got into the car. "Wade is gonna need you, man."

I just had no idea what I could actually do to help.

Part 2: The Proposal

It was nearly a week later when I finally saw Wade again. He'd been ignoring my calls and only sending messages during that time, and I won't lie, I was getting worried. I couldn't imagine being in his shoes, knowing that my body was betraying me, turning against me, making me into something I wasn't. Becoming a woman was bad enough - not in the sense that women were lesser or something, just that it was literally emasculating for a proud man - but to know that you were going to become a total horny bimbo type? That had to be terrifying, not to mention humiliating. Wade had barely been able to look at me when the news was broken, and he'd *wanted* me there. Naturally, I was sending him as many positive vibes as I could muster, but it felt empty, like I was failing him.

So when I heard someone knocking on my door on Saturday morning when I wasn't even yet out of my PJ's, I just expected it to be a package drop off or someone with religious pamphlets. I didn't expect to see a dejected Wade on the doorstep of my apartment. He didn't look greatly changed from what I could tell, though perhaps a little slimmer in build, if it wasn't my imagination. He looked like he hadn't slept in days, though he must have shaved recently, because his usual whiskers were no longer present.

"Wade!" I said, stepping forward to wrap him in a bear hug. "I've been worrying about you, dude! Seriously!"

He took my hug, even embraced back a little before we parted.

"Yeah, sorry about that. I was . . . dealing with stuff. You know."

"I can only imagine."

"Can I come in?"

"Of course!"

I let him in, and he entered, lugging a heavy-looking backpack with him. I decided not to ask about it, as he clearly had matters on his mind.

"Can I get you breakfast?" I asked.

"Please, this Lumin's has me starving, even though I'm *losing* weight. Doc said it's all about the energy being burned on the change, which totally sucks. Oh yeah, I say 'totally' now, apparently. It started slipping into my vocab like three days ago."

"Shit, really?"

"Yeah, at least it's not 'totes', right? Not a total valley girl."

"Is this the start of mental changes, you think?"

He flopped on the couch while I got ready to make some pancakes.

"Has to be. Definitely. I've started noticing some shit that's clearer now that I'm diagnosed. For instance, why I've been struggling a bit more with my assessments. And why I'm finding the lectures on the human body a lot more boring. Hell, probably why I couldn't even be bothered going out to look for hot chicks the other night; I'm still attracted to them. I mean, Stacey Willigan's body is fucking wild, man. But the idea of sleeping with her is just kind of appealing, rather than a goddamn life goal."

I gave him a thin smile. "It might not end up that way."

"Yeah, I might end up just like Stacey Willigan, only she is pretty selective with who she sleeps with, and I'm not. That's actually what I want to talk to you about. I've been thinking a lot about this, and I've got a serious proposal."

"Do you mind if I make breakfast first? I'll be able to listen a lot better with a full stomach."

"Sure man. Let me take over. You go shower."

I did so, and when I came back I finished up the pancakes and we ate. We chatted about the Strykers vs the Griffins game, and he teased me over betting the wrong way yet again. We swapped some stories from high school, and I mentioned that I'd seen Jared Muller the other day working at The Spry, the fancy new restaurant on the west side. He chuckled at that; Jared had been a piece of work back in the day, and now he was wearing a maitre'd suit!

But in the end, the conversation and food ran dry, and my friend took a deep breath.

"I've got a favour to ask, man. It's the biggest favour I'll ever ask, probably the biggest favour anyone has ever asked, at least in a situation like this."

"I'm listening."

He bit his lip, clearly working himself up to get it off his chest. "I'd like to move in with you. If that's possible."

I cracked into a broad grin. "Dude, I'm the one that wanted *you* to move in with me over a year ago! But you were all 'lone wolf' and stuff. Of course you can move in, man! I'd appreciate the rent assist - if you can give it. I know money might be hard with all the Lumin's stuff and adjustment and the like."

Wade nodded, remaining serious. "Thanks, Ezra. You're a good person. But that's not the whole favour, just the start of it."

"What else do you need, man? I'm willing to help with anything."

Again, that pause. The tension in the room grew, and it felt like a butter knife could cut it. I nearly filled the void of silence out of pure awkwardness when he finally continued.

"I need you to take care of me, when I'm too dumb to take care of myself," he said. I went to reply but he held up a hand. "Let me finish, because I've been practising this stupid speech and I don't want to fuck it up. We both know I'm going to become a total braindead bimbo or whatever. I've never been the best with my money, so you can only imagine how much of a danger to myself I'll be financially. The doc also said my impulse control will be terrible, and if I'll end up like a total slut by the end, that could lead me to some dangerous and bad situations. Real bad. Like, on the street bad turning tricks, if I'm not careful. I'm not exaggerating here, this is a real risk. So I need someone I can rely on to help take care of me and steer me right."

I was pretty floored. What could you even say in response to something like that? I knew I'd always been the more responsible one - more moderate on the alcohol, leaner on the spending, and far less likely to get into trouble, even if it was good-natured trouble - but what he was asking was a lot. I could only imagine how difficult it was for him to ask this of me.

"Wade, it doesn't have to come to that."

To my surprise, some stray tears formed in his eyes. I'd never seen him cry unless it was from laughter during one of our cheesy movie nights or from swapping stories. He brushed them away quickly.

"We both know it likely will, buddy. I'll be some bimbo who's probably obsessed with other dudes and wanting to sleep around, and I won't have the damn intelligence to do something about it. It's a fucking nightmare, but one I have to prepare for. And since I won't have the smarts or the self-control to be in charge of myself, I need a good friend who can help me. One who will have to be my loyal boyfriend."

That made me stop. I was halfway through sipping my juice when I began coughing. "I'm sorry, your what!?"

"My boyfriend," he said as impassively as possible, though his cheeks went a little red. "Look, you heard the doc. I'm going to be pretty damn horny, dude, and I'll almost certainly be into dudes. You're the only dude I really trust. You're my best friend, and I know plenty of people would take advantage of me. You won't. So once I'm fully transformed, I'll already be living with you, and . . . and yeah."

"That's a lot to ask," I said.

"You think I don't fucking know that? You don't think I don't fucking know that, man? Of course it's a lot to ask! And it's a hell of a lot harder on me than it will be on you, okay? You get some hottie bimbo girlfriend in the end. God, I'll probably be obsessed with sucking your cock or some shit, knowing how this goes. I'm the one who ends up changed! You just get all the perks!"

I stood. "Dude, I do *not* want you sucking my cock."

"Not right now," he said miserably. "But when I'm starting to look like a woman, a really good looking one, you'll feel differently."

"I'm not going to take advantage of you, for God's sake."

Wade shook his head. "I'm not asking you to, Ezra. I'm just asking you to consider it. If I do end up the type of woman who is . . . like that, then I want you to be the one to just take care of me, okay? But only if you're up to it."

"Let's just not cross that bridge right now," I said diplomatically. "For now, you move in and we'll sort things out. Take it day by day, okay? I promise at the very least that I'll be there to help you if finances and everyday stuff is difficult. Does that work?"

I extended my hand. He looked at it for a moment, then up to my eyes. A resolve crept into them.

"Deal," he said, shaking my hand firmly. His skin felt just a little smoother than it should have been. "Thanks, dude. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Hey, what are friends for? You carried me back in high school, now I can help you out now. What are you going to do about your job?"

"I've already quit," he said. "Don't worry, I've still got two weeks before I'm out. The doc has put me in touch with a fund that can help me in the meantime. It's not a perfect solution, but rent and new clothes and stuff won't be any trouble any time soon."

"Sounds like the start of a plan," I said. "My data entry job isn't going anywhere, and it's easy to work from home doing it too, so don't feel too pressured. I can help take care of things when needed."

"Thanks man. Do you mind if I start moving in today?"

"Easy," I said. "The landlord already thinks two people live here; it's how I was able to get it in the first place, so this will just work out peachy."

"Sure, peachy," he said. He scratched his chest idly. I couldn't help notice that his nipples were denting against the material of his dark shirt quite noticeably. They looked slightly swollen, even a little erect. I didn't say anything, nor did I mention that his clean-shaven face, which I was starting to suspect wasn't a result of shaving at all.

"Action movie night?" I asked.

"Totally," he said, before catching himself. "I mean, hell yeah."

Part 3: First Changes

In the days that followed, Wade slowly moved all his stuff in. He was still a super strong tank of a human being, but the first signs of small physical changes were starting to become evident, because he occasionally needed my help for some of the heavier stuff. The spare room was all his, and he didn't have lots of decorations or anything, being a guy with simple likes. I was actually pretty excited to have my best friend as my roommate like I'd always wanted. I just wished it was under better circumstances, as I imagine so did he.

"Maybe we'll get some classic guy's nights before things go really weird?" Wade suggested.

"Let's do it! Hit the bars and find you some cute girls, man! If you're becoming a woman, we need to see your guy self off in style!"

That very weekend he was moving in, we did exactly as proposed and hit the town. Wade was less confident than usual, and still coming to terms with it all, but I did my best to play wingman, not that he needed it. There were more than a few women interested in him, and soon he was being dragged away from my clutches. I wasn't looking to get lucky, even if a nice redhead did look my way a few times. She was way out of my league, but sometimes miracles happen. Still, my mission was for my best friend, and given all the talk of him becoming my possible future girlfriend, it felt like it would be a betrayal to 'sleep around' behind his back, as weird as that sounded. So I turned her down and made sure my friend

ended up back at our place. I put on my headphones in the other room to drown out the noises of pleasure that followed. It was a nice hurrah.

At least until it wasn't. The next day, she left, and something was awkward in the air. Wade didn't talk for nearly half an hour and simply prepared his breakfast silently.

"We only went one round," he finally admitted. "And it wasn't my best."

"It happens," I said.

But he shook his head sadly. "Not to me, and not like this. She was a near ten out of ten, and I had to *focus* to get it up, dude. I had to freakin' *focus*. Worse, she noticed my weird nipples."

"What weird nipples?"

He saw right through me. "Don't lie to me man, they're huge. And annoyingly sensitive. I guess I'll be growing titties soon. And my hips are sore too, not to mention my waist feels compressed lately. But it was the mental effort which was the worst, last night. It's like I had to really *think* about how totally hot she was, instead of just knowing it. And the worst part was that a few times when I was cupping her tits, I actually felt *jealous*. Jealous! Like I wanted tits like that, can you believe it?"

I didn't know what to say other than how sorry I was.

"I'm sorry too. You went to a lot of effort. And it was still nice sex. I'm just afraid that the mental stuff is happening faster than the physical stuff, because I'm just feeling so goddamn emotional and sensitive over this."

I wasn't sure at first if he was right, or if it was just the natural emotion anyone would have in such a rough situation. As each day passed over the next week, however, I came to see that Wade was fairly on the money regarding his changes. He *was* changing mentally, and emotionally at that. Little words began slipping into his vocabulary more and more, such as 'like' and 'totally' and even 'super' from time to time. He 'ummed' and 'ahhed' more than usual, and occasionally would put his finger on his lips as he stared off into space, as if considering something. It was a somewhat feminine pose, and looked vaguely amusing given his still-masculine form.

But these were small fry compared to the emotions he sometimes displayed, as well as some of the things he began to take an interest in. It was a slow change, very slow according to Doctor Gerald, but with massive amounts of estrogen flooding Wade's system, it only made sense that he would start crying more often. On Tuesday night after a long day at college, we both relaxed on the couch to watch *Taker 3: The Taker Returns*, easily the worst and most hilarious of the action films. We were laughing and making commentary as usual, but at a crucial juncture I looked over only to find him sobbing openly and wiping his face with a tissue.

"Dude, are you okay? Is something happening?"

"N-no," he said, voice cracking upward in timber a little. "It's just - how come he abandoned her to go die like that? Can't he consider her damn feelings for once? He's, like, such a bad boyfriend! Fuck, I'm getting so twisted up about this. Let's just pause the movie for a bit. Stupid fucking Lumin's."

He composed himself eventually, and we kept watching, but I couldn't help but notice that he paid much more attention when the romance stuff appeared on screen than the action stuff, even though he was enjoying both bits. I decided not to comment on that.

Physical changes were happening too, albeit less noticeably. Wade was surprisingly up front about them, which made sense given the weird deal he'd proposed to me. I saw his nipples on his naked chest more than a few times, and they did indeed look quite distended and feminine, with womanly areolas beginning to form around them. He pointed these out to me, and poked them for emphasis.

"Look, feel."

"I don't think I should."

"Oh, yeah. Sorry. That would be stupid." He blushed a little. "It's my stupid brain. I'm losing a bit of impulse control here. I just sort of say things occasionally. The doc thinks the mental stuff is advancing ahead of the rest a bit."

"I'm sorry, dude."

"Yeah, me too. But there's definitely physical changes. Look, I'm losing body hair. And the hair on my head is kind of . . . shinier."

He wasn't wrong. It almost looked a little silky. Sort of like Sophie Brantt's hair, and she had really nice hair, though his wasn't all the way there just quite yet. But his facial features had softened a little. More than I expected, but at least it matched his slightly slimmer shoulders.

"Dude, I think we need to take you shopping for new clothes," I said.

"Yeah, this stuff is getting baggy. I just didn't want to splurge a heap of cash on shit that won't be useful in a few week's time."

"You can wear some of my clothes for now. You'll probably fit in them for a spell."

"That works."

I had to broach the next subject carefully. "What are you doing about college?"

"I'm still going," he said. "But I've got another big ask. I want to try and stay as long as I can, and fight off the bimbo thing as long as possible, maybe even entirely if that can be done. But could you attend some of my lectures with me? I know it's a big ask, but you and I are on different lines, so-"

I held up my hand. "Say no more, dude. I'm only studying part-time anyway, and I can do my data entry wherever. I only do it here in the apartment because I'm lazy."

So I started attending sports science lectures in the field of education with him. My own lectures I paid attention to, but these ones I just stayed as a support person for Wade, who hadn't disclosed his Lumin's status to the school just yet. His favourite professor was Professor Grant, who had been a football legend back in his day and had a good rapport with Wade. He was one of the first outsiders to recognise that something was going on. He asked for Wade to stay back one lesson, a bit over two weeks after his diagnosis. I stayed with him.

"I just wanted to ask if everything was okay, Wade?" Professor Grant asked. "You seem a bit under the weather lately; distracted, not paying as much attention, and - I don't mean to pry - but you look a bit worn down as well."

Wade swallowed. I could see that his favourite professor bringing this up was making him emotional already. "I'm just, uh, going through a hard time right now, prof," he managed.

"I hope it's not too serious. You look like you've lost some weight."

Wade cringed. His muscle mass had always been a source of pride for him, but he was slowly starting to look closer to around my build, which was not terrible but didn't exactly scream 'gym nut' either.

"I've just been a bit sick lately. Sorry professor, I'm totally trying to pay attention. It's just, like, really really hard lately."

Professor Grant nodded. "Well, if there's anything I can do, anything at all, don't hesitate to ask. You're a smart student Wade, and I look forward to seeing how your future unfolds."

That set Wade off. Without any immediate warning signs, the waterworks simply began. He covered his face and had to step away, while I was awkwardly left with Professor Grant.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to hit a nerve. Is he okay?"

"He's going through some hard stuff," I said. "Sorry, I'll go see to him."

"Of course, of course."

I found Wade outside, his face still wet with tears.

"This totally, like, sucks!" he said in an exasperated voice. It was even a little higher than usual. "I hate it! I get so fucking emotional so easily, and my body is changing, and my voice sounds soooo ridiculous, and I can't stop thinking about how stupid and tacky my clothing is! It's just . . . ugh!"

It was certainly not how Wade usually talked, but it was certainly all his frustration there. I put my hand on his shoulder, and he didn't remove it. In fact, he placed his hand on mine in a way that was a bit more intimate than I was comfortable with.

“Can we just, like, go to the mall or something, man? I know you’re lending me all these clothes, and I’m totally thankful or whatever, but I’d rather have my own style. I think it’ll cheer me up.”

“Of course, buddy!” I said. “But I have to ask; is this a mental change of some kind? I mean, you seem pretty emotional at the moment. I don’t want you to, you know, lose impulse control or something.”

“It’s okay, I feel way better. It was like a rush of emotion. And maybe it’s part of the change, but that’s, like, gonna happen anyway. That’s why I need you there with me, man. To keep me responsible.”

It turned out that keeping Wade responsible was a harder challenge than I’d expected. He had been doing such a good job suppressing the changes and holding his own against them that I had underestimated how deeply they had gone. While his body was still obviously male, his mind was racing ahead in terms of changes, because when we visited the mall together he couldn’t stop staring at the various clothing and beauty places with a look that was almost starstruck.

“I can’t believe I never, like, looked at these places before,” he said. “They’re so pretty!”

“Pretty?” I replied.

He went a little red-cheeked. “Dude, you know what I mean. They just look, like, really nice and stuff.”

“Half of them are for women only,” I reminded him.

“Yeah, but I’m totally turning into a woman, man. I’m going to have to use them at some point. Besides, it’ll cheer me up a bit.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. “You were crying not half an hour ago when we were with Professor Grant.”

But he wouldn’t be deterred. He was now almost bouncing on his feet, and even grabbed my arm with both of his before pointing excitedly at a clothing shop that was rather chic. It was called *Coquette’s*.

“Look! Let’s go to that one!”

He dragged me towards it, and I had a brief image of him not as Wade, but as a deeply attractive bimbo type acting in this way. It certainly made more sense. The poor guy was being ruled by his hormones; he must have been caught up in a huge surge of them. I could only go along and try to mitigate what I could, but maybe he was right in part when he made his bizarre proposal to me: maybe I would only be able to help my best friend go with

the flow on his changes and take care of him/her, not do anything to stall or stop them. So instead I did my best to help him pick outfits and avoid overspending. Normally, Wade just wore simple shirts and jeans and the like, and some nice button-ups when out on the town. He wasn't a big show-off, but he was certainly proud of his body - at least he had been. But as he found things off the rack that were more fitting for his reduced figure, I couldn't help but notice that he was trending towards a greater variation of colour; even a few pastel blues, a bright yellow, and in one case, a bright pink top.

"Dude, are you sure you want that one?" I asked.

"What's wrong with it?" he said, holding it up.

"It's pink."

"Yeah, but . . . shit. God, I wasn't even thinking. Since when do I, like, wear pink? Fuck, I didn't realise it'd change this fast . . ."

He was silent for a moment, but decidedly did not put the shirt back on the rack.

"I'll get it anyway," he said.

I was puzzled. "Are you sure?"

"Totes. I mean, yeah. I can't fight the changes, right? And this is a small one. I need to be ready for this. Besides, it takes a real man to be this bold, right?"

I laughed a little uneasily. "Absolutely!"

So the decision was made; he'd keep the shirt. He'd also take the yellow one that fit a little *too* tightly, as well as some jeans that were quite slimming against his legs. He claimed it was future protection - they'd be looser on him soon enough - but it worried me a bit how he posed in the mirror and seemed to giggle and grin at how they made him look. The poses were not altogether masculine, and he was even pouting. It made me notice just how much his lips had altered; they were certainly fuller. His cheeks were a little rounder too. Not fat, but possessing a softness that didn't track with his usual hard appearance. I decided not to say anything. It was clearly a mental change at work, but pointing these things out all the time would only distress him. I'd agreed to help take care of my friend as he transitioned in his Lumin's, and at some point I had to accept, like Wade clearly had, that change was inevitable.

We left *Coquette's* with more clothing than either of us expected. I convinced Wade to put a few items back, and we both considered that a good first exercise of my responsibility to help manage his dwindling impulse control. Still, he insisted on paying for everything, and even encouraged me to go find a place for us to eat while he sorted it out. From his guilty expression, I got the sense that he was hiding something from me, most likely the total price of everything he was buying. I let it go for now.

We grabbed some noodles together, and he seemed much happier. I told him as such.

"I know," he said. "Lumin's has my emotions all over the place. I'm acting like a total chick sometimes. And I get emotional at dumb stuff like that happy car commercial. I think I'm definitely gonna be a totally girly girl, dude."

"You might not be!"

But he shook his head. "Dude, I *really like* that pink shirt. And that outfit with the flowers looks soooo good. I'm pissed it won't fit my figure. That's the state of, like, my mind right now. God, I'm even thinking about . . ."

His words died away as he looked across the mall crowd. I turned to see what he was looking at, and noticed that Yasmin Harper and her cheerleader entourage were moving through the crowd. She noticed us and waved, shifting direction.

"Hey Ezra," she said, before focusing on Wade. "*Hey Wade*. You look a lot different. Are you trying a new look? I miss the facial hair."

Wade looked nervous. His nipples were showing against his shirt prominently, so he quickly covered them. "J-just going through some changes at the moment, Yas."

"Well," she replied, placing her hand on her lovely hip in a way that drew my eye, "we've got a fun party coming up on campus. Next Saturday night. We'd love you there, even if we miss that hot goatee of yours."

He smiled sheepishly. "I may, um, be in a new style."

She giggled. "So long as you bring your charismatic self and your big, thick, *personality*, I'm sure that'll be fine. Dress nice!"

"Oh, I like, totes will, girrrl!" he said before catching himself. Yasmin looked briefly confused. I decided to cover for him.

"He's mocking me," I said. "It's a dumb in-joke."

She smiled in understanding, winked in Wade's direction, and took off.

"Okay, I know you want to try and adjust, but saying yes to a party while you're changing may not be a good idea."

Wade groaned, putting his face on the table. "Ugggh, I knowww! I just couldn't help it. Yasmin has such fun parties!"

"Yeah, she does. And she's pretty crazy hot too."

Wade lifted his head and cocked an eyebrow. "She is, isn't she? I - I didn't even think about that!"

It was another warning sign. She'd practically been pressing her double-D tits right in Wade's face. He twirled a length of elongated silky hair in his finger, and part of me could already see the woman he was becoming.

The first changes had begun.

Part 4: New Style

Wade's transformation continued, mentally and physically. I couldn't notice every detail about the latter, and I certainly wasn't going to ask about his dick directly, but he had started complaining about his briefs being "too empty." It didn't take a genius to figure out what was going on there, and his embarrassment was obvious, even as his ability to hold his tongue on such private matters became more and more hindered by his lack of impulse control. But other changes were becoming more obvious too: his body was slimming down at an increasing speed, to the point where he could easily be mistaken for a high school version of himself from behind, or even from the front at times. His very skeletal structure was changing, because his ribcage was noticeably smaller too, while his hips were getting quite snug in his outfits. He didn't exactly have a pair of womanly babymakers or anything, but it was obvious that his figure was a bit more feminine. If he lost any more muscle he'd actually look like a feminine man. The fact that his body hair was entirely gone didn't help such matters; I saw him more than once walking about after getting out of the shower with just a towel around his waist, and I actually gawked a bit at his female nipples, the subtle softening of his once-muscular pecs.

"See something you like?" he joked, posing a little with chest thrust out.

"Dude, don't even joke!"

"What?" he said, cracking a broad smile. "I have, like, total licence to joke about this! I'm the one who is totally becoming a hot bimbo, probably with huge tits and a totally hungry vagina, knowing how ridiculous those, like, other Lumin's cases are. Plus, I bet you will totally see something you like, right?"

Again, it was hard to give a proper reply. "Wade, you're my best friend. I certainly don't want to, you know, see you become a woman. It saddens the hell out of me, man!"

Wade just rolled his eyes. "Whatever, it was just a joke. Sort of. I mean, I *am* going to become your hot bimbo girlfriend at the end of this, so you might as well try to get the compliments in early, *babe*."

Something about my manly best friend who I'd known since high school calling me 'babe' just felt all wrong. "Wade, I still don't really want to go through with that. I'll do everything I can to help you, but I don't want to take advantage of-"

He slumped down on the couch, his naked chest wobbling just slightly, almost imperceptibly. He crossed his legs like a woman would, one thigh over the other, and let out an exaggerated groan in his higher voice. "Dude, I don't want to be taken advantage of. That

would totally suck. But this stupid condition is gonna make me horny slut, and my latest appointment practically, like, confirmed it! Hell, it took me three tries to even remember where his room was, and I've been there before! I'm totes struggling with lectures at the moment, and my work is slipping. I can feel myself getting dumber, and girls are basically not even attractive anymore. I had a dream about cock last night and I almost enjoyed it!"

"You had a dream about cock?"

He raised an eyebrow. "No questions, *babe*. You're too uncomfortable with it, remember?"

He had me there, so I brushed past it. "Well, just so long as you're not leaping into this out of some sort of anxiety response or whatever. I don't want to lose my best friend, and whatever course we decide on, I want you as just that; my best friend. Not my girlfriend. Even if it'll be hard to adjust."

The answer didn't seem to satisfy him, but then how could it? He knew what he was turning into and so did I, but I wasn't ready for that kind of commitment. It wasn't fair on him, and I suspected he knew it wasn't fair on me either. His proposal was one of panic, and not one I could seriously consider.

And yet, that very night I had an incredibly vivid dream. In the dream, we were playing basketball together. As usual he was winning, showing off his superior form. We were laughing and joking, but as I played against Wade, he was rapidly transformed with every hoop shot. His features softened, his body became voluptuous, his face dazzling.

"What are you, like, looking at, hotstuff?" he asked me. "You like what you see?"

Even in the dream, I knew I'd heard the words before, only this time they were true. His clothing shifted with his body, his breasts grew, his hips widened, his ass became the kind you could bounce a quarter off. In moments *she* was in a sexy cheerleader's outfit, her tits enormous and bouncing, her face that of a lusty Persian beauty, her hair long and silky and all the way down to her waist.

"You do like it, don't you?" she asked. "You can admit it. Or maybe I can convince you to, *babe*."

The scene shifted, and we were suddenly in the bedroom. I was naked, and she was stroking my erection fervently as she placed her mouth upon my cock. It was unbelievably pleasurable, and she worked my member to perfection, eventually using her huge hanging boobs to give me titty job while she continued to suck. It was heaven and hell at the same time. I knew it was my friend, but here she was as a beautiful, lusty, and servile woman. She raised her lips off of my cock for just a moment and looked at me with her impossibly green eyes.

"This is what you really want me as," she said. "You can admit it, Ezra. You want me as your hot, super busty and fuckable girlfriend. You totes want me to fuck you like this every day. *And I'll want it too, soon. Just you wait.*"

She placed her mouth down upon my cock, but I woke just before I could come. The door was open, and someone was in the doorway, the light streaming in before them. It was Wade, only he looked very different.

"Wade?" I said.

"Dude, were you, like, having a wet dream in here?"

I blushed. "No, it was—"

"Because you were totally moaning. God, were you dreaming about me?"

"No way!"

Wade grinned for a moment, before suppressing it. "Good. Great. Because that would be, uh, weird. But you're allowed to."

Mixed signals yet again, as if two sides of him were still in conflict. I pulled up my covers a little; they'd come down in the night and his gaze was feasting a little too readily on my erection.

"Holy shit, dude. You're, like, carrying a total package there!"

"Can we stop talking about my dick and start talking about what you're wearing? Dude, what's up with that?"

Wade stepped further into the room. "It's, like, my new style," he said, placing both hands before himself like he was making a guilty confession. "It's not my fault! The mental changes are still happening, and I got sick of my old style, and we bought all those totally fucking cute outfits so I thought, why not a little makeup and stuff?"

A 'little' was a lot, at least by male standards. It wasn't perfectly applied, but then I supposed that this was his first true attempt. He had applied some natural-looking lipstick with a pale pink gloss, and there was some slight eyeshadow around his eyes. It was hard to tell if he had eyelash extensions or not, though I suspected it was just a 'natural' Lumin's development. His cheeks had a uniform, rather pretty uniform colour to them, which I took to mean he was actually wearing foundation! Even his hair had been treated; it had grown now to below his chin, but he'd clearly been using professional products in his hair, because it was remarkably shiny and straight, with none of the slightly cultivated rugged appearance he once had.

And that would have left more than enough of an impression upon me, but Wade had also clearly gotten up much earlier while I was sleeping in, because he had also dressed himself up in a new outfit, and in a style that was definitely not in keeping with the Wade I knew. He was wearing a tight yellow crop top that showed off part of his slimming stomach, and a pair of shorts were just a little too short and a little too tight. His shoes, which we

hadn't bought the other day, went slightly up his calves, and almost looked to have heels to them, though it was hard to see from my angle. All in all, he kind of had a sort of 'femboy' look to him, a style he had once joked about - not cruelly, but he certainly found it odd.

"What do you, like, think?" he said. He posed with one hand behind his head and the other at his cocked hip. In the right light, one might almost mistake him for a particularly muscled and androgynous woman.

"It's definitely a big change," I said.

He pouted in an almost sulking manner. "Is that it? I mean, I put a looooooot of effort into this, dude. I know it's all mental changes and yada yada and it's kinda embarrassing that I'm even doing this, but it just felt, like, sooo right. Can't you give me any more feedback or something? Seriously, put me at ease here, I'm feeling super self-conscious that I'm making a total moron of myself now!"

I could see the tension on his features; the knowledge that he was being affected by Lumin's, the resignation that he'd have to give into it, even the subtle excitement at doing so. And, of course, the hope that in embracing it a little, that I could fulfil the terms of my promise and help him adjust.

"You look . . . good," I said, but it wasn't enough. He winced, and that slight warble in his eyes indicated a coming of emotional distress. "But I've just woken up, dude! Lemme just sleep-in a bit - I don't have any calls to field today - and once I've showered and changed I can give you full feedback."

His expression became a broad smile. "Oh, yeah! Duh! Sorry, I didn't even think about you sleeping. I wasn't thinking - Lumin's, I guess. Stupid disease. But sure, after your shower, then you can tell me how I look. Thanks *babe*, you're the best!"

He shut the door, and I sagged back into my bed. My boner was still rock hard, and oddly hadn't waned one bit from when he'd been talking. The image of him in my dreams was still present in my mind. In fact, it was easy to overlay the makeup he'd put it on and mentally adjust it onto that dream figure's features. I knew that he'd run into town a couple more times recently, but I clearly underestimated how sneaky Wade could be, especially when it came to his spending. Perhaps the time was coming sooner than later where I'd have to seize control of the finances, not that I was too comfortable with that prospect.

For now though, I did something very shameful. I lay back, thinking of that gorgeous, busty, bimbo beauty with her olive skin and Middle Eastern features, and imagined her climbing on top of me once more, her ripe tits hanging right in my face. I lowered my hand and, again to my shame, began to stroke it.

"Ohh, yeah. Fuck yeah, Wade. Big titties. Big, huge, hot Persian titties. Fuck, you look good. Want you on my cock. Want you to f-fuck me. Want you to - ohhhh!!"

It didn't take long at all. I came, and I came *hard*, cumming into my bedsheets without even thinking to have some tissue paper on hand. But in that moment I didn't care, because the thought of such a goddamn smokeshow on top of me after such a vivid sex dream was more than enough to keep me smiling as I ejaculated more than I had in years.

It was only in the aftermath that I realised what I'd just done.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?" I murmured.

I'd just cum hard at the thought of fucking my bimbofied friend. And worst of all, a small part of me didn't even want to regret it.

I told Wade that the style really worked for him, which it sort of did, given that he was becoming more and more androgynous and his mannerisms increasingly feminine. So it wasn't a lie, all told. But I think perhaps it was a misstep on my part, because we were heading for a party on the coming weekend, and Yasmin Harper was definitely not expecting *this* level of change in Wade, nor anyone else. So why did I tell him that he looked good, and even encourage him to look up makeup tutorials?

Because I felt guilty, damn it! Not only was he trying his best, but his emotional state was fragile, and bringing him down over following his Lumin's mental changes would only leave the poor dude a blubbering wreck. And more than that, I had just fucking masturbated to the thought of my best friend being a hot slutty submissive girlfriend, and so I was willing to do anything to make him feel better rather than confront those particular feelings.

So from that day onwards, Gymbro Wade was a thing of the past, and Femboy Wade was here to stay. It had only been a matter of time, all things considered. His body was becoming more feminine, and his personality was ahead of even that. Even his movements were changing: Wade had always possessed a confident swagger and strut, but Femboy Wade walked with one foot in front of the other, emphasising the sway of his hips, and his hands moved in a mincing manner. He developed a literal bounce in his step when he was excited, and even the way he covered his mouth when he giggled or bit his lip when embarrassment or aroused made me think of a woman.

Yeah, *aroused*. Because that was the other change that was occurring beyond his new desire to wear crop tops and tight shorts and even the occasional pantyhose beneath it all. He had been open and honest about no longer finding Yasmin attractive before, but now it was becoming very, *very* clear that his sexual orientation had pulled a full one-eighty, because when we had our action movie night, he wasn't just focused more on the romance, but on the leading man.

“Oh em gee,” he said on the Friday before the part, another new phrase to his vocabulary. “Duncan Erickson is soooo hot.”

I nearly blanched. “Um, you wanna run that by me again, dude?”

He blushed, but as was more common now, he blurted out his thoughts without stopping anyway. “Just look at his muscles! I can’t help it! He’s got that dark stranger vibe that’s just, like, super sexy! Don’t look at me like that, dude, it’s the fucking Lumin’s! It’s make me, well, horny for dudes.”

“Horny?”

“Ignore that! I didn’t mean to say that word. It just, like, popped into my head. Fuck! I hate this stupid change. But you have to admit he’s a total ten, right?”

I chuckled, feeling a bit awkward about it. “Well, I’m not good at rating guys.”

There was a long pause as we continued watching. Suddenly, his hand fell on mine. I froze, turning my head very slowly to face him. His expression was illuminated by the brightness of the television in the otherwise dark room. His eyes, which had started to gain little flecks of green in them, were locked upon me.

“You know, you’re a total ten too, dude,” he said, before withdrawing his hand.

I didn’t know how to take that. I didn’t know how to take any of it. And for once, Wade seemed to show enough impulse control and recognition of what he’d done to not say another word. We watched the movie, and he cried again when the hero and leading lady got together.

It made me wonder how he’d go at the party. Hell, what would they think of *me*?

Part 5: Coming Out

The day of the party was the day I finally allowed Wade to become fully financially dependent upon me. It was all because of the leadup to Yasmin Harper’s party. Wade was getting incredibly excited *and* nervous. Excited because he’d always loved to party and be in the middle of big social events, but nervous because, well, he wasn’t turning into a *goddamned woman*! His breasts had started to come in, and I knew that because he’d damn well shown me without thinking and even tried to get me to feel them, which I had definitely chosen not to. He at least realised afterwards, in a bit of a ‘blonde’ moment, how dumb that request had been.

But that excitement and nervousness had led to him driving into town while I was doing my data entry for work, and coming back with a veritable mountain of clothing, makeup, shoes, and various other girly items. He’d even inexplicably bought some bras ‘just

in case' they would fit his coming figure, a thought that was weirdly forward-thinking given his mental state, until he started admitting that they looked "really cute," which was likely the real reason he'd bought them.

"Dude, how much did this all cost?" I said, astonished as he brought out the last of what had to be around a dozen bags or so. "Please don't tell me this is from expensive places."

He looked embarrassed. "Um, maybe? I just thought, you know, with me changing so much, and while I've still got a brain, it's best to prepare! Particularly with the party coming. That makes sense. Right? Right!?"

I put my hand on my forehead. "No, Wade! Wrong! Do you even have any savings left?"

"Um, I may have, like, put it on my card?"

I could only sigh. The old Wade had never been good with money, but this new Femboy Wade looked to be far, far worse already. He seemed to recognise this, because it didn't take much convincing to let me look at his bank accounts, and when we saw that they were not only empty, but *overdrawn*, he actually leapt forward and hugged me, blinking back tears. I tried to ignore the weird feeling of his stiff nipples and slightly soft chest against me.

"There there, it's okay," I said, first patting, then rubbing his soft back.

"It's not!" he whined. "God, I'm such a fucking tool! Except my tool is shrinking! I'm becoming so fucking dumb I don't even know I'm dumb! It seems like such a totally smart idea, Ezra, I really swear it did!"

I felt sorry for him, but I was starting to realise I'd have to be firm.

"Wade, I think it's time that maybe I start controlling the finances. You know, like we talked about."

He gave me a wide-eyed look. "Really? Already? I thought I would have more time!"

"I know, but I think it's for the best."

He nodded, and then hugged me. I was getting used to those hugs. Wade had never been a super physically affectionate guy, but that was changing dramatically. Once more, I was made aware of that softness in his chest, as well as the general softness of his body. I tried not to think of that dream I'd had. The dream I'd had a few times, actually.

"Should I return it all?" he said in a trembling voice.

I sighed. "No, you clearly want it, and you have prepared for future changes, at least. I'll help pay what's left; I'm not exactly struggling for money. Just . . . don't buy any new outfits for the party tonight. Are you sure you want to go in this style? People will ask questions."

But Wade just pouted in an almost dismissive wave. "They can, like, ask all the questions they want. I'm turning into a totally hot woman, Ezra, I can't hide it forever!"

It was probably the smartest thing my friend had said since this whole saga began.

When we got to the party, no one recognised Wade. In fact, a few people were looking at me funny, and it didn't take a genius to realise that they were assuming I was dating a feminine man or something. Wade had dressed even more womanly than before, as he had taken the bold choice of wearing a pleated skirt and stockings and high boots, with a top that once more showed off his midriff. He didn't really have the breasts that could display cleavage yet, but the top did pull a bit low, and he had continued to use eye shadow and lipstick to augment his appearance. All in all, he could still be seen as male, but it was getting hard and harder to tell, especially now that his jawline was getting softer.

Still, he was excited, practically *bouncing* as we arrived, pointing out all the "pretty lights" and "hella great music," including some tracks that I don't think the old Wade would have been nearly so interested in. He occasionally clung to my arm and pulled me in different directions, which was a bit awkward, as I didn't want people to think we were dating or anything. Unfortunately, that's exactly what happened, which was why I was already down several drinks, and so was he. I had to monitor his intake though; his smaller body might be more susceptible to alcohol, after all.

"Ezra! Glad you could make it. Where's Wade?"

I turned. Yasmin Harper was talking to me, in a hot crop top and shorts look that accentuated her model-like figure. I coughed for a moment, trying to think of a response, and that's when Wade filled the void.

"Right here!" he said in a sweet voice, indicating to himself.

Yasmin chuckled. "Oh, you're also Wade? I didn't realise you were, uh, so varied in your taste, Ezra! No judgement!"

She laughed a little, but Wade looked a bit offended.

"No, it's really, like, me Yasmin! Wade Roster! I just, like, look a whole lot different now, but you can totally tell it's still me. You said you missed my beard the other day but I definitely can't grow it now, lol."

Yasmin looked to me with confusion, but frankly I didn't quite know what to say other than the truth. "He's got Lumin's Syndrome," I said.

"What? As if. Holy shit, really? You're not joking? Oh my God! Wade, you - you look so different! Is it true?"

She examined him, and Wade did a small show of turning on the spot and holding his skirt out like a woman on a runway.

"I'm, like, turning into a hot bimbo slut," he said, before taking another drink from his red cup of beer. "It totally sucks! I don't want it, but I can't fight it. But at least I'm getting really into fashion and my emotional side and whatever."

Yasmin still looked astonished. "Yeah, I can see that!"

Wade suddenly clung to me, pressing his head against my chest. "Not to mention my awesome future *boyfriend* Ezra here is taking really, really good care of me. Isn't that right, Ez?"

I gently took her by the shoulders and separated her from me. "I'm not your boyfriend, Wade. We've been over this."

His disappointment looked immeasurable, but he recovered quickly. "But he will be,, Yasmin, because the type of Lumin's I've got is gonna make me a total submissive idiot who just loves sucking cock and pleasing men, so I need my bestie here to be my sexy guardian."

"Do you now?" Yasmin said, narrowing her eyes. "Can I talk to you for a moment, Ez?"

I went with her, glad to be pulled away. Yasmin still looked shocked, but she wasn't dumb either. She was top of her class in bio.

"Okay, this is totally fucking crazy that I almost can't believe it. Wade had fucking Lumin's? Is he really going braindead bimbo?"

"I'm afraid so."

She jabbed me in the chest. "That man is a fine fucking hunk that I was very much looking forward to having some fun with. Everyone loves Wade. There are guys here who have been wanting to catch up with him for weeks. He's the life of the party. And now he wants to be your girlfriend? You better take care of him if that's the case, Ezra."

I groaned. "I don't *want* to be his boyfriend. This is just some proposal that-"

"I don't mean you taking advantage of him. I want you to *not* take advantage of him. And for God's sake, if he's this bad already, how bad will he get? Please tell me you're minding him!"

"I'm already taking care of his finances, if that's what you mean."

She sighed. "Good. Jesus, this is insane. I hope Freddie Watts doesn't find out, because he's one of the few that hates Wade. He's a fucking green-eyed monster. But if he does find out . . ."

"Wade can kiss the campus life goodbye," I said. "Shit."

"Yeah, shit. Look, I've got to do the rounds, and I'm still absorbing this. But don't forget what I said; you take care of him, okay? And if he - or she, eventually - needs anything, you send Wade to me. I can talk to him/her about periods and feminine hygiene, and can help him/her find bras and whatever. Got it?"

I was supremely thankful, and made it known. Yasmin was a good type, even if she was a force to be reckoned with. I hadn't considered all the things that Wade would need to learn, including the fact that he would soon be having periods, if the tiny bulge in his underwear when he lifted his skirt was any indication. But when I left the conversation with Yas, I realised that Wade had left in the interim, and was nowhere to be found.

"Shit!"

I immediately began searching for her. I mean *him*. God, it was getting hard to think of my friend as male lately, particularly now that the bodily changes were speeding up. I moved through the crowd. How much alcohol had Wade consumed while we were here? We'd only been doing a little bit of the rounds, and for the most part people were awkwardly assuming we were together. But now the Lumin's thing was out to Yasmin, and I was afraid that Wade might spread word of that even further.

I was right, in a way.

"Who the hell is the weird femboy dude dancing on the main floor?" I heard someone say.

"No idea, but he's drunk as hell and yelling some nonsense about being Wade Roster and having Ezra Kloss as a boyfriend."

A group of football types sniggered until they saw me. One of them was unfortunately Freddie Watts, who was built tall and wide like a freight train. He looked at me with amusement.

"Didn't realise you went in for that kind of shit, Ezra?" he said with a sneer.

"I don't," I said. "He's just . . . a friend. Excuse me, I have to get him off the dance floor."

"Sure, sure, 'just a friend'," he said, laughing with his buddies. "Where is the real Wade? He hasn't shown up for the games lately, and we're not far from tossing him off the team. I hear he's been acting weird in class lately too. Crying and shit. Anything you can tell us, or is that between you and your *boyfriend* there?"

I ignored him and his jeers and moved to the dance scene. The floor was busy and the music pumping, drowning out the 'amusing' comments of the other guys. In the centre of it all was Wade, who had suddenly become a vibrant centre of the party. He had clearly become a lot more tipsy than I'd assumed, because his movements were erratic and excited, his feet stamping on the floor. He was even shaking his ass and grinning from ear to ear as he sang the lyrics. To my surprise, some of the girls present were even dancing with him, clearly enjoying his femboy energy. I approached him and his expression became even more ecstatic.

"Ezra! Babe! Come dance with me! I've met such awesome new girlfriends - this is Tish, and this is Cassie, and you know Jacinda-"

“Wade, I think we should go. Before you say something you regret.”

But he just flippantly gestured as if it was trivial. “I already told them I’ve totes got Lumin’s! They know I’m Wade!”

“We still don’t entirely believe it!” one said.

“But he certainly knows stuff Wade would know!” Jacinda added. “He’s turning out real cute! If a bit bubbly!”

Wade giggled with them even as he continued to dance closer to me. He grabbed my arm and pulled me forward, and before I knew it I was awkwardly dancing alongside him. He gyrated in ways that were far more flirtatious and sexual than I was comfortable with, even grinding up against me with his ass and shaking his chest as if he really was blooming there. The girls giggled, and perhaps it was my own alcohol intake, but I didn’t fight it initially. He was my best friend, and I hadn’t seen him so happy in weeks, not even when we were shopping. He laughed and span around, holding my hands and making me twirl him. I realised that he was shorter than me now, and my own arms and legs thicker and bigger than his. So many changes happening so slowly, yet fast at the same time.

“You do like what you see, don’t you?” he said.

“I like seeing you happy!” I shouted back over the music.

He bit his lip. “I like making you happy. You’re such a good friend, Ez. You take such good care of me, even when I’m totally becoming a braindead bimbo. I want to take care of you. Please, please, please won’t you be my hottie boyfriend already?”

I paused. “Wade, you know I can’t do that. It’s not fair to you, and it’s too weird.”

“Everything is weird! I’m growing a fucking vagina and stuff! I’ll probably have big soft melons on my chest! I dream about you sucking on them, you know! I know it’s the Lumin’s and my brain, but it’s soooo hot.”

I was grateful that the other girls had withdrawn and weren’t hearing this.

“Look, Wade, I know it’s hard to deal with-”

“It’s so fucking hard, like your cock the other day - ha! But this stupid syndrome is making me horny for boys instead of girls, and you’re the best boy I know, Ez. You really are! I know you’ll take care of me, so why don’t you let me take care of you?”

She grabbed me mid-dance and lunged forward, planting her lips on mine. I realised even as we kissed that several things had happened all at once. One, I wasn’t pulling away from the kiss nearly as fast as I should have. And two, I had just started thinking of Wade as a ‘she’. The third was obvious only to myself and her, because her hand snaked down quickly to rub my cock.

It was already hard.

I pulled away, but not so far that I wasn’t staring straight into a pair of absolutely gorgeous emerald green eyes. Had they been that green before? They were dazzling, and

complemented Wade's softening Persian features perfectly. Her lips were full, pouting as if desperate to kiss again. She shifted forward for just that outcome, but I pulled back again.

"No," I said. "No, not now. Wade, you're too tipsy, and I am too. We need to get home."

"No, girls just want to have fun!"

"Wade, remember our deal? You said you wanted me to make decisions sometimes. This is one of those times. Please, just trust me."

She looked disappointed, but nodded all the same. "Okay, I trust you. You're my boyfriend, after all."

"I'm not. Just . . . no. But I am your friend. C'mon. I'll buy you a burger on the way home."

"Aww, you're the best!"

We made a move, me holding her hand and pulling her gently through the crowd. We had to stop occasionally as she chatted with other people, including the new girlfriends she'd already made, and even former guy friends who were confused by who this feminine guy or masculine girl was. Yasmin gave me a knowing look of appreciation at getting her out of there, and I made a mental note to invite her around for some women lessons for Wade sometime.

Unfortunately, as we were leaving, we also passed Freddie Watts, who was smirking, a shit-eating grin on his mug.

"Well, looks like you are a couple," he said. "And it looks like this weirdo is actually Wade Roster, from what I hear? Lumin's Syndrome, ha. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy. Maybe I'll have some fun with the new Wade when he's finished changing, right boys?"

"Don't even fucking joke about it, Freddie," I said, and to the surprise of everyone - him, his mates, Wade, and even myself, I shoved him aside and walked outside. He shouted something, probably an invitation to fight or a statement that I'd regret it, but I continued on with Wade and we got to the car. When we were in and driving, she placed a hand on my thigh and gave me a dreamy look.

"That's why you're totally the best, and I want to be your girlfriend when I can't, like, help myself. You protect me. It makes me feel all warm and safe."

She repeated those words again when I helped her to bed. She was tired as hell from the drinking and dancing, and when she went to sleep I looked at her for a while, unbelieving that this was the same Wade.

She looked like a sleeping beauty.

Part 6: Wanda

The physical changes began to catch up to the mental ones, even as Wade continued his - or *her* - journey towards being a flirtatious bimbo type. There were the usual changes, of course. A week after the party and her body was now slim enough to simply look equivalent to a very athletic woman's in size. She had been over six feet in height, and now was only five-foot-six, and likely still shrinking. Her Adam's apple was practically gone, with her voice now in the realm of a mezzo-soprano range, and likely heading towards a pure sweet soprano soon. Her hands were dainty and soft, no longer possessing the calluses from sport - something she was quite proud of, particularly as her nails were growing out. Her hair now reached her shoulders, and she was taking better care of it than ever. Her face still looked a bit mannish in places, but it was far more androgynous thanks to her makeup routine and longer eyelashes, as well as those poutier lips. With her widening hips and thinning waist, her currently rectangular figure was bound to develop the beginnings of an hourglass any day now. But all of that paled in comparison to one big change that was impossible to ignore. Two big changes, really.

Wade's breasts had finally come out of hiding.

It seemed to have happened almost overnight. One morning Wade was flat-chested with just some slightly softer pecs and female nipples, and the next morning she was bouncing around in a tight top and no bra to show me how excited she was that her boobs were finally coming in.

"Look, they're sooo bouncy!" she proclaimed. "I'm finally, like, a real girl! I've got tits! It finally happened. Now I just need a vag. It's sooo close, I can feel it. My dick is like a total nub, babe. I know it sounds totally crazy but I just want it over already!"

I gave my friend a sympathetic look. I'd started thinking of her as female, and as of the kiss so had she, to the point where she corrected others on campus when they called her a 'he', or even 'Wade.' She went by 'Wanda' now, and claimed that it suited her. I couldn't claim she was wrong about that.

"They feels so, so weird! This is the weirdest shit ever dude! I'll actually have tits. Feel!"

She grabbed my hand, and this time I didn't resist her act of spontaneity. I felt her breast, and it did make my member stir a little, though I kept my weird thoughts under control. Her chest was indeed soft and rounded, and when she grabbed my other hand I was able to feel both her mounds. They had to be around a B-cup; they even formed a little bit of cleavage in the low-cut of her top when she made me mash them together.

"Super hawt, right?" she said, grinning.

"Dude," I replied, putting my hands down.

She blushed red. "Oh, sorry! God, it's really embarrassing. It's getting really hard not to be, you know, super girly, especially now that I'm *Wanda*."

"Are you still scared?" I asked.

She bit her lip. "I have no idea. Yes! No! Maybe!"

"I don't know, can you repeat the question?"

She didn't get the joke, and instead gave me a vapid, empty expression of adorable naivete. It almost broke my heart to see Wade reduced to it, but then *Wanda* smiled widely. "You're referencing something!"

"*Malcolm in the Middle*."

"I love that show! We should curl up and watch an episode tonight. We can play pretend boyfriend and girlfriend, since you don't want to admit it yet."

I sighed. "Sure, I guess. I just want to know that you're okay, man."

"*Woman*," she replied, giggling. "And of course I'm not okay! This is super scary! Having a pussy is so weird to think about, and having tits is so new. But there's this other, slutty girly side of me that's starting to get super, super excited. I can't explain it! But I try to listen to that side because it makes me happier, like you do."

"I guess that's as much as we can ask for, right?"

"Right!" she said, beaming. She bounced on the spot again, making her chest jiggle. "Well, that and bigger tits. If I'm going to be a sexy hottie, I might as well want big ole titties, right? You'd like that!"

I would. God help me, I would. Which is why I found an excuse to walk away and deal with my shame elsewhere.

But the boob fairy clearly answered Wade/Wanda's wishes, because now that her breasts had come out of hiding, they continued to surge forward. Yasmin came and visited several times on my request, and she was utterly aghast at how quickly the new woman-to-be was blossoming up.

"What the fuck? You were barely a B-cup the other day, and now you've got full C's! God, I have to teach you bra etiquette and how to keep the girls covered at a bigger size now that you're equal to me."

I was present, and so couldn't help but smirk when Wanda gave her giggling response. "I might end up even bigger!"

"Ha, you probably will! I doubt Ezra here will mind."

"Hey!"

But Wanda thought it was hilarious. "It's not like I want to keep the 'girls' covered anyway. Why not show them off? I'm becoming a total hottie, right? I could have big cleavage on display! Isn't that what people want?"

Yasmin gave me a look that said she had a lot of work cut out for her in explaining how complicated a woman's world could be.

"Maybe it's best I talk to you without Ezra present. There's a lot of stuff to cover about being a woman that's *not* so sexy."

"Sounds boring."

"Well, how about I tell you that stuff, and if you can memorise it all, I'll tell you about some *really* sexy stuff you can do. I've got some advice."

Her green eyes lit up, and I sensed danger.

"Yes! Yes, please tell me! I want to know *everything*." She gave me a mischievous grin, and I retreated, more than a little worried. At least now she'd have a good working knowledge of how to deal with her female body and other societal expectations once she was fully changed. And perhaps Yasmin could talk some sense into her, and try to figure out what I couldn't; how to take care of Wanda without her throwing herself all over me, or a bunch of other guys that would take advantage of her new bimbo self.

Even as Wade transitioned further into Wandahood, other changes were taking place. For one, it was impossible for the soon-to-be-woman to continue her studies on campus. Not only was sports becoming less interesting to her now (except for women's tennis and roller derby, which was good, I guess?), but her ability to pay attention to long lectures without devolving into texting her new female friends like Sarah and Cassie and Jacinda had simply dissipated. There was also the fact that I think she felt a bit embarrassed to be around Professor Grant, who looked quite sadly in her direction when she was present. The entire campus knew about Lumin's Syndrome, and while we had assurances all would be hush-hush, and we were being connected to a service that could help change her legal name and identification, it *did* make her a minor celebrity of sorts on campus, for good and ill. Yasmin and the girls were wonderful about it, but individuals like Freddie Watts leered at her like wolves, waiting for her to finish transitioning before they ate their lunch. It creeped me the hell out, and finally it was decided that she drop out. She was only racking up a college debt that would be worthless to the new her, and she had a social life outside of the campus anyway. There was one major downside, however, and it was one she was ecstatic about.

"Now I get to spend even more time with you, Ezra, here at our place! In *private*!"

Certainly a bit of a worry for me, though I managed to take a positive spin on it. It helped me keep a closer eye on her, and allowed me to make more money to support the pair of us, since I wasn't having to go on campus twice as much. I still had my education

degree to see to, but data entry for the software company I worked for was pretty well paying, and could be done from home. So all in all it didn't seem like the worst idea.

That was, until Wanda started having a bit too much fun with it.

As her body began to verge closer and closer to complete womanhood, she slowly dropped the femboy act in favour of simply dressing more and more like a woman. She began to wear dresses around the house, and not ones that were particularly modest. Her bras, I noticed, were often push-ups, as if she were almost egging her boobs on in terms of growth, and trying to display them as full D's even though they were well on the way to such. When she wore shirts they were often tied around the middle like she was trying out for the role of Daisy Duke from *The Dukes of Hazzard*, and she even took to moving far more sexily, swaying her magnetic hips and pushing her increasingly prominent ass out when she bent over for things. I took these to simply be part of her mental changes, but I soon realised there was more to it, because as Wade/Wanda's body became ever more admittedly luscious, she also upped the flirtiness with me.

"Oopsie!" she declared in a silly tone one day when she dropped her butter knife. "I can't believe I'm, like, such a klutz. I better reach down and get that back, right babe?"

She bent over slowly and deliberately, making sure her ass pressed magnificently against the tight blue dress she was wearing, her thong outlined against the thin material, and the hem itself rising to that said underwear was nearly showing. Her thighs were spectacular and completely on display, and when she shifted, her long dark hair moved hypnotically. She straightened back up, turning at the same time so that I would see the depth of her new cleavage and the wobble in her top. To say it was an arousing sight was something else. I knew it was my friend there, and that she still technically had a penis, but everything else about her was now a total smokeshow.

"Like what you see?" she said, which had practically become her mantra.

"Um, yeah, I guess," I said, though we both know I absolutely, absolutely did. "But maybe tone it down a bit, Wade-"

"Wanda, I'm Wanda now. I can't fight it, so I might as well accept it!"

"Okay, but around me you don't have to act like that."

She pouted like a little girl, placing her hands behind her back to thrust out her chest. "Awww, but it's sooooo fun! I'm starting to think it might be kinda nice being a girl. Especially since these big titties are still soooo sore. I think, like, they have a *lot* of growing to go."

I clenched my eyes shut, letting the naughty thoughts pass.

"Just so long as you're okay, Wade. Wanda. I've got some data entry to do today, okay? So you might have to find your own fun today."

She giggled, placing a finger on her teeth in a particularly teasing way.

"I think I can totes do that!"

She certainly could, as she proved over the next few days. It turned out that Wade hadn't lost his sense of humour in becoming Wanda, or his/her ability to tease, because it soon became apparent that she *loved* to distract me while I worked. Except instead of making jokes, or silly references, or just playing the occasional prank, she instead upped the ante by wearing sexy clothes, leaning over to show her cleavage, walking around nearly topless, or - worst of all - sliding her hands all over me.

"I just want a hug!" she protested. "We used to hug all the time!"

"First of all, no we didn't," I said as she pressed herself against my side and put her hand way too close to my hard cock. "You were never a huggy dude. And second of all, this is *not* a hug. This is way more than that."

"Mhmmm," she moaned erotically in my ear. Her voice was now a full soprano, her Adam's apple entirely gone. "We could make it more than a hug if you want, big boy? I know you *are* pretty big. I've seen your cock before, briefly. It looked sooooo yummy. I bet I could do all sorts of things to it. It might speed up my own pussy - I'm so fucking close to getting one, and I know you'll want to try it out. I just *know* you will."

I slipped from her grasp. "Wanda, why are you doing this? I thought you were scared of becoming a total bimbo, but here you are acting like one and trying to get me to sleep with you! You know it's not fair! I never agreed to that part of the bargain, just that I'd take care of you."

She ran her hand over my chest, looking up into my eyes. She was so much shorter now. "But that *would* take care of me, hot stuff. I'm, like, soooo dumb now. I can feel how empty-headed I am. Sooo vapid and all that. I know it's super weird to be a woman who's totes into a man, but I can't help it that the Lumin's makes me super horny for you, Ezra! You're so cute and sexy to me now, and you're still, like, my best friend. I like watching movies with you and going out to bars with you and all the things we used to do. Why can't we do it a bit closer? Wayyyy closer?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I just can't, Wanda. It's too much. No matter how much I find you . . . it's too much."

She looked hurt. Betrayed, even. She retreated with tears in her eyes, and though I called for her, she stayed in her room for some time, and only came out afterwards to happily watch some dumb reality show that we both found funny. She placed herself against me, and I didn't stop her, but she didn't try anything. I thought she had learned my stance on the matter.

I was wrong.

It was over five weeks since her changes had first started that Wanda laid a trap for me. Her breasts were now absolutely stellar D-cups, her figure a gorgeous hourglass, and she was always wearing revealing outfits as a matter of course now. And while she was often flirty and silly with me, she had seemingly given up on trying to seduce me.

That was until I came back from campus one afternoon to hear some soft moans coming from her bedroom. I didn't want to pry - God knows I'd explore my own body if I had changed into a total bombshell too - but as I walked to the kitchen I realised that she wasn't in her room at all, but in the living space. She was wearing nothing more than a sexy lingerie bra and a discarded set of panties. Her luscious olive figure was nearly on full display as she laid back on the couch, her hair made up, her lips covered in rose red lipstick, her eyeshadow now immaculate courtesy of Yasmin. She grinned, giving me a 'come fuck me' expression as I entered the room, and before I could turn around I realised what she was doing.

She was fucking herself with a long, hard dildo. Fucking herself right in her new pussy, sliding it in deep.

"Ohhhhhhh," she moaned. "You're f-finally home, big boy. I've been having to, like, use this just to keep myself occupied, but now you can f-finally f-fuck me! Mhmhhh!!"

She pulled it slowly out, only to slide it back in again, eliciting another moan from her. Instantly, my cock got hard just from the sight, tenting obviously against my pants. Her emerald eyes locked upon the side, and she pulled out the dildo again, this time all the way. Her pussy was so wet it was literally *dripping* with arousal.

"Mhmm, yesssss. Please, Ezra. Don't you want to come see my pussy? Heehee, 'cum'! I bet you'd like to cum in my tunnel, wouldn't you? It'd be soooo hot. I know you said you didn't want me, but that was before I grew my own p-pussy. It feels soooo good. But soooo empty. Come fill me up!"

God help me, I had never been so tempted by anything in my life. She was right there, her sumptuous body with her D-cup tits - possibly double-D's - available for the taking. I knew the sex would be amazing. Possibly the best sex of my life. But I also knew that I would be fucking my best friend, the man I had known since high school, who had protected me when I was vulnerable, not taken advantage of me. I didn't want to turn that on him just because he was a *her* now, and too vapid and lacking in control to hold off fucking her best friend. I swallowed, took a heavy breath, and placed my hands up in a halting gesture.

"Wanda, put some clothes on. Now."

"Sexy clothes? We can do it while I wear, like, something super cute and pink and-"

"No, I mean cover yourself up. I can't see you like this. Please."

She looked crestfallen. "But - but I'm totes a full woman now! I'm Wanda! It's still a little weird and embarrassing and I know I'm meant to be a guy, but I'm a girl now and I know

you want to fuck me. I can see your hard cock - God, I fucking totes need it in me, Ez! You can't do this to me!"

"I have to," I replied, turning away from her slightly. "Wanda, I don't want to take advantage of you."

"I want you to take advantage of me, so hard! I want you to fuck what's, like, left of my brains out! I'm too far gone now anyway, babe! When we went to the doc, he said I was going to be, like, super dumb and horny and stuff. Well, I am! So this is, like, me now!"

"It's hard not to see you as Wade," I replied. "I'm sorry. I can't . . . I just can't."

She didn't cry. That should have been my first clue as to how serious it was. Wanda cried at the drop of a hat. She cried three times when we watched *Paddington 2*. But instead her expression just went submissive and sad, and I took that as my leave. I figured she needed an hour or two to internalise my decision, even as part of my brain cursed myself for it. It wasn't just that I did want her in a bodily sense, but that I truly did get along with her, even if she was a total shallow bimbo barbie now. We still laughed and hung out and loved each other's company. Would it be so bad for us to be closer? Maybe not, but it just didn't feel right. I decided I needed to apologise though, for getting her hopes up.

But when I left my room to see her she was gone. She had taken some of the things from her room and exited in a hurry. I had no idea where she was gone.

Part 7: Reunion

Yasmin was right on the case, as were several of Wanda's new girlfriends from campus and town. I had assumed that Wanda would just head for them, particularly since Yasmin has been her so-called "girly bestie," and one with whom my changing friend had shared not a few personal in-jokes with. Yasmin had also apparently taught her a bit about sex from a woman's side as well, often as a way of keeping her attention while talking to her about more boring and necessary stuff. Unfortunately, while my friend's intelligence had been heavily reduced, she still knew how not to be predictable. We weren't able to find her that day, and the following day was a mystery too.

"Jesus Christ, Ezra, what did you do?" Yasmin asked me. I gave her the full story, and she managed to subside a little. "Well, I'm not going to pressure you into sex with Wanda just because she wants it. I assume you didn't?"

I scratched the back of my head. "Well . . . I kinda did. A lot, actually."

She raised an eyebrow and folded her arms beneath her lovely breasts. It occurred to me now that Wanda's own jugs were substantially bigger than hers now.

“Of course you did. *Men*. God, I miss the old Wade, but this new one obviously catches the same feelings from her new opposite sex. Still, it’s a good thing you didn’t give in, I suppose, if you think it’s not right or whatever.”

Again, I felt awkward talking to her. “I don’t know. She’s my best friend still. We get along great. But she wants us to be a relationship, and that’s so weird, and pretty fucking scary.”

“Well, you’ve got a choice to make when you find her then.”

It was my turn to raise an eyebrow, and she rolled her eyes in response.

“God, *men* are like, so thick sometimes. Think of it from your perspective; you want a nice girl, but she wants to stay friends. Can you do it?”

“Sometimes?”

“Yeah, sometimes. Now take someone like Wanda, with her - let us call them *needs*. Can *she* do it?”

It was a realisation that came crashing down on me, and it was appropriate that it was another woman telling me this. All this time I had been thinking that I could still remain best friends with Wanda and call it a day, but as Yasmin pointed out, such an arrangement was impossible for my former friend. She wanted to be with me, was maybe even *in love* with me, and it was burning her up to have to be around me while I kept her at arm’s length. From her perspective, even a bimbofied mind could put two and two together: she needed to be elsewhere.

I was a fucking idiot. Because now I was torn up inside about Wanda, and needed to find her.

“Oh God,” I said, putting two and two together myself. “Yasmin, I think I know where she might be, and it’s not good.”

Her concern was almost as great as mine. We didn’t have much time.

Freddie Watts’ fraternity was on the far side of campus, and had a reputation for being scummy, sleazy, and generally toxic to all but a subset of shitty dudes. Wade had been one of the good ones and hated the attitude there, often butting heads with Freddie and getting one over him in girls and party-holding more than once. But that had been before, and while I suspected Wanda still knew of the reputation of the place, I remembered how Freddie and his gang had shown a creepy interest in her several times. If she had powerful needs to be met, and a total lack of impulse control, then that’s where she could well end up.

I wasn’t wrong. Even as I approached the building, Yasmin beside me, I could hear sounds from within. A number of boys talking and laughing, half of them sounding drunk in

the mid-afternoon, and one female voice among them, bubbly and high and sweet and *desperate*. She was moaning, and I recognised those moans immediately.

"It's her," I said.

"Then get in there already!" Yasmin snapped. "Be a fucking hero! She needs you!"

Perhaps her words were the final incentive I needed to lose my own damn control, because rather than knocking on the door, or even shouting through it, I reared back and then kicked the damn thing right off its hinges and burst on through into the main living space, high on testosterone, anger, shame, and fear for Wanda.

The scene I came upon was worse than I thought. Freddie and his boys were arranged in a semi-circle in the room, their backs to me. Someone had erected a makeshift stripper pole in front of them, and Wanda was twirling around it in nothing but her sexy pink lingerie. I could see even in my adrenaline-fuelled rush that her body had changed even more in the last twenty four hours, and was likely on the verge of completion. She was stunningly beautiful, her features soft and voluptuous, her various parts jiggling as she shifted around the pole almost eagerly. There was, however, a sadness in her eyes that I could easily detect, as if she had little choice but to be here.

All of this I noticed in a split-second before the group shot to their feet and turned my way, reacting to the sound of my action-heavy entry. Wanda stopped dancing, her hand halfway over her left breast. Freddie Watts was right at the front of the group, and she looked as if she were about to step forward to give him a lap dance. Until she saw me, that was.

"Like, oh my God, Ezra! What are you doing here?"

"Yeah, what the fuck are you doing here, asshole?" Freddie said, squaring up. A number of his friends also did the same, forming a wall to push me out.

"I came here for you, Wanda," I said. "I want you to come back home. With me."

"She's happy here," Freddie said. "Isn't that right, sexy? We know how to show you a good time. In fact, we're looking at breaking her in this very night. We'll form a train on her, just to show her how she should be treated. She'll be our fraternity mascot, won't you, our hot bimbo?"

Wanda looked absolutely ashamed. She may be a total bimbo now as Freddie said, but it was obvious that she still had some male pride. She knew who Freddie was, and what she was doing. She was struggling to meet my gaze. I ignored the bully and spoke to her directly.

"Wanda, I was wrong. I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking of what you needed. I was nervous. I was scared. I know now how stupid I was. Please, come home with me. You gave me a proposal some weeks ago. I promise I'll follow that proposal. All of it. Just don't stay here with these assholes. You know they won't treat you right. You're my best friend, Wanda. I - I love you, man. I love you."

Her eyes went shiny, her expression agape. "Like, really, really love me?"

"I do. I'm sorry it's taken so long to realise it. I was scared, Wanda. But I do love you."

She bit her lip in that tell-tale sign of happiness and horniness mixing together. Her hand lowered to caress her flat stomach slightly, as if taking it all in. Unfortunately, Freddie took that moment to shove me backwards and knock me to the floor. I got up quickly, but he was already stepping forward, a smug grin on his face.

"Well, isn't this a lovely fucking scene? Sorry, dickhead, but you had your chance. She's ours now, and we both know that as soon as you leave she won't be able to resist this big cock of mine. Maybe we'll just have to keep her here a bit longer, but soon she'll be starving to choke on it."

"Hey!" Wanda yelled. "That's not fair! Let me go, Freddie! This was, like, a huge mistake and stuff! I want Ezra!"

"Too bad, we all want you. You're now the hottest chick on campus, Wanda, not that you really come here anymore. But the idea of fucking my former rival and making her my bitch is too good. Just got to take out the trash first, right fellas?"

They laughed, shifting around me. There was no way I could win, but thankfully Yasmin took that moment to enter, whistling loudly enough to make my ears rattle.

"Hey, fuckers! If any one of you want to *ever* want to be on campus again without every single girl knowing you're all, like, fucking creeps, you step back *now*. She's coming with us."

I was grateful for the backup. Freddie's entourage backed up, and a number of them were murmuring that they had perhaps gone too far. Not Freddie though. He continued to move forward.

"I don't give a shit. Soon I'll have a sexy exotic girlfriend with big tits who'll wake me up with a blowjob each morning. I can even make her model online and make me money, and live like a king. So fuck off Yasmin, and you Ezra, can fuck even more off."

He lunged forward with his fist to strike me down. Wanda screamed in fear, but a deep well of anger, rage, hatred, and injustice boiled up within me. Time slowed from my perspective, allowing me to dodge his punch easily. I reared back, then delivered a counter-punch straight to his nose. There was a satisfying *crack* as it broke, the blood coming almost immediately. He staggered back.

"You f-fucker! You got mah nose! I'll f-fucking kill you!!!"

He never got the chance, because suddenly a vase came down upon his head, smashing against the back of it. The man toppled like a pile of bricks, unconscious. Wanda was standing behind him, on her high heels, still in her sexy lingerie, the remains of the pot in her hands. She looked as shocked by her behaviour as I was.

"I - I didn't know what to do, Ez! He was being sooooo evil!"

I grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the building, Yasmin as well, before the other guys could react. Freddie was lights out, and in the confusion we made our way to the parking lot. Wanda was crying, and Yasmin doing her best to comfort her.

"It's gonna be alright," I said. "You did well, Wanda. You did so well . . . *babe*."

She was still dealing with the tears, but a small smile crept upon her features.

"You called me babe," she said.

"I did."

"I really like that, Ezra."

"I do too."

Yasmin groaned. "God, get me back to my sorority first, then you two go home and find a room already."

Neither of us said a word. We were already thinking about it.

Wanda and I were barely in the door of my - or *our* - apartment, and we were already making out. She was wearing a dress that Yasmin had lent her, but it was one that was stretched tightly over her curvaceous features. I couldn't believe it, but she was even more busty than before, with globe-like tits that were full and ripe yet bouncy and soft. I couldn't stop looking at them every time we stopped kissing.

"They're, like, F-cups now," she said, grinning widely. "They're, like, soooo heavy and stuff but I love them so much. Are they too much?"

"They're fucking perfect," I said. "Amazing."

"Mhmm, then I want you to feel them, lover boy. Since you love me and all! Wait, you weren't just saying that to, like, get me out of there, were you?"

I kissed her passionately, savouring the taste of those perfect, full lips. My hands ran down her perfect form, feeling her hourglass figure, her silky hair, her soft ass. But then I stopped to simply caress her face, and stare deeply into those gorgeous emerald green eyes. My friend was still in there. She was still Wade, only changed. She still had that sense of fun, that outgoing love of partying and dancing and sex. Hell, we still had many of our hobbies together. But she was also now *Wanda*, a cheeky and flirty woman who was head over heels in love with me. And me with her.

"I meant every word," I said. "I'm sorry it took so long to realise. I love you, Wanda."

She kissed me, pressing her full chest against me. "I fucking love you so fucking much, Ez! God, you have no idea, like, how much I needed to hear you say that! Ohhhh, I want you so bad! I want to show you so, sooo much how much I love you!"

"Are you sure?" I asked.

She nodded eagerly. "Please. Please, please, please, let me fuck you. I want you to feel my big tits. I want you *inside me*."

I couldn't fight my own grin. My member was hard as iron in my pants, and she could clearly feel it against her. She was practically *grinding* against it. I was helpless to resist her, and didn't want to. I may be the one taking care of her now, but she had her own strengths too. And one thing I needed to accept was that just as Wade had owned his status as a player, Wanda was going to be a lusty girlfriend through and through, and she would own that too. I was just along for the ride.

"Then let's make it happen," I told her. She shivered against me.

"FINALLY!" she exclaimed, before pushing me back on the couch. I tipped over, and barely had time to recover before she was all over me. She straddled my hips and worked furiously to pull off my top. I helped her remove her dress, and then she shifted to get rid of my shorts and underwear.

"Help me get this big, F-cup bra off! I want you to suck on my tits! God, I want to be a woman right now!"

I helped her unclasp the bra, and her great wobbling melons were freed. They were full and perfect, big olive mammaries with their large, dark nipples. She pressed them in my face and I was briefly suffocated. I fondled them, sucked on her long nipples, and felt her body shiver in response. She moaned in her luscious voice, all while I used my other hand to fondle her ass. She took my hand and lowered it, and we worked together to remove her panties.

"I want you on t-top!" she begged. "I want to be, like, all submissive and stuff! I want you to fucking *dominate* me!"

We shifted, and I was thankful it was a large couch, because it allowed her legs to spread wide, revealing a very wet pussy. She rubbed it idly, increasing my arousal.

"Mhmmm, it's s-so empty, Ezra! I need a big man to fill it!"

"Then I'll just have to do that, babe," I said. "It might feel weird though, since you used to be a dude."

She giggled. "I know, right? Sooooo weird! But hopefully sooo right! This new body is so fucking horny, it needs so much cock right now!"

I teased her some more, pressing my nakedness against hers, caressing her massively full chest. Even on her back, compressed by gravity, her boobs were huge. She squeezed some marvellous cleavage into being with her forearms, and I took the time to suck on those perfect nipples some more. It was only when her begging became incoherent that I placed my cock against her entrance and let her guide me in.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," she moaned, as I entered her. "Yesssss, I w-want this! I'm - ohhhhh - I'm glad I g-got Lumin's! I want to be your hot, silly girlfriend forever! F-fuck me!"

I did. I slipped my full length inside her, then began to draw back, pumping slowly at first and gaining speed. Her pussy was slick and warm yet wonderfully tight, gripping me for all it was worth. Soon I was gaining speed, no longer pumping but *thrusting*. She cried and wailed, claspings her thighs around me, legs around my waist. Her nails clawed lightly at my back, something which was unbelievably sexy.

“S-so big! Sooooo big! Don’t s-stop, Ezra! I want you to cum in me! I want to b-be yours f-forever! You’re my best friend!”

“You’re my b-best friend! And my girlfriend!” I said.

“You’re my b-boyfriend. My hot, sexy, dominating boyfriend! You’re g-going to t-take care of m-me, aren’t you?”

“I am!” I managed, still thrusting, still getting closer. “I always will, Wanda. You’re mine!”

“I’m y-yours! Ohhhh, so fucking hot! It’s so weird, and so right, just like I said! I never want to go back to pussy, I only want your d-dick now! I want to please you all the time, Ez! I’m gonna be the hottest, sexiest, prettiest, happiest girlfriend ever! Just you w-wait!”

“I know you will be! And I’ll take care of you. I’ll protect you.”

“Mhmmm, perfect! I want that! I want all of that! I’ll be your perfect wife one day, I’ll have your babies, I’ll do everything, I’ll - I’ll - I’ll cum any moment now! Ohhhh, I’m going to c-cum, babe!”

“Me too! I’m s-so close!”

I thrust several more times, gripping her ass with one hand and shoving my face in her chest at the same time. She pulled me face against her nipple, making me suck on its stiff point. She moaned, and it was all too much. She was the sexiest goddamn person alive, and she was all mine. And I loved her completely.

I came, harder than I ever had before in my life. My cock throbbed within her, ejaculating steam after stream of my hot semen in her. She clung to me, shaking uncontrollably, lost in a fit of her own orgasms. Orgasms, plural. I knew because she said so.

“I’m c-cumming! I’m cumming s-so many times! Ohhhhh, it’s multiple, Ez! You’re making me cum so many t-times! AAAIIIEEE!!!”

Her voice rose to an actual wailing that was almost ear piercing. Her pussy clamped down one last time, milking me for all I was worth, until finally we were both spent. We breathed together for several minutes, occasionally kissing or simply staring into one another’s eyes. Finally, I slid out of her, some of my semen spilling out onto her thighs. She groaned in pleasure, and then she turned over so I could spoon her. She took my hand and placed it over her huge left breast, while my softening member was against the cheeks of her magnificent ass.

“That was, like, totes amazing,” she said.

“Woah. Yeah, it was.”

“We should super do that again. Like, every single day, multiple times. I never want to go a day without your cum in me, Ez.”

I breathed out. “Woah, yeah. Okay. Hell yeah.”

“Mhmmm, this is soooo comfy.”

“It is.”

“Ez?”

“Yeah?”

“I, like, super love you.”

“I love you too, Wanda. I’m sorry it took so long for me to realise it.”

She giggled. God, I loved that giggle. “It’s okay,” she said, shifting a little so she could meet my gaze. “That just means we have to, like, make up for lost time, right?”

“You know, for someone whose Lumin’s Syndrome made her a total bimbo, you can be a real genius Wanda.”

She giggled again, and we spent the next ten minutes comparing notes and laughing. By that point I was getting hard again, and she made sure to follow up on making up for lost time.

Several times, in fact.

Doctor Gerald confirmed that Wanda’s transformation had finished and stabilised a week later. Wanda’s body had not changed much, except that her tits had somehow swelled *even bigger*, now at big G-cups that were over half the size of her own head each. They were more than a handful, and she was more than happy to demonstrate that fact by making me play with them often. There were some other subtle physical changes as well. Her hips were a little wider, and her ass fucking *bounced*, being full and pert without being ridiculous. She had also ended up a meagre five-foot-three against my five-foot-nine, which made me feel nice and manly as she rested her head against my chest. Her hair now went all the way down to her waist, and despite needing Yasmin to help her sort out its management at times, she had no desire to cut it.

“I know you really like it, and it’s really pretty! I just have to, like, learn how to be better at all the girly stuff. I’m so gonna get there. I’m gonna look like a shampoo ad, just you wait!”

She certainly did. In fact, she literally *starred* in a shampoo ad a month later. It was a *very* watched one, and only I had a copy of the outtakes, which were as hilarious as they were sexy. I loved my girlfriend, but she could be a real ditz when it came to trying to

memorise her lines. She could certainly pose though, as I well knew. By that point, we were officially a couple, and everyone knew that Wanda had once been Wade. There were awkward moments for the former man to be sure - for instance, as much as she liked her former professor Mr Grant, she and he both found it weird to run into each other when she accompanied me on campus. And while Freddie had been taken down a massive notch and was struggling to find *any* girls willing to date him once news got out, Wanda understandably hated being in his presence as much as I did, if not more. There were occasions also where she got a bit sheepish over her new self: when her first proper period came she got quite emotional, and for the first time in a while expressed annoyance at being a girl.

"It's, like, sooooo unfair! This fucking sucks! I can't even have you inside me because I'm sooo exhausted and tired. God, I almost wish I had a big dick again just so I don't feel this way. I'd keep the tits though."

I just chuckled, and comforted her. Besides, it turned out those tits were more than enough to satisfy her even when she was PMSing; they were sensitive enough to make her cum when I gave them the right ministrations. It was the least I could do in return for her continual service. Not only were we banging each and every day multiple times, but I had no need of an alarm clock any more; Wanda woke me up with a blowjob every time I needed to get up, and she happily swallowed.

"I'm so goddamn addicted," she would say after the act. "Who would have thought I'd be drinking another guy's cum one day, or that I'd, like, find it so damn tasty!"

"Not me," I replied, pulling her up against me. "But I'm glad you do!"

"Me too," she said, grinning uncontrollably. "I never want to stop turning on my big, hunky boyfriend."

I don't think she could if she tried. Her outfits were routinely form-fitting, revealing, and sometimes scandalous. When I eventually took up a job in education, I wondered how my future students would react knowing I had the most submissive, sexy, and lusty trophy wife ever.

And she *would* be my wife one day. We were already talking about it. The idea of me being her protective husband turned Wanda on as much as it made her all lovey and gooey. She couldn't wait. I imagined she'd be the same about kids down the line, when we were ready about that. I loved her completely, and no longer felt weird about dating someone who used to be a man. Hell, Yasmin was practically pushing us together. She had loved dating Wade on occasion, but she was a real matchmaker when it came to wanting us to stay a loving couple. I had little doubt that she'd be Wanda's maid of honour one day.

But that was the future. For now, all I wanted to do was take care of my loving Wanda, and make sure she was treated right. She more than deserved it after all the hardships she'd been through, but judging from the way she was constantly giggling, flirting,

and making love to me whenever she could (even when I had damn data entry to do!), she had made it out the other side as a happy, carefree woman. She may have been a bit empty-headed now, but she sure wasn't shallow. Our love was real, and *constant*.

I just had to make sure I had control of the cards when she visited the mall. That woman sure could shop. Then again, seeing her in some of her outfits made it all worth it. For a total bimbo, she was a real genius when it came to seduction.

Epilogue

It was another typical day, at least as far as Wanda was concerned. We had been together only three months, but what a whirlwind they had been. Just as she had promised, she woke me up every single day with a blowjob. I have no idea how she manages it, but she always gets up before me, manages to slip aside the covers, and then lick my cock until I finally wake totally aroused, at which point she either keeps going until I blow a load down her lovely throat, or she mounts me while pressing her perfect Persian tits right in my face. God, I fucking love her, and she showed no signs of stopping either: that very morning we went three rounds, and her continued moans were sweet music to my ears. We just had to be careful with contraception; her bimbo mind kept forgetting."

"Lol, I'm sooooo silly like that!" she exclaimed. "Better remember for me and stuff, or I might end up totally knocked up with your babies! Ohhh, they'd look soooo cute though! Can you imagine me all big with your babies? You'd be super protective of your hot bimbo girlfriend."

"Ah, but we have a plan, remember?" I reminded her as I stroked her back. "Marriage first."

She then curled against me, pressing her massive chest against mine while kissing my forehead. "Awww, but I really, really, really want to be your sexy wifey *now*. I know we have to, like, take things a little slow because I used to be a hairy guy, but I'm such a girly girl now. Surely we can totes get married."

I kissed her passionately. "Give it time, my love. You know how much you like the build up, right?"

She giggled, and that set off another round of sex. She was damn insatiable, and with all her perfect curves and those massive tits, she made me insatiable too. What she didn't know - and knowing her bimbo mind, probably couldn't even think to guess - was that I had already secretly purchased a ring to propose to her with. Wade had been my best friend, and I took the promise I made to him seriously, that I would take care of his female self. But

I'd also fallen deeply in love with the woman he'd become, and I didn't care that she was often vacant-eyed and ditzy, silly and shallow, and lacking in much of the knowledge she once had. She loved me, was utterly caring, and rested her happiness on mind. She was a bright star in her own bimbo-ish way, and I never wanted to lose her.

It was after I'd fucked her again - this time from behind, which I knew she fucking loved because how *dominated* it made her feel - that we collapsed on the bed together.

"Time to get up," I eventually said.

"Awww, but we could spend, like, the whole day here."

"Nah, as sweet as that would be. I've got a casual Saturday for us planned. A classic Ezra/Wade special like the old days, only now it's Wanda/Ezra."

Her green eyes lit up and she began to quiver in excitement. It made her boobs *bounce*. "Oooh! Videogames and pizza? A sci-fi film? Can it be one with a hot hunk in it? I love, love, love romance stuff now that I'm a total chick."

"Absolutely," I replied, stroking her back. "And then a walk around the park we used to hang out."

"That sounds super good. Plus I can totally wear that new red dress that shows off, like, a ton of cleavage so everyone can see you're dating the hottest chick! I want everyone to know you're *my man*."

"A Wanda/Ezra special," I repeated.

"A Wanda/Ezra special," she said, kissing me again. "Only instead of having turns in the shower, we can also get a little frisky there as we get ready."

That got her out of bed.

I know, I know, it wasn't exactly the most elaborate romantic day or anything. But it didn't need to be: Wanda loved cute romantic gestures, but more than anything she just liked spending days with me like she always had, only now there was the added benefit of having loads of hot sex as well as her constantly teasing me with her sexy body.

And tease she did, the saucy minx! She wore a tight crop top with a low cut neckline and a tiny black skirt as we faced off against one another in our classic fighting game series *Annihilate*. I was naturally the far more skilled player now; her reflexes weren't as quick, and she often got distracted by the flashy effects onscreen. She also liked picking the weakest character - Sable - because she was, to quote Wanda, 'the cutest thing ever, and her boobs are big like mine!'

But none of that seemingly mattered, because she beat me again and again and again as we played. You see, Wanda always had a secret weapon in her arsenal, which was

just that, her ass-enal. She loved leaning forward and standing as she played, getting right into the game but also shaking her perfect derriere right beside my face. When she wasn't doing that she was sitting ramrod straight, her back arched so that her tits were *visibly* straining against the too-small top that she wore, heaving as she wrenched the controller from side to side as she played. How could I *not* be distracted by that? And as bimbo-ish and unaware as my loving friend-turned-girlfriend was, there was no way she was *that* dumb. She smirked and grinned my way the whole time, knowing exactly what she was doing, particularly when her 'moans' of joy when she succeeded started sounding deliberately more erotic.

"I win again! Like, how does this keep happening?"

She tapped her teeth with her long fingernail, giving an expression of total innocence.

"Yeah," I replied, rolling my eyes. "How indeed. Say, were those two buttons always that undone?"

She looked down at her cleavage, which was a deep alluring curve that showed off just how big her near head-sized tits were. The buttons had indeed come undone. They were so huge and rounded from my perspective, I couldn't imagine them from hers. She had no hope of seeing her toes while standing.

"Oh? These?" she said, putting on a voice of sweet innocence. "I guess they, like, just came undone! Wanna play another round?"

She lowered her hand to my crotch, feeling my obvious hardness.

"I have a feeling you're going to be pressing other buttons instead," I said.

"Mhmm, I didn't get to swallow this morning since I rode you," she replied. "And I'm getting really, really hungry for you hot cum."

Again, how could I resist that? Just minutes later I was grunting as I ejaculated down her throat while she fondled my balls with expert precision. Wade had been such a great friend, but only Wanda knew how to suck my cock so expertly. Goddamn, she was good. She drained me to the point where a nice walk outside was utterly needed just to get my energy up again.

Besides, seeing her dress up was always a delight.

I nearly proposed at the park. It had been the plan, after all. The sun was up, and the air had a spring warmth to it. Tree leaves stirred in the slight wind, and my Wanda held onto my arm as if I were her anchor as we walked romantically together. The ring box in my pocket was like a leaden weight, always making itself known to me, impatient to be taken out. And indeed, it would have been a good spot to propose. We kept looking at each other like we

were lovesick puppies. The fact that I was noticeably taller than her female form was especially pleasing; she had to get on her tippy-toes to kiss me, and I loved how she looked up when she stared into my eyes, as if I were the sun.

"You are so damn pretty," I said, stroking her cheek.

"I know right? I'm a total snack! Gawd, remember how I was, like, super scared to become a woman?"

"Well, it's pretty understandable! It was a big set of changes!"

She giggled, shaking her shoulders deliberately so that her chest trembled in her low v-neck red dress. "It certainly gave me *this* big set of changes, am I right?"

I laughed. Even as a total bimbo, Wanda could occasionally be damn witty, just like the old Wade. I pulled her against me so that her bosom pushed up against my chest, becoming even more prominent. She was so fucking stacked, her ripe breasts pert and full and round and goddamn *perfect*.

"Well, I won't lie, I'm pretty happy that you changed."

"Mhmmm, I bet you are. You just love my big titties."

"Just like you love me sucking on them."

She bit her lip, moaning slightly. "It's because they're, like, super sensitive. I love how you make me cum just from playing with them. Soooo much better than being a guy. Like, no offence."

"None taken! You seem happier now. Do you feel like you've fully accepted being Wanda?"

She rolled her eyes as if I'd asked a completely pointless question. Extracting herself from me, she gave a fanciful twirl so that the loose hem of her red dress shifted around her like a ballet dancer's outfit. It also had the effect of making her chest wobble tremendously as she pulled to a stop. "Do I look unhappy?"

"Not at all," I said. "You look very happy. I guess, you know, I just want to know you've accepted all of it, even the bits that are harder for you."

"You mean, like, the fact that I'm not super bright and stuff anymore? I mean, I wasn't a super genius, but I get soooooo easily distracted now, especially when I'm looking at my yummy man."

She returned to my arm as we kept walking, and she continued to answer my question.

"I guess bits of it are, you know, pretty difficult and stuff. Like, sometimes it's pretty wild that I love sucking cock so much, especially my former BBF-turned-BF, ha! Also, I suck at controlling my spending. Thank Gawd you're there to give me money when I need it instead of whenever I want it. You're soooo good like that. And you buy me such sexy dresses. *And lingerie, mmhmm.*"

I was trying not to get *too* hard in public. She certainly had good taste in lacy bras that showed off her huge olive-skinned rack.

“But I like, love it. Totally love it, even if I’m such a bimbo now. We’re still together, and still doing loads of stuff we used to. I even hit the gym again, though now it’s to keep my sexy ass looking perfect for you.”

“And I damn well appreciate it!” I said, smacking her on the ass. She squealed in delight. “You’re so strong, Wanda. I can’t believe how well you’ve adjusted.”

“You helped me adjust. I knew you would. Also, the crazy amounts of orgasms you give me make it alllllll worth it.”

I tried to think of a way to pivot the conversation as I brought out the ring box, but already she was pushing herself against me, making me look down to see those huge melons press against my body. I loved the enormous canyon of cleavage that formed when she did that. She knew that I had an addiction to pressing my face right up in there during sex.

“What do you say, sexy?” she said. “I look really, really hot in this dress, but I bet I’d look waaaaaay hotter without it, right? Why don’t you take me back to our place and make sure I really, *really* prefer being a woman?”

That was the one problem with being in a relationship with Wanda. Admittedly, it was the best problem ever. God knows, Yasmin thought it was hilarious when I brought it up, and told me that it was the ‘most first world problem ever.’ The simple fact of the matter was that the former man was horny as all hell as a woman, and loved any excuse to fuck me. In fact, we’d done it in more than a few hidden closets and in the back of our case when we couldn’t get home quick enough.

It made it a lot harder to have a traditional romantic moment and propose. I shared the blame for that, because we practically *ran*, Wanda’s breasts bouncing in her dress and drawing the eye of every other walker, back to our apartment.

We were barely in the door when she was already pulling my face into her bust, and I was squeezing those divine tits and making her moan.

The movie was the thing, I had decided. We had always loved watching action movies together, particularly science fiction ones for me. These days Wanda found it really difficult to follow the complicated plots and the ‘sciency stuff’ as she put it, but she still loved to curl up against me to watch them. I tended to choose stuff with hotter actors and a romance subplot these days, and watch the more prestigious stuff alone. For one, it was better to watch something we both enjoyed, and for two, it was hard to watch a deep, introspective film

when my bored girlfriend decided it was more fun to reach her slender fingers over, unzip my pants, and begin giving me a blowjob.

Of course, watching a romantic film often got her in the mood as well. She was pressed up against me, wearing a different dress this time. I'd made us a lamb dinner which she'd loved, though she'd insisted on helping. She was addicted to being the one to make most of our meals, like a submissive future wife (which I knew she'd be overjoyed to be soon anyway). As such, it was once again hard to make the romantic gesture. She'd slipped into a see-through night negligee and gripped by the film for once.

"I really, really hope they get together!" she exclaimed. "Do you think he'll save her? I can barely look!"

I couldn't help but laugh. She got so emotionally affected by films these days, and was scared when happy endings didn't come. She was such a sweetie. I put an arm around her shoulder and kissed her shining dark hair.

"Of course they'll get together, love," I said. "Just you watch. I hear there's a nice sex scene too."

She beamed, pumping a fist in the air. "Fuck yes! They're so hot. Almost as hot as us, right?"

"Absolutely. *Almost*."

She giggled, returning to the movie. The ring box was still in my pocket, and I'd decided that after the credits rolled I would propose. Not entirely to plan, but hey, it was after a classic Ezra/Wade/Wanda day, so that seemed to fit right.

I should have seen my folly coming, because when the climactic scene occurred, and the damsel was rescued, there was the expected sex scene. The two attractive Hollywood stars were quickly teasing their sensual bodies, and while the scene wasn't explicit, it showed enough that soon Wanda was breathing very heavily, her breasts rising and falling with each intake of oxygen.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned softly. She lowered one hand to my crotch, and another to her own, rubbing each slowly. "This is so hot to watch."

"Um, yeah, it is. Let's not get - uhhh, that's good - I mean, let's not get too carried away now, Wanda. There's only like five minutes left."

But already she was clambering up and sitting on my lap, facing me as she pushed her breasts in my face.

"Pause it. Pretty please pause it? I've got something that will take less than five minutes but be even hotter."

She grinned, pleased with her silly joke, and I grinned with her. It was my fault, really. I should have known this was coming. She was insatiable, and so was I when she was into me. Which was always.

I acted sarcastic: "Fine, fine, work, work, work!"

My gorgeous girlfriend giggled. She slid down her panties before working on unbuckling my pants. My cock sprang forth, hard as iron, and she practically drooled at the sight of it.

"I never get sick of thisssssss," she moaned as she lowered herself down upon me. "I just love having your big cock in my tight, wet pussy! I love being your girl, I love being your . . ."

She trailed off, and I was so lost in pleasure as I sucked on her nipples that at first I didn't realise why she'd stopped. That was, until she picked up the black ring box that had fallen out of my pocket.

"Like, what is this?" she asked, turning it over. "Wait, is this? Is this what I, like, think it is!?"

I took it from her. The jig was up. I hadn't found a perfect romantic moment. But then, in other ways, perhaps I had. We were a very *active* couple, all things considered, and that was how we expressed our love more than any other way.

"It is," I said. "I'm sorry, Wanda. I wanted to propose at the park, and just now after the movie, but I keep screwing it up by, well, *screwing* you. You're just too attractive."

She was still straddling me, her form tantalisingly teased by her see-through negligee. But tears were bubbling up in her eyes by that point. I opened up the ring box, exposing the studded ring within. It wasn't enormously expensive, but I made enough to support us and have some sparkles on the ring.

"But to hell with all of Yasmin's advice," I said. "This is a perfect moment for us. We can always come up with a softer version to tell our future kids. For now, I just want to ask you the question. Wanda, will you do me the honour of becoming my totally amazing, unbelievably sexy, and utterly out of my league wife?"

More tears flowed down her cheeks. She nodded ecstatically, causing her soft parts to jiggle. "Yes! Yes! Ohmigod, YES! I want to be your wife, Ez! I've wanted it ever since I accepted being a girl!"

She kissed me with more passion than she had ever managed, and that was a very impressive feat. Her tongue danced with mine, and she moaned lovingly as she held me. Then, she pulled back. She was still crying from happiness, but also giggling at the same time. I slipped the ring on her finger and she cooed, posing in a highly feminine manner.

"It's gorgeous! And so me! Ez, you're going to be my *husband*."

"I will."

"I'm going to be your *wife*."

"I can barely wait."

“I’m going to wear a cute wedding dress, and walk down the aisle, and totally fuck your brains out on our wedding night. And I’ll be your sexy housewife and we’ll be married and when we’re ready I’ll totally have as many babies as you want and it’s going to be so, so, soooooo amazing! I just can’t wait!”

I laughed, caressing her form as I did so. “I love you so much, Wanda.”

“I love you even more, my lovely hunk! Me *fiance*! God, just saying it is getting me so fucking horny. Mmhmm, let’s have sex for the first time while *engaged*.”

She squeezed her pussy lips over my still-hard cock, and slowly she began to rock against me, making me slide deeper in and out, deeper in and out. I groaned, overcome with the pleasure of it all.

“God, you can’t be s-stopped, can you?”

“Nope!” she said, kissing me again as she continued to bounce on my cock. “And I never will! I’m going to be your wife, Ez! Which means I’m going to make you so very, *very* happy as often as I can!”

Given how hard I came just a minute later, and how loudly she cried out in orgasm as I did so, I had no doubt we would indeed be a very happy married couple.

I bet the wedding night was going to be spectacular.

But God, I bet it was going to be expensive. Even I couldn’t keep my Wanda away from the spending when it came to our future wedding.

Oh well, she was worth it.

The End