

Make Me Yours (Womaniser to Dream Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Larry and Sam are two best friends who often try to pick up women together. But while Larry is a fairly average man, Sam is a handsome womaniser who is highly successful at loving and leaving them. But when Sam developed Lumin's Syndrome, soon this womaniser is going to turn into a woman. And not just any woman, but one who is exactly the kind of gorgeous female his best friend craves . . .

Make Me Yours

Make Me Yours, that was the first thought in my mind that made me realise something was wrong with me. I was looking right at you when I experienced that thought. Yes, you Larry. You were my best friend, the dude I could always turn to when things went south. Not that they often went south, what with me being such a total alpha male and all. No offence, but you were never quite on my level. Maybe it was your pasty Caucasian skin or the fact that you often questioned whether a hot chick was out of your league, or maybe it was just that you clearly had confidence issues in every area of your damn life, but looking back I'm definitely sure that you spent more time crying on my shoulder than the other way around. Still, my point is that you were my best buddy, ever since we met as freshmen in high school, and all the way through college together. Hell, I practically adopted you as my brother from another mother. The only reason people *didn't* think we were brothers was because I was black and you were white, obviously.

Of course, people think that we're a lot closer than just brothers now, don't they? A lot closer. And the thing is, they'd be right to think so. We *are* closer. So damn close.

I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm kinda just writing down my thoughts as they come, because the Lumin's Syndrome made me kinda cray-cray and all, and so writing down this stuff when you're asleep at least gives me a record, and I can explain to you that I *know* what you did to me. I *know*, dude. I know it was you, and while I can't reverse it, at least you can know you weren't as slick as you thought you were.

So where do I begin?

Oh, that's right. 'Make Me Yours.' It was after a failed night out at the clubs. Failed for you, I mean. I'd had quite a bit of success, as always. What can I say? A jacked dude like I used to be, not to mention one who is six-foot-three tall and has a massive dick (*had* a massive dick, as you might remind me), could easily pick up hotties at the *Red Horn*. I had sexy chicks practically throwing themselves at me, from busty white girls with pretty blonde

hair to black mommas with asses so fine you'd question why this damn country ever thought a girl having a fat bottom was some kinda crime. I think I'd gone to bed with some Asian chick in the end. A girl named Vera, I think. I should remember that more. She was the last woman I had sex with while still entirely male. That deserves more of a memorial, don't you think?

But I didn't know exactly what was happening to me at that point. All I knew was that I was a little less than peak in my performance, and had to kinda focus to keep my head in the game. She was a hottie, no doubt about it, but dude . . . she wasn't you. For some reason, my drunken head kept imagining *you*. You, and other men, to be fair. Please don't take offence. It was early days, then, and besides, *you* hadn't started your big manipulations just yet, had you? Because *you* didn't know, either.

Something was definitely wrong, though. The next morning, I wasn't really feeling up for sex with her again, and when she left you offered to pour me some cereal. You were all sad and shit, clearly despondent because you'd struck out again. No, that wasn't right. You had a girl too, but she just hadn't been your type. You were looking for something more serious. You always were a romantic, Larry. You always talked about wanting 'the one.'

And for some reason, that ended up becoming me. The universe loves a joke, I guess, and mine had just started to be told, 'cause when I looked up at you pouring me some cereal I suddenly froze and looked you up and down, like I was mesmerised or hypnotised.

'*Make Me Yours*,' that was the thought that echoed in my mind. Something about how you were fixing up your brown hair in the living room mirror, right up above the unused fireplace of our apartment, it just *did* something for me.

Yeah man, I was fucking scared to suddenly be having feelings like that. But I chalked it up to just having a weird night with that hot girl Vera and the fact that it was the morning, so I was probably still dealing with a hangover and stuff. What I didn't expect was for the weird feelings to increase over the next few days, even as the partying came to a halt. I was back at work, showing a set of customers around a house that they *were* going to buy whether they knew it or not, when suddenly I realised how damn itchy my nipples had become. I couldn't stop scratching them. They were bulging against my shirt, and it's a good thing that a real estate agent wears a suit jacket too because otherwise I would have looked ridiculous and offputting. They were seriously stiff and erect, and felt bigger than they should have been, like a bee had stung both of my nipples.

And yet it still wasn't a big enough clue that something weird was going on, because several days later I was also finding it odd that my hair had grown so much, enough that I could have put my hair into locs or something. Certainly, I had something more like an afro

rather than the close curls I usually liked. Man, if I'd known then what I know now, maybe I could have headed this thing off.

"It's probably just because you've been working like crazy," I remember you telling me when I pointed out that my hair was longer.

"How do you figure?" I asked you.

"Well, if you stress your body out, it sort of acts weird and puts hormones in different places, right? Fucks up the imbalance and everything."

I remember chuckling. "Is that why I didn't go out to the club and pick up some busty hotties?" I joked. "Because I've got some hormone deficiency?"

"I was thinking surplus, man. I wish I was as jacked and good-looking for the ladies as you are. Seriously, you should have seen this Italian chick at the bar last night, she was phenomenal. Tits out to here, I swear, and legs that went for miles. She knew how to strut her stuff too, but she was way out of my league and we both knew it. *You* could have bagged her, though, or helped me bag her, maybe."

"Damn, a big set of tits, huh?"

"The biggest. Like real fucking melons, dude."

And then you'll remember that I did something weird. I began rubbing my own nipples, and I actually let out a fucking *moan* as I thought about what those big Italian titties might have looked like. What they might have *felt* like.

"Dude, are you okay?"

I snapped my eyes open and realised what I'd done, and I still remember the shocked look on your face. I couldn't even play it off like a joke, because when you folded your arms and proceeded to smirk, obviously thinking I was joking at first, I was struck by how goddamn *good looking* you were.

"Make Me Yours," I said, and the words came out fucking *capitalised*, dude, that's how strong the feelings were.

I'll never forget your look of confusion, or how I gulped in your presence.

"Um . . . what did you say?"

I didn't know how to respond to you.

Sorry, I had to take a break from writing the story. It was a good break, I guess. Nice and dramatic, cliffhanger and all. For what it's worth, I had to take a break for a good reason, and I'm sure you can guess what it is, Larry. Yeah, we were having sex. Specifically, we went out on a date to *El Nina's*, your favourite restaurant, and I wore that little black thing that you like

so much. God, you fucking *pounded* my pussy. I'm pretty sure I've *still* got some of your cum inside of me, and for some reason that fucking turns me on.

Where was I?

Oh, yes, the diagnosis. Well, after that humiliating incident, I had to get myself checked out, dude. Besides, my nipples were, like, twice as big and stuck out like blackberries from my chest. My hair was getting longer, and my stubble was all gone. I hadn't shaved, but it was all gone, and it left baby smooth skin in its wake, baby. I was starting to panic, and *you* were looking at me funny.

"Could be Lumin's Syndrome," you said.

"Lumin's what?" I replied, or some shit like that. God, how damn ignorant I was, huh?

"Lumin's Syndrome," you continued. "You seriously haven't heard of it? Dude, it's the funky genetic condition that can literally turn you into the opposite sex. Like, I don't want to fearmonger or anything, but what if you have it? Unless you do something soon, you might turn into a hottie with big tits yourself?"

My nipples throbbed just from hearing that, and a damn shiver ran through my body. I'm pretty sure I squeezed my glutes together out of fear, or maybe that was just the lead up to me getting one hell of a booty, which I know you're quite familiar with.

"Dude, no fucking way," I said, chuckling. "In your dreams I'd become a chick like that. Besides, I got way too much testosterone. The only chick I'm ending up in is the one I'll be fucking later tonight after work, just you see."

And to my credit, I did. This cute black girl with a gorgeous afro. I've had one just like hers, just a month ago in fact. You remember how I was, I liked to travel the whole world when it came to picking up hotties of every colour and nation, but I never complained when I got to enjoy some brown sugar from the neighbourhood. Only, this time I *didn't* enjoy it. I had to fucking *focus* to stay hard, man, and I swear my big nine-incher had lost some of those nine inches. Even my balls felt smaller, and they probably were now that I've got the benefit of hindsight. In the end, I had to feign some fucking real estate emergency to exit her place, whatever *that* meant. I was pretty damn desperate just before that; she'd asked me to lick her pussy afterwards, and I almost said yes. But I remember thinking, 'dude, you're not gay! Only losers who don't know how to get their dicks properly wet and make their ladies moan while doing it are the ones who lick a lady's pussy. I didn't care what anyone said; if you were willing to go down on a woman all submissive-like, you were probably gonna end up going down on a man one day too.

Well, I ended up sucking cock anyway? Hell, I sucked yours just this morning, and I literally fucking *came* when I drank you dry.

Jesus, I just had to masturbate while writing this. That's where the story ends, not that you don't know where it's headed. I turn into the kind of gal that literally has to rub her

wet pussy because her brain can't stop thinking about when I was licking your balls and sucking your shaft earlier today. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Haha. 'Getting a head.' Get it?

Anyway, I called in sick for work the next day and made an emergency doctor's appointment. I still can't believe that I'd somehow missed Lumin's Syndrome being a thing. First up, what a bunch of absolute hotties some of those guys-turned-gals became! That football star who turned into a cheerleader was a smokeshow, and that weirdo cultist lady who's had like nine kids is a fucking MILF and she used to be a crazy old man. There was even that lesbian couple who changed race and everything; that was some wild shit. Maybe you were already thinking about some of these ladies, Larry. Maybe you were already starting to consider how you could change me. Or maybe it was all my fault, and you really were and are innocent. I guess I only know my side of the story.

The point is, there are now approximately two thousand-five hundred cases of Lumin's Syndrome a year in the US of A alone, and that means that there's been a whole lot more research too. So the detection of it is a lot faster as well. Used to be this long process, but now a simple blood test is enough to tell, and such was the case with me.

"I'm very sorry to be the bearer of this news," Doctor Fattah told me.

"Oh shit, am I dying?" I asked. My chest hair had started to fall away, and the hair on my arms and legs was likewise thinning. My mind had gone straight to leukemia or some other kind of cancerous shit in my system, especially since my muscles felt less . . . muscly, lately. But the bald, Middle-Eastern-looking doctor just shook his head.

"No, no, nothing quite like that, but it's still very serious. To be honest, I never imagined I would see a case like this, Samuel. But you have Lumin's Syndrome. If you aren't aware of what that is—"

"I'm aware," I said. Fuck me I was getting faint at that point. He said a whole bunch of other shit, but I can barely remember a word of it. All I can remember is having to resist the urge to rub my sore, enlarged nipples.

I was going to turn into a woman. I *did* turn into a woman, as you well know, since you've explored every surface of my body, as well as every freakin' orifice, dude. I turned into your fine mocha-coloured lover, your gorgeous black girlfriend who can never get enough of you. But one thing I do remember my doctor telling me at the end of that terrible appointment, something that still lives rent-free in my head, brother.

"If you are very careful, you can avoid the worst of it, and still maintain control over your own mind and instincts."

Well, how did it all go so fucking wrong?

How did you Make Me Yours?

The face you made when I told you the truth is the biggest piece of evidence I have that you didn't mean to do this to me. You looked *heartbroken*, man. Shocked. You moved to my side and put your hand on my shoulder and told me that you'd help me get through this, that you'd be there for me, all of it. I tried to ignore the voice that had started this all, and was speaking to me again now.

Make Me Yours.

It's not like you were even some kind of alpha male, Larry. Even now that you work out way more, and have more of those pale-skinned muscles that my female body just can't get enough of, it's not like you have the same male aura that I used to possess. It's just science, man. Male science. And yet just by being close to you, my Lumin's Syndrome was tingling like a goddamn Spidey Sense. I was drinking in the sight of your shoulders, feeling the firmness of your hand upon my shoulder, and trying not to look at your messy brown hair, which was and is the kind of artificial messiness that looks damn fine on you.

"This is fucked up," I remember telling you. "I'm only twenty five, Larry! I'm Samuel *goddamn* Lawson. I'm making bank as a real estate agent! I've got a sweet pad of an apartment that I share with my best friend! I'm bagging the hottest ladies in the northern hemisphere several times a week. I work out on the regular! I've got *everything* going for me. Why the hell did I get Lumin's Syndrome?"

"I don't know, Sam," you told me. "It's just genetic, I guess. I'll do some reading and stuff. I'm just a car salesman, but I'm sure I can find something to help you. I'll keep searching until we figure out a way to keep you as close to you as possible."

And to your credit, you really did. You uncovered similar advice to what Doctor Fattah told me; that I had to avoid any stimulation or anything that could make me more female. That meant not looking at beautiful women or enjoying the appearance of handsome guys. It also meant keeping clear of anything I associated with being female - the colour pink, the sight of dresses, feminine voices. I had to keep my mind sharp and focused in the coming weeks. There was the slimmest of chances that I might even stay a man, even if I wouldn't be as tall or totally alpha as before. But I could work around that. I could build up my muscles again, make myself a total ladies man and all that. I was going to beat this. I said that last part over and over again. You remember that, don't you? I always said I was going to beat this, and I talked with you all the time about how I was going to do that, Larry. You remember that, don't you?

Of course you do.

Because little things just started happening, even as my battle with Lumin's Syndrome fully started. Man, looking back, I feel like I was blind. You kept asking if I was

'sure' if I wanted to stay home instead of hitting the club, that we could just get a drink instead. I won't lie, I was damn tempted. And just the thought of heading to the *Blue Mouse* or any of the other bars and clubs I liked to pick up hot dates from made me *think* about those hot dates, and that made my nipples swell and grow and my muscles slowly deflate. You'd arrive back late at night, drunk and stumbling, sometimes with a beautiful woman on your arm, and I'd have to listen to you ramble about the gorgeous women out on the town, or worse, I'd hear you damn well *fucking* one. You never had success like I did, but even you bringing back some average-as-fuck girl was enough to make me feel a mix of jealousy and strange desire.

Yeah, frickin' *desire*, dude. I'd lie in bed, trying not to take in your words, but all I could hear was that same damn repeated phrase in my mind.

"*Make Me Yours.*"

"*Make Me Yours.*"

"*Make Me Yours.*"

There were so many ways to emphasise that sentence, and God did I turn it over in my head. I'd groan and moan, rubbing my chest and almost willing the Lumin's Syndrome to change me more, which it fucking WAS. Already, my biceps were half as big as they once were, and my thighs were slimming down, losing muscle and gaining that nice fat that women's thighs have. My ass, on the other hand, was starting to grow. I know now how much you like asses, Larry. You never told me until I was further along in my changes that you thought black girls were the hottest chicks around, and that a big reason for that was that they had the biggest, softest booties. Well, I was on my way to getting one, and it was partly your fault, because of what you told me when you came home drunk a week after my diagnosis.

"Dude, don't worry, I won't show you a photo or anything, but you should have seen this girl I danced up against! I couldn't believe it because she was well out of my league, but I actually somehow managed to act a bit more like you - all confident and charming and the like - and she danced up on me. It didn't go anywhere sadly because I got a bit awkward and I'm a bad dancer, but she had the most beautiful big lips I'd ever seen, and her skin had no blemishes. It was smooth and flawless. But that wasn't even the best thing about her. She had the most incredible backside of any girl I've ever seen! Seriously, baby had *back*, man! She was a fat-bottomed girl, if you know what I'm saying?"

"Dude, I know what you're saying!" I remember shouting back. "But you don't! I can't be hearing this shit or my own ass will blow up, idiot! I don't want you to make me some chick with a sexy jiggly ass!"

“Oh shit,” you replied. “I wasn’t thinking. This girl, her ass was so sensitive she moaned when I grabbed it, but crap! I’m going on again! I’m way too drunk. I’ll go to bed now. Don’t think about the hot girl with the amazing ass, okay?”

I just chalked that up to you being drunk and stupid and far luckier than you usually were most nights. You’re an average-looking guy, Larry. My body just happens to find you hot anyway, but we both know it’s true. So what really happened that night?

Was that chick even real? Or were you manipulating me from the start? Making me change to become the woman I am now?

Well, I’d better wrap up this entry. You’ll be home from work in twenty minutes. I have that compulsion to tidy the house one last time and get the roast in the oven. And then I’ll put on that red lingerie you like on me so much.

As I recall, you mentioned *that* as a personal fetish quite a bit while I was changing too, you dog.

I kept on trying to fight the Lumin’s Syndrome, but it was a losing battle. Working out at the gym backfired, because I was stuck with some damn muscular dudes who were pumping iron, while a sexy fit chick worked the stairmaster. When I tried to find a more private spot, I ended up near an Instagram influencer who was wearing the smallest damn sports bra I’d ever seen. Normally, I would have been all over that shit, checking her out, flirting with her and all that, but it just made my nipples well and my flesh there started to grow. My pec muscles were disappearing but my boobs were starting to grow! Just being in the gym was literally eroding all my hard work from years of working out, and I barely fit in my clothing.

Worse, when I arrived back at my place, you were there showing off a new gadget you’d bought for our kitchen; one of those ‘Hey Google’ devices that reminds you of the next step in a recipe and when a piece of your meal is cooked and can play music while you’re waiting and so on. Only you’d picked out a female voice for it, and you’d left it hard-coded so I couldn’t change it back.

“Larry, I can’t be listening to female voices, remember?”

“Don’t worry man, I looked it up,” you said. “It’s like Siri - it’s not a real voice. Your brain will recognise that.”

It didn’t though, did it? You found an excuse to have that thing talk as much as possible, and I found myself moaning and hiding away to get away from that voice, which was starting to affect my own. I was talking in a higher lilt and shit, and worst of all it felt *good* to know you were changing me. Maybe that’s why I didn’t shout and fight back or try to kick you out. Part of me wanted to, but then you’d mention how hot black women with the

best kind of curves could be, and then I'd bite my lip while you weren't looking and whisper under my breath.

"Mhmm . . . Make Me Yours, Larry. Make Me Yours."

It started to infiltrate my nights. I dreamed of you, even before I was starting to fall asleep. I couldn't get you out of my mind, man. My waist was narrowing, my chest starting to get little A-cup titties, and my hair was turning into a loose afro, and I still couldn't stop thinking about you. I'd lie awake in bed, writhing and touching myself, fondling my boobs and my increasingly sensitive ass, willing both to grow while I imagined you taking more notice of me. Most of the time, Lumin's Syndrome affects the body first. Not in my case. It was my mind being hit far harder, and to my shame I actually masturbated and came to you.

Very little cum actually came out. But God, my ass and my small breasts felt like they were the source of all my pleasure. I rocked in bed as they both grew, as my face started to soften and my lips grew fuller.

"Make Me Yours," I said, again and again.

And by that point, I think I *wanted* to hear you throw out my stimulating sentences. I *wanted* you to change me more.

You were already one step ahead though, weren't you Larry? Because movie nights were just around the corner while I tried to isolate, and God what hot and steamy content you found for me. Normally, we watched action movies together, though I still remember a time when we watched porn and the like. I'd taken to watching finance videos and exposes, all the better to help me invest once my career as a real estate agent really took off. But somehow, that deep and sexy male voice of yours convinced me to watch something with fucking *Leonardo DeCaprio* in it. Yeah, *Titanic*, right? Kate Winslet getting her tits out, a sight I'd normally welcome, only there you were giving commentary on what a hottie she was. Well, I wanted to *be* her.

It was just the start. I was extending my sick leave, which was ruining my credibility at the real estate firm I worked at, but I couldn't exactly go back to work when my height had gone from 6'2 to only 5'9, and still shrinking! Instead, I stayed home, tried to avoid seeing that hot male jogger pass by my front window each morning, and started watching more movies with you. Movies that I suspect could well have been chosen with the intention of changing me further. Which they fucking *did*.

God, I can remember you commenting on all the fucking sexy babes in those films. All those dirty words you put out in the open air all so I could hear them too. You know, was it really a coincidence that all of the flicks you showed me started having sexy black girls as the love interests or baddie henchgirls? You always muttered under your breath like you were trying to hide your comments, but it was always just loud enough that I could hear every word.

“Fuck, she’s so hot. Look at her ass. So juicy and ripe.”

“Those tits are out of this world. Jesus, they have to be naturals. Just look at that bounce . . .”

“I love me a curvy black girl with a loose afro, dude. Especially with those big dick sucking lips like she’s got.”

And then you’d turn to me and give this embarrassed look, like ‘whoops, sorry to advance your Lumin’s Syndrome!’ And all I could do was bite my lip and moan and cup my titties and *feel* them growing in real time, dude. I’m not joking, bro. When you showed me that scene of Halle Berry coming out of the ocean in that shitty James Bond movie, you couldn’t help but point out what a “sweet rack” she had. Do you remember how I moaned and squeezed my sensitive titties? They literally grew a cup size in that moment, from A-cups to full B’s. That’s why I left the room so quickly, because I was aroused as hell, and even as my dick shrank all I could think about was how my bigger, heavier boobs might please you, because I needed you to *Make Me Yours*. I locked myself in my bedroom and started playing with my sensitive nips and I fucking *came*. You made me cum. *You did this*.

Perhaps if you’d stopped there, I might have regained something of my manhood, Larry. Maybe I’d still be Samuel, instead of Samantha. Maybe I wouldn’t have this tight wet pussy that can’t stop begging for you to plunge your dick right in deep. Jesus, just writing this has me fucking aroused. I need to take care of myself. No, fuck that. You’re coming home in ten. I need to go wear a slinky dress that pushes my tits right up so I can shove my giant bust right in my face and then mount you on the bed and ride you until *fucking cum inside of me*.

I did ride you, by the way. Just yesterday. I bet you enjoyed that, didn’t you? The way I whimpered and cried out, how I sounded like a total dick-obsessed hoe. How I shoved my big brown breasts right in your face and let you suck on them? Your hands were on my soft ass, gripping it while I worked my way up and down that dick of yours, and that just did something to me, man. Fuck, you ain’t got *no* idea what it’s like to go from a total alpha male, a man on top of the world, to your best friend’s busty bimbo.

So here I am again, with you back at work and me wearing nothing more than my sexy lingerie while I write this, because I have this stupid fantasy because of the Lumin’s that you’ll come charging in on your lunch break and fuck me up against the wall. You’ve done it before. I’m the one who got y’all working out, ain’t that right? Strong enough to lift my curvy little body up and make it respond to you.

Jesus, I gotta stop writing this shit. It’s making me horny as fuck.

But then you were *saying* this shit back then, and something about that just ain't right either. You see, this is another piece of evidence in my mind that you deliberately made me like this. Not just the fact that you were showing me movies and shows with hotties and commenting on them, but also the fact that you were commenting on them at all, and with such damn frequency, man! Larry, you are many things, but you are *not* a ladies man. Hell, you're not even a man's man, and I'm not talking about being gay or whatever. I'm saying that you aren't the type of guy to rate a woman's hotness while sitting around with the lads and watching the chicks walk by. You didn't try to be a pickup artist, and you never talked about girls and their tits and asses and dick sucking lips like I did. It was only *after* I contracted Lumin's Syndrome that you started spouting that shit, and it oh-so-conveniently changed me more and more with each passing day.

I remember telling you to cut it out. My boobs were B-cups and I was gonna need a bra soon. You could see that I had tits when I wore a regular shirt, but then again most of my stuff was baggy by that point. I'd taken to masturbating more than usual too, and often to your words. Girls just weren't getting me up, but the thought of you Making Me Yours was enough to make me ejaculate what little cum I still had in my fucking balls, though playing with my new nips got me there faster, you know. It meant that in the aftermath I'd be lying there, trying to calm my body, only for that orgasm to just grow and grow man, because my ass was swelling in my hands as I held it, becoming juicier and juicier. My hair was growing, my waist was thick but sexy, and my hips! Jesus Christ, I was starting to get hips.

"You gotta stop saying all this shit, man!" I told you. Hell, I *begged* you. "You gotta stop talking about hot girls - it's making me fuckin' change, dude! And sometimes I *want* to change more. Seriously, ya gotta stop it!"

"I'm sorry, man!" you replied. "I think it's just because with you no longer, well, you know, *yourself*, I feel like I'm stepping out of your shadow! I've really got a chance with some girls. There was this chick at the club the other night just shaking her curves on the dance floor. She had the hottest lips and the most 'come fuck me' eyes, no joke, and -"

"Dude, are you d-doing this deliberately!?" I cried. "Ohhhh, f-fuck! Look at what you've d-done! The Lumin's Syndrome is getting f-faster, asshole! Nghh!"

Right before your eyes, my lips started to fill out more, and I gained the sexy eyes and arched eyebrows you know me for now. My jaw even started changing shape, making me look even more feminine. I hated how ignorant you were being in that moment, but it occurs to me now that you were being *calculated*, dude. You *wanted* me to change.

I had crossed some kind of threshold. Work was calling, but when I tried to answer they thought I was prank-calling them. I had to get Dr Fattah to send proof that I had Lumin's Syndrome, and you know what those assholes did at the firm? They sent me fucking *dick pics*. I'd always been the jackass running the show, the agent who was the most

up-and-coming, and I guess they smelled blood in the water. Or did someone tip them off? Someone like *you*, Larry. Either way, they started spamming both my email accounts - public and personal - with pictures of hot guys and hot women, both of which spurred me to change further. Even the email headers were titled in a way to make me change more.

'Check out these big tits.'

'Gotta love those curves you're getting!'

'Show us your boobs, Sammy!'

'Come to the office and give us a lapdance like the lady in this video!'

'Hey Sam, you fucker! You always acted like hot shit. Can't wait to see you shake that booty as our new SECRETARY!'

The worst part was, it *worked*. I would whimper and whine as my body kept on changing. My thighs became thick and delicious, and my ass kept on blowing up. My tits were getting larger and more sensitive, and soon I needed to wear fucking *bras*, man. Still, I refused to give in, despite the fact that whenever I saw you that same fucking thought kept repeating in my mind.

Make Me Yours. Make Me Yours. Make Me Yours.

My dick was a third of its size by that point, and it had only been a few weeks since my changes had started. I put in for an emergency check up with Dr Fattah, and he was not encouraging when he looked me over and observed my then C-cup titties.

"This isn't looking good," he told me. "You appear more female than male at this point, and your body receptivity is off the charts. Is your libido increasing?"

"It was already high before!" I exclaimed. "But now I feel like a fucking nympho gal sometimes. I keep touching myself when I think about my - my roommate, Larry! My friend!"

"Ah, the imprinting stage," he said. "Some variants of Lumin's Syndrome have this. Has he been around you shirtless?"

"I - yeah. I found it hard to look away, goddamn it."

"And has he talked about his ideal woman?"

"Pfft. He can't fucking stop it."

"He'll need to stop. These are exacerbating your changes. You'll need to isolate yourself from him, or at least avoid hearing from him. Otherwise, you may just end up taking on such a great change that you become mentally *reliant* on your friend Larry. In such cases, you will have such a bond with him that you won't be able to help but desire to be his girlfriend, and all that this entails."

It should have grossed me out. Fuck, it was gay as hell. I wanted to feel like I could puke just hearing that sentence. But instead, I actually felt my heart skip a beat and my boobs grow just that little more. I wanted to *moan* and imagine being yours. Imagine you *making me yours*. I had to get away from you. I had to stop listening to you.

I began packing the next day. You walked into the room shirtless, and that didn't help matters. Dude, you ain't even that jacked, but I was still almost slobbering, and I couldn't even bring myself to ask you to put your shirt back on. Instead, I just pouted my big lips as I looked at you. I wanted to feel my little dick and push it in and make it a pussy and -

Fuck, getting hot again just writing this.

"Dude, what are you doing?" you asked me.

"Packing and getting out of here," I said.

"Er, why is that?"

"Because you keep changing me! I know you don't mean to, man, but everything you do is making me become more and more like a total nympho bimbo. I can't take it anymore, and I ain't becoming some hot chick like those other famous Lumin's Syndrome gals. I'm not sucking your big, sexy cock, dude. I'm not getting a wet p-pussy for you to plough. Fuck that! I'm getting a hotel room and then I'm staying there for weeks, even if it means losing my job and shit, all so I come into contact with nothing and my body hopefully goes back to normal. Before this shit is permanent."

I will never forget the look on your face. You were sad as hell, and you weren't doing a good job of hiding it. I assumed at the time that you felt like you'd let me down, but now I'm thinking it was more that your plan was coming apart. I was so close to being your dream girl, your curvy mocha babe who salivates at the thought of fucking you and showing off her body while on your arm.

Was that my last chance to get away and avoid being Samantha?

If so, I fucking *blew* it, didn't I? Because I let you convince me into staying one more day. Just one more day.

"That way I can make it up to you and pull some strings," you said. You were all cryptic-like. "Just in case you turn into a woman fully, you know. Or need some adjustment. You wouldn't walk out on your best friend, right? You know I've always got your back and want to always be there for you, don't you?"

'Always be there for you,' God those fucking words. They made me fucking *moist*, and I didn't even have a pussy yet. I let the Lumin's beat me that day, because I nodded.

"F-fine, dude. Just one more day, and not one more than that. What's this help you can offer me?"

"Just lemme call in a favour," you said.

To this day, I don't know if you really knew Eunika. She was out of your league, but you didn't claim to have slept with her or anything. I could have - she was a smokin' babe - but she's also an Instagram personality with some big views on her page. You could have easily reached out to that Blasian beauty and offered some hard cash to come and help me.

Months later, she uploaded videos of how she'd helped a Lumin's Syndrome 'gal' 'transition', and doesn't that just tell you everything?

She turned up on our doorstep and you let her in like an old friend (had you met at lunch to discuss how you'd play this, maybe?). I couldn't believe what I was seeing. A thick, curvy girl with C-cups like me and some nice breeding hips, and she had longer and curlier hair than I did too! Her skin was a lighter brown than mine, but she was everything I *could* become. Only because you hugged her and kissed her on the cheek I started to feel *jealous* of her instead. The Lumin's raged inside of me, wanting to become hotter than this chick. Hotter and thicker and curvier and bustier and *yours*. Yours, yours, YOURS, Larry, you sly dog.

"Hey Eunika!" you exclaimed. "This is my friend Samuel, the one I told you about. He's turning into a woman because of Lumin's Syndrome, and I thought you could help him out. You know, with bras and stuff, and how to adjust if he ends up going full girl. I just want to look out for Sam and do everything I can to be there for him and make him feel protected and safe."

Again, those words. 'Protected and safe.' I shivered to hear them, even as I stared open-mouthed at this woman. You were looking at her as she strode past, checking out her cleavage in that daring little crop top, smiling at her ass as she passed. I would have too in your position, but was it a bit of a performance too, Larry? Did you want me to feel like I might be *replaced* if I didn't embrace the change?

Because if so, it fucking *worked*, you know. This moment sent me over the freakin' edge.

"Hey there, I'm Eunika," she said, taking my hand. "God, you are looking gorgeous, just like Larry said you were!"

"H-he said that?" I asked.

"Oh yes! He said that you want to avoid becoming a woman, and he wants to help you with that, but if you do become a woman, then you are going to be the most beautiful one he's ever seen!"

I blushed, my insides going warm. You stepped back, perhaps a little embarrassed yourself, but before I could say anything more, Eunika was asking for me to come with her and go clothes shopping to help with my 'developing figure.'

"You two have fun now!" Larry declared, checking me out as much as her. "And do what you can to reassure Sam, please! I want her - sorry, him - to be happy no matter what happens!"

That day with Eunika was utter torture. She was a shallow, stupid, bimbo of a woman, more obsessed with taking selfies and filming me trying on lingerie and dresses and bikinis than helping me stay as a man. She took videos of me coming out of the dressing

room and constantly spoke to her viewers about what a good service she was doing, and she must have been making some money from promotions or some shit, because she bought me a *stack* of clothing, most of it sexy. She even got me larger bras in case my tits went bigger, which they damn well did, and over the course of the same day as that. My body was changing faster than ever before, and you had trapped me in a feedback loop of change, dude. Seriously, it ain't right what you did, assuming it was on purpose. I know I wasn't always the best friend, and I could be real selfish, but I was standing there in the dressing room, moaning and feeling my tits as they swelled, and rubbing my cock even as it shrank more and more. Do you know what it's like to feel a fucking pussy passage opening up inside you, dude? Because *I do*.

By the end, Eunika had me dressed up in that sexy black dress you love me in, the one that shows off my thighs and clings tight against my tits and my ass. She even helped style my hair, and by that point I looked completely like a woman. Worse, I was having a woman's thoughts. A *Lumin's Syndrome* woman.

"M-make me yours," I found myself whispering beneath my breath. I was so close to being yours. My pussy was nearly complete, and my dick was so tiny it was basically nothing.

"God, you look perfect!" Eunika told me when she was done. "See? Being a woman can be wonderful! I bet you'll make a man very happy one day. Maybe even that nice friend of yours, Larry. I bet *he'll* be excited to see you when I drop you back, right?"

I remember gulping, trying to avoid thinking about it, and yet still getting in the car as she drove me back. I couldn't stop checking my reflection. I was *perfect*. My body wasn't yet complete, and even my face still had some of my manliness still in it, but the makeup job and the hair styling and the dress and even the fucking *jewellery* that I now wore were covering all of that shit up. It left me looking like a fucking *hottie*.

The hottie.

The kind of gal even *I* might have felt was out of my league once.

That realisation alone was enough to start making me get those last changes, dude. I barely managed to contain myself, squirming on the spot as my fucking *labia* formed, all while Eunika yapped about her subscriber count and how she was going to be on a Greek yacht in five days and yada yada. And here I was thinking 'what the shit am I doing? This is whack! I'm about to turn into a woman and I'm wearing a smokeshow dress and I'm about to land on the doorstep of our sweet pad!'

But it was too late. Did you know it was too late, the moment I went out with Eunika? Or were you panicking back at the apartment, biting your nails like you always do when things aren't going well? I think that's more likely. This was a hail Mary on your part, and it was just good for you that it panned out.

Because when I left Eunika's car without even saying goodbye, I was like a zombie. A gender changing, horny girl zombie. My ass felt huge. My tits felt even bigger. I couldn't even see my feet, and I still can't while standing up straight. They jutted out man, just like I knew you'd like them. I put my key into the lock and straight away my aroused brain went straight to you putting your 'key' in my 'lock', and that made me shiver. My dick was shrinking, my goddamn pussy burrowing deep into me and preparing to open up to the surface at the same time. I could have sworn my stomach started to shift as my uterus grew in.

And then you answered the door, and I was finally doomed.

"Hey Sam, how was the . . . woah. Holy shit, Sam. You look . . . breathtaking."

I stood there, slack-jawed. My chest was heaving up and down, and it felt like my big boobs were about to break free of my dress. Your eyes were tracing over all of my curves, taking in my legs and my hips and my peachy ass, and I couldn't do a thing about it, bro! I'd become such a hoe, or at least that's what it felt like. I was a bitch in *heat*, and my boobs were fucking *aching* to be touched, man.

"Sam?" you asked, stepping forward so that I could fucking *smell* you. You were so much taller than me by that point. "Are you okay? Are you a full woman? Is there anything I can do?"

And what else was there for a dude-turned-chick to say at that point?

"M-make me y-yours," I whispered.

Just saying it to you made me moan and clutch myself. My dick - once my pride and joy, my favourite tool in the toolbox - pulled back up inside of myself, leaving my wet pussy in its place. I fell forward against you, and suddenly my hands were all over you, touching your muscles and feeling your body like you'd wanted me to do ever since I started fully changing. You gripped my ass and squeezed my juicy cheeks, and I recall how I goddamn *whined* in pleasure at that. I was an aroused bitch, and I wanted you so bad. I *still* want you so bad.

"Make me yours!" I cried again. "F-fuck, dude! I can't fight it! I j-just got a p-pussy and my big t-tits are aching for you! I don't want a hotel anymore, I just want you to make me yoursssss! Mhmmm!"

You kissed me. Your tongue snaked into my mouth. I pressed my breasts against you and you unzipped the back of my dress. I saw you marvel at the sexy lingerie beneath - thank Eunika for that - but I gasped too when I saw you remove your shirt. It's the Lumin's Syndrome, I swear. You're not even that strong, you're just some average guy I always liked being better than, but now I couldn't *not* see you as the hunkiest, sexiest guy around.

"God, you're perfect," you told me. "And your tits are incredible!"

"They're t-too big! But I need you to suck on them!"

I shoved them into your face. I let you motorboat them. You unclasped my bra and flung it away, and then you actually sucked on my nipples one at a time, left and then right and then left again, over and over while I cried out. You'll never know how weird it is to grow a big set of tits and then have your best friend suck on your nipples, but it made me cry out in ecstasy, man. I was getting so wet in my pussy that I thought I might die, and so I pulled your hands down to my big round ass and let you squeeze the flesh there. I cried out again and do you remember what happened next?

Yeah, that's right, you *lifted* me. You, Larry, who was never that strong, but clearly had the will to fuck the sexiest goddamn chick you'd ever seen. It didn't hurt that I was smaller and lighter, I guess, but all the same, you pushed me up against the wall and slid your cock into me.

"Ohhhh! Ohhhh, you're f-fucking me! That's your d-dick in meeeee!"

"You like it, don't you?" you taunted.

"I - oh God, I do! Fuck meeeee! Fuck me like I'm your d-dream girl, dude!"

You did. I'll never forget that first time, what it felt like to no longer be the penetrator but the *penetrated* instead. I was putty in your hands, dude, and there was no going back. I squeezed your waist with my thick thighs while you pumped deep inside of me. Your dick is so thick, man. It ain't that long, but God it spreads my pussy wide and sets off every damn light in my system. I cried out like all the girls I'd fucked, and I had to bite your shoulder to stop myself from screaming. Again and again you thrust into me until finally I shouted those words with more enthusiasm than I'd ever had.

"M-make me yours! Make me yours! MAKE ME YOUR GIRL, LARRY!"

And then you came inside me, and I got hit with my first female orgasms. I had multiples, dude. I was addicted from that moment. I cried out and you ejaculated so damn deep into me that it was a miracle you didn't get me knocked up. Thank God we don't plan on kids for a long time, because now at least I'm on the pill, which only means you fuck me all the more, of course.

In the aftermath, we panted together. You lowered me down but I was shaky on my legs, and I accidentally pulled you down too. You held me on the carpeted floor, and I couldn't stop moaning and whimpering as you cupped my breast and felt my body.

"You know, I think you might come to enjoy these changes," you said, whispering those words into my ear.

That was the first kernel, man. You said it so easily, like you'd been *practising*. You weren't even worried about me, or that I'd just had sex with you and totally humiliated myself. No, instead you were chatting about how good this was, and how maybe we could be more than just friends. The thing about Lumin's Syndrome is that there are tons of different variants of it, Larry. A lot of them make you dumber, others don't affect your brain at

all or whatever. Me? I became *obsessed* with pleasing you and becoming yours right from the start, but I never lost my wits. I still remember being a salesman and getting moron couples to sign the dotted line on houses they'd have to mortgage themselves to the hilt for. So I finally recognised another salesperson, and I should have from the start.

You sell *cars*, Larry. *Used* ones.

You're literally a dodgy used car salesman. It was staring me right in the face from the very beginning, but I was too overcome by the changes and the fact that you were supposed to be my friend to see it.

Too bad it was too late. I won't go into all the details that followed. You know them already. I'm your girlfriend now. I have been for two years now. We've fucked in more positions than I even knew existed. I've sucked your cock like five hundred times or more, and I'm *addicted* to it. I get this goddamn *rush* when you check out my big tits, and I moan whenever you squeeze my ass. I love it when you do it while I'm walking past you, or when you do it sneakily at a party or social event or something. I can't *not* show off my body. I've learned how to put on *makeup* just to look sexier for you, and how to accessorise. I only work as a call centre agent now, because you like me to work from home so you can swing by and enjoy me and my body whenever you want. I'm *yours*. You made me so, and I'll never change back. Some days I don't even want to, especially not when you're inside me, making me your woman.

This record isn't so I can turn myself back, Larry. It's not so I can get revenge or remember who I used to be or whatever. I'm Samantha now. I'm your sexy girlfriend, and tonight I'll be spreading these legs so you can slide your dick into my wet tunnel and squeeze my juicy ass while you do it. There's no stopping that.

I just want you to know that *I know*.

Yeah, I *know* what you did, Larry.

I *know* you made me like this on purpose. You ain't that clever. You weren't completely successful in manipulating me. And maybe on some level, at least I've got that. So when you read this, know that as much as you got everything you want, this booty comes with a price tag. I've figured you out, Larry.

So go on, keep making me yours. But if you ever *truly* want me to love you, you better step up. Our anniversary is in three months, and I expect something fancy as fuck, man. Something *dynamite*. Because the thing about Lumin's Syndrome is, it can affect you in all sorts of ways. I'm a damn catch as a woman, Larry. I'm *smoking*. But guess what? I've actually been holding back! The sexiest outfits, the hottest struts, even the best possible sex . . . a part of me has been keeping all of that in reserve. You've been getting my own sloppy seconds as I fight this thing again and again, all because I know what you did and I don't want to reward you for it.

So go on, *sexy*, give me a reason to start rewarding you. Come clean, admit what you did, and start making amends. Stop taking your friend-turned-smoking hot babe for granted, and start really showing her a good time.

I'll make it worth it.

In fact, I promise I'll make you *mine*.

The End