

Misinterpretation (Man to Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Cade is working at a homeless shelter when he received the news that he has Lumin's Syndrome, meaning he shall become a woman soon. But when his coworkers' encouragements become misinterpreted, Cade's mind and body begin changing to make him the ultimate crowd pleaser for those hard on their luck.

Misinterpretation

Cade was distraught. He'd just had it confirmed at the GP that the reason why he was feeling strange and somewhat effeminate lately was because he had Lumin's Syndrome; the rare condition that slowly turns one into the opposite gender, and often in response to commentary and suggestions from those around you. He worked at a homeless shelter, and was passionate about his job, not wanting to lose it in case he ended up some ditzy bimbo type like some of the others with the condition had.

"It'll be okay!" one of his coworkers, a man named Harry, told him. "You've just got to trust it'll work out. You need to get out there and keep working. Do everything you can to please the people we help."

Cade took on this advice, but on a subconscious level, his Syndrome interpreted it another way. In the days that followed, he began speaking in a lighter voice, and his mannerisms became a little more obviously feminine. He was normally a somewhat stoic figure, but now he was positively cheery, and as his limbs thinned and his hips widened he found himself giggling and laughing with the homeless he served soup to or gave bedrolls to.

"You're doing great Cade!" one coworker said. "You're so brave with this Lumin's Syndrome stuff. I swear, you're improving morale around here just by being so sweet and lovely."

The words ricocheted within Cade's mind, and again there was a misinterpretation. The compliment was meant to be just that - a compliment - but now Cade couldn't help but think about how wonderful it would be to become *even more* bubbly and giggly. His intelligent mind began to lose its IQ, and this occurred at the same time as further physical changes. His chest came out of hiding, developing two modest breasts, all while his manhood began a full retreat. His face was more feminine with each passing day, and his brown hair had turned a bright honey-blonde, a lovely curly hairstyle now descending to his shoulders. His lips were getting fuller, and that last change came after a homeless man told him that, "it's really good to see your face." Cade felt a sudden urge to have a face that

everyone wanted to see, and soon his nose had become button cute, his eyes turning blue and bright, and his face a lovely heart shape.

“Wow, I hardly recognise you, Cade!” Sandra said, a regular in need of a place to sleep. “We’ll need a new name for you soon.”

Cade agreed, taking the joke seriously. When he came to work the next day, he was already reintroducing himself - herself - as Candy. Her coworkers were surprised by this.

“Wow,” Dave said. “I guess you are going full woman. I bet you’re going make some of our homeless men very happy in particular!”

“Like, I guess so!” she beamed. But again, she interpreted the intent of the words in a particular manner, even more so because of her rising libido. Her form only became more curvaceous in the following days, her breasts erupting into full Double-D’s and then beyond. She wore tighter clothing to please the men of the shelter, and some of the women too, and her increasingly bubbly and kind personality only made her more popular.

“Jeez, she’s really milking it,” she overheard one patron say as she passed a number of food-laden plates to a table.

“Are you complaining?” the man’s friend said. “Look at her! She’s make every man in winter happy if she milked the job even further.”

The words stirred in her mind. *Make men happy. Milk the job. Milk milk milk.*

Her breasts grew further, and to her absolute delight she was soon lactating. Her full breasts needed relief, and she made sure to bottle the milk to give to various men, some of whom were shocked, others who smiled and drank greedily up. But it wasn’t enough. She needed to take care of these men. To relieve their woes. And hadn’t they said she was making morale go up?

A day later, Candy was in an absolute state of joy. Her beauty was unbelievable, her full chest constantly in need of relief, an orgasmic experience. But best yet, her penis was finally gone, and in its place was a very hungry pussy. And she knew just how to use it!

“Hey, Candy!” one regular said as she entered in a tight dress, letting her winter coat fall to the floor so all could see her luscious form.

“Hi, Jared!” she called back. “Do you like what you see?”

“Do I ever?”

“Are you hungry? I bet you’re hungry.”

He nodded. “You have no idea. Thirsty too. It’s a cold winter, and we need all the warmth, comfort, and good nourishment we can get.”

At this, she leaned over, letting him take in her wobbling, milk-filled breasts. “Then why don’t you, like, let me take you to one of the rooms out back and I can fulfil all three, love?”

The man couldn't believe what he was hearing, and neither could his friends. But sure enough, Candy took him to one of the private beds in the facility and fucked his brains out. She cried out in ecstasy as she lost her female virginity, and moaned in sweet relief as he drank deep from her bosom, his belly now full.

"Goddamn," he said afterwards. "You've just made me very happy. I hope you keep doing that."

Candy beamed. "You know, I think I totally will."

She did, and she still does. If you know the homeless shelter this story refers to, then you too can go and meet Candy. Far from losing her caring occupation, she is in fact now the most popular worker there, always doing her best to feed her charges in more ways than one, and give them warmth and love in the best ways her bimbo mind knows. And all thanks to some misinterpretation, Candy is happier than ever.

Even if it's probably not quite the kind of work she had once imagined for herself.

The End