

## Mini-Story: One Good Apple (Cop to Bubbly Bimbo TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Carter is a corrupt police officer who finds himself infected with a strange disease that turns him into a goody two-shoes bimbo; a disease that is now spreading to others!*

### One Good Apple

Officer Carter was the most popular police presence in town, and it was obvious why: she could easily be mistaken for a stripper pretending to a cop in the small town of Landsmire. She always had her top buttons undone in order to show off her impressive cleavage, and she walked in such a way that her hips regularly swayed, her peachy backside straining against her tight navy blue skirt. She loved to swing her cuffs in one hand, and it was a regular joke that criminals always reformed in Landsmire these days, because if they remained on good behaviour and followed their probations, then sweet and sexy, blonde and bubbly Officer Carter would pay them a visit and 'congratulate' them, often with so much passion that the moans could be heard all the way down the street.

Of course, Officer Carter wasn't always like this. Just half a year ago, she was actually a *he*, and a burly brute of a man, in fact. Carter was the most corrupt member of an already corrupt small town police force. He covered up crimes committed by his buddies, regularly aided local drug mules in exchange for a cut of the profits - or even the product - and had been kicked out of the local stripclub numerous times for harassing and groping the girls. He drank, he smoked, and he took recreational drugs from the confiscated items room. He loved to swing his guns around at the smallest provocation, and none could stand up to him, because he had a whole law enforcement posse backing him up.

But everything changed when Carter got the call in about a drug shipment coming in that wasn't *approved* by his corrupt gang. He stormed in with his fellow officers who were on the take, and they promptly arrested those responsible, roughing them up for good measure with their shoulder cameras turned off. It was only then that Carter got a look at the product itself.

It was . . . odd. Sort of pink-coloured, and with a crystalline quality to it. One of the men shouted at him to not touch it, that it wasn't diluted, too concentrated or something, but he didn't care. He took a small dab and sniffed it. It was sweet to the taste. Exhilarating, too.

"NO!"

One of the drugrunners leapt up to stop him, and in the ensuing chaos Carter was knocked into one of the bags, which exploded into a pink mist as it hit the floor. The tall brute

coughed and wheezed, choking on the fumes, the pink crystals settling in fine patterns on his skin.

“Fuck that guy up!” he yelled. “And get this shit into evidence, got it? Maybe we can line up a seller later.”

But such a sale never came, because Carter quickly became distracted in the following days. His skin was starting to itch, and his body hair was dying away. His nipples throbbed, becoming distended and feminine-looking, while his butt seemed oddly bigger. Even his hair was changing; becoming even blonder and extending in length at a rate that was too rapid.

His friends were noticing as well. Within a week they were joking about him becoming some kind of ‘metrosexual’ on account of Carter looking thinner and more feminine, his eyebrows more arched, his cheeks cuter, his lips poutier.

“Like, shut up!” he whined at them in a cracking voice, but he couldn’t bring himself to be mean to them. In fact, as the days passed, he found that he couldn’t rough up suspects anymore, nor partake in the drug game, nor watch girls at the strip club except to make sure that they were okay. It was infuriating, but he wanted to be sweet and nice to them, and to be more girly at that.

“You’ve gotten real weird, Carter,” one of his cop buddies told him.

“It’s that stupid drug!” he cried, voice practically female just two weeks after the incident. “It’s making me turn into, like, some kind of really girly girl man or whatever!”

Just a few days later his words were becoming more true than he could have imagined; he was starting to sprout breasts, and each following day they rose and rose in size, becoming full and round and perky and *jiggly*. He tried to cover them up at first, but soon he was getting aroused by how his workmates looked at his cleavage, and he started to follow a compulsion to show them off instead. This was aided by his increasingly hourglass figure, wide baby-making hips and itty bitty waist included. His penis was shrinking, and it scared the hell out of him, but when his buddies licked their lips at the sight of him, he couldn’t help but moan out loud.

“Like, stop looking at me like that! I can’t help that I’m turning into, like, some kind of bimbo! I can’t even be a total tough guy anymore!”

“Ah, but I bet you can do other things for us,” Pete said, one of the most brutish members of the squad. “Maybe something with those tits. Or that mouth!”

He found himself salivating at the idea of it, and quickly ran to hide in the evidence room. He was now a hot blonde, on the verge of becoming a woman, and with each passing day the idea of being a totally hot police chick who fucked her coworkers for fun sounded so, so sexy.

“Ohhh, I can’t do this!” she whined the next day when she woke. Her pussy was wet, and her nipples tingled and her - wait, pussy?

“No! Ohhhhh, like, this isn’t fair! I’m so fucking horny!”

Naturally, she started to feel herself up. She moaned with pleasure minutes later when she reached her first female orgasm, her big E-cup titties bouncing on her chest.

“N-need to make the others see,” she replied. “Need to stop, like, crime and stuff.”

Her appeal went down like a lead balloon when she spoke to her coworkers. They all licked their lips at the sight of her, or rubbed their bulges in their pants, clearly wanting to get into hers. Peter was drooling at the sight of her, and it made her more lusty.

“Do you think we can, like, be sweet police and stuff, then?” she finished.

“Sure babe!” someone called from the back. “You just put that sweet new tush on my lap and we’ll make some sweetness happen!”

Carter frowned. Her need to be cute and kind was so ingrained now that it made her see how corrupting her influence had previously been. She had been the proverbial bad apple that spoiled the bunch. Well, now it was time to be the sweet apple that sweetened every one of them!

“Like, I’m really sorry about this!” she declared. “But you totes leave me no choice. I just hope we can all be super sexy, super happy sisters on the force together!”

And with that, she took the bag of pink crystals from behind her, lifted it into the air, and smashed it upon the ground in front of all of her fellow officers.

That had occurred nearly five months ago. The town of Landsmire hasn’t been the same since. Its police force is now entirely female, and all of them supermodel gorgeous and very, very bimbo-like. Yes, some of the more white collar crimes in the town take longer to investigate, but at least they’re always taken seriously, especially if one is willing to fulfil Carter or any of her squadmembers’ lustful needs. She remains their leader, always going out on the bed and building ‘community relationships’, especially with the single men of the town. Pete and the others were likewise a group of hot, goody two-shoes bimbos, but none had ever managed to match the flare of that first transformee. It was often said that if you were ever to stop in Landsmire, make sure to obey all the laws and act respectfully. Not because you’d be terribly punished, but because it might land you under the notice of the new *Captain Carter*. And if that was the case, then the blonde bombshell of a policewoman might just give you a personal tour of her station, and all her sisters on the force as well.

**The End**