

Olympic Babe (Olympian Bimbo TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzi

Chase Matthews has been selected to represent the United States at the Los Angeles 2028 Olympics. Hailed as the next big swimmer, he has been training for years, never letting anything get in his way except for attractive women. Unfortunately, now that he's contracted Lumin's Syndrome, Chase is now desperate not to become one!

Olympic Babe

Chase entered the Olympian Village with a wide grin on his face, his gear slung over his shoulder as he walked with his various peers. He was a tall, strong, yet lithe man.

Good-looking, too, with lightly curly brown hair and a manly square jaw. He had a swimmer's shoulders too, which girls tended to love, and it was a good thing too beyond his sex life, because he *was* a swimmer. An *Olympic* swimmer, now that he'd been selected, tested, trained, and readied for the coming events.

The year was 2028, and the Los Angeles games were set to start in just a week. Many Olympians had already been flown in, but this was actually his home city, and so he felt a kinship to this place, a sense of having a homefield advantage. Chase was desperate to be a gold medal winner, and already felt like he had it in the bag. Not even the Australians had managed to outdo his test times, and his training beneath Coach Peterson had been utterly *ruthless*. But now, stepping into the village, simple and practical though it was, he felt like he was entering the gates of Heaven. Or Valhalla; there were still battles yet to come, after all.

And there were also some very, very attractive Olympic ladies, too. As the Olympic Village was opened up, Chase found himself 'checking out the competition,' his eyes straying away from his rival swimmers and towards the many extremely fit and rather good-looking ladies from the world over. This was, as Coach Peterson had put it more than a few times, his "one damn weakness." He winked and smiled at some lovely Brazilian ladies heading off to their rooms. He recognised one as Gabriella Sorel, a champion runner. She had thighs like steel, and he was happy to see that her ass was still impressive.

"Mmhm, check out that one, fellas!" he said to his peers, who chuckled at his comments.

"I'd like to make a go on her," Tyrone said, one of their basketball players."

"Get in line, Ty," Chase said. "She's smiling at me. Mind you, so is that sexy Korean shooter. I'd like to 'take my shot' at her, if you know what I'm saying."

Really, the feast was overwhelming. Not all the women were traditionally attractive, but all were at the top of their game and physically perfected for their chosen sport, and *that* was what got Chase going. In his mind, a girl with a six-out-of-ten face could be a damn ten-out-of-ten if she was sporting the powerful hips and shoulders of a professional rower, not to mention the physical peak to be an enthusiastic lover. Everyone - *everyone* - knew that the athletes' village was a massive fuckfest, especially among the winners, and he was already making a mental list of the girls who were giving him a look over, admiring his shoulders and recognising his already-growing fame.

"Win big in our medals, fellas," he said to his fellow Americans. "And then we can win even bigger in the bed afterwards."

"Fuck yeah," Aaron said, one of their track stars. "These girls are *fit*. Not busty enough for my tastes, but pretty damn fit!"

"Fit and *fine*, brother," Chase added. "And all kinds of types for any buffet option you could want. We're gonna score big!"

At least, that was the plan. Chase still planned to win gold, just as Coach Peterson had driven him mercilessly to do. But what harm was a little sex in the lead up? He knew he could take it and still drive himself to the necessary edge. He also knew that afterwards would be the real celebration. The Olympic Fuckfest to end all fuckfests.

"This is gonna be great," he said to himself, still grinning as he moved to his room.

Coach Peterson wasn't explaining anything. One moment, Chase had been exercising and stretching, preparing his body for the coming challenge, and the next he was being escorted by his older coach - a former swimming champion himself - as well as two Olympic guards.

"Can someone tell me what the hell is going on?" Chase demanded.

"In a moment," Peterson said. "Step inside, son."

Son. He only called Chase 'son' when bad news was on the line. The young man went silent and entered the room, which was a medical ward for sick athletes. It made him even more nervous.

"Take a seat, son."

Chase did so. He was only eighteen years old, but his heart was now beating nervously in his chest. "Please, just tell me, Coach."

Peterson nodded, then gestured to a doctor who was already in the room. The man indicated to some results on the monitor that shared Chase's name.

"Now this won't mean anything to you, my boy," the doctor said. "But these are the results of your test. And there are . . . hormonal fluctuations."

Chase immediately stood. "Are you accusing me of drugs? I'd never take a pill in my life! I'm the real deal! Coach, you tell him!"

"Calm down, Chase," Peterson said, gesturing as much. "Just listen to him. It's . . . something else."

The swimmer slowly sat down, confused. "What is it, then?"

The doctor was an elderly man with a crown of white hair and thick black spectacles. He placed a hand on Chase's powerful shoulder. "I'm sorry, there's no other way to tell you this, but . . . you have Lumin's Syndrome. The latest test caught it."

Chase frowned, trying to remember where he'd heard of Lumin's Syndrome. And then it clicked, and then it *hit* him like a freight.

"No. No fucking way. That's the one that turns guys into girls and girls into guys, right? Makes them all sexual. Makes them stupid! That one footballer became that hot cheerleader model Amber-something. And there was that newscaster! She was a good-looking chick but now she's a dude! Is that what you're talking about?"

"I'm afraid so," the doctor said. "But don't worry-"

"Don't worry!?"

"I'll show him, Doc," his coach said. He grabbed a pre-printed chart and passed it to Chase. "These are the names and faces of all the Olympic competitors from the last twelve years who've been diagnosed with Lumin's Syndrome. Do you see that? There's over thirty of them here. Not *one* of them changed except for Allan Dougall, and that's because he - now she - had a variant you don't have. You see, the disease has lots of variants, Chase, and the one that appears in athletes is brought on by the hormonal stress of what you do."

"Exactly right," the doctor said. "It's *more* likely for Olympians to get it than the general populace. Much more likely, in fact. But the variant they get is fairly harmless and can pass, unlike other variants you've heard of."

"So . . . I'm gonna be alright?" Chase said, claiming a little as he looked over the faces and names of the chart.

"Absolutely," the doctor said. "But we had to have this meeting because we need to stress that you avoid sexually-stimulating experiences for a couple of weeks until it passes."

Chase was crestfallen. He had plans for the village in the aftermath! A veritable *tour* across the world by bedding their hottest and most athletic women. He wanted to have sex all damn day as a celebration of his prowess in the pool, by making the *girls* wet this time.

Instead, he was being told not to do that. Still, he wasn't stupid. It beat becoming a woman, especially some bimbo-brained bird of a woman.

"Okay, that's fine by me," he said, sighing. "But doesn't willpower and determination help a little?"

“Definitely,” the doctor said. “But we shouldn’t rely on that, even if a few have done so successfully in the past. Instead, you should win your victory tomorrow, enjoy your follow up events in the pool, and then celebrate *chastely*, avoiding arousal and stimulation. Then you’ll be free and clear.”

“Easy as pie, right kid?” Peterson said.

Chase frowned, disappointed to the pit of his stomach, but knowing what had to be done.

“Right,” he said. “Of course.”

There could always be next time, of course. Another Olympic Games once he proved himself. But that was four years ago.

Four long, long years.

Chase was no longer human. He was a dolphin. He was a shark. He was a thing of the sea, of the wave, one with the water itself as he swam rapidly through its expanse. He twisted, kicking off the otherwise and continuing his freestyle. It was only the hundred metres, and there were more challenges to come, but he had to dominate this event. He *had* to. And so he did. The magnificent swimmer pushed all other thoughts out of his head until there was just one remaining. Just one.

Win.

He tapped the other side of the pool and arrested his momentum, not even knowing how he’d placed. He had a feeling though, and one that paid off immediately as he raised his head and saw the American contingent of the crowd positively *screaming* their cheers, shouting his name.

“CHASE! CHASE! CHASE! HE’LL CHASE OUT POOL! HE’LL CHASE YOU CROSS THE OCEAN, MAKE YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A FOOL! CHASE CHASE CHASE!!!”

Chase beamed and raised his hand in a triumph. He’d won, and won handily at that. A new record time was up on the board. A whole new Olympic record that was his and his alone.

“Yeah!” he cried, flexing his fist and then getting out of the pool. Peterson ran up to shake his hand, then held it up again.

“Good work!” he said. “But don’t get too cocky, kid! There’s more events to come!”

But Chase didn’t care. He’d proven himself. He’d won. And no Lumin’s Syndrome was going to bring him down. For now, there were no women, no attraction, just the rush of winning.

“Don’t worry, Coach,” he told Peterson. “I’ve got this thing in the bag!”

He was called out to stand on the podium and receive his medal, and did so with enormous cheer. He smiled at them, beaming with pride at his accomplishment, and knowing now that his great legacy was just getting started. He would soon be the handsome face all the lovely ladies lusted after, and who didn't want a gold-medal winner? He'd just have to wait a little longer than usual to enjoy the sexual fruits of his Olympic labors.

The plan was to go straight back to his room at the Olympian's Village. That was the plan. But Chase had won gold, and so certain celebrations had to be had. Peterson warned him to be careful and not to drink much, and Chase wasn't stupid. The Village had all sorts of rules about that sort of thing anyway. Still, a little bit of alcohol circulated, and so he drank with his friends in the rec room, a toast to his success and some of theirs. They each vowed to win big for America, and for themselves.

And that was when he saw her: Lynda Sterling. She was an Aussie girl, a gymnast who was considered the Next Big Thing in her sport as much as he was in his. She had Aboriginal heritage, with gorgeous brown skin and wider features, and with the kind of hips he worshipped. He'd read about her; the woman had pushed past barriers of institutionalised racism to get where she was, challenging ideas of femininity and grace in gymnastics and ultimately coming out on top. At twenty two years old she had three years on him and more than one Olympics, having some Silvers and a Gold under her belt. She was also beautiful, and her dark eyes locked onto his confidently.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," he replied.

"That was some show today," she replied, looking up at him. She was adorably short, like most gymnasts. "I really thought my Aussie fellas would pull it off, and here you come, 'Chasing' them out of the pool, huh?"

Chase chuckled. "What can I say? With my name, it was either become a runner or a swimmer, and I like swimming too much."

Linda smirked, placing a hand on one fine hip. "And I like swimmers," she said. "Male swimmers, especially."

"Is that so?"

She nodded, grinning. "Uh-huh."

"Well, you're in good luck, because I so happen to really like beautiful female gymnasts."

She took a glass from the table, filled it, and downed it. "Well, I guess we're a match made in heaven the, huh mate?"

Twenty minutes later they were ripping each others' clothes off in Chase's bedroom. He knew he should resist, but Linda was just too fine, and his own raging hormones too powerful. Instead, he focused on his iron-like will and determination, trusting in those to keep him as a man. They'd be more than enough, surely? He'd already proved those qualities that very day!

"You're so fucking hot," he said between kisses, even as she fumbled with her belt. "I saw the clip of you doing that dismount at that comp in Oslo last year. So fucking flexible."

Linda giggled, shifted back, and struck a pose with her leg bent up to her head, her skirt raised, her underwear *gone*.

"You have no idea how fucking flexible I am," she said, grinning sweetly.

There was no way to resist such a woman, and Chase knew it.

"Jesus Christ," he said.

"Oh, I'm much better than him, mate. He was all celibate. I'm not."

He pulled down his pants, exposing his large and very hard dick. She waggled her eyebrows playfully; they were thick and dark and fantastically expressive.

"Just a heads up," Chase said. "I'm not looking for a girlfriend."

"Yeah, I'm not into chicks either," Linda said, before cracking up laughing. She grabbed his dick and slowly pulled him closer to the bed, sexually confident in a way that was driving the normally dominant man wild. "Seriously mate, I'm here for a nice lay, and so are you. Let's not overcomplicate it. We both know what we want. Now let me wrap my legs around your neck while you fuck me."

He did exactly that. Chase had had sex with more than a few sportsgirls in his life, but never a gymnast. He swore to add them to his repertoire further, because Linda's flexibility was even more astonishing off the mat than on. She did things with him that made him cum and cum *hard*, and in that moment he didn't regret what he was doing at all. He knew he had the willpower to push away the Lumin's. Right now though, he wanted that hot pussy. He had it several more times that night.

Later, they lay in bed together, tracing their fingers over one another's bodies. Despite the fact that this was just a one-night stand, Chase found himself at peace with Linda, enjoying her carefree attitude towards their lovemaking.

"So you love this place as much as I do, huh?" Chase asked, caressing her breasts, which were plumper than the average gymnast, though still not large.

"Of course, mate. Why wouldn't I?"

"I just thought that it's more of a paradise for men. You know, since these places are practically fuckfests and us guys are pretty keen on the idea."

At this, Linda snorted, shifting to face him, her expression one of amusement. “Takes two to tango, mate. What, you think us sheilas are just having sex to make you happy? Yeah nah, no thanks. We’re in it because we like it too.”

Chase smirked. “I never really thought of it from the girl side, to be honest.”

“Well, that’s on you, mate. Think of it, it’s a fuckin’ buffet out here! So many buff blokes to enjoy, with hard muscles and even harder you-know-whats!”

At this, she rubbed his crotch teasingly.

“It’s just the same from your end, I imagine.”

“Oh yeah,” Chase said. “Definitely. Beautiful chicks with fit bodies and nice thighs and . . . and . . .”

The answer was obvious. Nice breasts. Nice asses. Sexy midriffs. Little costumes. High libidos. Perfect curves and athletic perfection, his for the taking. For the conquering.

But for some reason the appeal of that was momentarily lost on him. His thoughts went elsewhere, returning to Linda’s words and descriptions.

“Eh, you know what I mean, anyway,” he told Linda. “Nothing that would surprise a hot chick like you. Tell me more about how you find the men attractive. What do you love about a good Olympic ‘bloke’?”

“Like you?” she said, winking.

“Like . . . men other than me. Other Olympians.”

Linda considered this. “Well, the basketballers are so taller, and they’re fit as hell too, of course. Our own Aussie swimmers - Jesus, I’ll let them put their swimmers between my thighs if they’re up for it! Oddly enough, I like the shooters. There’s something hard about them. Something serious. Plus, there’s something bloody cool about a man who’s a crack shot. A real hunter, y’know. Is this what you’re asking me?”

Chase nodded, his arousal growing. He felt flushed with her descriptions, and he wanted more. More imagery of powerful, attractive *men*, not that it made any sense. He told himself it was just curiosity, but the need grew more powerful.

“Yes, exactly! Tell me more - for the perspective! I want to hear more about what makes an Olympian man hot to someone like you.”

Chase found it hard to get the thought of men out of his head, even as he readied for the 200 metre swim. His body was still honed, though his nipples were frustrating him lately, throbbing a little. He’d kept the feminisation at bay, he knew, but obviously fucking Linda so much had been going too far. He swore to himself to be smarter, and avoid sexual thought and contact. At least, that was what he told himself. The truth was, even as he readied for

his Olympic swim, he couldn't stop himself from looking around at the other male athletes, ready to compete against him. The Swedish swimmer in particular looked handsome, his beautiful blonde hair now hidden beneath his swim cap, his body pale yet manly, his shoulders sweeping. Without thinking, Chase started to lick his lips.

"Damn," he muttered to himself. "That guy is good looking."

He almost missed the whistle to start. In fact, he was the last one jumping in, much to the audible shock of the Olympic audience. Humiliation burned through Chase's mind, but he refocused his energy, swimming with alacrity, burning all of his muscles, moving with determination. He was in it to win it. He thought of the fuckfest waiting for him when this was done, the hot pleasures he was going to earn through *victory*. The sexy women and men, particularly the latter with their hard bodies and even harder dicks. God, it made him want to push himself to the limit, to go further and faster than ever before just to be worthy of it!

It was only when he heard the audience gasp and yell at him that he finally pulled himself to a stop. Half the American crowd were cheering, the other half laughing or in some kind of state of awe. It was only then that Chase realised what had happened: he'd hit the 200 metre mark, won the race with ease, and then *kept on going* without realising. He threw an embarrassed grin to the crowd and swam back to the edge of the pool, where Coach Peterson was giving him a hardass look.

"You showboating now?" he said.

"I won the gold, didn't I?" Chase replied, though his voice cracked up a notch.

Peterson caught that even over the chant over the crowd and the proclamation over the speaker that he was victorious yet again.

"You keeping that Lumin's in check, son?"

Chase frowned. "Of course I am. I just won gold, didn't I?"

"Just watch yourself. More competitions to come."

But as sweet as it felt to stand on that podium yet again, receiving a second gold medal alongside his first, Chase found it hard to care as deeply about his victory as he had the day before. He thought it would be even better the second time around, but now . . . now he just wanted to be back at the Olympic Village.

Linda hit him up for another one-night stand, and he had fun enough, though he found it more difficult to get hard. He had to focus on her words from the previous night; all the ways she found fit, Olympic guys so damn hot, their peak male perfection, their youth and vigour. It got his erection really going as he ploughed into her. What would that feel like? To be

penetrated by a man in his prime like he was doing to her? It aroused the world-class swimmer further, and he practically begged her to describe it in the aftermath.

“Why, is this some kinda weird kink or something?” she said as they lay together for a while.

“So what if it is? Just tell me what it’s like. I’d really like to know. I fucking need to.”

She shrugged her lovely brown shoulders. “Fine. I’ll mainly be repeating what I said the other night, unless I go into more detail.”

“Then do it. What’s it like to have me inside of you?”

Linda gave an amused look, but began to describe it. The more she talked, the more Chase found himself utterly *fascinated*. He fondled his nipples as she talked about what it was like to feel a man dominate her, or her to ride a man, about how hot it was to be filled up so much that you felt like you were going to explode, until you *did*. It made his nipples throb and tense, and pressures rippled through his form. Finally, he gasped right in front of her, and to their shared surprise he quite literally came in the bed without even touching his cock, his semen spilling onto her hip as he moaned.

“What the fuck mate!?” Linda shouted, jumping out of bed with none of her usual gymnastic craze. “Are you fucked in the head or something? Bloody hell.”

“I’m sorry!” he said. “It was just so hot! I was imagining what it felt like!”

“Yeah, well, you can imagine without me. I’m grabbing my things. I’ll have a shower back at mine. Good luck with your comps; maybe get your head in the game instead of whatever this freakshow is.”

She quickly pulled on her pants and threw on her top and got the hell out of there. Chase wanted to follow her and explain, or even apologise, but the mounting pressures were growing. He came again, spurting more of his white seed across the bedsheets. He gripped said sheets in their dryer areas, struggling against the sensations of release that continued to roll across him. They were too powerful, and they were twisting him up.

“Oh f-fuck!” the Olympian cried. “The f-fucking Lumins! It’s the goddamn - nghhh!!!”

He writhed, unable to even escape the bed as the first set of true changes finally unleashed themselves upon him. The alpha male swimmer grunted, unable to stop them. His hair grew out, pushing from his scalp and extending an inch longer than it had been. His balls shrunk, his penis too, and his nipples pushed outwards, little pockets of fat following them that *had* to be breasts, even if they were mere A-cups that were extraordinarily shy as far as boobs go. His waist pulled in subtly, his hips creaking as they extended out barely half an inch. Even his skin softened; his body hair fell away, and the blemishes and moles he’d possessed mostly faded away, barring just a few so that he didn’t look airbrushed.

“N-no! I was fighting it off! I was f-fighting it off, damn it! Mmmph!”

His lips ballooned, puffing up and turning slightly pouty. Even his eyebrows changed, becoming more defined and feminine in their appearance. He could literally *feel* his face changing shape, and it made him whimper, struggling against the unwanted pleasure of the transformation. It left his dick hard and his enlarged nipples tense, as if yearning to be touched.

Finally, the effects ended, and Chase was left panting, his body still feeling much the same but with just enough discernible differences to utterly terrify him.

“Oh God,” he stammered. “Oh, fuck! Fuck! FUCK! This wasn’t meant to happen! It was just a couple of one-night stands. Hell, it was the same fuckin’ Aussie chick! What the hell!? This wasn’t meant to happen like this! Ohhhh, why am I so turned on!?”

He got up and inspected himself, looking at the subtle differences. The camera would notice enough of them for the media to run with it, he just knew it. And to think he’d let Lumin’s Syndrome actually *affect* him. He could turn into a woman, all because he was suddenly finding the idea of men, or sex with them, kinda interesting . . .

“Stupid, stupid!” he said, smacking his head. He quickly grabbed his phone, trying to ignore how perfect his nails now looked, and dialed the number he needed.

“Coach!” he exclaimed when Peterson almost immediately picked up. “I need help! It’s a goddamn emergency!”

Chase tensed as the doctor examined his naked form. He felt like a lab rat on display, but he knew it was necessary. Far less fun to have the Coach present though. Peterson was turned away to avoid the view but his body language was one of frustration and disappointment.

“Yep, definitely some shrinkage of the penis,” the doctor said. “Same for the testes. Some slightly more feminine characteristics, widening of the pelvis. Some very, very slight loss of muscle mass.”

“Fuck!” Peterson shouted, making Chase cringe.

“I can still win, Coach,” Chase said. “I’m the goddamn best there is. I’ve proved it twice over already!”

“And you’re a goddamn idiot!” Peterson said back. “Put some goddamn clothes on, kid.”

Chase did so, perhaps a little more submissively than usual. He chalked it up to the tension of the moment.

“Look, I was dumb. I slept with a girl, twice. But it was just the same girl, okay? I wasn’t engaging in the total Olympic orgy that the Village is known for-”

“And you won’t, because I’m pulling you out! We’ll get you private accommodations.”

“No way, Coach!”

“There’s no argument, Chase. We can’t risk it.”

“And you know I won’t sign off on it! You may be my coach but I can bring a media storm into this. You can’t take away the Village experience from me! I won’t, like, let you!”

Peterson glared at him. The doctor was silent. But Chase held firm, pouting even more because of his puffed-up lips.

“Fine,” his coach finally said, but he marched right up to Chase. “But you pull your head in, and I mean it. Doc, will these changes reverse themselves?”

“Y-yes,” the mostly-bald man said, checking his chart. “But for that to happen further stimulation of arousal and thoughts about sex in any context must cease. I recommend limiting social interaction. Otherwise, the changes will continue, ossify, and the Lumin’s Syndrome will become a permanent variant that cannot be undone, and we have no way of knowing how extreme it will go.”

Peterson glared at Chase. He hadn’t let his eyes off of him, the hardass.

“You got that, ace? You’ve got more medals to win. You want to be the best of the best, right?”

“I *am*, and I’ll prove it. And I’ll beat this thing, don’t you worry.”

With that, he gathered the rest of his things and headed back to the Village, off to ‘enjoy’ his time in isolation. He had another swimming event the next day; the coveted 400 metre. It was going to be another gold, he could feel it.

Silver. Goddamn fucking *silver*. It was the upset of the Olympics so far, and somehow he was beaten out by some swimmer from *Georgia* of all places. Frickin’ Georgia, a country that was less famous than the frickin’ US *state*. Chase stood up on the podium, trying to smile and making sure to congratulate the winner, but he did so with a petulant pout on his lips. His frustration was so great, in fact, that it sent his thoughts reeling. He couldn’t help but admire Allen Stetson, a British swimmer who got the bronze, off to his right. The man had beautiful muscles and excellent bone structure. He looked like the kind of guy who would really enjoy the Olympic scene, and it filled Chase with jealousy. He needed to commiserate with someone over this, and it couldn’t be Peterson. No, he wanted to be with his buddies. He wanted to talk *shop* even if he couldn’t partake in it.

“Oh, trust, me that Jun Li chick was fucking wild between the sheets!” Tyrone exclaimed, chuckling in the exercise room where he, Chase, and the other USA boys had staked their territory. “Don’t listen to the press about her being some kind of tame shrinking violet. That girl was even better on her back than she was on those oars. Mmmm-hmm! And she put those rowing hands to good use, if you know what I mean!”

The fellas chuckled. Aaron got out his phone and showed Chase and Tyrone the images he’d taken with one of the hurdle girls, a hot chick from South Africa named Xoa. She had nice tits barely held in her black bra, and she was posing very sexually at the edge of the bed for him. She’d even taken some sexy selfies, and one nude photo.

“Holy fuck!” Tyrone said. “Damn, that girl is hot!”

“And I’m having her sister tonight,” Aaron said with a grin. “She’s a javelin thrower. I hope she handles my javelin with as much good sport!”

“Y-yeah,” Chase said, hanging on every one of his friend’s words. “Nothing better than a fit Olympic babe, right?”

“They’re hot alright,” Tyrone said. “But I tell ya what, I’m still down for some hot blonde bimbo action. Give me a big set of tits over some fine girl abs any day.”

At this point, a pair of fine abs actually approached; a very attractive Javelin thrower from France. Chase recognised her as Amelie Something-or-Rather, and she smirked as she came closer to him.

“Chase,” she said in a lovely French accent. “I saw your performance. Very impressive. I’m hoping for some pointers on upper body strength before my competition tomorrow.”

But Chase was barely even noticing her. Some part of him was transfixed instead by Tyrone’s words. “Yeah, sure, whatever,” he said, waving off the woman. “Make sure to do situps or pushups or whatever. Ty, what were you saying about hot blondes?”

Tyrone and Aaron exchanged a glance. “Uh, Chase?” Aaron said. “I think this girl wants to ‘talk’ with you, if you know what I mean.”

Chase waved her off again. “I’m not feeling up for talking. Tell me more, both of you. About your ideal gals.”

Amelie left in a huff, leaving the boys confused.

“Dude, she was trying to get with you!”

“I don’t care!” Aaron said. “Are you gonna describe the hottest chicks or what? If Olympian babes at the peak of their physical form isn’t enough for you, what on Earth could be?”

The pair exchanged another look, and this time Aaron had a cheeky, boyish grin.

“Hot trophy wives, obviously.”

“What?”

“Think about it, dude. We’re on top of the world. We’re winning medals, and the world loves us. Chicks dig us. The time is ripe for us to fuck our way through this Village, but the real treat will be going out into the world after this is done and having a bunch of the hottest, sluttiest, bustiest chicks slobbering over us. We’ll have the pick of the litter for trophy wives. You know, the kind of chick who dresses up nice and sucks her husband’s cock because he’s a fucking *Olympian*, damn it.”

“Amen to that,” Tyrone said. “I’m not looking for brains, I’m looking for *curves*. The girls will be the same after the Olympics are done; it just so happens it’s us we’ll want. But they’re just one-night stands, man. The real treat will be getting to slay all that bimbo pussy.”

Chase shivered, feeling aroused by their words. He let loose a little moan, then turned beet red with embarrassment. His shrunken penis was getting hard, and his nipples were throbbing.

“Y-yeah, bimbos. Busty blonde hotties . . . that sounds great. I’ve - I’ve gotta go!”

He left in a hurry, obviously looking like a bit of a nutcase to his buddies, but he needed to get clear of them. Their words were electric, overriding his will, making him moan and pant as images tumbled through his mind. He staggered towards his area of the village, only to nearly run into a rather lovely-looking Scandinavian chick who he recognised from the Tennis teams. She was blonde and tall, and deeply beautiful.

“Oh, hello,” she purred. “You know, I was hoping to run into a big, handsome man with a gold medal or two. I’ll be honest, I’m just looking for a good time tonight if you know what-”

“C-can’t! Not busty enough! N-need bigger boobs!”

He pushed past her, leaving another confused person in his wake. His arousal was growing, the images in his mind assaulting him. Part of him had wondered what it would be like to turn into a female Olympian if this all went pear-shaped with his Lumin’s, but now he was imagining a different scenario thanks to his vapid friends. It wasn’t buff, fit women on his mind, but the kind of busty trophy gals that Olympic champions could easily bag in the aftermath. Such an image burned into his retinas as he burst into his cabin and shut the door. Chase practically leapt onto his bed, already tugging off his pants and rubbing his smaller dick.

“Y-yeahhhh,” he moaned, stroking himself. “F-fuck meeeee! A hot busty blonde b-bimbo! Longer hair! I mean - fuck! Just get this over with. Just a tiny bit more. I can control it. Just fucking get it out and calm down and it’ll be over!”

He was convincing himself of the impossible; that he could just rub one out and be over these feelings. Instead, they intensified. The more he masturbated, the more his nipples grew and his chest with it. His waist pulled in further, and his hips swelled. Even his ass began to inflate, while his jaw cracked and shifted, becoming rounder, while his cheekbones

lifted. The man moaned, unable to stop these changes and unable to put an end to the self-pleasuring exercise that was propelling them forwards.

“F-fuck m-meeee! Yeahhhh, T-Tyrone! Aaron! I can s-see it! Mhmmm, I can, like, seeee it Ohhhh!!”

His voice cracked, rising again, and now it sounded like a male falsetto, like a voice he was putting on. His hair grew further, turning even lighter blonde. He’d already cut it and dyed it after the last change, but now it was actually expelling the dye, purging it and regaining its former length before utterly surpassing it. Soon his hair went all the way to his chin, and was a lovely light blonde, almost platinum in fact. The kind of hair colour you’d associate with a hot bimbo, which was just about the most arousing thing Chase could imagine in that moment.

“Yesss! Yessss!” he screamed, voice cracking yet again. He didn’t care how feminine he was becoming, or that his dick was shrinking in his hand. The image of what Aaron and Tyrone had talked about was too strong in his mind. They paired up with Linda’s words and descriptions, making the young man imagine the pleasure that could await him. “Ohhhh, make me c-cum already! Make me - nnngh! YESSS!!”

He was probably loud enough to wake the dead when he came. He jizzed once more into his bed sheets, his balls emptying their produce and shrinking further as a result. His whines were womanly, and as his chest rose and fell the ultimate humiliation was obvious to him; a pair of lovely B-cup breasts were now upon his chest. Not massive, not even all that sizeable, but not capable of being hidden. He now had a rack. He had *boobs* that were twice as big as they had been before.

The reality of it hit Chase like a tornado, sending him off of his figurative feet. He stared at his boobs, then squeezed them together to form cleavage. Actual freakin’ cleavage! The flesh was so sensitive, his nipples so pink and pert. It made him moan, rubbing his soft thighs together, his blond hair slipping over his eyes as he shook his head. He could even feel a mental change. Not only had his final thoughts during ejaculation been of Tyrone and Aaron’s handsome male bodies, but Chase was certain his mind was a little bit . . . bubblier. Less intelligence. The first steps towards being a bimbo. It was reflected in his speech, because his next words sounded like something right from a valley girl stereotype.

“Like, fuck, the Coach is seriously gonna kill me!”

The solution was obvious, of course. Well, obvious at least to Chase, whose mental capacity had been reduced somewhat. Rather than sensibly going to the doctor or bowing out of the

following swimming events, Chase instead opted to simply cover up his changes as best as he could. Given that Lumin's didn't exactly grant a magical understanding of fashion or makeup or anything to do with concealers, it simply meant trying to use an improvised bandage to compress his breasts and making a demand for a more covering swimming outfit over his usual ultra-advanced and rather tight swimming shorts. He was determined to wear his goggles and cap from the start, and to wash his face prior to heading out to hopefully conceal the changes there. Oh, and some more cutting and dyeing of his hair, naturally.

Still, he passed Tyrone and Aaron, his best friends at the Village, as he readied to head out for the event.

"Best of luck, Chase! Get that gold, man!"

"Thanks!" he exclaimed back. "I'm, like, soooo excited to try my best!"

Aaron winced a little. "Dude, are you sick? You sound weird? You look a bit thin, too. Why are your goggles already on?"

"I'm just, like, super keen. I want to win gold again so I can get those ultra hot busty blonde bitches."

Tyrone gave a thumbs up, and that should have ended the interaction. But Chase couldn't help himself. There was a need, and though it was driven by the damn Lumin's Syndrome - a fact he was desperately aware of - he didn't have the willpower he assumed he'd always possessed. He didn't just fall into the trap of continuing the conversation; he leapt right into it with gusto.

"By the way, Tyrone. What kinda cup size would your, like, perfect hot trophy wife have?"

"Dude, gotta be Double-D cups at least. Maybe even bigger. I like them titties to jiggle even when I'm sucking on them."

Chase bit his lip. The words were so hot. His nipples tingled. His hips seemed to widen just that little more, and his chest . . . that was definitely pushing against the compression wrap he was smuggling under his outfit.

"C-cool," he said. "Does that sound like the perfect girl for you, Aaron?"

Aaron gave him a quizzical look. Clearly, he was unsure why this conversation was still happening. Still, Chase waited for the answer, and in the end Aaron shrugged and then grinned. "E-cups. Definitely some big titties. But I'll take smaller, just so long as she's totally dick-obsessed. You just wait, my girls after the Olympics are gonna be sucking my big gold-winning dick twenty-four seven."

At this, Chase actually moaned, rubbing his nipples a little.

"Ohhhh, that's fucking hot."

Tyrone and Aaron took a step back simultaneously and immediately.

"Dude, what the fuck!?" Tyrone declared.

“Is this some kinda joke?” Aaron added.

Chase blushed, and quickly turned away. He was about to be taken to his event, so he rushed off, waving to them.

“Just, like, messing with you and stuff!”

But he took one last look back at the pair and bit his lip. Fucking hell, they were *hot*, both of them. What would their big dicks feel like, if he were to turn all the way?

It gave him food for sexual thought all the way to the event itself.

It was the 200 metre breaststroke, and that title seemed ominous to Chase. Even with his increasingly bimbofied brain, he was well aware of the dangerous waters he was about to tread into. Well, *swim* into. The young Olympian gazed around at the audience, at his fellow competitors, at the handsome appearances of his rivals and even Aaron on the furthest end. His friend looked fine as fuck, his upper body strength obvious given that he was just in his tight shorts, his chest shown off to the world.

“Yummy,” Chase purred to himself, before realising what he was doing. A few cameras were training on him, and no doubt some commentary was being had about his strange appearance. Coach Peterson was glaring at him. He hadn’t said a word yet about the changes, not for the entire lead up to this event, but he had several times urged Chase to suspend his participation in the breaststroke race. Chase had refused, and now Peterson was approaching for one last try.

“I’m not an idiot, Chase,” he growled. “You didn’t fucking lesson. You’ve put this whole thing in jeopardy. Step down before *everyone* finds out about you.”

“Like, no way, Coach!” Chase said.

“Jesus Christ, you’re even starting to sound like one of those Lumin’s bimbos. This will be a nightmare!”

“No way! I can do this. I have the willpower.”

“Bull shit you do, kid. We need to secure you away before you go full woman. Jesus, the cameras are hovering on us right now. There’s already commentary live about how you look different - they think you’re sick but how long will that last?”

“Let me just finish, like, on a gold medal! It’ll be totes easy, alright? I’ve still got muscles, even if they’re, like, more girly muscles at the moment!”

Peterson cringed, then threw his hands up in the air and walked away, muttering.

“Need to find a whole new fucking career. Jesus Christ, what a disaster . . .”

Chase stuck out his tongue rather unprofessionally, his impulses now harder to control. He tried to ignore the discomfort of the bandage around his chest, or the fact that his

muscles were aching, as if desiring to slim down further. He knew that if he wasn't careful, he'd slip further into womanhood, but the thought of becoming a figure like Tyrone and Aaron's fantasy girl continued to claw into his mind, making him rub his thighs together. To the outside world, it probably looked like he needed to pee. Already, people were murmuring from the sidelines about why he looked like he was constantly pouting.

But then the moment came. He stepped up to the edge, ready to dive in. The breaststroke was about to begin. The *breaststroke*. The word alone made the former alpha male ladies man puff up his chest. What would it feel like to have even larger, perkier, *bouncier* breasts? The very thought made him bite his lip.

"Pull yourself together, Chase," he said in a voice that was far, far too feminine. "You can do this. Last event. You'll have to cut the others short, but you can do this."

The buzzer sounded, and he launched himself into the water. He swam like his life depended on it, moving like he was born in the water, and land was what he was unaccustomed to. All his training came down to this moment . . .

. . . and yet it was *still* failing him. He tried to focus on his lane, but Chase could see the other swimmers pulling ahead, and himself falling behind. He had started well, but he couldn't keep the momentum. He lacked adrenaline, he lacked the energy, he lacked the will. He was going to go from a gold medal winner to a silver medal winner to a *no medal winner*, and Chase Matthews could *not* accept that.

But then an idea hit him. It came quick as a flash, and it took all his mental energy while swimming to hang onto it. The dopamine rush he needed was right there. He needed something to *fight for*. He swam on autopilot, but his thoughts went elsewhere, disappearing into a mind palace where he was everything the Lumin's Syndrome was changing him into; a beautiful dick-obsessed blonde with big tits and an hourglass figure. With a sensitive ass that just loved taking cock inside of it, and with big lips that would suck Tyrone and Aaron's erections twenty-four seven. His breasts would be sensitive as hell, big E-cups that filled the large palms of his friends, and they would be his lovers. No, *her* lovers. They'd meet her nympho needs, and she'd marry one of them, whoever could please her more! She'd live for their careers, gaining pride and arousal just from the sheer joy of dating and then marrying an Olympian. The very thought was so fucking hot that Chase was barely even aware that she was swimming, but her movements gained in speed, as if supernaturally aided by her sheer determination to become everything in her Lumin's Syndrome was leading her to be.

Her breasts grew. Her band snapped. Her penis began to withdraw and her hips widen. But her muscles did not weaken. She remained fit and perfect, a wild union of all the most curvaceous aspects her friends had desired while also maintaining Linda's ideals. The hot Aussie gymnast has spoken of the brilliance of attractive, ultra-fit men, and now she channelled that into her own form, powering down the lane. It couldn't last forever, but she

began to shoot ahead of her rivals, and soon she was dominating the competition once more. The crowd went wild, chanting '*CHASE! CHASE! CHASE!*' over and over again. The new woman's body continued to change, her body catching up to her feminised mind, but she simply had to hold until the end. Her nipples and breasts swelled yet again, her waist thinning, hands and feet shrinking. Something was growing within her. Her penis withdrew entirely, leaving a feminine opening between her legs. As she approached the end, her cap flung off, releasing long and luxurious platinum blonde hair that went all the way down past her shoulders. The crowd gasped, but Chase didn't care. The end was in reach.

And then she *did it*.

The former male erupted out of the water, cheering and raising her arms, unbelieving what had just happened. Even becoming female, she had *won*. The gold medal was now *hers!* The crowd gasped. Commentators paused. Her competitors finished up and rose from the water, and then began looking at her with utter confusion, wondering just where the hell this busty blonde in an ultra-tight outfit had come from, her big breasts almost curving right out of her one-piece.

"I did it!" she cried, her voice now sexy and completely female. She raised a fist, jumping a little in the water, her breasts bouncing again. "I did it! I DID IT!"

Coach Peterson looked like he was about to have an aneurysm, caught halfway between despair and joyful disbelief. He decided on the latter and ran over to help pull Chase out of the pool. Her girl muscles were already starting to fade. She was still fit as hell, but her Olympian days were probably behind her.

"How in God's name did you achieve that?" he asked.

"Like, I was just super focused on being a sensation!" she giggled. She could feel the absence between her thighs, and knew this had gone totally wrong, but even as she looked to see a very shocked Aaron approaching to see her, his muscular form well on display, she could still understand the significance of what she'd just done. Sure, she wasn't going to compete in the 1500 metre swim now, but she'd just won the men's breaststroke *while changing into a woman from Lumin's Syndrome*. Even if they didn't give her the medal, she'd just gone down in freaking Olympics history!

The crowd was going wild, a mix of exhilaration, surprise, and sheer spectacle turning them into a furor. Already, notes were being passed to the commentators, whose voices were projected across the arena.

"It appears we have an unusual situation. It appears . . . Lumin's Syndrome has changed one of the contestants. A ruling is required. One moment."

The American contingent was going crazy. They were shouting and screaming.

"GIVE IT TO HER! GIVE IT TO CHASE! SHE EARNED IT! CHASE! CHASE! CHASE!"

The new woman giggled, overwhelmed by the support. She waved to them, hopping on her feet a little and causing her new bust to jiggle and nearly expose herself.

“Like, I love you guys!” she cried, waving to them.

It was at this point that Aaron approached. He had placed fifth, which was about where was expected of him. He was looking at Chase in shock, clearly coming to an understanding of the situation later than everyone else.

“Chase?” he stammered. “You’ve got . . . you have fucking Lumin’s Syndrome?”

“Like, totally!” she declared. “Um, I think all that talk about sexy blonde trophy girls totes changed me, though. I think I’m still pretty athletic, thanks to Linda and stuff, but I feel, like, pretty different.”

He gave an exasperated chuckle of disbelief. “I mean, I’ll say! Jesus, are you okay? Can you turn back?”

But at this, Chase simply giggled, moving closer to him. Her mind had gone full bimbo, and her moment of Olympic fame had just hit its peak. She would never beat this moment, so why even try? Better to embrace being something different. So instead she put her arms around his shoulders, much to the man’s surprise.

“Like, why would I want to go back when I can be like this?”

And then she pressed her large, ripe breasts against him and jumped into his arms, kissing him passionately, practically making out with him on the spot before the eyes of the entire world.

The crowd went *nuts*. Chase loved it. Her body felt so right, and this lovely man’s lips all the more so.

And she wanted more.

Chase Matthews moaned in pleasure as she was taken from behind by Tyrone. He had a big dick, and her pussy gripped it, wanting to milk it for all it was worth. He slapped her ass, fondling her sensitive backside before gripping her hips and thrusting again. She wanted to tell him how much she fucking loved her new life, but it was hard to do so with Aaron’s cock in her mouth. It had been her idea; she’d already fucked both men separately in the Olympic Village, but now she wanted them both at the same time. The sensation of sucking off her friend’s hard dick was almost enough to give her orgasms alone, but with Tyrone ramming into her? She was in pleasure *heaven*. Both men reached over to fondle her breasts, which bounced and jiggled as she was thrust into. She could barely think with all this ecstasy, and when she finally came she sucked deep on Aaron’s cock, felt it twitch, and then moaned in a second orgasm as he flooded her mouth and throat with his delicious seed. Tyrone

came not long after, his jizz like a torrent into her pussy. Finally, she pulled her mouth off of Aaron's cock and cried out.

"Yes! Yesssss! YESSSSS! This is, like, AMAZING!!!"

All three collapsed together, though Aaron and Tyrone were quick to awkwardly put their clothes on around one another. Chase just giggled at this; they were such *men*, just like she'd been just a few days ago.

"Awww, don't pack up. That was, like, a truly Olympic effort. Gold medal, boys."

Tyrone chuckled. "I'm just sorry you didn't get yours. Lumin's disqualified you."

Chase shrugged at this. "I've still got, like, two gold and a silver. And besides, I totes made Olympic history. No one will ever beat that! I defeated everyone as a man *and* a woman at the same time! I'm in the record books!"

"Can't argue with that. Still dude, it's crazy what happened: you ending up as our fantasy Olympic babe and all. I feel kinda bad. I mean, you wanted the sex, but I still feel kinda bad, y'know?"

At this, she rose up and pressed her ample bosom against him, reaching out to squeeze his manly ass.

"Don't feel bad, sexy. I'm super happy. I got the best of both worlds. Besides, I fucking love it when my sexy athletes cum in me."

At this, Aaron pulled her over to him, pulling her in for a kiss.

"Well, if you love it so much, maybe you want to marry one of us . . . perhaps a swimmer who was in the pool when it happened to you? That was the fantasy that changed you, right? Becoming a trophy girl to an Olympian?"

It was a big turn on, that could not be discounted. But to their surprise, Chase sighed and pushed Aaron away gently. "Like, totally, I definitely want that. The Lumin's has made me soooooo horny to be a busty bimbo wife to an Olympian. But, like, no offence guys, but which one of you has a gold medal?"

There was a slight pause of realisation.

"I mean, I got bronze," started Tyrone, but he stopped when Chase gave him a look of pity.

"Sorry, hot stuff. I totally love your big dick, but it's still a bronze medal dick. I think I'm gonna be a gold *medal* digger, if you know what I mean. Now, if you sexy fellas don't mind, I've got a girlie date with my bestie Linda!"

She practically pushed the two out of the room so that she could shower and do her makeup and dress. Linda was helping her with that, and the lovely Aussie really was a big help. She'd already sent her a text message.

'Events are done. We on for lunch mate? Might as well enjoy our last few days at the Olympics, right?'

Chase wasn't sure if Linda meant just having fun with a new friend or the pair of them prowling for other Olympic men to hook up with. She hoped it was the latter. The new bombshell blonde was really hungry for some gold medal winning boys to take a chance on her.

Besides, wasn't this what the Olympics was about? Bringing people together?

The End