

Praying for Change (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jack Mackenzie

Paul is a young bank teller who moves into an apartment with very thin walls. His next door neighbour is a fifty-something religious fanatic, too extremist even for his church and estranged family. But what starts as an insufferable living situation becomes interesting when this next door preacher finds himself turning into a sex-crazed bimbo, and begins to believe Paul is the cause.

Praying for Change

The apartment smelled a little funny, and I wasn't the biggest fan of the faded lime green couches or curtains. The space was not exactly enormous, and the neighbourhood didn't have the greatest reputation. But it was the best I could do. I'd graduated university with an arts degree, which was practically useless in today's economy, and so had to scrape my way through low-paying jobs and side hustles. It wasn't easy, but I was determined not to end up back home in that rural shithole of a town with its religious whackos and bigoted preacher types. The city was where I belonged, and I was adamant on staying there. Thankfully, I'd managed to pick up a job as a bank teller, and it was paying the bills, even if it didn't pay amazingly and gave little benefits.

So this apartment was it. The landlord, whose name was some unpronounceable Eastern European mix, seemed like the kind of guy to not ask questions but not provide any help.

"You are on own," he muttered through his thick moustache and beard, passing me the key and practically pushing me away.

I didn't mind. The place wasn't the best, and it was probably more than a little illegal in how the landlord ran it, but it was cheap.

"At least I don't have much to unpack," I said aloud to myself, as I scanned my eyes around the small space. "Because I doubt much will fit here."

I began to unpack. As I did so, I heard something very strange through the wall in my kitchen's side. The place was a large apartment building, so I knew I could expect some noise, but I was surprised how clear it came out, likely because the man on the other side was speaking in a loud tone.

“And the wicked shall burn, and the faithful shall be lifted up. And all the homos and whores and criminals and liberal elites will be punished for their sins like the Satan worshippers they are!”

“Jesus Christ,” I said.

“Lord I pray you will deliver these apartment from evil, from their disgusting wretchedness, from the dirty immigrants and sexual perverts who indulge in their vile lusts before marriage like the Godless scum they are.”

“The fuck,” I said, astonished. I knew this neighborhood had a reputation, but to hear a fire and brimstone style preacher next door? Unfortunately, he only became louder, preaching about the “rot of civilisation” and the “perversions of unmarried and unfaithful women who tempt men like Eve.”

In the end I had to leave the apartment and knock on the man’s door. Number 432.

“Hello? Can you hear me in there?”

It took several more bangs before the door pulled open, just slightly, a safety latch affixed to it. On the other side was a fifty-something year old man with grey-white hair and a scraggly beard, with cruel blue eyes that stared at me like *I* was the maniac. It was intimidating: he had quite the height advantage.

“What is it?” he spat.

“I’m just - I’m new here. My name is Paul.”

The man seemed irritated as he looked me up and down, but then his expression softened somewhat, and he unlatched the lock and opened the door fully. He was dressed in a polo shirt and trousers, and smelled a little of cheap alcohol. He had a bit of a beer belly too, but his ugly features seemed to be more a result of his hateful nature and scowling than his habits.

“Mhm, Paul, huh? Good Western name. Good Biblical name. And you got a local accent too - not like these illegal immigrants crawling through the walls round here.”

“Um, thanks, I think.”

“You a sinner, Paul?”

I felt like I was losing control of the situation.

“Um, I guess everyone is, right?”

He gave a yellow-toothed grin. Nevermind, he needed to brush. Badly.

“That’s a good answer Paul, I can tell you got the light of the Lord with you. Looks like we’ll be neighbours. You just watch clear of those Diaz twerps. They’re not from round here and they don’t understand what good old-fashioned Bible-loving folks like us are about.”

I tried to get back to what I was saying, and away from this crazy man as soon as I could.

“Sure,” I said with a little uncertainty, “but for now could you keep the sermons down just a little? The walls are thin, and I can hear it all.”

Another toothy grin, another fierce lighting up in his fanatical eyes.

“All the best for you to hear the good word son. I gotta put up with those godless hippies smoking pot and having sex-u-al relations next door, but His word will reach them soon enough, just you wait.”

“But about the sound-”

“You’ll come around, son. God’s presence will lift your existence up, I promise.”

He extended a hand.

“Name is Prophet. That’s what the folks call me round here. They know I’m at peace with the good Lord, and His words pass from my tongue.”

I shook his hand awkwardly, and before I could reply again he slammed the door shut and went back to preaching.

“Don’t bother,” an accented voice said behind me. It came from an older hispanic woman with two young kids in tow. She gave me a wan smile. “He thinks ‘Prophet’ is a compliment. We here on the fourth floor call him that because he’s *loco*. Hates everyone. His wife divorces him, even his church got rid of him because he was too bigoted even for them, *si?*”

“Jesus.”

“Trust me, Jesus got nothing to do with that man. You stay clear, and just try to block it out. And if you need anything, I’m on the door across. I’m Lucia.”

“Paul.”

“Just remember Paul, you gotta block it out. Landlord ain’t worth piss here.”

I nodded. “I’ll try.”

I did indeed try. Over the next three weeks, I tried as hard as I could to become accustomed to ‘the Prophet’ and his maddened ways. The man was a bigot in just about every way under the sun: it would be easier to list the types of people he *didn’t* hate. I couldn’t even figure out if he was Catholic or Evangelical or Pentecostal or even Mormon: the man seemed to castigate even religious groups within his belief system.

“They’ve all gone soft!” he spat at me once as we passed in the hall, dragging me into what became a half-hour conversation on how churches everywhere were bowing down to ‘them.’ Who ‘them’ and ‘they’ were often changed. As far as I could tell, it was some conglomeration of papists, Jews, women, immigrants, non-whites, ‘woke’ kids, liberals,

mainstream media (except his channels, of course), Halloween celebrators, telemarketers, single mothers, unwed mothers, teenage mothers.

There was a lot of hate towards women and mothers, actually. Enough that he reduced another tenant to tears, leaving Lucia Diaz and myself to comfort her from his cruel comments on her 'harlotry' and 'whorish looks.' She had just been wearing makeup. Several times we stood up to him, but like a coward he just quoted some Bible verses - at least half of which I'm fairly sure were made up - and retreated back to his apartment to give louder and louder sermons.

It drove me crazy, how often he gave those sermons, and at the worst of times too. I was just trying to make a living, save up for a better apartment elsewhere by working in my teller position, but he would be up at the stroke of five in the morning, waking me and the people on the other side up. We would congregate and try to infuriate him, but nothing worked, and I'd never been the most confident person either. In the end, I was always the first to 'ummm' and 'ahhh' and leave. I think the other tenants were a bit irritated by that, in no small part because for some reason, the Prophet had taken a liking to me.

"You got issues, all young people do. Full of sin and perversity. But you're not like these dirty immigrants and gun-hating liberals. You understand a woman's place in the world too."

I certainly didn't. In fact, I'd had sex before I even turned eighteen, back when I was less down on my luck. But I didn't want to tell him that, lest he start targeting me. So instead I just redirected the conversation to sport: football was apparently the only thing he cared about. He was a big fans of the *Bulls*, but was crushed they had lost their star player Richard Starre.

"Replaced him with one of *those*," he said, jabbing his finger at the screen, indicating the new captain. It didn't take a genius to realise his issue with the man named Brandon was his black skin, and the fact that he had a very, very busty *white* girlfriend supporter.

"Look at that *whore*," he said. "They need salvation. I'll pray for their healing. You might not sleep much tonight."

I groaned, resigned to my fate.

That was my experience for that first month. But everything changed when a new rant arose.

I was awoken at five, as usual, by the horrid sounds of the Prophet's mad sermons echoing through the thin walls. I tried to block it out, but it continued louder and louder.

“Damned doctors! Satanists, all of them! They deny the reality of Jesus Christ and his seven servants!”

Seven? Wasn't there twelve? I couldn't help but chuckle at the thought that even some of the Apostles themselves weren't fanatic enough for the Prophet.

“They're liars! May God strike them all down for their heresy! They diagnose me with a made up disease that's all fake news! It's all part of their Satanist cabal plot to get me injected with their vile vaccines and track our movements with microchips! Microchips that have the number six-six-six upon them! The Devil's number! Satan's number!”

I covered my ears with my pillow, but it went on and on, even more rabid than usual. In the end I decided to pay him a visit, just to see what the fuss was about.

“Paul!” he exclaimed, opening the door after confirming it was me. “I was afraid it was one of those pesky illegals wandering around denying the Good Word.”

“Uh, no. Just me. Your sermon woke me - it, well, it seemed different this morning?”

He looked a little waxy, his features less haggard but softer, perhaps because he was covered in a sheen of sweat.

“It is,” he said, his voice a little hoarse. “I got dragged to a medical. My harlot ex-wife's fault. She forced a divorce on me like the unfaithful, unsubmitive woman she is. Come on in, I'll tell you of the dark plot against a servant of the Lord.”

Awkwardly, he brought me in. The place smelled, and was dirty as well. Evidently, he wasn't a big fan of cleanliness, nor of picking up trash from the ground. I took a seat on an old couch as he sat opposite. I didn't really want to be there, and immediately regretted stepping inside.

“Have you heard of something called Lumin's Syndrome?” he asked.

I actually had. It had been on a medical news report a while back. Something about a tourist in Hawaii somehow turning into a native, and becoming really submissive to a local chief there. I couldn't remember much of the details; it seemed fake.

“Uh yeah, that's the one where a guy turns into a woman, right?”

He scowled. “It's all bullshit. All Satanist drivel to try to convince boys to cut their genitals off and become girls. That's what the liberals want.”

I cocked my head. “Um, I don't think -”

“They said my body is going to become female! A member of the weaker sex, the one God cursed! All because I've been losing weight and my wrinkles have been going away. As if I haven't just been more hygienic recently.”

He didn't seem the *most* unhygienic person, but he certainly wasn't healthy. I could definitely smell cigarette smoke in the room. But he wasn't lying about the changes: now that I looked at him I could see them quite clearly: he did actually look quite a few years younger. The crow's feet around his eyes were not as pronounced, and his often over-flushed

expression was more natural to his skin colour. More than that, he really had lost most of his beer belly, and his bare forearms seemed smoother. I gasped a little: did he really have Lumin's Syndrome?

"I mean - he's a doctor right? A medical expert."

"*She*," he spat, disgusted. "A woman doctor, can you believe it? What's this country coming to that my wife - I mean, that a woman can become a doctor."

The little slip told me a lot about where his real hatred of women came from. He seemed to notice, a little embarrassed, before doubling down.

"Doctors can't be trusted. Not with all this vaccine horrorshow they're peddling. Science is nothing when weighed against the Word. It's fake charlatanism to take away the wonders of God's work."

I found myself simply nodding along, only offering rebuttals when he began to stray into more bigoted comments. I was surprised at how oddly vulnerable he seemed, however. He was less inclined to fight back when I gave a gentle nudge against his ignorant views, and he continued to rub his face and arms without even realising it. By the time I got up to leave to go to work, he surprised me.

"Paul, you're the only Biblical soul I know in this apartment. Let's do this again next week."

"Well, I might be busy with-"

"Don't worry, I'll wake you. The Word is there to be heard, ha!"

I grimaced, but in my weakness nodded along. I moved to leave, but I couldn't help but linger my eyes upon his body. He really did look younger, and his skin oddly soft for a man his age.

In the week before our next 'catch up' - one that I definitely didn't want - I took the time to research Lumin's Syndrome. To my shock, it was a very real thing, an incredibly rare disease that only several hundred people had been diagnosed with worldwide in the past hundred years. Somehow, a genetic issue caused the body to slowly change from an XY chromosome base to an XX one, causing the victim to become fully female, able to get pregnant and give birth and everything. In some cases, even their minds changes, gaining female instincts and even heterosexuality from the woman's end. That was, they got into dudes. I won't lie; the thought of that happening to the Prophet made me laugh, but I wasn't sure that actually had the syndrome, so out of curiosity and lack of anything better to do, I decided to keep an eye on him.

His rants continued, ever more virulent and angry, spouting hatred particularly against the “wiles and sins of women” and “evil medicare and its lies.” I started listening more closely to them, recognising the patterns. Whereas before he was speaking of generalities, I noticed that he was starting to talk more specifically, including things happening to his own body:

“Some foul power in the water and air! Causing my eyes to blind themselves! My eyes are blue and pure, they will not be muddied!”

“A man is a man is a man, I say! The Lord says so! Eve came from Adam’s rib, and my body will take *his* shape, *not* hers!”

“Jesus had short hair - I will not *tolerate* this wicked growth! I renounce you Satan, and all your powers!”

It sounded insane, and yet armed with my admittedly meagre internet research, it made me intensely curious to look over him when he didn’t know I was there. So I decided to follow him - more than once - when he took his trash out, when he went to the post office to collect his social security checks or whatever payment he was getting, and on Friday when he went to purchase groceries. I had limited cash myself, so I could easily use the excuse of needing to use the laundromat if he noticed me. Thankfully, he didn’t, because what I saw shocked me.

He was changing.

And not just a little either.

The most obvious change was his body, the very thing he complained about during several ‘sermons.’ It really had thinned, with his beer belly now entirely non-existent and no longer straining his endless supply of green and white polo shirts. But more than that, his body shape had changed as well: his hips were noticeably wider, to the point where they were quite feminine. They stretched his trousers, and it was clear they embarrassed him, as he was constantly adjusting his belt. His waist had shrunk considerably, making him appear like he was on the path to becoming quite lithe. Not an hourglass figure - at least not yet - but certainly not a masculine one either. These changes were made more noticeable by the fact that he appears to have lost a couple of inches of height. The Prophet (apparently his real name was Jacob or Jared or something) was a tall man - he had loomed over me at 6’2 - but now that height advantage was shrinking.

His hair too had altered. It was like he had started dyeing it. There were still some white patches remaining, but it was becoming a chestnut brown in colour, which was fascinating, because he’d told me once that he used to be a light blonde. But apparently Lumin’s syndrome could change your type, so I guessed that was what might be happening here. It was certainly unnatural in its growth: his short hair was becoming quite long, though if his rants were to be believed, he was cutting it down. It explained why some days it was in

an awkward pixie cut, while on others it was past his ears. His scraggly short beard was practically gone though. He was constantly checking himself over in the mirror, touching it and adjusting it, which made it hard to track him sometimes without being seen. It prevented me from seeing the last major change he complained about, but by the time I had seen enough to confirm my suspicions, it was time for our next 'meeting.'

Another dread five am wake up, but this one was immediately different. The Prophet's voice had changed. It was higher in timber, almost a little shrieky. Not feminine, but not the low tone usually had either. I was keen to see what changes he had experienced just overnight; I was becoming increasingly curious, so I made my way over once I'd showered, eaten my cheap breakfast, and changed.

He let me in, looking more paranoid and fearful than ever. Up close, I noticed even more changes. For one, his eyes were indeed changing. Bigoted asshole that he was, he certainly took pride in his crystal blue eyes, but now they were muddied, looking a pale sort of brown at least. Of course, he didn't have a beard at all now either; his face looked incredibly smooth, even his jaw a little softer. His eyebrows seemed more defined, and his hair was less wiry and unkempt, and instead had a curly nature to it.

All in all, he was definitely changed.

"The Devil is powerful, son," he said. "The fallen star himself continues to give me the most terrible dreams. Images of fallen, loose women supplicant to their sinful masters, prostrating themselves in all manner of unholy positions."

I cringed a little. From what I could tell, some Lumin Syndrome sufferers ended up with higher libidos, often dreaming of becoming female before the change was done.

"Look, uh, Prophet," I said, "have you considered that this is a medical issue? I mean, I don't mean to pry, but I overheard you have Lumin's Syndrome. Doctors say that-"

He launched to his feet, face going red with anger.

"I don't wanna hear what *doctors* say, y'hear!?! All of them are part of the cabal, atheists and papists and fraudsters, all of 'em! This is a curse by the Lord of Darkness himself. He is sapping my manliness because he knows I am spreading the true word of the Lord, and a man's authority is great, so he attacks me in this way."

A gleam appeared in his eye. "But I shall prevail. I will pray, I will fight, and I shall let the sinners of this apartment know they must atone. *Especiallly* the loose woman."

There was no helping him. He was staunch in his ignorant beliefs. All I could do was humour some of his crazier ramblings before I got up and left for work.

"One last thing," he said, his voice cracking a little and causing him to blush. "You haven't been getting up to anything the good Lord wouldn't like, have you?"

"Uh, no Prophet. Just, um, chilling and working. I don't even have a girlfriend."

He nodded, looking elsewhere. I noticed he was scratching his chest a little oddly, around his nipples, in fact. They dented out his shirt a little - had they gotten bigger? They seemed oddly big, though thankfully I'd never seen the old man shirtless before.

"Good, good," he muttered. "It's just I noticed that these dark dreams and odd changes didn't start until *you* moved in."

His gaze was back upon me, and I felt like withering before it. He had lost some of his height, but I was still a little shorter than him, and that fanatical look was almost threatening in nature.

"No way," I said, "I promise, uh, Prophet. I've just been going about my life."

"But you been saying your prayers, right?"

"I . . . not lately, no."

It was worth admitting by that stage. The Prophet did indeed have a way of dragging out the truth.

"Hmmm," he said, "I wonder . . ."

"Wonder what?"

"Nothing," he spat. "Go on, get out of here. If I find out you're behind the Devil's work here, then I promise you haven't seen the fury of the good Lord, *honey*."

We both raised our eyebrows at that particularly term of endearment. Where had *that* come from!? He seemed to realise the weirdness of what he had said, because he reiterated my need to leave, and I did. As I closed the door, he was back to scratching his chest. His eyes never left me, and there was something odd in that look. Like there was more than judgement and anger, but something else.

I just couldn't figure out what.

It was several days later when my next big encounter with the changing man occurred. His rants hadn't ended, but they were oddly more subdued as of late. His targets continued to be primarily women and doctors, it seemed, and from what I could deduce of his occasional comments about his ex-wife, she had actually moved to Canada with the kids and even married a rich doctor. The Prophet was a fucking *pile* of issues.

But even without seeing him, I noticed changes. His voice was taking on an increasingly high lilt, and in the night I was sometimes woken by loud, almost *suggestive*

moans. They sometimes went on for long minutes, but would quickly be followed by a waking gasp from the Prophet, followed by another rant.

“Begone foul dreams! You won’t tempt me with your images of seductive demons and false priests! I will not take such impure thoughts! A man is drawn to a woman, not man!”

I was too tired to think much on it, but it certainly made me concerned that the changes were only continuing. The man needed to see a doctor, for Chrissake! I couldn’t believe it, but I was actually feeling bad for him. Others were a lot happier with the scenario though, particularly Lucia Diaz and her kids. They had clearly noticed something was up with their tormentor; he wasn’t as rabid towards them, not as often preaching at them, and they had noticed he was looking different too. I didn’t tell them it was Lumin’s Syndrome, and so she had assumed it was a disease of another kind. It was with them that my next encounter with the Prophet occurred.

I was coming back from a long, thankless day at work when I heard shouting from several voices. I rounded the corner to the entrance to my apartment, only to see the Prophet and Lucia holding something between them, pulling from both sides.

“Harlot! Foreign harlot!” he screeched - and it was a screech, no longer a booming brass voice. He was wearing a loose coat that covered his form, but even then it was easier to see he’d shrunk further, his face further thinned and even started to look quite feminine, particularly around the eyebrows.

“Get off me you crazy old man!” Lucia yelled, ushering her kids behind her.

They were fighting over a piece of clothing. It looks like a loose white dress of some kind.

“I need my vestments!” the old man shouted. “I need the vestments the Lord is calling me to wear, to fight off this - this devilry that’s infecting me!”

“Go to the hospital, you freak! I don’t want you taking my laundry! This is a damn dress!”

“It’s a robe! A white robe of purest silk! I saw it in my dream!”

She managed to tug it from him - surprising, he was clearly quite strong . . . once. She held it out for him to see.

“It’s a *dress*, see?”

His eyes widened. As I approached, I could see they were now quite brown, bordering on hazel in colour. With the rest of his facial features, was it a little weird that I found the look a bit cute? It was easy to imagine his slightly puffier lips and more rounded face as that of an androgynous woman’s rather than a man’s.

I snapped from that thought as the man coughed, spluttered, clearly embarrassed.

“I - my dream,” he said.

"I don't give a damn about your dream, crazy *loco!* You stay away from me and my kids. You take care of whatever freak condition you have yourself. Besides, I thought you hated trans people?"

He gave a quizzical look. "What? What's that got to do with anything?"

Lucia saw me approach, and gave me an amused smile before gesturing back to him. "I don't know, what do you think Paul? Isn't out resident bigot starting to look a little more like a woman lately?"

The man pouted in anger, no longer realising his scowl was actually starting to look a bit cute with his more feminine features.

"You *dare?*" he said, voice cracking a little. He was trembling with anger again, and his longer, now clearly-brown hair was shifting in natural curls on his head.

"You are starting to look like a woman, Prophet," I said. "I know you think it's the curse, but maybe a hospital could -"

He turned and shut the door, ranting about the "evil sinners in this block." Lucia and I exchanged looks, and we simply shrugged. There was nothing to be done with someone who didn't want help.

"Weird," she said. "Any idea what he's got?"

"No idea," I replied.

I had no idea why I said that. I knew it had to be Lumin's Syndrome, the old man had practically confirmed it. And yet . . . I didn't feel like sharing that information for some reason. It certainly wasn't out of liking the crazy dude either. But there was something about the way that he looked at me that made me uncomfortable with sharing his private medical information.

"Well, whatever it is, let's hope it kills him quick," she said, only half-joking. She took her kids back to her apartment after waving me goodbye.

"Kill? No," I said to myself, glancing at his door. "Transform? Definitely."

I was woken once more by his loud moaning. This time it was far more feminine than usual, and far more erotic as well.

"OOohhhhhh, Lord - Mmhmhmmmp . . . Jesus Christ. Yes, yes bring me to the mount! Oh God, I can feel it! Yes - yes - yessssss!"

If I hadn't known who it was, I would have sworn it was a woman with a slight cold accounting for her voice. She continued to moan, and slowly her bed began to creak, the springs creaking with what could only be a thrusting movement.

"Yessssss, ohhhhh . . . p-please me! Please y-your worshipper!"

She must have been having one of those crazy dreams again. I mean *he*. *He* must have been experiencing a Lumin's Syndrome dream, one that was, dare I say, 'tempting' him.

It was then that I felt a strange tug between my legs.

"Oh, God, this is so wrong," I whispered to myself.

I was actually getting an erection.

"Yessss - oohhh - oh - oh - OHHHhhhhh!"

My dick hardened, and I couldn't resist touching it. I knew, intellectually, that it was the Prophet next door making those sounds, but it was so easy to imagine it was a hot, curly haired brunette pleasuring herself. I closed my eyes, listening to that wonderfully womanly symphony, and began to stroke my hard dick again and again.

"MMHhmm," I groaned to myself, as she continued to mumble all manner of sexual things. I could imagine her changing, becoming more and more female by the second, growing a big set of breasts, a rounded ass, a gorgeous face that would moan while I would fuck her.

"Nnghhn!"

I seized my dick as I came into my sheets. I shook for several long moments as my cock throbbed, ejaculating long streams of sticky cum. It was the hardest I'd come from masturbating in a long, long time. Hell, it even beat out several actual sexual experiences with women I'd dated briefly.

"The fuck is wrong with me?" I whispered.

And that's when *he* came as well.

"OOhhhhhhh LORD! OH GOD! OH PAUL! MAKE ME YOURS, PAUL!"

She practically screamed it. I mean *he*. *He* screamed it. Whatever sleepiness was left in me was jolted out of me with that utterance. He had called me by *name*. What the actual fuck?

Again, that loud gasp as the individual next door woke fully.

"No - no! The Devil! The Devil has tempted me again! Damn it!"

His voice was quieter now, much quieter. I suspected only I could hear him - his bed was closest to my apartment. Despite lying back in a bed that desperately needed a change of sheets now, I couldn't help but lean to listen.

"Not natural," he muttered, voice basically a woman's now. It had changed in real time. "These - these *adornments* on my chest! They should not exist. The Devil, the Devil is here! He gives me impure thoughts to lead me astray. Makes me worship mortal flesh in my dreams. Paul - Paul is connected. This only happened when he came here. And these dreams with him. He tempts me. Makes me defile myself as a *woman* does. A man is a man, no matter what those latte sipping *liberal commies* say."

It was a mad, sprawling speech, and it continued on, chilling me to my core. He continued to blame me, casting suspicion on me, stating that I was a “spawn of Satan” tempting him with my “great girth” and “tainted virility.” It would be laughable if it wasn’t coming from the mouth of a fanatic.

“Wants me to go to a *hospital!* Get a *needle!* Get the *chip!* Well, I know how that ends. Lord, save me from these sinners. Give me the vestments you promise that will protect me. May your power restore me, and cast down the false prophet.”

I gulped at the sinister cadence of his voice.

“Cast down the false prophet, *Paul.*”

It was difficult to get back to sleep after that.

I didn’t see him for some time after that. The man actively avoided me, though I still heard his lusty moans and groans at night, the occasional orgasm causing him to wake and curse *me* specifically. It was hard not to put two and two together: whatever changes the syndrome was causing, his heightened and increasingly female libido was being aimed at me. To my eternal shame, I started keeping a box of tissues by my bed: more than once I masturbated to that wailing voice, which by that point was not just obviously womanly but contained a powerful mezzo-soprano that oozed femininity and sexuality.

Others had not failed to noticed these cries either. But due to the Prophet’s reclusivity, and the fact that he was calling out for me specifically, everyone on our floor seemed to think it was just my latest girlfriend. Lucia gave me funny looks in the morning, congratulating me on my “successful relationship” but also pleading for me to “get your new girl to quieten down a little. I don’t want my boys to wake - thank God they’re at the end of the apartment.”

I gave profuse apologies, playing along for reasons I was beginning to suspect were less than altruistic. What can I say? I was down on my luck in every way, and anything that could make me seem successful in at least one avenue gave me a smidge of pride, however false.

But it was only words and claims: any actual sighting of the Prophet was as rare as Bigfoot these days. He even had his groceries delivered to the door at extra cost, and his mad mantras were quieter and less frequent lately. Whatever changes were happening, they were most certainly taking up his attention. He still ranted about evil doctors and fallen women, but at least other groups were being spared his judgement. He even seemed to bite his tongue sometimes, judging from the echoes from the other side.

“No - no, that’s too much,” he said once to himself, and I nearly dropped my jaw in shock that he showed the power of restraint, for once.

Still, I resided myself to likely not seeing him for some time, perhaps ever again.

But then two days later, I saw him.

I saw *her*.

It was a normal boring day as a bank teller, dealing with the never ending line of customers, queries, account holders, etc. I had just been dealing with an annoying customer who was continually trying to withdraw more than his current account allowed, when I noticed the next person in line behind him.

She was gorgeous. She had curly brunette hair - quite curly, but in that cute natural way that caused her hair to sort of bounce as she nervously shuffled on her feet. She was reasonably short, only about 5’3 at best, and she had a nervous look to her face. She was trying to scowl, but it just gave her a cute pout due to her full lips, and her clear anxiousness undid any of the remaining effect. Her figure was lithe, thin without being unnaturally so, but possessing a small and sultry figure. This was despite the fact that she was clearly wearing loose, baggy men’s clothing: a semi-formal jacket and rolled up tracksuit pants that were pulled tighter by a makeshift belt. She wasn’t wearing any makeup, but looked very pretty regardless. She stuck out so much in her attractiveness and uniqueness that I nearly didn’t hear the next words of my customer.

“Are you going to help me or what?”

I apologised, and finished helping the customer, even as I kept stealing glances at this woman. She had - and this felt weird to even think - this strange otherworldly vibe to her. A piercing aspect to her gaze that seemed almost fanatical.

“Next please!” I spluttered, motioning for her to approach.

She stepped forward, muttering something to herself, but then her eyes went wide in terror as she saw me.

“P-Paul!” she exclaimed.

I met those gorgeous hazel-brown eyes and realised who I was looking at. Holy shit, how could I have been so stupid? But she’d - he’d - *she’d* changed so much since I last saw her! She no longer looked like she was even in her thirties - now she appeared in her late twenties at most! Her skin was wrinkle free, and there was even that softness of youth in her face.

“Holy shit, *Prophet?*”

She grabbed her open jacket and pulled it further around herself, concealing her shirt. I couldn't help but notice she had 'developed' since I last saw her. She didn't have a big bust, but the outline of her nipples against the fabric was very clear. It was impossible to view her as male now. She seemed to realise it: her cheeks turned bright red, which only had the effect of making her even cuter.

"You - you did this to me!" she exclaimed, gritting her teeth. "You somehow *infected* me."

I looked around - thankfully the other tellers were busy, and Prophet was keeping her voice low.

"I didn't! I don't believe in all that religious mumbo jumbo," I said.

"But you said-"

"I was just trying to go along with it, so you wouldn't jump down my throat!"

She eyed me. "No, you're lying. Like the Prince of Lies. Somehow, you've been sent to curse me. I'm certain of it. Why else am I dreaming about you?"

This time it was my turn to blush. "It's the Lumin's Syndrome," I explained. "Look, I can't talk about this here - I don't know how you tracked me down, but-"

"I wasn't tracking you down at all, you wretched sinner!" she exclaimed, a little louder, enough to gather the notice of people in the line behind her. "I just came to make a withdrawal! To prove my identity for my cheque!"

I glanced about.

"Look, I can sort that out for you if you just let us talk privately. I'm busy tonight - I have to stay late, but tomorrow night? I promise I'm not a servant of the Devil or whatever. I know what's happening to you, okay?"

She seemed uncertain. The old Prophet would have glared and shouted and ranted, but she had been defanged in some way.

"Get me my money," she said, handing over her card. Indeed, her name was Jacob, though she looked more like a Jezebel now. I didn't share that information.

"Tomorrow night," she said, jabbing a finger at me. It wasn't really that threatening anymore. "I will visit your den of iniquity, and if you can't convince me then I will call upon all the powers of the Lord to cast you and the other heathens out. I promise you, a reckoning *will* come."

"Okay," was all I could say. I collected her cheque and handed it to her. She took it with her dainty, soft hands. For a moment our fingers brushed, and she shivered in response, groaning a little.

"Are you alright?"

"Ohhh, leave me alone! Don't tempt me!"

But I was starting to get more confident. After being down on my luck so long, and having to put up with this former madman's ranting and bigotry, I was feeling a little adventurous.

"Have a good day, *ma'am*," I said. She swivelled her head in fury, but I continued. "By the way, Prophet, you look really cute at the moment."

To my shock, she blushed further, and quickly walked away, trying to hide her face. Her curly brown hair bobbed and bounced, and it seemed a little longer suddenly than it had been a minute ago.

I took the time to find a little present for Prophet. As much of an odious individual as *she* was, I felt a little bit of sympathy for the new woman, though perhaps it was just because she was really quite cute now. Regardless, I was feeling nervous about our meeting. I had the notion that if I could win her over somehow, that I could convince her to at least go to the damn hospital and get her identity sorted out, maybe set her up with some care. Ever since she'd started changing, she'd alternated between being bitter and hateful (AKA her normal self) and making awkward attempts to reach across the aisle, at least to me. She hadn't stopped her midnight moaning - I still heard the echoes of "GOD YES, PAUL! FILL ME WITH YOUR SEED!" - and to be honest I was much more eager to masturbate to her sweet mezzo-soprano voice now that I had a good idea of her new body. But it didn't make me less nervous for our meeting.

That night, I had some red wine and wafers at the table - I figured that it would have enough iconography to one as fanatic as him to win him over a little. I had my gift ready also, nestled away in a box. And then I just had to wait while my stomach churned.

There were three knocks upon the door, and a feminine voice on the other side.

"It's time, Paul."

I opened the door, and nearly gasped. She had changed even further: her face was softer now, younger. She looked even younger than me, perhaps barely twenty years old. She couldn't be taller than 5'1, perhaps even 5'0, certainly shorter than the average woman. She was still wearing her dowdy jacket and trackpants, but her body type was clearly not suited to them; her pants were only held up by her hips, and her jacket now dominated her figure.

"Uh, hey Prophet."

She bit her lip, looking up at me in something approaching awe before snapping out of it.

“No foul curses can sway me!” she spat, before pushing past me into the room. Even her walking stance had changed: she swung her hips a little with her walk, and I was a little dismayed that I couldn’t check out her rear due to her baggy clothing and overly-large jacket.

“Um, I got some wine. And some nice wafers, if you want that.”

She paused. There was a strange tension in the air, even more than usual.

“I’ll not drink your heathen wine or cursed food. I know it’s *you* doing this to me, Paul. You may come to me with a saintly name, but I know it’s *you*.”

I sighed. “For God’s sake, you have a fucking medical condition-”

“Don’t swear!”

Her face turned red, and she seemed aghast at herself.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to shout I - I have all this hesitation. It’s like all my willpower is being suckered away. I’ve turned into a damned woman and my prayers have done nothing! It’s some plot, some curse!”

“You need to see a doc - look, it’s not me, okay? I’m just some guy that keeps appearing in your dreams.”

“My visions,” she said, hugging her jacket closer around her. Her eyes were on the floor, and her voice was shaky. “How could you possibly know about them? You appear in *all* of them. It must be *you* doing this to me, like a child of Satan!”

“I’m trying to help you, Jacob.”

She glared as I used her real name. It was a weirdly cute look.

“Even if that were true, if the good Lord can’t help me, then what good can *you* do?”

I walked over to the package I had bought and passed it into her hands.

“Look, I’m not going to try to convince you to go to the doctor or a hospital or anything, it’s clear you won’t listen to that. But I did hear you talk about how much you want a new vestment. So I bought you something . . .”

She opened it, and her hazel eyes went wide with astonishment. She pulled out the dress I had bought for her. It was white, and it was made of silk - embarrassingly expensive silk, actually, I’d have to eat cheap noodles for a few weeks - and it looked as much like a religious robe or garment of a prophet as it did a woman’s dress.

“My - my vestment,” she whispered. She cradled it, feeling the silk with her garment. “It’s the same as my vision. The exact same.”

I scratched the back of my head. I didn’t count on her reaction being *this* strong.

“So, you like it?”

She was without words.

“I must change,” she said.

I was about to ask her if she wanted to use my room when she began taking off her jacket and pants right in front of me with an almost feverish fervour. I should have looked

away, but I couldn't help but use the opportunity to check out her figure. I was shocked to see how far along she was: despite still wearing male briefs it was very clear that she either had no remaining manhood left, or so little it was negligible. She had smooth, perfect thighs and a lithe, thin body. Her hips were slim but still womanly, and her stomach was smooth and perfectly toned. But the big change was her chest: in her hurry to remove her jacket she seemingly didn't even notice that she revealed her breasts to me.

And they were quite lovely indeed.

They were easily B-cups, if not C's in size judging from the way they wobbled. They were tipped by perfect pink nipples that were large without being abnormal. The perfect size. They made me lick my lips - she didn't even notice as she fitted the dress over her body. It slipped over her, and was surprisingly form fitting. I didn't have the greatest experience buying clothes of any kind for women, so this came as a surprise. Her nipple were outlined against the 'vestment', and she quickly adjusted a belt-like sash of the same white colour, cinching it around her waist. It was slightly transparent, and the effect made her seem like a religious concubine in some cult. Her longer brunette curls framed it perfectly.

"Wow," I said, unable to comment.

"Yes," she marvelled, feeling over her body. She moaned a little as she rubbed her hands over her chest, feeling over her waist and hips. I felt myself beginning to go hard just at the sight of her. It didn't matter that this was the Prophet, a cruel and vindictive fanatic. She was also now an incredibly beautiful woman.

"Yes," she repeated, "these are the vestments from my dream. Exactly as I imagined them, and just as comfortable and full of light too! I don't - I don't understand. You are *not* aligned with the forces of darkness?"

I shrugged. "I don't think so?"

Her eyes snapped to the wine and wafers upon the table. "And these are not tainted, either! I thought you were a fallen sinner, boy. But . . . perhaps I was misinterpreting the dreams. I thought - they were so lustful. So . . . *wanton*."

I couldn't help but get even harder as she pronounced the last word. She sounded like a succubus inflamed by desire.

"Maybe they were just dreams?" I suggested, a bit awkwardly.

"No," she replied, locking me with that steely gaze. "They were visions. I know it. But - but I was wrong. The lust, the temptation, it was not evil. It was *prophesised*. Somehow, this was *meant* to happen. I dreamed of you Paul, standing over me, and me supplicant to your every whim, overcome with desire."

She breathed heavily, and I noticed that her nipples were hardened, leaving a firm impression upon her silk dress. She stepped forward, practically *sauntering*.

"I've been fighting this," she said, rubbing her body, groping her breasts. "Every night the same hedonistic dreams, the same sinful pleasures. But if you were not of the dark one, if you really are a being of light - then I was not being deceived! I was being *shown the way!*"

My dick was rock hard by this point. I could barely avoid hiding it. She noticed, and to my shock, she licked her lips before recoiling back in horror

"No - no this must be a temptation! Man was not meant to lie with man! I should want this so badly. The Devil must be making me crave your seed inside me!"

"No offence Prophet, but you don't exactly look like a man anymore."

She withered, a hand gliding between her legs. She had removed her briefs, but I hadn't seen enough to know for certain. Now, as she whimpered in response to her fingers gliding over the space between her thighs, I knew in full. She was a woman now, in all ways.

"You - you're right, Paul," she said. "I have been transformed. Remade into a new essence. And you gave me these vestments."

She stepped forward again, and placed her hand on my cheek. It was wonderfully soft, and her lips so full. Even without makeup she was a vision of natural beauty.

"I mean, I just bought you a dress, and - I mean, I felt the need to."

It was the right - or wrong - thing to say. She smiled, and it was a cute beaming smile despite the burning zeal in her eyes.

"You *needed* to? Yes, you *needed* to! You have felt the same call. The same aching need. I thought for sure you were some liberal commie Satanist, but I realise now that I have been fighting the Lord's will. *Your will, my Lord.*"

My brain short-circuited. "Um, when you say that . . ."

"You must be," she continued, her hands running over my body. "The changes, the dreams began when you moved here, and they accelerated each time we met. It wasn't the illegals next door that did it, or the vile doctors with their poisons. I should have realised from the start that I was being called to a higher purpose, that a living manifestation of the Creator was here to take me as his lover, as his bride!"

Everything was happening so fast. I didn't know what to say as she continued.

"All the fallen loose women have failed me, but now you have come to transform me into a perfect embodiment of one. Was it a punishment, or a blessing, my Lord?"

"Um, both?"

She nodded eagerly, the reply clearly according with her view of the world.

"Yes, I have sinned, haven't I? You lift me up for my service, but punish me with a submissive, lust-filled body to please you. I have fought it for long - I should not fight against your will!"

She pressed herself against me, and I felt those wonderful breasts squash against my chest. One of her soft legs wrapped around mine as she clutched my larger body, and

her soft, curly hair fell in tangles over my shoulder. No doubt she could feel my erection against her hips, because she shivered a little, rubbing against it.

“I need you,” she said. “My Lord, please maketh me a woman in your eyes. If you don’t, I worry I will stray from the path again. The evils of this world are too much, but you have changed me. I’m scared. These - these womanly emotions are making me weak! You must command me, like a woman is commanded by her lord husband. Please Lord, I pray for your healing!”

It was too much. I would say I couldn’t help myself, but the truth was this woman was throwing herself at me. Besides, after all the vile nonsense she’d spewed, I didn’t feel all that bad. I grabbed her head and pulled her in for a kiss. Her lips met mine, and our tongues danced together as she rubbed her chest against mine, the fine silk feeling wonderful on my bare arms as I held her.

“OOhhhhh Lord,” she moaned as we parted. “I - oh God, this pussy. It needs you! I want to be filled by you!”

“Well,” I replied, “I shall take you to my bed and, um, make your subservient.”

She trembled with excitement. “I am your wife then?”

“Um, yeah, sure. If the Lord proclaims it, it’s true, right?”

She nodded, eager, practically salivating at the sight of me. Her chest wobbled in her top. “Just like in my dreams. Yes, just as the visions said. I will lie with you, and do all you command, no matter how . . . unusual the position. You sanctify it with your presence.”

We made towards my bedroom. I was too turned on to pull out now, and she was all over me. The former hateful Prophet was now utterly submissive to me. She positioned herself on the bed, spreading her legs wide to receive me. I could see that a perfect pair of pussy lips awaited my entrance, already wet with anticipation. I knew that Lumin’s Syndrome victims could be horny, but this woman was on another level.

“Please, fill me with your Holy seed!” she proclaimed.

“Oh, I intend to,” I replied.

I crawled over her, pressing my face into her silken robe.

“Take off your vestment,” I commanded.

With a blush - clearly some part of her still found this awkward - she removed it. Her wonderful body was laid bare, and I took the opportunity to lick and suck at her nipples, to caress her hip. She moaned.

“OOhhhhh, g-give me salvation, master. Please!”

“Very well my, uh, Prophetess.”

“Prophetess.”

Eh, I didn’t like the name. Besides, she needed a new one anyway.

“But that is no longer your name,” I commanded, caressing her cheek and running my hand over her cute curls.

“MMhhmmm . . . name me, my saviour.”

“You will be . . . Jezebel. You’ll, well you’ll revive the name.”

Her hazel eyes lit up. “Yes. Yes! I will my Lord. Please, I pray for your salvation. Please give me your seed. I am not deserving, none of us are, especially the illegals and the commies and the -”

“And that’s another thing,” I continued, deliberately pressing the tip of my penis against her entrance in order to tease her into submission. “No more judging. If you are to be my perfect submissive follower, then no more cursing out hardworking good souls like Lucia Diaz. Or any people that you do not like, especially women. All are equal in my eyes. Uh, before me, that is.”

She seemed to grapple with what I had commanded, and for a moment I thought I’d gone too far. A lifetime of hatred and blaming others had left its scars on this person, but slowly she nodded, as if absorbing what I had said through the lens of her fanaticism.

“If that is your will, I will follow it,” she said. “I will change my ways, O Lord, that I may better be your servant, and give you the pleasure and praise you deserve for all time.”

“Good. Then I accept your worship,” I replied. I felt drunk on the power over her, and with that, I thrust my hard cock into her waiting depths. She groaned heavily, my beautiful Jezebel, as I pushed my dick into her. I began thrusting in full, sliding in and out of her, groping her tits as I did so, and she began to wail in her sweet voice. Her body trembled, and mine with her as we fucked. Perhaps it was wrong to take her, to allow her to believe I was her God, or at least some new religion she’d ended up founding on the spot. But the truth was I did not care: I now had a sexually gorgeous woman who was intent on worshipping the very ground I walked on, and pleasing me in every way, and perhaps I could make her a better person with that arrangement.

“OOohhhhhh L-Lord! Yes! Fill me! This was meant to be, I know it! I w-want to lie with you always! I want to bless you with children! I will worship you every day, with my pussy, with my breasts, with my mouth, with my - OHHHhhhhhhh!”

The last groan was accompanied by a ripple of pressure that I felt in her breasts as I groped them. Her eyes widened, rolling into the back of her head as her chest expanded before my eyes. They swelled past Cs and well into Double or even Triple-D territory, becoming large and rounded and perfect, big without being ridiculous. They wobbled with her staggered breath, and she gasped as her larger nipples throbbed. They must have been more sensitive. Her hair grew out, becoming long enough to probably reach her waist - like a good supplicant concubine in appearance. Her height diminished slightly, and now it would be perfect for that robe.

It was enough to make me finally cum. I kissed her deeply as my balls squeezed and shot wad after wad of my semen into her. She bucked wildly, thrashing like an animal as she was hit with what must have been multiple orgasms.

“Yes! Yes! You bless me! YOU BLESS ME! FILL ME O LORD!”

I did. I filled her a lot.

In the aftermath we lay together, her curled against me, her face even more beautiful than before. It still had that steely fanatic gaze, but now it was one of pure loyalty and awe, as if I were God himself. I stared at her, and felt like my luck was finally changing.

“My Lord, that was perfect,” she said. “I - I feel utterly blessed to be yours. I am sorry I fought it so long out of my male pride.”

“You were meant to be this way,” I said. It was getting easier to adopt the persona of this ‘Lord’ character she thought I was. Certainly I was happy to be her master.

“MMhmm,” she moaned, drawing closer to me. Her breasts were soft and wonderful, and I idly played with one as we lay together. “Is there anything else I can do for you, my saviour?”

I thought a moment, before smirking.

“Tomorrow, we will go and have your name officially changed,” I declared. “And we will have a doctor certify your change as Lumin’s Syndrome - even though we know it was my will that did it. But it will allow you to operate in this world and do my bidding.”

“Which is?” she said, eyes wide. There was a kind of innocence to them now. She hadn’t changed who she was, and it would take a little time to undo the years of hatred, but she was hanging on my every word now.

“Well, we shall be married not only celestially but on this plane,” I said. “I shall take you as my wife according to, um, Earthly custom, as soon as possible. I want you in a beautiful dress.”

“The whitest! Of silk!”

“Yes, silk. And then we shall find a place to live. Eventually, when I believe you are ready, you can bear my children.”

She smiled deeply. “As many as you wish, my Lord! I will fill the house with babies! It will be so strange - I was once a man - but I will fall pregnant easily to your seed, I know it.”

Well, that was probably true - Lumin’s Syndrome women were apparently super fertile as part of the change. But I think four was probably the maximum kids I wanted, and certainly not just yet.

“When you are ready,” I declared.

“Mmhmmm, yesss.”

“Before that, you must prove you can please me as my lordly wife. You must be submissive, you must learn to cook and clean, and you must learn to pleasure your Lord in whatever way he desires.”

She was practically salivating. God, this was so easy to power trip on. But didn't she want that? Didn't I want that? And if we both wanted it, and both drew joy from it, who was to judge?

She leaned forward and kissed me, allowing me to take the lead as I probed her tongue and caressed her fine buttocks.

“Anything for you, my God!” she said. “I will wear my robe vestments for you as well, wherever I go.”

I was about to protest, but the idea actually sounded really hot. She'd need to get panties and a bra - a pretty big one - but the idea of having sexy concubine-looking woman, always adorned in white, was actually deeply arousing to me. In fact, it was making me hard again already. Jezebel noticed.

“My Lord, you have such a need,” she said, staring at my hardening cock. “May I attend to it? May I prove to you that I follow your word.”

A naughty image sprung up in my mind. The perfect punishment for Prophet, to make sure she was totally down for this new life.

“Yes,” I declared. “But you must use your mouth. I wish for you to swallow my holy seed.”

She licked her lips, offering not even a moment's hesitation, and lowered herself.

In seconds I was groaning in response to her ministrations, and not too long after, I came, with her swallowing every last drop.

What can I say? It's good to be God.

The End