

Team Player, Part 1 (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFace

Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Richard Starre is a star US college football star with all the bravado to match his skill. Unfortunately for him, he develops the rare Lumin's Syndrome, and he soon finds his tall, dark, and handsome looks becoming a lot more short, blonde, and buxom. As he changes, he tries desperately to remain a player, and hide his condition from his teammates.

Team Player, Part 1

“AAAAAAAAAAND TOUCHDOWN!”

The crowd roared, and Richard's teammates surrounded him, enveloping him in a tightly-packed formation of protective equipment and muscle. He gave a bestial yell, raising his fist in the air as he was lifted up upon their shoulders and carried across the field, still holding the football that had been used to secure the winning point. It was a crowd-thrilling moment, but few had truly doubted that Richard Starre would be the hero of the match. With his 6'3 height, impressive muscles, and dominating spirit, Richard had a body and mind built for football. He was able to take heavy punishment and keep on coming back, and he seemed to be hyper alert as to the location of his teammates, his opponents, and of course, the ever-important ball. He was a champion sprinter, a marathon athlete, and his temerity matched his build.

Of course, it was not just the regular football fans that cheered him on as he was carried to the centre of the field; his presence had managed to draw a sizeable female contingent around his age too. It was sometimes joked that Richard Starre had been 'blessed by the heavens', as he was not just a powerfully built man, but an incredibly good looking one too. He had a rugged handsomeness not often found in men his age. For all his macho presentation and egotism, it truly was earned, given his lantern jaw, mysterious dark eyes, and - for those many women who had been lucky enough to share his bed - a rather well-endowed 'third leg.' It was enough that some of his own teammates were jealous of him, though they few would ever admit it.

“STARRE! STARRE! STARRE! STARRE!”

The massed stadium chanted, and even some of the followers of the opposing team joined in, before being reminded by their more sensible peers what a massive sports faux pas they were committing. The two teams - the Bulls (Richard's team) and the Dragons -

shook hands, but it was the winners who remained in the spotlight, basking in their victory. Richard tore his helmet free and held it up to the crowd. He dropped it, took the winning ball, and tossed it away, allowing whoever was most loyal or excited or rabid or simply lucky to take it.

“Another winning touchdown,” a reporter yelled over the cacophony of noise as the team began to file back to the change room. “Nicely done, Dick!”

Richard briefly frowned, before breaking into a smile.

“The name’s Richard. You can call me Starre. I don’t go by Dick.”

The reporter flustered. Despite being in perhaps just his forties, he was already bald and his thick glasses made him look nebbish. The exact kind of person that Richard would never let within a hundred feet of his person outside his profession.

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t know.”

“It’s pretty common knowledge, dude.”

“Well, uh, okay. I’m sorry. How do you explain your latest win? Are you being picked up by one of the all-stars now that your final college year is half-way through? What do your teammates think of all your stunning victories?”

Richard gave his smuggest smirk. “A lot of questions you got there, what’s your name?”

“Um, Ted,” the nervous man replied.

“Yeah, well, that’s a lot of questions Ted. I’ll take ‘em one at a time. I can explain my win easy; it’s because I’m the best. Simply as that.”

“Don’t you think your teammates have something to do with that?”

“Course I do; they keep the opposition off my back so I can do my thing. Am I being picked up for it? You know I can’t confirm anything about the selection process, but I’ll just say this; talks are happening. The NFL would be right fools not to pick Richard Starre.”

“Any team preference?”

A handsome, practised grin. “Whichever one gives the sweetest deal.”

“That’s a lot of, how shall I put it, gumption for someone so young. My last question about your teammates-”

He didn’t get time to finish, because Richard simply laughed and grabbed the man’s microphone. “My teammates have my back, that’s all you need to know. They know I pull them over the line. I’m lucky to have ‘em, and they sure as shit are lucky to have me. Ya’ll have a good night now.”

And with that, he descended down into the change rooms.

“The fuck was that, man?”

Richard shrugged. Brandon had a towel around his waist, and was standing over him. The star of the team simply sat, towel covering his well-endowed manhood, but otherwise enjoying the post-shower heat within the room.

“The fuck was what, Brandon?”

The other player was attempting to loom over him, and only partially succeeding. Brandon had dark skin, an impressive set of muscles with a dominant eight pack of abs, and a close-shaved head. He was certainly good looking, though overshadowed by Starre himself in that department, just as he was in all others. Even his height was outdone by a single foot. He crossed his arms, looking furious and expectant.

“Don’t kid me with that shit! You know exactly what the hell I mean. All that ‘I’m the star player, they’re lucky to have me’ bullshit!”

He waved his hands around in an exaggerated fashion. Several of the other teammates tactfully decided to ignore the argument.

“Well, it’s true ain’t it? You *are* lucky to have me. I’m the glue holding this team together, Brandon, and you know it.”

“I know the star quarterback is also a grade A asshole, is what.”

“For fuck’s sake Brandon.” Richard stood. “Just because you can’t keep up doesn’t mean I have to slow down. The crowd cheers for those it likes, you know that as well as I do.”

He patted his teammate on the back as if they were close-knit buddies.

“Well, maybe if someone didn’t hog the spotlight!” Brandon returned.

Richard nearly rolled his eyes. The man just couldn’t let it go that he wasn’t the actual star of the team. He turned to face Brandon, letting that extra foot of height do the initial talking.

“I don’t *hog* anything. I *take*. If you can’t take the spotlight, maybe there’s a reason you’re always number two to my number one.”

Brandon huffed. “The only reason you’re a number one is because you’re a piece of piss.”

“Well, if that’s because I’m number one, then what are you Brandon, if you’re number *two*?”

There were light chuckles from the other players, and the dark-skinned man shook with fury. He made to swing a blow, but the other players surged forth immediately to pull them apart, led by Tain.

“Woah woah, calm dudes, calm! Fucking calm, okay?”

They both looked to the ginger-headed man with the heavy smattering of freckles. He wasn't pretty, but there was a reason he was known as the 'freight Tain.' He was the most built member on the team, even if he wasn't the most athletic or skilled.

"It's okay," Richard said, pulling the man's arm off his shoulder. "We were just fooling around, weren't we Brandon?"

"Yeah. Just fooling," Brandon said, his level gaze never leaving Richard's.

The two men parted, tempers evening out. Brandon's expression remained serious, but the star quarterback was already adopting a shit-eating grin.

"Well, good game fellas, good game. Thanks for having my back. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a hot girlfriend who's in dire need of having her brains fucked out."

He gave his traditional whistle goodbye, and went over to get dressed. Brandon could only shake his head, and lean over to one of his buddies.

"Christ, what an asshole. Can't believe he gets to fuck Dina Paley."

"Oh fuck! Ooohh fuck! Fuck! Don't stop! I'm nearly there!"

Richard shoved his face into Dina Paley's magnificent tits, gripping her wonderful ass at the same time. She truly was the hottest chick on campus, probably the hottest chick on the planet, as far as he was concerned. And she was all his. She had rich olive skin - Persian ancestry, wherever 'Persia' was - and her figure was something else. She had a set of tits that were half the size of her own head, and they were pert and perfect, bouncing and wobbling with each movement. Just ripe for sucking on. Her hourglass figure was curvaceous, and she'd had some work done on her ass to make it nice and peachy, just the way he liked it. She had a real set of dick sucking lips too, and they matched her coy face and that long mane of black hair.

"Mmmhhhhmm . . . s-so damn close Rich!"

"Me too babe!"

Her soft thighs were currently wrapped around him, her hands on the back of the chair he was sitting on. She was on his lap, facing him, bouncing aggressively on his dick as it slid deep into her. With each bounce, he thrust deeply into her, causing her perfect tits to bounce. They were level with his face, and she squealed in pleasure as he motorboated her, feeling her soft flesh.

"Oohh that tickles! But it's so damn goood!"

"I bet."

He gripped her waist, helping her thrusts match his, and keeping her aloft enough to let those massive melons bounce in front of him.

“Look at me baby, let’s cum together. Hey, look at me. Mhmmh - Rich! Rich! I’m so close, I want us to cum together, I want to see your eyes, baby!”

Rich ignored her, preferring to suck and lick her hard brown nipples. Her body was what he wanted - in fact, he often found her voice more than a little annoying. The truth was, Dina was good for sex - she practically had a body built for it - but as far as he was concerned she was just another dumb Instagram-obsessed bimbo. If she didn’t want him looking at her tits, she should have gotten a reduction. But if she ever did, it would be on par with a war crime, as far as he was concerned.

“Fuck yeah, Dina. I’m gonna cum!”

“Look at me!”

Instead, he groped her massive tits, pressing her cleavage against his head and causing her to moan in incredible pleasure. Her body shook, waves of orgasm overcoming her, and with a pulse, his own dick released. He groaned as the rush, the thrill of male orgasm followed, and his dick pumped powerfully, shooting burst after burst of his jizz into her. It was a good thing she was on the pill, because he’d often imagined his seed was damn potent enough to sow a field, he came so much. Chicks loved that about him, and he could tell she did in that moment. She clutched him, still riding that same wave, and he grunted with each throb of his massive manhood, still erect inside of her.

“Oooohooohhhh! S-so m-much!”

She trembled one last time, and so did he, and then they simply rested against one another, sweating and breathing heavily. After a time, she uncurled from him, and her temperament had changed a little, looking somewhat shy, and more than a bit confused. She caressed his cheek lovingly.

“Why didn’t you look me in the eyes, baby?”

Richard sighed. Why did she always have to ruin it? “I just didn’t feel like it, Dina. I was staring right at your tits, and I was liking the view.”

She gave an awkward smile. “Well, I like it when you look me in the eyes when you finish. It’s romantic.”

“But we’re not being romantic, babe. We’re fucking. I was fucking you, and part of fucking you is the fact that you have a set of dynamite tits. C’mon, you know this.”

She scoffed, and stood up. They both gasped a little as his impressive length slid out of her, and some of his ejaculate leaked down her leg.

“Christ, I have to clean up. Can’t you look me in the eyes next time, then? I’ll make it worth your while . . .”

That intrigued him. “You mean you’ll give me that titty job I’ve been asking for, right?”

A smile. “Maybe . . .”

“Then when ‘maybe’ becomes ‘yes, absolutely’, you got yourself a deal.”

She made a move to the bathroom, but at the precipice turned to face him. For a moment there seemed to be something on the edge of her tongue she was working on how to say, and then finally she simply said it.

“I just - I just feel like sometimes you just see me as a floating pair of tits, Rich. Like, I’m proud of the girls, and I love it when you’re all over them. You know I like showing them off when I want to feel nice. But - but it can be a bit demeaning when you can’t do something I want you to do, that won’t cost you anything.”

Richard tried not to scoff. He’d already taken flack from Brandon just after the game, and now this. It wasn’t helping his mood.

“Look, Dina, I’m not cut out for all that lovey-dovey crap, alright? I’m the fucking quarterback of the Bulls, and I’m going places. I don’t want people thinking I’m some kind of sissy getting whipped by my own girl. I’ll look you in the eyes next time if you don’t make such a big deal out of it, how about that?”

Her expression just seemed sad. “Okay.”

She withdrew, closed the door, and not too long after, the shower started.

“Jesus, her period must be coming or some shit. Talk about mountains out of molehills. She and Brandon would get great along together.”

He smiled to himself as he rose from the chair.

“Yeah, right. As if I’d ever let Brandon get anywhere near a girl this good. He can get stuck with Monica Hughes for all I care.”

He shifted, and winced briefly as he felt a strange itch in his dick, and on his nipples. Had Dina been too rough? He didn’t remember her playing with his nipples at all, but indeed there was a strange ache to them. He scratched them idly, deciding he needed a rest anyhow. After all, there were parties to come this week, and he wanted to have his full energy when he got wasted.

And his body indeed had the pressure of being tired. At least, he was certain that’s what it was.

He was asleep before Dina even got out of the shower, and already dreaming of her tits again, though for some reason they were a lot closer than he remembered . . .

The next week things began to change for Richard, though it was so subtle at first that he barely noticed. As usual, his college classes were a drag. While blessed with a tactician’s understanding of his sport, the star of the football team gave almost no effort to his regular studies. Thanks to the school’s rabid desire to rake in that sports money, though, he practically had an army of personal tutors, trainers, aides, and programs to ensure he got his

minimum passing grade required to graduate, and ensure a place upon a professional NFL team. Still basking in the fresh glory of their victory over the Dragons, Richard partied hard almost every night, showing off Dina's sexiness repeatedly, and encouraging her to show her fabulous cleavage around Brandon just to make him jealous. She hadn't enjoyed that aspect as much, but he'd been too drunk and full of male bravado to truly listen to her opinion.

The excessive partying meant that the odd soreness developing in his body was initially attributed to just the hangovers and roughhousing that accompanied such events. More than once he clashed with Brandon, with the team having to pull them apart, Tain for the most part acted as mediator. It took some of the sweetness out of the victory, a fact he attributed to Brandon's obvious jealousy, but it wasn't something to be worried about; he was more concerned with the fact that he had a maths test upcoming, and needed the extra tutor time, a fact that embarrassed him often.

It was at one of those tutor sessions that the teacher noticed that Richard was scratching at himself, particularly his chest. Indeed, ever since his first major clash with Brandon after the game, where they'd nearly come to full blows, he'd been feeling a strange soreness in several prominent places. There was a pressure in his hips that had developed, and it sometimes rose up to his waist. It was frustrating, but he didn't consider it a great big deal, only it hadn't gone away, even after he'd confided in Dina and she'd offered a number of ointments. He certainly didn't want other people - especially his teammates - to find out that he needed pharmaceutical shit on his dick. He'd be a laughing stock.

But if his maths teacher even noticed . . .

He booked an appointment the following day with a doctor who wasn't associated with the school, or the team, and was situated at the edge of town. Dr Kaley was her name, and her photo looked pretty attractive for a woman in her mid-thirties, with hazel-coloured hair and cute glasses. It was part of the reason he'd picked her, as shallow as it was.

"Well, she better not fucking be a sports fan," he hoped.

Dr Kaley was a sports fan, as it turned out. Specifically, a *hockey* fan. It repulsed Richard to know that the woman followed such an inferior sport, but then she was Canadian by birth apparently; it was only to be expected. He sat and waited, hoping not to be noticed at the small clinic, until he was called forth by the receptionist, the doc herself appeared a moment later to summon him to her office.

"Good day to you, Mr Starre," she said, gesturing him forth, "how can I help you?"

She was pretty hot, he decided. She had that 'sexy nerd' thing going on, and even though she had a good ten-plus years on him, he could imagine she'd be a wild thing in bed.

Not that he was planning to cheat on Dina; he wasn't a cheater. But he liked to view the other samples from time to time.

"Well Dr Kaley, I've been having these weird itches lately."

He took a seat, and she opposite. The door was, thankfully, closed.

"What kind of itches?" she said, opening her laptop to take notes.

"Well, it's kinda embarrassing . . ."

"Is the itching on your penis? There's no need to be embarrassed Mr Starre. I assure you, I see patients' genitals everyday. Yours will be no exception."

"No, but they are exceptional," he responded automatically.

She blushed a little. "Well, that is a response I didn't expect. But I can assume that I am correct then? Have you tried an application of ointment? It could also be a fungal infection of some nature. May I inspect?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. You may."

He stood, and at her direction dropped his trousers and briefs. She inspected him clinically, giving no opinions. But he could tell from her eyebrow raise that she was indeed impressed. He smirked to himself.

"Can you lift your penis? Perhaps there is an infection beneath, or a rash."

He followed her instructions, but still nothing.

"Very well Mr Starre, you may put your clothes back on and take a seat"

He did so, and there was an awkward moment where she took some notes.

"How long has this itch been going on?"

Richard shrugged. "About a week. But it's not just on my dick, it's my nipples too. They're real itchy, and sometimes raised. And I've got this strange pressure in my hips lately, and my stomach feels . . . off."

"Do you drink often?"

"Yes."

"Smoke?"

"Time to time, but not often."

More keys were tapped. More entries placed on her record. She fired several more questions, discussed his medical history, even sexual history. Several suggested prescriptions had already been suggested and tried by way of Dina, and it was becoming increasingly clear that Dr Kaley was not entirely sure what the problem was. She made several more entries on her laptop, then retrieved a prescription sheet and wrote down a series of squiggles broadly resembling the English language upon it.

"Here," she said, handing him the paper. "This is a slip for a blood test at the nearby clinic. I have an idea that this may simply be a result of overtiredness, perhaps augmented by less-than-stellar sleeping conditions. Still, can't be too careful, and bloodwork is a good

indicator if this has internal implications. Get this done today - the clinic is only twenty minutes out - and the results should be back in just a few days. I'll give you a ring if it's anything serious, or just have a message sent if it's something ordinary."

And with that, she sent him on his way. Richard had three vials of blood taken within the hour, and arrived back at his frat, feeling quite itchy still.

"Better not be anything fucking important," he said to himself.

The itching, the pressure, only continued. Over the next three days, Richard had to cancel training once just so he could rest up and deal with the irritation of it all. Things had gotten bad enough that he actually turned down sex with Dina, spurring yet another argument about meeting her needs instead of just his. His grades were suffering from the distraction, and he was fearful that whatever strange bug he'd caught was making him lose weight; he had lost a pound or two, and felt a little thinner around his usually broad shoulders. It was enough that Brandon nearly checked him when bumping past him in training. When Dr Kaley called, it came as a relief. At least initially.

"Richard, we have your results. I'm going to have to ask you to come to my clinic as soon as possible."

A knife entered his heart. A terrible cold knife.

"Doc, is it serious?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Shit. Fuck. Is it cancer?"

"No, no! Nothing terminal, I assure. Or dangerous, sort of."

His breathing came a little staggered, relieved that it wasn't deadly, but confused at her tone. "Then . . . what is it?"

"Again, I think you should come to the clinic first, Mr Starre-"

"Dr Kaley, what is it?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line, a sigh.

"I'm afraid - I'm afraid you have Lumin's Syndrome, Richard. It's an extremely rare medical condition."

Lumin's Syndrome . . . he had heard that name before. Something in an old news report, or a joke at the frat, or . . . no. It couldn't be. That was impossible.

"Doc, is that the condition where . . ." His voice trailed away, terrified of the implication.

"I'm afraid it is," Kaley said over the line, her voice level and professional. "Richard, you're turning into a woman."

He dropped the phone. It fell in slow motion, cracking on the floor. Time seemed to stop, his breathing shallow, lungs not getting enough oxygen. Becoming a woman? There was no way. But there, denting out noticeably against his t-shirt, were two swollen, itchy nipples. He hadn't truly noticed it until now, but they had grown.

And they were looking positively feminine.

"Holy fuck."

It couldn't be true. It just couldn't be. Lumin's Syndrome? It had only affected a few hundred people or so in the last forty years, at least that's what Wikipedia told him. Richard refused to even acknowledge the news after the phone call. He'd simply hung up. He spent the next forty minutes pacing around his room, trying to avoid touching his weirdly swollen nipples. Was that the first sign? Was he growing fucking tits?

Denial came easy. He did his research, or what passed for it given his complete lack of academic skill. The internet wouldn't just lie in the first few results, would it? On several forums, there were people who claimed that certain oils or diluted chemicals in bottles of water could reverse it. But then why hadn't Dr Kaley mentioned this? Maybe she was about to, before he hung up.

The phone buzzed several more times, and each time it was from her. He didn't dare touch it. His skin shivered, his forehead pooled with sweat. Both symptoms made him panic; it was easy to become paranoid and assume that any strange feeling was a sign of change, like the way the tiniest discomfort made one paranoid of mosquito bites when they were in season.

"Turning into a fucking chick," he muttered to himself, "no way. It's got to be a false reading. I can see other docs. Shit, I gotta talk to my coach."

He was halfway to messaging him on his phone when he suddenly stopped. Tell the coach? What the hell was he thinking! He'd have no choice but to bench Richard, perhaps for the rest of the season, and no doubt that Brandon Becker would be put in charge of the team. And even if Coach Gleeson kept his lips tight, the situation would be strange enough that the rest of the team - especially Brandon - would no doubt investigate. I mean, Richard fucking Starre, the champion of the Bulls, their captain and crucial quarterback, suddenly reduced to looking on passively from the bench like some pathetic little newbie. They'd dig and dig and dig until they found the answer, and after that, it would be open season. Everyone on campus would know he had Lumin's Syndrome, and would be asking him all about it. Mocking him. Asking to see his weird fucking nipples

"I'm not having that. No fucking way," he muttered.

He thought of Dina Paley, that big-titted beauty. The thought of never being able to thrust into her again, of having his own damn vagina, his own damn tits, was too much to handle. He was Richard Starre, and he was going to fight this.

The only problem was . . . how? He was no scientist, he was no captain of industry or heir to a rich CEO. Sure, he came from some wealth, but it was his jock-ish power that got him through life. Hell, the college literally paid tutors to get him the bare minimum pass in science, just so he could qualify for professional NFL once he graduated.

“There’s got to be something I can do,” he said to himself.

Very nervously, he picked up his phone. It had buzzed again. It was surely past the doc’s working hours, but obviously she felt it was important enough to mention. He called back, and it rang just three times before she answered.

“Mr Starre, you hung up on me before, I wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“I - I’m just fine doc,” he said. His voice had cracked a little with the tension, and much like before, he was briefly gripped by the fear that his voice was becoming more feminine. “It was just, you know, like a lot to process or whatever.”

“I know, I completely understand. And I hope you forgive me calling so many times, but it’s just such a rare condition, and for someone like yourself to have it, I can’t imagine how it would feel.”

How did she think it would feel? It felt humiliating! Emasculating! Literally! He comported himself and spoke.

“Honestly doc, I’m still wrapping my head around it. Are you sure the diagnosis is correct?”

“That’s what I want to talk about. We need you to come in for further testing, of course, and we’ll need to monitor you through this.”

“Yeah, but that wasn’t what I asked.”

There was a silent pause on the other end of the phone. “Richard, with a diagnosis of a condition this rare and specific, obviously the chance of a false positive is possible. I ran the test four times, and each time it came up - I even used different equipment. I am near certain you have developed Lumin’s Syndrome. That’s why we need to book you in again.”

Richard clenched his spare fist. Something nasty settled in his stomach, boiling over.

“For the cure?”

Another pause, this one brimming with even more tension. “Richard, this is not a condition with a cure. There is no known way back. Others have tried with steroids, testosterone supplements, physical activity, sexual activity, and so on, but as far as we can tell, this has had only minimal impact.”

He grimaced. The thing in his stomach grew hotter. He was reasonably certain it was just anger, but his paranoia made him imagine a uterus, pink and girly for some reason, forming in his core. It disgusted him.

“Then . . . then what is the check up for, doc?”

“To help monitor your change. To allow us to learn more of the condition, and what genetic component is involved. And to give you help with your body as it feminises. I myself transitioned when I was in my twenties-”

“You were a man?”

The revelation was shocking. Kaley had seemed attractive for an older woman. She was trans? It threw him for a loop. He didn't know quite what to make of it.

“Indeed. But I always knew that deep down I was a woman, and so I transitioned. It took time, and not all the bodily changes and surgeries were easy, and once I was ‘finished’, so to speak, I still had to learn how to be a woman. Like a baby deer learning how to walk on its own four legs, if that makes sense. I'd like to offer you that same chance. But this is not a good conversation to have over the phone, which is why I'd like to book you in for a follow up appointment so we can-”

“Forget it.”

A shocked pause this time, from an unexpected intake of breath. “Mr Starre,” she said, more formally, “I understand this is a trying time-”

“I don't have Lumin's Syndrome. Your equipment must be whack or something.”

“Mr Starre, I can assure you that-”

“I'll call *you* if there's anything wrong. For now, I got a game coming up, and I can't deal with this distraction.”

“Mr Starre, the changes will only get more significant as you-”

He clicked the phone off. It had been a damned stupid mistake to call her back. The woman was ridiculous. She wasn't even a real woman, or something! At least, that's what the guys joked about in the locker rooms. The truth was, Richard didn't live in a world where people like that existed in his social circle. The thought that someone might be born a man - destined for muscles, dominance, power, the terrific feeling of testosterone flowing through his veins - and would choose *not* to live that life, and to actually *embrace* becoming a woman, well, that was actually a little too confronting. No fucking way would that be him.

He threw the phone on his bed, and only then did he realise he'd been idly rubbing his nipple with his hand. He pulled it away, irritated by the soreness.

“Even if she is right, I can beat this,” he said.

Richard continued to search online, looking for anything that could help him with Lumin's Syndrome. The syndrome was so little known, some even disputed its existence in countries that had never experienced it. All the reading was making his headache worse,

and he'd never been much of one for study. It did give him hope that it was all made up, however.

"That's it!" he shouted aloud. The apartment was empty, but the gesture still seemed dramatic. "I don't need to study this shit. I got a whole college that's willing to pay my way through."

A plan, simple but elegant, began to brew in his mind. He'd get others to do the work for him, and - and he could focus on football! What better way to stave off womanhood than to get out there and play the most manly, roided up game there was? He'd show Brandon Becker who was the real man, and he'd go even further than that. He was going to fuck Dina Paley's brains out, give her the kind of sexual pleasure she'd never felt. Make her feel so special that she could spread the word on what a man he was. That would *have* to help, being the most manly man he could be.

"But they can't know about this Lumin's Syndrome bullshit," he said. "No, I gotta make a cover story."

He smirked, looking in the mirror. Sure, his nipples were a bit weird, but it was likely just a rash. And if it was this syndrome the doc warned of, he'd show the world that he was so damned manly his system would shut it right out.

He flexed in the mirror and chuckled.

That night, Richard dreamed of a woman in the middle of a nightclub floor. As the denizens danced and the lights shone, she stood out, her movements sensual as she danced up against a male partner. She had her back to him, but he could see her long platinum blonde hair and delicate back, the dress parted all the way down to just above her hips, and clinging tightly to her rotund ass. It was a short, pink dress, and it hugged a perfect hourglass figure, which was evidently so busty that her breasts could be seen even from behind, jostling with each swing of her arms. Her male partner grinned, obviously turned on by the beauty before him, and Richard couldn't help but step forward through the crowd to make her acquaintance. As he did, the lights seemed to dim until it was only the mysterious woman in the light. Even her dance partner faded into darkness.

Richard reached forward to touch her shoulder and she turned his way, her glossy pink lips full, her blue eyes wide, her face perfect in every way.

"Richard?" she said, in his voice.

Over the next week, Richard put his plan into action. It was, he knew, not so much a plan as a series of vaguely connected ideas, but it was given momentum by the irritating soreness across his body, and the looming fear that he did indeed have Lumin's Syndrome. Dina had once tried to tell him about something she'd learned in philosophy, about a cat in a box that was both alive and dead. It hadn't made any sense at the time, and he ended the conversation by grabbing her big sensitive tits and taking her to the bedroom, but he was starting to feel like that cat now: on one hand, he refused to accept that he had Lumin's Syndrome, and on the other, he was desperately acting to rid it from his body.

It was denial of the worst kind, but he denied being in denial, and that was that. He simply decided that he needed to coerce every aspect of his life towards being not just a man, but the most dominant fucking alpha male that had ever been conceived. The fact that he continued to dream of the blonde woman only made him more determined. Screw Doctor Kaley and her talk of there being no cure. If he did have Lumin's Syndrome, he'd purge it from his own body, just as he had when he was sick in other ways. Surely, it was nothing a macho man couldn't handle? And so the plan was put forth.

Step One: find a group of weird geeks and pay them to figure out the best way to be manly as hell. He was sure he already knew, but they had all that science shit on their side, and even he respected the science of protein diets and muscle building.

"What the hell do you mean 'manliness building?'" the nerdy girl he'd been directed to asked. Her name was Liza and she was a pint-sized goth with a thick pair of glasses, wrapped in a cheap-looking leather jacket and black denim pants. She wasn't exactly what Richard expected.

"What do you think I mean?" he said. "I wanna be more manly. More testosterone, more muscles, more being a total dude and everything."

She raised a pierced eyebrow. "You're Richard fucking Starre, you know that right? Like, *the* image of being the stereotypical heteronormative cis-het alpha male with toxic masculinity up the wazoo?"

"Look, I don't know what most of that nerd shit means, alright? I just want to be more of that, okay?"

"Is Brandon Becker going to take your captaincy or something?"

"What, no! It's just - I want an edge, that's all." It was an easy lie. It wasn't half incorrect.

"Uh-huh. And it wouldn't be because the steroids you're currently taking are causing your nipples to puff up, right?"

She chuckled as he looked down at his shirt and swore. Indeed, his nipples had only gotten puffier, and were currently denting through the fabric of his top.

“Yeah, you should be careful getting into that stuff. Especially since it also makes your balls shrink.”

He resisted the urge to put his hand there. Over the last week, his balls had indeed been sore, and it seemed like they had shrunk, just the tiniest bit.

“Look, I’m offering two grand, how about that? The college will pay for it all, since you’ll be my tutor. I just want you to draw up a plan for what it takes to be the biggest damn alpha male ever, okay?”

She managed to bite back a comment, instead biting her lip in a way that was a little cute. Richard bet she would be a terrific lay. She took a few moments to consider the offer while Richard waited, and it was clear she enjoyed making him wait.

“Fine,” she said. “I’ll be your ‘manliness’ tutor. Do the ‘nerd shit’, is that right? But you better be good for the money, and you better not pull any alpha male shit on me, okay? Or else I will make this blow up in your face.”

He gritted his teeth.

“Fine, so long you don’t bitch out on this. Deal.”

Step Two: do all the regular manly stuff he was already doing, only more so. Over that week, Richard threw himself into training more than he ever had. He arrived early and left late when it came to the field, and did laps whenever he could, working up a sweat that made even his fellow teammates question his sanity.

“Just trying to upstage me again,” Brandon said, scoffing.

“Like it takes effort,” Richard said.

But that wasn’t enough. In his time outside of sport, Richard went harder at the gym. He added twenty-five percent to each weight load in his routine, and made sure to add an additional set to each workout. The deadlifts, the pull ups, the chin ups, the bar lifts, even the freaking stairmaster, all of them became a challenge for his masculinity. He arrived ready, his body no longer a temple, but a battleground, where the very fate of his form could be decided. He placed tape over his irritated nipples to disguise their weird growth, and wore baggier shirts so no one could see that his weight loss had continued, his shoulders further shrunken in. He practised alone, without a partner - that was usually Tain’s role. Instead, he chose his times when he knew no other team members would be there, so he could focus on building his wasting muscles up faster than they could deplete.

But manliness was more than just muscles and fitness. Being an alpha male meant getting lots of pussy. Dina Paley was the hottest chick on campus, and while they were already sexually charged, he was now fucking her day and night between his workouts. She

wanted a relationship, and all that chatter she made about being more 'open and communicative' or whatever was a damn strain, and certainly not manly, but he put extra care into making sure she came like mad every time they fucked, and it dimmed her complaining somewhat. Still, she couldn't help but make the occasional comment.

"For fuck's sake Richard, just watch the damn show with me, and maybe I'll give you a blow job. Sometimes, I'm not up or sex, okay? Sometimes I want to actually *feel* like we're a couple."

But Richard didn't have time to 'feel'; that was exactly the kind of feminine bullshit that would make his changes worse, or at least that's what Google told him.

Women felt.

Men *fucked*.

And if it weren't for the fact that she had the most perfect set of tits on campus, he would have dumped her. Hell, maybe he should have; weren't men meant to sleep around a lot, like, because of evolution or something? It was a thought that stayed with him, especially since it was becoming harder to deny that his sensitive dick was indeed slowly shrinking in size, and his balls too.

Step Three was simple: stay casual, stay cool, stay calm and stay unemotional. Women were emotional, men were passionate. There was a difference he couldn't quite define, but his instinct told him he was right. More importantly, it was essential not to blow his fuse and break down crying: *that* was definitely what a woman would probably do, or certainly not a man at least. He still had three games until the final, provided they won the semifinal, and there was no doubt in his mind that would happen, so long as he was on the team. No, he had to stay the course, keep being the beloved 'Starre' of the football team, the quarterback that always won.

This was, in many ways, the hardest step. His body continued to become irritated. His scalp itched, and he would often idly scratch at his hair, which was growing longer than seemed possible. The pressure in his waist had only grown, and combined with his slightly widened hips he almost had a slight hourglass figure, a sight which humiliated him. Dina just thought he was losing weight, but she could see him looking at him sometimes, her eyes curious. There were other issues too; his eyes looked a little lighter, and his stubble wasn't growing at all. He'd made the mistake of shaving, and it simply hadn't returned, leaving him with a slight babyface look.

Others were noticing too, particularly after that week's game against the Griffons, who lost, though not by as much as they should have. Despite all his efforts, Richard

couldn't muster the energy he usually possessed on the field, and when the two sides clashed, the champion quarterback was somehow pushed back by the opposing tide. For a brief moment, he even experienced a strange fear; it was like the other men on the field were bigger than him!

After the game, he tried to make it straight to the showers, but first there was the media presence waiting. The first question, to his shame, was about his altered body.

"Have you been losing weight?" said the reporter. It was Ted, the same one from the previous game. He had somehow noticed he was slighter in figure. "Some have commented that you look less muscled this week, and none of your teammates have seen you at the gym. Any comment?"

"Just trying a new look and a new diet. It's gonna make me even deadlier on the field than before," he replied.

"So there's no truth to the rumours that Brandon Becker is to be the new star of the team and prospective for the NFL league? After all, he managed to score one more touchdown than you today."

A nerve went off in Richard's temple, and he grabbed the microphone, mugging the camera.

"Let me just say one thing: Brandon Becker is a great college footballer. But Richard Starre is the only one on this team who has what it takes to join the big leagues."

He cracked that classic Starre smile, and left the field. Brandon stared daggers at him as he entered.

"Not ready for the big leagues, huh? What the fuck was that shit out there?"

Richard just shrugged, and made to move past, but Brandon put up a hand.

"Hey, we're not done with this. You made a fool of us out there. The so-called 'star of the team' now struggling against the worst team on the roster. What happened?"

"Just a bad day. We won, didn't we?"

"Christ, you're an asshole. And you say I'm not ready for the big leagues. I scored more points than you!"

Richard grabbed the man by his dark shoulder and pushed him back. He didn't move as far as either expected, but it gave him an opening to slip past to the private shower.

"First time for everything, right?"

He showered alone, and changed alone, and didn't go close to the communal area where they usually all shot the shit after the play, clad in their towels. He could hear them whispering at how strange it was when he left, and Tain failing to play peacemaker with Brandon.

“Hurry up and give me your nerd low down,” Richard said to Liza.

He had asked her to meet him behind the old campus building that was now being converted into dorm housing. The goth nerd had showed up with a veritable binder of information.

“It’s all here,” she said. “Got my money?”

He sighed, reached into his pocket, and pulled out his cash.

“Yeah, weirdo, I have your money. Now let me see what you’ve got.”

“Now remember, it’s just a start. Frankly, there’s no actual science of manliness, but I poured over some of the dumbass ‘alpha’ dudes on the internet, and put all their dumb as shit nonsense into an easily digestible list for you. I’m talking eating red meat with just your hands level of stupid, and guides on how to sleep around behind your woman’s back, and even how to dress so you, I don’t know, don’t look too pink? It’s all stupid in my opinion, but exactly what you’re looking for.”

“Whatever, thanks I guess,” he said, taking the folder. “Again, it’s so I can get an edge.”

“Yeah, yeah, I put a lot of work into this. A *lot*. So much so that I found some other information too, some real interesting stuff about bodily changes.”

He opened the folder. The pages looked mostly blank.

“And even some stuff about what causes swollen nipples and rapid hair growth. Along with inexplicable shoulder mass loss.”

He poured through the pages in the binder. Each one was blank. His heart seemed to freeze as Liza kept talking.

“I figured you weren’t on steroids. I thought you’d dyed your hair, but then I saw how smooth your chin was when you came for an update the other day.”

More blank pages. More rising tension.

“And that’s when I realised it. You’re not looking to *become* an alpha male.”

He turned to the last page.

“You’re trying not to *lose* your alpha maleness.”

The last page simply had the words *YOU HAVE LUMIN’S SYNDROME* written in big letters on it, followed by a smiley face sticking its tongue out. Richard stared at Liza in shock, uncertain what to say. The other woman smirked.

“I think my bill just got doubled for my silence alone,” she said. “But don’t worry, I’m going to make it worth your while. I’m going to help you, Richard.”

Richard applied the tape over his nipples, but he was fighting a losing battle. It was now two weeks since he was told he had Lumin's Syndrome, and he was terrified that Doctor Kaley had been right. After all, how often did men grow not just large nipples, but *breasts* as well?

Right now they were only little A-cups, but their tenderness told him they were still growing, and he couldn't help but massage them with his hands idly whenever he was distracted. Occasionally, he would brush his nipples in such a way that it sent a shiver down his spine, and only then would he realise what he was doing and force himself to stop.

Other changes were continuing as well, embarrassing ones. For the first time ever, he had turned down sex with Dina after she noticed how much weight he was starting to carry in his ass. It was ballooning up, made all the more emphasised by his shrinking waist and widening hips. Even his skin was softer, his chest hair dissipating rapidly. Dina claimed she liked it, but if his breasts developed any further he couldn't just claim it was an 'allergic' reaction anymore. It would look increasingly what it was; actual boob growth.

His teammates were starting to note the changes as well. They saw him shirtless and naked just as much as his girlfriend did; it was a shared change room after all, and footballers didn't give a shit about stuff like that. But now he felt forced to hide, wrapping a towel around his shrinking junk immediately, to avoid them seeing his larger-than-usual butt, or that his penis was looking less impressive than even Jacen's. But nothing could disguise those full nipples, and it was Tain that noticed them with alarm.

"Oh man, are you okay? Seriously, you look like you've had an allergic reaction or something?"

Richard nearly died inside. Tain cared, he kept the hotheads from *butting* heads, but he had the tact of an elephant.

"The fuck?" Brandon said, and several other eyes joined in. Richard had somehow hoped to avoid it.

"Yeah, it's just an allergic reaction," he said, trying to blow it off. "It'll go down. Doc said not to eat any more honey."

"Honey? You're fucking kidding me. Is this drugs or something?" Brandon said. "Is this why we only barely edged out another victory today?"

For reasons he couldn't understand, Richard felt oddly intimidated by his rival's presence. Ordinarily he could simply push him aside, show him who's boss, but after yet another game where Brandon shone and Richard had been relegated to being the less-than-star quarterback, he was not feeling remotely dominant.

And there was another feeling too, a stranger one. He couldn't stop lowering his eyes to admire Brandon's perfect pecs and shower-soaked abs, a powerful eight pack of muscle that was far more ripped than his own, despite his recent workout regimen. His rival's dark

skin was somehow enticing to look at, and his gaze was drawn over to his powerful biceps and sexy forearms and -

Sexy forearms, what the actual fuck? Brandon noticed him looking.

"You alright there, Richard? Second game in a row you've been flagging. Are you admiring the new champ of the team?"

"Just - just leave me alone Brandon," he said, getting up to leave. It was a lame thing to say, but he couldn't even muster the confidence anymore.

"Jeez, someone's down today. Get your head in the game Richard. And go see a doctor man, you look like you're developing little titties."

He laughed, and several men giggled with him, but Richard simply stormed out.

"Fuck you," he said. Tears brimmed in his eyes, and he wiped them away. He never cried like that! It was like he was damn hormonal all of a sudden, and couldn't keep it together. It made him feel weak.

No, worse than that. It made him feel *vulnerable*.

"The fuck is this?" Richard asked.

"It's bodywrap, dumbass. Gee, you football types really are stupid."

"What the hell do I use this for?"

Liza raised an eyebrow and looked up and down his form. It made Richard feel like he was being examined, just like Doctor Kaley wanted of him. The goth's eyes lingered on his developed breasts. In just a few days after the last game, they had grown yet further. They could no longer be excused as simple allergic reactions; now they bobbed, and bounced, and wobbled, and jostled, and jiggled. There was a discernible weight to them.

"Those are nearly B-cups, at a glance," she said. "And you might not be finished developing. You want to hide that you're a woman? Then you gotta bind those girls down."

Richard frowned. "They fucking aren't 'girls.' They're temporary."

The goth smirked. "Sure."

"This can't be just it. I'm paying for you to keep your mouth shut but you also said you'd fucking help me."

There was a slight, desperate whine in his voice. He'd noticed it had raised an octave a little lately, and he was doing all he could to talk in a lower pitch. It still slipped out sometimes, though.

"Don't worry, keep your panties on, tough girl, I thought of plenty more. Got you some padding you can wear under your clothing to bulk up your shoulders and hips. Also some makeup."

"Makeup!?" he said, aghast.

"Yeah, makeup. It isn't just for making girls look good, alright? Hollywood professional use this stuff to make action heroes look rugged. You're lucky I'm not just an academic whiz but a real makeup whiz as well. I'll teach you the right application to define your manly features and draw attention away from those full lips."

Richard instinctively touched his lips before lowering his hand. They had indeed swelled up, becoming noticeably pouty. Brandon was asking questions, and even Tain was a little curious. Dina thought they were 'cute', but she seemed to be revelling in his changes lately, saying that he seemed "so much more in touch with your feminine side." If only she knew.

"Okay. Anything else?" he said to Liza.

She retrieved one more item.

"Hair dye?"

"Yeah. It's going blonde at this rate and we need to keep others from putting the clues together. You're gonna use this."

It was revoltingly ironic that in order to stay looking like a man, Richard needed to learn everything about how to do makeup and hair care like a woman. Unfortunately, he had no real choice; his face was looking more and more androgynous, like a weak sissy man or nerd. When he'd decided to grab a quick beer in town to calm his nerves, a gay man had even hit on him! He now had poutier lips, softer skin, loss of all facial hair, and a nose that was looking increasingly small and, he was afraid to admit it, *cute*. There was no telling how far it'd go.

The other changes were proceeding as well. Despite his continual workout, his overclocked gym routines, his consumption of protein and testosterone supplements courtesy of Liza, his muscles continued to melt away. His abs were shrinking - not disappearing, thank God, but certainly reducing heavily in size. The same was certainly true of his biceps, though his thighs had only shrunk a little, becoming softer.

Everything was becoming soft, really. His tits - he hated thinking of them like that, but they were most definitely tits - were still achey and sore, and were growing somehow even faster. He was well into a B-cup now, and the body wrap Liza had gotten him was a godsend. It was a little tight on his chest, but it had to be; he adjusted the wrapping to ensure there was only the expanse of ordinary male pecs.

The padding likewise helped. Apparently, in another ironic twist, it was the kind of thing transgender people used before transitioning fully, to put bulk in all the right places.

They were more important than ever; his shoulders were undeniably smaller now, and his hips had continued to widen even as his waist contracted. He was starting to get an hourglass figure, and it was accompanied by a general softness across his whole form, a layer of fat that was spreading to his breasts, his hips, his thighs and his ass. The last actually fucking *jiggled* now as he walked. It was goddamned mortifying, and so he took to wearing the special belted jeans Liza had got him, which squished his ass in, albeit uncomfortably.

He continued to push his routine, but as his body changed, his legs becoming more womanly, his feet smaller, his broad strength weaker, it was getting harder and harder to keep it up. He knew he was smaller, but when Liza pointed out that he was a couple of inches shorter he just about screamed. The whole thing was emasculating, and in a moment of weakness he visited Dr Kaley.

It was after hours, and he waited in the parking lot, heart beating nervously. The doc exited later than anyone, carrying her bag. It marvelled Richard that she'd once been a man. How the everloving fuck did she come to terms with that? How could anyone willingly give up on being a dude? She approached her car and he seized his opportunity.

"Doc," he called, "I wanted to talk to you."

"Sorry, sir, if you want to make a booking you need to call during work hours."

"Doc, it's me."

She turned, looked at him, and there was a painful delay in recognition. "Richard Starre? Oh my God, I'm so sorry, I didn't recognise you. The Lumin's Syndrome . . . you've changed!"

It was a kick right to the balls. Appropriate, given how sore they were at that moment.

"Doc, we need to talk."

She gave a look of utter compassion as she stepped forward, and somehow he broke into tears before she'd even said another word. She embraced him in a hug, and he whimpered, clutching her as she helped him move towards her clinic, and then into her office. He could barely say a word. His chest wrapping was tight, and his scalp itched, and it was like he could *feel* a damned fucking uterus forming in his stomach, pushing aside his intestines.

"There there," the doctor whispered, "there there. I know what it's like, in a way. To not be in the body you're meant to have, I mean."

"C-cure," he managed, as he took a seat opposite her, wiping away heavy tears.

"There's gotta be a cure."

Dr Kaley gave a sad smile. "I'm sorry, Richard, there simply isn't. There's been attempts, in fact there was a rather spectacular failure on the East Coast. The technology and understanding of the condition just isn't there yet, and the lack of cases means a lack of funding."

He sniffed, accepting her handkerchief. He felt pathetic, crying like this.

"What can be done?"

"Well, first we monitor you, so maybe we start to know more about the disease. And we can offer support services, counselling and the like."

"I don't need f-fucking counselling. I'm not some mental case or crying woman, I'm Richard fucking Starre."

There was a pause, the doc clearly trying to figure out what to say next.

"Well, I can still recommend it. I can put you in touch with someone who developed Lumin's Syndrome last year, and has adjusted rather well. She became blonde too, like you're becoming."

He placed a hand over his head, stiffening. It felt longer already, even after he'd cut it. Were even more blonde roots showing? Damn it, he'd already dyed them brown twice over!

"Okay," he breathed, "fine. We can do that."

A smile. Dr Kaley adjusted her glasses and began writing.

"Very well, we can get started tomorrow. We'll need you to get some scans done, as well as take some time from your studies. Of course, your sports career will have to be halted entirely in the meantime, but someone like you can certainly get back on the horse in no ti-

Richard stood so abruptly that the woman startled. "Halt my career? I've got two games left, doc! *Two!* I need to show the national league what I've got. I'm a shoe-in for a pick, but all this Lumin's shit has me wound tight. I can't do that."

She looked at him with astonishment.

"Richard, I implore you to think about this. Your body is changing. You can't keep denying it."

"I'm trying some other stuff. It's working."

"This is denial, Richard," she said, placing her hand on his arm. "It's the stage that's hardest to get past."

He pulled away. "I'm not giving up football. It's all I have. And if you can't figure this out, I'll figure this out on my own. I'm going to be a star, and no weird disease is gonna stop me."

Even as he spoke the last words, his voice cracked a little higher. His cheeks flushed, and he left the room.

“Wait, Richard, wait!” Kaley called. “At least give me a chance to connect you to this other woman. The one that has Lumin’s Syndrome. Her name is Francine.”

But it was too late. Richard left the building and slammed the clinic door shut. Tears brimmed once more in his eyes, and he wiped them away. He was not going to become a woman, and he sure as hell wasn’t giving up his football career. The stupid doctor wanted him to accept being a woman, but he refused to give up that easily.

He needed to be a man. He needed to lay down some pipe.

“Ooohhhh . . . that’s nice! There! D-don’t stop!”

Richard thrust into Dina, savouring the way his dick was hugged by her vagina. She was tight, so damn tight, and he told her as much.

“Fuck you feel good, babe!”

“Mmhhm,” she moaned, smiling up at him, “and you *are* g-good! Oohhh!”

She was wearing nothing, but he was still in his shirt and jeans, his zipper undone to allow his large dick access to her. It wasn’t as large as it once was, however, and felt oddly sensitive, but he’d manoeuvred it inside her so quickly he doubted she cared.

“I love this new you,” she groaned, tracing his cheek with her finger. “The way you cried a little at that movie. How you talk about your problems with study. You have no idea how sexy it is to be with a sensitive man!”

It was enough for him to almost lose his erection. He didn’t want to be a sensitive man, dammit. There was no such thing, as far as he was concerned! And it only served as a reminder for what was happening to him. He gripped her tighter, and kissed her deeply to shut her up, eliciting a moan from her. Her hands ran down his chest, and to his shock he found that despite the tight wrappings, her fingers still elicited a powerful shock of pleasure from his nipples.

“Oohhh!” he moaned, and he felt them harden.

Dina paused, and then her eyes lit up. “Oh my God, Richard, I never knew you had such sensitive nipples! That’s so hot!”

She rubbed her fingers around them, even as he groped her large breast, and he couldn’t help but shake with pleasure. They’d never felt like that before, but now they electrified him, sending pulses of ecstasy through his chest.

“Aahh - ahhh - they’re - ohhhh, Dina, they’re sensitive!”

“I can tell!”

She rubbed them harder, and his dick hardened with the motion. He thrust again, sliding deeply inside of her, and again, and again. And soon he was getting closer and closer to climax, all thanks to the way she played with his breasts.

“Wow, you really love th-this!” she stammered. “They feel s-so different! L-like little titties!”

He thrust, not even caring what she said anymore. The feeling of his dick was good, but having his chest groped *was amazing*, and soon his balls ached for release. The pressure built and built, and he closed his eyes and -

- and saw in his mind's eye Brandon Becker beneath him, his handsome dark face grinning as his strong hands groped Richard's bare tits. It was wrong, it was all wrong, and yet it felt so damned right that he couldn't take it anymore.

“Oohhh fuck, oohhh Brandon!” he called.

He came inside of her, harder than he ever had before, before collapsing beside her. Dina's face had gone from aroused to concerned to aghast. Her eyes were wide, and even in the post-coital pleasure of the moment, Richard felt his blood freeze.

“Did - did you just call me Brandon?” she said.

He didn't know what to say. Because he *had* called her Brandon, and more than that, had imagined she *was* Brandon.

And for some reason, he had fucking *liked* it.

To Be Continued . . .

Team Player, Part 2

Richard was stock still, as was Dina. They had just climaxed together, and in that climax, he had accidentally shouted out the name of Brandon Becker, his college rival. The man he'd been thinking of while having sex, without meaning to.

"Richard, what the actual fuck?" Dina.

"I, uh, look Dina . . ."

She pulled herself away from him, taking her hand off his sensitive tit.

"No, no no no. This isn't happening."

"It was just a stupid mistake Dina. I've been thinking a lot about the game recently, and -"

"Oh, I can tell who you've been thinking of recently, Rich. No wonder you've got such hostile energy to him. Jesus, I can't believe this shit. Just wait till I tell-"

Richard's eyes widened. It was like the bottom of the world had fallen out. He grabbed her hand violently, twisting it.

"You can't tell anyone!"

"Richard, you're hurting me."

"I'm not gay! I'm just going through some stuff, okay?"

She pushed and tugged against him, and he cursed his lessening strength. The bitch should have been easy to contain. In the struggle she grabbed his shirt, and to his horror as she pulled back the buttons ripped off, flying everywhere, and the two of them fell backwards in opposite directions. He scrambled to rebutton what he could of his shirt, but too many had pinged off. He hurriedly pulled the two halves together, only to cringe and release then when he unexpectedly pressed his hands upon his aching breasts.

"Holy. Shit."

An ice cold dagger plunged into his stomach as he looked up. Dina was staring straight at him, her jaw agape, her perfect eyebrows raised, her eyes wide. She was staring directly at the compression wrap, and the obvious womanly mounds that could no longer be easily hidden. Frozen, he stared back.

"Rich, those are tits. You've got fucking *tits!*"

"It's not what it looks like, I swear."

"Bullshit! I know a pair of tits when I see them. You've even got cleavage! Where's your body hair, Rich? And your waist is tiny!"

"Look, I can explain. It's just, uh, just part of my new dieting regimen and pills I've been taking. My body had a reaction, it's just temporary."

She didn't look convinced. "Let me see them."

Rich blanched. "No way."

"Because they're tits. Christ, no wonder they were suddenly so sensitive! And all you're crying lately. The emotional states. What are you, trans? Are you secretly transitioning?"

"What? No! Why would I want to become some bimbo?"

She gave another look of shock. "Who the hell said anything about bimbos? I asked if you were becoming a woman?"

Richard covered himself and stepped closer. His anger was like a furnace, fuelled by his shame. "Same damn thing, Dina! You think I'm with you because I fucking *like* you? You're a big pair of tits with a pretty face. A fucking good lay, that's all!"

Tears welled in her eyes. Dina turned and quickly put on her bra. To Richard's frustration, even the sight of her big knockers sliding in her generous cups wasn't enough to turn him on. The image of Brandon, his muscular dark skin against his, was the only arousing thing that came to mind. He pushed the thought away.

"Screw you, Richard," she spat, pulling her top on. "We're done. Whatever weird shit is going on with your body, you're on your own."

Richard rubbed his temple. "Look, Dina, I didn't mean to--"

"No, I meant it, screw you! We're finished. Good luck with your mantits and your hairless body, 'Mr Starre.'"

He balled his fists, overcome with fury. "I'm not growing tits, dammit! I'm just - I'm going through some - UGHH!"

The frustration was overwhelming, the anger boiling to a tipping point. He took another step forward, and she took one back, fear clearly in her eyes, but then he doubled over, clutching his stomach in response to a new set of pains and adjustments.

"N-no! Not f-fucking now!" he groaned, but it was too late. "D-don't look at me!"

But Dina's eyes were locked onto his body, and she wouldn't look away. He tried to shove her away, but stumbled as the pressure behind his compression wrap became too powerful. He could feel the flesh rising, expanding like dough. The same pressure existed in his hips, his waist, even his groin.

"OOhhhhh - NNgh - NGHHH!!"

He clutched his naked body, unable to contain the changes that were overcoming him. They were happening so fast; he'd never experienced so fast or so fully before!

"Why n-nowwww!?" he grunted.

His compression wraps pushed out, becoming painfully tight and cutting off his breath. It was like he was expanding over a full cup-size in mere seconds. He struggled to get oxygen, the bands cutting into his skin as his breasts bloomed ever larger, a more definable weight settling into them. He drooled in discomfort, rallying to undo the bandages

before he fell unconscious. He scraped and pulled and twisted at them, going almost mad with pain, but also the alien pleasure of his expanding feminine nipples rubbing against the fabric. Finally, he managed to rip apart several of them, and the entire constricting mess fell around his shrinking waist. His sore breasts were released, slightly reddened, and clearly enlarged. They wobbled as he jutting his chest out, giving a great, keening moan. He grabbed them, groping and squeezing, trying to settle them down. Something told him that he was only stimulating further growth, but he couldn't help himself; it was soothing.

"Oh my God," Dina whispered, gazing at him in shock. He briefly made eye contact with her, then looked away. His lips became just that little bit puffier, his cheeks a little more smooth and rounded, his jaw cracking inwards to become that merest bit smoother.

"P-please, don't tell anyone!" he stammered, his waist pinching in and giving him more of an hourglass, especially as his hips cracked outwards. He grabbed his penis in response to the strange pulling sensation, and he salivated almost feverishly as it retracted bit by bit, becoming even smaller. Even his balls, cupped in his hands, shrunk a little further.

"N-no! F-fuck! FUCK!"

They didn't shrink entirely, thank God, but they were much smaller yet again. No longer big enough to pleasure any woman, let alone one as hot as Dina. His hair lengthened, spilling forth from his scalp until it reached his shoulders, and it looked even more golden in colour than it had before.

"What the hell, even your face is changing!"

He already had smooth skin now that he couldn't grow facial hair, but this was exacerbated by the softening of his overall face. He had little doubt he now looked more female than male, and it terrified him to his core.

The changes faded away, and with them, his energy. He felt like he'd been squeezed dry, his batteries running right out. His more petite stomach growled in hunger, needing to refuel that energy in the wake of these changes. But that wasn't his main concern now. His worst fears had come true; someone from his ordinary life - not an outsider, but someone who knew him intimately - had found out. Dina stared at him like he was a freak, her mouth still open, her eyes wide.

"You *are* turning into a woman. What the fuck is happening to you, Rich?"

"N-nothing."

"Bullshit."

"It's just a condition. I'm getting over it."

"That's *some* condition."

He realised she had a phone in her hand. It put that icy cold dagger in his stomach once again.

"Is that - were you fucking *filming* me?"

She looked at her phone. "I thought . . . I thought I would need to report symptoms, to the ambulance."

"You didn't call-"

"When would I have? But I should. What's happening to you isn't natural."

He balled his even more slender fists again. "I said I'm *fucking dealing with it!*"

His voice was a little higher, and a little harder to take seriously. Again, that image of Brandon flashed in his mind, and he bit his lip to try and ignore it. Why couldn't he stop thinking about Brandon's big, black dick?

"It doesn't sound like it."

"Give me the phone, Dina."

She shook her head. "I don't think I should."

"Give. Me. The. Fucking. Phone."

Again, that little shake of her head. "The hell did I ever see in you, Richard Starre."

It was a statement, not a question.

"Though I guess you won't be a Richard much longer. Maybe a Rachel."

It was enough to make his fury explode. The shame and utter humiliation of what he'd just experienced in front of her was enough to make him launch forward, screaming in fury, his new C-cup chest wobbling heavily on his frame. She darted backwards, and with his changed centre of balance, he misjudged his attempt for the phone, and landed flat on his stomach. A burst of pain rippled out from his chest, causing him to shriek in a very unmanly manner. Dina dashed for the door, stopping only for a moment.

"That's one thing you'll have to get used to," she said, "squishing your boobs really hurts."

She wiped away a tear, before giving a slight smile.

"Thanks for making it really easy to break up with you, *Rachel*. I think I'll hold onto that video, just in case you ever decide to be violent with me again. You stay the fuck away, you hear?"

He nodded weakly, and she left, leaving him to curl up on a pathetic ball of frustration.

Word spread quickly that Dina had broken up with him. She got the story out earlier than he could; his changed body limited his confidence in setting the record. As such, the talk all over campus was how he was having a personal crisis, and she dumped him because he was becoming 'way too emotional.' The worst part was that it was true; his emotions were getting the best of him. That night he went to bed crying, weeping at what was happening to

him, and wishing Dina was at his side. With every sob, his new, heavier boobs jostled distractingly.

The emotions didn't go away in the following days, either. It felt like it was affecting his studies. Richard had never been the smartest man - he hated academia, viewing it only as a necessary process on the road to his football career - but his work was continually getting worse, even more so. He was repeatedly stuffing up questions, getting things wrong, or not understanding an essay question. Maths problems he could easily solve before now gave him headaches, and larger words seemed to carry complications and make him feel nauseous.

"Are you sure you're not getting dumber?" one arrogant shithead asked, some snobby nerdy kid that he would have beat up once upon a time. Instead, he simply fled from the room, overwhelmed and bursting with tears.

"Why is all this so f-fucking hard now?" he cried. "I f-feel like a dumb b-bimbo."

The jiggling mounds on his body only made the feeling more prominent. It was like his mind kept drifting, imagining not only men's bodies, despite his revulsion to them, but also how he could show off his own, which he certainly didn't want to do. When the thoughts became so powerful that he answered only three questions out of twenty on a math test, he knew he had to contact Liza again.

The goth nerd made several prescriptions, none of which he liked.

"A fucking sports bra, are you serious?"

Liza shrugged. They'd agreed to meet at his place, since he was afraid to go out in public looking so feminine.

"Sorry 'Starre', but nothing is hiding those babies fully anymore. You're a genuine C-cup."

"But everyone will be able to tell I'm looking like a fucking girl."

She crossed her arms. "Would you rather look a little out of shape - you know, with a set of 'moobs' - or have them bouncing around all the time and remove all doubt?"

He had to concede the point, though he still didn't like it.

"Fuck it, give it here."

"I can help. Bras can be tricky, especially for first time gals like you."

He shot her an angry look, but she was undisturbed. He brought it over his head and fitted it over his generous C-cups, but still they jostled. After some frustration, he had to ask Liza to help secure it at the back, and teach him how.

“Damn fiddly,” he complained, as he settled them a second time. He was surprised at how ‘active’ an ample set of C-cups were. They were certainly larger than pears now, and if he grew any further, would be heading towards cantaloupe size. He was determined for that never to happen. “Are you sure this isn’t too tight?”

“Lemme have a look.”

His helper/blackmailer looked over him, tugging at the straps and checking his fitting. Embarrassingly, he let out an unintended groan of pleasure as she groped his breast a little. They were ludicrously sensitive, and his reaction caused her to smirk.

“It’s fine, for now.”

“It’s still tight.”

“Only a little. Probably because you’re getting closer to D’s, but the C-cup will hold. Welcome to the world of having bigger boobs. The tightness means its keeping ‘the girls’ at bay. They’ll still bounce a little, but much less than an ordinary bra. I’ve bought a few of those with the money you gave me as well.”

He gritted his teeth, stepping back and feeling quite self-conscious about being shirtless before her. “No way am I wearing regular bras.”

“You’ll get used to it,” she mused. “You’ll want them around the house when it’s just you, just so you can get some support.”

“No I won’t, this shit is temporary, remember? I’m getting my testosterone pumping. I’ve been taking so many supplements it must be taking effect soon. I’ve been working out, and fucking chicks left and right!”

It was a comical statement, given the news that had spread around since. He only gone out a few times, wearing a very baggy hoodie and loose pants, along with lift shoes, but already Dina was blabbing about their breakout, talking about how bad at sex he apparently was, how ‘unfulfilling’ he had been, and so on. It was utterly infuriating, but he could do little about it, knowing she had the evidence of his Lumin’s Syndrome. At least Liza, for all that she was squeezing him for money, wasn’t betraying him. Yet. The goth nerd gave a little smirk and raised an eyebrow expectedly.

“So all that talk from Dina Paley -”

“All complete bullshit.”

“You can still get that little weiner of yours up?”

He narrowed his eyes, and she backed down.

“Kidding,” she said, weakly. “Wow, you’re really taking this badly.”

“I’m turning into a fucking bimbo slut, how can this not be bad?”

That got her interest. “Well, those are your words. I just said ‘woman.’ Pretty telling.”

“I know not all chicks are sluts, or whatever. It’s just . . . anyway, it doesn’t matter. All that matters is that I’m going to beat this fucking thing. I’ve done some reading of my own. A

body can fight off a virus if it's strong enough. And I'm the strongest there is, or at least I was. I'll be seeing some progress. I just have to cover up these changes as much as I can for now. Get a damned haircut. Most people think I've dyed my hair blonde now anyway, so it won't be the biggest deal. It's just these I need to worry about."

He gestured to his chest, shifting a little, testing the strength of the sports bra. His breasts jostled, but were quite contained, though not as well as with his compression wrap. That particular option was no longer available to him now, given his . . . bounteous size. He didn't say it, but the bra was indeed a lot more comfortable. A small part of his brain even told him that his chest looked quite good now.

"Well, technically your condition is a genetic disorder, not a virus, but whatever floats your boat, man. Just keep up what you're doing. I still think a real doctor would-

"Already been down that road. They told me there was no hope. I'm not giving it up yet. Not by a damn longshot, not matter what weird shit Dina says about me, I'll be back to being the top dog of the campus soon, and she'll be jealous when I've got all the other hot chicks on my arms."

Liza rolled her eyes, packing up her stuff. "Sure, Mr Alpha Wolf. Best of luck with that. So long as you keep paying me, I'll keep helping." She gestured to a shopping bag. "I've put some extra things in there for you, just in case, as well as some inserts for your, ahem, male pride. You try to keep up with the other players in your next game."

"Yeah, whatever."

"Thanks would be good."

"I paid you, didn't I? I'll thank you when this is over."

She grinned. "I'm really looking forward to that."

He detected a trace of irony in her voice.

"Fine, thanks. Or whatever."

"Good."

And then she was gone, out the door and into her car. He watched her go, annoyed at this girl who thought she was better than him. She needed a good lay to calm her attitude. Someone to fuck her good. He should have been up to the task, but somehow he was completely submissive in her presence. When her car started and she drove off, he actually let out a breath he hadn't realised he'd been holding.

"Why the fuck do I always feel so damn beta in her presence?" he asked himself. He shivered a little, scared of how oddly submissive he was becoming when others pushed back against him. He needed to reassert control. He leaned over the back, repulsed a little by how gravity pulled his breasts at a different angle in his new sports bra, and checked out what Liza had left him.

"Goddamnit," he said to himself as he rifled through the contents.

Just like she'd said, there were inserts to fit within his shirts, padded filling to bulk out his thinning body. There was also some male deodorant; apparently his body 'smelled nicer', according to her, and he strongly suspected that 'nicer' meant 'more feminine.' Damn dyke. Some bras were within, most practical, a few surprisingly racy; one was black and semi-transparent, and clearly this was a joke on him. Worse still, she had prepared for the future: at least half were for full D-cups, and one was even listed as an E-cup, and the biggest as an F-cup. That was larger even than Dina's huge tits, big enough to store cantaloupes and then some. They might as well be used to smuggle actual melons, if they were on the smaller size.

"Fucking hell," he muttered, as he picked up a rolled sock. He had an idea where that was meant to be stuffed.

There was also, at the very bottom of the bag, some feminine products - tampons, pads, even something called a 'period cup' - tied together with a note attached.

In case things keep changing, Rich. After all, if you do become a girl, it's time you learned part of the Girl Code: always offer a period product to a woman who needs it, even if you hate her guts.

"That bitch," he spat.

He touched his throat, a little disturbed. With his changed voice, he almost sounded like a jealous valley girl cussing out a rival.

He could not hold of football training any longer under the vague excuse of being 'sick.' Rich had to bite the bullet, even though it was still only four days after that last big change. The smaller changes still continued - the subtle widening of his hips, his reduction in height, he swore his breasts were still bloating up a little - but he was most afraid of another big one hitting. He was terrified of what the other guys would say in his presence, how much they would notice, and so he was constantly fussing over himself, padding down his chest and adjusting the sock that was used to pad out his underwear briefs.

Ironically, this behaviour was only drawing more attention to himself, and he knew it, but he couldn't help it. He was starting to feel more and more aware of his looks in front of clothes, and oddly enough, that was starting to feel natural. As if he *needed* to look right for a crowd, especially for the boys. Especially since those damned dreams with Brandon in them hadn't halted. In fact, they'd only become more frequent.

He had just managed to purge his mind of the image of hot dudes when he entered the practice area, deliberately a little late. He was adorned in his full gear, the extra padding

under his shirt to mimic his musculature, and subtly raised heels on his shoes to reduce the realisation of his height. He managed briefly to overhear some conversation as he came in.

“Dina going out with you now?”

“Nah, she claims she wants ‘time to sort my shit out’, or something.”

That was Brandon’s voice.

“Shame. Can’t believe Rich let her go. What an idiot.”

“Man’s a damn fool, but he’s got his own problems, so I hear. Can’t even turn up to training on time anymore. He used to bark at us for turning up late. Some ‘Star!’”

Richard puffed out his chest as best as he could, and stepped forward.

“You were saying?”

The team turned to him, and Brandon had a brief look of surprise on his face.

“Well, well, the man himself dares to show up. Or were you too busy begging for Dina to take your little dick back, huh?”

Richard blushed, embarrassed. He’d done his best to use Liza’s makeup lessons to make his features seem sharper, to emphasise the still-masculine parts of his face, but he was unable to help the fact that his cheeks went rosy red much more easily these days. In fact, he had to choke down a moment of pure emotion that he never would have felt before.

“Just - just shut up, okay?”

Brandon chuckled. “Seriously, that’s all you got man? I expected more pushback, especially with all that shit Dina’s spewing. Is that why you been taking separate showers lately?”

Richard cringed, trying to think of something to say, but it was difficult, in the sight of so many imposing men, all of them more muscled than him, Brandon and Tain most of all. The latter was giving him a sympathetic look that boiled his anger, as if *he* needed pity from the team lunkhead. But it was Brandon who was having the strangest effect on him. The man’s mockery seemed to hurt in a visceral way, like the hurt that comes from being betrayed by a close friend, rather than simply insults from a rival.

“No, just - fuck off about this, okay? Let’s, like, get to training already.”

A smile. “Yes ma’am.”

For a moment, Richard froze. Did he know? No, there was no way. Dina wouldn’t have. And Liza was being paid. And that quack doctor who used to be a man had no way of doing so anyway. It was just an insult, but it hit him right to the core.

“Like, whatevs,” he said. He’d meant to say ‘whatever’, but the uncharacteristic abbreviation just slipped out.

What followed was the most embarrassing training session of Richard's life. He knew he wasn't as buff or tough as before, but he had assumed he would at least be able to still move deftly with the ball. Instead, when several players advanced implacably towards him, their huge bodies seeming to dwarf his, he actually *shrieked*, throwing the ball elsewhere and covering his face in fear. He was meant to be Richard Starre, the Star of the Bulls, he shouldn't feel fear at all!

It was enough that training actually paused briefly.

"Are you sure you're okay, man?" Tain asked, leaning over a little to see if he was okay. "You look different lately, like you lost weight. And no offence, but did you get surgery or something done?"

Richard looked to him with astonishment. "Like, what?"

Tain looked a little red-cheeked, scratching the back of his head as he tried to figure out how to put what he was going to say. "It's just . . . your ass, dude. It looks weird. I mean, it looks huge."

Richard sagged. He hadn't even realised how much bigger his rear 'padding' had gotten. His chest was distracting enough, along with his hips, that his bouncing bottom hadn't grabbed enough attention. He turned, looking as best as he could at it, and it startled him. It was indeed quite rounded in his training shorts. Dina had an amazing fucking body, but a part of him recognised that his own ass was shaping up to be more impressive than hers ever was. He sucked in a breath at the strange sense of pride that gave. He imagined a large, masculine hand groping it and squeezing . . .

"Fuck!" he gasped. The thought had come from nowhere, and made his nipples hard.

"Uh, you okay dude?"

"Yeah, it's just - it's just an infection, alright?"

Tain didn't seem convinced, neither did the others when they questioned him about it. The worst were those that didn't question at all, but instead just stared. Various teammates continued to whisper and discuss his bodily changes, his personality changes, even the way his speech had changed.

"What's with all the 'likes', dude?" said Carter, one of their offensive linemen.

"Like, what do you mean?"

"That! Just there. You're always saying 'like' and 'totally' and 'whatevs' lately. You sound like one of those valley girls you like fucking."

Richard groaned. He hadn't even realised. "I'm totes not doing that, dude."

"You literally just said 'totes'."

"Whatevs!"

"And you're still doing it!"

“Fuck, sorry. It’s just, like, being dumped by Dina really hit me, you know.” He’d meant it as a cover, but it sounded pathetic. Why was he indulging her version of the story? But once he’d started, he just couldn’t stop, even knowing he was in earshot of Brandon, who was also taking a water break. “It’s just, ever since she left I’ve been feeling, like, so emotional. I can’t even - I just can’t deal with it!”

Holy shit, had he just said ‘I can’t even’? He tried to steady his breathing, but the tears began to flow. Goddamnit, it was all becoming too much. He was meant to be a friggin’ alpha male, but the entire time he’d been training he couldn’t ignore the way his tits wobbled in his sports bra, or how his ass bounced, or even that he had to concentrate to avoid shaking his hips.

Carter looked at him, shocked that the man so full of bravado and macho power was now tearing up in front of him. He quietly excused himself, apologising. Richard wiped away his tears, sniffing and sobbing slightly, unable to stop. He turned, and saw that Brandon was staring his way. He wasn’t smug, however. His expression was almost pensive, in fact.

“Like, stop looking at me!” he declared, before running to the shower blocks.

Training wasn’t over, but he’d had enough. He found the private stall, ripped off his things, closed the door, and turned it on. He needed to feel fresh; wearing all the fake muscle padding had left him feeling gross and sweaty, and for some reason that was bothering him even more than usual. Was it a result of the Lumin’s Syndrome, that he now found getting all dirty and sweaty unappealing? He hoped it was. That was, he could classify it as just one more challenge to overcome.

The shower stall had a steel mirror, and while it wasn’t the most reflective surface, it clearly showed the increased changes of his body as he undressed. Richard cursed beneath his breath as he looked at his bustline; it had only ‘enhanced’ further, bulging over the cups decisively now. There was no doubt in his mind that he had reached a D-cup size. This was especially humiliating, because he’d once bragged that he never dated chicks who were less than a D-cup.

“I like ‘em big, heavy, and bouncy,” he’d said.

Well now his were big, certainly heavy, and they bounced with every step, even in a bra. And the rest of him was not much better; his hair had lightened further, and was almost platinum blonde. It was almost perfectly straight now; he had to hide it under a beanie or hat, or otherwise put gel in it to keep it under control. He couldn’t believe he hadn’t noticed the expansion of his ass; his hips had gotten wider, and his rear had only packed on further flesh to make it all the more enticing.

“A fucking woman. Fuck this shit. Like, fuck Lumin’s Syndrome!” he said.

Even his voice sounded whiny and feminine now. He sighed, deflated, and stepped into the shower. At least the water was wonderful on his skin. Rich wasn’t sure if it was the

hairlessness of his new body, or simply its increasing femaleness, but his sensitivity was greatly enhanced. Just the feeling of warm water over his body was oddly sensual, and he began to caress himself, at first as part of a routine clean, and then as something . . . more.

“Aahh,” he breathed, as he rubbed his thin fingers over his nipples. Those too had expanded in size, now utterly female, and surprisingly large. With each rub, each pinch, little tendrils of pleasure rippled through him, making him weak at the knees. He ran the water through his straight blonde hair, and despite his embarrassment over his new form, he gave a surprised little giggle when it matted over his eyesight, something he still wasn’t used to.

“Oh God, I do totes sound like a bimbo,” he said. “Dammit. It’s, like, so hard not to say ‘like!’”

His hand wandered over his navel, so soft and smooth. There was the merest feminine pooch on his lower stomach. There was a reason women generally had that, and he felt he should have known that, but it slipped his mind. Just like his math test the previous day had been even harder than usual for him. He must have been so distracted by recent events that more things were harder to recall now. At least, he assumed that was the case.

Richard closed his eyes, continued to caress himself more and more. The worries on the training field melted away as he indulged in his new form. Tain’s questions, Carter’s mockery, even Brandon’s insults and later stares dissipated from his mind as he continued to moan louder and louder, increasingly female in voice.

“Mmhmhmm . . . ohhhh . . . *Brandon.*”

He hadn’t meant to say it again, but the name just slipped in, as did the visual. He couldn’t stand his rival, and yet, despite his anger towards the man, he couldn’t help but conjure an image in his mind of the tall, dark-skinned player with his impressive muscles and handsome face. Richard bit a lip, not wanting to imagine more, yet not daring to stop. He began to grope his breasts, imagining it was Brandon doing the squeezing, and the small remains of his penis hardened halfway as he imagined his muscular body against her own.

Her own. He meant *his* own!

Still, the thoughts continued. He imagined strong hands groping his rounded ass. He salivated at the thought of a strong man wrapping his strong hands around his own weak waist. Rich bit his lip, breathing harder, thinking of what it would be like to be a full woman, to have a vagina that was capable of swallowing a big, black dick like Brandon’s. He’d seen it in the change room. It was big indeed. Huge, in fact. God, like, what would it feel like? She bet it would totally feel amazing. She knew it was wrong, but having that super hot dude squeeze her big sensitive tits while he thrust into her, oh God it would be like the sexiest fucking thing ever and-

“Hey, what the hell Rich, you’ve got a girl in there?”

Richard stopped. He hadn't even realised, but he'd been jerking himself off, pinching his nipples, and groaning *very loudly*. Fuck. He turned off the shower.

"N-no. It's just - it was just my phone. It's, like, a new ringtone."

"In the shower? What the - whatever. I don't give a fuck. We need to have a talk man. You haven't been cutting it lately. The big game is in two days, and you're too weak. I don't know what's going on, but your star power just won't cut it this time. You've got all that big talk, but when the chips are down, you're failing us."

"You - you're just jealous!"

It was a weak response, and Richard knew it. So did Brandon.

"Of course I'm fucking jealous of you, man. You're the Star of the Bulls. You can't let anyone forget it. Except you're not the star anymore. *I am*. And frankly, I'm a better team player than you ever were, hogging all the spotlight. Clearly, it's gotten to your head, because your performance can't be trusted. Which is why you aren't playing for the rest of the season."

Richard's heart stopped for a moment. No, no way. It wasn't, like, fair at all.

"Dude, that's totally a jackass move!"

"The decision is made," came the voice from the other side. "I'm taking your spot."

"You can't do this! You're being a real bitch right now?"

A laugh echoed through the door. "Me, the real bitch? That's rich, coming from the guy who looks like a total femboy these days. You know, most of the guys think you're gay now, with the way you keep staring at them. But it's me you keep looking at the most, isn't it? Only, I think I know the reason."

There was a loud smack, and the door cracked open, the lock flying off its hinges. Richard squealed, grabbing his breasts in shame, trying to hide himself and unable to do so. Brandon loomed in the doorway, tall and muscular, a smug grin on his face.

"I fucking knew it. You *are* becoming a woman."

Richard whimpered. He actually fucking *whimpered*.

"Those are a fine set of titties you've got there, *Mr Starre*. Real nice. Some great hips too. Shame about what's between them."

To Richard's shock, the compliments felt somehow validating, particularly the compliments of his chest. He knew it was in chest, but coming from Brandon, it made him slightly weak at the knees. He couldn't help it; the man who he once regularly dunked on as his rival now held some strange sway over him, and it was only getting stronger; his nipples were becoming fully erect.

"I - can explain," he said, voice high and reedy.

"Oh, I don't need you to do that," Brandon replied, closing the battered door behind him and advancing towards the feminised man. "I already figured out most of it. You see, I've

always had a keen eye for detail, Richard. It's why my grades are better than you. It's why I work on the field with the team better than you. It's also how I noticed out the corner of my eye that some weird goth nerd was meeting with you one day. Now, I didn't catch everything, but the fact that you were trying to boost your testosterone had me interested. I thought you were boosting, but then I saw the changes that were happening to you. And then Dina comes and tells me personally just four days ago that you screamed *my* name during sex."

Richard gasped. "She - she's totes lying!"

"I don't think so. Dina is hot as fuck, but she's also a sweet thing. I *know* she was telling the truth. Particularly since she also told me your body was changing, though she didn't go into great detail on how, I know how to put two and two together, unlike *some*."

The insult rankled. Rich *was* becoming dumber, he knew it. Even the tactics of the game weren't making much sense to him anymore.

"It's just, like, a temporary condition."

"Sure it is. I bet you like telling yourself that, even while you grow big tits."

Another step closer, and Richard's breath quickened. His chest rose and fell.

"You know, I looked up what you probably have. Lumin's Syndrome, or some shit. Pretty damn rare. Only a few people ever had it. Unlucky you. Or, judging from how you're looking at my arms, maybe *lucky you*."

"I - I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh really?" Another step closer. So close she could smell him. No, not she! He! "Then I imagine you'll fight back if I cop a feel of that nice big rack you've got there?"

Richard froze. He wanted to escape. To push past Brandon. He knew he could. She definitely could. But . . . the fit, handsome, hunky man in front of her was powerful, domineering. And in his presence she felt utterly submissive to him.

"I . . . I . . ."

His hands reached out, and she lowered her own, clenching her eyes shut in preparation. She bit her lip as they made contact, his large masculine hands softly squeezing her D-cups.

"MMhmmh - oohhh f-fuck!"

"Mhm, you like that, Rich, don't you?"

"I - ahh - stop!"

Another grope. Another wonderful squeeze.

"Are you sure you want me to stop? Say it again and I will."

Richard tried to say it. He really did. But the needy, female part of him simply couldn't. Brandon was too strong in her thoughts. She needed him. She could imagine his big, long, hard dick in his pants, ready to penetrate her. She imagined so many ways that it could, and it disgusted her how much it turned her on.

"It's - Nggnh - n-not right!"

"You're right. You've still got a bit of dick. But then, another thing I read about Lumin's Syndrome is that getting super turned on can accelerate the changes."

He rubbed Richard's nipple again, eliciting an unintentional moan from her. She leaned closer, shuddering at the strength of his touch. His other hand traced down her back, and it was impossible to deny the femaleness of this moment, as her breasts pressed against his shirt. She gave a squeak once again as he gripped her ass, squeezing unexpectedly tight in a way that made her desperately aroused. A tightness came over her, an early sign of pressure.

"N-no. Brandon, stop this. I'm s-sorry about being, like, so bad to you. But I d-don't want to become a busty bimbo."

Brandon smiled down at her. "Oh, but I would *love* that. You know, I thought I was going to enjoy getting Dina Paley to be my new girlfriend, but I think you've got the makings of a chick way hotter than her, Richard. It'll be the ultimate justice too, for all the times you fucked me around, now I get to fuck you right back, only the fucking is going to be a lot more literal when you've got a lovely little pussy for me to stick my dick in."

Richard moaned. God, she could just imagine it.

"Yessss," she stammered, "that sounds s-so good. I mean, like, no! I don't want that!"

But she was too lost in arousal and pleasure to pull away entirely, even as a greater pressure blossomed in her chest, in her hips and ass, and even more powerfully in her crotch.

"Oooohh, Brandon, you've got to - I can't, like, become a woman."

Her nipples throbbed, responding to every touch. He rolled them lightly between his fingers, eliciting gasps of pleasure from her. She felt the pressure grow, that increase in activity in her body, that activation of Lumin's Syndrome.

"Richard Starre, I think you're already more than halfway there man. And I just can't wait to see what you look like when you're done, and addicted to me, while I take your spot as the team captain."

Another tension in her muscles, another pooling of fat and tissue into new areas. Richard squeezed her eyes shut, trying to will her body to stop. Trying to hold off against the inevitable changes. She mentally strained, trying not to allow them to begin.

It was at that point that Brandon removed his shirt, allowing her to take in his dark, muscled, oh-so-manly form. She had seen him naked in the changerooms before, but had never seen him quite like this. Richard's former rival smirked, clearly enjoying the new power he had, and removed his shorts and briefs, revealing a gigantic cock that was completely erect. Her eyes widened as she took in its hardness, its length. And despite herself, she imagined what it would be like to take it inside her.

Hurriedly, she put her sports bra on, trying to hide from his touch and gain some semblance of normality. To retain some sense of manliness.

“That won’t do anything. You know you want this, Richard,” Brandon said. God, his voice was so hot. Like, seriously hawt. It had an almost hypnotic effect on her, capturing her. She realised in that moment why she kept imagining Brandon, why her bimbofying body wanted *him* of all people. It was because, staring up at his muscular body and confident smile, she realised that he was an alpha male. The kind she was supposed to be as Richard.

But not her body was drawn irrevocably to his.

Her breasts plumped outwards, the skin briefly stretching before it too expanded to contain the larger feminine globes. She trembled, releasing a huge intake of breath, as if she’d been holding back the tide of her breast growth. Her voice whined, increasingly high and feminine, almost ditzzy, as they strained against , overflowing it, little pooches shifting out to the sides.

“Nnyyahhhhhhhh! AAAiiiiiii!”

Brandon held her, fascinated as her features softened, becoming resolutely female, and incredibly so. She withered beneath his gaze, wanting to be anywhere else and yet simultaneously loving the way he stared at her big, heavy tits. The material of her sports bra stretched, straining to contain her. Her supple chest finally reached a point she had never imagined it would; they expanded beyond Dina’s own E-cup globes and into new territory. She gasped, her plump lips separated as she beheld the enormous cleavage now dominating her view; she could not longer even see her feet! And more than that, she couldn’t see the changes going on further down.

But she felt them all the same.

“F-fuuuuck, no! N-not my *diiiiick!*”

The final threshold to woman had come, and it occurred partially in response to the sheer arousal of Brandon’s own huge cock. She grabbed her crotch with her hands, felt it shrink away, as if the flesh itself was absorbing back into her body. She gave a high whine, her bimbo voice making her sound like a girl freaking out in a fashion store.

“Oh - oohh my Gaawwwwwd!”

It pulled back into her body, the flesh parting to form a feminine passage. She squirmed, steadied only by Brandon’s arms as her new womanly flower developed, her labia lips and little sensitive clit. It was the most alien sensation yet, and the most symbolic; the loss of the last vestigial remnant of her manhood.

Brandon laughed. “Oh man, holy shit, this is just perfect. I knew you had Lumin’s Syndrome, and I’d put together that it was making you have it bad for me. But I had no idea you were gonna be this far along, or change this much in front of me. God, even your face changed. You look like a total slut, Richard.”

She did. She saw herself in the mirror; with her high eyebrows, big blue eyes, and pouty lips, she had an almost permanently surprised look to her, like she was just some dumb blonde bimbo.

"A nice big pair of dick sucking lips, by the looks of it," Brandon mused.

He was right. Despite the part of her that was still male, the humiliated, ashamed, angry part of her that *demande*d to be made male again, she couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to wrap her juicy lips all over his gorgeous thick cock, and suck it dry.

She shuffled forwards, entranced. She couldn't think of much else except Brandon's magnificent black dick. She needed it. She reached out her fingers to gingerly touch it, and he grunted in satisfaction as she made contact.

"Mmhm, I like you like this, *bitchard*. In front of me, on your knees, ready to *suck me off*."

He reached out, grabbed her by the back of the head, and pulled her closer. She didn't expect it, and she opened her mouth to protest, only to end up with her lips right over his member.

"MMMPH!"

It tasted *wonderful*. And he hadn't even come yet. She rolled her eyes in the same way someone did when consuming a delicious dessert. Gawd, why had she fought this? Brandon began to rub her sensitive titties, and they were somehow even *more* sensitive than before. Her nipples and areola were delightful to the touch, sending her into delirious bubbles of bliss, but even the larger breast was ached with pleasure at being touched, particularly - to her surprise - the underside, which was quite prodigious now.

"That's right, you're my *bitch* now," Brandon continued, "you love sucking my cock, don't you. Nod if it's true."

She nodded, eagerly, happy to please him. Pleasing him brought little butterflies of joy to her stomach. She continued to take him into her mouth, shocked at how much he filled. His thick shaft descended to her throat, and she gagged for only the briefest of moment before begin able to accept it. She was, like, such a bimbo slut now. Even her gag reflex was borderline non-existent, perfect for sucking cocks.

And swallowing cum.

Brandon grunted again as she continued to deep throat him. She vacillated between looking up at this dominant man's eyes, terrified yet submissive to his presence, and rolling her eyes back in her head in pleasure as he squeezed her heavy, wobbling chest.

She continued her motions, swallowing his large size, and struggling to break away. She had to. She had to go back. She could have sworn she was going to be a man again. Where had it all gone wrong?

And then Brandon grunted even louder, and gripped her hair in a tight enough manner that made her whimper in desire. She tried to pull away, and yet his grip was firm. She felt his dick *pulse*, and she stopped resisting, her eagerness rising. There was something just so damn *right* about sucking off her boyfriend so well that he came right down her throat.

She blinked. What the fuck was wrong with her?

But then it was too late. His dick throbbed, Brandon grasped, and she gave a muffled moan as his seed shot into her mouth and down her throat in thick, sticky, warm wads. It tasted surprisingly salty, and far worse, it was *delicious*. Another throb, another grunt, another ejaculation, another swallow. She couldn't get enough. Gawd, it was addictive! His cum was, like, so damn tasty! It was totes delicious, and she was - AGH!

"NOOO!"

She pulled herself off his dick, and it flopped out of her mouth, wonderfully clean of his issue, which was already settling into her stomach to be digested. Richard looks over herself. No, *himself*. He was still a guy at heart, even if he'd . . . even though he'd . . .

"What's wrong, *Bitchard*?" Brandon snarled, "you seemed to be having a good time."

"You - you dickhed! You, like, knew you were speeding up my change! Now I look like a total slut!"

Her voice was reedy, like that of a Valley Girl stereotype. Her breasts wobbled heavily, barely contained by her too-tight sports bra. They were a humungous set of tits that easily rivalled her own head for size each, and their weight was incredible, pulling on her shoulders and requiring large cups to contain them. The rest of her had also become softer, more feminine. Her ass was wonderfully rounded in a way Dina's could never hope to be, and even her skin was paler, all the better to match the incredibly straight, silky strands of platinum blond hair that fell to her nipples. She was, in so many ways, the ultimate campus hottie now, her body the kind that would be legendary to future years of college football teams.

"You *are* a total slut now, unless you just gave me the best blowjob of my life as a once-off, which I doubt. But don't worry, *Bitchard*, I have a feeling we're not going to be rivals anymore. I rather think I'm going to enjoy having you as *my* slut. Tell me you don't want that?"

Richard's imagination fired up, already visualising being the hottest girl on campus, of wearing tight, sexy outfits that showed off his flat stomach and contoured to his enormous breasts, being eye candy to everyone but *belonging* to Brandon. In that future, his body would be the envy of women, lusted after by men, and possessed by his former rival, who would make sure he knew he was his bimbo girlfriend forever.

He had to get out of there before that dream became a reality. He quickly grabbed her clothing, leaving the padding and phallus-sock and all the parts he could not carry in a heap behind her. He ran past Brandon, who simply chuckled.

“You’ll be back, Richard! And I look forward to giving you a new name as well! I don’t think your current one suits you anymore! I’ll be sure to think up something real hot though!”

He ran, tears in his eyes, slamming open the door and running half-naked out into the change room. His heart beat heavily in his expanded chest as he saw his entire football team walking into the changerooms. Carter and Tain and all the rest stared at him, and someone gave a wolf whistle.

“Holy shit, where did *you* come from, missy?” Carter called.

Tain just popped a near-instantaneous erection, too polite to say anything, but his body and gaze telling everything.

“Fuck!” Richard gasped, running past them. His enormous tits flopped heavily, threatening to break open his sports bra, and his bounteous behind bounced with each step. He briefly slipped over on the grass, getting mud on his body, and another set of wolf whistles followed.

“Watch out, mud wrestling! Someone find another hottie!”

“Seriously, who is that?”

He got up and kept running, clutching his massive melons to keep them from jiggling, and failing miserably. The last thing he heard before he disappeared out of sight was the amused and fascinated commentary of his former teammates.

“Hot damn Brandon, is that your new girl? What the hell spooked her?”

“Oh her, yeah, she and I were having some fun. I just don’t think she expected you. But not to worry, you’ll be seeing her again. She’ll be a regular fixture, I think.”

The final changes settled in over the next two days. During that time, Richard remains in his room, only ordering food by delivery, and groceries as well. He didn’t have to eat as much anymore, and to his annoyance, even his tastebuds had changed; he found he had become a real sweet tooth, enjoying candy, particularly lollipops that he could suck on in a sensual manner, imagining despite himself that it was Brandon’s big cock.

Liza had called several times, but Richard simply refused to answer. There was no way the total nerd could help him any more, and besides, he was starting to realise her whole goth shtick was soooo tacky. Like, if she just brightened up her face a bit and changed her outfits, she would look totally prettier. He’d suspended any further transactions to her. After all, she’d tried to blackmail him. Had succeeded, in fact.

“Total bitch,” he mumbled to himself.

He later received a text from her.

Well, I guess your changes are pretty complete, then? Have fun being a woman - FYI in the future try to actually listen to doctors and science instead of what's manly. That's stupid AF. Still, thanks for the gift. I look forward to letting everyone know what's really happened to you. Consider it a thanks for all the times you called me a 'stupid nerd' or 'goth bitch.'

He threw the phone across the room and screamed when he read it. No doubt word was already spreading, adding to Liza's story, and perhaps mingling with the football team's recollections. No doubt Brandon was loving it all. They were all against him, he'd had no chance from the beginning.

“I was meant to be, like, the fucking star,” he moaned to himself. “It was meant to be me at the top! Me they praised! I was the fucking alpha male, and now I, like, look like a fucking bimbo slut!”

Doctor Kaley had also called a number of times, and he too let that dial out, instead choosing to sulk in his new female body.

And it was indeed very, *very* female. In the aftermath of giving that terrible, wonderful blowjob, Richard had managed to wrestle back some male pride, even able to think of himself in male pronouns if he focused hard enough. But nothing was able to wrestle back his male body. He had returned from the blowjob incident already incredibly changed, and the following two days only cemented those changes further. The last tremors of pressure, of tingling skin, had finally faded away, leaving him with a figure that left even Dina fucking Paley in the dust.

He knew this because he couldn't help but constantly examine himself in the mirror, tracing his eyes over every curve. He looked like a fourteen-year old's wet dream come to life, like the absolute *ideal* of a blonde busty bimbo with big tits and a big ass and big thick lips for sucking big thick dick. He couldn't *not* pout, and each move made his curvaceous hips sway in a manner that would turn on every man in a three hundred foot radius. His hair now spilled down to nipple level, straight and platinum blonde, matching his baby blue eyes which were almost doe-like in their largeness. His tits were his most prominent feature though. They were impossible to ignore: each tiny movement - no matter how small - made them jiggle and jostle even a little. Just moving his arms caused them to brush against the 'spillage' to the side that each breast had. They were huge enough, in fact, that they were easily visible viewing him from behind; he'd seen so using the bathroom mirror. Yet despite their size, they were amazingly pert on his chest, their big pink nipples wonderfully sensitive.

He couldn't help himself but to touch them. More than once, he'd brought himself to orgasm just imagining what it would be like to have a man squeeze them again, especially

Brandon. Or even better, to suck him off again while he tittyfucked his long shaft within Richard's cleavage.

But they were heavy, and even the biggest bras Liza had bought him didn't fit. He spilled out of them, his tits overflowing, and it actually made him giggle a little. They were frustrating, heavy, annoying as all fuck. But there was also a growing kernel of pride in them.

"Eat your fucking heart out Dina," he said once while posing in the mirror, before realising what he'd just said.

A small part of him thought that he had good reason to be proud; he was, after all, fully a woman now. He had a - a vagina to prove it. It was difficult to admit it, but it was there. And it was often wet. It felt great to touch, and his clit was wonderfully, horribly sensitive. In the morning, he would often wake with the need to play with himself, feeling his fingers inside his own passage and picturing it to be another man's member stretching him wide.

And this continued for some time, until there was a knock upon the door one morning that broke him out of this particular sad reverie. Richard bolted out of bed, a little scared as to who it was. He was still wearing some of the lingerie Liza had bought, as well as an F-cup bra that was too restrictive. He quickly threw on a shirt and buckled a set of pants that were far too big, and made his way to the door.

"Like, who is it?" he said, wincing at how valley girl he sounded.

"Is this Richard Starre's place?"

It was a woman's voice, and a pretty one too. Richard tried to think of a response but couldn't. It was like his mental space had been reduced, his intelligence further limited by his bimbo nature.

"Um, yeah, it is."

"My name is Francine Robbins. I'm guessing *you're* Richard?"

"Um, like, what are you even talking about? Do I sound like a man to you?"

"Richard, I used to be Francis. I had Lumin's Syndrome. Dr Kaley sent me. She thought you might want to talk to someone else who went through what you're still going through."

The former male didn't know what to say. He opened the door. On the other side was a gorgeous woman not unlike himself, but for a few differences. For one, she was clearly in her early thirties, with a slightly more mature, sexy look. She too had blonde hair, though it was more wavy than silky straight. She wore office attire; a tight white blouse and grey pencil skirt over dark stockings. It was a good look, but not Richard's style. At least, he didn't think it was his new body's style. The woman's lips were not quite so bimbofied, though still full, and while she was busty as all hell - equal to Dina - Richard's own melons were quite larger. He felt a strange sense of smugness at that.

"Wow, you're much further along than Dr Kaley thought you would be."

Richard blushed, deeply. He twirled a stray hair with his finger - another girlish habit he was developing.

“Like, yeah, I think I am.”

“Well, you look totally hot. I’m a little bit jelly of your bod, to be honest.”

Richard gaped. “So you - you talk, like, um, like this all the time?”

The woman nodded, a bit of playful excitement to her. “I can turn it off, but it’s totes natural when I let it be. Can I come in?”

Richard bit her lip at the word ‘come.’ He motioned the woman to come in.

“Quite the place you’ve got,” Francine said idly. “You’re at the hiding stage then. I remember that. It was supes embarrassing. I got a lot better when I totally just let loose and accepted it all.”

Richard sat down, placing his cute face in his hands. His breasts flopped heavily as he did so. Even with his cleavage covered up, his shirt was stretched tight around two prominent spots.

“It’s not fair. Why is this happening to me? Why can’t it, like, happen to fucking Brandon or some shit?”

“Brandon is your friend?”

“My fucking rival. Only . . .”

The other woman sat down in a chair. She seemed to naturally assume a sexy feminine position, one leg over the other, her cleavage showing through the unbuttoned top of her blouse.

“Only you have feelings for him now, right? Tell me I’m right.”

Another sigh. “You’re right. How - how did you deal with it? How did it happen to you?”

The other woman gave a cute chuckle. “Oh, I barely dealt with it, like, at all! I fought it all the way to the end, and I had the money to do so. It only made the effects stronger, as you probably know by now.”

Richard thought of that incredible blowjob he’d given, and the changes that followed.

“Oh, yeah. I guess I do.”

“Mm-hm. I was like this super ambitious businessman who was going places. Treated woman like shit. So it was karma or whatever. Lumin’s Syndrome isn’t the most researched disease or syndrome or disorder - I honestly forget which it is - but it certainly ups the libido. I couldn’t stop thinking about hot, hunky guys and their big dicks when I was far into my changes.”

Richard sat more upright, straining the strap of his bra. “That’s what I want to, like, know. How do I stop this? How do you hold back?”

The woman appeared briefly confused. "Oh, sorry honey. I thought Kaley would have told you. I, like, don't fight it at all. I'm a total office slut."

Richard's jaw dropped. The woman grinned, gesturing to her hot as fuck body. The kind that Richard would have found deeply attractive were he not now hot for boys instead.

"That's - but how can you stand it?"

"Have you had sex with a guy yet? It's totally the best. Seriously, getting fucked as a woman is the best. It's like sex as a man times a thousand, more if two guys are involved. Plus Lumin's Syndrome makes us super sensitive, and gives us great orgasms, even when giving blowjobs."

"I already know that!" Richard said, rolling his eyes, before realising what he was revealing. The woman simply smiled.

"Well, that's just a taste," Francine said. "Look, I'm just here to tell you it gets better, but you have to accept it."

"But it's making me a dumb bimbo!"

"Yeah, I lost some attention span too."

"No, like really dumb! And super attracted to Brandon! When I'm around him, I just want to be his submissive little toy."

"Hot."

"It's not hot! It's wrong!"

Francine shrugged. "If you say so. Being someone's submissive toy is what I've been doing for the last three years. I mean, I get around the whole office, including some of the gals, but I guess you aren't, like, bi like I am."

Richard frowned. "No, just hunky dudes. I can't stop thinking about their big dicks!"

Francine rose, stepped forward, and placed her hand on Richard's soft shoulder.

"Honey, if you spend all that time thinking about them, maybe you should just . . . try them."

"No, I - I can't! I'll be a total bimbo if I do!"

"No offence, but you are absolutely a hot bimbo right now. Trust me, it ain't so bad. It can be really fun. Particularly when guys look at you the way they do."

It *had* been a turn on. A weird one that he didn't want to think about.

"But I'm meant to be an alpha male," he pouted. He sounded childish, and he knew it.

Francine sighed. "I was meant to be top of the business world, fucking hot secretaries when I wanted. Sometimes, life changes. You just gotta change with it, girl. Maybe you should say hello to this Brandon again, and see how you feel, being all submissive and shit to him. Maybe, just maybe, it's what the new you wants."

Tears welled in Richard's eyes. It was true. He hadn't been able to stop thinking about that sexy, dominating man. He didn't care if Brandon took advantage of him, smirked

as he fucked him, treated him like a submissive little bimbo trophy. He *wanted* to be that trophy. It was true. And talking to Francine made it so clear, even though he wanted to fight it.

“I don’t know what to do,” he whined.

Francine lowered herself, staring up at the busty former male.

“How about this, honey. We get you all dolled up like a woman should be, and then you make your decision?”

Richard considered it. It would be good to look good. It was what his mind had kept pushing him to be.

He nodded.

Brandon’s place was across town, but Richard didn’t care. He drove, giddy, excited even, but also defeated. He was humiliated and embarrassed and ashamed and repulsed, but the new horny bimbo within him had utterly won. He was wearing a sexy red dress that contoured to his generous curves and showed off the greater part of his bust. His cleavage was incredibly on display, and there was no preventing their heavy bounce and wobble as she stepped in heels to his front door and knocked upon the handle.

Her heart beat heavily as she heard footsteps. Gawd, what was she even doing? She realised she had shifted back to female pronouns again when the door opened, revealing Brandon in a tight white top and shorts, staring down at her. His eyes were fixated on her chest, and as they rose eventually to meet her eyes, she blushed deeply.

“Well, well, sexy. I guess you’re back for more.”

“I - I can’t help myself,” she whimpered. She breathed heavily, and her bosom rose and fell dramatically, catching the man’s gaze again. “It’s not fair, I shouldn’t be like this. *I* was meant to be the captain. The winner. Not you.”

“Except I am the winner now,” Brandon said. “We won the game, and the final is in two weeks. *And* now I’m the one being drafted into the NFL, not you.”

Another spike of humiliation, another feeling that this man had complete dominance over her increasingly passive self.

“You win,” she said, finally. “I’m, like, super jelly, but you win.”

“I did. Even after you were an asshole to everyone.”

“I was.”

“And now, you’re a naughty girl, aren’t you?”

Just being called that made her nipples go erect, and made her pussy damp. Gawd, she needed this man in her. It wasn't fair, it wasn't right, but she wanted him to fuck her good.

"I am. I'm a naughty girl. I - I don't know why, but I want to be *your* naughty girl."

Brandon grinned, stepping closer and eyeing her. "Are you sure, Richard?"

She looked down at the ground, trying not to plead.

"P-please. I need this. The Lumin's Syndrome, I can't, like, get you out of my head. I want you to fuck me."

"I want a lot more than that. I want you exclusively."

"I . . . yes."

"All to myself. To fuck whenever I want. To be my trophy girlfriend. My sexy bimbo hottie I can show off to everyone, so they know that she used to be Richard Starre."

Another nod. Gawd, she was getting so fucking wet. Just being put in her place was so fucking hot. She could jump this man's bones right now.

"Mmm-hmm," she managed, biting her lips, and staring up at him. "Anything. Anything for you to keep fucking me. I want your big black dick. I don't care if you want a blowjob, a tittyjob, even anal! I just need you to fuck me, please!"

Brandon moved right up to her, so that her breasts pressed up against him. She shuddered at his touche, as he placed his hands on her ass.

"Well, I think we can arrange something, then. After all, you'll still get a taste of the winning life, since you'll be by my side. But you'll need a new name if I'm going to fuck you. Richard just doesn't. I want something sexier for when you cheer for me on the sidelines."

Another groan. Another whimper. Francine was right. It *did* feel good to be dominated. To be made submissive. To be a horny little naughty bimbo slut in need of punishment.

"What - oohh - did you have in mind, Brandon?"

The man thought a little bit as he ran his hands over her trembling form. Richard knew he was on the final precipice, the last transition before his new bimbo life became set in stone. And he was helpless to avoid it. He'd already come too far.

She'd already come too far.

"Amber," Brandon finally said. "Now that's a fucking sexy name."

"Amber," she repeated, exhaling in pleasure. It was so right. A really hot name for a really hot girl, and one that a bimbo like her should have.

"Yes, Amber. Do you want me to take you upstairs and fuck your brains out, *Amber?*"

The final step. The final threshold.

But then, the former alpha male had never stood a chance.

“Please,” she begged, pressing against him. She kissed his dark neck, rubbed her heavy chest against his muscular one. “I, like, totally need you to fuck my brains out. I can’t help it!”

With a confident, assured look that drove her wild, the new football captain took her inside and up to his room. She shook the whole time, utterly nervous, but it didn’t take long for her to give herself over to him completely. She was, after all, so horny it was practically painful, and she was utterly submissive to the man she once liked to put in his place. They fucked long and hard all night, stopping only for water breaks. Brandon put her in every position imaginable, degrading her in all manner of ways that turned her on, and eliciting cries of pleasure and shame from her when he came inside her. His dick was just as she’d imagined it inside her; it parted her womanly depths, made her gasp as it inserted, and yet she held on for dear life, bucking wildly and begging for me.

“Fuck me! Oh gawd Brandon, fuck me good! I want you to keep on fucking me forever!”

“I - ahh - will!” he declared. “You’re going to be my bimbo bitch forever, and you’re going to love it!”

And the worst part was knowing that it was true. She was going to love it. After their final climax of the night, they collapsed against one another, Brandon fondling her tits before becoming the big spoon to her little spoon. She lay awake a little longer, utterly overcome by her new existence, and that she had actually followed Francine’s advice. She had been right, it had been easier to accept. Liza and Dr Kaley had been right too; the changes had been impossible to stop, and Amber had been a fool to even try.

As she lay in the dark, her body still full of cum, she could picture the rest of her life in vivid detail. She wouldn’t play the next game at all, how could she? Instead, she’d be Brandon’s own personal sexy mascot, cheering from the sidelines and kissing him deeply when he won. She would drop out from college, now too dumb to ever pass even the ordinary tests. She’d be his bimbo girlfriend, laughing at his jokes and dressing up sexy as a thing for him to show off. Amber would be reliant on Brandon, not just for sex and purpose but for financial stability too; just thinking about numbers and ordinary work made her new brain spin. He’d become an NFL star, and she his trophy girlfriend, and later his trophy wife, and sometime in the distant future he’d probably knock her up a few times so she’d become a trophy mother as well. She’d never regain her life, never escape her current situation, no matter how much a small part of her wanted to. She’d be submissive to his will until the end, always desiring his wonderful cock, and feeling a smug pride at her own looks, but she would always feel that private sense of shame as well. That knowledge that she was meant to be the football star, instead of a hot, dumb bimbo.

She could imagine it all, and she knew it would come true.

It was the next morning when Brandon finally woke. It was about time. Amber had been licking his wonderful prick and drawing it out to its immense, hard girth for some minutes, and she was absolutely insatiable with need.

“Mmmhm, what a great wake up. I think I’ll get you to do this every morning, Amber. Does that sound good, huh?”

She nodded, eager to hear his praise. She licked his penis again, savouring its taste.

“Excellent. You make a way better hot babe than a player who thinks he’s hot shit. Are you ready for your new life as my sexy bitch?”

She shivered at being called such a sexy demeaning title.

“Yes. I, like, totally am Brandon.”

“Good. Because training starts in two hours, and I want to suck on your huge titties for good luck today. Get up here, and show me how much you need me.”

She did. Several times, in fact. It was important to show she was a team player, after all. Particularly since, to her equal frustration, embarrassment, and joy, she’d be stuck with those huge titties forever.

The End