

Lumin's Therapy (Korean Lesbian E-Gamer TGRC)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for GWW1992

When Phillip experiences a dizzy spell and decides to get a check up, he is shocked to learn he has Lumin's Syndrome: a rare disorder that will change him physically into a woman, and even cause some mental changes. But rather than fight the changes and end up with potentially worse changes, Phillip decides to be part of an experiment headed by the lovely Dr Abigail Carter, to see if Lumin's Syndrome can be influenced by sociological factors. Soon Phillip finds himself on a journey towards becoming a Korean-American gamer girl, and one who is falling in love.

Lumin's Therapy

Phillip Wright was feeling quite dizzy. It would ordinarily not be of much a concern for him, but the spell had lasted several days already, and had been accompanied by the occasional bout of nausea or twinge of pain in his muscles. It was easy to ignore, for the most part, until it overcame him and he had to sit down or lean against something. He wasn't sure if he'd actually faint, but it had happened enough times to make him worried, and he'd taken two days sick leave from his job as an accountant working numbers.

He didn't like to take leave; as a man in his mid-30s with little in the way of social life, work was his life. Number crunching wasn't sexy, but it was what he was good at, and more importantly it was safe. Predictable. Easy to follow. It didn't come with the anxiety-inducing prospect of failure so long as one paid attention and followed its rigid rules.

And that was the thing about Phillip. He respected rules. He liked them. Universal truths had a way of diminishing nervousness, even if they were unkind truths. Step off a tall building, and *SPLAT!* Not a nice truth, but it meant he was always careful when approaching ledges. Even knowing that something bad was going to happen was something he could work with, because the *knowing* was the important part. He could plan for failure. What he couldn't plan for was the *uncertainty* of failure. Rowing, skydiving, dancing, travelling, going on dates . . . these all had elements that could go wildly outside his control and his certainty, and so he did not do them.

Which was why it was imperative he had to go to the doctor. The dizziness had reached a point where it was making him uncertain about his future, and the uncertainty was eating at him, chewing away at his ability to work the beautiful simplicity of numbers. So Phillip Wright did exactly what anyone should logically do: he went to his appointment,

discussed what was happening, and after continual discussion of his various symptoms was given a script for blood work.

He returned to work the next day, though the dizziness did return several days later out of necessity. Still, his mind buzzed with theories and terrors, with horrifying possibilities and notions of what he might have, particularly after an awful bout of nausea the following week. New symptoms had manifested on his body: his nipples had become slightly swollen and terribly itchy, and his hips had also developed a pain, a sort of twinge that returned at odd moments.

It continued for another week and a half, and despite two calls to his doctor's office, he was repeatedly told that his blood was still being analysed and would "take some time."

"I do not have time, though!" he exclaimed wearily. "The dizzy spells haven't stopped, and it's making my work output decrease. I can't take too many sick days."

"I'm very sorry Mr Wright, but you'll have to be patient. The clinic is very thorough. In the meantime, make sure to get plenty of sun and take the iron supplements you've been given. It may just be an imbalance of vitamins causing exhaustion."

He wasn't convinced. After all, he'd experienced exhaustion before under exactly those circumstances. Phillip was a 5'9 Caucasian man with light blonde hair and quite pale skin, and light blue eyes. He had strong Nordic ancestry which gave him his appearance, and it was clear to anyone that saw him that this was a man who would burn easily under the sun, and would prefer working indoors. Certainly, he'd run into the problem of having to get more Vitamin D before.

This felt different. His body ached in a way he couldn't quite quantify: in the hips, the waist, the chest. Sometimes he felt a strange lurch in his stomach, like there was a rising pressure, or even presence. It made him paranoid, as crazy as it seemed to say, that there was something *growing* in or around his intestines. This naturally made him fear the prospect of cancers, tumours, and all sorts of other conditions.

"This had better be just something small," he muttered to himself as he worked the numbers. He'd had a dizzy spell earlier and fallen behind on his routine number checks. He was fortunate in that while he worked for a large firm, his office was on its own, separated from the others. This was because his job was to handle and check over the accounts of the company. It was joked that Phillip was the most boring worker at the world's most boring profession: he did the accounting for the accountants.

"Just feel damn weird."

He idly scratched his swollen nipple again, and winced at its sensitivity. It was distracting him from his work, and he was becoming increasingly anxious about it. He'd expected his blood work to come back quickly, but it was taking longer than it usually did given he had private cover. Nothing should be left to chance, after all.

He was interrupted by a series of noises in the main staffroom, echoing down the hall. Looking up, he realised that sounds of work had ceased, even the tapping of keys. Phillips stood, a little confused, and made his way up the hall, where the sound of crowd laughter and loud speeches was echoing down.

To his surprise, there was a large birthday cake on display. Marigold Heathers, the company receptionist who had been with the firm for twenty years, was being celebrated for her sixtieth birthday by the staff. They had just finished singing 'Happy Birthday to You' and were now giving speeches prior to the handing out of the cake.

Phillip felt another lurch in his stomach, but this time it wasn't from sickness.

"I didn't realise it was her birthday," he said sheepishly as he stood awkwardly at the back of the crowd.

"There was a memo and another reminder this morning," Trish, one of the junior accountants, said.

"And the card made the rounds to everyone," Rob reminded him.

Phillip managed to go even more pale and somehow red at the same time. He'd received no memo. He'd received no card. Another speech began, this time by Mr Alston, his boss, discussing how dear Marigold was to the company, about how she'd be missed, and talking all about her wonderfully adventurous life and the way people always saw her, remembered her, loved and laughed at the tales involving her. Phillip only went more red, and was silent even as the others laughed, even as the speeches were handed out and the cake with it too.

He didn't get a piece. No one thought to pass him one, despite everyone else being served. But then, he realised with a quiet sadness, no one had thought to send him a memo. No one had sent him the card to sign. And worse, it wasn't their fault either. He didn't have stories that made people laugh, or hobbies or passions that made him interested. No adventures to speak of, or coworkers he caught up with regularly to take the crossword with. There was just him, his backlog of esoteric PC games at home, and his fear of uncertainty. The only area of social interaction he truly felt comfortable in was his Twitch stream. It only had about a hundred followers at best, a few of which were likely bots, but it was a small income, and it was a way for him to speak to viewers whose faces he didn't have to awkwardly interact with. He was able to pretend they weren't there, and simply game away and give lighthearted or thoughtful commentary, without really considering that they were actually there.

His stomach lurched, this time from whatever he was suffering. He quietly walked away from the office party, certain that no one would notice, and returned to his work with a morose kind of determination that spoke to his despair and fear.

He received a call just an hour later, asking him to come to his general practitioner at the first available opportunity.

Phillip felt like he was sleepwalking through a dream as he sat waiting in the doctor's office. The colours of everything seemed so bright, and his own body seemed kind of numb. He read over the text for the thirtieth or fortieth time. It gave no clue as to what condition he may have, but its immediacy was an ominousness all of its own, and it made him nervously check his watch over and over as well. He dabbed the sweat from his brow, and tried to avoid thinking about what the news could be, which was an impossible task. Even playing number games in his head was impossible. His usual Twitch stream of *Battle Quest* had to be cancelled. He had received two messages saying they were looking forward to it, but he was under no illusions that people actually liked his awkward streams. It was, for him, a way to simply enjoy a game while speaking aloud about its features and surprises. A form of social interaction he was comfortable with.

"If I could just *know*," he muttered to himself, "then at least I would not be in such a panic. Even if it's horrible, at least I can plan and order my way around it. Take control."

It felt like an eternity before he was finally called up. He practically leapt to his feet and followed Doctor Anjelo to his office, trying to ignore the itchiness in his nipples.

"Please sit down, Phillip," the good doctor said, indicating a chair. He did so. Doctor Anjelo had a concerned look on his face, one that made Phillip concerned.

"You know we got your blood work back, and its results. I apologise for the delay: it doesn't usually take this long. But in this particular situation it was warranted: it needed to be checked over three times at a minimum for confirmation."

"Confirmation of what?" Phillip asked, dying to know.

The doctor gave him a sympathetic look, one that was probably trained into him. "I need you to be calm as I tell you Phillip. I'm sorry to say that you have Lumin's Syndrome."

Phillip was momentarily confused. He'd expected cancer, early onset Alzheimer's, a freak tumour, a blood disease, chronic fatigue, all the worse conditions to surface. He'd never heard of Lumin's Disease, and somehow that made it worse. Though, it did seem to spark a certain recognition . . .

"Is that a blood disease of some kind?"

The doctor shook his head. "No, it's not deadly, if that's what you're wondering. In fact, it can be quite the opposite. You may end up healthier than you would have believed. It's incredibly rare. Only a few hundred people have been diagnosed with it and had their

cases studied, though it is likely a couple of thousand in fact have the condition each year, and many fly under the radar, particularly in developing countries.”

“What is it?”

The doctor tapped his pencil, clearly trying to consider how best to explain it. Phillip's heart beat increased in pace, and his spine tingled with nervous energy. He just needed to be told what it was!

“You may know it as the ‘transgender disease’, though that’s an inaccurate moniker. It's a genetic condition which affects an individual who inherits it - it’s non-transmissible. We’re still figuring out the science of it, but effectively it can cause one's genome to be entirely re-written off of some base template long-stored in your DNA, though some theorists believe there could be sociological conduits that determine the changes. Effectively, over a period that vary from as little as twenty four hours to potentially nearly a year, a person with Lumin's Syndrome will change into the opposite sex, complete with functioning genitalia, and often even a new form of sexual orientation as well.”

Phillip's jaw dropped. Of everything he had fearfully theorised, this had not been one of them. He had indeed heard of Lumin's Syndrome, he realised, though it was as the ‘transgender disease.’ Someone in the news a couple of years ago had been affected by it, a teenage boy who became a slightly older teenage girl. Apparently, she ended up causing all sorts of havoc for the family as she was now technically ‘old’ enough to go out partying, making her conservative family furious and frustrated. He'd assumed it was a freak thing, an intersex situation or something.

“Are you - are you sure I have it?” he asked.

Doctor Anjelo nodded. “Very sure. We’ve run the blood work not three or four times but *five* times. You may not present full symptoms yet, but it’s in your blood, and the change has started to occur. Some individuals report swelling of the nipples, pressure in the waist and hips, even increased emotional states as early signs of the change manifesting.”

Phillip hung his head in shame. “I have all of those. Every one of them.”

He was silent for a moment, and the doctor let him absorb this news. Him? Becoming a woman? It was insane! He was an ordinary guy - too ordinary, in fact. He had a boring life with a boring job, and the closest he ever got to adventure was playing *RaidQuest* at home on his PC. He had turned down opportunities to stand out his whole life, terrified they would go wrong or be outside his control. And now he was being hit with the mother of all uncontrollable changes.

“There’s no cure, is there?” he said, remembering the report from two years ago.

“I’m afraid not. You can try to fight the changes, see some groups that have advice on it, but I believe they’re all charlatans, personally. There’s no evidence of anyone successfully combating Lumin's Disease.”

Phillip wiped some tears from his eyes. Now he knew, but it was even worse than he'd feared. He would have taken a deadly disease over this: at least he could predict its arc!

"What - what do I do?"

Anjelo put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "I can recommend some supplements to help you, and prescribe some antidepressants for the early weeks of coming to terms with it. We can have regular checkups as well, and I can get the paperwork organised to let your employer privately know - don't worry, it is illegal for them to pass on this information. After that, it's up to you how you want to handle it. I suggest therapy."

"Therapy?" Phillip asked.

"Of course. Believe me, you aren't alone on this, and more than that, therapy is very important medically when it comes to dealing with conditions as life changing as this one. In fact, I can recommend a specialist who has begun a serious study of Lumin's Syndrome cases, and is trained therapist for conditions that cause major bodily changes, including this one. Her name is Doctor Abigail Carter. If you'd like, I could get into contact with her for you, and see if I can arrange a session? She's looking for cases to study. I know this is a lot to ask, but we still know so little about this disease, and finding out as much as we can will allow us to potentially have greater control over how we handle it in the future."

"Control," Phillip said, caught on that word. "Control. Yes, yes, I can understand that. And she might help me get control of this? I mean, not in terms of preventing it, but at least knowing what's coming, dealing with expected obstacles and the like?"

Anjelo regarded him with surprise at his seeming change in confidence.

"Yes, I believe she would."

"Then please give me a referral to her. I'd like to meet her as soon as possible. I don't - I don't like uncertainty. This is all so much to take in, but if she could help me navigate it at least . . ."

"Phillip? Phillip Wright?"

Phillip nodded nervously at the woman who came to retrieve him.

"Yes, that's me."

"Wonderful. I'm Doctor Carter, please come this way."

She welcomed him in to a large room filled with medical charts, as well as a patient bedding, two computers, several seats, and a large desk. The doctor sat down behind the desk, gesturing for him to sit in one of the other chairs. He couldn't help but notice that the

painting above the desk was of an old-fashioned diner at night, numerous patrons laughing as they went about their business.

“Lovely painting, isn’t it?” she said. “It’s apparently still around, somewhere up north. I’ve never been, though.”

Doctor Abigail Carter looked differently from how he’d imagined her. He’d pictured a woman in her mid-fifties, a serious expression on her face, and a wealth of knowledge stored in her older, wiser mind. Instead, he’d initially assumed she was the receptionist or secretary. She couldn’t have been older than thirty, and she had the look of a cute but nervous librarian. Her hair was a mousy brown pulled back into a ponytail, and she had rectangular glasses that further aided the librarian image. She was lithe, and kept giving nervous grins as she looked over his charts.

“Sorry,” she explained. “It’s just a nervous tic. And besides, I hadn’t quite believed I had another individual with Lumin’s Syndrome so recently. There was another I talked to earlier. I see you were referred to me?”

“Yes.”

“But you know there isn’t a cure, right?”

He nodded sadly. “I just . . . I just want to get a handle on it all.”

She gave him a reassuring smile. It was actually pretty cute, in a dorky kind of way, though Phillip had never been much of one to talk to girls. There was a lot of risk and unpredictability inherent in it that made him too anxious to make a move, even though he always regretted not saying or doing anything. It said a lot about his lack of love life that he was having these thoughts while seeing a medical specialist, and so he pulled his mind away from them.

“Okay, so that I can definitely help with. I’ve been studying Lumin’s ever since I was in university, and studied every available case we know of, as well as suspected cases. How are you feeling about it all?”

“Terrified,” he answered honestly. “I don’t really want to become a woman. Uh, no offence.”

“None taken,” she said. “Menstrual cramps are not fun.”

His eyes widened.

“Sorry, that was a terrible attempt at a joke. I shouldn’t do that. But being terrified is understandable. I can certainly help your journey through this disease, speaking purely from a therapeutic point of view, but I must ask. Are you planning to fight it?”

Phillip considered it. It was over a week since he had been told of the diagnosis, and during that time his nipples had puffed out further, his limbs had become slightly thinner, and that unrest below his stomach had continued. It had been terrible, having to grapple with it all, and he had gotten drunk several times at home, taken a few more days off, and then

despaired when he realised no one had even noticed he was gone. It was easy to think of it as another way of dying, given that from his own research it was apparent that some mental changes occurred from the syndrome as well.

"I considered it," he said, feeling a little awkward about the subject of his impending womanhood, "but it didn't seem like it made any sense. I did a lot of searching online, and everyone that fights it seems to change anyway."

She gave a soft smile. "I'm glad you see sense. Fighting it can be . . . difficult. Tricky, in a way that can't quite be predicted. With your permission, may I show you some photos of other individuals who have been affected by Lumin's Syndrome?"

Phillip nodded, feeling oddly curious himself. He'd avoided photos as best he could, not wanting to grapple with the direct imagery of what he might become. But even that had brought uncertainty.

"Yes, I'd like to see what I'm up against, please."

She opened a pre-prepared folder and showed him the photos.

"This man," she said, gesturing to a picture of a young, rich-looking figure in a fine suit, his light brown hair gelled to one side, "is Francis Howard. Son of the CEO of Howard Enterprises. And this woman is Francine Robbins, unrelated."

She gestured to a young, very attractive woman in a tight pencil skirt and white shirt, one that hugged her large breasts quite suggestively. She had bright blue eyes and wavy blonde hair, and she was beaming from ear to ear even as she thrust out her chest a little suggestively. Just seeing her image made Phillip a little turned on, and to his embarrassment his expanded nipples throbbed strangely. Again, that familiar pressure returned, but he did his best to ignore it. He needed to understand first.

"They're the same person, aren't they?"

She nodded. "This information is private. It's a new identity for her, but she okayed us to tell those with Lumin's Syndrome as an educational example. As you can see, she became a strikingly attractive woman, and in fact became several years younger in age. She also changed hair colour and eye colour."

"Were there . . . were there mental changes?"

"Indeed. Francis tried to fight the changes all the way through, and even utilised advanced medical technology, which in the end backfired. Though he fought it, his mind altered so that his body was not only attracted to men, but deeply aroused in the presence of them. I'm trying to be cautious in my wording here . . . but Francine has a 'reputation' as a popular woman in the office the last five years."

Thought of becoming some sort of, well, bimbo, terrified Phillip. "My God, that's horrible."

She shrugged. "Perhaps. She says she loves her life, and in the interview I had with her I came to believe her. She's certainly a lot less abrasive, but while she still is the same person, it is undeniable that mental changes occurred. Now see this photo."

She showed another one, this time of a young football player in his early twenties, with black hair and a confident, practically brash face. He was wearing football gear, and grinning. In the background was a stadium and several team members.

"That's Richard Starre," Phillip said.

"Oh, you're a football fan?"

"No, I'm - well, I tend to prefer PC games to sports, to be honest."

Dr Carter chuckled. "Me too, in fact. Love a good strategy simulator."

Phillip almost told her that he was a streamer, but then he realised how ridiculous that would be to admit. He was so unassuming, that it was obvious he wouldn't have any kind of following. It would just come across as sad.

But I'm guessing you found about him?" the woman asked. "Starre, I mean."

"From my research. He became a woman too. I forget her new name."

"Amber. Amber Starre. Though she's Brandon Becker now that she's married to her old football teammate and former rival. Here she is here."

She revealed a photo of a woman who absolutely *dripped* sex appeal. Whereas Francine had a sexy seductive 'office slut' look about her, Amber instead had a sex hungry bimbo appearance. She was dressed in a cheerleading outfit that revealed much of her midriff and cleavage, and there was indeed a *lot* of cleavage. Indeed, she had possibly the biggest tits Phillip had ever seen, nearly the size of her own head in fact, but pert and full and round. Her hair was platinum blonde, much lighter than Francine's honey blonde, and was not wavy but perfectly straight and silky. She was winking at the camera, smiling in a teasing way, as if begging for a stud of a man to take her.

Once again, Phillip tried to ignore his hardening member. He was glad that Doctor Carter's desk was quite big, and obscured her view.

"That's um, quite a change," he said.

"Isn't it just?" she said with a cute giggle. "I try to be objective and professional about these things, but how does she even keep her back straight with those things pulling her forward?"

"Did you say she got married?"

"I did. About two years ago. She's expecting her first child soon, in fact. I talked to her recently in a follow up interview, and she still confesses a bit of embarrassment and disbelief about it all."

"But she got married anyway."

“Exactly. She still got married, has clearly had intercourse, and is hopelessly devoted to her husband Brandon Becker.”

“Wow, *the* Brandon Becker? The football player?”

“The one and only. See, even us game nerds know him.” She said the last part with a knowing wink. “She’s the woman who hangs on his arm in all the interviews, looking at him like he’s her whole world. Another mental change.”

Phillip was beginning to understand. “But a different one. Her sexual orientation changed, but instead of sleeping around like Francine, she fixated on one man.”

“Correct. He’s our last one. This one we don’t have much of an original name for, but her new name is Jezebel.”

Two photos, this time revealed at the same time for dramatic effect. On the left, a photo of a tall, somewhat powerfully built older man with a dark scowl on his face. He was white-haired, and looked nasty. On the right, an absolute cutie of a woman, with full double or even triple-D breasts and impressively wide hips. Her hair was chestnut brown and fell in natural ringlets, and her eyes were wide and almost fanatical. She wore a white robe that cinched below her breasts with a golden belt, outlining her very pregnant belly. She looked as if she were about to drop.

“Wow, that’s a - that’s a big change.”

“Bigger than you think,” Doctor Carter said. “Jezebel was mid-60s, and apparently a fanatical conservative Christian with rabidly xenophobic views. Racist, sexist, classist, you name it. But as she changed, losing height, gaining those lovely hips, etcetera, she fixated on a neighbour she thought was also religious, and eventually came to quite literally worship him, devoting herself to him as if he were a new prophet. That’s her fourth pregnancy, by the way. She believes she has a ‘holy duty’ to sire as many ‘divine sons and daughters’ for her ‘master.’”

“You’re kidding.”

“God’s honest truth, and not the God she now worships either.”

“And . . . this guy is just okay with it?”

“Okay with it? Well, I’m sure he perhaps feels a *little* guilt, but he now has a concubine - or wife, I’m not sure if they’re formerly married - who serves his every whim eagerly and is pleased to be his perfect worshipper. I’d say he’s more than okay with it.”

Phillip was getting more and more of a clear picture of what Doctor Carter was telling him through these stories.

“I work with numbers. I’m an accountant, one that checks the accounts for other accountants.”

“Wow, okay, so even by accountant standards you’re the-”

“The boring one. Yes, I’ve heard it before.”

She gave a nervous grin. "Sorry."

"It's okay. I'm pretty used to it. But it means I'm good at spotting patterns, and this is starting to make a weird sense to me. You're showing me what Doctor Alenjo mentioned briefly as a fringe theory about Lumin's Syndrome: that sociological and psychological factors can have an impact upon the change."

"Exactly!" she declared, a smile on her face. She adjusted her glasses, obviously a little sheepish at the outburst. "Yes. Look at the facts. Francis Howard was obsessed with lording it over his employees, but crippled by the insecurity that he wasn't popular among them. Richard Starre was obsessed with remaining an alpha male, and constantly compared himself to Brandon Becker. And the so-called 'Prophet' now known as Jezebel was a religious fanatic who was obsessed with seeing signs and being self-righteous.

"All of them were changed in unpredictable fashions, but they seemed to thrive in a similar environment - manager to popular secretary, footballer to cheerleader, preacher to worshipper - all dominant archetypes to submissive ones, driven by their fears and passions."

Phillip grappled with this. It was a lot to take in.

"You're saying, what, that I'll become some sort of sexy accountant secretary? Or a wild party girl, maybe?"

He tried to say it with disgust. Certainly the 'girl' part was all wrong, but in truth he'd always wanted to enjoy himself at parties, cut loose and dance. But his social awkwardness and fear of failing always got in the way.

Abigail just smiled. "Not precisely. Or at least, we can't entirely predict it. All we know is that these three individuals tried to fight the change all the way-"

"And that only made it worse," Phillip finished. "That's what I inferred from my own layman's research as well."

"But, if you are prepared to accept that this is happening, we may have a unique opportunity here."

Phillip raised his eyebrow. The pressures of Lumin's Syndrome were still upon his body. It was impossible to deny the pressure upon his waist, even the way his lips were slightly more swollen than usual when viewed up close.

"What kind of opportunity?"

She rapped her fingers on her desk in excitement. "Well, if you are willing to commit to ongoing therapy sessions with me, we could commence a study to see if your changes can actually be influenced, even *controlled*, by outside stimuli. We could try to influence the change with a number of prosthetics, circumstances, use of clothing and so on, and in doing so embrace a particular possibility of another you, instead of succumbing to the more . . . how should I put it . . ."

“Bimbo parts of the condition?”

She chuckled awkwardly. It was a pleasant sound. “Your words, not mine. But in a word, yes. Those parts. I have another individual undergoing Lumin’s Syndrome changes that I’d like you to meet if you agree to the study. They are undergoing the usual reaction to the syndrome - they refuse to take part in trying to influence the change, and are trying to fight it mentally. But they agreed to be part of the test, at least. Regardless, I would like to track your health and progress and be a source of help to you in the coming weeks, or even months, it takes for you to change. But would you consider being part of the study?”

Phillip didn’t even have to think about it. “Yes! Yes, of course. Please. I don’t care if it’s a little embarrassing. I don’t have any friends anyway. But if I could control it somehow, gain some influence over it . . . it would do me a great deal of good. Please.”

Doctor Carter was clearly surprised. She blinked behind her librarian-style glasses for a moment, briefly stunned.

“Okay, wow, I thought that would take a lot more convincing. I’ll discuss it with you in more detail and draw up the agreement - it’s nonbinding and you can leave at any time, don’t worry. It’s also anonymous - and then we can discuss the study parameters. But first, would it be possible also to track your changes? I’d like to see their full extent in order to learn more of the disease and how it affects you in particular.”

Phillip blanched. “Um, inspect all of me?”

“If possible. If you do not wish to be naked then we can focus on the exterior.”

The idea of being naked before the doctor was anathema to him, but despite his uncertainties and embarrassment, he wanted to be in control of this disease and not feel helpless even more.

“Um, no. Let’s do the full thing. Just . . . please don’t make it awkward.”

She assumed a suddenly much more professional gaze. “Don’t worry, Phillip. I can rise to the occasion when necessary, as I imagine can you.”

Over the next ten minutes he was examined, prodded, proked (though thankfully not probed). True to her word, Doctor Carter rose to the occasion, asking him questions about his life and discussing with him the next *Battle Quest* game that was to come out the next year, which they were both excited about. This was segmented by the occasional monologue into her recorder as she noted his body shape (average, thin hips, slightly skinny), took his weight and height (180 pounds, 5’9), hair colour (sandy blonde), eye colour (apparently they were ‘ocean blue’), skin colour (pale Caucasian), as well as various spots, blemishes, the freckles on his cheeks, a mole on his arms. The most embarrassing part was the examination of his genitals, made simultaneously more awkward and more comfortable when Doctor Carter took several full body shots and closeups for future comparison, and then ended it simply with, “penis, impressive length at seven inches while flaccid. Above

average size and good hygiene care.” She said it so plainly that it disarmed him, making the process more normal.

She also pointed out minor changes that had already occurred, such as the slight swelling in his lips, his more prominent nipples, and his fingers being smoother. The fresh glint in his hair he attributed to the changes, and so she wrote that down too. And then they were finished.

“All done,” she said. “The last thing I need you to do is fill out this list of items. You can cross out anything you are too uncomfortable trying out or putting on. The remainder will be sent to you as a package that you can begin wearing in any combination. You will keep those on for durations of no less than eight waking hours, and if possible your nights as well.”

She handed him a list that made his eyebrows go up at some of the items on it: a series of bras running all the way from a little training bra to a massive H-cup; yoga pants, low-cut blouses, female jeans of several sizes; a corset; padded underwear; breast forms to go in his bras; an MP3 player with various language classes on it; lipstick; hair dye; fashion magazines, tickets to manicures and pedicures; sign-ons to yoga classes; etc. It was all female clothing and things, and he was daunted to look at it, wondering exactly what he was getting into. But with a little surprise at himself as well, he didn’t cross off a single item on the list.

“Are you sure?” Doctor Carter said, running her cute curly brown hair behind her ear.

“I just want to make sure we have the widest net possible,” he said, trying not to feel faint at what he’d agreed to. “Whatever it takes to put me in the right direction.”

“Very well, then. We’ll book in a week from now, but if any major changes occur, please contact me immediately. Your blood work indicated this was a slow change, but fighting it could speed the process, so make sure to not exhaust mental energy on that topic, and to meditate when required. I’ve given you some leaflets. A package will be arriving to your address that contains a number of the items I would like you to consider wearing - I’ve left a lot of options on that sheet but if there’s anything further, please contact me. You have my number.”

Phillip thanked her and headed for the door. “Thank you, doctor.”

“No, thank *you*, Phillip. This is very important to me. I truly appreciate you taking part in this study.”

He nodded, not quite knowing what to say, and headed for his car. Despite the task ahead of him, he felt strangely lighter, more assured.

It was only when he was halfway home that he realised Doctor Carter’s words about him ‘rising to the occasion’ was a stealthy dick joke. He laughed out loud, unbelieving she’d done it.

“She’s very different from what I expected,” he said to himself.

And quite pretty too, though the thought was awkward enough that he didn’t voice it aloud, even to himself.

Over the next week Phillip returned to his work. Mr Alston was informed on his new condition, as well as his participation in the ongoing Lumin’s Syndrome study, and as such his employer granted him certain concessions for leave based on their staffer rights. It was an embarrassing thing to tell his employer, who was fascinated and kept asking awkward questions, which only made him redder in the cheeks.

“What kind of woman will you become? Does it reduce your intelligence like those other ones in the news? I hope we’re not losing our big brain on the block!”

Doctor Carter had given him a journal to track his changes and his feelings. It was part of his therapy, but also important for the experiment. It would help track his bodily changes, of course, but the true focus was on tracking his mental changes: the way he thought, his passions and concerns, his fears and wonders. Even, as the doctor had stressed, his *desires*.

And so he did so, approaching the diary with a quiet diligence that was his humble hallmark. The changes that were most prominent were developing at a snail’s pace, a fact he attributed to his acceptance of having the disease. It still made him anxious, but knowing was half the battle, and he respected the rules of Lumin’s Syndrome too much to assume he was different and could successfully fight it off. It didn’t make the numbness of his expanding lips feel any better, or the fact that his chest certainly looked less hairy than it was supposed to be.

“I think my waist is getting skinnier,” he mused four days later as he looked over himself in the mirror. “Or maybe my hips are getting wider. Or both. Goddamnit.”

Still, it was nothing to affect his Twitch stream. He played *Golden Dust*, a fun single player adventure game based on exploration and the occasional dungeon jump scare, and mused and chuckled and discussed the game as he played. To his frustration, his follower count dropped by four people. Evidently, his more relaxed and less vocalised, high-pitched reactions to things wasn’t the kind of show people liked to watch.

It came as a relief when Doctor Carter’s package finally arrived. Well, it would be more accurate to say packages, plural. There were eight of them, ranging from the small to the large, and he made sure to seclude himself in his bedroom, the curtains closed and the lights on, before he opened them. He felt a sense of trepidation as he did so, as if he were

stepping over a boundary that could not be lightly crossed back. If anyone from work saw him with these items . . .

“They wouldn’t care at all,” he realised out loud. “They don’t even know me. I never gave them the chance. I was too timid.”

It was true. But at least that timidity had meant he wasn’t fighting this, and ending up as some horny bimbo desperate for the cocks of her coworkers. That thought made him shudder. He stared over the bras, women’s deodorant, perfumes and lipsticks, corsets and dresses, yoga pants and t-shirts, and numerous other female items.

“Remember, Phillip,” he said to himself, “it’s all about control. Just think of it like numbers. There are rules, and if you follow them then you won’t have to fear the unexpected. Just treat it like this.”

He took a deep breath just like the meditation pamphlets advised in stressful situations, and then read through the instructions that Doctor Carter had passed onto him.

“Oh, shit,” he muttered. “This - this is going to be awkward.”

Phillip stood before the mirror, feeling awkward as all hell. He’d started small, as the good Doctor assumed he would by her instructions. He was wearing an odd-fitting AA-cup bra on his chest, one that had taken great effort to put on, as well as a set of woman’s pantied that stretched over his manhood awkwardly. Little breast forms had been placed into the cups of his bra, but there was nothing he could do about the prominent package bulging against the panties. He’d refrained from lipstick, but had adorned a larger woman’s blouse as well as the stretchiest pair of yoga pants.

“I look ridiculous,” he said to himself, staring at the mirror reflection. “What am I even meant to be?”

Everything was either too tight or too loose, depending on the body part. The yoga pants were tight on his calves and a little loose on his hips, while the blouse was a large size for a woman, and therefore just big enough for him. It made him look like a bizarrely fashioned pirate.

“Maybe I shouldn’t be doing this,” he said to himself. Certainly, the thought of spending eight waking hours in this kind of getup - and this was the restrained stuff - was not something he wanted to endure.

That was, until his phone buzzed. It was his banking app, and it informed him that a sizeable payment labelled ‘L Study’ had been made to his account.

“Holy shit,” he said to himself. “I - I knew I was being paid, but I didn’t look closely enough at the fine print.”

He examined it again, and noticed that it was not a one-time payment either. It was scheduled bi-weekly one. It dawned on him that Doctor Carter's pursuit of this field of study must have been well-backed. More than that, it was clearly her passion. Her life work. She had anticipated that someone couldn't face their workplace indulging in the experimental tests of what she was doing, and had managed to secure funding accordingly for her test subject.

"That will help, at least," he said to himself. He looked over at himself in the mirror again. "Still, I look ridiculous. Truly ridiculous."

Though, just for a tiny moment, it seemed like the blouse fit him better than perhaps it should have. Maybe his changes were finally starting for real.

That had the potential to be weird.

A week later, Phillip was back in Doctor Carter's office, explaining his progress. Abigail, as she insisted on being called, was absolutely delighted to see him again, and had surprisingly given him a hug as he entered. She had thanked him sincerely for returning, and even offered him a tea before they got down to brass tax.

"Have you noticed anything, yet?" she asked. "Or better yet, have you chosen some of the items to wear?"

Phillip cringed a little. It was difficult talking about the subject of wearing bras and panties, even if it was part of the study. He'd always been awkward, even when it came to his own male body.

"Well, I had some success. I haven't tried any lipstick yet. I did put on some of the perfume. It was actually nice."

"And the clothing?"

"I, um, well I wore the bra."

"Which one? I'm just recording here, by the way."

"Well, uh, I started with the AA-cup, for now. Was that the right way to go?"

"Anything is the right way to go. Remember, we're allowing you *choice* in the kind of woman you want to be, at least theoretically. During your meditation, and your yoga, and your own calm moments, try to visualise what seems natural for you to adopt, and from there you can try wearing clothing and indulging in aspects that suit that. For instance, did you try the MP3 player with the information on different languages and cultures?"

He shook his head, feeling a little silly. "No, I wasn't sure of the relevance."

She smiled, obviously enthused to explain it. "That's the most radical proposal of my theory, though not one I truly believe. Still, I am testing if exposure to other cultures and

languages can also influence the change. I'd suggest at least trying that one out - there are numerous languages ranging from German to Spanish to Korean."

"I have always found Korean culture interesting," he mused.

"Me too!" she exclaimed. "I'm a bit embarrassed to admit it, but I'm a huge KPop fan."

The revelation made Phillip chuckle. "You, um, well, you certainly have layers, doctor."

"As do you, I'm sure, Phillip. Have you told anyone about your condition?"

"Just my employer, but I think I'm going to quit."

"Oh no, not the accountant for the accountants!" she said dramatically. "Now what will they do!"

It actually got a laugh out of him, which then made him fluster a little in embarrassment. "I'm thankful for the money, it will make it easier."

"Thank the university. But the income stream will only last as long as the experiment, I'm afraid."

"Well, I do have my gaming stream on Twitch," he said. "That gets me a little extra money."

He realised even as he said it what a foolish thing it was to say. It had just slipped out, without him even thinking. But to his surprise, Abigail just beamed. "That's awesome. I've always wanted to have the courage of putting up a Twitch stream. There's nothing preventing a doctor from doing it, after all, particularly since I set my own hours. I just didn't have the courage. You must be a pretty confident person, Phillip."

Nothing could be further from the truth, but her words warmed him far more than he could have suspected. His Twitch stream wasn't anything big, never had been and never would be, but it was a source of comfort for him. He'd never expected anyone to show interest.

"What game are you playing on it now?"

"Oh, uh, something called *Golden Dust*."

"Sick! I've been interested in that. Tell me if you think it's any good next meeting. For now, let's get you inspected, see if you think you've had any mental changes that you thought of from your journal, and then send you on your way home!"

She checked over him again, and this time Phillip felt more comfortable. Medicine was a science just like mathematics was, and so it was easy to remember that Abigail was a professional practitioner. She noted no major changes in his body yet, but it looked like the stage was set for them to begin: he had lost an inch of height, as well as several pounds of weight - he was down to 175 now, which was a considerable drop for just one week. His features were slightly smoother, and his body hair was clearly receding, even as his hair

began to grow longer. His feet and hands were a little daintier, and his waist a little thinner, but there were no major changes yet.

“Though I do suspect the scans show the development of a womb, or the early formation of one,” Abigail said. “Likely when it is further complete your changes will radicalise. It’s good we started the study when we did, because we have time to test the sociological theory.”

It made Phillip cringe a little. To think that he had a damn *womb* inside him, growing away, seeping estrogen into his system and helping hasten his changes.

“Yes,” he said, trying to stomach the strangeness of it all. “Really, really good.”

She just flashed a smile and placed her hand on his arm. “I know this is really hard, Phillip. But you’re doing a good thing by helping us understand this genetic condition. More than that, I admire your strength in the way you’re handling it, tackling it head on without deluding yourself you can beat it. You’re taking control, even if you don’t truly feel like it.”

He gave her a slight smile, and once again her words warmed him. Pep talk they may have been, but something about her earnest, slightly bubbly nature filled him with the confidence he sorely needed. He thanked her again as he left, and this time he looked her in the eyes.

The following night, while examining his slowly softening body, Phillip made a decision. He’d thought of Abigail as he looked over the package of feminine products and clothing he’d been given. She had commended him for being confident, even daring. He wasn’t either of those things, but her encouragement made him want to try. After all, he was going to change, wasn’t he? Half-measures like wearing a little AA-cup bra seemed to be going against the natural slide of Lumin’s, and if he wanted some agency, he preferred being a bit more daring. After all, she made him want to *be* more daring.

Though, it took a little *liquid courage* before he actually took on the task.

“This is going to feel a little weird,” he said, grabbing the B-cup bra. It was sizably larger than the AA-cup, but thankfully had been ordered with straps that considered his more masculine body type, so they didn’t dig into the flesh. He was still unused to putting such on, and so it took him some fidgeting in front of the mirror before he figured it out. When it was done, he tracked down the breast forms. They were translucent, like what he imagined silicone implants were. They probably were silicone, actually. He slid them into the cups and also manoeuvred them around until they fit.

“Yeah, still ridiculous,” he said to the mirror. “Though with these lips and arms and legs . . . maybe less ridiculous.”

It wasn't untrue. He'd lost pretty much all his body hair, except for under the elbows, and even that was thinning. Moreover, his lips were noticeably puffier now, and his figure slighter. There was a definite dip in his waist now, which emphasised his hips. With his facial hair all but gone, it was easier to view himself as a transwoman who hadn't finished their transition. It was, sort of, what he was, after all.

He turned a few times, examining himself.

"What the hell, might as well earn that money," he said.

A B-cup wasn't really daring. But it was an important first step for the socially awkward man. He took it off, and carefully placed the breast forms back in the case. He then took the larger C-cup, which as far as he knew was on the ample/slightly above-average size for most women, and put it on. He couldn't say exactly why he put it on, but Abigail's comments on his confidence, as well as her sincere thanks for him joining her study, both rang in his mind as he put it on.

"Might as well make you proud, doc," he mumbled to himself. He thought of her eager smile, and it made him smile too. But he almost regretted it when he put in the breast forms.

"Woah, heavy," he marvelled. "I didn't realise . . . but then I've not ever had a . . ."

He put his loneliness out of mind and tried to get used to the wobbling of the forms. Certainly, when he put on a woman's shirt they gave a distinct impression of a woman of average or even above-average bust size. He only just noticed it as he turned in front of his reflection, but his hair had certainly gotten longer. No colour change he could note, though.

"Fuck it," he said, taking another sip of alcohol to give him courage. "A skirt and lipstick as well. Maybe even some eyeliner."

The next half hour was one of experimentation. He was certainly more tipsy than intended - he'd never been great with his drink - and it freed him not to feel so stifled in his own home. The looming uncertainty of Lumin's Syndrome was still there with him, but he was able to confidently think about ways to control it, and what kind of woman he'd end up being. He giggled like a schoolboy to himself as tried on different skirts, even a few dresses. The panties were all uncomfortable, but he openly laughed about how silly they looked instead of just feeling odd about it, and he even giggled when he noticed that his penis was indeed a bit smaller than it should have been. His makeup looked terrible, and his eyeliner too. His attempt at styling his hair was dreadful, and he was reasonably certain his C-cup breast forms were a little misaligned.

By the end of it, he was drunk enough to stagger before the mirror, chuckling and wheezing, and point a finger at his reflection.

"It's *VARIABLES!*" he shouted. "It's just *MATHEMATICS!* I just have to find the right *FORMULA*, and everything will be *OKEY DOKEY!*"

He stumbled a little, taking in his strange, misaligned appearance with his forest green top and pink skirt and the obvious outline of a bra. He looked more like a drag show contestant than a woman, but he didn't look mannish either. He corrected his makeup a little so it wasn't as ridiculous as all that.

It was then that his alarm went off. He checked his phone, and to his astonishment realised that it was his reminder that his stream had to start soon. He'd missed the last couple, posting silly excuses. He looked over himself and chuckled.

"Screw it. May as well."

Phillip sat at his computer and readied the stream, all the while booting up *Golden Dust*. He knew he would never even consider doing this if he were sober, particularly since his face and upper body were all being live streamed, but he only had about ninety followers now anyway, right?

And so, uncaring in that present moment, and riding high off the feeling of control he was having over his life, a freedom in simply acting in a spontaneous and unplanned manner, he turned on the stream.

"Well, hello everyone back to the stream. Sorry I've been away guys, but I've had some - ha! - some pretty big news. As you can see, I'm a bit tipsy right now. And I'm wearing women's clothing and makeup. There's, well, there's a reason for that. I'm just booting up the game now - don't worry, this is still a gaming stream. I've just received some unfortunate news recently, and what the hell. You know I'm a pretty private person, but I'm drunk and terrified, so I might as well tell you. I've got Lumin's Syndrome. Yeah, *that* syndrome. The one that turns you into a woman. So I'm turning into a woman! No, I don't actually have boobs yet. See? They're like silicone inserts. I'm taking part in a study to see if it's possible to direct the changes of Lumin's Syndrome. I've even got an MP3 player that has different languages on it - I'm thinking of going Korean. Who knows where that'll lead, huh."

He continued to ramble on about his condition, his fears over it, what the study was asking him to do, and how he was trying to be more daring and keep control of his life without being utterly paralysed by uncertainty.

"After all, I ended up getting Lumin's Syndrome anyway, so what's the point of being all uptight, right?"

He continued as he played the game, though his commentary shifted. A number of comments scrolled on the sidebar, and to his shock there was more commentary and questions than ever before, though some were for the occasional visitors that entered and left with only a dumb comment after they found his stream not for them.

Is this real?

Going to grow big b00bies?

Sorry to here that man. Sux.

I didn't realise Lumin's Syndrome was real. That super sucks mate! Hope you can become the kind of woman that doesn't cause much fuss or difficulty for you

Wow, this is crazy! Good to see you back tho

Sexy gamer gurl hype HYPE!

The reactions were mixed, but it did encourage him to ask them.

“Well, okay then, what do you think? Should I go to sleep listening to one of the culture podcasts and language learners on that MP3 player? I don't know what change that could bring. And if so, any suggestions?”

GERMAN GERMAN GERMAN GERMAN GERMAN

Scandi girls are hot thots!

Don't listen to the weird visitor pervs. You said Korean - do that! It's a great language and fascinating culture

Yeah, Korean! Also, your Golden Dust build is broken AF man! Nice specs even if your colour scheme reminds me of a certain cartoon character

KOREAN GIRL KOREAN GIRL

“Guys, it won't actually *make* me Korean. I don't think it can change race. But it might change, like, language centres and the like.”

But the informal vote was increasingly all for Korean, and so after his hour and a half long stream, he signed off with a thanks, particularly to one commentator who must have been female, as they gave some solid tips for correcting his makeup. Afterwards, still tipsy, he made his way to bed, got the Korean language and culture channel up on the MP3 player, and went to bed listening to it.

'The informal way of saying hello to Friends is annyeong. Say it with me: annyeong.

“Annyeong.”

Phillip woke up with a slight hangover, but he immediately pushed past it when he realised what he had done. He looked over his ridiculous clothing, with its C-cup bra and other clothing.

'Say it with me now: anyo means 'no.' Anyo!'

He pulled out the headphones. “Anyo! I don't want that this morning, thank you! What the hell have I done!?! I put it up on the fucking stream! What was I thinking!?”

He launched out of bed, ignoring the aches and stretches in his body. Some bigger changes had definitely happened - his chest was jiggling slightly even beneath the breast forms, for one - but he'd have to inspect that later. For now, the stream was all that mattered.

He had to . . . he had no idea. Delete the recording of it, at least. Try to assure everyone it was just a joke, or a dumb worry that turned out to be false. He booted up his computer in a panic, expecting the worst.

What he didn't expect was that his viewer numbers had apparently more than doubled. He blinked as he checked it again. Surely not? But it was true. He'd peaked at over two hundred viewers on the stream statistics, two hundred and thirty to be precise. He'd never had so many. He'd never even cracked one-fifty.

"Was it because . . ."

He checked over the record of comments that were automatically downloaded to his computer via an app. He was shocked. There was clearly an interest that didn't exist before in his streams, and all because of his Lumin's Syndrome. Yes, there were weird pervy comments, but a lot of genuine encouragement as well. Word had clearly passed on, because even a couple of obviously female commentators had pitched in with interest. He couldn't believe it. He couldn't even bring himself to delete the archive recording.

"They actually found it engaging," he said. And not just for his syndrome either - there was actual commentary on his unique playstyle and wry commentary, which there never usually was.

"Maybe . . . maybe I'll keep it up. Might even do a follow up stream at my usual time."

It was a crazy thought, but he wanted to do it. He looked over his body, taking out the breast forms and removing his shirt. He was definitely more slight in figure, and his hips seemed a little wider. His package was undoubtedly smaller, but the biggest change were the development of breasts. He definitely had little A-cup boobs now, small and slight as they were, which jiggled a little as he shook his shoulders.

"Well, in for a penny, in for a pound."

Abigail grinned as she took his photos and discussed his changing body. He didn't take it awkwardly like he might have: her enthusiasm for the study was infectious, in fact. It was several days later, and the study seemed to be potentially producing results: after all, he was indeed changing. He definitely had A-cup breasts, verging on B-cups already, and Phillip was still getting used to their heft, their jiggle, their need for support (though he didn't often strictly need it). Other changes had occurred too, ones that were increasingly significant: his hips had widened, and now could no longer be mistaken for a man's thin hips. His ass seemed to have a little more 'bounce' to it as well, and conversely his waist looked thinner as well. Certainly, he could tell he was physically weaker: he'd tried moving a bookshelf

slightly while a little anxious and in need of neatening his house, and he'd been almost unable to shift it, despite putting it in just a month ago.

"Any other changes that you feel?" Abigail asked.

Phillip took a steady breath. The next one was harder to admit. "Well, with the, uh, *shrinking* of my penis and balls, I feel less . . . energy."

"Do you feel more lethargic?"

"Not quite. Just sort of less . . . irritated. Prone to anger."

Abigail regarded him curiously. "You don't strike me as an angry person, Phillip."

He gave a grin. "I mean that I feel more empathetic. More emotional, but not in a bad way. I cry more easily - I did so looking at my changes, but I felt good afterwards."

"Interesting. A development of more feminine hormonal responses."

"And as for anger. Well, um, you've never seen me play *Battle Quest*."

It got a laugh from her. "I'd like to, sometime. Sorry, that's too informal. Perhaps you'd let me see you stream sometime."

He blushed. "I . . . I admitted that I had Lumin's on my stream actually. I hope that wasn't a problem."

She seemed surprised. "No! No, not at all. But I'm surprised you said so to the public. You have been quite shy and reserved at times in our meetings, despite your confidence in dealing with your condition."

"I was a little tipsy," he explained. "But, well, it felt good to admit it. Rip the bandaid off. I was wearing the things that I listed a moment ago, and I've been listening to the Korean tapes too. But the weird thing is, my subscriber numbers doubled overnight. And now I have three hundred followers, where before I had, like, ninety. It's all a bit much."

"Well, as much as I can say so as your doctor and Lumin's therapist, I'm proud of you, Phillip. It's a big step, and frankly I think it's pretty awesome. You're sharing a little known but important condition to the world, and that's a good thing. May I . . . may I find out the name of your stream?"

He went almost beet red, and was very, very aware that when he looked at Abigail Carter his feminine nipples hardened a little. He was finding her even more attractive. Was his libido changing too?

"Um . . . maybe next time?" he said.

"Of course. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to -"

"No, no! It's not - I just take time with these things."

"Of course," she said. "Well, our meeting is over. Did you want to discuss anything else?"

He realised that he did. He wanted to discuss so much more with her. Her taste in movies. Her taste in food. Her hobbies and dreams, her childhood. With the new hormones

in his system, his insecurities seemed to wane - just a little - and the heightened empathy made him want to know this cute, librarian-looking woman.

But the part of Phillip that remained insecure recoiled at the thought. What if it went wrong? Besides, he was becoming a woman, and even if he did find a connection with her, it would only be a sad, doomed affair. Not to mention an inappropriate one, given she was his doctor.

"I can't think of anything," he lied.

He made it to the door before a flood of regret hit him, and he managed to act on it before it consumed him.

"But if you have any good movie recommendations, that would be great. I'm at home a lot now."

Abigail gave that wonderful toothy, nerdy grin. "Oh, I have a feeling we are into the same kind of fantasy stuff, Phillip. Let me grab a pen and paper."

Phillip continued to chart his changes in his journal. His boobs were annoyingly sore and achey. Frankly, he was still getting used to not just the feel of having boobs, but the very *concept* of having them. Boobs. Tits. Jugs. Not that his were that big, but there were certainly solid B's now, with a fullness and weight that was pretty alien, though not altogether terrible. Certainly, their growth was increasing in speed though: he could tell by the aches and slight pressure that they were not finished, and that thought filled him with a nervous energy.

"Do I want them bigger? I'm wearing a C-cup bra all the time now, so I guess the hope is that's where they'll stop?"

He'd already had to reduce the size of the breast forms, since his boobs were 'making up the difference,' as he put it. His nipples were now quite feminine, a perfect pink colour, with a sensitive areola. It was embarrassing to admit even to himself, but he enjoyed playing with them, and had nearly touched them in such a manner several times during his latest gaming streams.

"Sorry," he said once as the chat sidebar went a little wild. "I'm still getting used to them. I'm not being all weird, I swear. You'd do the same if you were growing, uh, tits. Boobs. I should call them breasts."

Call them titties!

BIG TITTIES!

They're not that big. And besides, I get it Phil. You do you, man. So strange to think you'll be a chick soon!

Is his skin darker? I'm not going crazy here, right?

DEFINITELY DARKER!

AFRICAN

Korean, moron! She's listening to Korean

Not a she, yet.

Could be, we don't know!1!1! Voice is waaaaay higher now

Regardless if he's boi or gurl, he's kicking ass at Golden Dust

"I certainly don't feel like it!" he chuckled, reading the last comment aloud. "But I think in a couple of levels I won't be dying as much. But yeah, voice is definitely higher now. I'm noticing my Adam's Apple is disappearing, see? And to answer *Suzie18's* question which just came up, my boobs are size B now. Grown from a few days ago, but they're not C's yet. It was a good guess, but I'm wearing a bigger cup size to grow into. As I've said, the study is seeing the influence of stimuli on changes. But it's going *joh-eun* so far. I mean good. Holy shit, did I just speak Korean then?"

KOREAN GIRL KOREAN GIRL KOREAN GIRL!

If that wasn't faked, that's crazy. It just slipped in there.

"Yeah, wow," he continued. "I definitely didn't fake that. I'm still getting used to this hair growth: notice it's getting darker too? Maybe I'll come out of this able to speak fluently, who knows? But what do you guys think - should I stick to the plan?"

There was a flurry of replies. He had six hundred followers and counting, but to his surprise the overwhelming amount of comments were focused not on his plan for the next dungeon raid on *Golden Dust*, but instead plans on what he should wear and do and put on his face to manipulate the changes. It was all about his Lumin's, and what parts of the change to encourage. One bit of advice continually stuck out, though.

Bigger cups!

Double-Ds! Double-Ds! BIG OLD TITTIES!

Go big or go home! It's the best way to tell!

I'll sign up and watch your stream forever if you go full gamer grrrr!

Don't listen to them! You be the person you want to be, Phil (but also plz do F-cups so ur bigger than Stacey Harbinger)

Phillip laughed, a little overwhelmed. Other advice poured in, about wearing corsets and telling him to use the pants he'd been given that had the fill-ins for the hips, to encourage even wider growth there.

"Fuck it," he said, feeling a little brazen. He wasn't a drinker, and certainly wasn't developing a problem, but part of the fun of streaming was having a couple of beers and mentally relaxing in a way he'd never managed in another social setting. "I'm putting up a poll. Bigger changes or keep the course?"

He put it up, including a sub-poll on whether to up the size to Double-D cups, and whether to use the hip fill-ins in the hopes of going, as one user put it '*full hourglass baby.*'

Afterwards, with another chuckle, he got back to the raid, thanking the female followers in particular for advising him on how to improve his makeup.

"*Gamsahaeyo,*" he said. "Thank you."

Phillip felt a bit like an idiot. *Of course* the 'bigger bra cup size' option was going to win the poll. As much as he was picking up new female watchers, the men still dominated. He was getting the real sense from the comments that more than a few were actually *getting off* on the idea of him becoming a woman. Ordinarily that would be enough for him to shut the whole stream down, but he'd aimed to take charge of his changes, and truth be told there was a strange excitement to the whole thing. If Abigail was right, then he truly could influence the development of his Lumin's, and what better way than to become more womanly than expected? He wasn't sure how much of these thoughts were him simply becoming more confident, or just a result of mental changes thanks to the syndrome, but he followed through on the poll's decision: he began wearing a Double-D cup bra, complete with breast silicone insets to pad out the rest of the bra.

"Okay, these feel like they're quite big. And potentially heavy."

Of course, he'd quickly discovered that 'Double-Ds', while quite big, certainly bigger than average for a woman, were not actually as large as the media often portrayed. That way was more in the realm of E-cups and even F-cups. Still, the thought of having a chest like that . . . it was quite daunting. But he couldn't quite kick the thrill of now having over a thousand watchers on his streams, which he was now conducting three times a week instead of once a week, occasionally twice. And so he wore them.

The same was true of the padded underwear and yoga pants that gave him more in the hip area. They felt strange but also sort of *right* somehow. In fact, as per suggestions on his stream and that of Dr Carter - Abigail - he actually began tightening his corset, and even practicing makeup styles that appealed to him. The latter were often disastrous, but with each failure he got better. The same could be said of his Korean language training: after each night, a little more of lexicon and vocabulary seeped into his consciousness, as surely as his manhood was slowly receding.

Other changes were occurring, ones that were making him unsure of how to feel. His body was becoming more lithe, and his height was dropping further as well, but as the days passed, he couldn't help but notice that one change in particular was quite surprising, and didn't seem to match *any* previous Lumin's records that he could find.

His eyes were changing shape.

It was subtle, but it was there. His eyes, which were previous wide blue specimens, seemed to be taking on the classical almond shape of an Asian individual. This was accompanied by a change in pigmentation that was barely noticeable, but still certainly present. Just as one of the posters on his stream had commented, his skin was indeed changing to become more yellow olive in tone.

"I'm . . . I think I'm changing race," he told Abigail.

He couldn't have predicted the other woman's reaction. She was busy checking his blood levels, hormone readings, all the medical stuff he didn't really know about. It always made him nervous, the uncertainty of what she would say. Though in her presence, as they chatted about his changes, his life, and sometimes hers as well, those anxieties didn't seem as . . . anxious.

But they certainly flared up again when she suddenly dropped her entire stack of charts and papers and stared at him in deep shock.

"I'm - I'm sorry, could you repeat that, Phillip?"

He got a bit sheepish. "Well, the other changes are proceeding. My, well my boobs feel bigger. I've been using the hip fillers and my pelvis has been getting sore again. And as you can hear, my voice is getting higher. But my skin is looking a little different. Less white. And my eyes . . ."

Abigail put her glasses on. She hadn't given him the physical look over yet, but she clearly wanted to as the realisation that he was telling the truth dawned on her.

"Oh. My. God. I'm sorry, I should be so dramatic Phillip."

"It's okay," he said. "My hair is darker too. I think . . . I think I'm becoming Asian, maybe? It's kinda weird to think about."

Abigail stood up, practically flinging her seat backwards. "Can I look you over?"

"Sure."

For the next few minutes she fussed as she took images, made him stand in certain angles, did comparisons of his skin. It was clear to both of them that his changes were indeed proceeding apace - he didn't like to talk about it, but his penis was most certainly on the 'quite small' side now - but this new change was more of a blindside.

"I'd theorised that this was possible," she murmured, holding his arm with her pale fingers, "but I didn't put too much stock in it. Lumin's is not studied greatly because of the poor time window. Our control subject is not changing race, simply following a path of great libido and accelerated change to an alluring figure."

"But mine is slow."

She smiled. "Which wins the race, since you're evidently controlling the changes in more ways than you think."

“I didn’t intend for this!” Phillip said. “I don’t know how to feel about it!”

“I’m not saying you did, but evidently the absorption of Korean language and thinking on their culture has resulted in your brain subconsciously directing some changes. Would you consider something for me?”

“Anything,” he said, and he realised that he was perhaps *too* overeager in the way he’d said it. The truth was, he realised that he most certainly had a crush on the energetic, bubbly doctor with her cute glasses and curly brown hair.

“Well, that’s wonderful!” she said. “Would you consider watching some Korean language television? I can recommend some great shows. It may continue these changes - ‘lock them in’, so to speak.”

Phillip nodded. The idea of becoming an Asian woman was so bizarre to him. Would he experience not just sexism in his new life, but racism as well? The whole idea was terrifying. But at the same time, he was starting to realise how reclusive and closed off his old life was. How wasted. No one had contacted him from his old work, and he was considering the possibility of pursuing streaming as his job, if his numbers kept growing. They were now around five thousand subscribers, and still going up. And a big reason for that was not just that he was getting more humorous and open in his commentary on gaming, but also talking about his changes, showing off his form a little and what was altering, and asking for advice on how to ‘steer’ the Lumin’s Syndrome. And if he wanted to be truly more daring, what was more daring than changing not just sex, but rae as well?

“I’ll do it. I’d love to do it,” he said.

“Are you sure? I don’t want to lead you down any path. I won’t lie, I do have a fondness for Korea as a place and as people, so I want to make sure I’m not influencing the study.”

It occurred to Phillip that the doctor was probably into pretty boy Korean men. A shame he wasn’t turning into one of those!

“No, no I want to do it,” he said. “I know you say I’m being confident with these changes, but the truth is this study is the only thing keeping me together, that and my streaming. I’ve always been paralysed by fear of uncertainty, and you’ve helped me get some control back in my life. So I want to pursue this.”

Abigail paused a moment, regarding him. “I’m glad, Phillip. Really. Your words . . . they actually mean a lot. I can relate a little to being quite awkward at times.”

Phillip was taken aback. “But you’re so bubbly! Full of energy!”

She cracked a smile. “Nervous habits, really. I was so sure this study would fail - I set myself up to expect failure. I’m . . . I’m really glad we found one another Phillip.”

God, he longed for her. It was stupid. He knew he was pining because he hadn't had a girlfriend in . . . ever, really. But in truth, she truly was lovely. Lovely and just as nerdy as him.

"I agree, Abigail."

She blushed, just briefly, before falling back into 'Doctor Mode.' "Well, that's as much as we need to go over today. We'll keep meeting twice a week - but may up it to three times if this race change proceeds."

Phillip stood, wishing he could say something to her, thanking her for the control she was giving him over his life, and the will to be more daring. At the door's edge, that threshold once more, he turned.

"I'll email you my stream," he said. "I'm really enjoying *Golden Dust*. Thursday at six is when I'll be doing my next raid."

Abigail gave a cute, toothy grin. "I'll make sure to watch it," she said.

Phillip left, feeling as if he were on top of the world.

Something must have passed across the internet about his stream, because that Thursday night he no longer had five thousand subscribers, but instead *fifteen thousand*. It made Phillip incredibly excited, and bolstered by the knowledge that Doctor Carter was possibly watching, he decided to go further into the Lumin's aspect of his stream, showing off his changes by stepping back for once.

"As you can see, I've continued to change. It's been well over a month now, and I expect the changes will take two or nearly three months in total to finish, but that's just my guess. My hips aren't actually this wide, I'm wearing the panties with the padding to encourage growth there. It's all in the mind, so if I normalise having wider hips, then I might well grow them."

Gettin' dem childbearing hips! They don't lie!

He chuckled as he saw the comment when approaching the screen.

"God, I hadn't even thought about the fact that I'll be able to do 'childbearing' when this is all done. That's a terrifying prospect. What would it even feel like? But yeah, I guess you could say I'm going for the hourglass look. You guys are at fault, since you voted for these changes.

NO RUGRATS! NO RUGRATS!

I voted for slimgirl. Still, I'll take curvy girl.

So jealous you can decide your figure! I've always wanted more curves!

Show us the t1ts! Wanna see!

He rolled his eyes. “Well, I can see everyone’s *really interested* in *Golden Dust* at the moment. I actually don’t think I can show you my ‘tits’, not that I call them that. They’re practically real now. Well, they are. Apparently they’ve got milk ducts and everything. But I can, wait a moment.”

He removed his hoodie, showing that beneath he was wearing a bra that cupped them rather well. It was the DD cup bra, and his healthy C’s were certainly moving at least towards the D range, as his inserts had shrunk. He explained as much to the stream.

FAKE!

“Oh yeah? Trust me, they are real. They’ve got that bounce, see?” He spent a few moments bouncing them, before blushing heavily. “Okay, that’s enough. I didn’t meant to put on a show there. But they’re definitely really ‘ripe’ Cs, as *CharlieDickFlip* writes. Interesting username there. But that’s not the biggest change, of course. I’m getting turned into an Asian woman, apparently. A Korean woman, to be specific. Have a look.”

He proceeded to show off his skin changes, the way his eyes were altering shape, even how his hair was now a dark brown, and getting darker and longer all the time. It now framed his cheeks a little, in a smart bob that was actually reminiscent of some gamer girl streamers he was aware of.

He expected a response. He didn’t expect a veritable *tidal flood* of questions, queries, comments, perverted emojis, weirdly flirty one liners, and jokes. But among them were numerous forms of encouragement, even *excitement*, at seeing someone changed so. Of course, he got the obvious indication that many were more excited to see a busty Asian gamer chick, as befitting their fetishes, than anything else. Still, he got quite a rush from it, even feeling a little emotionally overwhelmed, but he managed to hold back his tears.

“Okay, okay!” he said in his increasingly feminine voice. “I can’t answer any more questions! I know barely more than you do. But if you guys have recommendations for Korean cinema then I’m all ears, and yes, I have indeed seen *Parasite*. But for now, let’s play *Golden Dust*.”

He continued the raid, this time playing multiplayer so that several other individuals were joining and chatting with him. He had to boot one for creepy comments, but another was a woman and more genuinely fascinated by his changes, and the two others were simply cool gamers who didn’t even know he was, like most people. He gave commentary, made some jokes, was a lot lighter than usual. He realised most of the way through the raid that he’d never put his top back on, and so his full C-cups, bordering on D’s, were on display. From the way they bounced when he got excited, he was starting to feel a little self-conscious.

No, that wasn’t right. In a weird, unexpected way, he was starting to feel self-*confident*. In fact, by the end of the stream, he was actually letting his boobs wobble a

little bit deliberately, just to psyche out his followers. He'd gained another thousand subscribers in just the two hours he was playing. It made him feel that little bit more daring once more.

"Well guys, I'm still apparently influencing my changes, so my question is, should I make any further changes to myself? Anything I should do to direct Lumin's to alter with my body?"

There was another flood of responses.

When a girl walks in wit that itty bitty waist . . . corset tighten!

Bigger b00bs! Bigger b00bs! Double or nothing!

Perfect way you are luv - keep the peen, it's hotter

Lip plumping lipstick mebbe? Make them all full like?

B00bs b00bs b00000000bs

You're neglecting your a\$\$! Trust me as a girl gamer who streams u don't show off dat moneymaker much but it's luvly to have!1!!1!

He chuckled, sipping his beer and oddly feeling more like a 'her' at that moment, and not an unattractive her at all. Sure, the face could use more work, and Phillip still had a very male appendage between his legs, but 'her' seemed to suit, at least as 'she' looked over the suggestions. She giggled at a few - she'd started giggling more often, though not in a bimbo-ish way at least - and flat out rejected a couple. But others she took on board.

"Fine, fine! I'll go a larger cup size, you pervs! F-cup it is, since I can already predict you'll be annoyed if I only go up one cup size. You better not make my back break here - there *are* limits, you know. Great suggestion about the butt, *HayleeHitman47*, I'll do something about that. I'm sorta flat as a pancake right now. And there's a new suggestion that I don't think that I'll do, but -"

He paused. The suggestion was simple: *Dye your hair magenta. It would look cute and see if it would change your natural hair colour.* He was going to reject it as a little bit too much, until he saw the username of the figure that suggested it: *DocAbiCart*. There was no way it wasn't her, and the notion that she'd watched his entire stream, *her* entire stream, filled the woman-to-be with excitement and a little embarrassment. How much had she seen? Had she liked it?

"Actually, I think I will dye it. I like the magenta idea," she said casually, pretending she hadn't noticed the username. "Besides, it'll give me the full Korean girl gamer look, right?"

There were many cheering and applauding emojis that followed.

"Okay everyone, that's enough for tonight. *Annyeong! Annyeong!*"

She packed up, still feeling nervously excited and a little bit silly at agreeing to almost everything that was suggested. But she had actual fans now, and was feeling more confident

and willing to try crazy stuff than ever. In fact, she didn't feel that paralysing sensation of uncertainty even as she grabbed the large F-cup bra and marvelled at how much bigger it was on her chest. The breast forms left them quite heavy.

"Jeez, I know why women need support," she muttered.

She did her final check over for the night, noted that her penis had shrunk even further, and bizarrely seemed to accept it. It scared her, losing it, but she didn't want to be left 'in-between' as it were. Full man or full woman was fine. She knew that the next day she would feel more like Phillip - a man - again, but for now it was nice to kind of imagine being a woman entirely. She put some lipstick on to sleep with, emphasising her lips, and put some liners between her ass and panties to hopefully change that self-perception too.

Then finally she put on her Korean language and culture learning program, and closed her eyes. The last thing she thought about before she went to sleep was what kind of new name she wanted for herself. Maybe something Korean would be good?

Over the next couple of weeks, Phillip's changes continued to speed up. It was a little frantic to experience in fact, because whereas the slow changes meant that he only felt the aches and soreness in various body parts sporadically, now he felt them in full almost all the time. Jumping straight to an F-cup bra had certainly been daring - Abigail definitely thought so, even as she relished the opportunities of his choice - but it meant that his boobs were now a lot more of a pain, constantly reminding him of their seemingly endless growth. They swelled to full Double-Ds that were bordering on E's (they might have already been there, the cups were a little tight lately and his boobs 'spilled over' a tiny bit), and he was starting to wonder if he should have stopped there, because they seemed very full and bouncy to his perspective. Abigail commented more than once on them.

"They look very lovely, in fact. I know for certain many women would be jealous of them, myself included. I always wanted a bigger chest - and to be perfectly frank, I've always admired bigger chests on girls as well."

She said it quickly before getting back to business, knowing clearly that she was stretching the boundaries of appropriateness, but it confirmed for Phillip that he was going to increase his bust size further. He'd looked up F-cups, and while very big, they weren't repulsive at all. Simply . . . blessed in the chest, as they say.

These rapid changes were mirrored by other ones in his body. The thigh and pelvis inserts were doing their work splendidly, and the transforming man now had a set of hips that would make most women jealous, which was an odd thought to have. The streamer suggestion by the gamer girl to have a more rounded ass was actually increasingly

appreciated, since otherwise he would have looked oddly 'flat' with his impressive curves leading around to a pancake of an ass. It almost made him want to have a bit of a 'moneymaker', given that his form had propelled him in that short time to now over fifty thousand subscribers and counting. He was starting to become minor-internet famous, at least in the circles he swam around in. After all, he'd been featured on a couple of small gaming sites as the 'man who was embracing Lumin's Syndrome even while crushing *Golden Dust and Battle Quest*.' It was a little confronting to have people joining his stream because of it, and even more so getting emails asking for interviews.

"You should do it!" Abigail suggested. They'd opted to get out of the office setting now that the weather was warmer, and take a tea outside once the physical examination was over. "The time is ripe to take advantage of it, after all. It's not like you're going to turn back, so it would be good to spur further changes."

"Yeah, maybe I will take a couple of interviews. Just with the gaming online sites and the like."

"You should style your hair. I love the magenta."

It was an earnest compliment, and one that made them both blush.

"Thanks . . . I don't know if my hair will actually go that colour, but I kind of like it, especially now that it's longer."

"You barely look like a man anymore, though some changes continue."

"Yeah, they're getting really big."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about your chest - though they are quite . . . impressive - I was talking about your skin colour. Your eyes. You've even got a slight accent."

"I DO!?"

She chuckled slightly. "I didn't want to bring it up in case you were nervous! It's nothing extreme. Your L's are a bit softer, with a slight 'R' sound. It's kinda . . . cute actually. Sorry, I shouldn't have said that."

She immediately returned to her cup, covering a good portion of her face.

"Thanks for watching my stream," Phillip said. "It actually gave me a lot of confidence. The hair suggestion."

"It was a spur of the moment thought. I won't lie, it wasn't entirely academic. I've always thought it was a cool look. Still, it suits the experiment parameters."

Phillip nodded and drank some more tea. It really was lovely, and he liked it more and more as he imbibed a new culture. Finally, he set it down, took a deep breath, and said something that had been on his mind.

"Abigail, do you think . . . do you think when the study is over, we could be . . . friends? I've never had many friends before, but I feel I get along with you a lot."

The doctor gave a funny look that was difficult to interpret. Her eyes roamed over Phillip's body, and it was not an unpleasant feeling for the transforming individual.

"I'd . . . I'd like that very much, Phillip. There will be some post-change examination to the study, but there are numerous studies that have been conducted where the experimenter and subject went on to be friends. Yes. Hm. Friends."

It was not the enthusiastic reaction Phillip had hoped for, but it was something at least. He knew that any chance of actually being *with* Abigail was zero now that he was becoming a woman, but it was lovely to meet someone who had the passionate, nerdy interests he had, and one that had helped him come out of his shell.

"That's great. Thank you."

"My pleasure. Are you sure you're happy going with the F-cup bras? Like I've said, I've always admired women with blossomed chests, being a little petite lady myself, but I want to make sure you're mentally in the right place to handle steering yourself to become, well, to become . . ."

"Busty?" Phillip suggested.

"A double-D cup is busty, an F-cup is *stacked*, Phillip."

Her upfrontness made him giggle a little. "I suppose so. I think it would have terrified me once, but since the stream is taking off-"

"I ask because of that. I've seen what people comment. I want to make sure you're still doing this for *you*, and for the study, and not purely to expand your audience. I don't want you ending up with a body you detest and regret simply because a bunch of thirsty men on the internet wanted it. Even if, I'm sure, you will look absolutely gorgeous."

Phillip considered what she was saying. It was a consideration he'd made a number of times as well. But the truth was, he was beginning to feel a small ripple of excitement every time his boobs felt too compressed against the breastforms. When they spilled a little over the cups. Even the aching and soreness gave a little shiver of anticipation at the idea of growing an even larger chest. He'd always been such a mawkish, easily overlooked man, and now - even though he was approaching a humble little 5'5 in height - he was starting to feel the confidence that comes with being appreciated by sight alone. Having a prominent chest was only part of it, but certainly it was a major part. Or major parts. There were two of them, after all.

"I think . . . I know this is strange, but I think I actually like having large breasts, Abigail. I can't explain it, but it feels nice to be kind of ample, even if they are heavy. Plus, why not test the limits with the study? And the weird part is I'm even thinking of wearing things to show them off."

Abigail shrugged. "Well, if you've got 'em, flaunt 'em. Besides, as you say, it will help the study, just like your apparent race change. I'm still astonished. I'm kind of excited to see how you end up looking. Beautiful, I'm sure."

Phillip smiled, feeling a sort of inner glow. "I hope so."

A few days later, Phillip woke up scratching the back of his head. He moaned at having to wake, stretching his limbs as he followed the moan with a long yawn. His voice was most certainly female sounding now, he realised - there was nothing left of maleness in it.

"*Wa*, I sound way more like a girl now. *Daebak*."

He gave a little smirk as he removed the headphones. The language program had ended hours into his sleep, but evidently it was continuing to be absorbed into his changing brain, leaving him feeling just that bit more capable at speaking the language of his new ethnicity. But it was only as he pulled himself up that he realised that something further had changed on his chest. There was a great weight and bounce there, and yet he was filling his cups exactly as he had the previous night when he put the breast forms in.

"Holy shit!" he cried as he tore away the sheet. The growth had accelerated. Somehow, seemingly overnight, his boobs had swollen yet further to become F-cups. There was a bit of wiggle room for his breasts to continue growing, but on the whole his mammaries had expanded and *pushed out* the breast forms while he slept in the bra. It was an annoying experience to do so, but part of the experiment, and evidently it had paid off, because between his soft, hairless thighs were the two silicon fillets.

"Oh my God, they're so *keun* - I mean big! Seriously, have I gone too far here?"

He shook his shoulders, and his tremendous bosom wobbled heavily. It was a magnificent sight, really. They were two perfect globes, pushed up so that his breasts curved perfectly to just below his clavicle, and with each breath they rose and fell spectacularly. His cleavage looked like it had doubled in size: it was a veritable canyon, a deep alluring line that as a man he would have wanted to shove his face into. He undid the straps and pulled off the bra, and his boobs dropped a little but not much. They were a perfect teardrop shape, fat and heavy and full and yet magnificently pert. They were soft, and with another shake of his shoulders they trembled even more, slapping together a little audibly in a way that made him giggle.

"Oh no, I'll *have* to wear a bra everywhere now! What have I done!?"

But the outrage was not really felt. He's chosen this, and now he was bearing the fruits of his choice. And what ripe, heavy, rounded fruit they were. He groped them, squeezing the firm yet supple flesh, and he was shocked at how sensitive they were.

“Oohhhhhh, ohhhhhh okay. *W-wa*. That was a lot!”

His dick hardened, but it was a pathetic stub by that point, barely capable of maintaining its tiny erection. He rubbed the little nub anyway, savouring what feeling was left. Oddly, he imagined it retreating, pictured his manhood finally shrinking into nothing and replacing itself with a vagina that bloomed into existence.

“Mmhhhhmmmmm,” he moaned, voice going higher again. Everything was soft, everything was sensitive. He ran his dainty fingers over his prodigious bustline and began to tease and pinch his fat nipples. They grew erect, hardening with anticipation of further ministrations. He gave them exactly that, biting his lip and closing his eyes as he imagined that he was a full woman.

That *she* was a full woman.

And Abigail doing the pleasuring.

“A-Abigail . . . f-fuck! Ohhh! Aahhhh!”

Her tits were so huge, so wonderfully sensual in feeling. The nipples were the obvious source of most pleasure, but even the skin around them, particularly her prodigious underboob, was also erotic to touch. It made her squirm in bed, imagining what it would be like if her boobs were *even bigger*, swollen to ripe G-cups, or even better yet, melon-sized H-cups for Abigail to play with. In this morning fantasy, the good doctor was a sexy lesbian, ravenous at the sight of Phillip.

But even that name sounded wrong. She licked her lips as she continued to grasp and squeeze and massage her wonderful breasts, letting her palms sink into their surface, and tried to conjure a name for herself. A new name for her new life, her new body, her new streaming success. Her new sex and race.

“Yu-jun,” she murmured to herself. “That’s me. Park Yu-jun.”

It was a perfect name. One of its several meanings was ‘courage’, and it was exactly that trait she wanted to embody. The courage to embrace what she was becoming, to throw away embarrassment and uncertainty, and in doing so not to *lose* control but instead *gain* it. The control of being happy with an outcome that was uncertain, with taking a gamble and having it pay off, despite the initial fear. And the courage to become a gorgeous, curvy, and very, very *busty* Korean-American girl who was happy to show her body off online as she played her games.

“Mmhhmm I waaaant that! *Neomu joh-a!* So good!”

She was so close to coming. Even without the proper sensitivity of her penis, or its ability to truly function, her big, beautiful boobs were more than up to the task. As a guy, she’d always thought the idea that girls could get off purely from having their tits played with to be a pure fantasy, but that was definitely not the case. But then, wasn’t she a living fantasy already? She looked over the rest of her body, appreciated how her waist had

shrunk, her hips widened, her body shortened and her thighs thickened, and she was turned on further by the prospect of becoming the fantasy hottie of thousands of internet strangers. Why not? Why not stop being some male nobody and embrace being a woman appreciated for her gaming skill, her humour, *and* her looks? Hell, even *mostly* for her looks? They were dynamite tits after all!

“So f-fucking c-clooooosee! NNGGGHHHHH!!!”

She squeezed her left breast, her palm overflowed by its flesh, even as she pinched her right nipple, and the resulting series of pleasures rocked her. She grunted, groaning and moaning in her tinny female voice, a voice that was almost a little *too* high-pitched, and yet still seemed to exude sexiness. She quaked, falling back in the bed, and her heavy chest wobbled on top of her, spilling over onto her upper arms a little. Freed from their confinement, they now had that ‘spill’, and it was actually a lovely feeling: she pressed her upper arms closer together to create an even bigger cleavage, and giggled in the post-coital aftermath.

“Mmhm . . . I could get used to this.”

Yu-jun introduced herself to the stream the following day.

“So, as you can see, I’m looking more and more Korean. I know that’s got some minor controversy online, and I want to really stress that while I think I’ll be able to speak it fluently soon that I’m not ‘co-opting’ the culture. This was an accidental change that had affected my mind, and I think we can all agree that Lumin’s Syndrome is an edge case here. So with that in mind, I’d like to announce my name change - even if it isn’t formalised yet. I’ve decided to go by Park Yu-jun. Yu-jun being my personal name, obviously.”

Predictably, the stream went wild. There were a few cruel comments, some that even had inventive sexual puns, and others questioning the choice at all. But most, Yu-jun was happy to see, were quite supportive, and even a few apparently were quite pleased - evidently, Yu-jun was the name of some Korean KPop singer she’d never heard of.

“Thanks to those of you who are supportive,” she said. “I really feel like I’ve come out of my shell. I was so shy and quiet and scared of everything, but it’s taken turning into a little Asian woman to grow a pair, I guess.”

Not so little in two particular places, if ya no wut i meen!

She chuckled at the comment. “Yeah, okay okay, not all that little in *some* places. In fact, I’ve grown there . . . quite a bit actually. But I’m just thanking all of you, and while it will take some time getting used to, if you could call me Yu-jun now that would be wonderful,

particularly since as you can see I pretty much just look like a Korean woman now - my eyes are nearly finished, though I think they still have some darkening to go.”

STOP STALLING! SHOW US CHANGES GURRL!

Yea show us yer changes!

Wanna see the b00ba b00ba

Did the butt stuff worked? - Wait, I ment the fillrs, not like 'butt stuf' ya know wut im sayin

Wanna see dem hips they go swing they go swing a ding

Play Golden Dust already! Wanna see you trash 8th tier

Do a crossover with Kenji! You two will be sooo hawt!

Is penis gone yet? Safe to jack the off?

Yu-jun rolled her eyes and raised her hands in a placating gesture. “Alright, alright! I’ll take off the secretive hoodie and show you all how far I’ve come, alright?”

She stepped back so the camera had a good view of her, and unzipped her hoodie, a little dramatically. She’d gone out and bought the perfect bra for the reveal: a lacy red thing with prominent cups that pushed lifted her breasts up dramatically, making them somehow look *even* bigger than they already were.

“Ta da!” she exclaimed. “*Geodaehan*, huh? Pretty huge! I am officially an F-cup, just!”

She couldn’t see the comment stream up close enough to read, but she could see it suddenly *pouring in* with posts. She chuckled, did a little shoulder wobble for the viewers.

“Yep, as you can see, no breast forms at all! There’s still some space in the bra, I’m not too snug, but let me just say to you ladies out there from a former guy, I totally understand the complaints about back pains and the like now. These things are *mugeoun!* Which is to say, quite heavy! Thankfully, I get a lot of support, but I won’t lie, it’s really, *really* strange to not only be becoming a woman, but to have deliberately allowed myself to become so . . . uh, blessed in the chest, I guess?”

She gave a signature giggle, and adjusted her bra a little. “I think the ladies on the chat will be able to help me find a bra that fits better than this one, but I don’t imagine even the guys will want me much bigger.”

It was a dare. She knew they would. If she were still Phillip, and watching Yu-jun on a stream, he’d be practically *begging* her behind the thankful veil of anonymity to increase her bust. Just that little more. Very few guys wouldn’t want a woman with tits that were nearly the size of her own head, after all. And despite feeling them constantly jostle and move, and the weight it put on her shoulders and back, Yu-jun actually didn’t mind the frustrating parts of big boobs, when they were so wonderfully sensitive and looked great. He could also see why so many women wanted bigger boobs - sometimes the hassle *was* worth it.

“Okay, enough about the boobs,” she said with a grin. “I should go over the other stuff as well. As you can see, my stomach is pretty much toned and flat now. My waist is pretty

damn thin - I've been making the corset tighter and it's definitely made an impact already! I'm still wearing the hip fillers - not right now obviously - but I think I'll stop soon. Yes, I saw that comment about getting a 'set of real babymakers' and I won't lie, it's scaring me off a little. Okay, so I'll give the side profile so you guys can see how it's all coming out."

She turned, allowing her now one hundred thousand subscribers to see her figure from the side. She straightened her back as she'd seen other women do, in order to emphasise not only her bust but her backside as well. Her ass had indeed filled out, and surprisingly fast too, as if eager to catch up to the rest of her changes. She posed a few times, though not too sexually: she was getting increasingly confident in her body, but was not *that* confident. Still, even she could recognise that the shelf of flesh jutting from her chest was quite appealing to viewers, particularly since the push up bra gave her breasts a wonderfully sexy convex curve that rose with every breath. Her ass meant she was effectively the whole package, and though it was impossible to tell yet, her longer hair seemed to maintain some of the magenta tone of her dye, which made her think and hope that it had changed too.

"Anyway, I won't do anymore poses. It's all a bit embarrassing! I'm still a guy - no underwear shots, I can promise you that - but in reality I'm a woman now. I accept that. I actually feel more in control than ever, and though having huge boobs is a big change, I can certainly say - oh, you're kidding me! Really?"

The comments were flooded once more, and just as she'd predicted, they were begging for her to go up just one or two cup sizes more. She feigned shock, and for the briefest moment she thought she could see *DocAbiCart* commenting:

GO FOR THE H-CUP

Maybe it wasn't her. Maybe she'd imagined it. But for Yu-jun, it was like a sign. She could just imagine Abigail being proud of her for her daring, and for seeing the study right to its end. After all, she'd already taken the doctor's advice and had a manicure, a process which was surprisingly relaxing. And she'd even started watching yoga videos in Korean, sharpening her body and training it to become more flexible before the changes ended. And now, with the new bra and shorts that bared her midriff on the stream, she'd become more comfortable buying her own things.

"Fine, H-cup it is," she declared with a grin, before booting up *Battle Quest*. "But only because you guys are great. Thanks for subscribing. Now let's play this game already."

"Yu-jun, huh?"

The Korean-American woman gave a slightly embarrassed smile at Abigail. Once more, they had conducted a physical that indeed confirmed that Yu-jun's hair was going magenta for real, and that her pigmentation change was nearly complete. She was still experiencing breast growth, and more tissue developing in her ass, something that Abigail called "impressive to say the least." But after the usual photos were taken and questions asked, including the usual round of psychological testing (which confirmed, interestingly, that Yu-jun's sexual orientation had not changed, further confirming she had controlled the changes more than the control subject) the two of them decided to catch coffee together at a nearby cafe to discuss the study, and Yu-jun's changes.

"It just felt sort of right to me," the former male said, indicating her increasingly curvaceous figure. "It means Courage, though it has other meanings."

"Including pretty," Abigail said, raising her eyebrows knowingly.

"I, uh, didn't totally intend for that. I just liked it. It felt like the sort of name I wanted to have. I know I'm not really Korean, but I think listening to all those Korean tapes has changed me a little."

Another smile. "I can tell. After all, you're wearing a skirt now. Not to mention a very womanly blouse."

Yu-jun didn't blush this time. Instead she beamed with a little bit of pride. She'd gone shopping again, and this time decided to go all out. After all, the study was still paying her quite well, and she was making more money than she could have believed as a streamer, and more each passing day. She'd looked up Korean fashions from various subcultures, and decided on something cute that would show off a little bit of her midriff and conform to her impressive bust, while still being modest enough to get around in public. The skirt was dark and quite tight: she was becoming pretty proud of her rear and wanted to show it. Evidently, she was showing more than she had estimated, because Doctor Carter continued to look over her, as if studying her changes.

"Um, are you looking for further transformations?" Yu-jun asked.

Abigail froze, gave a nervous toothy smile, and drank some more of her tea.

"No, no! I was just . . . admiring. You seem to have really come into yourself, Yu-jun. I quite like the name, by the way. It's very fitting for the new you. And you seem very successful on your new stream. And very . . . showy."

It was true. Not only was Yu-jun much more outgoing and willing to discuss personal matters, but she was finding more and more success with low cut tops that showed plenty of cleavage. She even leaned into her cutesy voice, showing frustration in a way that let her big boobs wobble in her tight tops.

"Yeah, well, sex sells, I guess."

"But you don't mind it? In fact, I'd rather say you're proud of your body."

Yu-jun felt that warm flush again, the one she always got in the presence of Abigail. “I guess I really am. I never expected to become a curvy Korean girl, but here I am.”

“I’m glad. Perhaps a subtle effect of the Lumin’s Syndrome. Many who are affected gain higher sex drives, feel more of a desire to show themselves off. Yours is restrained, but perhaps this is how it manifests?”

Yu-jun considered that. “Perhaps. But I also . . . I also think it’s me. Finally me. Being more open and daring. And I think it’s also you, Abigail. I wanted to be like this because I wanted your study to succeed. And,” she paused, biting her full lip a little, “I liked the idea of making you happy. I like being around you.”

Abigail stiffened again, took another sip of tea as she often did when trying to think of what to say next. “Well, that’s - that’s nice, Yu-jun. I’m sorry, I think I’ve got to go. My pager just beeped. We’ll continue next session!”

Before Yu-jun could say anything, the other woman got up and stiffly walked away, leaving the former man ashamed that she’d said what she had.

“That was a mistake,” she said morosely.

After that little incident, things became a little awkward between Abigail and Yu-jun. It was like a switch had been flipped, and suddenly the doctor was back in Doctor Mode, her manner more professional and stoic, her language more academic. She was terser, less willing to chat about matters outside of the study, and had cancelled their tea and coffee catchups.

“Any further changes?” she asked clinically, her hand shaking a little.

“Um, my boobs are growing.”

“Still? Wow! I mean - interesting. We’ll get some photos in a moment. We’ll record your mental changes as well, if there are any further. The development of the labia in preparation for the vulval opening too.”

Yu-jun sighed. “Abigail, is there something I did wrong? Something I said? I’m sorry if that’s the case, but you’re acting so differently! I thought you were - I thought we were friends.”

Abigail couldn’t look at her. She wiped her eye quickly, and Yu-jun couldn’t tell if it was simply an itch or a stray tear.

“It’s nothing, Yu-jun. Just . . . I can’t really talk about it, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have been so unprofessional to begin with. And I think it’s better if you call me Doctor Carter again. I know first name basis is often standard for therapy sessions, but your mental health seems entirely fine, and so the medical aspects of this study should take priority.”

All Yu-jun could do was nod along, unbelieving. Had there been a family tragedy? Some kind of work dispute? Was *she* the problem? Something she'd said on the stream?

"Abigail-"

"Doctor Carter, please."

"No. I know you as Abigail, and I know you well enough to know something is going on. I don't know what it is, but it fills me with that same uncertainty that I had back when I was Phillip. If I've done something to offend you-"

Abigail practically leapt to her feet. "No! No, nothing like that! Quite the opposite - I mean . . . Yu-jun, this can't continue." Her head sagged on her shoulders. "I wish I could explain it. It's nothing you've said, and yet it is. But the problem is me, please believe that."

Yu-jun stood, moved around the desk, and gave Abigail a deep hug. The woman didn't fight it, placing her head over Yu-jun's due to her greater height. She leaned against the former male's ample bosom, and despite the compassion of the moment, Yu-jun felt a flare of attraction rise once more, her nipples stiffening, and the vestigial remains of her nub of a penis feeling a little harder also.

"Whatever it is, I'm here for you," she whispered, even as Abigail sobbed a little. "Just like you've been here for me."

And with that, she parted, took the daring moment to wipe a stray tear from the other woman's cheek, and left.

Maybe it was that act of daring, that moment of womanly empathy and bonding, but when Yu-jun woke the next day, she knew her transformation was complete. Her breasts felt heavier again, and she giggled a little at the prospect of buying yet *more* bras. She'd been sporting an H-cup ever since her stream encouraged her to this final size, and in that moment, with those heavy weights on her chest, she could tell she'd fulfilled that ample size. She ran her hands over them, feeling their largesse beneath the cups, and marvelling at how large and yet perfect her big pink nipples were. They were so sensitive, so perfect, and just from a glance down she could tell they were almost the size of her own head each. Perhaps two-thirds. Very, very big nonetheless, and yet not grotesquely huge. Just perfectly big enough to be deeply noticeable and sexy, without looking awkward.

Her hips were wider, only by a little, but her ass had expanded considerably. It felt like she was partly lying on a cushion between her butt. She felt that too, sinking her fingers into the flesh and imagining what it would be like to be fondled there. As always, she imagined it to be a woman's touch, not a man's. Her orientation had not changed, and she was grateful for that.

Her hair was longer, now falling to just above her shoulders, and while she couldn't see it all, the few strands in front of her eyes were all magenta. An unnaturally natural shade that she had come to adore, even if she associated with Abigail, making it bittersweet given recent circumstances.

Yu-jun unbound the corset, and admired her naked waist. It was quite thin indeed, though again shy of being odd-looking. It simply gave her an incredible hourglass figure, waspish in a way given her wide hips. With her overall shape, beautiful face with dark eyes and full lips and button nose, and her mid-tone yellow olive skin, she had no doubt she was drop dead gorgeous.

But all these changes were minor against the biggest change of all. The one she'd come to hope for and anticipate beyond all others, even her continued breast growth. Slowly, she lowered a hand down to between her thighs, and felt at the absence there. The gentle lower lips that yielded to her touch. To the entrance, the opening to her newly formed tunnel, the one that led all the way to her waiting womb and egg-filled ovaries.

"Majimag-eulo," she whispered with a smile. "Finally."

She shivered a little as she explored her new womanhood. She ran her soft fingers over her clit, the feminine nub that was all that remained of her former penis. It felt wonderful, so sensual and sensitive, and soon she was rubbing it more eagerly, tracing her fingers around her vulva in a circular fashion, growing her arousal.

"Mmhmmm," she groaned. Her nipples stiffened, and so she took the time to remove all the clothing she was wearing. Her body was finished, she was certain of it, and she relished the opportunity to sleep naked instead of wearing all the ridiculous getup for the study overnight. Her breasts wobbled free, drooping down further into perfect, fat teardrop shapes. They hung lower still, but that was merely a consequence of their size; they were remarkably pert all things considered. She groped and squeezed them, caressing her expanded flesh in a way that made her utterly giddy. Soon she was on her back again, letting them spill onto her upper arms as she returned to her new pussy. She gasped, whimpering in pleasure as her inner parts moistened for the first time, becoming wet with her juices.

"S-so good! Hullyunghan!"

She began rubbing faster, feeling at her clit and tracing over it in different ways, never predictably. She pinched her nipples, loving the way they throbbed and distended at her touch. She cradled them in her forearm, and they spilled around her limb, unable to be contained. She began to buck almost madly, craving the sensations, the pure feeling of bliss that was bringing her to greater heights than she'd ever experienced masturbating as a man. Between the sensual feelings of her humongous tits and libidinous pussy, she was a woman

gone wild, utterly embracing her new form and all the wonderful, curvy perks that came with it.

“MMhmm . . . A-Abigail! Oh God, I want you! I want you again m-meeee!”

She had simply said it, the words bursting out of her as she reached greater goals of ecstasy. Yu-jun embraced the image, picturing the dorky, thin, beautiful woman against her: Yu-jun small to her tall, busty and curvy to her elven liveness, brown and exotic to her pale nerdery. The two of them both gaming on the couch together, before throwing their controllers aside and making passionate love on the couch. She wanted Abigail’s thin, cute lips around her nipples, sucking them greedily. She wanted her face in her tits, buried in her amazing cleavage. She wanted the doctor’s fingers on her pussy, as the two kissed passionately. No, she wanted her *tongue* on her pussy, the doctor’s face between her thighs as Yu-jun was on her back, squirming and writhing in pleasure as she was right at that moment.

“I w-want you! I I-love you!”

It was true. She’d tried to deny it, but she knew it deeply. She loved Abigail. She could be happy as just friends, *blessed* to be just friends, but she loved the woman who had given her so much. Set her free. Let her have this amazing body, and filled her with confidence and daring in an uncertain world. And made her laugh, and enjoyed discussion gaming and movies and literature, and loved going on coffee dates, and - and - and-

“Ohhhhhhhh! F-Fuck! MHMHHMMM!!!!”

It was all too much. Her body couldn’t take any more. She squeezed her left breast as she rubbed her clit faster and faster, and then finally her first purely female orgasm swept over her like a mighty wave, crashing down upon her and eclipsing Yu-jun’s former maleness entirely.

“OOHHHHHH!! AAAHAHH!!!”

And then she fell silently, only capable of shuddering and writhing, her huge boobs flopping on her chest as she shook her shoulders. She didn’t experience just one orgasm but several, and they overlapped like more great waves upon the ocean, each receding but slow enough to heighten the impact of the next that came.

It was in that moment that she realised why Abigail had been hesitant and closed off. She wasn’t angry. She’d said it herself: “quite the opposite.” All those lingering glances, those comments about her chest, the compliments on Yu-jun’s outfits, the appearance on her gaming stream, her little smiles and nervous moments of energy, they were all so obvious to Yu-jun now in that post-coital clarity.

Abigail loved her too.

Yu-jun knocked on Abigail's door. It had taken some time finding out where the doctor lived, and she'd felt like a bit of a stalker tracking down the information, but in her new, entirely female body and persona she was willing to be a little more reckless. Much more than Phillip ever was.

She had been a little cunning in other ways. She was wearing a tight silver dress that emphasised her large H-cups, and she'd undone several of the top buttons in order to reveal a *huge* amount of cleavage, her breasts pushed up by her new black lace bra to become a perfect set of near head-sized globes. The dress pulled tight around her hourglass figure, conforming to her exaggerated dimensions almost perfectly, particularly her wide hips. It terminated at her yellow-brown thighs, revealing her shapely legs and soft skin, and her 4-inch heels - while still a bit difficult to walk in - made her feel even sexier, particularly since it forced her posture so that she thrust out her chest even more, and emphasised her curvy round ass. Over her shoulder, she had a matching purse that glittered, and with a little help from online followers who she knew to be female gamers, she had done her makeup to perfect: soft magenta lipstick to match her hair, which had been styled into an anime-style bob that framed her face, and violet eyeshadow to complete the effect.

She was an absolute stunner. A total ten-out-of-ten, and she knew it. She took another big breath, her bustline positively *straining* at the confines of her sexy dress, and knocked again.

"Coming!" a voice announced. It was Abigail's, and just the sound of it made Yu-jun nervous, until she rallied and pushed herself forward. The door opened, and Abigail froze, smiling nervously as she often did when confronted with something unexpected. She was wearing a cute nightie, despite it being only seven pm, and her glasses were fixed at a slight angle on her face, clearly just thrown on. She'd obviously been relaxing.

"Um, hey," Yu-jun said in her slight accent.

"Ph-Phillip. I mean, Yu-jun. What - what are you doing here? Why are you - wow - why are you wearing a dress? A dress like that?"

Yu-jun took another breath, and deliberately emphasised her prominent bust. She could feel Abigail's gaze upon her: the woman's eyes kept glancing down despite clearly trying to restrain herself. Yu-jun grinned a little in pride. She really was the whole package, and Abigail could clearly see it: was trying not to see it and failing.

Yu-jun sauntered forward, doing her best to give a mysterious smile as she balanced on her heels. "I wanted to see you."

"Are you - Yu-jun, this is highly unprofessional. Are you drunk?"

"No, I'm perfectly sober. I'm sorry for coming to your home, but I didn't want to have this conversation at work. Please, can I come in?"

She could see Abigail's mind warring with itself. But from the way the doctor's eyes kept lingering on her curves, she knew which side would win. Just to tip the scales, she took another heavy breath and placed her hand on one hip, cocking it a little provocatively.

"Please, it's cold out here."

"O-okay. Come in. Just for a little bit. Tell me what's on your mind. Is it an emergency?"

She brought Yu-jun in and closed the door, and the transformed woman looked around at the expensive house with its modern furnishings.

"Nice place."

"I'll show you the living room, we can talk there."

It was a lovely room, completely with a large couch and roaring fire that bathed the room in lovely tones of red and orange. For Yu-jun at least, it gave the space a sensual tone. Abigail sat in a sofa, and she took the couch, shifting to the edge to be as close as possible.

"What's going on, Yu-jun? Why are you here?"

Yu-jun knew she should have felt awkward, uncertain, in that way Phillip had always felt. But instead she'd never felt more confident. Perhaps there had been some mental changes, but in truth she simply felt she had changed as a person, and not just physically. She had never been so sure in her life of something, than what she was doing now.

"I should ask you the same," she said in her high, soft voice. "You suddenly changed that day. You closed yourself up."

"I told you, I was . . . I was trying to be more professional. I can't explain it to you, I'm sorry. But there are things outside my control that—"

"That's bullshit and you know it."

Abigail was silenced, eyes wide. It was a cute expression, really. Yu-jun seized upon the moment, knowing she had to. She shifted forward, allowing her boobs to dangle a little in her top, stretching the fabric considerably and giving Abigail a hell of a view.

"It took me way, way too long to realise what was happening, Abigail. Abbie. I feel so embarrassed for not even realising sooner. Maybe it's just because when I was Phillip, I didn't like myself, so the idea that someone else could like me was just impossible to imagine. But you *do* like me, don't you? And I don't mean just my body, I mean who I am, deep inside as well. You can admit it, Abbie."

The use of the more familiar nickname seemed to make a chip, because the doctor had to wipe away a few tears.

"I - I do. Yes, I very much do."

"From the beginning?"

"Not quite," she admitted, giggling a little in her usual nervous way. "But when I saw your changes making you more of a woman. I'm a lesbian. I always have been, and I swear

to you I never intended to make you some dream girl or perfect woman. It just sort of . . . I would mention something, and then you would willingly adopt it. It made me terrified that I was . . . moulding you. And then I made that post about the magenta hair, and you took it on. And I couldn't stop watching your streams and looking at your wonderful body. I - when you told me how appreciative of me you were, something in me just broke." More tears rolled in her eyes, and this time she couldn't stop them all. "I realised I had behaved so unethically. Not only was I romantically interested in a patient - a big no no, let me tell you! - but I couldn't escape the feeling that I had 'made' her. Made *you*."

Yu-jun took this all in, but strangely none of it made her any more cautious. It didn't make a dent. In fact, it only confirmed her new self. She drew closer, and while Abigail flinched initially, she then allowed Yu-jun to stroke her cheek in a compassionate, even loving fashion.

"You didn't make me, Abbie. You *helped* me, more than you can ever know. But I made myself. I made those choices all along the way. Yes, I chose some because I knew you liked them, but I *wanted* big tits, I really did! I love them, see?"

She shook her shoulders for added effect, causing a seam somewhere on her dress to give, rather audibly in fact.

"Whoops!"

Abigail giggled, even through the tears.

"But . . . what if I made you want them?"

Yu-jun rolled her eyes. "Please, we could be here all day going back and forth on what you did and did not do. But wouldn't it be better to trust me, the one who changed? I remember all the decisions I made. I took charge of them, and when I wanted to please others by leaning into certain things," she gingerly adjusted her chest in her dress for emphasis, "then that was my choice too. Every time."

"You came all the way to tell me this?"

Yu-jun shook her head. "No. I came to your house so I could tell you that I like you too. That I want you. I don't know if the Lumin's Syndrome is making me horny, or the fact that my changes are completely finished now, but I want you, Abbie. I want all of you."

She drew closer, standing so that she was, for once, looking down upon the gorgeously nerdy woman before her. The other woman gulped, unable to stop feasting her eyes on the curvaceous Korean form of the transformed lady before her. Yu-jun flicked her hair, pouted a little with her full lips, and leaned over the chair in a way that was undeniably sexual in a highly calculated manner.

"Phillip. Yu-jun. We shouldn't. The study . . ."

“The study is over, Abbie. Or practically over, anyway. My changes are finished, and we can do the last of the documentation soon. But right now, in this moment, let’s just do what our bodies want. What we want.”

She pressed her body against Abigail, who was positively trembling with uncertainty.

“You - you feel this way too? I wanted to fight it. I tried so hard. For the study.”

“The study is done. We don’t have to mention the romance until it’s submitted. For now, just kiss me Abbie.”

The woman did. Powerfully so. In fact, she practically *leapt* at Yu-jun, toppling her back onto the couch.

“Oh God, I’ve wanted this for weeks now,” she breathed, feeling Yu-jun all over. Her hands searched over her breasts, caressing and massaging their largesse, and the two women moaned in arousal. “And these! So big! I’ve always loved large-breasted women!”

“I love *being* a large-breasted woman!” Yu-jun cried, before running her hands down Abigail’s back and feeling her soft skin. She pulled the other woman down, so that her face was right in her deep cleavage, and it was a while before Abigail came up for air. She licked and nibbled and felt at her huge mammaries, and the feelings were heightened by the romance of the moment.

“I’m glad you came over!” she said. “I’m so glad! Thank you! Thank you!”

Yu-jun barely had a moment to see Abigail’s beaming smile before the doctor was once more pressing her face into her cleavage.

“Oh God! Slow down! *Cheoncheonhi hae!* We have time!”

“I’m sorry,” Abigail said nervously, pulling back. “I’ve just been wanting to do that ever since I saw how big they were on the stream!”

She spread her thighs so that she was on top of Yu-jun, admiring her form. For Yu-jun, it was an astoundingly sexy sight to have this lovely lady looking down at her. She gripped her waist, running her hands up the woman’s nightie, and then she lifted it.

“Let’s get rid of this.”

“Only if you let me take that dress off and see your perfect body, Yu-jun. I want to feel you all against me. Every perfect curve.”

Yu-jun chuckled. She loved how much of an aggressive lover Abigail clearly was in private. She radiated such nervous, enthusiastic energy, but right now she was utterly dominant, and the Korean-American woman loved it. Abigail bent down and kissed Yu-jun deeply once more, this time feeling her breasts through the dress with her hands instead of her face. She squeezed, and Yu-jun gasped at the feeling. She was discovering that she liked the play to be a little rough, at least with this woman at the helm.

They shifted, rapidly removing their clothing, aided by each other. Abigail tore off her nightie, overcome with passion now that she’d finally given herself permission to act. Yu-jun

saved herself for second, wanting to reveal her full form uninterrupted. Abigail clearly appreciated this, because she kissed her again, their wet lips widening to allow their tongues to dance in each other's mouths for a moment. And then she began tugging at Yu-jun's dress.

"Careful! Careful! This dress wasn't cheap!"

"S-sorry! I just -"

"I know. I'm so fucking horny for your Abigail. I need this!"

She undid the straps of her dress, and pulled up and off her body. There was a moment of resistance due to her breasts, but then it came off, and her heavy melons wobbled just for emphasis. She removed her bra as well, freeing them entirely. Abigail gasped at the reveal, their jostling weight settling a little. Without support they separated a little, but were still large and pert on her chest, riding only a little lower and looking positively sumptuous. Her huge nipples were distended, practically aching to be touched. Licked. Sucked.

"Holy shit."

"I know right? Very huge, and very heavy."

"And very beautiful. Can I feel?"

Yu-jun grinned. She grabbed Abigail's hands and forced them onto her chest. She cooed at the sensation of the other woman's touch, and soon her sensitive udders were being kneaded gently, then forcefully. Abigail giggled in that adorable way of hers, marvelling at Yu-jun's prodigious bustline.

"Just big enough to be perfect," she said, making them wobble heavily. "They're amazing."

"Like big pillows!" Yu-jun laughed.

"Only I can't do this with pillows."

Abigail bent down and placed her lips over Yu-jun's nipple. The Korean woman shivered, then whimpered at the sweet sensations it produced. It was far better than simply rubbing her own fingers over them. Abigail licked and flicked her fat nipple with her tongue, and drew it out, distending it further into her mouth.

"OOohhh . . . Mmhhmm that f-feels soooo *wanbyeoghan*. Perfect! Ahhhh - ah! - Ah! Don't stop!!"

"No intention of that," Abigail said, withdrawing for a moment only to begin sucking on Yu-jun's other tit. She pushed the busty Asian back onto the couch, continuing to feel and play and suck on her tits, but her soft pale hand fell down Yu-jun's flat stomach and to between her thighs.

"Mmmhmm . . . nnggh! That f-feels good too!"

Abigail grinned mischievously. She rotated her fingers around the edge of Yu-jun's vulva, then proceeded to insert two fingers inside, rubbing them against her sensitive inner passage. With her thumb she stimulated the woman's fresh clit, and the sensations were maddeningly pleasant, heightened by the continual squeezing and sucking upon her tits.

"Now do me at the same time," Abigail said. Practically demanded, in fact.

Yu-jun did, rubbing the other woman's wet pussy. It only turned her on all the more, especially when the other woman moaned in her ear before nuzzling down against her breasts. God, she really loved her tits, and it made Yu-jun all the happier to be seen as so utterly sexual.

The two women continued to feel one another, rubbing their breasts together, drawing ever closer to climax as they pleased each other's most sensitive parts. They kissed deeply as the moment approached, and Yu-jun felt absolute love and desire as she held this woman who had helped her so much, and was perfectly beautiful to match.

Then the moment came, the last teasing of her clitoris too much to handle. She exploded into orgasm ahead of Abigail, who followed shortly after.

"Oh G-God! S-so m-many oooooorgasssmsssss!!!"

She shook, her chest shaking also, as they overlapped once more. Whatever pleasure she had felt from masturbating earlier was easily outdone by this moment. The groaning of Abigail, her soft C-cup chest against her own, was wonderful to feel. She didn't just feel turned on and aroused, she felt utterly loved and dominated by this woman. In her thrall.

"OOHhhhhhhhhh A-A-Abigail! I I-love you!"

Abigail bit her own lip, straining to control her own body as she too shuddered in pleasure. "Yu, I I-love you t-too!"

They held each other, and rode out the continuous, delirious bliss together.

In the aftermath of their wonderful sex - as well as some follow up exploration and another little round that was more for the passion than anything - the two lay together. They had moved to Abigail's bed, which was wonderfully expansive, and in that space Yu-jun lay on her back, allowing Abbie to use her left boob as a pillow. It was not entirely comfortable, but the purring joy of her girlfriend was more than enough to make up for it.

Actually, were they girlfriends? She was hit by a familiar uncertainty, a lack of sureness as to what they are.

"Abbie?"

"Hmmm," she moaned, eyes closed, her naked form intertwined.

“Are we . . . dating now?”

“Wasn’t that your intent?”

“I don’t actually know. I feel like a bit of a *babo* now. I came here to seduce you.”

“Which you did,” the doctor purred, idly running a hand over Yu-jun’s other breast.

“Very, very easily, in fact.”

“Didn’t feel like it. But I didn’t think much farther ahead. I knew I just wanted you.

Does this mean we’re girlfriends now? Not, like, friends who are girls, but as in actually dating?”

The doctor lifted her head, allowing Yu-jun to roll and face her. The two embraced, and Abbie gave her a light kiss on the forehead.

“We’re whatever you want us to be, Yu-jun. I know I love you. I think I’ve loved you for a while now. I’m so glad you said it first. I was nervous.”

Yu-jun chuckled. “I was nervous too. You saved me from a life of nervousness. Maybe . . . maybe we could date still, though? I don’t want to skip the dating phase. After all, I have new dresses and everything!”

Abigail moaned a little, clearly imagining her in them. “Well, I’d like to see you in those dresses. Why don’t we go out tomorrow night? We can organise the last comments of the study, arrange for a follow up down the line, but that’ll free us to date. Sure, it’ll be an odd mark on my history, but who else has learned as much about Lumin’s Syndrome as me these past months?”

“You’d risk your reputation for me?”

Abigail kissed her again. “I can look after my own reputation. The discoveries we’ve made alone will ensure that. But perhaps, officially, we didn’t start dating until, say, two weeks from now. So let’s be discreet wherever we go out for dinner.”

Yu-jun shivered in excitement. It was all really happening!

“Deal.”

“And you have to wear something gorgeously revealing. I want to see plenty of cleavage. And also tight. I love these hips, you know.”

“I noticed.”

“I love all of you, in fact.”

“And I love you.”

Abigail pulled closer, and pressed her own chest against Yu-jun’s.

“Well, why don’t you prove it?” she said in a sensual tone.

Word had taken off about the incredibly hot, incredibly voluptuous Korean-American streaming gamer. That was especially the case after Yu-jun gave numerous interviews to gaming sites, a couple of magazines, and even a few news sites. She wasn't a household name or anything, but she was certainly famous in her corners of the internet. She was known chiefly for her sexy body, bright magenta hair, and tight low cut tops and short shorts. But that wasn't all, either. She was also known for her wry humour, her analytical commentary on the games she played, and her frank discussions of her body and its ups and downs.

While it was well known she was into girls, she didn't advertise that as exclusive. It was a pragmatic decision: after all, thousands upon thousands of her subscribers were red-blooded males who rather liked the idea of a busty Korean girlfriend, and while she didn't put too much meat on that particular hook, she was more than happy to put on a show with her body for them. It had led to her amassing nearly a million subscribers in just a couple of months, and gaining more each passing week. It was enough that she could live off of the proceeds from her Twitch stream alone, including the merchandise she sold for *Team Yu-Jun Park*, a brand that often featured her in cute or revealing outfits, often with gamer headphones and casual yoga pants. While she could do stylish, she liked the appeal of looking like the hot gamer girl type as well. It just felt right, and she preferred to follow that instinct, particularly since Abigail rather liked the look of it.

The two had moved in together after a period of dating, though to the world, it was simply a romance that had blossomed after they kept in contact following the study. No doubt some academic eyebrows were raised at that, but there wasn't any serious desire to follow up on it, especially since the findings on Lumin's Syndrome were indeed immense. Even the recordings of Yu-jun's gamer streams were used as further evidence when the papers were written up, a fact which pleased and slightly embarrassed the former man. That was particularly the case when previous images of her as a man were shown. It was hard to believe the person she used to be had become the confident, daring, and openly sexual woman she was now, but she didn't regret it for a second. Well, sometimes a little, when she got her first periods.

Still, through it all she had Abigail by her side, and the two grew closer and closer. It wasn't all that long before Yu-jun moved into Abigail's lovely house, and soon the passionate pair were having sex every night and numerous mornings. It turned out that as libidinous as the Lumin's Syndrome had made Yu-jun, some people were just naturally horny. Abigail Carter was just one of those people, though you wouldn't guess it to look at her. Perhaps in another life she was a sexy librarian, because in the bed she had a deeply sexy domineering persona. It was almost impossible to keep her off the transformed woman's breasts, not that Yu-jun actually wanted that. She loved teasing her girlfriend with her incredible cleavage,

and letting her wobble her tits using her hands when she snuck up from behind. There was just something so fun and silly about having someone who worshipped your body, and loved playing with it even during everyday actions like opening the fridge, making breakfast, or showering.

“I can’t help myself,” the doctor said. “I have this wild side in private.”

“I can tell!” Yu-jun laughed, even as her girlfriend grabbed her boobs and let them wobble. “But I don’t mind!”

“Anyway, wish me luck at work. And all the best with your stream today. Look nice and sexy for me - I like knowing that everyone wants you, but only I get you.”

Yu-jun just gave a knowing wink. Neither of them had any illusion that people didn’t thirst after Yu-jun on the internet, especially given that she used to be a man. It maintained a big appeal for her in the eyes of others, and obviously there were many fetishistic elements to that. But somehow that only made her happier to stream and talk about it, and it was often quoted on her fanboards that people ‘came for the tits, stayed for the interesting commentary. And the tits.’

Abigail headed off to her office, but Yu-jun went to her own ‘office’: the gaming room setup with numerous posters, figurines, and computer equipment. She booted up her computer, readying to play the latest *Comm Tech 2* game, and as she did so she set up her stream and camera on her second monitor. She had decided to wear clothes that matched her hair today: a cute magenta shade that was not quite as vibrant, in a two piece outfit that consisted of an off-the-shoulder shirt with a low collar, and a cute skirt that revealed a lot of her thighs. She checked herself through the camera, ensuring her midriff was in plain view, and her bronze breasts were outlined by the tight top, a little bit of underboob showing through its thin cut. Her bra pushed up her mammaries, making them extra prodigious. She checked her makeup again, made sure they emphasised her puffy lips, and then with a grin she set the stream to start.

“Hey guys, great to see you all today! As always, this is Yu-jun Park, or Park Yu-jun if you prefer the more Korean flavour, but you can call me *Luwoman*. Today I’m going to be playing *Comm Tech 2*. I’ve been super excited for this one. I’m not normally a big fan of FPS titles but the first one had such an inventiveness to it that I just fell in love. As you can see, I’ve also matched my hair with today’s outfit. I felt like looking extra special for this occasion, and I imagine a few of you will appreciate that. I’ll be conducting an interview in the stream later, and chatting about post-Lumin’s life, but for now let’s dive into this thing, okay?”

She grinned and pumped her fist into the air, allowing her bosom to wobble heavily. It was a trick she was always getting better at, as it emphasised her bust and made another thousand subscribers fall in love with each tremble of her boobs. Predictably, the comments indicated as much:

OMG I'm in luuuuve

Do the wobble again! I want to see them bounce

Lol everyone focusing on tits and not on that fiiiine midriff. Work that belly hun!

Wanna get her sooo prgnt

Keen for comm tech 2. Loved the 1st one also

Hated first one but interested in stream. Might pick up again.

MARRY ME YU-JUN

I need that top. Omg my boyfriend would go wild. Magenta girls 4 lyfe!

B00bs b00bs b00bs

She laughed, reading some very familiar comments, but as always finding the enjoyable and even heartfelt ones in between. The comments streamed by so fast these days that it was almost impossible to catch them all. But as always, she made an attempt, thanking a few usernames for their contributions.

And then it was time to begin.

“Okay guys, time to fire this thing up. I think I’m going to enjoy this.”

And whether or not she would, she was certainly enjoying her life. As she would even more when Abbie returned it the afternoon, and the two made passionate, steamy love together. She was Yu-jun entirely now, and she wouldn’t go back to being Phillip for the world.

The End