

Bad Police (Officer to Sexy Policewoman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Bradley Sweets is a corrupt and brutal police officer who has been avoiding comeuppance for over a decade. When he is diagnosed with the gender-changing Lumin's Syndrome, he actually manages to avoid its effects . . . for a while. But when he gets impatient and ends his treatment plan early due to its current success, things go sideways all at once when he tries to intimidate someone during a routine traffic stop. Soon the back of the station wagon, and its handcuffs, will have an altogether different purpose.

Bad Police

Bradley Sweets had received a bad piece of news, followed by another, all on the same day.

Bad piece of news 1): He was being internally investigated for roughing up perps unnecessarily, as well as arresting a lot of perps for reasons that did not constitute 'reasonable suspicion.' Mainly, that they were mouthing off at him, trying to record him, or just plain annoying to him.

Bad piece of news 2) He had Lumin's Syndrome, the genetic condition with the power to turn a man into a woman, often a hot, busty, bimbo-brained one.

The first piece of news wasn't good, of course, but he'd beaten the rap sheet before. The blue always backed him, that 'thin blue line' so wonderfully elastic and *ecstatic* when it came to defending their own. He wasn't terribly worried. He'd turned off his shoulder cam anyway, and so it was just his word versus some random homeless guy and a loud-mouthed liberal. But the second piece had him spooked to hell and back. Bradley had always taken great pride in his manliness. He wasn't like those weak snowflake east-coast living types who were all embracing feminism (he called it 'feminazism') and drinking soy milk and eating only vegetables like the weaklings they were. He was a man, the old-fashioned kind who he considered to be under threat. He drank beer. He ate meat the way it should be eaten; as a fat, sizzling steak. He drove an obnoxiously big pickup truck with a sticker that read 'Cry More, Libtards!' on it, and he always, always, *always* had a gun. He also didn't give two shits what modern women thought. As far as he and his favourite conservative podcasters and radio shock jocks were concerned, a good woman was one who knew how to please her man, and let him *be* the man of the household. That shit was natural law, and only progressive and morons – same thing, in his mind – didn't know that.

Which made it all the more galling to think he might actually *become* a woman. He'd just assumed he had a skin condition or some muscular issue. He'd noticed his body losing

some of its beer gut, and while that was initially a good thing, his black hair had also gotten shinier and longer, his hands lost their calluses, and his face and lips had gotten softer. He hated visiting the doctor – he was a tough guy, after all, and what kind of tough guy visited the doctor over anything but a gun shot? – but in the end he was worried enough to book an appointment after one of his fellow officers joked about him being “Officer Lady Lips” and asking him where he’d gotten his “lip filler job done.” He’d told the doctor his symptoms, gotten some blood tests, and returned to work. That night, he’d been extra rough with a lady who’d called over a neighbourly dispute gone sour just to vent his frustration. She’d had an annoyingly whiny voice, and frankly Bradley just couldn’t tolerate the way she’d kept asking for his badge number, so he’d pinned her to the ground under the pretense that she’d been ‘acting aggressively’ and made sure that other officers arrived to hear his side of the story and book her. The other neighbour probably *had* threatened her, but as far as Brad was concerned, the lady deserved it, so he didn’t even bother charging him.

But then the news about Lumin’s had come, and he’d entered his stage of denial, albeit briefly. His body continued to soften over the following days while his doctor came up with a treatment plan, and soon Bradley Sweets was genuinely freaking out.

“Can’t become some bitch,” he said to himself. “I’m not becoming some bimbo bitch, no ever! I’ll eat my fucking gun before that happens.”

Thankfully, things never got that far, or that desperate. His strain of Lumin’s Syndrome seemed to be a weaker strain, one that could only mutate and strengthen under the right conditions. The police officer was given the good news of a solid treatment plan on the same day that the internal investigation against him was dropped. He considered it a good omen, and even smirked at the Internal Affairs losers who packed up and left the station.

“Best of luck next time, IA pigs,” he said, pointing a finger gun at them and pretending to fire. He got a middle finger as a reply, which only made him chuckle.

“Whatever, Bradley. We’ll get you sometime. Are you going through your metrosexual phase or something now?”

He gave the middle finger back, but the insult churned within him. Thankfully, the real good news of the day was that the treatment plan had a really good chance of success, to the point where his doctor believed he could never worry about Lumin’s again when it was completed in six weeks’ time.

“You’ll need to be on desk duty for a month, with days off to spend at home. In fact, all the better to run desk duty *at* home if possible, to raise your chances of remaining entirely male. Keep away from all sexual activity, including masturbation. Make sure to avoid images of beautiful woman or any women that would stir your, well, *imagination*. We’ll be able to

help this with a testosterone-based tablet called Hirisol. It has additional supplements to make this program easier, as well as to counteract the current effects of your condition.”

Bradley wasn't much for trusting doctors. He'd proudly flaunted not having a mask during the pandemic, and frankly he wasn't all that big on vaccines either. But this was something he did listen to, and so his program started. It worked well in terms of timing: the chief was supportive in having him on the force, but told him it would be best to “lie low” for a little while after his abuse allegations. It didn't help that some old girlfriends were crawling out of the woodwork to say that he'd verbally harassed them and made ‘sexually degrading comments’ after they'd broken up with the thirty-eight year old, whatever *that* meant.

So, in a way, it all worked out. He took a bit of an ego hit not being able to be an ‘officer on the beat’ anymore, and God knows he missed the power that came with wielding the authority of a badge and a Glock on his belt. During his first week working from home doing the paper filing work of the egg heads, he would sometimes check his phone and be saddened by his screensaver. It was, stereotypically, an image of the Punisher logo. He'd never actually read the comics or whatever – reading, especially *comics* reading, was for sissies – but the imagery appealed to him. The hard dude who solved problems the way they should be solved; with bullets and manly aggression. Eventually though, he got more used to working from home. It could be mind-numbingly boring, and his favourite past-time of jacking off to hot blondes was damn hard to get behind him, but he took his doctor's medical plan seriously. It wasn't like he had a choice: no way was he going to end up some dumb, busty bimbo! He was the kind of man who *deserved* a busty bimbo type on his arm, not one living in his damn head.

“Just gotta get through six weeks, that's all,” he said, popping another Hirisol supplement, which he needed to take twice daily. It killed his libido, which was probably a good thing, but it also left him surprisingly hungry. He was worried he'd put on even more weight, something he'd hoped to avoid given that he already had a beer belly, but as the weeks continued to roll by, something totally unexpected happened.

He had started to *lose* weight.

At first, he was terrified that it meant he was still progressing in his Lumin's Syndrome. After all, losing weight was one of the first symptoms of the condition, as the body prepared to transition from male to female. But that wasn't it at all: in fact, his manliness only increased over time, like he was being literally rejuvenated by the mysterious condition.

“It's remarkable,” his doctor, a man whose last name was Geppard, said over one of their video conference calls. “All your blood tests are showing the same thing. Your body is losing age, literally becoming younger. This is not too out of the ordinary for Lumin's Syndrome, as we have cases of even octogenarians ending up as twenty year old

college-age women. What is strange is that your body is not feminising as part of this process. Indeed, your testosterone count is actually increasing. I dare say the medical plan is working beyond our wildest hopes, Bradley.”

“What does that mean, doc?” he asked, though part of him already suspected, and was becoming excited at the prospect.

The doctor adjusted his glasses in the video screen. “It means that your body may well revert to the age of its physical peak – its early twenties, potentially – all while regaining any masculinity you have lost, as well as doing away with any, let’s say, *love handles* you may have developed.”

Bradley took offence at such a term, but he couldn’t deny it was more than a little accurate. One of his girlfriends had left him because he refused to get back in shape. Also maybe because he called her a bit of a bitch. That was her fault anyway; she’d been a bit of a bitch beforehand.

“Well doc, that doesn’t sound too bad by me,” he said with a self-satisfied smirk. “Not too bad at all. Soon there’ll be a brand-new Bradley Sweets in town, and the liberal sissies and America-hating protestors better watch out.”

In the fourth week of his work-from-home situation, Bradley found himself more and more antsy. Just as Doctor Geppard had said, his body was becoming younger, healthier, and more handsome. In fact, he’d never been so handsome before. He’d always had a square jaw and serious eyes, as well as wide shoulders and strong forearms. Ladies dug that shit like cat nip, he knew that. But he’d also never taken care of his health, failed to brush his teeth half the time, and eaten regular fast food and beer that put a terrible burden on his heart, liver, intestines, and God knew what else. The end result had been sweaty, pore-filled skin and vein marks around his eyes. He had looked bedraggled, even if he wouldn’t have admitted it. He’d called a previous girlfriend shallow for not seeing past his looks. He’d also broken up with her for not looking hot enough. He didn’t consider this hypocrisy; as far as Bradley Sweets was concerned, women existed to be pretty for men, and more of them needed to get off the damn feminazi treadmill and accept that fact.

Now though, he was finally looking like his ideal self. Hell, he was starting to think he could almost land a supermodel. With his new looks and new age (he was easily in his mid-twenties now, and the reverse-aging was thankfully slowly), a powerful confidence was also emerging. He wanted to be out there on the streets, busting skulls and teaching those Antifa assholes what’s what. He started remembering better times, like when he’d grabbed a protester’s hand and forced it onto a piece of nearby wood in the gutter, then smashed his own baton down on the man’s hand for daring to try and ‘possess’ a weapon against him.

“Damn it, surely I’m done now, doc?” he asked Geppard over the video conference from home. “I’m so fuckin’ energetic. I need to be back on the force, back on the streets.

Benson and Hartley both miss me, and those numbskulls can't crack a skull half as well as I can."

The doctor, as usual, looked a bit disturbed by his enthusiasm, but largely stayed professional. "That may be, Mr Sweets, but I recommend you finish the two weeks of treatment. Continue the drug, stay at home."

"But you told me you can't sign any more work orders from me! I need to get paid, man."

The doctor gave a sympathetic grin. "I understand how that could be upsetting, but it's not because of issues on my end. It's because of the policing concern. You technically are fit to return to duty by all accounts, and though I've tried to contact your department and explain why they should have a policy extension, without being able to tell them your exact condition—"

"Which you fucking won't!"

"—then all I can advise is that you take two weeks unpaid leave."

Bradley swore under his breath, then gave a few choice words to his doctor. The video call didn't end on good terms, though he made sure not to completely tank the interaction. He still needed future referrals. Afterwards, he popped another hirisol and sighed.

"Two weeks unpaid leave," he muttered, moving to the bathroom and checking himself out in the mirror. He flexed his muscles several times, admiring the growth rather than loss of strength there. His eyes roamed over his strong jaw, his now-handsome visage, his clean hair that was now bereft once more of any grey hairs. Hell, he even had abs. Visible damn abs!

"Fuck it," the officer said, grinning at his reflection. "I've beaten this damn thing. Hell, I probably didn't have fucking Lumin's if I ended up this good."

His mind was made up. He'd keep taking hirisol, keep himself from masturbating and all that, even if it was a total drag (the pills at least helped with the temptation), but he'd go back to work. The force needed him, and he needed the force. It was time to rejoin the blue and let them all see the new, improved Bradley Sweets.

"Wait till the perps get a load of me," he said, flexing his muscles again. "They'll think they got hit by a fucking freight train. Can't wait to see their liberal cryhard tears."

He got his phone out and called up his department. His voice was still largely the same, though it didn't have the same croaky quality that came from too many smokes. Not that he believed all the bullshit about what smoking did to you.

"Hey Cynthia, can you put me through to Cheks? I want the chief to know I'll be back and ready on the force. What's that? Yeah, it's me. Let's just say I had a medical issue, but it's all fine now."

He looked in the mirror again, smiled even wider.

“Yeah, it’s all fine now, alright. Mighty fine indeed.”

Hartley and Benson took the mickey out of him, thinking he’d had plastic surgery on the side. He was happy to leave them guessing: no way was he going to let slip that he had Lumin’s. Geppard, for all that he was an ivory tower academic type of a doctor, at least had kept the privacy part going. He was content to smirk and grin and tease, giving back as good as he got. After all, *he* was the one with the champion body now, right? They were the old, flabby, lifeless losers, whereas he was virile and young, with even some of the girls who worked the department desk looking his way and giggling.

“You don’t have to window shop, girls! This champ will let you form an orderly line to climb the Sweet Train.”

At that, some of them rolled their eyes.

“We like the look,” one called Trish said. “Doesn’t mean we’re looking to purchase, Bradley. Ever.”

“Never, ever,” another said.

“Your loss,” he said, though he burned with annoyance at them. The bitches at the office always had their own cliques. Apparently, they still talked shit about him just because he shared Deborah’s naked sex texts to several of his buddies. Her fault for sending them, right?

“You ladies just try to stop your panties from getting soaked at my presence. I’m off to catch some perps.”

“Sure Brad. The traffic stop brigade is a real centre of crime these days.”

He sneered. “Just you wait. You never know when a big fish is going to leap onto your hook. I’ll be here, reeling them in on the thin blue line.”

That managed to get a chuckle from him, even if from no one else. He headed down to his patrol car and headed off. He was a new man, full of energy and power, and he couldn’t wait to swing his authority around like it was his own big dick.

Bradley was itching for some action. He’d purchased his coffee at the drive-through, been doing his usual circuit, and was still feeling good about beating Lumin’s. Evidently, it was something only weak-willed sissies fell prey to. But he had high hopes in getting back to work, and so far the day had been unusually quiet. It was heading the later afternoon now,

and traffic was dying off at the edges of town. The one incident – a protest, even! – he could have helped break up, he was too far away to get to in time, something which irritated him badly. He loved putting his knuckles into Antifa protests, and as far as he was concerned, all protests were full of Antifa scum.

He had just finished his latest coffee when suddenly an idea sprung to mind. He had just stopped at a red light, and he couldn't help but notice the car beside him – a dumb electric-powered thing – happened to have a rather attractive woman driving it. She was the only one on the empty backroad with him. He smirked.

“Well, well, if I can't find a crime, maybe I can make one. And maybe that sexy young thing can help me let her get her off, by getting *me* off.”

It wouldn't be the first time he'd made such a suggestion. Bradley hadn't been caught so far, and while he'd never done it with a woman of means before, there were quite a few girls around the lower end suburbs who knew the score. Just a quick blowjob, and he wouldn't look too closely into their business. Their illegal as shit business. This would be the same, right? Only . . . he'd be exaggerating a crime a little. Into existence even.

“To hell with it. I've not had some pussy in ages. And this is how a man does it. He takes it.”

The light turned green, and as soon as her car sped off – and she sped off fast enough that he could think of something to catch her on – he turned on his red lights and flagged her over. Evidently, there was confusion for the woman, because she didn't realise *she* was the one who had committed any 'crime.'

“Too bad missy,” Bradley said under his breath. “The law is what I say it is. And what I saw is I'd like a nice pair of lips on my cock for a hard day's return to work.”

He waved her down when she checked her rear-view mirror, and this time it seemed to work. She pulled over in the most perfect location imaginable; in her haste to find a spot, she turned in at the old industrial district where there'd be no traffic, no witnesses, and definitely no cameras.

“That reminds me,” he said, checking that his shoulder cam was off. He also turned off the cruiser dash cam. It would be a 'momentary glitch' if this ever came up. Which it wouldn't. Bradley knew how to intimidate.

The sissy-looking electric car sat on the road ahead of him, its sole occupant waiting. Bradley finished his coffee, checked his appearance in the mirror, and then advanced to the car. The window was already down, waiting for him to arrive, but when he leaned over, Bradley got a sudden surprise, one that nearly had him staggering back out of sheer shock.

The occupant wasn't a woman. Not even close, in fact. *He* was a man. And one that was surprisingly buff and masculine. He just had longer hair and glasses, and that had been

enough through the tint of the windows to disguise him. Instantly, the erection that had been slowly growing in anticipation for the coming extortion began to soften.

“What the fuck?” he breathed, staring at this man. He had brown hair that went to his shoulders, and was clean-shaven. He wore a casual flannelette top, red and black like a farmer’s son or some college student play acting at one. Judging from the books on the backseat and the man’s cologne smell, he was definitely an ivory tower academic latte-sipping liberal type. He couldn’t have been older than twenty two or so, just a few years younger than Bradley’s own new form.

“Um, is there a problem, officer?” the man said.

Once again, Bradley was struck. The man had a chocolatey-smooth baritone voice, a far cry from the woman he’d expected. It sent a strange shiver down Bradley’s spine, and made him feel kind of funny.

“You were - you were exceeding the speed limit,” he said, voice cracking a little for some reason.

The man raised an eyebrow. “I don’t think I was, officer. My car has a speedometer that tells me when-”

“I don’t care what fancy shmancy sissy gadget you’ve got there, buddy. I drive a gas-guzzling cruiser like a real damn man, and I’m telling you that you were blowing way past the limit. Which means you’re in deep shit.”

The man looked exasperated. “You’ve got to be kidding me. Even if I was going too far, the road was empty. There was no danger. No one around. There still isn’t.”

“You think the law matters for shit like that, son?” Bradley said, trying to ignore the strange effect of that low voice. The man’s face was serious, and obviously handsome. Exactly why the hell ‘handsome’ was the word that came into Bradley’s mind was his own guess.

“I’m just saying I thought you’d have bigger fish to fry.”

“Only if the people I stop make it worth my while, if you know what I mean. It takes a big cost to get out of something like this.”

“Are you - are you seriously asking for a bribe? That’s corrupt as shit!”

“What’s your name?”

“Jason Alexander. I’d like your name too, and a badge number.”

Bradley grinned, leaning in the window. One hand was conspicuously on his gun. His eyes ventured to Jason’s lap, and a few awkward moments stretched out.

“Officer?”

Bradley turned red. Just what the fuck had he been doing, looking at the man’s lap? Out of irritation, he thumbed backwards as a gesture.

“Get the fuck out of the car, Jason. I’ve got a lesson to teach you. Don’t resist, or I’ll cuff you for it.”

With a glare, Jason exited the car. He was tall, just a little taller than Bradley. He swallowed just to see it, and again that strange warmth surged through him. His nipples tensed in his top in a way they never had before. The officer stepped back by instinct, and when he talked again, his voice cracked once more.

“*If you aren’t willing to* - if you aren’t willing to make a deposit, let’s see what else I can book you for?”

He circled the car, drew out his baton, and smashed the left headlight.

“Dude, what the actual fuck?”

Bradley grinned. The man was starting to realise what deep shit he was in. Served him right for deceiving the cop over what was meant to be a good free head job from a pretty lady. But when he searched the man’s eyes, a strange feeling came over him again. He was adjusting his glasses, putting his hair back behind his ears in a sort of ritual way of avoiding losing his temper. It was almost . . . cute.

“Officer, please, I don’t know what I’ve done to set you off, but surely there can be a way of resolving this. I don’t have much cash on hand, but surely-”

“Well, if you can’t make it worth my while like that, I guess another headlight outage will be noted in your arrest reco-ohhh!!”

Bradley stumbled. Something new travelled through his system, something that had been lurking and waiting. His voice shot up an octave, but unlike the previous two times, this time it stayed embarrassingly high, like a man putting on a falsetto. He leaned against the would-be perp’s car, grunting as another change set off. The sigh of the young man’s hair must have done it, because his own hair began to sprout further, the long lines of his roots pushing out from his scalp. He gripped his head, groaning and wailing as it grew longer and longer. It lost its messy, slightly greasy look, instead becoming surprisingly wavy and shiny, as if it were recently cleaned and treated.

“Woah!” Jason said. “What the hell just happened? Are you okay, officer?”

“Shut the fuck up!” Bradley said, hating what had just happened to his voice. His heart was pounding in fear, not knowing what to make of this. He parted his curtain of new hair and held up a few strands in horror. “What in God’s name? What did you just do to m-me?”

He moved his hand to grab his weapon, ready to get a lot more violent with the man named Jason. But his fingers struggled to deal with the holster in order to unclip the weapon. They were seizing up, shaking as if they belonged to the palsied old man he’d shoved out of his way during a riot march.

“Nghhhh! What’s - what’s h-happening to m-me!? Ughhhh!!”

His fingers shrank, losing their somewhat sausage-like quality. His chewed fingers nails - already broken in from his first day back on the job - repaired themselves and then lengthened, becoming positively feminine in nature. In mere moments, his hands had become dainty and female, looking bizarre on his larger male arms.

“Stop it! Goddamn it, stop it or I’ll shoot! I fucking swear I will!”

Jason put up his hands. “I didn’t do anything! I’ve got no idea what’s happening. You should stop this extortion shit and get to a hospital, man!”

The worst thing was, it wasn’t a bad idea. Even Bradley recognised that. His brain was quickly jumping to the worst possible conclusion.

“Shit, shit, shit! It’s my fucking Lumin’s! My goddam Lumin’s!”

“The syndrome?” Jason asked, furrowing his brow. His eyes then went wide. “Holy moly, it is Lumin’s Syndrome isn’t it?”

“What the hell do you know about it, you liberal fucking sissy?”

But Jason no longer looked intimidated, simply *fascinated*. “I’m literally writing a paper on it right now, about its numerous variants and how they can be affected by outside stimuli . . . and suggestion.”

Bradley was moving to his police cruiser. His feet were shrinking in his uniform boots, making the process awkward as they continued to seize up. He was trying not to focus on that, and trying to keep his attention on what the man had just said.

“The fuck did you just say? Don’t move! Don’t move another f-fucking step!”

But Jason’s fear was starting to dissipate entirely, going from fear at the officer’s power to something like intellectual curiosity. It was an expression Bradley hated, and even more because it was applied to him.

“When were you diagnosed with Lumin’s?”

More pressure was coming, but Bradley was managing to fight it down. Geppard had said that a strong will could stall or even stop the advance of the effects, in combination with his prescription of Hirisol.

“Shut the f-fuck up. Trying to s-stop anything h-happening h-here!”

He willed his body back to what it was, and sure enough, his nails began to shift back in his fingers swelling back into their male counterpart form. It gave a small measure of relief . . . until the annoying college sissy of a college student started talking.

“I’d say you were diagnosed just a month or two ago, judging from the lack of change in your condition. But I’ve never heard of a Lumin’s case progressing so fast all at once before, or being able to revert!”

He had his phone out, and was starting to record Bradley. The officer’s eyes went wide, but his lack of focus caused his hands to begin turning back, his feet as well. His hair

he had no luck with; it shifted all about as he staggered, pressing his back against the side of the cruiser.

“Shut the fuck up!” he repeated. “And put the phone away!”

“It’s legal. I have a legal right to record a public interaction, and this is a *fascinating* interaction.”

Bradley fumed. He went to draw his gun again. This time he succeeded in releasing it from his holster. Jason froze. Bradley didn’t take it out, but he made *very* clear what he thought of this interaction.

“Throw the phone over here, you long-haired hippie freak.”

Jason did, and Bradley acted quickly to crush the phone underfoot. Well, he tried, but his muscles felt weaker for some reason, just like his voice was still frustratingly higher.

“Dude!”

“I told you to shut up! I’ll be booking you on a few things once I’ve g-got this s-sorted out. Nghh! Stupid fucking Lumin’s. And I’m on fucking Hirisol, thank you very much!”

And the annoying sissy’s baritone voice betrayed fascination once more.

“Hirisol! Of course. It would help suppress the sex instinct that draws on the Syndrome until your body could acclimate to the condition and avoid change. Except you’re changing now, which means stimuli has entered the picture. Stimuli like . . . huh.”

“Wh-what? What’s huh? Out with it!”

But Jason actually smirked, he kept his hands where Bradley could see them, but adopted a more ordinary stature, more casual. “That’s some really pretty hair, officer. Would look really good on a cute, submissive girl, wouldn’t it? Same with those dainty hands? The kind of gal who’d never put a gun in a nice, handsome guy’s face.”

Bradley dropped the weapon. He wasn’t even sure why; it just sort of left his hand, which had become unfurled despite his usually tight hold upon the trigger. His fingers had begun to slim again, and soon the changes extended not just to his hand, but to his newly slim wrist. It travelled up his arm, all the way up to his elbow. The forearm had even shortened compared to his more masculine arm.

“No, no way,” he stuttered. He went to pick up the weapon, but something about it was just all wrong. It almost made him want to puke, like those weaklings who never made it past their first year on the force due to ‘trauma’ or some bullshit. Three times he tried to grab the gun, but its very essence felt violent, and suddenly violence seemed practically allergic to Bradley Sweets, and he to it.

“What did you just do?” he demanded, baring his teeth.

Jason smirked, and it was a goddamn fucking handsome smirk. Hadn’t he said something about that? He couldn’t imagine putting a gun in this guy’s face, that was for certain.

“Not much, officer,” the man replied, placing his hands more casually by his sides, his fingers locked into the belt of his pants. “I was just musing how gorgeous that hair of yours is, and how much better it would look if it were a rich, chestnut brown. Perhaps a bit longer too. I love a girl with hair all the way down her shoulder blades. I mean, a girl like that just comes across as honest to me, ya know? You’re honest aren’t you, officer?”

“I - of course I goddamn am!” he said, feeling his hair grow out longer and far lusher. “I’m honest as hell. I - I wouldn’t lie to you at all!”

“Even though you were trying to frame me for a crime?”

“I wasn’t! I mean - I was, but . . .”

His other arm began to change. Bradley was starting to feel hot. He knew he needed to extract himself from this situation, but something about Jason Alexander’s presence was keeping him rooted to the spot. He grunted more of that strange pressure coursed through his form, willing him to change further. The moan he elicited was far, far more sexual-sounding than he’d intended it to be.

“I was going to f-frame you,” he admitted, unable to conceal the truth now for some reason. “I was going to bribe you for money.”

“Thanks for being honest,” Jason said, stepping closer. “I like an honest woman, too. Especially an honest woman who is . . . oh, let’s say five-eight? Tall, but not as tall as me. And with gorgeous legs, to boot. The kind of gal that finds it hard to get out of my presence.”

Bradley *burned*. The man was hypnotising him or some shit. It made no sense but it was happening. He stammered, trying to think what to say as his legs reshaped themselves, calves becoming more defined, hairs falling away from them to leave them silky smooth. He grabbed his trouser leg and yanked it up as far as it would go, revealing creamy white flesh that was contoured perfectly . . . for an attractive woman. The extra bagginess of the pant leg exposed more of his limb than expected, and it was then that the compression in his spine matched the same sensation in his limbs: the man quite literally shrunk in height. Bradley had been proud of his six-foot-one height, but now he lost several inches until he was even shorter than Jason. The other man loomed over him, looking both imposing and oddly magnetic.

“You’re ch-changing me!” Bradley cried, voice now sounding like a high whine. “You did something with my Lumin’s Syndrome, you sick fuck! Change me back now or - or I’ll goddamn arrest you and make sure the key is thrown away! I know how to hurt people without leaving a mark for the IA boys to find! My shoulder cam is off, fucker!”

But the long-haired man could no longer be intimidated, especially now with Bradley being much tinier. Instead he advanced another step, so that only four or so feet were between the pair. He even had the audacity to join Bradley in leaning against the police cruiser a little.

“I’m not doing anything *to* your Lumin’s Syndrome, not exactly. I’m just using stimuli to activate it. I wouldn’t be doing it at all if you hadn’t threatened my very life, you blue-collared asshole. Tell me the truth this time, since I think you’ll be inclined, what’s your full name?”

“B-Bradley,” he replied pathetically, trying to ignore the strange weight of his luscious female hair. “Bradley Sweets.”

“And how old are you, Bradley?”

“Th-Thirty eight years old, but Lumin’s reduced my physical age to around twenty f-five.”

Jason gave a *tsk-tsk* sound. “Well, I like my women the same age as me, around twenty two.”

At that, the strange energy bubbled within Bradley. He couldn’t explain it, but there was a sudden strong desire in him; he *wanted* to look and *be* twenty two. His cheeks became just a little more full, his skin a little more blemish-free. In fact, all of his skin seemed to be softening and tightening all at once, losing wrinkles but gaining the kind of soft fat that he really liked on women; petite but pleasurable to touch.

“I don’t understand . . .”

Jason shrugged. “It’s a bit beyond you, I suspect, given how anti-intellectual you are. Suffice to say, I’m giving you descriptions that will influence your condition’s desire to change you. Such as mentioning how much I fucking love girls with big, juicy, head-sized tits. Sorry, them’s the breaks; I can be educated *and* into hotties, you know.”

Bradley cringed. He didn’t want to, but something *compelled* him to place his hands over his chest. There was a powerful pressure there, a terrible urge to grow. His nipples were tensing, throbbing, slowly *expanding* as they became fully erect, visible even through his uniform shirt.

“N-no! You can’t f-fucking! Euurgh! I won’t let it h-happen! I won’t, goddamn it!”

“But you should. Don’t you want a big, nice pair of head-sized tits? All soft and super sensitive, with gorgeous pink nipples? The kind of tits a guy like me could have a lot of fun with, right?”

It sounded good. Far too good. Heavenly, even. Bradley’s mind snapped out of this illusion, realising just how bad it would be to grow breasts, but by that point it was too late: he’d already given his body permission to allow the syndrome to flourish. The palms of his hands were no longer placed upon flat pectorals, because tissue and fat began to pool behind them, lifting the flesh and softening it greatly.

“No! Nghhh! Stop it! You can’t do this t-to me! I’m a f-fucking officer of the l-ohhhhh!!”

They grew, larger and larger and heavier. In mere moments he had gone from having fit pectoral muscles to flabby manboobs to actual, feminine breasts. They rose like a pair of

gently-domed souffles, rounding out expanding significantly. At first they were mere A-cups, but then they became sizeable B-cups with a noticeable weight. He staggered back, causing them to jostle on his chest, even as they grew to impressive C-cups, the kind he loved on his women. He tried to force them back in, but it was too painful, and with the growth of his nipples into larger female variants, there was an intense sensitivity that made him pull his hands back.

“Bigger,” Jason said, suddenly looking quite intense. “I think we can do bigger, right?”

“Nghh! No! Not - ohhhhh, why do I f-fucking want it? FUCK!”

His voice echoed through the industrial district, but no one was here to help him, just as he had hoped no one would be there to help a young woman, or later a young man from being blackmailed. His boobs, already making a curved outlined against his top, now grew yet further. His limbs thinned and so did his shoulders and neck, becoming more dainty and slim in order to send their melted-down tissue to fuel the growth of his chest. Soon they were rocketing past D-cups and into the territory beyond. Bradley didn't even know *what* size he was in the moments that followed, only that they continued to grow and grow, pulling against his back and genuinely feeling like a pair of sandbags weighing on his frame. They were huge, and when they slowed they had started to hang a bit lower, their incredibly pertness still unable to fully defy the power of gravity. His nipples were incredibly erect, pressing against his shirt and making him almost salivate from the sheer sensitivity.

It was too much for his shirt, in fact. Despite the shrinking of his frame that left it overly loose elsewhere, the enormous size of his new boobs could not be contained. One button pinged off, followed by another, then a third. The result was a vast canyon of cleavage being exposed by the officer, his new mega-tits jiggling and jostling with even the slightest of movement. He stood there, breathing in and out, in and out, looking down in horror, no longer able to remotely see his own feet. There were just the boobs. The kind of tits that even porn stars didn't have . . . and *these* ones appeared to be all natural, no plastic at all. They rose and fell like empires upon him.

“F-fuck! They're enormous! Shit! I - I'm calling for b-back up. You get back or I'll get the force on you too, you sis-”

“Call me Jason,” Jason said, and there followed that buzz of mental change. “You *are* attracted to me, after all, Bradley. You're very *Sweet* like that, aren't you? Perfect last name. Let's make a better first. Don't you wish you had a better first name to match 'Sweet'? Something sexy to match how hot those boobs are, and that waist?”

“W-waist?”

“Yeah, a nice tiny waist and wide hips. The kind a former guy like you would call a real set of babymakers. You want an hourglass figure, don't you?”

The worst part was, he did. Bradley wanted it more than anything. He was hanging on Jason's word, caught between hatred for this pathetic long-haired hippie of a college graduate, and a desperation to meet his approval. The Lumin's Syndrome was altering his brain - he knew that - but it was getting harder and harder not to look at this man with what was increasingly a sense of genuine lust. His nipples hadn't gone down, and the way Jason looked at Bradley's enormous boobs was making him all hot and flustered. His face was slowly changing, facial hair retreated, nose shrinking, lips puffing up. The very notion of having a female name was making his facial features more appropriately female as well.

"I - I do," he admitted. "I don't fucking want it, but I do! I want to look . . . good for you. Nice wide h-hips. Babymakers. Hourglass f-figure."

"Mhmm, let's make it happen. And a new name, one that starts with S so it's alliterative."

Bradley gasped as his waist began to contract and his hips widened. They creaked audibly, bones changing shape, pelvis altering to take on a female configuration. His centre of gravity lowered, causing him to shudder. It was another constant reminder of his incredible bustline, as his boobs wobbled as he tried to keep his stance.

"S-Stella!" she moaned, lost in the strange ecstasy of her change. "Stella Sweets!"

"Oh, damn. Yeah, that's a fucking hot name for a fucking hot woman. Are you liking your changes, Stella?"

She groaned. She bit her lip. She tried to fight the words that wanted to flow out of her. Unfortunately, Jason realised this, and continued to make suggestions.

"Remember, I like a woman who is really, really submissive. A total busty nympho who always lets her man know what's going on."

More buzzing in her head, more loss of her own willpower. Stella hadn't even noticed until now that she had suddenly started thinking in female pronouns, and somehow that *excited* her.

"Yessssss," she admitted, moaning as more changes continued. "I do love it. Ohhhhh, I shouldn't. I fucking shouldn't. But I do. This wasn't how this was s-supposed to g-go. *You* were m-meant to be a woman."

Her eyes altered, so did her eyebrows, and her cheeks gained a young and cute roundness to them. Her lips were now full, while her shoulders were nicely proportioned. In her police officer clothing she looked absolutely lost, but she was subconsciously pulling at it, stretching the material tight again to show Jason his handiwork.

Jason chuckled. "Wait, *I* was meant to be a woman? What do you mean?"

"The I-long hair," Stella grunted, voice becoming ever higher and sweet, "I thought you were a lady. Was going to f-force you to help me g-get off so you could g-get off. Being arrested, I mean. You were meant to f-fucking get me off. Now . . . ohhhhh!!!"

Jason's face twisted into disgust, and it made Stella feel all the more repulsed towards herself.

"You know, I was just going to leave you like this. Stuck as a hot, busty woman with a bit too much of a libido. But given what you just admitted, I think it's time we change your nature entirely. And who better to help with that than me, right? After all, I'm an expert on this stuff, and I've got you in the palm of my hand, don't I?"

Stella whimpered, nodded. That submissiveness towards Jason was getting ever stronger. She wanted his approval. *Craved it.*

"You do."

"Then let's finish this. I think you would be much better as a full woman, Stella. With a tight pussy that always gets wet for me when I'm in the mood. I want you to be a total nympho for me, the kind of gal who helps *me* get off, and doesn't mind getting in handcuffs either, just for the sexy irony. And when you're changed, I want to rail *you* in the back of your cruiser, just so you can appreciate being a new woman."

Stella bit her lip. She grasped her breasts with her hands, and they easily overflowed her little hands. God, they were big. The kind of tits she would have dreamt about once. But now, like a total sissy she normally made fun of, all she could think about was Jason's dick, and how it was obviously tenting his pants. Her own dick began to withdraw. Her heartbeat sped up, her system in shock as her very manhood pulled away. Her testicles followed, further symbols of her manhood lost for good.

It felt *wonderful*, and that was the worst part of all.

"Ohhhhhh, they're g-going! They're g-going! Mhmmmm!!"

And then they were gone. Her penis inverted, pulling back inside of her and drilling back to form a tunnel, even as a new womb nestled in her stomach, along with her fallopian tubes and ovary sacs. She could feel them form, and in that moment came a near-total shattering of her male pride.

"It's n-not f-fair," she whined, falling forwards into Jason's arms. There she felt safe, and the mere touch of him made her excited, especially as he pulled her closer so that her enormous jugs squashed against his hard chest. The contact of breast tissue and muscle was already turning her on, her nipples rubbing against him.

"You want me, don't you?" Jason asked.

"I - oh fuck. Don't fucking do this."

"I promise I won't do anything, Stella Sweets, you gorgeous busty brunette. You perfect woman. You absolute horny hottie. I won't do anything. But you can. If you want it."

He was leaving the choice in her hands, but in truth there was no choice at all. Stella had wanted to blackmail a woman with words when she'd been Bradley, but now blackmail wasn't even necessary. A new feeling was welling up inside her, a dampness between her

soft thighs, a warmth below her stomach. She needed his firmness inside her; she could feel his raging erection against the flat of her belly. Suddenly she wanted out of this ridiculous uniform. It was far too loose and failed to flatter her figure. He'd mentioned something about always looking good for her man, right? Or was that just her own imagination changing her further?

Either way, there was no stopping it. With no small amount of shame, the former alpha-male officer began to shed her uniform, willingly becoming the kind of bimbo she'd always masturbated to and mocked in equal measure. She gripped Jason.

"Please! Get me out of these clothes and into the cruiser! I n-need your f-fucking cock deep inside me!"

Jason grinned. He was so fucking handsome. So manly. Not a sissy at all. She didn't even care that he was probably a liberal. In fact, the taboo of it turned her on now.

"I can do that, Stella. If you're happy being my girlfriend from now on."

"Y-yes! Just do it! Please! I'm s-so fucking wet and ready right now!"

"Then let's fuck your brains out."

She got the car open, even among a whirlwind of passion, him kissing her and enjoying the taste of her soft lips. It was heaven and hell at once, ecstasy and horror, but the former aspects were winning out. Her breasts were easily freed, and Jason was in awe of their size as much as she was. He played with them, pinching her nipples slightly and then sucking on them. It was a totally alien sensation to have another man suck on her nipples, but it sent shocks of delicious pleasure through her core and made her new vaginal tunnel even wetter. Soon she was dripping down her thighs, her body fully exposed and naked. Jason was still clothed, but she desperately unbuckled his pants so he could remove them. The sight of his cock, rigid and huge, made her eyes widen in lust. How could it even fit inside her? She needed to find out.

"In m-meeeeee," she moaned, panting in desperation. She lay back across the backseat of the cruiser, and he in turn clambered onto her. She gripped his girth as if she'd done it before, then helped him insert himself into her. She was briefly stunned as his cock entered. It was huge. It parted her walls. He entered more fully, and for long moments she was unable to breathe. She was being penetrated. Actually fucking penetrated. She was being fucked by a man.

And she was loving it.

"Ohhhhhhhh, yesssssss," she finally managed. "You're s-so big!"

"I like this new you, Stella. I'm very glad you p-pulled me over, because I'm going to make you mine, for life. We're going to d-do this every day, Stella."

"Ohhh, no."

"Yes."

“Yes! Yes, every day! I’m y-yours! I’ll be your sissy girl! Your f-fucking nympho! I’ll do everything!”

“Even suck my cock, like you were going to get a woman to do?”

“Every morning! Just keep th-thrusting! I can’t g-get enough of this!”

He did so, thrusting harder and harder, making her wail with pleasure. He fucked her faster, deeper, gripping her hips and sucking on her tits, pressing his face into her cleavage. It was beyond anything she’d ever felt, and all her care about being a tough guy vanished. She didn’t care about any of that anymore, so long as she had this. So long as she had Jason.

“F-fuck me! I want to c-cum! Make me a w-woman!”

“Oh, I will. Again and again, Stella. I promise!”

He thrust even deeper than before, all while she played with her own tits, and it soon proved all too much. His body seized up, his cock throbbing within her. His balls tensed against her entrance, then emptied their contents entirely. Her tunnel was flooded with warm seed right into her womb, and it set off a bomb inside her.

“Yes, yes! YES! YES YES YES YESSSSS! OHHHHHH!! NGGHHHH!!!”

Multiple orgasms raged within her, more pleasure than she had ever felt. She clutched her man, and he was her man now. Bomb after bomb set off inside her, and only when they had subsided could she claim to be fully changed. She panted in pleasure, and so did Jason. She held his face against her breasts, wanting this man forever. Wanting to be his submissive, naughty girl. She would wear the sexiest clothing for him, always give him the sex he wanted. She would suck him off and give him titty jobs. She would be his sexy policewoman in private, or even in public, if it was possible to keep her job.

“Looks like we both got off,” Jason mused.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, wrapping her legs around him, savouring him. “We did.”

“You know, you may be a bad police officer, but that was a good traffic stop.”

She blushed. As much as it humiliated her, it wasn’t entirely a lie. And there was no going back now besides. To her shame, she was now stuck forever as a busty brunette nympho, totally devoted to her new boyfriend. Any dream of being a macho, ultra-conservative police officer was now gone; she would only be a submissive sexy lady from now on. The full weight of that realisation crashed down upon her as she lay on her back in the police cruiser, Jason’s member still inside her. Stella Sweets was here to stay, and she’d have to just accept that. Her libido would make sure of it.

The End