

Alt-Ending: Just Take Care of Me, Okay? (Friend to Hot Bimbo Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Alternative Ending to *Just Take Care of Me, Okay?*

What if Ezra was the one who got Lumin's Syndrome and Wade is the one who ends up taking care of her? This role reversal sees the relationship dynamic shift in unexpected ways . . .

Alt-Ending: Just Take Care of Me, Okay?

"Shit," I said as I walked into the apartment.

My best friend Wade stood and matched my glum expression.

"You can't be serious? You really have it?"

I nodded. "Every test confirms it. I've got Lumin's Syndrome. I'm - I'm going to become a woman."

Wade shut his eyes for a moment. "Dude, I'm so, so sorry. I really wish this could have happened to me, not you. You don't deserve this."

"Neither do you, man. You're a footballer titan of a man. You're a Persian king!"

He chuckled. "And I've got the ancestry to prove it. Okay, so I wouldn't switch places, but - but surely there's something we can do?"

"There's nothing. I'm going to become a woman. Possibly a total dumb one."

I sagged down onto the couch. I was much more of a nerdy individual. I wasn't stick thin or anything, but I also wasn't the fit, athletic, tall, dark and handsome kind of guy that my best friend Wade was. He was a sports major, and I just worked from the apartment doing data entry while studying part time in the same field. Pretty milquetoast, and certainly not very manly. But that didn't mean I wanted to become a man!

Wade sat down beside me and put a heavy hand on my shoulder. It felt weirdly nice, and I could only hope that wasn't a clue to my changing situation.

"We'll get through this, buddy. I promise. Whatever I can do to help, I'll do it. I'll take some time off study and we can just watch some science fiction movies and play video games together, how about that?"

I smiled through the frustration. "That doesn't sound too bad. At least it'll help me keep in contact with the things I like. Apparently that's one good way to keep your mental state while you change."

"I still can't believe this is happening," he said. "Wow."

“Yeah, it’s fucked.” I hesitated for a moment, then decided to ask the question. “Hey, if I start changing and, well, getting dumber and stuff - you know, like the other Lumin’s patients that end up as bimbos and the like - can I ask something big of you. Really big.”

Wade answered without a second thought, and something about that put a flutter to my stomach.

“Sure man, of course! You’re my best friend. I’d do anything for you.”

It took a moment to match his gaze, and when I did, my voice broke a little.

“Just . . . just take care of me, okay?”

To my surprise, he wrapped me up in a big bear hug. It was exactly the emotional release I needed. But then again, that made sense, didn’t it? I was going to get a lot more emotional as my hormones and body began to change . . .

The first signs began not too long after. I knew they were coming, and the free psychological consulting I got on the matter had warned me about this, but I still wasn’t prepared to see my nipples slowly bloom and expand. They were pinker, larger, and developing feminine areolas around them, more so than a man’s. They were also a lot more sensitive.

They were only the first physical change I noted, other than the loss of body hair and smoothening of skin that saw me getting tests at the GP clinic in the first place. My hair was growing longer at a rapid pace. I’d always preferred it short and manageable, but now it was extending down past my ears to the point where I had to blow it out of my eyeline at times. I had a haircut scheduled to keep it short, but I knew it was just a temporary solution: several interviews with other Lumin’s women who used to be men indicated that hair growth only *increased* after they tried to halt it.

My face was getting softer, and my voice was a little higher too. My shoulders were slimming, and my waist had certainly contracted. I’d always had just a little bit of tub there, but now it was thinning away. It was going places though: Wade commented that I was looking a bit bigger “back there,” indicating to my ass one morning. I blushed so damn hard, and the estrogen already coursing through my system made me get a little weepy.

“Dude! Don’t, like, point this stuff out! It’s fucking embarrassing!”

“Shit, I’m so sorry. It’s just - you asked me to point out any changes you might not recognise.”

I blushed even harder. “Shit, did I? I - I forgot I did that. God, I’m a mess.”

Wade put a hand on my shoulder as he had done two weeks ago. It was even more comforting this time, and I almost didn’t want him to put it away. Shit, was I getting *feelings* over this.

"You're not a mess, man," he said.

I sniffled, accepting the tissue he gave me. "I'm not a *man*, either."

"You've still got a cock, right?"

"Yeah, but it's . . . smaller. Wasn't even that big to begin with."

"Hey, it's what you use it for, right?"

I chuckled. "I doubt I'll be using it at *all* soon. Fuck, I'm going to have a vagina. A *pussy*. Dude, I'm going to have a freakin' *womb*."

Wade gave a compassionate grin. "Exploring a true final frontier, I guess?"

That got another chuckle from me. At least, I *intended* it to be a chuckle. Instead, it was more like a *giggle*, with more than a little girlishness to it. It took him back a little, and me too.

"On that note," he said. "Let's watch *Star Trek*."

"Sold," I said. "Anything but talk about this. Just make sure not to watch one with any, you know, transformations in it."

"Got it. Any preference?"

I thought, and for some reason a desire bubbled up from my changing soul.

"Can we watch an ep with a good romance in it?"

Wade gave me a funny look, but then relented. "Of course, man. Whatever you want."

And I did want it. It was weird. I'd never been into romance before, and *Trek* did it badly anyway. But I really wanted to see something cute and sexy."

It gave me the shivers.

I sighed as the woman measured me.

"Yep, definitely a B-cup!" she said. "And a good width in your frame too."

"I don't like them," I uttered, though it wasn't entirely the truth. "I mean, I *do* like them, but they just . . . they don't fit."

"That's because you need a proper bra that emphasises them," the store woman who was helping me get fitted for my first ever bra said. "You just finished your transition but no one told you about this? I only ask because my daughter also transitioned and she was *obsessed* with finding a bra from the very beginning."

I gave a hopeless look in the mirror. I definitely looked, at least, like a transwoman now. Or a somewhat androgynous figure. I'd used the cover story just to get by and with other people who knew me in real life, but the rapidity of my changes couldn't give the story water for much longer. Already I was having to wear more feminine clothing, particularly

since just a week after my nipples grew out my boobs followed after. They were actually, like, sore and everything just from the expansion. The soreness was still going, which meant that they were totally going to grow bigger. The worst part was that I was kind of *excited* for them to grow bigger too. A nice generous C-cup swirled in my vision, especially since the push-up I'd tried made my current B's look bigger. The thought of having a D-cup made me feel kind of . . . fuzzy.

Of course, more than just my chest was changing. My figure definitely had a slight hourglass now, and my latest abdominal scan through my GP clinic confirmed that a womb was certainly in development, along with two ovary sacs. A tunnelling feeling had begun in my loins, and this too was confirmed in the scan: a vagina was forming from the inside, heading to between my thighs where my penis and balls were already withering away.

I hated that last part most of all. It was my manhood, damn it! It wasn't, like, ever something I did much with. I only had a few girlfriends. But now I was losing my balls and my dick, and late at night and early in the morning the thought of that seemed kind of sexy. God, I was such a fucking mess. Masturbation was my only relief, but when I came - and it wasn't like I had much seed to cum with now - it was a coin toss over whether I was going to imagine myself fucking a woman or being *fucked* as a woman *by* a man.

That was something I hadn't told Wade yet.

"How'd it go with the shopping?" he asked when he got back to the apartment from college.

I sighed, indicating the large bags of apparel I'd bought. At that, his eyes went wide.

"Um, what the hell? I thought you were just getting a 'few things'?"

"I - I was!" I said, a bit exasperated. "But then the lovely lady there, like, showed me some great shirts, and I loved some of the bras and how they fit me even though it's, well, really bad. I also found some heels to try out; I'm going to be a woman so I *have* to know how to wear heels, right?"

He cocked his head. "Not really . . ."

"Oh? Oh . . . I guess not. But it seemed to make sense at the time. And then there was a cute bikini and-"

"You bought a bikini?"

By this point I was blushing furiously and pushing my light brown strands of hair behind my ears. It had definitely lightened a lot, though at least it wasn't going blonde. Yet. I scratched at my smooth face, touching my now much more rounded chin. Hell, even my neck had changed, becoming slender, the Adam's apple almost gone. And that was to say nothing of how wide my hips were getting!

"Um . . . maybe? I just thought, you know, if I wanted to go to the beach . . . oh shit. What the hell am I, like, thinking? I must be going crazy!"

“You’re not going crazy, Ezra,” Wade assured me. Again, that hand on my shoulder. God, he was so, like, frickin’ manly and stuff. It made me jealous, but also . . . something else too. “Remember that impulse control loss is a big part of Lumin’s Syndrome?”

I nodded. “I guess that explains why I suck so much at my job now. I don’t know if I can keep doing data entry, Wade. It should be, like, so simple, but let’s face it, I’m getting dumber.”

“You’re not getting-”

“I am! I can’t even read programming manuals anymore! Some of my favourite science fiction books make me, like, take a total snooze! I literally fell asleep reading *Dune* the other day. Me! *Dune!*”

Wade pinched his nose. “I had noticed that you speak differently now. And you were watching that *How to Catch a Man* reality show the other day.”

I rubbed my fingers together, fidgeting. I tried not to damage my fingernails. They were looking, well, pretty dang cute lately and I super didn’t want to ruin them.

“It was just one time,” I spluttered. “Maybe twice. God, I’m definitely becoming some dumb bimbo. I didn’t want to. I tried to keep on top of it all, but I think I’m becoming one of *those* Lumin’s cases.”

Wade sighed. “Dude, you know I’ll still take care of you. That was the deal, and you’ll always be my friend.”

“Even when I’m some busty brunette slobbering for dick?”

The sentence had just *burst* out of me, and yet Wade’s answer seemed to burst from him, like, straight away!

“Even then,” he said. “I won’t leave you.”

I leaned against him, enjoying his warmth. “You’re, like, the best friend ever. I have a bigger favour to ask then, when it comes to taking care of me?”

“Anything.”

I looked into his dark, handsome eyes, and once again there was hesitation. But I knew I had to ask. “I need you to take care of my spending. I mean, like, manage my money for me. Otherwise I’ll, like, blow it all.”

“Are you sure?”

“Totally. And I think I’m able to get payments for Lumin’s transition. I’ll need to quit my job soon, and I don’t know what else I can do. So maybe you can help me apply through all the crazy bureau-whatever jargon? That way I can take care of myself.”

Wade nodded. “Of course, man. I’ll do everything I can. I’ve got a new job as a fitness trainer too.”

“What!? Really?”

He cracked a grin. “Yep! I think it’ll pay well on the side, so that’ll help us too.”

Us. Mhmm . . . that lovely word: *us*. It bubbled away inside me, making me giggle just a little. I didn't say anything of course. I knew it was the Lumin's changing how I saw the world and how I saw my best friend.

But it didn't stop me from masturbating that night, touching my sore and sensitive titties and rubbing my disappearing cock as I imagined *Wade* being the one to crawl on top of me and fuck my brains out.

"Just g-give me a vagina already," I moaned in the aftermath, perhaps a little too loudly. We did share an apartment, after all.

"Like, oh my Gawd, I've got a total pussy! Wade, I've got a pussy! Wade! Wade, I'm a full girl now! I've got all the sexy parts to prove it and everything!"

I ran into the main room, terrified and shocked and overjoyed all at once, but most of all wanting my best friend to know. Unfortunately, I didn't, like, see it coming that he was signing a package from the mailman. I stopped, realising I was only in my little panties and my big, sexy lingerie bra. The mailman looked at me, said nothing as the package was signed, and quickly left, amusement on his features.

"Ohmigod, that's soooooo embarrassing!" I cried, covering myself a little as Wade took me in with his eyes. "I didn't mean - I didn't think! The Lumin's has made me such, like, a total dummy!"

Wade approached me and placed both hands on my shoulders - why couldn't he place them any damn where else? Like my big, ripe, Double-D cup tits! They were right *there*, dang it!

To my surprise, he wasn't annoyed or whatever, just amused.

"Well, that's one way to inform the neighbourhood," he said.

"Ohmigod, I'll never hear the end of this. I can't believe I shouted that out."

"Impulse control loss, remember?"

"I literally can't. I've got, like, the memory of a goldfish now."

"That's exaggerating. Now, you were saying you're a full woman now, I think?"

I nodded eagerly, though not without some embarrassment. Gawd, there was embarrassment. I indicated to my body, which I have to admit, was totally hella hot these days. Like, I seriously had the full hourglass figure and everything, right down to the wide babymaking hips (Gawd, I could make babies now? What would that be like? Would it be hot to do the babymaking part? I bet it was super fun and sexy - wait, what was I thinking?). My stomach was definitely super cute and toned, and my legs were to *die for*. Seriously, I had the sexiest legs, and I loved totally teasing my hot best friend with them by strutting around

in just short shorts or yoga pants so he could see how long and super shapely they were. My hair was long now, and for some reason I was really okay with it. I mean, I think I still sucked at styling it, but learning to style was hella fun! I'd even met this girl - Kaley - from the makeup store who'd become a total girlie BFF and was super into teaching me. She knew I had Lumin's because I really, like, blurted it out and stuff, and she was super sympathetic. Seriously, she's just the best, and her eyeshadow game is sooooo hawt. She got me the best ruby red lipstick, particularly since my face is incredibly pretty - even Wade slipped and said it once while I was kicking his sexy tush at *Fight Planet* on our console.

Wait, what was I talking about?

Wade gave me that look that noticed my head was bubbling up to the clouds.

"You were tell me you were a full woman now."

"Oh yeah! Ta-da!" I said, my voice now a totally cute soprano. Well, I could make it super hot too, I bet. "I've got a pussy now! It's really, really sensitive. I played around with it earlier in bed and I was, like, moaning so goddamn hard. I won't lie, this is super embarrassing but it's totally better than a penis."

Wade raised his eyebrows. "Wait, seriously?"

"Oh yeah. Waaaaay bigger orgasms. I was imagining you fucking me with your big cock and it was driving me wild and . . ."

Oh Gawd, did I just, like, say that out loud?

"I just said that out loud, didn't I?" I said to Wade.

The stunned man nodded. "Yeaaaaah, you kinda did, Ez."

There was an extended silence between it. It was, like, totes fucking awkward.

"Um, we could watch *Star Trek* or something and forget about it. No, the other one, the one with the really hot leads that I like!"

But Wade shook his head. "I'm sorry, Ez, but I think we should talk about this."

"Um, what's there to talk about?"

"You just admitted to fantasising about me while masturbating."

I exhaled, trying to focus what was left of, like, my brains and stuff. "Sure, but, you know, everyone does that, right? I mean, you probably do that about me, right?"

Wade bit his lip. "Um, yeah. I kinda do. That's the problem."

Something in my heart leapt. The idea of my best friend stroking his big, hard, olive-skinned cock while thinking about me was making my new pussy tingle. My nipples were getting hard, and I moaned a little.

"It's a p-problem?" I managed.

"Well, yeah, of course it is! In case you haven't noticed, Ez, you're a total hottie! A real ten out of ten!"

"I knooooow, I didn't expect it, though! It's really humiliating, but also I get really smug about it. I can't explain it. And I think my big, ripe tits are still getting bigger. Mhmm."

I could see his pants beginning to tent, and it made me excited. He was holding himself back, like a total white knight. My white knight. Gawd, I wanted to jump his bones and let him totes fuck my little brains out soooooo hard.

"Jesus, you can't just - Ezra, I promised to take care of you, but I'm afraid that if I keep doing that, something will happen between us. Do you have any idea how hard it is to be a man around a woman like you? You're always flirting and teasing - the other day I know you deliberately bent over to show your ass while you emptied the dishwasher. I know this because you'd restacked it pointlessly just to do it twice!"

"Oh, guilty," I said. It had seemed, like, such a brilliant plan at the time.

"It's just that you're so beautiful, and we watch all the same things still - I mean, more romance and reality shows these days for me, but I don't mind that at all since watching them with you is so fun - and you're way more into sport now, which is awesome! But then you wear that tight tennis outfit, or that sports bra that makes you . . . bounce. And you're always so close to me. God, I've masturbated more in the past two weeks than I have in my entire life, I swear! I can't get you out of my head, and I can't take care of you like this."

It was funny. I was, like, definitely the dumber one now. The Lumin's had made me a total bimbo, big tits and empty brain and a super duper big love of fashion and looking HAWT AS FUUUUUCK. I didn't love reading things that weren't fashion mags or had big pictures of spaceships on them. I super sucked at following long plots, but I really loved it when the girl and guy got together. I loved videogames, but I liked the ones where you worked together to solve stuff, not fight each other. And yet, for all that I was, like, a total valley girl with big beautiful tits (seriously, I really hoped I was getting even bigger boobs, because that would *rock*), somehow *I* was the one that put two and two together this time, not Wade. I guess sometimes a broken bimbo is right twice a day or something.

"Dude, I said, running my hands along up to his firm shoulders. "You *are* taking care of me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, like, if you'll have me, you being my hot, protective boyfriend would be, like, the best way to do it, right?"

"But . . . that would be taking advantage of you. I would never-"

"I'm dumb now, not, like, a kid or something! I have bad impulse control, but I've been seriously controlling my impulses to you for like, over a week now! Or longer! You said you'd take care of me, but I don't expect you to, like, super go along with this. That's fine. But if you really are into me, and I'm into you, and we like all the same things, and I've got really big juicy tits you wanna feel, then what's, like, stopping us?"

Wade's eyes opened as if he now fully understood. "Nothing, I guess. I just . . . didn't know if you'd be into me."

I stood on my tippy toes and kissed him. Gawd, his lips were dreamy. Just the feel of him made my insides melt, and my pussy got sopping wet. I moaned into his mouth as my full chest pressed against him. When our lips parted - waaaay too soon, too - I looked up at him like a total dream girl - which I super was now.

"Does that answer your question, big boy?"

"I think it does, Ezra."

I shook my head. "Call me Ezri."

He kissed me again. "Ezri, I like it. It sounds - wait, is that *Deep Space Nine* reference? Ezri Dax?"

I giggled in my girlish way that I had come to love. "I told you, I'm a lot bubblier and bimbo-ish, but that doesn't make me, like totally stupid! I remember all the things I love. Plus, that character was a total snack, right?"

"Not nearly as much as you."

"You're just saying that because I've got big boobs. Now hurry up and feel them!"

The next twenty minutes were, like, the best time of my life. He totally felt up my tits, and it wasn't long till I had my bra off and he was all over them. He ran his hands over my hot, voluptuous body, and soon I was moaning in ecstasy, burning with desire. We were too impatient to make it to the bedroom. The couch was right there, and it was the site of, like, so many fun times. Why not make it even funner? I tipped over backwards, giggling as he crawled on top of me. His mouth on my nipples was the best thing everrrrr, and even better when he clenched his fingers into my soft ass. But then we changed places: him sitting down as I pulled off his shorts and shirt, then releasing his cock as I pulled off his underwear. It was bigger than I thought it was, and I was sooooo fucking nervous. But my lust was super high by this point, so I climbed up on top of him.

"I've wanted this soooooo much! I want to be a woman!"

"You are a woman," Wade said. "Holy fuck you are."

"But I want to be, like, *your* woman now," I said, grinning as I kissed him. "Which means I want your big, hard, hot cock inside me. And I want you to *cum* inside me as well."

It was with his help that I slid him inside me. My new pussy hugged his hard pole, and it was hot. As. Fuck. I moaned and wailed, and then I was bouncing on him and giggling and laughing and moaning over and over again. Gawd, I was totally insatiable! My tits literally *grew* as I fucked him, my hair lengthening, my body getting even more curvaceous! It was all the better, and it didn't take long for me to get closer and closer to orgasm. I shoved my big tits in his face, smothering my hot lover boy, and when he began motorboating my sensitive boobs I moaned, like, sooooo erotically that he came.

He came hard.

And then I came, like, totally *harder*.

“Yessssss! Oh God, it f-feels amazing! I’m so glad I’ve become your totally hawt girlfriend! Ohhhh, I want to f-fuck you every d-day, Wade! I want you to - MMHPHH!!”

I clutched him as he pumped his hot seed inside me. Gawd, it was the best. I wanted to taste it (I could do blowjobs now! Holy shit, I could, like, suck his cock whenever I wanted! Which would be totes all the time. The thought of his hot cum going down my throat - mhmm!). I pressed my chest against him, my tits growing up another full cup size. My change was totes complete, I just knew it, and I couldn’t be happier. I was absolutely the owner of literal E-cups or bigger. I could give the best tittyfucks now.

“That was the best sex I’ve ever had,” Wade said after we, like, snuggled and kissed and smooched and stuff. He ran his hand over my tits and grabbed my ass, making me give a super cute little coo.

“M-me too,” I managed. “But we should totes do that everyday and keep beating records, right?”

“Totally,” he said.

“Totes,” I added. I curled against him, savouring how tough and strong he was. “And we should totes stay together too. I really want you, Wade. Like, not just as a fuck buddy. I want to be your girlfriend. And your fiancée. And your wife. And I know this is super crazy, but I totally want to be your babymama and have all the babies you want. Is that crazy?”

He chuckled, his firm chest rising and falling against my soft, busty one.

“It does. Really crazy. But you know what? It also sounds fucking awesome, Ez.”

“Mhmm, it does,” I said, placing my head against his shoulder. “And I know it’ll work out. I know you’ll take care of me.”

It was true. I may have become, like, a total bimbo slut. But I was *his* bimbo slut, and I knew already that Wade loved me as much as I loved him. He *would* take care of me, just like I’d take care of him.

I began by lowering myself down and placing my mouth over his cock.

I was going to take care of him a *lot*, and my hot new boyfriend was going to love it almost as much as I would.

The End