

Moving In (Neighbour to Dream Wife TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Matthew has recently bought a new-build at a new housing development, and is grateful to find a new pair of friends in a lovely young couple who are also moving in there: Benny and Patricia. But when Benny finds out he has Lumin's Syndrome and that his body is becoming a woman's, Matthew takes the opportunity to start twisting the transforming man into his perfect dream wife. After all, Benny has turned out to be quite the philanderer, so it's purely karma, right?

Moving In, Part 1

An old show once proclaimed that 'good neighbours become good friends', and I was finding that to be the real truth. I'd recently moved back to Chareton, my old home town in the UK, after some time abroad working across the EU. I'd had my fun and fill and made some good solid money working on engineering projects, but I was looking forward to settling down and setting up my own local transport business, something the town desperately needed and suited my desire for a calmer life just fine after all the hectic money raising.

Of course, the biggest incentive to move was finally being able to have my own place in the form of a new-build at a housing development that had sprung up by my old favourite suburb. I was only thirty years old, but I'd invested and saved and scraped well enough, and while I wasn't exactly buying myself the grandest manor, these weren't exactly low-income units either. They were reasonably sized double-deckers with a neat backyard and good space to have a family, if I ever found a girl willing to settle down with me. They were semi-detached, so I'd be sharing a wall with someone, but provided they weren't a massive nuisance I couldn't see any problems arising. After a few inspections I put my name down and low and behold, my savings were impressive enough to secure what was left of the loan I needed to purchase it.

Suddenly, I had a home of my own to move into, located in my charming little childhood town, and with good prospects already on the business front with some of the deals I was making on the side. It didn't hurt that my father, retired as he was, had good connections to help me get started. All that remained to make my situation purely idyllic was to have some fun, wholesome neighbours over for some nice tea and a Sunday barbecue.

And somehow I got that too. Lucky me.

Their names were Benny and Patricia, though she preferred to go by Patty. They were younger than me: twenty seven and twenty five respectively, and had secured their own loan around the same time as it turned out. I was just on my little front deck sipping a well-deserved afternoon beer after a lot of box shifting when I first met them.

“Hello there!” the man shouted. “You must be our new neighbour? Or, given that you’re ahead of us when it comes to moving in, I guess we must be your new neighbours?”

He was a peppy fellow, with bright blonde hair and a charming grin. He wore a smart shirt and pants, not the kind of thing I’d personally wear when shifting boxes and heavy loads around.

“I’m Benny,” he continued. “Benny Johnson. This is my wife Patricia.”

“Everyone calls me Patty, though,” she said.

I won’t lie, I was pretty jealous of the lucky bastard, because his wife was sure cute. She had mousy brown hair down in a cute pixie cut, and wore a no-nonsense sweat top and jeans as she clutched a box of ornaments in her hands. She gave me a ripper of a smile as I offered to take it from her.

“No need, *Benny* can do that, the lazy bugger.”

He sighed dramatically and took the box, but not before taking my hand for a shake, followed by Patty.

“I’m Matthew,” I responded. “Matthew Hoskin. Good to meet the pair of you. Did you need any help with your stuff?”

“Well, we won’t complain about it,” Benny said, “but only if you’re happy to help out a new neighbour. Wouldn’t want to get off on the wrong start! Besides, you look like you’re still unpacking a bit yourself.”

“Nah,” I replied. “I’m just being lazy and taking a nice chill afternoon beer.”

“Man after my husband’s heart,” Patty remarked. “You two will get along famously.”

“Do you like playing pool, Matthew?”

I grinned. “I’m literally putting a pool room together.”

“Ah, we’ll get along famously! How about beer brewing?”

“I must admit I’ve never tried it.”

“Ah, we’ll get you into it!”

Patty pushed past her husband in an amused manner. “You’ll get him into it! I’m a wine gal, myself. Don’t let him get started, Matthew, he’ll talk your ear right off.”

But in truth, I was happy to have my ear talked off. They seemed a lovely couple, exactly the kind of neighbours you’d want to have when you were settling back down after a busy few years, and I could already tell that Benny and I were going to get along like a house on fire. Any man that respects a good game of pool is worth time in my book.

We were all a little tight for cash, of course. None of us were struggling, but between getting my business up and running so that I wasn't purely relying on my cash reserves, and them being in a tighter spot (Benny worked in sales and Patty in retail, but neither were in management), we decided to hell with it: let's do a moving in party together! We invited our friends and families around - well, my family, they were new to Chareton - and it was a real fun blitz. With the extra space from the semi-detachment we didn't even have to have everything packed away either. I introduced the pair to my parents and some local friends who could help them out and point them around, and they in turn introduced me to a number of their buddies from across the country, mostly from London and Manchester. Naturally, the conversation quickly descended into an aggressive series of opinions on the upcoming World Cup and our chances in it - or lack of.

More than a few people remarked on how lucky we were to have each other as neighbours. Patty made some terrific dishes up, and Benny was a class act of a host - I could tell why the man was in sales, because he just oozed charisma. I'd always been much more of a casual, laidback sort of gent, so I was happy to let them play the part of social hosts while I worked the barbecue. Benny dropped by more than once to keep me company, and the two of us chatted about brewing beer (he'd already spooled me in on that plan) and our future games of pool and sports sittings. Patty encouraged it: she only loved tennis, and would be happy never to see a game of football again in her life.

It was only when supplies were running low on meat that I needed to grab some more for the attendants. We were mainly located around Benny and Patty's home for the event, so I had to circle around guests, reintroducing myself, and trying to find one of the pair so they could tell me where their meat freezer was - their regular one didn't have the steak cuts. In the end, after fruitless searching, I headed upstairs towards one of their rooms. I wasn't trying to pry, I just needed to keep the barbecue running, and while my old man was manning it there was a genuine danger of everyone getting their meat 'well done'.

I was about to knock on the door when I heard sounds emanating from within.

"Ohhhh, yes! Yes! Ahhhh, d-don't stop! Fuck yes, right there, baby!"

I won't lie, I turned pretty red in the face. Two people were fucking in Patty and Benny's room, and for a moment I was about to burst upon the door and lambast them. Until I heard what I assumed as Benny's voice.

"Fuck yeah, honey. You know it's so hot when no one else knows."

"Mhmmm, d-don't stop! C-cum in me! Yesss!!"

The moaning continued, and I could tell the pair were close. I backed off, feeling a bit shamed at the accidental eavesdrop, but also a bit amused about what was going on. I

couldn't imagine the audacity of sneaking off to have sex at my own moving in party, but there you go.

That was, until I descended the stairs and headed back to the deck, only to see Patty chatting with my father.

"Matthew, there you are!" she said. "I've just brought out some of the spare meat for you."

I must have looked flustered by her appearance, because her eyebrows raised.

"Something the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Where's Benny?"

"Just running an errand, he told me. He'll be back soon."

"Ah, gotcha. Well, thanks for the cuts. I'll get these going before my old man ruins the current ones!"

"Careful, son," he said, though he was grinning as he passed the tongs over.

I continued to work on the meat, chatting with my old friends and family, and when Benny returned we resumed our conversations, and even made plans for a nice beer catch up the following night or so. But I couldn't help but think of what I'd heard from their bedroom. The voice had *sounded* like Benny's, but surely it must have been a brother or cousin or friend or something.

Patty was a total catch. Surely he wasn't cheating on her. Right?

I tried to ignore the strange incident over the following days, even as it played in my mind. Benny and I continued to catch up, and while he did most of the talking (again, total stereotype, him being in sales) we still got on like a house on fire. We were already making plans to craft our own homemade beer together, with him teaching me his brewing skills. The tech was pretty easy to understand with my engineering background. We also found that we had a shared love of old war movies, and Patty got the night off to watch a chick flick with some new friends she'd made while we settled down for *The Dirty Dozen*. The pool room was being put together, and I was still setting up the table, but the formidable stakes were growing: our respective male pride was on the line, and Patty thought it was hilarious.

"I swear you two are destined for each other," she remarked when they had me over for dinner. "I'll be lucky to have a husband soon!"

"Nonsense, you two are perfect for each other," I said.

At that, Benny's cheeks blushed just a little. He recovered quickly. "Well, what can I say, Patty married up."

"Oh, shush you!" she said, flinging a bit of carrot in his direction.

But as idyllic as this friendship bonding was, I started to notice some strange signs that pointed towards there being something else going on. I'd never thought of myself as the nosy neighbour type, or the kind to get involved in gossiping and the like. I'd always kept more to myself, which I suppose was part of the reason dating never came naturally to me. But nearly a week on from the moving in party I opened my front door to find Benny knocking on it, an impressive amount of beer under his left arm.

"Hey there, neighbour," he said, charming grin twinkling, "up for some refreshment?"

"Absolutely," I said, and he strolled in, a little more manic than usual.

"How's Patty?"

"Ah, she's a bit angry with me. I spent too long at work, and she didn't like an interaction I had at a work party the other night. Thought I was a bit flirty or something."

My interest was aroused by that. "Oh? You have a workwife or something?"

It was said with the cadence of a joke, but I tried to give it a bit of an edge.

Benny just laughed it off. "Oh, you know how it is, Matthew. A good woman in a pencil skirt and white blouse is a nice sight to see. I was just pointing it out. Really, there's some very attractive women in the office and you'd have to be a cold-blooded lizard not to notice. But it's not like I acted on anything. I just made a couple of jokes and it's put me in the doghouse."

"I see," I said. I didn't exactly share his outlook, but it didn't sound entirely my business either, so we settled down for drinking. Unfortunately, he didn't want to quite drop the subject.

"It's just that Patty is lovely. Really lovely. I wish she'd grow her hair out again, and stop wearing those damn sweaters, but she's so lovely. I love her dearly, I do. But a man can appreciate a good looking woman, can't he?"

"Of course," I said. "I would think any partner would understand that. Though I'd say you'd have to be careful and respectful."

"Exactly! Discreet!"

"Well, I didn't say discreet."

But he was already on a roll, drinking down more of the beer and faster than usual. Christ, it was extra-strength too.

"So this Holly woman at the office, she's a real catch. Single, blonde-haired, nice big tits, you know the type. So of course we flirt and joke. I never acted on it. I would never!"

Something in his voice told me he already had. If not with Holly, then someone else. I didn't voice this, though.

"What's your type, Matthew?" he said.

"Hmm?"

He looked me in the eyes, took another sip, then smiled like we were even chummier than usual. "C'mon, man. There's no women nagging us around here. What's your poison? Your pretty poison? I must admit I like the blonde office girls. I've had a dalliance or two with them. Before I met Patty of course!"

The last bit was hastily added. I narrowed my eyes, but he relaxed his face. The lie wasn't hard to detect, but he had that kind of brazen confidence and charm that made me want to believe he was telling the truth. It was hard to even hold it against him. Damn, the man should have been a manager in sales. Maybe he just hadn't cheated with the right upper management woman.

"Well, if I were to describe my perfect woman, it would just be hypothetical," I cautioned. "I've not been in the dating game for over a year now. My last girlfriend and I parted on good terms, but she wanted to keep travelling and I wanted to settle down."

"Sorry to hear that, dear fellow. Was she quite the looker?"

"She wasn't bad. Real cute. Probably not my ideal type though, but who gets to choose that?"

He slapped me on the back. "We do! Right now! I love Patty, but I wouldn't mind seeing some more flesh on that bone, in all the right places. C'mon, we're *men*, Matthew! We get to talk about this stuff because the ladyfolk don't always understand it. If you could conjure your ideal woman right now, the kind you'd beg on your knees to move in with you right now, what would she look like?"

I chuckled. It was a silly question, but who hadn't thought of their perfect lady? I'm sure women did the same of men, maybe just less often.

"Well, I've always liked brunette types," I responded. "I like pixie cuts, too. I think they're cute."

He gave me a smirking side-eye. "Don't tell me you've been checking out my wonderful wife?"

"Wouldn't dream of it, but I won't deny she's got style."

"But a bit too much of a stick figure, right?"

She actually looked damn nice, as far as I was concerned. Had a kind of tomboyish cuteness to her. Of course, I didn't say that, because then he'd *really* think I was cracking on to her. So instead I replied, "well, I don't really look at her figure. But I'm a red-blooded man as much as any other. I like a woman with some nice, er, *padding* in all the right places. Particularly on her chest. There was this one girl in Barcelona . . ."

We continued chatting, and the beer loosened us both up. Benny and I could shoot the shit no problem, and soon we were talking about past conquests and hot girls and the way we loved a good thigh gap, as well as that cute girl from the insurance commercials with the big lips that Benny said were, "prime for cock sucking, I bet." It wasn't, I admit, the most

civilised and equal-minded conversation, but it felt like the old party days where you could just chat with your mates and talk about all the hot girls you'd banged, or wanted to bang, from celebrities to locals to the mythical 'perfect girl.' I might have gotten carried away a little, but God knows that Benny got carried a lot further.

"It's just that she's so clingy sometimes," he said. "She doesn't understand the pressure of my industry. She just works a desk job at a clothing store, which is great! It's really, really great. But she doesn't understand the responsibilities of a man, or a man's needs. Sometimes a guy just needs to step outside for a little, if you know what I mean."

"Can't say I agree," I replied, taking a sip of a cold one. "A man's gotta be loyal."

He scoffed a little. "Easy to say when you're not shackled down. I love Patty. I do. But a man has needs, and that's not always about love. You just keep what I've said private though, okay? You're a good neighbour, and sometimes neighbours have these little secrets, right?"

I nodded. "Right."

The conversation moved on from there, and we talked over other things and other plans. Of course, what he'd said didn't sit right with me either. I considered telling Patty what he'd said, but I couldn't be sure of anything, and there was no evidence. Besides, I won't lie: I'd only known them for a week, and didn't want it to be my business. Maybe I was just a coward, who knows. You don't start issues with your neighbours that they can't sort out themselves.

And indeed, they at least did seem to come together later that night. The detachment wall echoed with the sounds of the springs of their bed as the whole thing butted up against the wall. Thankfully, my bedroom wasn't adjacent, but I did have to have a private chuckle and move elsewhere. If Benny really was cheating, he clearly still had lots in the tank for his cute wife. She sounded well satisfied, judging from the moans.

I felt more than a little jealous due to my own lack of companionship. I needed to get my own girlfriend.

It was only a few days later that the arguments started. I hadn't caught up with Benny or Patty since that night, and was getting a little concerned that maybe I was being slighted, or that Benny realised he'd spilled more beans than intended. When I first caught the eavesdropping of an argument between the pair, I simply shifted away from the wall, knowing it wasn't my business. But after the third argument, I couldn't help myself, because the nature of the conversation wasn't at all what I expected.

"There has to be something the medical community can do!"

"Fuck all. Fuck all, Patty. I've looked into everything. There's nothing!"

"But Benny, we were going to try for a family-"

"I goddamn know what we were going to try for, damn you! You think I don't know what this is? It's fucking Lumin's Syndrome, Patty! I'm turning into a goddamn woman."

"But you were right as rain the other day, Benny. You went over to Matthew's and-"

"And I was already feeling bloody delirious and sick as a dog. I was running my mouth off about all sorts of shit - don't ask him about it. It was just . . . stupid stuff. And now this."

"We'll find another doctor."

"This is three already! It's just a quick blood test these days. Chance in ten million, and I'm one of the ten. Fuck!"

Sobbing followed, then consolation, then bitter words. I'd heard of that term before: Lumin's Syndrome. Most people had, but only from weird stories on the internet or those sensationalist pieces they put out in the Daily Mail rag or the Sun. It was the condition men - and the occasional woman - got that resulted in their genes switching or something. They changed into the opposite sex, usually with mental changes and everything, including loss of IQ, though I was pretty sure at least one person ended up as a genius. It was incredibly rare, but with all the pollutants and plastics and issues with the environment, some speculated it was only coming about in recent decades due to human influence. Regardless, I could barely believe it. Benny, the man with a plan and a cute wife - and likely women on the side - becoming a woman himself? It sounded too ridiculous to be true.

That was, until he confirmed it in person when he came over several days later, another carton of beer in hand, his expression bloody miserable.

"You got the playroom set up yet?" he asked me.

"Sure do," I said, looking him up and down. He seemed paler than before, and like he'd lost some weight.

"Let's have that game of pool then. We've got shit to chat about, and right now Patty doesn't want to see me."

"Is this about what we talked about the other night?" I ventured, but he shot that down with a look.

"No, no. Nothing like that. Worse, really. I'd much rather I had to make amends for some silly action on the side than . . . Jesus, let's just play pool. I'll thrash you and tell you the whole bloody sob story."

It was indeed quite the sob story, though at least there was no actual sobbing. Just some slightly teary eyes on his part, which he apologised for rather uncharacteristically. True enough, he did indeed thrash me, focusing on his aim and game as he explained that he'd been starting to feel a bit unwell ever since the moving in party. He came clean and admitted

he'd cheated on Patty with her cousin during it, but that it was, "no real big deal. Just a fling." I curled my lip up but said nothing, more than a little disgusted with how he put it. He'd assumed since then that he'd caught something off of her, and went in for some tests since his prick - he told me this honestly - was "feeling a bit funner, smaller and less active and stuff. Not to mention I've been feeling weaker, and more emotional and stuff, like when Patty's on her damn period."

But evidently the tests had come back a lot more damning. His results were concerning enough that three more medical bodies had to confirm it was Lumin's, by which point he was refusing to cooperate with further studies that would be published, or any experimentation they wanted to do to understand the disease. He wanted to be cured, not made some joke, and I couldn't blame him. I *could* blame him for being a total ass to Patty, of course, but that was neither here nor there, because by all accounts the pair were struggling over the news.

"She wants me to take it head on. Be famous if I have to, if that means getting some form of help. She even wants me to try on some fucking female clothing just to prepare, in case. Christ, it's humiliating."

"I thought she wanted you to remain a man?" I said. I hoped it didn't give away what I'd heard, but he was too morose to make the connection.

"Of course she does. Wants damn babies too, so she can be a proper housewife. Ha! Just like the ideal woman you spoke of - hot and in the home. Ha!"

He took another shot. Christ, he was a good player, and he was drunker and less relaxed than I was.

"But she also wants to make it work. Goddamnit, as if she's the one carrying this bloody burden. Who knows, maybe it'll work out. One thing's for sure though."

He waited for me to play, but I had to hear what he was going to say.

"Fine, I'll just put it out there," he said, and there was something manic in his expression. "If I'm going to have to turn into some fucking bitch, then I'm not gonna feel guilty about any pussy I get from here on out. Unless there's some miracle, I'm on a damn timer. No way am I going to spend all my time consoling Patty when the girls in the office don't know yet."

It was the chief takeaway I got from that little meeting. Benny and I had a lot in common. Hell, I won't lie, I really liked shooting the shit with him and chatting about our shared passions and hobbies and continual disappointment in Manchester matches. But he was an absolute bastard, and he didn't deserve Patty. Why did someone like her have to end up with someone like him instead of me? In fact, as far as I was concerned, he damn well deserved to become the exact sort of woman he was always chasing tail after when stepping out on her.

Which gave me a pretty dastardly idea. I won't claim I was high and righteous in this scenario, but maybe there was a way for all three of us neighbours to come out right. Or maybe I was just being selfish and lonely and taking advantage of a friend - bastard as he was. Either way, the idea was too tempting to discard.

"Well mate, whatever troubles you're going through with Patty," I said. "You're always welcome round here. Any time."

He gave me a grin. "Appreciate it, mate. I might just take you up on that offer."

"Please do," I said, and then took my shot.

I lost the game. This time.

The arguments next door continued, including when I was invited round for a nice mid-morning tea. Patty was doing her best to make it work, but Benny was lashing out more and more, sulking and complaining. I didn't entirely blame him, but a fellow man could detect the signs that he'd taken his frustration out by seeing another woman - he'd made every excuse for being late home the previous night except the one I was certain was real. It hardened my resolve to be a bit of a bastard myself, and also convince myself that it was all just a favour for Patty.

"Maybe you can talk some sense into him, Matthew," she whispered to me as I helped out in the kitchen, a cleanup chore that Benny felt was beneath him. "He just needs a friend, I think. He's trying so hard, but he needs to accept the reality of this. I'm - I'm struggling too, I'll be honest. Maybe there's a chance . . . God, what am I saying? I don't even know if our marriage will survive. He's always been so dependable."

I bit my lip and gritted my teeth. No point adding fuel to fire. "I'll see what I can do to change him," I said, and it was - technically - an honest answer.

Benny came round more and more from that point, even as the Lumin's Syndrome began to take its obvious toll. He was on testosterone pills and all sorts of supplements, and trying to keep in good cheer, but it was a false cheer: he was practically *bragging* about how many office girls he finally had 'permission' to sleep with now.

"Patty actually gave you permission?" I asked, startled.

He waved me off. "Nah, nha, of course not. And don't bloody tell her anything, either. We're all good neighbours with our own secrets here, so I know I can trust you. Let's just say she told me to 'do what I needed to feel comfortable,' and I decided to interpret that with all the latitude of a marketing man."

He winked, and I laughed in response, though not for the reasons he thought. I was still having fun catching up with him, but his attitude was removing any guilt of what I was going to do next.

“So how fare the changes? What’s going on there?”

He scoffed. “The usual shit. Losing my muscles, getting thinner. Dick is in a state of embarrassment, though it still rises to the occasion!”

“Are you sure? You haven’t changed that much.”

It was a lie, but he took the bait.

“Are you kidding? Hang on, lemme remove my shirt.”

He tore it right off - no buttons this time - and revealed his torso to me. We were just relaxing by the fireplace while he was ‘taking a break’ from Patty for a bit, but there was something oddly intimate in the scenery when it came to him standing from the sofa and parading in front of me, showing how much he indeed had changed. His nipples were obviously larger, and there were small pooches that were not quite manboobs but did look a bit swollen for pecs. He was ordinarily in solid shape, but his stomach muscles had fairly evaporated. More than that, his biceps were reduced, and his body hair in general was in a state of near lack of existence.

“I seriously look like a metrosexual or something. The only upside is that *this* is somehow catnip to some ladies.”

It was catnip to some men, too. I wasn’t bisexual, but engineers and business people have imagination, and I was both. I could see the potential of what was happening, his body resculpting to become something much more impressively karmic. Dare I say . . . sexual.

“Holy shit, you weren’t kidding. Those are some changes.”

“Yeah, some changes. Jesus, it’s ridiculous. At this rate I’ll have a goddamn pussy in no time.”

“You’ve still got a dick for now, right?”

He rolled his eyes. “Yeah, for now. And plenty of action with it too. Seriously, you should check Holly out man. Nice big tits on that blonde.”

That was my chance, so I seized on it. “Yeah, going back to our conversation the other day, I’ve been thinking about that. You know, about the ideal woman.”

“I’ll be you have, you bachelor, you!”

“Well, I keep coming back to what you said about a nice big ripe set of tits. It’s kinda the main thing, right? Don’t get me wrong, the rest of her has to look right, but it’s less fun if she doesn’t have a nice big pair of jugs?”

Something interesting happened. For just a moment, Benny seemed to take in an extra breath, pause, and then release it, as if my very comments had hit him. I wasn’t a fool: I’d done my own research on Lumin’s. Apparently, in some cases, the transformations were

guided by 'local context', which was often just what the nearest man idealised. Benny would have known that if he were interested in the condition beyond just the cure, but I was sure glad he didn't know now.

"Yeah, wow. Big heavy tits. You're absolutely right, mate."

"And all natural," I continued. "With nice big pink nipples that would be really sensitive. Big and pert on her chest, but also soft so they aren't fake. Bouncy and full: the kind you just want to squeeze."

My words were definitely having an effect, because he raised a hand and brushed his own chest lightly, groaning a little. He paused, realised what he was doing, and chuckled.

"Well, I'll have to find you a nice gal like that from the office. Introduce you - if I don't snap her up first. I've got a timeline, after all. Deadlines to meet before I turn into a bloody woman and have to get in some lesbo relationship with Patty or whatever, God forbid."

Deadlines indeed. I had my own to meet.

Benny pulled ever further from Patty, coming over all the time when he could. He hadn't taken any medical leave yet, but since I was in the beginning of setting up my business I was happy to have a good neighbour tag along for the rides and even help me give the sales pitch to local companies to convince them of my merit. Benny, as I had discovered, was a masterful swindler, even as he wore more clothes to disguise his changes, and consciously spoke in a lower tone to cover up that this voice was slowly rising in octave. The last part may have been my doing: I'd done a lot of talk about how I'd love to, as I put it, "have a sexy secretary type who could man the phones, with the kind of seductive honey-sweet voice that could lure them in."

As when I had commented on breasts, Benny had shivered a little. He'd been covering his chest up more and more, and now his neck was looking a lot softer too. It corresponded to a change in his voice. So far, he hadn't put together that I was remoulding him. A fitting punishment for him, a way to free Patty from his influence, and . . . well, also in my own interests. I had everything idyllic, except a loving partner. Who says you can't make one?

So my Pygmalion process continued, with our topics of discussion often veering back conveniently to his changes, and how he was coping with them, and what kind of women he was still scoring on the side now that he was basically refusing to sleep with Patty at all, who was in the know about his changes. It turned out that charisma got him access between plenty of legs, and I won't deny I was jealous at his talent, but my own subterfuge was bearing fruit too: his figure slighter, and after I'd shown him some photos of my old celebrity

crushes when we'd gotten a bit tipsy, I'd noticed that his cheeks indeed were giving him that heart-shaped face, his lips looking a bit fuller. I liked cute brunettes, and all the photos reflected that: now his hair was darkening.

"Goddamn losing my blonde hair," he whined one day as we travelled out to see the site where I wanted my business to move in. "Just look at this shit! It's going dark! Reckon it'll be black?"

"Brunette would be best," I remarked, perhaps a little daringly. "It'll look cutest if it's brunette, especially if you keep it short."

At that, he actually *blushed*. "Yeah, it would, wouldn't it? Wait, what the hell am I saying."

"It'll just be like a man's haircut, right?"

"Yeah, I suppose so. Sorry, I just felt a bit f-funny there. It's all these stupid hormones in my system. The testosterone pills can only do so much."

"Maybe stop taking them then?"

"No way," he said, practically spitting on the floor. "I know enough about Lumin's that if I at least put up a fight, I won't end up some bubbly bimbo type."

I shrugged, chuckling in a sarcastic-but-not-quite-sarcastic way. "Yeah, that'd be a real shame. I mean, I always figured that you'd become more the hot, submissive housewife type. You know, the kind that wears sexy lingerie to surprise her husband, and always bends over to clean. Not the bimbo type at all, but more of a sexy vixen in the bedroom kind."

Once more that blush. He ran his fingers over his form, just me and him in that empty storefront. "You - what?"

I stepped closer and place an arm around his waist, continuing the 'joke.' "Just think about it - you'd have an itty bitty waist. You'd look bloody marvellous in a housewife's dress, and you'd be the kind of woman you *wished* Patty would be. How hot would that be?"

He pulled himself out of my arm, though not as quickly as I imagined he would.

"Bloody oath mate, there's jokes and then there's jokes. Are you seriously finding this a lark? Because it's not fucking f-funny to me."

"Sorry," I said, looking a bit sheepish. "I was just having a kid around mate. I didn't mean to insult your looks and stuff."

"Good!" he replied. He stood there a moment, breathing a bit heavily, and then we got back to work inspecting the place. I noticed out of the corner of my eye though that he was continuing to brush his hip with his softer hands, as if recreating the touch I'd just given him. He kept biting his fuller lower lip, and occasionally bent over to inspect something, just as I had described a perfect housewife would. Indeed, his ass looked just a little big bigger, and he seemed partly aware of it.

"Mhmmm," he moaned, clutching it when he thought I wasn't looking. "Oh G-God."

“Something the matter?”

“Nothing! I say go for it, mate. I’ll even help you move your shit here.”

“That’s my perfect partner,” I said, testing the waters once again.

This time he brushed a light brown hair behind his ear and grinned. He was starting to look real cute.

After that day, I got ever more daring. Benny and I had developed a kind of shoulder-ribbing dynamic over his Lumin’s. I got the real sense that he hated talking about it to anyone else, especially Patty, and that I was the only one he felt comfortable broaching the subject with, probably because I often joked about it. Well, I certainly joked well enough, because I made a habit of getting a bit more handsy with him when I pointed out his latest changes, usually after I’d gotten him a bit tipsy. I wasn’t assaulting him or anything: the second he pushed back on what I was doing, I’d just chuckle and not do anything more.

The thing was, he rarely pushed back at all. In fact, more and more he seemed to take almost a strangely perverse - if embarrassed - pleasure when it came to showing off his latest changes. One of the big ones was a direct result of me, I was pretty sure. Now, maybe Benny was always going to develop a bit of an ass: he was turning female, after all. But I’d made repeated mentions of it, and even searched out some classic war movies with the rare female side character looking shapely in uniform. A number of raunchy comedy classics from the eighties were even better at highlighting such features, and I took special care to pause the screen and point out a particularly good looking ass.

“That’s the kind you like to see, am I right?” I said, as if I were the alpha-male wannabe serial cheater and not him.

“Damn straight!” he called, trying to keep his voice lower in register and not exactly succeeding. “Wish Patty had that kind of sweet figure. I’d love to grip those buns.”

At that, I reached next to me - we were both on the same couch - and gave a quick squeeze of his rear. “Maybe *you’ll* end up with a bigger backside than her! A nice peachy one!” I exclaimed.

This time, he actually laughed, though his body shuddered a little. I let my hand linger perhaps just a second or two longer than anyone would call necessary or normal, waiting to see who would lose this game of chicken. To my own surprise, it was me. I pulled my hand back, feeling a bit dumb and sheepish, and it was only then that Benny exhaled.

“Oh, Jesus. That was something. Probably best not to go *that* far again, mate, unless you want me stepping out on Patty with you, ha!”

I laughed with him, and kept drinking my beer. I'd made my point, and he'd taken it, even if subconsciously: *Matthew would love to see you with a peachy ass. Why don't you grow one?*

His body must have taken it to mind, or at least his Lumin's Syndrome, because only a couple of days later he was continually rubbing his sore backside and complaining about how his bottom was indeed inflating, to the point where he was needing new jeans. Patty had mentioned it, and it had put him in such a foul mood that he came over to see me.

And just like I'd picture, he was bending over a lot without even realising it, finding excuses to stretch and adjust himself to show off his swollen cheeks in his tight trousers. They were starting to look damn good, to the point where in my excitement I was having to hide a bit of an erection. Turns out that posing while playing pool was a personal fetish of mine.

He caught me noticing after a while. "What are you looking at, you cheeky bastard?"

"Just admiring your sweet cheeks, dear," I said, cracking a grin.

His mood mellowed. "God, don't you start. Patty is already pointing out how ridiculous I look."

"Is she? I didn't figure her the type to make fun. I thought she was trying to stick by your side, help you sort all of this out?"

"Oh, she's like to claim that's what she's doing, but she doesn't understand at all! It's all about preparing me to be a woman, trying to figure out how our relationship will be when I'm 'done', like I'm a bloody roast turkey and not a man losing my fucking penis here! God, the nerve of her to act the way she does, always trying to talk bloody emotions - I'm the one with all the hormones running through my system! At least when I'm over here I don't feel like someone's trying to engineer me into some kind of future housewife."

I couldn't help myself, I snorted at the irony. Thankfully, Benny just took it as a joke. "So yeah, look away and see my shame! I'm well aware of how ridiculous I look. At least I've still got my cock. I'm working my way down the fantasy list of women in my life, and even from my party days."

"And when you're done, and you're changed?"

"Huh?"

I shrugged. "You'll settle down with Patty?"

"Sure I will. I'll have to, won't I? Not like someone else would take me. Ha, not unless I end up one of those hot bimbos like you're into."

I took the pole from him and readied my own shot. He was winning as usual, but had been off his game lately the more his muscles changed, and his arms became slender and cute and lithe.

"I keep telling you," I said. "I don't like the bimbo types. I'm more into the sexy housewife thing now that I've got this place. Thought I won't lie, I wouldn't mind a girl with some big bimbo tits!"

I sunk the ball, and in victory reached out and grabbed his nascent breasts hidden within his sweatshirt, placing my hands over his nipples and squeezing. The transforming man yelped, bit his lip, and then let out a luxurious moan.

"Ohhhhhh, wh-what are you d-doing!"

"Just having a bit of fun, Benny. I can stop if you like."

"I - ahhhh. Oh God, just - just a little longer. They're s-so fucking s-sensitive. Jesus."

I squeezed a little more firmly. Even through the fabric, I could feel his nipples harden, stiffening between my fingers. I rubbed them, eliciting another whimper of delight from my neighbour. If only he could see himself!

"MMhmm," he continued. "S-softer. Not s-so hard."

"They've grown," I said. "But they're still pretty small."

"D-don't want them big."

"They would look cuter if they were big. Maybe just a cup size or two. Or three. Or four. Or *five*."

He gasped - actually *gaped* - as I mentioned each possibility, his voice going higher and sweeter until it was practically womanly, if only for a bare moment.

"Y-yes!" he cried, though his cheeks were in the full flush of shame and arousal. It was then that I took the ultimate risk. I leaned forward - and downward a little, since he'd lost a couple of inches of height recently - and kissed him on the lips. He was utterly shocked, but as with when I'd touched his ass, he didn't pull back. No, instead he kissed me right back, clearly still shocked, but wanting this as much as I did. I fondled his little left tit while my remaining hand lowered to squeeze his blossoming ass. That caused another groan.

"Ohhhhhh, f-fuck. What the hell are we doing?" he asked between kisses.

I override him, sticking my tongue down his mouth. Even I couldn't believe I was going this far: I'd never been this adventurous before, or so up front. But Benny was into it, and the possibilities of what he might become if I steered him right . . .

Finally, he pulled back, gasping for air a little. His nipples were fat and erect, pressing against his top, and he had to cover them when he noticed.

"I think - I think we shouldn't do that again," he mumbled.

"Funny, I was thinking just the opposite. You appeared to like it."

But he shook his head, and I realised then that I'd gone too far. He looked at the table, where we were running even in our game, and without another word headed from the room. I moved after him, but he was quicker, and I didn't want to scare him or chase him.

"I'm sorry, Benny!" I called, and I truly was sorry. He deserved the change, he deserved to lose Patty, but he was still my friend. Maybe that made me a bastard too, but I did feel sorry for him in that moment.

"Don't talk to me!" he exclaimed, his voice wet and sobby and hoarse, like a woman's after a bad break up. Exactly like a woman's after a bad breakup, in fact.

He slammed the door shut.

And I thought that was that.

"Shit," I said. "Goddamn, he was turning out so well, too. Nice going, Matthew."

Things were either calm, or *icily* calm next door. The arguments stopped, and Benny stopped having late hours. Once, when I had free time to drop in, I even had some tea with Patty, who happily claimed that Benny was making a real effort with their relationship lately. I could tell she was still bothered, though, just from the way she kept looking away from me. Finally, she rested down her tea and looked me square in the eyes.

"Matthew, I have to ask. Has Benny ever told you - or indicated to you - that he's been seeing someone else?"

I hesitated on how to answer, and that was clearly enough to confirm in her mind that I had, because she burst into tears, gripping the table and trying to control herself.

"I'm sorry, Patty," I said. "I'm so sorry. I should have said something earlier."

"Why - why didn't you?"

"Because you're my new neighbours. Because I wasn't entirely sure of what I heard-"

"Heard?"

Fuck, I was stepping in it again. Well, as my Ma had always said, sometimes the truth has to come out. Sometimes you just have to pull off the bandaid.

"The day of the moving in party. I was trying to find Benny and . . . I heard noises upstairs. Uh, bedroom noises. I thought it was you two - I thought I heard his voice - but . . ."

She gasped, covering her mouth. Then she turned angry.

"What else?"

"What do you mean?"

"That could have been anyone. What else made you think he's been cheating? I've had suspicions for a while, but . . . all those late nights. All those coworkers at the party he talks to. The women . . ."

"That's about it for me too," I said, mostly telling the truth. "He just talks about them a lot. And about having a man's needs. Look, please don't tell Benny I told you this, Patty. I don't want to be in the middle of all of this. You're both my friends, and -"

“How can you have a friend like that when he treats his wife like this? How can you defend him? God, the two of you bloody well deserve to be together, I swear. You know what, I’m glad he’s becoming a woman. This is his righteous punishment for being such a colossal wanker. He’s been cheating on me, well, he can lose his dick over it! That’ll teach him, since apparently his new best friend can’t step in and teach him a lesson.”

I waited a moment. “Well, you’re right there, he does deserve this. But you’re wrong, Patty. I am teaching him a lesson. And if you need help moving his stuff out, I’ll help there too once I’ve had a chat with him. You deserve someone better.”

“Damn right I do,” she said, wiping her tears. “Damn right. And you deserve a better friend than him. Don’t let him change you, Matthew.”

“I won’t. I rather think I’m changing him, perhaps.”

There were no major arguments the next day. Or the next. Nothing through the detachment wall. Nothing I could hear from the deck. But there was a tension in the air, and it made me stew in my own thoughts, and wonder just what the fuck I was doing and getting myself into. In fact, I was on the verge of heading over to their place after four nights and just damn well bringing a carton of beer myself so I could come clean on my own sins, when I was beaten to the door by Benny, who was knocking on the other side.

“Benny? Are you okay, man?”

“No, I’m not fucking okay,” he said, his voice hoarse and clearly artificially lowered. He had covered himself in bundles of clothing that were far too big for him - had he lost even more height and weight?

“What’s up?”

“Can I come in?”

“Sure, sure mate. Come on in.”

He was jittery as he entered, almost bug-eyed. His eyes had changed a bit too: they had a cute amber sort of glow to them, rather than their previous calculating blue. He looked left and right as he went in, as if trying to ascertain whether I had other visitors present. Only when he was satisfied that we were alone did he wheel about on me.

“Patty’s fucking leaving me,” he moaned.

“Oh shit, I’m sorry. Did she, uh . . .”

“Find out. Yes, she fucking found out! God, I have no idea how, but did you accidentally hint anything to her?”

“I never accidentally said anything to her,” I said, and that was the marvellous half-truth. I certainly hadn’t been *accidental*, though perhaps I said more than I intended when she’d questioned me.

“Good, good. I knew you wouldn’t let me down. I know I can trust you, Matt. You’re my best friend. There’s a good loyalty between us. She can’t prove any affairs, but if she can, she’ll get more than half the assets. Fuck, this is such a nightmare. I just wanted to have a bit of fling and fun before I changed and had to deal with this river of shit, and now - and now - and now I’m here! With you! I couldn’t not be!”

I was starting to get a bit nervous by this point; he was positively manic. “Couldn’t not be here . . . why?”

He groaned, and it was then that he began unburdening himself of the overly large jacket and jumper and so forth that he was wearing. In moments, he was standing before me with only a shirt and jeans on, both of which were too loose upon him, except at the hips, the ass, and around his chest. He’d done more developing than I could have imagined in those areas, and his face was softer and prettier besides.

“Because I can’t stop thinking about that fucking night you came onto me, you bloody bastard!” he exclaimed. “I couldn’t even get it up for Holly at the office, and it was our last damn date last night. Fuck you for doing this to me! Fuck me for letting it happening. Just - just . . .”

He looked into my eyes, suddenly a lot more dreamy in his gaze. His nipples were hard against his shirt.

“Just . . . fuck me already!” he cried.

And then he leapt at me, and this time the kisses started from his end.

Moving In, Part 2

I won’t lie, it was a pretty damn big turn on to be kissing Benny. It wasn’t that I was into blokes, but the thought of him transforming into a woman - a sexy one at that - in response to *my* presence was strangely intoxicating. There was definitely a connection there: his hair was becoming darker and darker, and I’d *always* liked a raven-haired brunette. More than that, he was mentally drawn to me as well, literally *begging* me to fuck him. His lips were soft, far more womanly than manly as I planted my own on them, and in moments we were caressing one another. His hands were quick and desperate, running all over me as if

clinging onto dear life. I, on the other hand, was slow and methodical. I wanted to tease out every difference, every change that had or was occurring to my neighbour.

“Ohhhhh, yes. Don’t stop! Fuck me, I needed this!” he said with a gasp as I lowered my hands to his ass. It was far more sloped than it should have been, with a softness and bounciness to it that was like something out of one of my teenage wet dreams.

“You’ve changed further,” I remarked, even as he began to suck on my neck. His ministrations were making me hard, though even I wasn’t sure how far I wanted this to go.

“Y-yes, goddamnit,” he grunted, feeling my back before starting to undo the buttons of my shirt. “I can’t help it. This f-fucking Lumin’s S-syndrome. Fuck, we have to stop!”

In response to that, I simply groped his ass, causing his body to shudder against me. We were slowly withdrawing to my living room, where the rather wonderfully comfy couch was waiting for us. He had no chance and we both knew it, but part of him trying to resist his new compulsions made this all the hotter.

“We can stop any time you like, Benny,” I said. But even as I said it, I strategically caressed his figure, feeling the outline of what could only be an hourglass shape to come. He whimpered, and then even more so when I planted my hands on his chest and *squeezed*.

“Ohhhhh, s-stop! They’re f-fucking sensitive!”

“They look it. Your nipples are huge. Let me see.”

He bit his lip, and with his softer face it was a positively sexy look, even if he still had an androgynous kind of look to him. I helped him take off his shirt, and the action was almost animalistic by that point, the two of us nearing a point of no return. My own cock throbbed in my pants, hard and erect, and I could see his lustful eyes upon it, drinking in the sight as if it were something he’d always been attracted to.

“Wow,” I breathed, looking at his chest.

The poor man, for certain quantities of ‘poor man’, blushed a deep shade of red and instantly covered himself. It was too late though: I’d seen everything. He had breasts. Actual, factual breasts, big nipples and cute pink areolas and everything. They had a fullness to them that surprised me: they were not A-cups but easily in the B-range. Well, at least as I understood them to be; an old girlfriend from when I’d worked in Europe had told me that ‘cups’ don’t mean much without the actual band width or what not, but in terms of ‘guy figures’ I’d put them at B’s. Not a handful, but not tiny either. Enough for a cute little bounce. And more importantly, enough for a little *play*.

“Don’t look. I’m not meant to f-fucking have them! It’s the Lumin’s! It’s making me do all this! Matt, we gotta stop!”

I stopped. I wasn’t going to keep going, was I? I may have been, well, perhaps a *little* manipulative in how this had all turned out, but I wasn’t a monster. I wasn’t even a cheater

like Benny had been, sleeping around behind poor Patty's back, the cute thing. She was a woman who deserved better, even if I still really liked Benny. *Really* liked him, as it turned out, now that he was changing. But I was only going to take so much advantage of that. I wasn't going to force the issue.

"I'm sorry mate," I said, pulling back. "I didn't mean for things to go so far. You'd better go, or else things might happen."

Okay, so I was a *lot* manipulative. Because at that point I gestured to the very prominent bulge in my pants, the one that was practically straining to rip open my pants. I was pretty proud of my manhood, to be honest, and at that point I could see that Benny was almost salivating at the prospect of seeing it.

"I - I should go," he said. But he didn't. Instead, he stepped forward, still covering his breasts. "M-maybe just one p-peek. Just a little fun. Nothing more, okay?"

"Of course, mate," I said. "So long as this is what you need."

"I do. Oh, goddamn me. Fuck me. But I do."

And this time he was on me with no intention of backing off. We kissed, but I was quick to move my mouth to his nipples. He shivered, moaned in pleasure as I sucked on them, licked them, made them stiffen. The points of his new breasts were utterly delectable, but I had no intention of letting them be 'just' little B's. I wanted them a *lot* bigger if he was going to keep changing according to my fantasies. I fondled and groped them, drawing out every bit of bliss as he gyrated against me. His hand fell on my cock, and I confirmed its placement with my own hand, beginning the action of stroking which he continued all on his own.

"Mhmm," he moaned, voice losing its lower registry entirely. "Your cock feels good. Why does it feel so fucking good?"

"Don't stop," I said. "I like it when a woman knows how to give a good handjob."

"I'm n-not a woman."

"You're right," I teased, grinning. "A real woman would have way bigger tits. Big, soft, perfectly ripe ones. Perfect for fucking."

"Ohhhhhhh," he moaned. His eyes rolled into the back of his head. It could have been my imagination, but I could have sworn his bustline grew just a little right there in front of me, at that very moment. Perhaps just a centimetre of circumference, perhaps less. But it was enough that he thrust his chest into my face, and soon I was lapping at his tits, willing them to grow further. By that point I was on the couch and he clambered on top of me. He was stroking me faster and faster, and together we freed my dick so that his hand was directly on it. His skin was so soft and feminine. I imagined only his pubic hair really remained, but I had no interest in that area until he was, ha, 'fully converted.' For now, his upper half was fine by me.

“S-so close!” I grunted. “But it’ll make a mess.”

“I c-can help. I know a trick. Something I did with F-Francine at the workplace.”

He stroked and stroked, faster and faster, and soon I was lost in ecstasy too. As before, I could have sworn he was changing further - I commented on his hips and how they were nice and shapely, that ‘I always liked wide hips on a woman’, and they creaked a little, seeming to expand. But then I could not pay attention at all. His motions were perfect on my cock, and he had begun tickling my balls with his other hand, which appeared to be perfectly manicured. Had they been like that before?

“I’m g-gonna cum! Fuck Benny, this is the best handjob I’ve ever h-had!”

I didn’t tell him how few I’d had. I wanted him to be very good at these going forward, and from what I’d read of Lumin’s Syndrome, that meant encouraging all the right behaviours. It was a good strategy, because I finally seized up, climaxing *hard*. Benny acted quicker than I could have imagined: at the very moment of orgasm, he shifted downwards, planting his full lips on the head of my cock and sucking like I was a goddamn milkshake. The feeling was incredible, the rush like nothing else. Stream after stream of my cum shot from my manhood and down his throat. He moaned, voice higher again. I rubbed his soft back as he took in all of my seed. Then, to my shock and evidently to his, he actually swallowed every last drop.

There was a long moment of silence that followed, during which he slowly withdrew and sat next to me, breathing heavily.

“I - oh fuck.”

He ran to the bathroom. He knew where it was. What followed was the sounds of someone trying to chuck up their guts, but perhaps it was just me, but it sounded kind of fake. Like Benny was forcing it, and not *really* wanting to lose my cum from his stomach. He’d swallowed it all with a wide smile on his face, after all.

I simply dressed myself back up again, washed my hands in the nearby kitchen sink, and made us a pair of teas, and then waited. When Benny finally returned it was to quickly snatch up his shirt - his breasts were bouncing a little.

“That wasn’t supposed to happen,” he said. “It was the Lumin’s.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “You seemed to really want it.”

“I did! I just . . . fuck. This is too weird.”

I decided to be a little overt, and placed a hand on his lap. It was a sort of mix between a friendly slap, a bit of a ‘it’s gonna be okay, mate!’, and something that was perhaps just a *little* more suggestive, especially since I let it linger there. Still, I said the line:

“It’s gonna be okay, mate.”

He sniffled. Then he couldn’t control it. Tears poured down his eyes as he began sobbing wretchedly. I’m not a monster. I mean, I was being a little bit self-interested in this

whole affair, but I like to think I'm not a bad person. Benny may have been an utter wanker who cheated on his lovely wife, but he was also my friend. It tore me up to see him in such bad straights. Which was why, when he hugged me, I reciprocated, and not even in a manipulative way.

"It's gonna be okay," I reiterated. "We'll get you through this."

"It's j-just so f-fucking unfair. We just fucked. Oh my God, why did I do that?"

"Did you not want to or something?"

"That's j-just it. I did! It's so f-fucking wrong, but I did. And I even swallowed your goddamn jizz. It tasted great, by the way, how fucked is that?"

Pretty fucked, but I didn't tell him, especially since it was pretty fucked in a way that was kind of turning me on again.

"Look, it's the Lumin's," I said. "Just think of it as you fulfilling a need and your friend helping you out. We don't have to think of it as any more than that. We were just . . . sorting out an issue for you."

He nodded, collecting himself. "You're right. Yeah, okay, that's a good way to think of it. Practical. Pragmatic. Just like . . . running a crap meeting in the office but knowing it's got to be done."

"Exactly!" I said, patting him on the back, though I made it a bit of a half-rub. A bit personal and intimate. It made him shiver. Had he lost more height? It looked like he definitely had. I was easily taller than him now. Nice.

"But I don't expect it to happen again," he muttered, not meeting my eyes. "Never. It was just . . . a one time need. A stupid Lumin's thing, okay? Got it?"

I gave him my most earnest smile. "Of course, Benny. I got it. Maybe you better head home."

"I can't, Patty kicked me out. I - I need a place to stay. We don't really know many people here, still. Next door to her isn't exactly ideal, but could I crash for a spell? Even after . . . what just happened?"

It was like God himself was directing events. I placed my hand on his thigh again, being careful not to overplay my hand.

"Of course, mate. I've got a spare bedroom, you know, for if I ever needed a roommate or whatever. You can stay as long as you like."

He sniffled. Clearly, the female hormones were getting to him: he was tearing up quite easily. Not a bad sign, though I'd never been into super-emotional women I'd always liked them being more compassionate and empathetic. A bit more in touch with the fairer side of life.

"Thank you, Matthew. You're a true friend."

I grinned. I was hoping, of course, for more than that. I just needed to steer things in the right direction. It wasn't like Benny didn't deserve a bit of comeuppance and besides, we were pretty damn compatible as mates.

Why not be compatible as *mates*?

Benny got comfortable at my place, quite comfortable in fact. I only saw Patty infrequently in the days that passed: she was understandably *pissed* about Benny, and didn't seem too happy that he was staying at mine. I tried to smooth things over with her as best as I could when I visited to pick up some of his stuff, but I won't lie, it was pretty awkward.

"He's staying with you? Seriously, Matthew? He cheated on me! You're the one that practically brought this to my attention!"

I shushed her as best as I could. I couldn't let *that* particular fact come out, at least not yet. "No, I bloody well didn't. *You* had suspicions based on all his work parties and late nights, remember? You just asked me if he'd said anything funny, and I just answered honestly. That doesn't mean I brought anything to your attention, Pat. You don't think I would have told you straight up if I suspected anything? Anything at all? You guys are both such wonderful neighbours, you have no idea how much it turns me up inside to hear about all these problems."

She folded her arms, curling her lip. She had moxy, that was for sure. I could see why Benny had fallen for her. He was a total moron for stepping out on a woman like this. Lumin's Syndrome was the least he deserved, really.

"Problems? He cheated. You don't open your house to cheaters, Matthew. Especially ones *right next door to the woman he cheated on!*"

Even I flinched at that. I knew that Benny was next door sulking - his boobs had grown again and his hair was now black, not to mention his hands looked basically like a woman's hands at this point.

"Yeah, I get the optics of it."

"The optics of it!?"

"I mean, shit, where else is he gonna go though, Patty? He doesn't know anyone else in Chareton, and with everything going on with his Lumin's Syndrome I don't want him to end up alone in some hotel. He's . . . pretty threadbare at the moment. Doesn't want to go outside."

"Good," she said, but her expression softened a little to show some remorse. She blinked back some tears of sadness, before replacing them with a fiery expression. "But that doesn't mean he doesn't deserve this, the rat bastard. I'm filing for divorce. You can tell him."

Take care of him - God help me, I still love him, and I'm not giving up on the home that we were meant to be in together. But at least now I'll get some satisfaction in knowing he'll be a woman soon. We'll see if *that* changes his womanising ways."

"We'll see indeed," I echoed, and it was indeed a curious thing to me. It made me realise I'd have to emphasise the beauty of *monogamy* to Benny, just to make sure his condition got the message as it altered further.

I returned with more of my friend's things. He was nearly fully moved in now, but was still wearing male clothing. Even as his B-cups became double-B's, he still refused to wear a bra, and the same was true of his shrinking cock and smaller underwear. He didn't mention the latter *ever*, but the fact that he was constantly adjusting his underwear told me a lot. He was doing so as I entered, sitting in the couch watching rerun analysis of the latest Manchester game.

"Can't believe they were dogged out of that goal," he muttered, and it sounded quite amusing coming from an increasingly petite and androgynous figure such as his.

"Yeah, I know right?" I said, setting things down. "Here's some of the last of your stuff. Mainly the basement junk."

"How was Patty?" he asked, hopeful. "Did she seem . . . in a forgiving mood?"

"More like an incineration mood," I replied, and it wasn't a lie either. "She mentioned divorce."

"Shit. Fuck. Balls."

Shit, fuck, and balls indeed, mate."

Benny sighed. "God, if I could just speak to her . . . but she threw a mug at me and laughed at my tits. Goddamn these things, they're so sore. Why do they keep growing bigger?"

"They look nice, at least," I said. "Nothing wrong with a big pair of jugs. Everyone likes a big rack, right?"

It was a calculated statement, and one that made him blush. For just a silent second, I saw his lips turn up in an automatic grin. Then he corrected himself.

"Yeah, on other people. Patty's weren't the biggest but they were a palmy of fun. No way do I intend on being bigger in the bust than my own damn wife, though!"

"Still, you might as well take pride in them if they do end up bigger. Think of it as a sort of dominance thing: you've got the bigger chest than the women you used to sleep with! And I bet they'll be eye-catching."

I'd gone a bit too far into my fantasy, because his look became troubled. I quickly changed the subject. "I'm just messing with you, mate. What is all this shit anyway?"

He grinned, and it was a genuinely excited grin at that. He stood up, seemingly not even noticing that he adopted a more feminine posture with his hands on his hips and his chest thrust out a little.

“Exactly what we need for beer brewing. I told you I’d get you into it, and we start tonight, flat mate.”

It really was like rooming with your best friend, only your best friend was slowly turning into the ultimate fuck object. Nah, that’s too crude. *She* wasn’t going to be some fuck object, but the kind of woman I’d be proud and a little smug about bringing home to see my folks. I was working hard to get my transport business up and running, and already had some clients taking me on with the odd jobs before the real heavy stuff started. ‘Moving In’ was the current title of the business. A bit generic, sure, but it worked. I had real faith that it would do some good in Chareton and turn some reasonable success, but increasingly I was distracted by the project of converting Benny into *Belinda*. Or Rebecca. Or Bethanie. Or some name that would feel like a proper conversion. She needed to become the kind of woman that I could spend my life with, happily in my new suburban life, and - if necessary - help patch the slightly stitzy relationship that existed currently between Pat and me. She was a good neighbour, and as the show said, good neighbours make good friends.

So I shifted some focus back to the business by necessity, and let Benny’s transformation continue as I did my best to calm him down as the days passed, and guide his transition without him knowing. I slowly put in some touches around the house that would change him further: my favourite supermodel that I was obsessed with as a kid had a calendar from ten years back. I hung it up with her best sexy lingerie pose to look at while on the slammer, all under the claim that I was ‘just making things more at home.’ In just twenty four hours I noticed a fresh dark glint in Benny’s hair, and a slimmer waist at that.

The same was true when I placed other hints as well. I wasn’t the most subtle guy, so dropping verbal hints all the time just wouldn’t cut it at a certain point, nor would finding excuses to touch his body - *that*, at least, was something he was offering more and more, even going so far as letting me feel his tits at one point to judge if they’d grown. But what I could do was organise movie nights, where we watched guys’ films. The kind of guy films that always had a smoking hot Bond girl or female offsideer with a damn good sex scene or dress down moment, and I’d stir the conversation with Benny, pointing out the bits I loved about her.

“Jesus, check out those tits. Fuck me, I’d love to get a girl with big hooters like that.”

“N-no kidding?” he said, breathing heavily. He massaged his left tit without thinking.

“Oh yeah. And those hips. Damn good babymakers, wouldn't you say? Check out this bit, where she walks down the hallway. She's practically eyefucking the camera. I love that look. But she also sways her hips from side to side just right.”

“Bloody hell. She - ahhhh - is magnificent, isn't she? Even better than the girls from sales.”

“I bet she'd make a damn hot suburban housewife, right?”

He gave me a funny look. “Huh? What?”

“Oh, you know, that whole fantasy about being able to make a total looker your wife.”

He grinned, just for a moment. “I *did*. Only for a moment.”

“Yeah, Patty really is fine. Too bad you fucked that up.”

He sighed. “Yeah, too bad. I might be able to fix it . . . though I won't lie, even she doesn't have a body like this leading lady? God, what tits.”

I cracked open one of our homemade beers and passed it to him. “Have another!”

“Will do!”

We kept drinking. Turns out that Benny really was a damn good beer brewer. The stuff we'd made over several days was almost as good as the changes happening to his body. He'd shrunk down to a mere five-foot-seven, but I liked my women shorter than that, and had mentioned so more than once. And so he kept shrinking. His hair now fell to his shoulders and beyond, while his eyelashes were starting to get quite fluttery. His eyes remained blue, but now had an icy element to them that made him look almost dream-like, in a way. I could practically see the visage of the woman he was becoming, especially since his arms and legs were slimming down. Mind you, his thighs remained quite delectable: his shorts had started becoming shorter and shorter, and he hadn't returned to anything longer despite the cooler weather. Almost like, on some level, his body wanted to show itself off.

The movie ended, but we kept on drinking. It was a dumb idea on my part. I was starting to get a little tipsy, and Benny definitely so. We hadn't had sex since that first time; it had put the fear into him, even as I occasionally heard the echoes of him moaning and mumbling and reliving it in his dreams while I was trying to sleep. Even down in the guestroom, his lighter voice carried. Still, there were many lingering glances, and not just from me. I made sure to be shirtless in front of him a number of times, even in a towel when I left the bathroom. When he accompanied me to help me move stuff and set things out for my business, I did my best to show off my strength as best as I could, shuffling things with ease and drawing attention to my arms. I wasn't exactly jacked, but from the way Benny drank in my forearms and biceps, I didn't need to be.

“What the hell am I gonna do, Matt?” Benny said after one too many drinks. “I'm turning into a woman. A woman. My goddamn cock is shrinking. Am I gonna have to wear

pink frilly dresses and short skirts? Am I gonna have to watch chick flicks? Drink Sex on the Beach instead of a manly drink? What am I gonna do with myself?"

"It can't be that big of a change," I said. "You'll still be the same person beneath, right?"

He side-eyed me. "Matt, I came to your doorstep and begged you to fuck me. There's mental shit up in the air too. I don't know if I'll even be able to be any good in sales anymore. I was the tough-talker, the convincing man. They don't listen to chicks the same way. Not unless . . . not unless they're all pretty and flirty. I don't want to end up like that. God."

He drank a little more.

"And what if I go to a blood football game and I can't be one of the hooligans for a night? Hell, they'll probably grope me, the bastards, especially if these bloody tits get any bigger."

I nodded, trying to find a tactful way to spin this conversation.

"Patty will find it hilarious, I bet," he continued. "Me, the man who cheated on her a few times - just stepping out, that was all, I'm a red-blooded man for Chrissakes - and now he turns into a woman and has already had sex with one man."

He looked up at me, blushed deeply, and drank some more. Through his shirt, I could see that his nipples had stiffened with slight arousal. It made something of mine stiffen with arousal too, and I had to adjust myself.

"Well, maybe that's not a bad thing," I said.

"What the hell does that mean?"

I shrugged, trying to keep calm. In truth, I was speaking ahead of my plan, the alcohol in my system making me act a bit rashly. "Look, you're becoming a woman right?"

"Fucking obviously."

"And that can't be stopped at all? There's no solution?"

He went glum. "None. Give it a week or two, and I'll own a brand spanking new vagina. Never before used. Heh."

"So it's a foregone conclusion or whatever that you'll be a woman. A chick. A lady. A damn."

"Ha! Me? A dame?!"

We shared a drunken laugh on the couch, and in that moment, we drew a little closer together. My heart was racing.

"I'm just saying, you can't *not* be a woman, and Patty will probably find it hilarious either way, since she's still talking divorce."

"Served me the papers and everything," he added, snarling for a brief moment. It was more like a cute pout, given that his lips had become fuller in recent days.

“But what you can do, if you get me, is beat her at the game. Don’t let it get you down. Go all the way in or whatever.”

I wasn’t speaking eloquently at all, and fumbling over myself. Still, he looked intrigued. “What do you mean by that?”

I began to sweat a little, not sure how to proceed. “I just mean, ya know, you’re growing tits and all that. And they’re pretty good ones, ya know? I’m actually finding it hard not to stare at them, Benny, and I know you like it when I do. If you want to feel a bit better about being a woman, you could just lean into it. Try to embrace it a little and enjoy it. I mean, we could be a little like we were that one night? You know the one I mean. And you might enjoy being more of a woman. Especially a woman living with a guy like me . . .”

Fuck. I’d ruined it. I’d absolutely stuffed it up. I could see it from his face, the dawning horror. The realisation that I’d manipulated him all this time. I was blathering about, staring at the cleavage from his overly large shirt collar, and trying not to stare into those blue eyes.

“You . . . what?” he said, swallowing.

I backpedalled. “Forget it. It’s the drink. The beer. I’m being an idiot.”

“You want me to embrace this? To fucking, what, enjoy having a pair of big juicy tits? God, they’re so fucking sore all the time, like they’re always growing! You think I bloody well want that mate?”

“I - sorry. I was being a damn fool. It’s the drink, you’ve got to believe-”

“Cop a feel, why don’t ya? Cop a bloody feel!”

He moved quickly with his slimmer arms, grabbing my hands and pressing them against my chest. Indeed, they had grown, because he placed my palms right over his breasts, so that my fingers sank into the pillowy flesh. He moaned, rolling his eyes into the back of his head a little. His nipples stiffened against my palms, and despite myself, my erection only grew hard.

“Mhmmm,” he murmured. “F-feel them, why don’t you? You enjoy that? You enjoy *this*? You want to fuck your neighbour? Want to have a nice shag with her - I mean him! - do you? Want him to feel your cock and drink your cum all over again, just because you got her - er, him - drunk and horny as all fuck!?”

I had *no* idea what was going on by this point, though an inkling was forming. Benny’s eyes were wild, almost manic, but there was a recognisable element in play there: he was breathing heavily, biting his lips and licking them as he stared at the obvious bulge in my pants. He stroked it, making me grunt. It was a taunt, but also genuine interest.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Patty would find it hilarious, I bet. Really fucking funny.”

I wasn’t finding it funny, though. I was finding it mega-arousing, and he knew it too.

“Benny, what are we doing?” I asked, and for once there was no deeper meaning or insinuation or manipulation behind the words. The seconds stretched out into what felt like minutes, his dainty hand resting on my bulge, my hands on his chest, our faces nearly touching. His breath on mine, and mine on his.

He kissed me. I kissed him, only this time there was exceedingly little ‘him’ remaining. I closed my eyes as the passion began, and it was oh-so-easy to imagine this was the woman of my dreams that I was making out with.

“It’s the d-drink!” he moaned in that increasingly soprano-like voice. “J-just the damn d-drink.”

“Of course,” I replied, and though I knew it was otherwise, the drink was clearly pushing us both forward again. “God, your tits are amazing.”

“T-too big!” he moaned, as I continued to knead and feel them.

“They’d look even better if they were bigger,” I said, becoming emboldened by the liquid courage. “Big ripe melons, yeah? Way bigger than Patty’s. I bet she’d be so jealous, right?”

“Ohhhh, s-so jealous! So f-fucking jealous! I need you to suck on them again. Why is it so hot when you talk like that? Goddamn Lumin’s.”

“Just enjoy it!” I replied, helping him remove his top. This time I removed mine too, and then the articles kept going until the pair of us were both naked. His cock was small, and I could swear I could see the beginnings of his venus mound, complete with barely formed labial lips. Still, his dick was hard, and I decided to stroke it. To *urge it to shrink away*.

“Ohhhhhh, f-fuck! Don’t stop!”

“I wasn’t planning to. You’ll be perfect soon, Benny. You’ll be a woman, and why not a hot one? Why not g-give in?”

He nibbled on my ear, just like that hot chick from the movie we’d watched last night. The training was working well, particularly when he then started sucking my tongue. “I - I shouldn’t! Ahhh! Nghhh! But it sounds so good! Why does it sound so good, mate?”

“Because you want to *mate*, don’t you? You want me to suck on your tits and make them even bigger? You want a big pair of wide hips so I can fuck you from behind. Your body needs it. You need to be a good neighbour. Why else did you move in?”

“Because - because - fuck!”

He shifted, getting up and pulling me with him. He pressed my face into his cleavage, and he groaned as it surged forward. I actually *felt* it: his boobs swelled an entire cup size, and it wasn’t the only part of him that changed either. His waist pulled further in, and his hair descended, and his shoulders shrank. An hourglass shape was forming, and a spectacular one at that, with wider hips.

“Yeah, that’s right. Nice babymakers.”

“Don’t s-say that!” he whined, but his complaints stopped as I squeezed his enlarged ass, which had a peachy quality I could just die for. It was all coming together, but more needed to happen. He was still stroking himself, but I replaced his hand, lost in the pleasure of it as much as him.

“But I’m not lying. You could be a woman, Benny. *My* woman. Think about it: we get along s-so well. We’re enjoying this. You want me to fuck you, don’t you?”

“Bloody hell I do!”

I turned him around. He bent over the coffee table as if by instinct, baring his increasingly perfect ass to me. His hips widened at that very moment, and not even by a small bit - they were noticeably wider. Childbearing hips. It made me wonder if a womb was already forming in him, or if it had already formed. The risk of that only excited me more. He groaned, intense in his bliss even as I continued to caress his shrunken manhood, urging it to expel its very last load of semen.

“Please f-fuck me!” he said, borderline screeching it. “Get it over with!”

“You started this!”

“I couldn’t help it. You were s-saying all those things. Those p-perfect things! I keep wanting to be this i-ideal woman for you. These big tits and wide hips and . . . the whole live-in thing. Ohhhhh, what’s happening to m-me!?”

I gripped his hips, taking a moment from rubbing his dick to press my own against his ass. I was raging hard by this point, desperate to do something. Still, I whispered in a low tone.

“You’re *becoming* my ideal woman, Benny. You have to.”

“N-no! It’s just part of the transformation. We’re just b-being pragmatic, remember? We need to get this over with.”

“But why would we want to?” I said. “We could be doing this every day. Wouldn’t that be hot as hell? You’re already living here, why not make it permanent?”

“But Patty?”

“Patty isn’t talking to you, she’s talking to a divorce lawyer. And she won’t want a woman still fucking another person, least of all her neighbour. But you *could* be an even sexier woman. You could still have the suburban life with a spouse that you always planned for, Benny. You could have *me*.”

He gulped. The proceedings stopped. For just a couple of seconds, it was as if all oxygen had been sucked out of the room, and eroticism with it. There was only the slow gyration of Benny’s peachy ass against my hips, and his low groans as his body shifted slowly but surely into further womanhood.

“You - you can’t mean that, Matt? You’re just d-drunk, right?”

“We’re both bloody drunk, mate, but you want it too, don’t you? You can’t stay Patty’s husband, but you could be *my wife*. I’d treat you well. I’d never cheat on you. I’d fuck you like this each night. We could make each other happy, especially if your body becomes exactly like it’s supposed to be, with big tits and a perfect ass - like this!”

I pressed the tip of my penis against his backside, making him grunt.

“N-no! Yes! N-no! Yes! What the fuck is happening? M-my mind!”

I didn’t enter him. I was on the verge. But he needed to want it. In my drunkenness, I had blown my load early - metaphorically speaking of course. This was meant to have been a slow, tantalising seduction that would have left him utterly at my whim, but instead it was going to be *his* choice. *Hers*, if she accepted that she was so close to being a full woman.

And perhaps that was the right way for it to happen anyway.

“We can stop right now, Benny,” I said. “Or Bethanie, if you’d prefer. That would be a lovely name for you, wouldn’t it? Busty, buxom, black-haired Bethanie?”

He moaned, as if the very words had a whimpering effect upon him.

“That . . . that sounds *amazing*. No! I mean . . . it’s all wrong. But I want it. I could be - I could be an even better wife than Patty. Even sexier. Hotter.”

“Take care of the home, help me with the business, never have to worry about going out and seducing women again because *you’d* be the women, Bethanie. You’d be the one with a husband coming home to make her legs wobbly from all the sex we’d be having. And you’d be one hundred percent loyal to your husband, because we get along so well, right? We’re best friends? And what sexy, sensitive wife wouldn’t want a best friend as her lover, right?”

“Mhmm . . . yessss,” he moaned. His voice became yet higher. The changes were subtle, not yet complete, but even the way he shifted his ass made it seem like it was even more peachy by the second. I’d heard that the final stages of Lumin’s Syndrome speed up, but seeing before me - *feeling* it against my cock - was something else.

“You’d like that?” I continued. I was still a bit drunk, but it had loosened my tongue. I was on a roll. His resistance was crumbling, I could feel it.

“I w-would. At least for tonight. At least . . . for pretend.”

“Then let’s pretend, Benny.”

“B-Bethanie,” he stammered. “Just for now. C-call me Bethanie while you f-fuck me.”

I did, and then I fucked him. Fucked *her*. My Bethanie. I plunged my cock into her rear, and there was a stiff moment of resistance before I entered her fully. She wailed in discomfort, then pleasure, and soon she was begging for me.

“Yes, f-finally! I couldn’t resist. I was f-fucking looking at you all night! H-how did you know?”

“I didn’t, but I felt the same way,” I said. “I want you like this, Bethanie. The Lumin’s Syndrome is making you my perfect woman.”

“Ohhhhhh, n-no. Yesss . . . ahhh! Nghh! F-Faster!”

I continued thrusting, faster just as she wished. I gripped her thighs, enjoyed the sight of her pendulous breasts swinging as she leaned over against the coffee table. We were going at it doggy style, and there was so very little to tell that the woman before me was still technically male, not that she would be for long. We continued to make our sounds as I rammed into her, but we were so tipsy and turned on and overwhelmed by what we were doing that it didn’t take long at all for me to build to my climax, or she to hers. I came, spurting my seed inside her. She came too, and somehow I just *knew* that the semen that erupted from her little cock was the last reserve she’d ever spend herself. From now on, any cum would be what she would take or swallow, preferably from me, if things went according to plan.

“OHhhhhhhh G-God! I can’t believe this is h-happening!” she cried, her words half-ecstasy and half-unbelieving what she had just done. She collapsed forward against the coffee table, body shuddering, her figure further changed already. I admired the view of her as my heart rate slowed. My mind was a flurry, but the sensation of triumph emerged overall. I was a man, after all, and a gorgeous conquest was still moaning in post-coital bliss right before me. She turned a little, looked up at me with icy blue eyes that shimmered with a mix of confusion, arousal, and something that was almost submissiveness.

“What do I do?” she asked.

“Come on,” I finally said. “You can stay in bed with me tonight. We’ll figure things out in the morning.”

“Your bed? But -”

“You don’t have to. It’s just an offer. But I’d like it. Wouldn’t you?”

I could see the answer in her eyes already, but it took her a few gasping moments to build up the courage to vocalise them.

“I - I would. God help, mate, I would.”

I slept like a goddamned rock that night. Bethanie - I refused to think of her as Benny now that she had changed so much - was slumped right up against me, her breathing soft and demure, her breasts clearly larger. I’d guessed about a C-cup, but squashed as they were, they may well have been D’s or more. She occasionally talked in her sleep, but I was already awake in those moments, savouring the way she tried bitterly to fight her new self before succumbing to it.

“N-no,” she moaned softly to herself. “W-work in sales. N-not a housewife. Not a sexy housewife. Ohhhh, but a housewife feels so right. Matthew . . .”

That was one of my favourites. Another went like this:

“T-tits. Shouldn’t have tits. But bigger than Patty’s. I’ll sh-show her. Be a wife. Suburban wife for matthew. Never ch-cheat again.”

The last was particularly telling:

“Don’t want a pussy. F-fucked up everything. Was a pussy. Ch-cheated on Patty. God forgive me. Second chance with Matty. Be his . . . pussy for him . . .”

When she woke, it was still lying against me. I had been awake over half an hour, simply listening to this war of the worlds going on inside her pretty head. She had changed over night, but it was only as she raised herself, eyes wide at the realisation she had slept naked against my nakedness all night, that I saw how much. For one, she was fully female now: her dick was gone, and it wasn’t coming back. In its place was a feminine slit on its venus mound, a black bush above it. Her figure now had its full hourglass, with curves in all the right places. Her breasts were large, quite large, forming a natural cleavage as they drooped, her hovering over me so that they dangled in my face. They were ripe, easily double-D’s if not E’s, and much bigger than any girl I’d been with. But even more than her perfect body, her face captivated me. I had lost any remaining hard edges. She looked like a princess from some distant fantasy north: dark raven hair and icy blue eyes that nevertheless betrayed a total devotion. I could see the attraction in her eyes, the submission, even as her Benny-self warred against it.

“Last night . . . oh God, we . . . did it again.”

We did,” I said.

“We were drunk.”

“We were truthful.”

She lowered a hand to herself. “I’m a woman now. Jesus, I’m a woman now. It sped up because of what we did. I couldn’t help myself.”

“You wanted it,” I said. “We both did. We both said a lot of things.”

She swallowed. “I had dreams, too. It’s like my mind has changed. I read that the syndrome can do that. Is that why I can’t pull away from you?”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “Do you still feel like yourself? Do you still like brewing beer, and cheering on football, and living the suburban settled life? Do you still like morning jogs and want to get a big huskie? Do you still want to spend time with me?”

She nodded eagerly at each one. “I do. I am. I do. Fuck me, this is so crazy. I can’t tell where the Lumin’s ends and I begin but . . . it’s like I *need* to be with you, Matty. Can I call you Matty? God, for some reason I want to. Bloody oath, I never expected this. I thought I could change into a woman and end up with Patty still, but . . .”

“But are you disappointed with the results?” I asked, reaching out to cup her right breast. She shivered as I caressed her nipple, letting out a small sigh.

“N-no,” she admitted. “Confused, shocked . . . but I need this. God help me Matthew, but I need *you*. I want to be yours. I h-have to be yours.”

I continued to caress her, my lust rising at it had the night before.

“Then why don’t we make you mine, Bethanie? Why don’t we put that new pussy of yours to good use?”

She nodded again, eager. My perfect woman would lust after me at the drop of a hat, and I suppose her syndrome had manufactured that quality as well, because once her passion was unleashed there was no turning it off. We fucked long and hard, her on her back with her legs spread wide, me ramming all of my length deep into her new womanhood. Her cries of passion were something else, and all the better they reminded me that she used to be Benny as well.

“I c-can’t believe your cock is f-fucking my pussy! I can’t believe I have a pussy! God, it feels good! I don’t want to g-go back! I want to be yours!”

And she was going to be, I knew. For life. She was more submissive than ever, her loyalty not in doubt. She had all the best qualities of Benny without any of the overconfidence and self-assuredness that had led to his downfall. She was acutely aware too, because she continued to plead for me to “punish” her: “I’ve been a bad boy! Make me a g-good girl! Ahhhh - make me *your* girl, for life!”

I did, at least for much of the day. I didn’t work much on the business. Chareton had a new couple in town, and it was important for them to consummate their relationship. Besides, I wanted Benny fully converted to Bethanie, and what better way than to show her as much female pleasure as possible? She wasn’t changing back, so it was important to set those final mental changes in place. She and I had too much in common, too many interests in overlap, and I already knew she could cook a damn fine steak. She was going to be an excellent wife.

The next morning, there was no hesitation when she woke. We fucked, and she was utterly submissive to me, begging for me to cum inside her, which I did more than once. Afterwards, she dressed in her old clothes, blushing at how ill-fitting they were. She didn’t want to change into women’s wear, but just a few suggestions from me had her feeling like her old clothing was just all wrong. And so we headed out of the house to get her into some new sexy lingerie and dresses that would fit her amazing new figure. As we did, we passed Patty out of our shared front yard, heading to her car to go to work. She looked at us, stunned, and I could see that her mind was putting the pieces together.

“Matthew? *Benny!*?” she stammered.

I gave her a sheepish grin, and Bethanie simply turned red as a tomato, barely able to say a word. I put an arm around her waist. "Patty, great to see you!"

"What the hell is going on? Is that my husband?"

"Um, *was* your husband," I said awkwardly. I passed a paper over to her. "Bethanie here - that's her name now - has signed the divorce papers. The house is fully yours, by the way, and everything you're owed. There'll be no messiness in the divorce. Have your lawyer check it. Bethanie is really sorry for everything, just ashamed. Isn't that right, honey?"

"I - I am, yes. Patricia, I'm so, so sorry about everything. I deserve all of this."

Patty looked from her to me, still confused. "I don't understand. He's fully changed? Oh, Benny, I'm so sorry. We can't be back together, but you don't deserve all of this."

But to her obvious surprise, Bethanie smiled. "It's okay, sweetie. It was meant to be. I'm Matthew's now. We're going to be married."

"What!?"

"It's true," I said. "The Lumin's has made him practically my perfect wife. I know it sounds crazy, but it's true."

"I can barely believe this."

Just to demonstrate the truth, I kissed Bethanie for a long while. She moaned a little in my mouth, which made me embrace her all the more. When we parted, Patricia was stunned.

"This is all so much. And I get the house? In full? And these assets . . . I thought you'd fight me on everything."

"I'm a new woman now," Bethanie admitted, holding me. "Matthew makes the decisions. I'm going to be his housewife. I - it's so embarrassing, Patty, but the Lumin's means I can't *not* want this."

Patty looked at us, and gave a bewildered laugh. "This is crazy! I lose a husband, you gain a wife."

"And you gain a neighbour as well," I said. "And the freedom to find a better man. Win, win, win, right? After all, Bethanie here is very happy with me. I know it's strange, but I think once she's officially moved in then we'll all get used to it. We're all loving neighbours, right?"

Patty examined us again. Bethanie was close up against me, and I couldn't ask for a more beautiful woman on my arm. Things had worked out well after all, and my business hadn't even hit its boom. The suburban life was looking really good. And Patty evidently thought so, because in the end she just burst out laughing at the whole situation. All three of us did.

The End

Moving In, Epilogue

Life was pretty good. Exceptional, really. To think, I'd actually been a little nervous to move back to Chareton nearly a year ago, and now I not only had my own place, a wonderful neighbour, and my own moving business, but a devoted wife as well. Not long ago, the woman who warmed my bed each night had been Benny, the affable, loveable neighbour who was also a serial cheater on his lovely wife Patty. Now, as a result of contracting Lumin's Syndrome and a little bit of social manipulation on my part, *she* had become *Bethany*, the love of my life, and my actual *wife* to boot.

It was a fact I appreciated as I came home from another productive day at work. My transportation business had taken off, and I'd even rebranded it as *Matt's Movers*, just for the nice alliteration and so people in the town could get to know my name. It had been hard work setting it all up, but Benny had been a great help in the early days, and so had Bethanie after she had changed fully, before her retirement to the stay-at-home housewife life. These days I had my own employees helping me out, but I wasn't quite successful enough just yet to take my hands off the steering wheel, so long days could be the norm from time to time, and tiring ones at that. Which made it all the better the reception when I got home.

"Matthew!" my woman's soft voice exclaimed from the kitchen as I entered through the front door. "I was getting impatient for you to turn up, *darling!* Just let me get this pot stirred and going and I'll give you the welcome you deserve!"

I grinned as I took off my shoes and jacket. It was working up to be a chilly Autumn, but like the good housewife she was, Bethanie had set the fireplace going, leaving it wonderfully warm. I entered into the living room, but took a moment to peek into the kitchen. The former man was there, working on a fine dinner as always. The sight always made me smile, because she tried so damn hard at it. As Benny, barbecues had always been her specialty while her wife at the time Patty made the pastas and roasts and the like. Not so now; I had made it clear when I was molding her that I liked a woman who could cook anything, and now she had a borderline instinctual need to do just that.

"Smells wonderful!" I called.

"Thanks! Lamb stew with chips on the side, just how you like them, honey."

I grinned again, though not at the food this time. She was bending over a little to adjust the oven, and it gave me a look at her magnificent ass outlined against the fabric of her dress.

"Looking good, sexy," I said.

She turned her head back to look at me and gave a blushing, sheepish grin.

“Matthew! I said I’d be out in a moment! I still have my apron on and my hair is foul!”

“You look gorgeous,” I said, stepping forward. She straightened to face me, and once more I marvelled at the intoxicatingly sexy woman that was my wife, the one that had been my male neighbour for a short few weeks in what felt like a lifetime ago. You’d never believe it to look at her. She’s ended up quite the damn looker, with raven-black hair that fell over her shoulders, and icy blue eyes that are not cold but instead *intense* in their passion. She had a beautiful hourglass figure, right down to the wide feminine hips. Her breasts were perfect, large and full. *Ripe*, as I liked to call them, like blessed fruit that bounced and jiggled in a constant way that was utterly hypnotic, and yet still remained pert and rounded on her chest. They were normally E-cups, but she’d gone up a cup size recently. It was the same reason her hourglass figure was not so hourglass currently, and why her 1950’s style polka-dot blue and white dress fit her dimensions so wonderfully.

“How’s our little baby doing?” I asked, rubbing her belly as she embraced me. We kissed, and she moaned a little simply from the relief of having me presence. I was like a drug to her, I knew. I had ensured it, after all, during her initial change.

“Kicking,” she said. “He won’t stop! I can’t believe I’m so big already. I feel so fat, like a whale!”

I laughed and kissed her again. I loved the way she did her face up in that same 1950s pinup style, her lips red, her eyebrows refined, her hair in that gorgeous shoulder bob, perfectly treated so that it had an almost unnatural shine among its midnight darkness. She was literally the image of a classical submissive housewife, even barefoot and pregnant at that very moment!

“You’re not fat,” I replied. “You’re beautiful, Beth. So damn beautiful. Plus, you have no idea how much it turns me on knowing that I got you all big and pregnant.”

I caressed her stomach again but this time used my other hand to fondle her ass. It had blossomed a bit, but wasn’t too big. I knew it was sensitive though: I liked women with very reactionary erogenous zones, and therefore Benny had gained a lot of them when he’d become Bethanie.

“Mhmmm, I know. I I-love that you love my p-pregnant body. I just - ahhh - can’t believe it! It’s still so, so ridiculous! It’s so hard to take in sometimes!”

“Oh?” I replied, beginning to work on her breasts, raising my hands to cup them even as my own manhood became erect against her belly.

“Y-yes,” she sighed. “I still have dreams of b-being a man again. Of being Benny again, and married to Patty. And then I wake up and I’m not only a woman but the most dutiful wife as well, and I’m so deeply attracted to you, and I’m pregnant with your baby, and it’s just - it’s all so much!”

I began to unzip the back of her dress. “But you like it, don’t you?”

"I do. God help me, I really do. It's the Lumin's, but it doesn't matter. Having your baby growing inside me just feels too right."

She moaned, her swollen stomach against me. She was only five months along. I looked forward to seeing how she would be at nine months. Hell, for some reason even the notion of her giving birth made me aroused. Not because of the act itself - that was rather full-on - but because it was such a symbol of how far she had gone. Benny would be Bethanie completely, embroiled in the ultimate act of womanhood: birthing a child into the world.

"And I love having you like this," I said. "So full of life. Belonging to me. So much better than Benny, right?"

"Ohhh, it's s-so odd to hear that name."

"Because you're Bethanie now," I said, sliding the zipper down further.

"Y-yes. Bethanie. It's my name now."

"And I'm your husband. You're my wife. My pregnant wife. Pregnant, barefoot, and in the kitchen."

"Mhmmmmm, yesssss." She moaned again softly as I helped her slide out of her dress. Her body was remarkable, her breasts pushed up together to form the most magnificent curve of cleavage. She looked like a pregnant pinup model. Hell, I'd taken enough photos of her blushing features to practically make her one. "Soooo pregnant."

"And not the last pregnancy either. You know I'd like three kids. Maybe even four."

"Mhmm, so many! It's just . . . so weird! Me! Pregnant!"

"What's weird about a loving wife being pregnant to her loving husband?"

She gasped as I caressed her beautiful form. I slowly turned her around.

"N-nothing, I suppose. It's not unusual. Just . . . I planned to get Patty pregnant one day."

"She is, remember? Just not to you."

"Ahhhh, I know. It's . . . bizarre."

"Well, you'll have plenty to talk about tonight when she and her boyfriend come round for dinner."

I had turned her around and was making her hunch against the counter, her backside presented to me. I was hard in my pants, and I wanted my wife. I wanted to hear her wail in pleasure, and remind her that she was a woman now. My woman. And she would be for life. But she looked back at me with alarm in her beautiful icy blue eyes.

"The dinner! Oh, we can't do this now! The stew-"

"Can be a bit late," I said, setting it on a low simmer. I turned the oven down to warm for now. "Right now, I've come home from a long day at work, and I'd like my wife to make me feel welcome at home."

That was enough to bring her over. I could already smell her hungry pussy - she was quite a lustful woman - but I also had ensured she would be a deeply loyal woman, and eager to please as well. Even in the moments when Bethanie felt the strangest about her new lot in life, she still got a powerful drug-like dopamine rush from pleasing me. That manifested in many ways, from making dinner to giving footrubs to providing massages to dressing up sexily in 1950's clothing for me, to what was about to happen now.

Sex. Quite a bit of it, in fact. An endless supply that always left us simultaneously satisfied and wanting more. And right at that moment, I wanted more of her from behind. It made me feel dominant, and no doubt reminded her of her new natural place, and how much she loved it.

"P-please!" she moaned. "Get in me then. We need to be quick."

"We'll take as long as we need, my love," I replied, fondling her breasts in her bra from behind. "I want to hear you cum when I finish in you."

"Mhmmm, that's how I ended up like this."

"It's how you'll keep ending up like this. And you'll *love* it."

I entered her, and she moaned as she always did, and soon I was thrusting into her again and again, enjoying the sweet sighs of my wife as I fucked her in the kitchen like the splendid, libidinous housewife she was.

"Ahhh, I n-never get t-tired of this," she stammered, thrusting back against me. I held her hips as I did so, but occasionally leaned forward and used the length of my arms to fondle her divine tits. "Whenever I f-feel embarrassed or ashamed about b-being a woman - ahh! - I always feel glad when you're in m-me! I remember how goooood it is to have you - ohhhhh - fuck me! Fuck me harder, p-please!"

I did so, thrusting with greater effort. Her bottom jiggled against my flesh, all while her pussy milked my dick expertly. She was a goddamned natural when it came to sex, and I couldn't be gladder, because we had it a *lot*. In fact, it wasn't long after she became mine and I proposed that she became absolutely baby crazy. Her body was *demanding* babies, all because I'd helped shape her into the perfect housewife whose form was just made for it. I was all too happy to give her what she wanted, even though the news had terrified her initially when it actually happened. There was something deeply fucking hot about getting my formerly male neighbour knocked up, and even hotter about fucking her when she was round with my child.

"You're glad to be knocked up, aren't you? Glad to be h-having my babies? You want them. You want everyone to know that you're mine."

"Y-yesssss," she groaned, nearly reaching her zenith. "I do! I'm yours! Your sexy, pregnant wife! And you're my big, strong husband! C-cum in me! I need it!"

I did. And when I came, she came too just as I'd instructed, and it was only afterwards that she hurried to clean herself up and get back into the kitchen, while I relaxed back in the living room..

I couldn't wait to see how she interacted with Patty. It had been a few months since their last exchange, and part of me just loved seeing my wife reminded of who she used to be. Call it a small kink of mine.

"Patty! Lovely to see you! Come on in, your timing is impeccable."

Patty gave a cute grin as she entered. Her hand was on her stomach, which was still largely flat for now, though the announcement had already been made.

"Thanks Matthew. It's great to see you again. This is my boyfriend, Richard."

I shook hands with the tall, dark-haired fellow next to her. He was quite the powerful looking man, and wearing a stylish button shirt with slacks. Patty had obviously found someone who was more of a man than what her Benny had become, particularly since she'd gotten pregnant so quickly!

"Great to meet you Richard."

"And you, Matthew. I hear you're married to my Patty's ex now?"

"Please, call Matt. And yes, it seems she's told you. It's a whole thing. Come on in and I'll tell you the whole story. It's better with her present. Bethanie is just serving up the food now."

"Sorry we're late!" Patty said. "I had a bout of nausea."

I chuckled. "Bethanie went through the same. Didn't you honey?"

She rounded the corner to the kitchen table, carrying the last bit of the roast. It was impeccable as always, the food steaming deliciously before our eyes. She had fixed herself up again after our little bout of passion, and was wearing a new dress: a red thing with white flower patterns on it. It was still the classic 1950s housewife look, which made her certainly stand out. Patty gasped a little, and my adorable wife blushed as she set down the food.

"Well, Benny. I mean, Bethany. Your style has changed since last we caught up!"

"Um, it has, yes. I just . . . really love dressing up like this. And I know that my wonderful Matty loves to see me as his adoring housewife."

Patty raised an eyebrow my way. It was partly amused, partly accusing. "Yes, I'll bet he does. And congratulations are in order; you're huge! I still can't believe my former husband is more pregnant than I am."

“You’ll get there honey,” Richard mused, though his eyes were looking at my wife with astonishment. “I’m not having my chain yanked here though, right? You really had Lumin’s Syndrome? You used to be Patty’s husband?”

Another blush on my wife’s face. “Yeah. I was. I’m very different now.”

“Not cheating any more, for one,” Patty snarked. “At least, I hope that would be the case.”

“I promise I’m not. I would never! I - I can’t!”

Patty just giggled. “Calm down, Bethanie. I’m just ribbing you after all you put me through. I know you’ve changed.”

“That she has,” I’ve said. “For one, she can damn well cook now. Have a seat everybody. We can tell Richard here the whole story.”

He could barely believe it even after we’d told it. I did most of the telling, with Patty giving her perspective. Bethanie remained shy and submissive throughout, a little embarrassed but otherwise content to serve out the food and fill up drinks where needed. She answered Richard’s questions as best as she could, making sure to give details about what it was like from her perspective.

“I can’t believe I was such an idiot,” she said, cringing. “Patty was just the best wife ever, and I didn’t treat her right. I deserved to get Lumin’s. Still, I hope we’re all happier now.”

“We certainly are,” Patty remarked, taking Richard’s hand. “After all, if you hadn’t changed, you wouldn’t have ended up with Matthew, and I wouldn’t have met my Richard.”

She clung to him rather possessively in the seat beside her. I couldn’t suppress a grin of my own. It was very clear that she was showing off to her former husband, and more than happy to embarrass him a little by letting her know exactly how much better Patty was now. I could have stepped in, but it was a harmless display, and besides, while my wife was dutifully loyal now, she deserved a bit of a reminder of why her former male self was a bit of a dick. A great friend of mine, and one that knew a hell of a lot about how to make good home-brewed beer, but a cheating dick nonetheless. It also meant that she got the message yet again about how much better she was as my submissive, voluptuous, and loving Bethanie, full with my child.

“That’s so true,” Bethanie said, clearly affected by this. Her eyes bubbled a little with tears, and at that point I put on a display of my own, hugging my arm around her protectively. She rested her head on my shoulder, taking comfort from me. “I’m so glad you found each other. Really, I am. I guess we all ended up pretty happy, huh?”

“We did!” Patty said. “And you’re pregnant! I know it’s been months, but I still can barely believe it. How do you cope, Beth?”

Beth rubbed her belly while she finished eating the next portion of her steak.

“By eating for two whenever I can, but still keeping an eye on my figure! And I guess by embracing being a housewife and future stay at home mom.”

“You don’t plan to go back to work?” Richard asked, mildly amused.

Bethanie glanced briefly at me. Again, that amusing little bit of embarrassment, but also the hidden joy in her new approach to life. “Oh, no, I couldn’t do that! Matthew here is my handsome breadwinner, and he takes care of me and will take care of our little bun of the oven while I keep things tidy and neat and joyous for him at home. Isn’t that right, darling?”

“Exactly, my gorgeous,” I replied, kissing her on the lips.

She giggled in happiness, particularly as I gave her a little loving squeeze on the cheek. Patty found it gut-busting, and took a moment to stop laughing.

“What is it? Patty, what’s so funny?” Beth asked.

“Sorry, it’s just - you’re such a housewife now! A real 1950’s one, outfit and makeup and hair and all! It wouldn’t surprise me if you gave Matthew here footrubs when he came back from work.”

There was a momentary pause as we all exchanged glances, and Patty realised.

“No! Really!? You even do that!?”

“And massages my shoulders,” I mentioned. “And cooks such wonderful dinners. Not to mention this didn’t happen by accident.”

I rubbed my pregnant wife’s belly, where our little boy was stirring within. She moaned a little; clearly he was shifting at that very moment. She rubbed the other side of her stomach before eating a bit more.

“I never thought Benny would be so whipped!” Patty exclaimed. “This is marvellous.”

“Well, he *is* my husband,” Bethanie replied demurely.

“I’m starting to get some ideas,” Richard said, but Patty slapped his hand playfully.

“Don’t you start! Don’t even expect me in those kinds of dresses. I’m a modern woman, thank you. Besides, we literally just had a cruise and you got me pregnant on it.”

“It was the bikini,” Richard said, smirking in my direction. “I couldn’t resist the look.”

“I know what you mean. Bethanie looks great in her swimwear, though she prefers one-pieces. Part of her aesthetic.”

Of course, it was part of *my* aesthetic, really. The one I had stimulated into her when she’d changed. Now she wore old-fashioned yet quite revealing one-piece swimwear to the pool and beach, which still showed her lovely bump and cleavage to the max.

“Well,” Patty said, holding up her glass. “Here’s to all of us. We’ve all changed quite a bit, Benny-Bethanie here more than most, but it seems we’ve all found happiness, and new little lives to come!”

“Hear hear!” I added, holding up my glass. It was red wine, as was Richard’s. The women had juice.

“Hear!” Bethanie said, smiling through her slight shame. When she caught my eye though, she smiled ever brighter, and held her cup up higher. “I know it’s still so crazy, but I just can’t wait to be a mom. I want to have my Matthew’s babies so much!”

Patty giggled.

“Well, looks like you and me will be having lots of mommy walks in the future, Bethanie. How about that?”

My wife beamed. It was, perhaps, the remending of their relationship. Or perhaps a remolding of it to something new. I couldn’t be happier. I loved having happy neighbours.

“I think that went rather well,” I said.

“It did! So well. You were such a good host, honey.”

“And your food was delicious, my love. You’ve come a long way since being Benny.”

She blushed. I was already in bed, and she was undressing before me. She knew I liked the show, particularly when she freed her large, F-cup breasts. Her cleavage was spectacular, and I took plenty of photos; I loved the pinup nature of them, and much as she tried to deny it, her instincts loved the attention. That’s why she posed in them.

“I’m always getting better,” she remarked. “Same with the cleaning and my makeup. I thought I looked very pretty tonight.”

“You always look pretty. But you are also gorgeous. And very, very fucking hot.”

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, stripping off her panties. “I don’t feel hot. I feel pregnant. So damn pregnant. It’s hard to believe I’ve got a baby growing in me, but at the same time I keep dreaming of having more. I can’t explain it!”

She tossed her panties aside. She always slept naked. I was relatively sure she couldn’t *not*. Again, part of my own doing, not that I regretted it. She got into bed, and I wrapped my arms around her. I loved her fullness, her fertile curves. I loved the way this former male was swelling up with my child, and in just four months would be delivering it, her legs spread wide as she went through the ultimate feminine act. It turned me on knowing I had helped shape Benny into the servile and classical housewife she was now, and moreover that she would continue to have a strong desire to give me children, along with any other pleasures I wanted from her. It’s what made being the breadwinner all the worth it. It’s why I was head over heels in love with her, even if that love was accompanied by a love of occasionally teasing and dominating my wife.

“Well, whether it’s the Lumin’s Syndrome or just you now,” I said, “I think we should just enjoy it. Hell, my love, why don’t we work on practice?”

“Practice?” she said, as I began to caress her large, sensitive nipples. She moaned softly. “What do you mean by practice?”

“Well, your body wants to make me babies, right? And it’s doing a damn fine job making them. Why don’t we practice making the next one, just so we’re properly experienced when it comes time?”

“Ohhhhh, yes. That sounds d-divine. Mhmm. You c-could cum in me t-tonight?”

“That’s why I love you, Bethanie. You always say the right things.”

She groaned as we began to kiss, our hands running over each other’s body. I began to grow erect, and I couldn’t wait to plough my wife once more.

“Ahhh, I love you Matthew!” she cried. “I’m so f-fucking glad I got turned into a woman. I’m so happy I moved in and became your wife!”

I was too. And I was happy to keep her that way.

The End