

Changing Together (Couple to Race-Changed Lesbians)

By FoxFaceStories

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Genji has a secret: he has always believed his male body should have been female. But when his wife Lara encourages him to finally begin hormone therapy, he is shocked to be diagnosed with Lumin's Syndrome, meaning he is already changing to become a woman! Soon, Lara and he work to try and influence the syndrome to remake him into a curvaceous woman of both their dreams. But things take a turn when Lara also develops Lumin's, and her own curves begin to grow . . .

Changing Together

Genji Sato was nervous, more nervous than he had ever been. The slim, rather effeminate looking man sat tapping his knee over and again with his hand, trying not muster up the courage to remain sitting instead of getting up and leaving. Beside him, his wife Lara Sato placed a hand on his, stopping the tapping. Like Genji, she was quite slim, but of Caucasian descent rather than Japanese, with vibrant blue eyes to offset her short, light brown hair. In fact, Genji's hair was even longer, which sometimes gave the impression to others who hadn't yet met him or heard him speak that he was a woman too.

Which, of course, was part of the reason they were here.

"It's going to be okay, Genji," Lara whispered, holding his hand tighter. "This is what you want."

"I - I know. But is it what you want?"

"I told you, I'm just as attracted to women as men. And I'm attracted to *you*. I love you, you know that. You just need to start loving your own body, and this is the way to do it."

Genji nodded, coughing slightly under his breath. He looked up at the sign that hung like some kind of foreboding promise of his future, both enticing and terrifying:

Hormone Replacement Therapy (HRT) Counselling

It was not the first step, of course. In many ways, the first step had been taken long, long ago for the thirty two year old. Even since he'd been a young teen, he'd felt out of step in his own body, especially as puberty changed it to become coarser and rougher and further from his ideal. He'd looked to women with their soft bodies, their hairless features, their long hair and skirts and styles, and wished he could become one of them. It had been an idle thought, at least he'd assumed as much, but it had never gone away. Even when he'd met the love of

his life at college and gone on to marry her, even as they found joy in their shared photography profession, working weddings and events together as a fantastic team, he couldn't help but despair when he was tasked with taking shots for a beaming bride or proud maternal momma. It was like a little stab in the heart, and even as he changed his style of hair and wore a little makeup to feel just that little bit effeminate, it hadn't been enough. Far from it, it had only deepened these thoughts, made him look at his own male body with all its wrong parts and cringe to know how wrong it was.

Lara had known something was up, of course. She had always been perceptive. She had been the one to crack him open, to get him talking on their first date, the one to go down on one knee and propose to him rather than the reverse (an act that still made Genji giddy as a wannabe bride, which he supposed he was), and so on. So one day after a lot of moping on his part she finally drove the pair of them out of town on a supposed 'date' only to stop the car at the edge of a national park in the middle of nowhere and practically *demand* he hurry up and tell her what was wrong.

"Or else I swear I'll make you walk back, mister!" she'd exclaimed.

So he'd finally come out with the truth. And she had listened, growing quieter. And he'd cried and stumbled. And she's held him softly as he poured it all out, fully expecting their marriage to fail. Instead, she'd rubbed the tears from his eyes and said something he'd never forget.

"Oh Genji, you sweet, loveable moron. I'm so glad you told me this. It must have been so hard. Now, let's hurry up and *fix it*."

She was nothing if not a woman of action, and so now here they were, just several months later after a series of evaluations and consultations and psychological reports and so on and so forth. The first *actual* session of hormone replacement was set before Genji, the promise of womanhood tantalisingly close.

And he was nervous as all hell about it, and looking for any excuse to back out.

"You can do this, love," she repeated.

"I know," he replied. "I'm just . . . a little scared."

"All truly good things can be scary."

The door opened, and Doctor Mohamed indicated it was his turn to come in. He swallowed, stood on shaky feet, let go of his wife's hand.

"I can do this," he said to himself.

"Yeah you can," Lara replied. "Just remember, you better be on your way to becoming a *hot* woman. My standards are just as high for ladies as they are for men."

He grinned. Lara could always raise his cheer. "You're the best," he said, before entering.

“What - what do you mean the hormone replacement is cancelled?”

It was the worst possible news. He was finally ready, and now he couldn't go through with it? He was meant to get his actual prescriptions and a transition plan today. It was going to be the first big move towards becoming the woman on the outside that he was on the inside. Instead, Doctor Mohamed gave an apologetic look.

“I'm sorry, Mr Sato, but we simply cannot proceed.”

“Whyever not?”

“Because, well, it turns out you're *already* becoming a woman. Your latest blood sample came back and was flagged for further study. We ran the results again, and sure enough, you have Lumin's Syndrome. *Activated* Lumin's Syndrome now, likely because of these very meetings and their subject matter priming it to begin its process of change. I suppose, in some way, I can offer you my congratulations, Genji. Without a single round of hormone replacement or surgery, you're going to become a woman, right down to the biological chromosome.”

Genji's jaw fell. He didn't know how to pick it back up.

“I'll give you some time to process this, and then we can discuss some of the, uh, side effects, and how you may want to manage them. The Syndrome comes with its own drawbacks, Mr Sato, and you may wish to discuss them with your wife. I have some information that may help you though, from one Dr Abigail Carter. Give me a moment and I can walk you through what to expect, mental and physical changes, and how to best manage these . . .”

He continued to talk, but Genji could no longer really hear him. He was too busy looking at his hands, looking down at his body in amazement. It *felt* the same. Nothing had really changed. But he could still imagine a spark of transformation inside him.

“I'm going to become a woman,” he said.

He beamed.

Lara broke out the champagne, of course, and the two celebrated into the night, ending in some passionate lovemaking. She was adamant that she wanted to “enjoy that dick while you still have it,” and while Genji was looking forward to being rid of it, his wife was passionate enough to not make him feel that way during sex, that was for certain. It wasn't all roses and daisies, however. Genji still could barely believe it was real, and even Lara was quite shocked.

“The chances must be one in a million!” she declared the next morning as they lay in bed together. Genji had his laptop out, and was looking at the various bits of information about the conditions of the disease, as well as the notes that Dr Mohamed had sent him.

“One in tens of millions,” Genji reflected. “Very few people get Lumin’s Syndrome.”

“Cause for celebration then, my love. From what I hear, the people who get Lumin’s almost always end up looking utterly beautiful. Not that you aren’t beautiful already, of course.”

He smiled, but then his face set again. He was reading various accounts, and not all the information was good. In fact, some of it was downright scary.

“Honey, I’m a bit worried about this,” he said. “Look. It says here that a large percentage of Lumin’s Syndrome cases undergo personality change. Worse, they also undergo *intelligence reduction*. Some of them end up like complete, well, bimbos. That footballer’s girlfriend, the old man who became a cult priestess and starting popping out babies, the plastic barbie from the gym . . . none of them ended up anything like their original selves. They changed into stupid, libidinous women. I don’t want to end up like that! I’d rather stay in this body than get the one I want and lose myself.”

Lara took the laptop and looked over the notes. The pair went back and forth, looking at the online resources as well as the physical ones Dr Mohamed had supplied. Her face set, much more serious, and she pressed her naked body against her husband’s.

“Okay, I won’t lie, this makes me a bit scared to shit, honey.”

“Me too,” he said. “But the doctor also said that there’s information on how to try and manage it. No cure, but there are possibilities of managing it.”

“Well, don’t keep me in suspense, especially after all that frightening info! Lay it on, Genji.”

He read through the documents, skim reading the more technical parts but summarising the main points to Lara. It seemed that Lumin’s Syndrome was a genetic disorder that was intimately influenced by the mind and surrounding reality of an individual. It was entirely possible to use stimuli - posters, movies, recordings, discussion, clothing, expressive behaviours, etc - to subtly direct someone’s changes. The research of Dr Abigail Carter was thorough on this point. For instance, wearing a larger size bra (especially one with fake fillers) would encourage the individual with Lumin’s Syndrome to develop larger breasts, while being surrounded with images of women with full lips and sparkling blue eyes would potentially manifest or even exaggerate such traits. It was even possible to change the *race* of an individual with Lumin’s Syndrome. There were several such examples in Carter’s records, including a man named Lee Chen who had become a blonde, blue-eyed bombshell, and a red-haired Irishman named Callum who had turned into a gorgeous

Arabian beauty, dark wavy hair and mid-tone olive skin and all. A pair of Caucasian twins had even become dark-skinned African women who looked like a pair of goddesses.

“Oh my God, look at those *tits*,” Lara said. “No offence babe, but I think I’m in love.”

“I think I’ll skip on getting breasts *that* big,” he remarked stoically.

She elbowed him lightly in the ribs. “Awww, you’re no fun. But this is good news, right? We can do things to experiment and alter you, and steer you away from what many of those people with the syndrome in the early days suffered. Right?”

Genji considered this. He’d always been a quieter one, prone to deep thought before replying. After some long consideration, he finally nodded.

“Yes, you’re right, honey. I think this is what we need to focus on. In fact, we could really go all out on this . . .”

It was crazy, really. He wasn’t the type for radical propositions, and never had been. But knowing now that the Syndrome could change body type, gender, and even *race*, several thoughts were stirring in his head. He looked over at his loving wife, who herself seemed enamoured with some of the race changes she was looking at. It was bizarre to think about, but the prospect actually excited him.

“Lara, I’ve got a proposition,” he said, reaching out his bare arm to encircle his shoulders. “It’s a strange one.”

“Hey, this whole situation is strange, honey. Lay it on me.”

He did. It took quite a bit of rambling and meandering and awkward pauses and embarrassed coughing, but he managed to tell her what he had in mind. He expected her to balk at it, of course.

What he hadn’t expected was for Lara to grin like a madwoman and kiss him deeply on the lips.

“Oh, Genji! Of course I’m on board. Hell, I’m *excited!*”

“Thank God,” Genji said. “I mean, It’s not every day you ask your spouse to help you change your *race*,” he said.

The plan was set in motion, but only after further research and a whole lot of excited discussion. Genji was thorough in his reasoning for why he wanted to change race: he was absolutely clear to Lara that it had nothing to do with being ashamed of his Japanese heritage, far from it. Apart from some awful bullying in his high school years, he’d never minded that part of himself, and even quite liked it. They’d visited his ancestral nation twice in their marriage together and greatly enjoyed themselves. It was just that Genji wanted a totally clean start, to become a new woman entirely. And he also had to confess to Lara that

when imagining himself becoming a woman, there was a certain fantastical aspect that had often slipped into his mind. There had been a small community of Brazilian-Portuguese that had thrived in the hometown he'd grown up in, and when his first feelings as a trans person had begun to stir he had admired their full lips and impressive hips, their black-brown hair and impressive eyebrows. There was a confidence to their manner, in their hip swaying swagger, and the confidence and sexiness of their accent. He was attracted to them, yes, but more than that, he was attracted to the idea of *being one of them*.

And now he had the chance to see that impossible dream become possible.

It had been quite the red-cheeked series of explanations to Lara about this, and she had listened patiently and quite closely, to the point where it was almost intimidating. At the end of Genji's explanation he sort of petered out:

"Um, and that's it, I suppose. I guess I've always been attracted to being that kind of woman, you know. Oh, it's very embarrassing Lara, forget the whole thing."

But that was when her hand had *shot* out to meet his and grip it tightly. Her look had gone entirely serious, determined, almost *fanatical*.

"No," she said, and there was no countermending Lara when she was like that. "We *have* to do this. You want it, don't you, sweetie?"

"I, um, yes. I really, really do."

"Fuck. Yes."

He raised his eyebrows. "I know you agreed yesterday to this, but after hearing it I thought you would have a few more reservat--"

She snorted, folded her arms, and raised an amused eyebrow. "Oh love. No offence, but you can be a real dope sometimes. You know I like women as much as men, and you're telling me that when my husband becomes my *wife*, she's going to be a mega-hot, curvaceous, Brazilian beauty accent and all?"

He scratched the back of his head, sheepish. "I mean, I don't know about the accent--"

"Oh, we are *absolutely* getting the accent," she replied, grinning from ear to ear. "I *demand* it."

This finally made Genji laugh and feel better about the whole thing. "Very well then, how can I refuse?"

"Oh, you are going to be so hot, honey! Not that you aren't already. In fact, just imagining this scenario is making me . . . want you."

Suffice to say, despite being diagnosed with Lumin's and feeling a little bit less potent on the arousal front lately, Genji was more than ready to rise for this particular occasion. Lara was insatiable, and it seemed - miraculously - that his wife was just as excited about his coming sex change as he was. Maybe even more, at least in terms of how she expressed it!

After that bit of excitement came the planning stage. Lara *launched* herself into this, to the point where Genji was sometimes having trouble keeping up. She reassured him that this was fine - he was the one that was going through all the changes, so *of course* he'd be overwhelmed.

"That's why I'm searching up all these things," she explained from the computer. "So we can quickly figure out *exactly* what can of Brazilian beauty to make you, and then work immediately towards getting you there. Because, no offence hun, but I *did* notice you were a bit smaller in bed. Down there, I mean."

He grimaced. Just because he was looking forward to having a vagina didn't mean that losing his penis wasn't a little bit nerve-wracking.

"Yeah," he said. "Not much body hair remaining either. Not that I had loads to begin with."

"I noticed that your face has gotten really smooth. Like you've had laser hair removal surgery or something."

Genji rubbed his chin, feeling how astonishingly smooth it was. "Wow, I hadn't noticed."

"Your hair is a little longer too. Looks nicer as well."

Again, he felt it. "I hadn't noticed that either!"

"A wife knows. But it also means we're on the clock, honey. I don't want you becoming some dumb bimbo, so let's strategise. So get over here and let's lock down your future look."

He came over to the computer screen, where numerous social media accounts, video sites, regular web searches, and other categories were open in different tabs. There were Brazilian women of numerous shapes, sizes, ages, skin tones, and even states of undress, much to Genji's embarrassment and amusement. Bust sizes, hip sizes, thigh sizes and so on were also variable, from the petite to the extreme to the frankly exaggerated.

"Oh geez," he said, perusing some of the ones she'd selected. So many hairstyles, so many radiant faces. So many . . . hips. "I don't know if I can choose just one."

Lara grinned mischievously. "That's the best part. *You don't have to*. I've found a great AI program that will mishmash all the parts you like best from these women to form *you're perfect future body*."

Genji gulped. "Wow. I feel a little, uh, misogynistic in picking apart these ladies."

Lara just shrugged. "Eh, I'd judge if I weren't the one pushing this too. Besides, you're *becoming* a lady. You're just choosing your body. Think of it like build-a-blocks."

That *was* a good way to think of it.

"Okay," he said. "Let's do this. But no making fun, please."

Lara snorted. He loved her snort. "Please. *I'll* be the one constantly trying to get you to up your cup size. *One* of us should have big boobs in this relationship at least. Stupid little A-cups of mine."

She laughed it off, but Genji knew that his wife was sometimes frustrated by her almost nonexistent breasts. He got the distinct sense that she felt if *she* couldn't have bigger breasts, then *he* should. Of course, he didn't quite advertise that one of the things he'd always wanted in becoming a woman was a pair of ripe, firm boobs. The kind that bounced and jiggled and stood proudly on his chest. Genji was happy to let his wife 'convince' him to a bigger bust size for sure.

What followed was an exhaustive search and breakdown of Genji's ideal future Brazilian body. Numerous word combinations were used, various images saved, and many hundreds if not over a thousand were discarded. As they continued searching, Genji found himself becoming increasingly particular, discarding certain hairstyles and body shapes on mere inklings. Lara encouraged this.

"We'll do this all day if we have to - we don't have a photoshoot until Monday and we're all prepared for that. For now, even if the *lighting* is wrong, that's a good reason to discard. We need to get a perfect image in your mind, Genji."

He approached that notion with rising excitement, and soon even his embarrassment and sheepishness fell away. The future woman occasionally scratched his chest as he searched and scrolled, bringing his laptop over as well so he and his wife could pull double duty. His nipples were definitely getting more swollen lately, and there was a subtle pressure in his pectorals. His scalp occasionally itched, promising future hair growth, and he found himself adjusting his seating several times to cope with the fact that his butt cheeks were quite sore. Not the worst sign, though he hoped to have some influence there.

"Oh, yes! That one!" he declared, after Lara scrolled past a social media page.

She stopped and clicked on the page, and the pair took some time looking at images of the woman he'd selected. She was nearly *perfect*. She was younger, perhaps twenty two or so - but apparently Lumin's Syndrome could in fact reverse one's age and he was more than happy for that to be a prospect. The woman's name was Desiree Lopez. She had light olive skin and brown hair that was perhaps dyed, perhaps not, but long enough to slip over her shoulder to midway down her shoulder blades. It was wavy and perfect. Her breasts were large - Lara estimated them at large D-cups. Certainly they looked to be quite sizeable. They were obviously fake, because in her various bikini pictures they stood large and proud on her chest, a little too 'bolted on' and rounded and lacking any natural sag. But it was a good start, and the rest of her body was divine, with a natural hourglass figure and a very prominent ass. Yes, the last was likely similarly augmented, but the work was good, and Lara bit her lip when she saw an image of the woman in yoga pants.

“Hey momma,” she said, “I could do with you taking some inspiration here.”

“It’s not, um, too much?”

“Not at all honey. Though perhaps we can get you a little more - how shall I put it? - more natural, less plastic. But those legs are to die for.”

“I was thinking thicker thighs too. I like her lips. The face is perfect.”

“Agreed, except for maybe-”

“The nose. It looks a little, I don’t know . . .”

“Botched?” she asked. “Cheekbones are sharp too.”

“I don’t want them that sharp. Or perhaps it’s just because it looks a little gaunt.”

“She’s had buccal fat removal. Bad idea, by the way. Looks great for a year or two and then you start looking skeletal when you’re older. Trust me, a cousin of mine got it years ago and now that she’s older her body has none of that cute cheek baby fat to slowly erode, so now she looks like Skeletor.”

Genji coughed. “Well, I think we should use her as a template. I like the butt, the hips, the boobs - if we can make them more natural - and her eyebrows are just . . .”

He stared dreamily at them. They were thick but finely contoured, saturated over dark eyes that seemed to radiate an expression of ‘come get me.’ Combined with her full lips, which were almost always a little parted, and there was a raw sensuality that he just couldn’t escape wanting.

“Template established,” Lara said, saving several images from her feed with his help. “Now let’s get to work on the rest. And hey, maybe you’ll be up for boobs just as big. Or . . . bigger?”

Genji gave an embarrassed chuckle. He didn’t admit that having head-sized tits sounded pretty nice indeed . . .

It took several more hours, by which point they’d basically spent the entire time indoors adjusting the perfect figure through the AI program. Lara was extremely proud of her work. Using Desiree as a template, they made a number of adjustments with the help of other models, images, and even a few celebrities. Lara had ‘won’ out by giving their final model - who they had chosen to name ‘Gabriella’ - a slightly larger set of breasts than Desiree Lopez, around the Double-D range. She had a very similar face, but with a bit more baby fat around the cheeks and cheekbones that were prominent but not too much in the ‘glass cutting’ field of distinctness. Desiree had a nice hourglass, but they’d extended her hips a little bit wider which worked with the thicker thighs they’d given her. Not too thick, of course, but enough to have that nice Latin American feel. Her hair was borderline identical, so were the eyebrows and lashes, which Genji loved.

“What do you think?” Lara asked.

"I think," Genji said, looking at the variety of poses they'd given Gabriella. He reached out to touch one of them on the screen. She was wearing a tight black lingerie one-piece, and her full breasts were ripe but obviously much more natural, adopting a gorgeous teardrop shape. Her eyes were giving a 'come fuck me' look, her eyebrows helping the impression, and her lips were parted as if she were ready to use them. "I think she's perfect."

"Me too," Lara said, flinging her arms around her husband's shoulders - shoulders that seemed just a bit smaller than they should have been. She kissed him passionately, and he felt that itching across his skin, the desire of his body to start changing further and faster.

"Now let's get properly started," she declared.

In the following days, the changes began in earnest, and the loving pair were ready for them. Lara had taken the liberty of printing off a veritable *ton* of images of 'Gabriella' and posted them all throughout the house. She'd even printed miniature copies to stick in Genji's wallet, and encouraged him to put a number of the best ones on his phone in a hidden gallery so that he could always look at them. She wanted him to have her as his phone background, but he felt a little too uncomfortable about that, so instead he opted to have several encouraging quotes there instead, things like: "Be the best you!" and "Don't lose sight of the person you'll be!" Basically a bunch of nice little stuff that had a hidden double meaning for him.

But that wasn't all, no siree. Both of them continued to further look into Abigail Carter's research. The woman had done a number of deep research pieces into the nature of Lumin's Syndrome and how to direct it, and with Lara's encouragement Genji was sparing no true expense. They ordered large pairs of bras that matched Gabriella's size, and in the meantime Lara got the next biggest ones she could find at the nicer lingerie store in town. It cost a bit, but they'd saved up for his hormone therapy that was no longer needed, so this was a walk in the park compared to that, financially. She actually took him into town a number of times to purchase clothing, encouraging him to get into the mindset of 'a woman shopping for her best look', just as Dr Carter's research outlined. Genji was nervous at first, but it actually sort of worked; he could close his eyes and picture himself as a sultry Brazilian beauty tracking down the best outfits for her voluptuous body. The tingle he got in his hips, groin, and chest all told him that this was the right mood to take. In the end, they purchased bras, panties, tight-fitting dresses, as well as denim jeans (with appropriate rips in them), swim wear, crop tops, tube tops, cute blouses, hair bands, high heels (including *very* high heels), and even some cute sweaters and jackets for winter wear. Makeup was also purchased, something Genji didn't need as much help with; he'd experimented with makeup

quite a bit once he'd realised he was trans, and it was part of the reason he looked a little feminine even before Lumin's Syndrome had started setting in. He was, however, a lot bolder, purchasing vibrant reds and delightful eyeshadow, as well as a variety of eyelash curlers. Foundation was already on the shelf at home, but Lara encouraged him to buy more anyway.

"According to Dr Carter, just the *act* of purchasing women's clothing and makeup will help direct the changes."

Genji couldn't argue with that, especially when, the following morning, he noticed that his lips had indeed plumped a little, and his cheekbones sharpened. His eyelashes and eyebrows also looked thicker, longer, and sharper too. It wasn't just his face that changed either; his shoulders had certainly slimmed down, while his hips were absolutely expanding, having spread at least half an inch on either side. His butt felt spongier, filling his regular trousers more, while his member had receded further, now looking quite small. The clothing he and Lara had purchased had all been done with the measurements they had decided upon: 34-26-36, with a D-to-Double-D range in terms of the bra cup size. Now, with just a small layer of fat forming behind his slightly swollen nipples, he was starting to feel giddy.

"It's happening," he told his reflection, adopting a higher tone to his voice. "It's really happening."

But images and clothing weren't enough. Before their Monday wedding session, the pair went shopping again. Genji was wearing pumps - Lara's idea - and wobbling on his feet a little, feeling embarrassed but at least getting into the idea of swaying his hips a little. But it wasn't the matters of feet that concerned the pair of them, but *voice* instead.

"Found something, finally!" Lara exclaimed. They had been searching through several book stores and cultural centres and travel agent locations, all to no avail, at least until this moment.

"It sounds right?" Genji said.

"Take a listen and hear for yourself," she said, passing over a physical tape. It was old - quite old to be tape - but it was on a player that fit the headphones they'd brought, and the sound was crisp quality.

"Hello, it is good to meet you," came an accented voice. *"Olá, é um prazer conhecê-lo. Say it with me now, my future Portuguese (Brasil) speaker!"*

Genji grinned from ear to ear, continuing to listen to the voice. It had a sort of sultry timber to it, not soprano but not contralto either. Instead, it had a kind of flirty mezzo-soprano range that enticed him, the kind of Brazilian-accented voice he'd *love* to develop, especially if it meant getting Lara's attention in the bedroom. But then, this was the kind of voice that would get *anyone's* attention in the bedroom.

They purchased it for far cheaper than either felt it was worth, and quickly worked to get digital recordings of the entire tape so Genji could not only listen to it throughout the day, but also while he slept as well, using his sleeper headphones. The purpose of this was two-fold: it would help Genji learn Portuguese, as well as priming his voice to take on the same qualities as the woman in the recording. Other methods were taken too, such as purchasing a variety of Brazilian-Portuguese dramas on streaming services, online, and even via physical disc. Genji took to reading news from that region, as well as constantly looking up currently fashionable styles around Rio and other populated areas. He wore heels around the house, working to increase the sway of his hips, as well as wearing the bra with filler bags in order to encourage his breasts to become, well, actual *breasts*.

“Just don’t slip into bimbohood,” Lara reminded him, slapping a few textbooks down on his table after lunch. Genji had been sucked into the world of fashion, and was currently crossdressing in a cute bright orange cocktail dress, complete with a segmented bra section that allowed his softer midriff to show. He’d been getting borderline *aroused* at how much his body was changing but her words snapped him back to reality. *That* level of excitement could prove dangerous, especially since he’d been giggling out loud at the thought of it just moments before.

“You’re right,” he said, collecting himself. “What’s this?”

“Study,” she replied. “History of Brazil is in there, to keep you in touch. But I also want you reading your physics textbooks - it used to be a passion of yours and I know that big cranium still has lots of knowledge about it stored away. I’ve also got a bunch of stuff about camera lenses and photography principles. We can’t have you losing that. Also general trivia. I want you sharp *and* sexy, and as much as I’m loving your changing bod, I still want my Genji when she becomes Gabriella.”

Genji smiled, falling in love with his wife all over again. “You love my changing body?” he asked, tears forming in his eyes.

She leaned forward and kissed him, and it was enough to make his larger nipples stiffen. “Mhmmm,” she moaned in his mouth, clearly just as aroused. “I absolutely do, honey. I can’t *wait* to meet the new you. I might even end up quite jealous!”

She had no idea, of course, that another development was on the horizon, but that was still weeks away. For now, everything was in hand, predictable and planned, and Genji was getting excited.

The next few photoshoots went by fine, with only the occasional stumble. One of those stumbles was literal; Lara had convinced him to wear heels to an event, hidden beneath his

slacks. He still wasn't completely used to them, but managed to recover before too many people noticed the tall pumps. His hair was growing rapidly, and he now wore it in a loose ponytail. The major annoyance was having to slip out of his Gabriella clothing and style and back to his Genji one, all for the sake of the weddings and birthdays and maternity shoots that demanded a kind of 'normality' that wouldn't draw attention. He respected that, but it also saddened him, as beneath his increasingly baggy male clothing his body was getting curves and curves and more curves; for instance, he was literally having to bind his breast with tape now when he was wearing a formal suit for a photography session, because the outlines of his larger A-cups were now obvious, particularly his feminine nipples (which he loved). Getting back home after a photoshoot was utterly freeing as a result. He could let his longer hair loose, strip out of his male clothing and put his bra and panties on (the latter weren't comfortable at all, but they were encouraging his package to shrink faster), and get straight back into his Gabriella mindset.

They let a few close friends know, of course, mostly on Genji's side. Malcolm was encouraging as he'd always been, and the girls even more so. Beth practically *squealed* upon learning of his diagnosis, though as a medical professional herself she was quick to warn him not to 'play with fire' and do everything possible to avoid a dip in intelligence. Most people had heard of Lumin's enough to know that the early cases in particular often ended up far too oversexed and bimbo-like, and while Genji didn't mind the idea of getting a *little* bubblier and more sexually daring in his Brazilian beauty form, he wanted to still be the same *person* that Lara had fallen in love with. As such, he took his study seriously, listening to podcasts and reading books and going over his general knowledge as often as possible, even as he painted his nails and toes and generally played around with makeup and combinations of clothing. He also researched other aspects of womanhood he'd need to know, more practical measures such as safety practices, female hygiene, and ways to conduct one's body language (crossing legs was coming more naturally to him, but he occasionally spread-eagled when sitting down without realising it). At each stage Lara encouraged him, reminding him exactly of why she was the perfect woman for him. She just grinned or even snorted when he voiced this opinion out loud.

"Please," she would, dismissing his point humorously. "This is all just a greedy fantasy for me. I'm the one getting a hot Brazilian wife out of the deal. I'd call that a bargain, honey."

And with that, she would kiss him passionately, and then start to stroke his growing curves, and eventually lead him to the bed where they would make love to one another. To Genji's own surprise, he was increasingly taking on more confidence in that sphere. He'd never had the strongest libido, but each passing day of his Lumin's changes seemed to make him not only more easily aroused but more willing to take the lead in the bedroom. His

penis, sadly, wasn't always up to the task, even when Lara used her mouth, but his breasts were of such increasing sensitivity that he was able to occasionally cum just from her playing with them alone, especially when she sucked upon them.

Besides, such treatment would only encourage them to grow larger, a notion they could both get behind. And larger they were getting too: just two weeks after Genji's initial diagnosis he had already managed to grow B-cups. They were not huge, but they certainly felt so to him: they had a discernible weight, a jiggle and a wobble when not contained within a bra or tight shirt, and his nipples were very obviously feminine, with developed areolas around them. When Lara wasn't looking he liked to play with them idly, cupping them, feeling them, squeezing them. It wasn't even altogether a sexual act either: it simply came from a play of utter joy. He was becoming the person he was always meant to be.

She was becoming the person she was always meant to be.

In fact, it wasn't long before Genji could easily pass as a somewhat androgynous woman, or even a regular feminine one with the right aids. With Lara's encouragement, she 'subbed in' for herself at an anniversary shoot they had been hired for on a cool Friday afternoon. It was an indoors event at a hired hall, and they even had permission to enjoy the catering, which was good for Genji since he was starving due to the energy consumed by the changes. But of course, he wasn't Genji for this event.

She went as Gabriella.

Her body was smooth but for the now-triangular patch of hair above her receding penis, and her breasts were now obvious enough to everyone that she could put them in a bra, put a professional shirt over that, and have the right body shape. Genji had never been tall, but she had shrunk down to a more realistic five-foot-seven for a woman, and so it had become a lot easier to wear the women's clothing they had purchased. Some of it was still too loose around certain areas, while too tight around others, but on the whole Genji felt able to appear as a woman, especially with some makeup help from Lara. They went through the entire event grinning from ear to ear as people talked to Genji as if she really were now Gabriella in full, never suspecting that she was still biologically a man, at least for now. In fact, while her voice still had a bit of a rasp to it, it had undeniably lightened, taking on a feminine contralto. Even better, there was a trace of an accent in it that people noticed.

"That accent," one man asked at the event, "is that South America, perchance?"

"*Sim*," she had replied in Portuguese almost instinctively, "it is! My heritage is from Brazil!"

"Ah, I should have guessed! I visited Brazil in my earlier days. I was astounded, if you will permit me, by all the beautiful women there. I see it has not changed!"

It was a comment that left her beaming the rest of the day, and only consolidated her internal switch to the feminine pronouns. Indeed, she felt so like a woman that it was

unbelievable, and over the several days that followed she became ever bolder, boosted by Lara's own support, to appear in public in women's wear, in dresses, and even getting her hair style so that it was ever silkier and wavier. Her face was becoming quite attractive, and the soreness in her breasts each night only excited her further, because she knew it would mean waking up with just that little bit more growth. Indeed, she had reached full, pert C-cups just several days after that fateful anniversary shoot, and Lara had just this to day when she spotted her new wife staring at them joyously in the mirror.

"Holy hell honey, you are getting *stacked!*"

"They're not *that* big!"

"Bigger than mine, that's for sure. Bigger by half. Bigger by double, most like. Not that I'm complaining. I just have more to play with now."

And with that, she scooped up behind Genji and cupped her naked breasts, kissing her lovingly on the cheek while fondling her nipples. Genji moaned, and the arousal exacerbated the changes as it always did.

"Ohhhh, that f-feels sooo good, honey," she stammered. "I can f-feel you making me ch-change faster."

"Hot," Lara said, stroking her form.

Indeed, Genji's penis went further numb, retreating even more between her legs even as said legs changed, gaining more delectable thigh fat in all the right places, while becoming more shapely along the calves and dainty along the feet. Her Asian skin tone had altered, becoming a slightly more bronze complexion, and it seemed more obviously olive to her now.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned. "This is perfect, *meu amor*. I'm finally becoming the woman I was meant to be."

"And I get to enjoy that beautiful, wonderful woman," Lara said. "My sexy nerd."

"Always your nerd."

"But now with some nice curves, mhmmm . . ."

She lowered her hand to Genji's buttocks and gripped it with one hand, fondling it. She left her hand like that for some seconds, which made Genji giggle. "Stop it, you'll encourage it to blow up to a beachball!"

But still Lara clung on.

"Lara, I'm serious. I know you like my new butt but I really do need to get changed. These boobs aren't going to grow themselves, right?"

Again nothing. Lara was still burying her face in Genji's hair from behind.

"Lara? Are you even listening to m-"

Genji turned, and Lara slid off of her body and collapsed to the ground, her head just barely missing the hard porcelain of the nearby bathtub. She thunked to the ground, not too

violently but not delicately either. Her eyes were open, rolled into the back of her head, and the sight sent a spike of panic up Genji's spine.

"Lara? Holy shit, Lara! Honey! Sweetie! Are you alright?"

Lara didn't respond.

The next twenty four hours were some of the scariest of Genji's life. Suddenly, Lumin's Syndrome was no longer a fun thing, an experience to transform her into the beautiful butterfly she was always meant to be. Now it was a suffocating condition she had to repeatedly prove to the staff of the nearby hospital, including repeated calls to Dr Mohamed to share the right paperwork and stand as medical witness to the fact that she was the husband/wife of Lara Sato. It made a stressful event all the more stressful, and for once Genji didn't care about presenting as a woman at all - she just threw on whatever fit her body best, bra and panties and feminine style be damned. All that mattered was that her witty, cheeky, confident wife was okay.

That was all that mattered. And while she knew it had nothing to do with her condition, she began to resent the way her hips automatically swayed, the way her breasts bobbed, the way her voice continued its trajectory towards a cute Brazilian accent peppered with 'native' Portuguese. She had wanted these things, but without Lara, she didn't feel like she deserved them.

"You'll be fine, Lara," she told her unconscious wife again and again in those first few hours. "You just didn't eat enough for breakfast. You just worked too hard for me and not enough for yourself. That's all this is. Exhaustion. You'll be well. Please. *Eu te amo. I love you.*"

"I love you too," Lara had replied after three agonising hours.

"Oh God!" Genji had exclaimed, and the tears flowed again and again. Naturally, the doctors weren't far around the corner, and a myriad of tests were taken to determine what may have caused her fainting accident and subsequent period of unconsciousness. Was it malnutrition? An odd reaction? Did she lock her legs while standing too long? Exhaustion? Or something far more serious?

Lara joked on and on about it being the bad cupcakes at the birthday shoot the previous night, but Genji could tell that for all her humour and bluster, she was quite nervous. Her skin was pale, and her hands shook occasionally. She tried to change the subject constantly, and Genji did her best to keep her spirits up, even joking herself about how she just "fainted over my new bust size."

“Oh man, I had a nose bleed and everything, honey. Those are rock solid tits. Wish I had a pair when I woke up from fainting.”

Of course, sometimes what you wished for really does come true, because after being kept for twenty four hours of nerve wracking observation and numerous tests, finally a set of bloodwork confirmed a result that was as relieving as it was quite literally transformative. By a chance that the doctors considered to be one in literal *billions*, somehow Lara had developed the same genetic condition that Genji had.

Lumin's Syndrome.

It wasn't a contractable disease. It couldn't be passed by any means, not even via sex or blood. It was entirely genetic, and wouldn't even be handed down by generation, only a potential predisposition. And yet, somehow, Lara had it, just as Genji had it.

“You've got to be fucking kidding me,” said Lara after hearing the news. She was sitting in a new doctor's office, a woman named Dr Yasmin who radiated intelligence in her very manner. The doctor leaned forward and steepled her fingers.

“We can scarcely believe it either, but it's true. Your blood work has been tested multiple times, alongside other cell treatments. I know this is hard to believe, but you really have Lumin's Syndrome, Mrs Sato. It is not related to your husband - er, wife's syndrome - but you have it all the same. It is a staggering coincidence, but we do believe that your engagement with his own syndrome perhaps awakened the dormant variant within you. It would explain the small muscular and skeletal changes we have already witnessed, and the redistribution of fat processes we are seeing, primarily to your chest and hips and buttocks currently.

There was only one thing Lara could do in response to that: she snorted.

“Again, you've got to be fucking kidding me.”

What to even think of it? Briefly, Genji was terrified of losing her wife. She may be turning into a woman, but she wasn't attracted to men, and neither was the dream self she was becoming. Thankfully, that fear was quickly assuaged when the variant of Lumin's Lara had been identified. This kind was more erratic than Genji's, less controllable, but the mental element was also less volatile than the bodily one, so fear of intelligence loss was unfounded. She might become more spontaneous and bubbly, but these behaviours could be reigned in. Ultimately, the largest changes would be further feminisation: butt, boobs, hips, lips, hair, you name it. There was also a chance of race change as well, similar to Genji's current transformation towards Gabriella.

“This is just . . . nuts!” Lara declared the day after getting out of hospital. “I don’t even know how to process this, honey. I mean, I’m glad it’s not something dangerous, but . . . wow. I guess I just don’t know what to think of it. Bigger boobs and nicer curves would be great, but I wasn’t unhappy with my body. I’m still not, am I? I mean, I’ve complained about it a lot, I guess. It’s just a lot . . .”

Genji held her wife on the end of the bed, letting her soft curves comfort her lover.

“I know, it’s a lot. I went through something similar, honey. Of course, I was getting a dream fulfilled, but perhaps that’s what we can focus on for you: your ideal body, and work towards it? It’s just a thought.”

“That’s . . . not a bad idea. I don’t want to become a bimbo though.”

“There’s not much chance of that.”

“Yeah, but I’ll become pretty bubbly. Ugh, just don’t let me go blonde. I don’t want to sound like a stereotype.”

“As someone becoming a sexy Brazilian stereotype, I resent that.”

Lara finally snorted. “And one that’s getting sassier, too, I’ve noticed. Okay, yeah, that’s a good idea. Let’s figure this out. I’m going to change and I need to get used to that. No wonder my boobs have been feeling weird lately despite my period being ages away. I thought we were just fucking too much.”

“Never too much.”

“Fucking A. You’re the best, Genji. No, Gabriella.”

Genji beamed. It was getting easier to think of herself as Gabriella lately. It made her giddy and giggly, and she became both in that moment.

“I have to be the best for the best, honey. Now let’s do for you what you’ve done for me.”

“Okay, but I think I’ll pass on being Brazilian. And I only want a few little changes to encourage. Nothing major, and nothing directed. I’ll leave that whole process for you to enjoy. I want to stay fundamentally looking like this. Just, you know, a hotter, younger this.”

How little did she know how much she was about to change. Sometimes Lumin’s Syndrome could take a body to random places, even if there was no outside influence at all.

The first sign that Lara’s body was changing in unexpected directions came when she realised her skin was getting darker. And not just a light olive like Genji’s, but a noticeable shade darker than even that. It had only been five days since her diagnosis, but during that time most of the major changes had occurred for Genji, who was now going by Gabriella full time now, even on photoshoots. In fact, she’d even begun applying for an official change to

her name and status for her identity, a process that was as significant and exciting as it was utterly banal and tedious. Her body was altering even faster now, breasts almost constantly sore with the promise of future growth, and her hips undergoing the most noticeable change.

“They definitely don’t lie now!” Lara cackled, enjoyed the look of them as they swayed in the sexy, tight dress that Gabriella liked to wear around the house. “And that waist! Mhmm! Momma!”

“You are so hopeless,” Gabriella said, letting off an uncharacteristic giggle.

“And you are so . . . Brazilian. Love the accent.”

Again, another giggle, one that had a higher octave than the last. “You are incorrigible. But you’ll be excited to know my penis is almost entirely gone. I think . . . I think I’m growing a womb. I can feel it pushing my stomach aside, and there is something exciting happening within me.”

Lara’s eyes were wide. “It’s really happening then? Fantastic! I’m so proud of you, honey. I just wish my changes would get done already. All I feel is slightly warm and with achey tits.”

Gabriella paused. “Hmm, you do look a bit tanner than usual.”

“Wait, really? I thought it was just, you know, a flush from all the change hormones or something.”

“No, you look a bit olive, like I do now. Maybe . . . well, more so.”

That lit a fire under Lara’s (slightly sore, slightly expanded) ass, because she took off to the bathroom where she’d had her fainting incident and quickly inspected herself.

“Holy m-moly . . . I *do* look tan. Hell, I look darker than you, almost! And my hair - it looks like it’s growing curls! Are these curls to you, Gabriella?”

Gabriella inspected them, and indeed it did look like she was growing curls. More than that, her hair was getting longer, and thicker, and *darker*. She informed Lara of this, but her wife had already figured it out.

“I just guess I was ignoring it, or not looking close enough. I thought it was just hormones. Holy shit, this is more change than I expected. Honey, what do I do?”

Gabriella bit her lip, the one that was much more prominent these days.

“I think . . . I think we should strip away all the posters and ‘encouragements’ we’ve been putting up. My boobs are D-cups now, so I don’t even need the fillers, and I’m going to lose the penis anyway. I’m practically ‘done’, just a few more curves to go. But some of this may be influencing you, I guess?”

“Y-yeah, that makes sense.” Lara giggled, only to stop herself. “And I really hope that giggle was just me being nervous.”

Gabriella kissed her wife, noticing that her lips were a little plumper. They felt nice, at least. “Don’t worry honey, I’m sure it can’t be that much. We’ll tear this stuff down and keep you from being influenced. That should cut it down, right?”

She was wrong.

On the day that Gabriella finally became a woman, Lara realised that she in turn was most definitely becoming a different person. They had decided to postpone any business for now, shuttering their photography business for a few weeks and subsisting off their (admittedly impressive) savings for now. It helped that both now qualified for a Lumin’s Syndrome medical funding so long as they reported their changes for posterity and science, and there was even a chance that Dr Abigail Carter herself would use their information for further research and advice. But the most important thing was that the pair of them could focus on each other and themselves, especially since Gabriella’s body was so close to the end.

“I can feel it, *meu amor*,” she said to Lara, snuggling up against her body at night. “Tomorrow is the day. I’m so close to, um, ‘opening’ down there. I’m so, so, so excited!”

Lara giggled, then snorted. “I’m very keen to show you how pleasurable a nice pussy can be, my love. I just wish I knew what was happening to my own body. At least my butt is nicer, and feel!”

She placed her lover’s hands on her chest, something Gabriella was not opposed to.

“B-cups!” she said happily. “I’ve gone up a cup. If only my hair wasn’t turning black and curly, and my skin getting all tan.”

“It looks nice, at least?”

“Mhm, but it’s not me. I don’t know. We’ll see how it is in the morning. I think it could still be hormones, not a race change. I keep going back and forth. For now, let’s just enjoy sleeping together.”

“Night night then,” Gabriella said.

“Oh no, I said ‘let’s enjoy sleeping together.’ Get your damn lustful Latin American feistiness on, this Lumin’s sufferer is getting hornier than usual lately!”

Gabriella chuckled, turning her wife on her back and crawling up on top of her.

“Thank God. I’m much, much hornier these days too.”

The pair kissed even more passionately than usual, feeling each other’s bodies, sampling one another’s curves. Gabriella couldn’t deny that she was enjoying the small changes her wife had experienced so far. At times, she had felt guilty over becoming far more voluptuous than the woman who had, well, been a woman much longer. Now there was hope of Lara ending up just as gorgeous and buxom. She didn’t mind the more olive

tone to her skin or wave to her hair, and while they made love she even buried her face in said hair and sniffed it, enjoying the feel of it. As the two touched one another they focused on each other's breasts, caressing and rubbing, licking and sucking, and soon they brought one another to ever greater heights of ecstasy.

"Y-yes! *Sim!* S-so close!" Gabriella cried. She wasn't talking about her orgasm either; that had already arrived and was *still* arriving, the tree of female feeling already bearing fruit. No, she was talking about the opening between her legs. She could feel it emerging, flowering into existence and devouring the last of her formerly male arrangement. She clutched her lover, feeling her too change, though she couldn't quantify it all. Lara moaned, shivering from the orgasm delivered to her as well. She too could feel the warmth and pressure of change, and she too was overwhelmed by it. The two women - for they were both truly women now - burned hot and beautiful, but the effects of the change also left them tired. Far from cleaning up afterwards, or examining their changes, they both went to sleep in each other's arms.

Which made it all the more surprising when they woke the next morning.

Gabriella was first. She had always been a light sleeper, especially since her diagnosis. Each day had brought new discoveries, and this morning brought the best discovery of all. She could feel the distinct absence between her legs even before she felt for it. Slowly, she disentangled herself from her wife and lay on her back. She spread her legs slightly and placed her delicate fingers down between her thighs. Her digits traced over her new opening, feeling her labia and clitoris, circling over her new tunnel. Achingly slowly, she dipped her new fingers into the opening, feeling the stirring of sensation there, the growing arousal that came with playing with her new equipment.

"I'm a *mulher*. A woman," she whispered to herself. "I always was. But now I am totally."

But she mustn't have been *that* quiet, because less than a minute later her wife stirred, yawned loudly, and rolled around to face Gabriella.

"Ahhhhh," she yawned, stretching her arms and shoulders in bed before taking in her wife. "Someone's looking gorgeous this morning. And bustier! Those look bigger than double-D's, dear! Don't tell me you're going for an even bigger change, ha! What's wrong? Has something happened?"

Gabriella was momentarily speechless. Lara had changed since the previous night. Her skin was darker yet again, certainly more so than her own skin now. Her hair was positively curly now, and not loose curls either, but the kind one would expect to see on a woman of African descent, or perhaps in the West Indies. She thought of the latter because of the change in facial features upon Lara: her lips were thick, yes, but her face had an ethnic mix to it, one that was thicker and had prominent yet lovely cheeks. Her entire frame

seemed a big bigger from what she could see, not just in her larger bust (easily C-cups now) but in her shoulders and hips - the latter was revealed only when Gabriella tore back the cover in shock to inspect the rest of her wife.

“Hey, what the hell? I was warm - wait, why does my voice have a slight accent to it? Oh God, Gabriella, what’s happened?”

Gabriella bit her lip. “Um, two things, one good, one . . . interesting. I’m finally a woman, Lara.”

“That’s amazing! Oh my God, it finally happened - oh. But the other thing is me, isn’t it?”

“I think you should see a mirror.”

Lara sat up, and her larger breasts flopped about as she did so. She took in her browner nipples, her darker skin, her increased curves and larger body. She wasn’t fat, nowhere close in fact, but her liveness had melted away in favour of impressive islander-like curves.

“Oh. My. God,” she said. “A mirror is not a bad idea.”

Lara was having trouble adjusting to her new look, as well as figuring out what the endgame of said look was even supposed to be. She’d always wanted to be a bit more curvaceous - Gabriella had seen her get a little, well, not quite *catty* but certainly jealous in the presence of women who possessed enviable curves she lacked - but that was a far cry from having an entirely different body type! Her thighs were thicker, and so was her waist. Her hips had certainly widened, and her tush . . . well, she wasn’t complaining about the tush. Nor was she complaining about her now rather-nicely sized breasts. Though she was concerned as to how big they might get . . .

“Why am I changing race, though?” Lara asked after spending a great deal of time finding clothes that would even fit her now - raiding Gabriella’s closet had been the solution in the end.

“Perhaps an effect from me?” Gabriella suggested.

“Maybe, but I’m looking quite different! My hair is going curly, my skin darker, and I’m more . . . thicker.”

“I think it looks nice, at least?”

Lara blushed. “You’re wonderful, but that doesn’t mean I’m not a little concerned.” She looked at herself in the mirror and sighed. “It’s just . . . I always had an idea of what I would look like if I were a little more busty, a little bit wider in the hips. A little more womanly, that’s all I wanted to be. But this is a *lot* more womanly, and turning into a different race

entirely. And unlike you this isn't deliberate! I don't feel like I'm becoming a latina, at least not like you have. Your hair is just a bit wavy, your skin still pretty light, and you're still quite . . . svelte."

Gabriella pulled up her panties and savoured the feeling of how they felt against her new womanhood. Much better now, that was for sure. She approached her wife from behind and comforted her as she had comforted Gabriella many a time.

"Hey, we'll get you through this," she replied. "We can try to direct your Lumin's-

"My variant doesn't work like that, apparently. It's just . . . random."

"Then we'll do our best to treat you and make you know you're not only beautiful, but still my Lara," Gabriella said. "Lumin's has made me more confident and happier, even if I'm a bit gigglier at times too. Let's try to focus on that; the giggles. I want to see you happy. You told me once that we can't stop Lumin's from happening, and that I should embrace it and the gifts it could bring. Let's do the same for you."

Lara considered her reflection in the mirror, sighed, and then managed a smile. It really was a gorgeous smile, and her realisation of that made it all the more genuine.

"You're right," she said. "I can do this. I mean, it's weird as all hell but I can do this. So long as I've got my hot wife by my side, right?"

Gabriella beamed. "You're not bad looking yourself, honey."

Lara slowly came to terms with her changes over the following few days, even as they continued to mount. There was no doubt in either of the women's minds that she was indeed fully changing race and body type. The best approximation Gabriella could make was that her wife was starting to look like the women they'd seen when they'd visited the Dominican Republic years ago.

"I suppose it makes a sort of sense," Lara said, looking over her changes as she went out in public for the first time in her changing new body. "I mean, the change has to come from somewhere, right? Why not memory? Still, it's a long way off direct influence, and even then I can't be sure."

She wasn't sure of much now that even her movements had changed. She wasn't used to having breasts that really did require a bra to be contained, and certainly not for an ass that *bounced*. The latter got the attention of more than a few passing men and even women, and the increasingly confident Gabriella could only giggle in her sweet voice, place a hand gently over her partner's derriere, and give a 'sorry, she's taken!' expression to the interested parties. It left them both chuckling at times, and there was no denying they were a pretty obvious couple: one of the pair often had an arm around the other's waist, or they

were laughing loudly at their partner's recent joke, or they were staring longingly at the other, the electric attraction in the air.

"Oh God, I feel so much more flirty already," Lara noted as she managed to come down from giggling at the way Gabriella pronounced some of her words in an exaggerated, even saucy manner. "I hope I am not becoming some shallow vapid bimbo. I can do with being a *little* more silly, I suppose, but not stupid! No way."

"I hope so too," Gabriella said. "But for now, I'm just glad you're out here with me in public. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

Lara was briefly distracted by Gabriella turning on the spot, the radiant sun catching the lovely folds of her red dress that clung to her superb figure so well.

"Hmm? What was that?"

Gabriella just chuckled and took her lover's hand. "Never mind, I see another beauty. Why don't we get some makeup and dresses to fit that new figure of yours, hmm? I'm sick of finally having the opportunity to dress as a gorgeous woman only for you to swoop in and steal my wardrobe."

"Funny," Lara quipped. "It used to be *you* secretly wearing *my* wardrobe. Now you've outgrown it, in two places in particular."

Gabriella looked down at her breasts. They were barely contained by the top of her dress, and she had to adjust herself. She liked showing off her ample goods - far more than she would have imagined back when she'd been biologically male, in fact - but even for her she was starting to look a bit . . . scandalous. Her breasts were curved magnificents, the tops of them jiggling with each sashayed step and wiggle of her lovely babymakers. But despite how well the dress had fitted that very morning, it was starting to look like she was heading for a wardrobe accident unless she covered for herself.

"Um, do these look a bit bigger for you?" Gabriella asked. "My *seios*, I mean. My boobs."

Lara looked, blinked, looked again. "Geez, no wonder everyone is staring. I mean, you turned out sexy as hell honey, but I think the crowd is hoping for a 'full reveal,' if you know what I mean."

"Maybe we *both* need new outfits," Gabriella noted, blushing deeply across her olive cheeks. "I thought my change was over. I guess the Lumin's Syndrome is still running its course."

Lara chuckled. "Your body is just trying to outpace mine. Seriously, these tits are starting to really ache, same with my ass. Let's get this shopping done quickly so I can go relax at home. With you on top of me face the other way so we can go to town on each other, of course."

Gabriella snorted in an imitation of her own wife. Even for Lara, that had been a bold statement to make in public.

“Very well!” she declared, walking faster through the mall and gathering all sorts of further attention to her body. “Keep up, then!”

“Please, I’m bigger than you now! At least in the damn thighs. These things are like tree trunks!”

Sexy tree trunks at least, from just about everyone’s perspective. The pair made their way through several clothing stores, fetching new lingerie and dresses and shirts and skirts and heels and makeup and so on and so forth. At first they had only wanted the necessities, particularly for Lara. After all, they weren’t made of money and could not be sure of how far the changes would develop. But the Lumin’s Syndrome was indeed subtly affecting their mental states, and that change too was starting to show. Sure, Gabriella’s intensive study had saved her from any reduced intelligence, and Lara was doing her best to keep her own mind sharp, but both were obviously bubblier than they had been. More prone to giggling. More confident in not only their femininity, but their sex appeal in public and to each other. And now, wide-eyed at the sheer variety of outfits and styles available to purchase at the mall and its many stores, their shared syndrome had rendered the pair of them far more spontaneous when it came to spending money, and far more interested in looking fab.

It would prove to be an expensive week, especially when their bodies unexpectedly showed no signs of slowing down.

Neither Gabriella nor Lara felt totally right returning to work. They had to, of course. They weren’t struggling, but certainly would be if they neglected their business, especially since the changes they’d made to their advertising had only made them more popular; who didn’t like looking at an attractive photographer when having to freeze your face and have your picture taken? And with much more style on display, they looked like they knew what they were doing when it came to capturing good quality. The only problem was just how much they were still changing.

Only two days after their shopping spree, both women had to return to turn in half their old clothing and purchase new ones. Something about Lara’s changes had lit a fire under Gabriella’s as well, because the slowly dying embers of her changes had been reignited with a passion, matching Lara’s own rapid progress. Their figures, while different, had started to border on the exaggerated. Whereas Gabriella had enjoyed her impressive Double-D’s near the false end of her changes, she was now sporting massive F-cups, and they were already pressurised with the promise of further change, threatening to grow to the

size of her own head and beyond. Lara was just behind her with her own EE-cups and was gaining rapidly, with her curvier Dominican body (at least they assumed it was Dominican with the current lack of any conflicting information) inflating various parts to the point where Lara could barely believe her own body.

“This is getting ridiculous!” she exclaimed one morning after the pair had made love. “I seriously am starting to look like a total harlot!”

“Oh, you just look sexy, honey,” Gabriella said in her cute accent. “And you are certainly even better at sex these days.”

Lara snorted, tossing her curly black hair to one side, for it was truly black now. “Well, I won’t complain about *that* part. God, these huge tits are so sensitive, and I had no idea I could cum just from you gripping my *ass*.”

“Mhmm, it was worth it, though.”

“Fine, it was!” Lara admitted, chuckling again. “But these changes are getting out of control. I’ve started bumping things off of low-hanging shelves when my hips sway! I knocked a vase over with my ass yesterday!”

Gabriella winced, thinking back to her incident the day before when she’d dropped some ice cream down her immense cleavage, much to the joy of the boys at the park who happened to see this event occur. It didn’t help that her bubbly brain had her scooping it out with her fingers and licking it while moaning sensually.

“Well, you’re not wrong there. I always wanted to be a woman, but I’m starting to feel a bit too . . . on display.”

“Exactly! And it’s . . .”

Lara couldn’t bring herself to call it horrible. Not even humiliating. Oh, it was a little embarrassing, sure, but an increasingly bigger part of her *liked* the attention. In fact, she’d occasionally even dreamed of not just fucking her wife constantly, but having other people join in too. It was one thing she *hadn’t* admitted about the ordeal.

“The syndrome is making us like it, isn’t it?” Gabriella finished. “*Meu Deus*, I wanted to look lovely for myself and you, but now I like looking hot for everyone. And I feel hot. I - Lara, I’m sorry to admit this, but I don’t think I *want* the changes to stop. I don’t care if they get more ridiculous, I just want to get curvier and curvier and bubblier and bubblier! It’s so freeing!”

Lara couldn’t help herself; she giggled just like the valley-girl type she was afraid of becoming. It caused the lovely fat on her hips, her breasts, and her rear to all wobble.

“It is, I guess. Oh my God, I can’t believe it. What are we going to be like tonight during the photoshoot?”

“We’re going to be worth taking pictures of,” Gabriella quipped. “And I won’t be able to take my eyes off you.”

“Well, I can definitely tell that the Lumin’s Syndrome has upped your libido.”

“Yours too, honey. Are you complaining?”

The race-changed woman smirked with her full lips. She pressed her arms together, creating a veritable canyon of cleavage.

“I was at the start of this conversation. But now looking at those big F-cup tits is getting my pussy all wet, and I just want to fuck you three more times until we *have* to get ready.”

“Works for me!” Gabriella said, laughing as she leapt into Lara’s arms. Soon the passionate pair were making out once more, rubbing each other’s pussies, teasing their respective clitorises, and burying their faces in each other’s full chests. Lara sucked on Gabriella’s nipples, and they seemed even more impossibly sensitive than ever before. Lara too felt the same, and as they began moaning and scissoring on the bed, their bodies intertwining, she began to appreciate her thicker, curvier figure. It made her feel dominant and powerful, like an ancient fertility idol goddess come to life. After so much more confident had surged into Gabriella, it felt good to take control again. She made sure that her Brazilian buxom beauty of a wife came repeatedly before she did, and she relished the sound of her cries.

Of course, when the pair lay panting together, prodigious chests squashed against one another, it also seemed rather obvious that they had once more accelerated their changes. All at once they began to groan softly, feeling fresh expansions to their figures, contractions of their waists, the surging forth of fatty flesh in all the right places.

“I - I think we’re going to s-stick out tonight,” Lara quipped.

“I - ahhh - can’t wait!” Gabriella replied, kissing her lover. “I want to look like the sexiest photographer in the world.”

“I’ll m-make sure to get some spare, secret photos,” Lara replied, grinning.

Perhaps the new curves wouldn’t be all bad, even if they were quite pronounced by this point.

“My word, you two certainly stand out, don’t you?”

The words should have been condescending, but they were delivered with good cheer by one Mr Samson, who was one of the good friends of the party hosts who had hired Gabriella and Lara for the evening. It was, apparently, a grand meeting of young socialites and business types, many of whom had graduated university together years ago and had kept in touch. Everyone was consequently very stylish and well-to-do, and the Carrington Hall venue they had hired was incredible: an old-style manor just outside the city limits with

its own exterior hedge maze and gazebo setting. And yet, for all the pretty young women with blonde and brunette hair and petite dresses, and all the stalwart men with baritone voices and bold suits, it was the photographers that stood out the most. It wasn't their fault, and they dress, well, not *conservatively*, per se, since they found themselves compelled to show off a little, but they weren't trying to outshine anyone either. It just so happened that they now possessed figures like goddess, albeit ones with the exaggerated figures of ancient South American fertility idols.

"We're not that ridiculous!" Lara laughed after someone made a comment. "No big belly at least!"

That got a chuckle from several others, but on the whole the two women managed to keep it all above board and professional. Gabriella wore a figure-hugging white dress, while Lara opted for a shadow-black variant, and the pair of them were more enthusiastic about their shared profession than they had been in years; and they hadn't exactly gone off it at any point. Instead, they encouraged the guests and customers, shared tears at reunions they were filming, gave exaggerated hearts-on-hands gestures when a dating couple kissed in a photo, and generally did all they could to hype up the experience and get the best photos possible, all while having an outrageously fun time themselves. Sure, perhaps some people didn't like having the lady photographers grabbing so much attention, but it was simply impossible not to with their figures.

"This is so fun!" Gabriella exclaimed when they managed to find a private moment together in the corner of the party. "So fancy and pretty! And there are so many guys looking at us."

"Mhmm, some of them rather nice too," Lara remarked, Lumin's making her a little more open to the idea of 'sharing,' even if it was just a thought for now. "Who would have thought becoming a Dominican goddess would make me feel more at home in my own body?"

"And I think a few ladies are even looking my way."

"*This* lady in particular," Lara said, kissing her wife. The kiss turned *very* passionate, the two practically making out until a nearby guest coughed and they separated, all sheepish and embarrassed.

"Whoops! I guess I'll have to get used to always acting like I'm a little tipsy too," Lara said.

"I'm the same," Gabriella replied, giggling with her wife. "And maybe it's just the fact that the syndrome is making all my hormones go mega crazy, but this party is turning me on a lot."

"We could try and find a room between shoots?" Lara said, before putting her hands on her mouth. "Oh my God, I can't believe I just suggested that! Sorry, it just flew into my

head! Like all those thoughts of having that hot blonde girl who's been checking us out join us for a little fun."

Gabriella was just sipping a drink when she practically *sputted* it out. "What was that?"

"I'm sorry! I was just . . . oh God, this whole syndrome really is making me a total bimbo, right? Oh God, that was so stupid, I can't believe-"

"No, it's not that, Lara. I swear it's not that, *meu amor*. I was just shocked because, well, I've been having the same thought."

Lara's gorgeous, freshly dark eyes went wide. She took a deep breath in, and it caused her magnificent, now F-cup sized breasts to swell up and down. "You - you have?"

Her formerly male wife grinned, feeling utterly cheeky in that moment. "Um, yeah, I guess I totally have. I don't think it's a bimbo thing, I think the Syndrome has just made us very, very aroused."

"Wait, you weren't like this before - this is my doing." Lara put her hands on her wide hips. "It all makes sense. I got Lumin's Syndrome, and that changed me, but that went on to influence *you*. That's why your change restarted, and why you're starting to feel mega-horny like I am. I was always the hornier one, Gabriella. I'm so sorry, I've put you in a damn feedback loop, and now you're having the hots for people outside our marriage all because the syndrome is making my weird hidden fantasies become waaaaaaay less hidden."

Gabriella felt sorry for her wife, not angry. She placed a hand on her bare shoulder, and reassured her with a gentle, loving smile.

"Hey, we knew there would be changes, right? I don't blame you, *meu amor*. And we said we would accept the changes."

"I know Gabriella, but this is just so much more-"

But then Gabriella silenced her with a kiss. The truth was, she was getting a lot more horny, and this upscale party was a perfect location to get a little horny, especially since they had an official break time before they got out the backdrop for feature photographs. Over Lara's shoulder, the gorgeous young blonde woman was looking their way and trying not to be obvious about it. Her lust for them was clear, and it made Gabriella excited. A tingling began in her womanhood, the same tingling that always put her in the mood. She stuck out her chest a little and waved to the woman, and gestured for Lara to do the same.

"What are we doing?" Lara asked, a little astonished.

"Having a bit of fun," Gabriella said, smiling as the woman gave a nervous wave back.

"But our marriage-"

"Is more than ready for us to enjoy sharing a little extra experience. Come on, Lara. If this really is your hidden fantasy that Lumin's has made come to life, then I want to go

through it with you. Besides, our syndromes are in a feedback loop, right? Doesn't that just excite you?"

Gabriella couldn't believe what she was saying, but her changes had left her far bolder than she'd ever been. Lara, in turn, was nervous for once, but looking into her wife's eyes gave her the strength she needed. She smirked, waggled an eyebrow.

"Then let's be quick about it," she said.

But because she was still Lara, she snorted with amusement straight after.

The three women had found a room and were making short work of getting hot and heavy in it. The blonde woman's name was Katya, and while she was initially nervous about the idea of being with two other ladies at once, Gabriella and Lara were both more than welcoming, laughing and complimenting her on her style and making her feel all the more comfortable among them. They didn't have a lot of time, but then they didn't need a great deal of it either: Gabriella and Lara were as surprised to find themselves in this situation as much as Katya, and while neither of the former women had any doubt that their Lumin's Syndrome played a key role here, they weren't planning to deny their bodies the pleasurable experience it craved.

Especially not now that they were already making out with Katya. The blonde woman was insatiable once they had begun stripping down, her nervousness dissipating as she had the change to lick and suck at Lara's enormous brown nipples. She switched to Gabriella, pressing her face into her marvellous breasts hungrily. The married pair used that moment to press the white woman's body between theirs, allowing their curves surround her so that she was in ecstasy, kissing one woman then another, and then Lara and Gabriella, and so on until they enjoyed all combinations of tongues and lips and moans gently exhaled into another's mouth.

"Ohhhhh, this is - everything I wanted!" Katya exclaimed. "I couldn't stop looking at - ahhh - either of you! You are both so beautiful! So curvaceous! Like angels!"

"You look like an angel too," Gabriella said, meaning it. "Sooooo beautiful, trust me!"

"Mhmmm, I feel beautiful, between the two of you! I always liked women who look and feel as you do, but never had the luck. And you are married?"

"Very much so," Lara said, squeezing Katya's ass even as Gabriella rubbed her dripping pussy. "We - mhmmm - are having a bit of an experiment though. It's a - ahhh - time of change for us. We're trying something n-new."

"And totally loving it!" Gabriella exclaimed, caressing Katya's back. "Mhmmm! Yes, rub my pussy there. Use your fingers, Katya. I'll take care of my wife."

“And she’ll take care of you. We’ll all be taken care of.”

The sentence was very, very much true, because soon all three women were writing naked on the guestroom bed together, uncaring how much they were disrupting the sheets as the pair of them pleased Katya, making her feel like the most special woman in the world. Lara had finally accepted her body, and even the strange tightness in her chest and hips and ass didn’t bother her. Her features were already significantly exaggerated, but this would only make her look more wonderfully voluptuous and unique, especially when she got around to wearing the lingerie getup she had lined up to surprise her wife. She didn’t care if she got a little ditzy and flirty in public, or if her libido got the best of her at times, or even if her new insatiability crossed with Gabriella’s meant that they had to seek out a third partner at times to deal with their shared curiosity. As the first orgasms ripped through her and Gabriella and Katya, all practically at the same time, all she cared about was how wonderfully free she was.

She giggled in pleasure as the third orgasm hit, and so did Gabriella. The two women fell to laughing through the bliss, completely understanding one another, even as the confused Katya looked at them in post-coital surprise.

“What - what is so funny?”

“Nothing,” Gabriella said, sensing her wife’s mood. “I just get the feeling we’re going to be doing this a lot! We can’t help ourselves; it’s soooo naughty but we have our needs, I guess!”

“I promised myself not to do this on a job and I couldn’t stop,” Lara said, chuckling. “I don’t want Miss Langridge to fire us! Please don’t tell her.”

This time it was Katya’s turn to laugh. “Don’t worry, I won’t. *I’m* Mrs Langridge’s daughter, and your secret is safe with me. In fact, if you’re willing to go maybe just one more round, I’ll get you both a well, well deserved tip.”

Nine days after that wonderful, eye-opening experience, and the Lumin’s Syndrome changes were finally complete and over with. For better or worse, both women were left with bodies that were far, *far* more exaggerated than they’d first intended. Gabriella’s initial ‘perfect’ body had been settled on as a 34-26-36 measurement, with double-D cup breasts. Now, she was nearly 50-30-50, with mammoth HH-cup breasts that dwarfed the size of her own head nearly. Lara’s own body was even more absurdly curvaceous to the point of looking nearly (though not all the way) unnatural. Her breasts were larger, her booty bigger, but her waist was at least thicker to compensate, as well as her thighs, thus giving her an appearance of not looking like a live action Jessica Rabbit. Well, she looked a *little* like a Dominican Jessica

Rabbit. But beyond the huge breasts and butts and hips that were - occasionally - still knocking things off of shelves or bumping into people comedically, there were also a number of final mental changes to consider. Lara had been terrified of going, as she put it, 'full bimbo,' and so she was relieved that this was never the case, nor was it for Gabriella.

Both had, however, certainly ended up more bubbly, just as they expected. This manifested in numerous ways: they laughed louder, more freely, and more often, often at each other's jokes or just funny things they saw. But they also complimented not just each other but friends, family, and complete strangers without any trace of nervousness whatsoever. When they got excited (especially Gabriella), they literally *bounced* on their feet. Lara was still a snorter when it came to her laughter, but now she had a habit of tearing up when laughing too heartily, as if the emotion was just all too much for her. Which it probably was, really. She also had a habit of clenching her fists and shaking them when she was keen for a particular outcome, like a sports game or a model show coming to town. Naturally, this led to a lot of jiggling of her divine curves, which in turn led to Gabriella getting aroused at the sight of it (or a third woman), which naturally led to the more passionate ways of calming her down.

And it *did* take a lot to keep the pair calm and functioning these days, not that either minded the borderline *copious* amount of sex their bodies needed. Mostly, they were able to satisfy one another. Mostly. Goodness knows, there were enough bouncy bits to go around as far as fondling, groping, squeezing, and general playing was required. And just like with so many other Lumin's Syndrome-affected individuals, they had ended up being deeply sensitive when it came to their new equipment. Well, Gabriella's new equipment. Lara just considered hers to be 'rather enhanced,' a fact that always made her snort and giggle. But from time to time, or when it just took their fancy, the loving couple were more than happy to hit the town and find another woman to share their bed with. The trysts were always shared, ever partnered off, and always by agreement.

The pair would dress up, compelled by the mental changes to always show off a devastating amount of cleavage and their outrageous hourglass figures in tight, low-cut, high-hemmed dresses. Then they would hit the town, or visit a club - their bodies were back to their early twenties thanks to the change, a fact that Lara especially celebrated. And while both enjoyed the feeling of men going gaga at the sight of them, they agreed to only share women. Lara still swung both ways, but her meter had 'switched', so to speak; whereas before she preferred guys on the whole, she had now gone the other way. And she refused to take a lover that Gabriella - who was totally lesbian - couldn't. And when it came to their numerous orgasms and highs their new bodies provided for them, that arrangement worked just fine.

Of course, they did have to alter their photography arrangement a little. Given their new predilections, fantastical bodies, and overall sex appeal and sexual needs, it was harder to work events such as weddings and anniversaries and even business parties without accidentally ending up indulging in the joy a bit too much themselves. So the pair came up with a wonderful idea of making *themselves* the subject of photography as a side gig.

Suffice to say, it turned out that letting their bodies loose on the internet made far, far more money than their original jobs, and it was a whole lot more fun. And saucy. They still took events as normal, but there was always this fun to be had on the side, and it boosted Gabriella and Lara's confidence through the roof, allowing them to totally embrace the women they had become. They had changed so much together, and were still changing every day, if not physically anymore. But as long as the pair had each other, they were happy however they ended up.

Which was, as it turned out, most often in bed. But with their new bodies, who could blame them?

The End