

Side Window (Neighbour to Hot Girlfriend AR TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Dustin is a young man who has returned to his family home during the summer break after a leg injury has curtailed all his planned fun. Frustrated and stuck at home while his parents work, he begins to notice that the strange, reclusive crank of a neighbour is slowly changing into a beautiful woman. Only, no one believes him . . .

Side Window

I was back in my childhood home, and couldn't be less excited to be here. By all rights, I should have been partying. Swimming. Surfing. Getting up to all sorts of tricks and trouble. Having sex with a prospective girlfriend. It was Summer break, after all. The time when all the early twenties guys like me who are studying at college practically leap away from campus and sprint to the nearest pub, bar, tavern, whatever you want to call it, in order to celebrate. Summer means cute summer dresses on all the girls, warm beaches, relaxing shade, and the best boat parties around.

Unless, of course, you end up wildly injured and in trouble. Let's say, for example, you and your friend were joking around racing your cars well over the speed limit, taking turns so you could time the 'best lap,' only for your best buddy to lose control while you were filming him, and his car careened into you, and you ended up with a massively broken leg and an even more broken phone which you couldn't replace. Oh, and when you got arrested, your buddy had fled the scene and denied everything. Some buddy.

Yeah, okay, that wasn't a hypothetical. That very much happened to me. Naturally, I was furious. The police were . . . not furious, but weren't impressed either. And the hospital bills *felt* furious, though with that cold and clinical edge that told me, 'hey, I don't care about you, but let me ruin your life.' My parents, though? They were absolutely fucking mad with fury, and let me have it over the phone. It was a long-winded series of speeches - well, from Mom anyway, Dad was a lot more curt - but the gist of it was three-fold:

- 1) If I wanted them to help me with the hospital bills AND the police fine, then I had to come back home during the Summer to avoid further trouble.
- 2) They didn't care if I was independent, I was effectively grounded.
- 3) I had to be respectful of the neighbours and stay out of trouble.

Not that I *could* get into trouble anyway. I was stuck in a damn wheelchair with a cast on my leg that went all the way up to my groin. Thankfully, *that* region had been left unscathed. The whole thing itched like a motherfucker, but I had to keep it on for another month before they even considered taking it off. So I was effectively stuck in the house, sitting bored, with only Dad's old camera to keep me company. It was a really old shutter model from the sixties, so naturally he had no idea I knew where it was hidden, but even for an old model it had a quality and zoom that was damn impressive, even if it was huge. Of course, I always hid it back when the folks returned. I wasn't sure if it had any film rolls, and wasn't about to ask my father, who knew a thing or two about reasonable suspicion, but it kept me entertained during those long hours when my folks were away at work. While everyone was off partying, I was stuck in boring suburbia. Me, Jeffrey 'Jeff' Woolrich. Twenty two years of age and meant to be partying hard.

Now, the only thing to entertain me was the mystery of the weird reclusive neighbour.

To hear Mom and Dad tell it, the weird guy next door had moved in a couple of weeks ago. He was a shifty sort, and had barely introduced himself, though they'd gotten his name: Larry Thorwald. He was a strange figure, apparently a pensioner, or at least approaching that age. He locked himself away in the house most of the time, and had all his food - mostly tins of soup and the like - among other household goods delivered directly to his doorstep by vans. I'd only seen him a couple of times in the few days I'd already been in the house: he was a decrepit looking old man, with stringy grey hair and a fowl snarl upon his features. I waved to him from my parents' front deck, and he'd given only the smallest of nods before scurrying back in. When they tried to befriend him further, invite him for dinner, or even just pass along brownies, he snapped and barked about them "infringing on my personal liberties" and "invading my space. I'll call the police!" My parents left him well enough alone after that: more trouble than he was worth.

Naturally - and here is where I probably am a little bit of an asshole - I decided to spy on him. What else was there to do? I'm not a big book guy, and I couldn't play sport with my leg injury, or go much anyway or enjoy much of anything. Sure, there was the internet, and I certainly used that. Given how much I was *not* getting to spend time on the beach looking and flirting with girls out of my league in their hot bikinis, I went with the next best thing: masturbating to images and videos of hot bikini women and big-titted models online. But as much as that, and the stack of movies and shows I wanted to catch up on, managed to kill some time, it wasn't enough. I was young, foolish, and I had a camera that my photography course had taught me how to handle, even if Dad would throw a fit if he knew I had it.

So I started spying.

It started as just a silly idle game. Catch the man when he comes out onto his deck to collect stuff! See if you can snap him when he flits past the window - not that I had the film to actually take a photograph. He was an evasive old bugger, so it was a surprisingly fun little challenge, and one that kept my attention from flagging. Like playing 'yellow car' on long drives. Because the street was on a slight slope, I had a good angle to look into some of his floor space from further up high without easily being seen, and I could view into part of his attic through the angled ceiling sun windows, though that required me to drag myself up the stairs. I'd done that exactly once, and planned to never do it again; Mom and Dad had to help me get back down, it was so goddamn painful and dangerous.

Still, it was just a thoughtless mental exercise to get me through the drudgery. I would have gotten over it, in time. Except that just a week and a half into my 'grounded' stay at my parents, who were still rather short with me about 'wasting my future', I saw something fascinating. Something strange. Something that I couldn't quite explain.

I was in my room in the late afternoon, sun dimming on the horizon. I was holding my camera and checking out the various happenings of the neighbourhood. Mr and Mrs Elroy were having it out again, and Daisy Wilkins was tending to her sick dog, having come back once again from the vet. The damn creature was on death's door anyway, but then I couldn't blame her. I'd always wanted a dog myself, but my parents had never let me. I was considering getting into bird watching like a total nerd just to relieve my boredom, when suddenly I noticed a van pull up beside Larry Thorwald's place next door. It was different from the other vans - not a food truck, not a delivery service, not even an electrician or anything. Instead, it had a sign I'd never seen on a van before: a Hazard symbol. The door slid open, and out of the vehicle stepped a man in an orange HAZMAT suit complete with an opaque green visor. He moved slowly, cautiously, and carried two large packages under each arm. He stood at the threshold of the stairs that led up onto the old pensioner's porch, but did not step in.

"Mr Thorwald!" the figure shouted, voice slightly modulated. *"Are you present! You indicated on the phone to our service that you would be. Your medicine is here!"*

Suddenly the door flew open and the old decrepit man stepped hurriedly down the stairs, grey hair twisting in the wind, wearing fluffy slippers and a patchwork bathrobe that was a horrid yellow-brown colour.

"What are you yelling for!" he snapped in his raspy voice. "Do you want to wake the whole blasted neighbourhood!?"

The figure said something in a hushed, apologetic tone, but now it was Thorwald who raised his voice higher than needed.

“Apologies all you want, but I’m a senior and I deserve my privacy, thank you very much! Even if the condition is what they say it is - and I’m not convinced - doesn’t mean I get to be treated like a damned terminal! No one needs to know - I’ll deal with this just like I did with diseases that were around when your own mother was likely gearing up to be born. So next time, just knock, and don’t make a whole scene so that everyone round these parts starts asking questions, y’hear?”

Another muffled response, and Thorwald seemed to calm a bit.

“Yes, well, your generation could use more bloody humility like that. Just a bit of privacy is all I’ demanding. There’s a reason I moved here. There’s a reason I order all my food delivered. I’m taking my precautions, don’t you worry. I don’t need some bloody ankle monitor or anything. I’ll be just fine keeping to myself until it’s all blown past me. And it *will* blow past, young whippersnapper. I’m not ending up like one of - one of *those* people. The ones on the television. No siree.”

Their talking dimmed, and from the Hazmat Suit’s body language, it looked like he was trying to convince or reason Thorwald into some position or viewpoint that the man was absolutely not interested in taking. In the end, he left, giving the equivalent of a full-body sigh, and retreating back into the vehicle. From there, Thorwald took the packages one at a time back into the house. He snuck glances all around as he did so, his suspicion obvious in its paranoia. I ducked away just in time to avoid his gaze. I was unsure if he would even see me at all given his age and the darkness that lingered in my room, but I felt the need to be cautious nonetheless. After all, what the hell was he hiding? What was that about an ankle monitor? And what could possibly be in those packages? It made me question what condition he actually had, and I decided to ask Mom and Dad when they got home for dinner.

“That’s none of our business,” Mom just said promptly as she served out chicken roast. It was one of the few things I missed about living here, I couldn’t lie about that. “Whatever condition he has I wish him well with it. Just because he’s not the most social neighbour doesn’t mean we wish him ill.”

“Yeah, but what if it’s hazardous, or infectious?”

“That’s a little over the top, isn’t it?”

“A guy in an actual orange Hazmat suit arrived to drop off his pills or whatever!”

Mom rolled her eyes at me. “Oh please, I’m sure he was just wearing a doctor’s scrubs or something, Jeff. I think sticking around home has made your mind a little creative.”

“Very creative,” Dad piped in, reading from his newspaper. He was big on his newspapers. “He’s just a run-of-the-mill hateful old man.”

“I’m telling you, it was true.”

“Did you take a photo?” Dad asked, his eyes appearing over the top of said paper.

“Of course not, *you* took my phone from me. Which is child abuse, by the way.”

Mom tapped me on the shoulder. “It’s not child abuse, dear. It’s the house rules if you’re staying here. And the only reason we took it is because you tried to organise a house party.”

I sort of had. It was bad behaviour, I know. “It was twenty people at most, Mom!”

“Not the point.”

“And Jean-Marie was coming! She’s one of the only hot girls left in this part of town. The rest are, you know, enjoying summer break.”

“Plenty of fish in the sea,” Dad remarked in his usual curt way.

“Ugh, the only reason I have to follow house rules is because you forced me to be stuck here. I’m literally a full adult as of this year - I can drink beer and everything!”

“You were drinking beer before,” Mom remarked. She wasn’t wrong. “And anyway, you can leave any time you want. But we aren’t paying for your tuition until you can prove to us you can be responsible for a single summer break. Who knows, maybe being ‘stuck here’, as you view it, will be exactly what you need to finally grow up and get a nice lovely girlfriend.”

“Not fucking likely,” I said.

Dad glared at me.

“Sorry.” No swearing. It was another house rule.”

I was not swayed by Mom and Dad’s arguments. It wasn’t like they were around the house very often: they arrived late and we had dinner late, and after retiring from long days at work I was often up for extra hours of boredom. So I figured hey, why not find out what was going on with Larry Thorwald? At the very least, it would be a bit of fun figuring out what was going on with the strange old kook, especially since the side window out of my bedroom gave that perfect look through much of his apartment.

So my observations began, and just for kicks, I did something I’d never imagined in a million years I would do: I started a journal. Creepy, stalkerish, I know. Weird as hell, and maybe illegal? Who knows!? But I started to track his movements, his deliveries, his actions as far as I could make them out. When I pulled myself out of my bed in the morning and got myself into the damned wheelchair with its contraption that held my big cast leg out, I first checked on Thorwald, *then* saw to my shower, clothes, breakfast, and all that. Before I went to bed, I got out Dad’s camera with its old, massive lens, and swept over Thorwald’s house to

see what was happening. I began to understand his schedules, his interests, his habits, and more of all, his fascinating paranoia.

My old cranky pensioner of a neighbour got up every morning at around exactly seven-thirty AM, and went to bed at ten-thirty, though he sometimes didn't last to ten. I could see a little into the kitchen: he favoured scrambled eggs on toast, and that was pretty much the only treat the man afforded himself. Everything else was soft stuff and gunk scooped out of tin cans he ordered in massive piles from the supermarkets. In my humble opinion, the old crazy hoarder clearly had dentures, and hence didn't care too much for chewing down large chunks of food at all. He also seemed to collect newspapers, just like my father, though not in a terribly hoarder-like way; he seemed to make clippings or art or something with them in his spare time, pasting them onto boards for a time and then putting them in some back cupboard I couldn't quite see.

All of this was fairly ordinary, except for the fact that he took several strange pills at exact intervals: a big pink one with his breakfast at eight-thirty AM, a set of smaller orange ones at eleven AM, the big pink one *again* at two PM, and then a strange jelly-like liquid that he gargled down at five PM. At night, I suspected he took more before sleeping, but I didn't have a view into his bedroom. The man was fairly paranoid, but also who would want the stranger next door to see into your bedroom anyway?

The whole situation only made me, as Alice would say in my mother's book, curiouiser and curiouiser. The man refused to leave his house other than to pick up a myriad of packages, and seemed only to care for his own company. Once, I decided to time my own little visit to our front porch with his own in the morning - he liked to sit out front to pick up soup cans around midday, and I liked catching the sun while I was constrained to that frustrating wheelchair, my leg stuck pointing out comically.

"Hello there, neighbour!" I called to him.

He spun his head in my direction as he picked up the first of his grocery bags.

"What's that?" he said sharply. "Who - who are you?"

"I'm Jeffrey, the Woolrich's son. I'm staying here for the summer, since I'm injured, as you can see."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Well, it was lovely to meet you. Good day."

He turned to leave, but I decided to keep prodding. "You're Larry Thorwald, right? You moved here just a few weeks ago?"

"Who told you that?"

"My parents, of course. Is it true you have everything delivered? Why's that?"

He sneered. "None of your business, young man. And if I were you, I'd suggest staying on your side of the property line. I'm a man who likes his privacy and I'm dealing with my own *problems!*"

His voice shot up an octave with that last sentence, cracking audibly so that it sounded like it barely belonged to a man, let alone one as raspy-voiced as Thorwald. Hell, I'd never known a voice to crack and become *softer*, but somehow his did. His face became one of agitation.

"I've - stay off my property, that's all I'll say!" he said, voice cracking strangely a second time.

"I can't get on your property!" I said, chuckling. "Only wheels, remember!"

But as soon as he was gone, I raced back inside: literally. My wheels spun against the carpet, and I nearly tipped over. I carefully manoeuvred my awkward leg into my room, then the rest of me. I picked up the camera and used its zoom lens to stare into his house.

For the first time in a week and a half, Thorwald was taking that big pink pill early. His hands were shaking with fear as he moved to the bathroom. I normally couldn't see in there, but today the window was open. He was breathing heavily as he swallowed the pill and inspected his reflection. He did so for a nail-biting three full minutes. He mouthed something, and I just managed to catch it with the zoom.

'It's happening,' was what I thought he said.

And sure enough, something was. To his horror, and my utter astonishment, his hair grew out a little, and several of those hairs turned noticeably darker. He felt at his cheeks, and the long dark wrinkle near his mouth evaporated. In moments, it was like he'd de-aged several years, looking that little bit less decrepit.

"What the fuck?" I said aloud. Far too loudly, in fact.

He immediately looked over to my room, but I wheeled back just in time to be out of his view. After several paranoid minutes, I wheeled myself forward again. The bathroom window was shut, its glass opaque.

"Okay, this just became a whole new level of interesting. I'm gonna Scooby Doo this shit out."

That incident was the first strange sign that things were weird, but it was not the last one. I raised what I saw with my parents, and they dismissed what I saw without thought.

"He probably uses dye," Dad said, taking another scan of his paper.

“And did you just admit to peeking at an old man in his bathroom?”

“N-no! I - that’s not what I mean. I was just looking at the window, I’ve been getting into birdwatching, and-”

“Just happened to sneak a glance into the neighbour’s house. Really, Jeffrey?”

I groaned. “I’m just saying that his hair literally grew before my eyes, and he looked younger.”

Dad chuckled. “Lucky him. Hm, another interest rate rise. No good.”

I wanted to wheel my seat around in such a way that my cast leg hit my father in the ass. Instead, I just sighed. “Fine, fine. Don’t believe me.”

“Just focus your energy on recovering,” Mom said. “This salmon will be good for you. Besides, you’ve no doubt got many other things you could be doing.”

Not likely. Not likely indeed. Not when I’d see what I’d just seen. So I decided to just keep my opinions to myself, pretend I was playing video games and reading books and studying for the return semester. I got on the internet a number of times to find symptoms of whatever Thorwald was going through, but nothing concrete came back. The symptoms were pretty vague after all. Thankfully for me, and unfortunately for my cranky neighbour, they were about to get a whole lot more obvious.

The second incident happened only three days later. I barely caught that one, and it was entirely by coincidence as well: I was actually taking a break from my investigation to visit the nearby corner shop, wheeling myself out of the house for some much-needed vitamin D. On my return from purchasing a can of beer and some ice cream, I spied Thorwald getting out of his car - evidently he’d also been running an errand, though whether he was violating a quarantine - even a personal one - was anyone’s guess. He had a medical mask on, though he removed it. Perhaps he’d just worn it as a courtesy. He got out of the car and stared at the can in my hand with his hairy eyebrows curled in annoyance.

“Kids these days. We didn’t drink till we were ready, back in my day.”

I just chuckled. Old boomers getting riled by anything was something I took a lot of humour from. “What can I say? I just like to crack a cold one on a hot Summer’s day.”

“You know, I heard what you did to earn that broken leg. Street racing. Absolutely despicable. My generation wasted their lives working to give people like you a better future, and now I’m stuck with this stupid . . .”

“Stupid what, old timer?” I said, prodding.

“Never mind.” He scowled, but moved to turn away. That was when he stumbled, clutching the side of his car and panting heavily.

“Whoa, are you alright?” I asked.

“Get the hell off my grass! I don’t want a thug like you anyway - oohhhh! Ahhh!!”

At first I was worried that he was having a heart attack, but the sounds he was making came across way too . . . scandalous. Aroused. Lusty. Turned on. However you wanted to put it, it sounded goddamned *dirty*. He shuddered, and I took the opportunity to wheel myself closer, though once I hit the grass I couldn’t budge much. What I did see confirmed what I’d seen the other day, and continued to alarm me greatly.

“G-get away *from m-me!*” he cried, his voice cracking into that softer, borderline feminine tone. “I told you that I j-just - Nngh!! Ohhh, yes!”

He shifted, and I just barely managed to suppress a laugh: he had a massive erection against his pants, which were far too high-waisted. He was clearly trying to resist rubbing it, and more than that, the hands that hovered near it were shifting, changing.

They were getting younger. Younger and slimmer and daintier.

Like a woman’s hands.

I said nothing. I didn’t have a working camera, or my phone, and so couldn’t use the proof. Larry Thorwald, still squirming and shaking and groaning like he was about to cum dust from his sagging balls into his old man underwear, managed to regain enough control over his fine-motor skills to awkwardly trounce back up the stairs of his porch to his front door. His hair grew out a little more, and it was *definitely* darker, with some strands that were black.

“P-pills!” he groaned. “G-got to take my goddamn pills!”

“Is something wrong?” I called, hoping for an answer.

“It’s a medical condition,” he snapped. “*And it’s goddamn private!*”

His voice cracked again as he slammed his door shut. For just a moment, I managed to see his face shift. It looked like it had lost wrinkles. More than that, his eyes looked less dark too. Almost light brown.

“This is going in the journal,” I said to myself.

It was an act of rebellion, in a way. Against my parents, and against my irritating neighbour. He was reclusive, he was snappish, and in our infrequent reactions he made damn sure to tell me how “the young had fallen” and how I “should hurry up and pull myself up by my bootstraps and get a job to earn my keep instead of foolish around with dangerous vehicles and drugs.” I have no idea where he got the drugs bit from, but I didn’t care: I had my revenge in documenting all the strange things that were happening to him.

And what's more, I finally had Dad's rolls of film for the camera. I had to be careful - they required me to set up a dark room, and that was difficult given my condition, but it meant I could take some snaps of his changes, and, uh, *episodes*. And my, weren't those episodes increasing! When my parents were away doing their nine-to-five (they usually finished around six-to-seven, more like), I kept continual watch my neighbour's unfolding changes, each of which were accompanied by his strange, obviously aroused groaning.

Two days after the changes to his hands, I noticed him gasp suddenly as he organised some of his newspapers. He was in the living room, and suddenly he groaned loud enough for me to hear.

"What the-!? But I took a pill? I wasn't even looking at - ahh! Ngh! No!"

The rest of his dialogue became imperceptible but for the obvious vocalised 'No!'s and orgasmic groaning, a fact very clear from the massive erection in his pants - old dude was damn gifted, it seemed. I almost *did* feel like a perv spying on his neighbour, especially since this time he *did* start rubbing his cock, shuddering as he did so. I would've looked away if not for what came next: his voice cracked higher, and a more extreme change started.

"The pills! Why c-can't the *goddamn pills* work!? They promised it would s-stop it, at least *slow it down!* Why has it g-got me so d-damn horny instead!? Ohhhhh - but it f-feels so good! My nipples, oh God it's r-reached my n-nipples too! Aaahhhh!!!"

He began rubbing them, and with the zoom lens I saw that they were studded against his shirt, and they were *growing*. They pushed against the thin material of his old man singlet, and then, remarkably, the flesh behind them grew as well.

"Holy shit, you craze geezer," I muttered to myself, unable to look away. "You're actually growing tits. You're growing fucking tits!"

He grunted, and they grew again, expanding until they were almost what I'd guess were a B-cup. Almost equal to Jean-Marie's chest from down the street! He continued to rub his cock, and - embarrassingly - my own got a little hard too. Okay, fine, fine! It got *damn* hard, and I couldn't even tell you why. Just watching that geriatric asshole gain feminine qualities was enough to make me feel weirdly aroused. I soaked in every change, feasting with my eyes as his waist pulled a little further inward, and his hips cracked wider - at least judging from his reaction there was some limb popping going on because he staggered to the floor, his ass crack showing. It was devoid of hair, and when he got up I saw that his facial hair was falling out too. His face was turning smooth as a baby's bottom, and his eyes a gentler tone too.

"He really is changing. Holy fuck, and he's losing wrinkles too."

I zoomed in further, enough to see just barely that the thick cluster of crow's feet wrinkles around his eyes were disappearing. His forehead became smoother, and a large vein on his shin just melted back into the flesh, its ruinous appearance simply vanished.

"N-no!" he said, startled and loud again. I was thankful for summer heat in that moment, because it meant he had all his windows open again. "That d-damn commercial. That g-gorgeous creature in that b-bikini! They told me n-not to allow myself to b-be *aroused!* Ohhhh!"

And that was when it happened. He orgasmed, climaxing into his pants, his hair sprouting down past his ears and now a dark grey with black patches. His jaw reshaped, becoming more feminine, and his entire body seemed just that little bit slimmer. He fell back on his couch, his new breasts bobbing a little with his movement. He looked down at them in agonised horror that was obviously mingling with the bliss of having just ejaculated all over himself.

I came too, and in a similar fashion. It was embarrassing as hell - there wasn't a tissue nearby. But I'd just seen something that was downright fucking *hit*. Larry Thorwald now looked like some sort of partial hermaphrodite in his fifties rather than his seventies, and his changes might have only just begun.

Ideas were stirring in my head. And a more focused research. As I panted, still coming down from having cum explosively in my underwear, I raised my camera and took a secret snap. I'd develop that later.

And, hopefully, Thorwald would develop further as well.

It was Lumin's Syndrome. It had to be. I wasn't familiar with it, but with the now-dramatic feminising symptoms and his concerns about being aroused, along with the way he seemed *super* into it against his will, my internet searches were able to narrow it down to that one possibility. It was, apparently, a genetic disorder or condition of some kind. Results varied because it was super, super rare, and most who suffered from it either ended up changing names, identities, or just flat out disappearing without allowing follow up studies. I couldn't blame them: after all, it was a disease which *literally changed the victim into the opposite gender*. And, as far as I could tell (and this was the really fucking exciting bit, as far as I was concerned), it almost always made them into a *young, extremely hot, and deeply horny* member of the opposite sex.

Can you say jackpot?

Okay, so maybe I was a bit of a horrible person imagining that particular endgame, but it wasn't like Larry Thorwald was a peach of a person either. That very morning, he had literally screamed out of the window for some kids to "go back and cry to your mothers and tell them they raised a bunch of little hellspawn! Don't you dare tread on my lawn, do you hear!?" The fact that his voice sounded weirdly androgynous didn't exactly make for the most intimidating of displays, but that didn't matter for a bunch of five and six year olds. They ran away with tears in their eyes. And if that weren't enough, he gave a similarly concerned mother who had simply come to apologise for the behaviour of her kid. It made me very satisfied indeed to see him squirm just moments after she left:

"Her v-voice! Oh goddamn it, just b-because I heard her voice I'm ch-changing further. Need my pills to stop it! I won't turn, I won't!"

He took them, and the changes stopped. The big pink pill was evidently what helped keep the changes at bay, because his body always stabilised a little afterwards, and when he stayed with a strict regimen, then even began to slowly reverse. My research turned up little, but that made sense: the Hazmat suit arrived the following evening with another series of packages, and while his muffled voice was hard to understand, the words "test batch" and "prototype" were used more than once.

"Oh, I see," I said, grinning through the telescopic camera lens. "You're a guinea pig for a trial drug. It's been keeping those changes at bay. We'll, Mister I-Make-Kids-Cry and Kicked-Over-A-Kid's-Lemonade-Stand, let's make sure these changes go further than you can possibly ever reverse."

If I had to be stranded away from summer beaches filled with hot babes, then I was going to bring at least one hot babe to me. I snapped a couple of shots of the Hazmat suit man, then my neighbour taking another pill, his changed figure visible in his pajamas. He had a small hint of cleavage.

"Let's make that in particular a whole lot bigger. Jean-Marie, eat your heart out."

It was a lot of effort. My leg was still healing, but I needed a better view of what was going on next door to enact my 'evil plan.' Well, it was starting to look less evil. Thorwald may not have liked to have exited his house from time to time, but he'd ordered a dog silencer, a small device that pumped out a high-pitched sound, and was applying it even to poor Mrs Melody who always walked her lovely golden retriever with her, on account of it being her seeing dog

for her blindness. I had always liked Mrs Melody. Despite being blind, her raspberry brownies were the bomb. It was time to make Larry Thorwald just as sweet.

I stole some of Dad's tools and made some light chips in the side fencing that divided our yard from Thorwald's. Enough that I had a series of little peepholes that Dad or Mom wouldn't notice for quite a while, and more than enough to see him from several angles and snap photos of his changes. I also got to ordering a collection of 'arousal devices', as I thought of them. Some posters of sexy ladies, all of them big in the chest and wide in the hips, with long hair and luscious full-lipped smiles. The kind of lips that looked like they could suction onto a man's dick and give him the best damn blow job they'd ever had. I purchased a loudspeaker, and even - with painstaking effort thanks to my injury - took some of the speakers from the television in the meantime in order to blast porno music *just* loud enough for him to hear . . . given that I had hidden said speakers with camouflage in the bushes by the fence, and run the cords up to my room. And then there was the piece-de-resistance! I found a site online that allowed me to order anonymous sexy gifts. While I was worried about tuition fees, I was now deep enough into this crazy drama to go 'fuck it' and order some sexy lingerie, a big F-cup push up bra, and even a hot pink cocktail dress, all addressed to Thorwald. I also found some makeup and stuff that Mom wouldn't miss and mailed it anonymously. But that was nothing compared to my ultimate find: a site where I could order a custom-made dildo that fit *my* dimensions. I had to use the 3D scanner in my room - and boy, did that feel weird - but I figured it would have the intended effect, even more than the other items.

And holy shit, did they have a crazy effect.

All of Thorwald's efforts were undone in short order. Over the next week, and then in the following one as my various gifts arrived, I bore witness to the incredibly hot sight of my neighbour experiencing episode after episode of highly aroused change, his body writhing as it de-aged back into the late forties, then the early forties, as his skin became softer and womanly, his figure a borderline hourglass, his ass bigger. Each item I sent confounded him. He screamed and swore, snarled and even gnashed his teeth something Biblical. But each time he changed nonetheless.

The bra I sent him made him giggle - for just a moment - then place it against his chest.

"Mhmm, this would look great with - what am I saying!? Who the hell sent this? Why would I - ahhh! Oh God, n-nooo!!"

And then, c'est la vie, ageing male chest. Say hello to ample C-cup titties, sprouting out with full pink nipples as you remove your top in horror, unknowingly exposing yourself to

myself, and my camera, and my photos. It was indeed quite the sight to see, even from a distance. I won't lie, I masturbated at the sight of his feminisation, especially when his hair trickled down his shoulders and his nose altered to become button cute in size and shape.

"No! The pills! N-need more of them!"

I expected that, and sure enough, the Hazmat suit individual arrived once more with several packages the next night. This time, the argument was more full blown, with Thorwald's voice reduced to a high pitch, cracking *constantly*. It was then that I overheard the words, "don't you get it, you stupid young fool? My own manhood is starting to disappear? You think I'm just going to take that lying down?? Fix this, or can't your entitled generation fix anything?"

"Oh, this is too much to resist," I said to myself. I manoeuvred my wheelchair away out of my room and down the somewhat dodgy ramp my father had constructed to allow me access to the sidewalk. I managed to arrive in front of Thorwald's deck just as the Hazmat suit got in the van and drove off. Perfect timing.

"Hey neighbour!" I called. "Larry! Everything okay? I heard arguing!"

He turned on the spot, clutching his thick coat around him. His features were flushed with embarrassment, and while he had cut his hair the day previously (as I saw through one of my fence peepholes), it had grown back just as long. It was almost all black now, and had a nice shine to it as well.

"None of your business!" he said with a sneer. "You just get home and focus on your own bum problems! No doubt wasting all your time on the internet like the rest of your generation."

He was trying to hide the new 'additions' on his chest, but as he pressed the two halves of his coat together, it only emphasised the new cleavage that he had. His pants were looking stretched at the hips and wide at the waist too, and I noticed that he wasn't wearing shoes: his feet were dainty and slender like a hot woman's. I'm not Quentin Tarantino, but they were lovely looking feet.

I just shrugged, looking him up and down as if appreciating a nice model. "Well, I just came out to see if you're alright. You're looking really good by the way, Larry. Really healthy and fit. It's good to see. *Real* good."

He paused, and to my amusement, he actually *gulped*. He adjusted himself, clearly shocked at his own reaction: the erection in his pants was becoming obvious.

"Don't call me Larry. I'm - I'm Mr Thorwald to you, or *sir*."

"Well, hope you're doing well, *sir*. I can't really tell what it is, but you're just looking really great. Kind of magnetic."

“What are you carrying on about? I - oohh - look. Thank you. That’s - that’s really . . . leave me alone! Take your wheelchair and your *big hard cock* and get away from me!”

His face immediately went red. Even I was shocked by what he’d said. He immediately moved - much faster than his original self could go - back to his front door, grabbing one package and leaving the other. His ass had increased in size, and was stretching his pants.

“Your ass looks great, by the way, Larry!” I called.

He slammed the door, and then I *immediately* moved my wheelchair as fast as it could go to the side yard where the fence was. He would flee to his room: he’d been doing that a lot lately, but thankfully I could see that he never put his blinds all the way down - just enough so that a neighbour couldn’t see from the window. But I had the fence hole now, and used that, peeking through with amusement.

“Ohhhh, G-God! Why am I th-thinking this!?” I could hear him say, faintly. “Why am I s-so hot!?”

He pulled away his clothing, stripping himself bare. My cock went hard at the sight of what was happening: his chest was becoming softer and more supple, his breasts expanding. He held them in his hands and they ballooned out, overflowing his palms as they became a pair of ripe double-D’s with big pink nipples. He de-aged further, entering what had to be his mid-thirties as more wrinkles fell away, and his skinny arms and thighs plumpened.

“N-need a pill. Need to arrest the ch-change before I *get so horny for that man next door. God, why do I want to nurse him b-back to health?* This isn’t m-me!”

“Oh, but it will be,” I said, chuckling. I hit the switch on the hidden speaker, and set the sounds of a very hot porno going just loud enough to carry to his bedroom. His eyes immediately went wide, and I savoured that moment to withdraw the camera from my lap and take a photo.

“Where is that coming from? *Mhmmm, it s-sounds soooo hot! Ohhhhh, f-fuck!*”

He didn’t make it to the package: instead, he stripped entirely naked and got up on his bed. I marvelled at his changes: his hips were even more womanly than I had assumed, and only getting wider in real time. His waist thinned, pulling in wards as he rubbed his cock, which was far too small. A borderline micropenis.

His legs became more shapely, his hair full and silky and reaching to his mid-shoulders. His lips plumped up, and soon he looked more like a woman than a man. I turned up the porn audio, and he whimpered and shuddered in pleasure. Finally, he came, and so did I. I’d brought tissues this time, and no one could see me from where I was. Plus, there was something pretty hot about jacking off to my transforming neighbour while I was

in the yard. Something taboo. Afterwards, Thorwald lay there, panting, his big new boobs wobbling with his breath.

"No!" he eventually said. "No! How did I let myself get *nice big titties*? I mean, big *soft boobs that are so sensitive*? Agh! Why is everything becoming sexual? They said the pills would prevent it! What will I even wear now?"

God, his voice was becoming lovely. Almost like a femme fatale from an old Hitchcock movie. And speaking of femme fatales, I wondered if he got my other gift. Just to check, I switched the audio on the speaker to the *other* track I had played, and Thorwald was hit by a women's catalogue ad.

"You too can look like a million bucks with the new Coquette line of fashion. Come try our stylish bras, as well as our racy ones if you're looking to catch a man! Our lingerie is both comfortable and sexy, and our summer dress line is just releasing . . ."

I looked through the peephole again. Indecision warred on the man's face. He looked frozen, as if a spell had been cast on him.

"Do it. Give in, you hot-thing-to-be. Embrace your new side. Let the Lumin's Syndrome win."

"M-maybe just f-for a time," he said to himself. *"Just to get much needed support. Ohhhh, I bet the right bra would look sooo sexy on me. I bet he would look."*

I so desperately hoped that the 'he' he was referring to was me. Regardless, I watched with relish as he opened up the package I'd had delivered days ago, and withdrew one of the bras within, a cute lacy black thing that left little to the imagination.

It fit perfectly.

Hopefully he'd be too 'big' for it soon.

Thorwald continued to change, despite his best efforts. For all that his series of pills and that strong jelly-like substance worked to experimentally reverse his changes, my fantastic efforts fought them back at every turn. Just a week later he was sporting big E-cup tits and a set of hips that I would crudely describe as 'babymakers.' Seriously, I didn't even want kids until I was at least thirty, and even I would be turned on by the idea of knocking up a woman with a pair of hips like that. His ass was peach perfect, full without being oversized. And that waist! My God, the hourglass figure my formerly decrepit old neighbour had developed would make supermodels weep with jealousy. It was matched by a prettiness in his features that

were bordering on the beautiful, and perhaps would get there: he had light eyes now, a crystal blue that were at once strangely naive and yet also piercing.

I knew all this not just because I was always peeping at him through the fence, or taking shots from my side window, but also because my tactics were continually successful: I was sending packages of tight women's skirts, shorts, panties, crop tops, and the like to his doorstep. It was wrecking my bank account, but I couldn't help myself. I was creating a work of art! I had no idea where it was all really going, though I had hidden hopes as well, giving his rants. He was always carrying on about his "dreams", which were increasingly about cocks, and "that man next door." I liked to think the two were connected, because that was a massive turn on. My parents didn't even seem to recognise what was going on: they just thought he had a visitor.

"I had no idea our neighbour had a daughter," Mom remarked.

"More like a granddaughter. She looks to be in her thirties," Dad remarked.

"Hmm, I thought she looked older a few weeks ago. But then, maybe that was her mother . . . maybe you should talk to her, Jeffrey?"

"Maybe," I said. "When she's ready."

They took that in a benign way, and I said no more on the topic. I was patient, and this summer was turning out far more interesting than I ever could have foreseen. The only problem was, I was getting bolder and bolder in my tracking of Thorwald, including the sexy music I played for him and the gifts I sent to him. I even had him wearing jewellery now! Cheap jewellery, but jewellery nonetheless! And I had confirmation that the dildo kit was coming too, modelled directly on my own little self. Well, not that little. I was pretty 'talented' there.

I had no idea that that was when it was all about to snowball.

The day had come. The custom dildo kit with various vibrators, head selections, and pleasure sensors was arriving right to Thorwald. I was convinced that this would be the thing to finally change him for good, and leave him as a sexy young nympho woman forever; a fitting punishment for being an asshole boomer of a neighbour, but also just a genuinely great transformation, as far as I was concerned. This would be the final step, I just knew it.

The package arrived, and the doorbell rang. The mailman was barked at by Thorwald, though this was more of a desperate female pleading these days.

"P-please step back! I can possess the package on my own th-thank you, young man! J-just let me have it."

The man backed off after Thorwald signed electronically, leaving the package. To my embarrassingly excited arousal, he was all in women's clothing now. Hell, he was a woman to all outward eyes, and a gorgeous one at that. Early thirties, big tits, wide hips, shapely legs. He was wearing a red skirt and blue top, sadly not the midriff-baring one I was hoping for, but it pulled tight around his tits, with the top few buttons undone to reveal his cleavage. He kept running his hands through his hair nervously.

"G-Goddamned horny," he muttered in his now-sensual voice. "J-just gotta stay clear. This m-must be that new pill they were talking about. Quadruple strength and - what the fuck?" He threw the package down on the floor. With my camera zoom, I could see that the various dildos - including the big one that matched my dimensions - had spilled across the floorboards.

"N-no! Who's doing this? I d-don't want to have a *tight wet pussy to put a big cock in!* Ohhhh, these thoughts! I'm not meant to be such a horny s-sexy young lass. I need - YOU!"

My jaw fell. She was looking right at me, and in my excitement to unzip my pants, I hadn't noticed that she had spied me spying back on her. I tried to roll back but got caught on the camera case on the floor.

"It's YOU!" she shouted. She fled from the room, running for the front door.

"Oh, shit! Fuck!" I exclaimed. I manoeuvred back, but again caught the camera case. Then, horror of horrors, I toppled backwards and to the side, falling right out of my chair entirely and landing painfully on the floor.

"G-goddamn it! N-nearly out of that cast too!"

It hurt, though not too badly. I tried to shift the wheelchair, but that was when I heard the front door being slammed on.

"Oh crap. She - he - whatever, is coming *here!?*"

The door flew open. I didn't lock it - what would be the point? There was no time to try to drag myself into the wheelchair again, so instead I commando dragged myself across the room. If I could reach the living room, perhaps . . .

Thorwald was already there, panting heavily. His shirt was ripped, though from what effort I had no idea. He was looking around for me, chest rising and falling.

"C-come out! I need you! I mean, I need to see you, young man! I know you've been doing this, *you've been making me into this lusty bimbo with a needy pussy, haven't you?* Ohhhh, I don't mean to say these things!"

There was only one option. I had no idea what Thorwald would do to me, but I didn't imagine it would be pretty. I looked at the stairs, the one challenge that I utterly dreaded in my condition. But I had to: I began hauling myself up them, dreadfully afraid of falling back down. It was slow progress, and Thorwald was getting ever more erratic, screeching and begging downstairs. It was only when I reached the final step that it creaked so loudly a bomb might as well have gone off.

"There you are!" she cried. "*You fucking sexy nuisance of a neighbour!*"

She tore up the stairs, faster than she ever could have gone as an old man. I managed to reach the wider hallway at the top before I toppled over, unable to hop effectively. I fell onto my back, and got the horror movie view of Thorwald ascending the steps in front of me, her face one of fury and something else I couldn't recognise. I lifted my leg - my cast one - to trip her up, but it only caused her to stagger and fall straight on top of me. For a moment I seized up, terrified she'd had a knife or something. But instead, her shirt split open, and her full tits pressed against my chest bra less.

"Holy shit," I exclaimed.

"You! You d-did this to me! You've been sending all those things! You've been making me into this *young, saucy little thing!*" Even as she made the accusations, she writhed her body against me, up and down. Shit, she was even rubbing her hips against mine, making my cock hard.

"Okay, okay! It was me," I admitted. "You were just so old and cranky, and it was fun to make you young and sexy."

"You asshole! You little pimple!"

"But don't you like it? You're young again, and beautiful, and you've got nice big tits and - MMPHH!!"

She kissed me. Deeply.

Then she pulled back. "No! I didn't mean to do that - I'm just *soooo horny!* My mind, it's changing, and *I want to nurse you so badly. Take care of you. And - oh God - and this as well . . .*"

She began rubbing my cock through my pants, and it was exhilarating. It made me realise just how far her transformation had gone.

"Damn, you really want it, don't you? You're fucking turned on by me, Larry."

"Don't - don't call me Larry," she murmured between nibbled on my ear and kisses at my neck. "I n-need - shit, this is sooo wrong - I need a new name."

"Lara, you'd made a sexy Lara."

"Lara. *Ohhhh, it's perfect. Why is it so perfect?*"

"Because you are," I said, recognising I had the advantage. "You have no idea how turned I am by your perfect sexy body."

She shook her head, desperate. "Not perfect - not yet! I tried to fight it, Jeff. I t-tried! But I need to have it finish now. It's too far gone. *I need to become your hot, sexy girl neighbour. Will you help me? Please?*"

I could smell her desperation. Like a shark smelling blood, I seized that advantage. "Let's finish us both right here, huh?" I said.

She moaned at the sexual pun, and then we were kissing. Caressing. She had to help me get my shirt off, and to unbuckle my shorts and release my cock. She marvelled at it.

"J-just like -"

"The same. Mine's a bit more impressive though."

"Mhmmm, *so impressive! Let me t-touch it! I - holy shit - I have to taste it!*"

"Do it!"

She lowered herself, and even as she began sucking my cock, she moaned and rolled her eyes into the back of her head. The changes were continuing, and she was becoming *perfection*. Her body de-aged further, skin smoothing and some fat returning in all the right places to make her look pretty much my age: twenty one or twenty two or so. Her hair finished to the small of her back, and it was utterly lustrous. With a moan, her breasts expanded even further, and soon I was playing with a released pair of F-cup tits, massive and round and well worth sucking on. But first she had to suck my cock. I was in heaven as her lips became fully, suctioning onto my cock and leaving me gasping. It was worth every injury, every humiliation of my failed summer to be there in that moment, letting her take my cock so desperately.

But suddenly she stopped with a squeak, followed by a much longer moan. She raised herself off my cock and gasped, arching her back. And that's when I saw it: her panties were still on, but there was no indentation in them now. Nothing but a perfect venus mound and a lovely triangle of pubic hair peeking out the top.

"You got your pussy," I said.

"T-too far," she moaned. "*We have to keep going. I need your cock inside me! I need to be your good neighbour!*"

I lay back as she mounted me. She lowered her tits for a quick suck, savouring that sensation, but then she took my cock and plunged it inside her. She cried out in pleasure, and I grunted in bliss too. She lay against me flat, humping me on top so that I slid in and out of her with minimal effort.

"D-don't do anything but h-hold me!" she said. "You're injured! I just want to take care of you!"

"Like my - ahhh - hot nurse!" I said.

"If you'll take me. I n-need a man. It's so embarrassing, but I can't escape it. The Lumin's . . . it's made me soooo hot for men. I really need one to be my man."

I held her. I was so close to cumming inside her, and I wanted it so bad too. She even more.

"I'll be your man, Lara. You just be my hot girl-next-door girlfriend, how about that!"

"I'll do even better! I'll f-fucking be your wife!"

It was perhaps moving faster than I intended, but it was such a hot statement of desperate submission that I came right then and there. She seized up, also orgasming for the first time as a full woman, and together we held each other, shuddering in overwhelming ecstasy. "Mmhmmm! YES! Yes yes yes YESSSSS!!! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK! I'M LARA NOW!!!"

Her cries were sweet enough to make me cum extra hard, and we lay together for some time in this wonderful new reality.

"You know," I said, "I'm pretty happy I got this injury."

"Mmm, me too," she said, stroking my chest. "I'm going to have to get used to being a young, hot, sexy girlfriend. Do you think you can teach me?"

"Oh, don't worry, I'll try. But first thing's first: I think we should get up and get changed. I'd like you to come over tonight and meet my folks. They'll be really excited that I finally got a girlfriend from round these parts instead of partying around. They'll love having you over for dinner. I can show you off."

She purred with excitement, and helped me up. "God, that turns me on so hard." She kissed me, passionately. So passionately, in fact, that I toppled backwards. Right down the stairs. Lara cried out in horror, and so did I. My cast cracked, and so did my leg.

And my other one.

I gasped, unbelieving as I collapsed at the end of the stairs, *both* of my legs now needing casts. Lara had her hands on her mouth, horrified. "Oh my God! Are you okay!?"

I couldn't help it. Even though the pain, I had to laugh. I'd be confined even longer than I thought, and this time with both legs out of commission. But hey, now I had a sexy nurse girlfriend to take care of me, right? I was sure we'd have a lot of fun during the recovery period.

The End