

Lumin's Harem (Men to Submissive Harem TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When Kade's best friend who lives interstate catches Lumin's Syndrome, the gender bending disease, the two work together to make a website on how to survive the process with one's personality intact. But when his best friend turns up on his doorstep, now as a hot woman, Kade is shocked to hear the new lady begging to be his fantasy girlfriend. Soon, there are others looking for advice on how to deal with Lumin's, and Kade gets the funny idea that he might be able to start a sexy harem, with himself at the centre . . .

Lumin's Harem

"You're kidding me."

Kade was shocked to hear that Lucas had developed Lumin's Syndrome. His friend had always been the athletic of the pair, a tall and strong guy who was the centre of any party. It was no surprise to anyone that he'd gone on to become a charismatic lawyer type after college, getting a job at a fancy high-paying firm upstate. Kade, on the other hand, had always been more of a nerd, and this was reflected in his slimmer body and stereotypical glasses look, though he always tried to style his chestnut brown hair and wear smart casual clothing to offset his more average features. He had become an IT technician and web designer for various companies, and while it was a living, it didn't exactly land him the greatest income or desirable lifestyle for women. So he'd always harboured a bit of jealousy towards Lucas, even if he loved his best friend. And now, said best friend was telling him that he was *becoming a woman*, all thanks to some genetic condition.

"I wish I was, Kade," Lucas said over the video call, *"but I'm not. I know the video isn't high quality but you can see the difference already, right?"*

Kade could. His friend had brown hair also, but now it looked like his hair had lightened, almost to a dirty blonde. It was also longer, going past his ears. And that was to say nothing of the fact that his beard was gone and his face spotless, while his facial features all appeared a bit softer. His voice was even less gruff and commanding, possessing something like softness along its edges.

"Shit, I can," Kade said. "Wow, Jesus. I'm so sorry man. Are you sure there isn't some kind of-"

"There's not. Believe me, dude, I've looked into it. I've begged my doctors, talked to every specialist under the sun, even looked at previous case examples. But the fact is plain and simple: this goddamn genetic condition is going to turn me into a woman, and it'll probably make me some kind of bit-titted moron with nothing but sex left in my brain."

“It’s probably not that bad. R-right?”

The face on the other end of the video gave a pained expression. *“I wish. I looked it up. That Richard Starre fellow up north? The one who had the big football career lined up? Well, he turned out to have Lumin’s Syndrome too. Now his name is Amber or something, and she’s a goddamn trophy wife with two kids and tits bigger than her head. Seriously, look up interviews with her, the syndrome made her a submissive lovetoy. That’ll be me unless I somehow avoid the mental changes.”*

Kade sagged. Part of him was a little intrigued as to what his buddy would look like - he’d heard how big-bosomed and utterly submissive and bimbo-like some Lumin’s victims turned out to be - but he quickly recoiled from such thoughts out of guilt.

“I’m so sorry, Lucas. God, I can’t even imagine. Is there anything you can do? Hell, is there anything *I* can do?”

“That’s exactly what I was calling about, mate. I - this is going to sound weird, but we both know you were always the smarter one of us.”

“Sure, Mr Hot Shot Lawyer.”

“I mean it! You’ve always been brilliant, and I’m thinking that before I change, I’d like to what I can to preserve my mind as much as possible, as well as leave something behind as a legacy . . . in case I fail. I was thinking we could work together - I’d pay you, of course, this would be a proper job - to make a proper modern website for those suffering with Lumin’s Syndrome. It’s such an obscure disease, and the resources online are so technical. We could make something much more accessible, with videos and interviews and advice on how to maintain yourself through it, all while helping people adjust to it. I know it’s a lot, but I’d like to try, and I can imagine no better website designer than my buddy to help me with it.”

Kade felt quite puffed up at this, and could see the sincerity in his friend’s face, even through the video call. He had a number of jobs he was considering, but this one was something else. Not to mention he wanted to be there for his friend.

“Dude, *of course* I’ll do this!”

Lucas grinned, and Kade could see how his friend’s lips were just a bit fuller, his eyes a little brighter. The first signs of changes were there, which meant they had a lot of work on their plate.

“You’re the best, buddy. When do we start?”

“I’d say right about now. Why waste time?”

The two spitballed numerous ideas of what could be on the website. They settled on a name: *Learning Your Lumin's*, and from there everything seemed to flow. It was important to Lucas that the site have three basic purposes:

1. To educate anyone, including victims, of the nature of Lumin's Syndrome in an accessible, non-jargony way.
2. To give sound and reasonable advice on how to maintain one's personality and mind and intelligence as the changes began.
3. How to get through the five stages of grief and accept one's Lumin's Syndrome and new body.

The last was of particular importance to Lucas, who wanted the site to serve as his own catharsis as well. He maintained a video log and began sending them to Kade; it served not only to cover his transformation, but also to let him speak his mind and discuss how it was affecting him.

"It's amazing what you've done," Lucas said, just four days later on their next video call. "The warm colours make it so inviting, and the video bar makes it really easy to see the videos without them being intrusive. I love the advice you've put in the column too. I think we can expand that to several stages: Dr Kaley says I should be reading lots of books in my interest range, for instance."

"I'll add that soon then," Kade said happily. "You, uh, seem quite peppy this morning."

Lucas blushed a little, his cheeks paler than before. He had visibly changed further; his hair was now a honey blonde and extending past his chin, and his face was very androgynous, his eyes having become a very bright blue. Kade couldn't see too well on the video stream, but he occasionally caught an outline on Lucas' shirt that suggested that he was indeed growing a chest. He felt guilty, but it was oddly arousing to think about; his friend might even turn out quite beautiful, especially judging from his softer, more musical voice.

"Yeah, I'm noticing I'm getting a bit more . . . bubbly. I knew this was, well, coming, but I feel so full of energy now. I sometimes say things I shouldn't; today was my last court case and I made a bit of a fool of myself."

He giggled a little, his blonde hair bouncing.

"But I still won, so that was pretty nice. But seriously, man, this is the best. I'm so lucky to have you as my friend. You are the best guy ever, seriously."

"Right back at you, Lucas."

Lucas gave a girlish giggle. "For now, at least. The changes are happening faster now. I've got breasts now. I'm trying to maintain myself as much as possible so that I don't get huge tits, at least."

Kade swallowed. Something about the notion of his friend growing a huge set of delightful tits was making him unexpectedly hard. He coughed, trying to awkwardly shift the conversation.

“Well, I’ve got a few new things to add to the site. The traffic is increasing, and I think once I add some other aspects to it, we’ll see how it goes. I’ve added more information about us as well, since we’re the creators of the site.”

“Great idea, in case someone needs to contact us or make suggestions. Ooh, you should totally add a suggestion box!”

“Already done.”

“God, you’re such a stud.”

There was a moment’s silence, and Lucas blushed.

“Well, that’s enough for tonight, mate. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

They ended the video call, but Kade was left with that word ringing in his mind: ‘stud.’ It was appealing, even if it was all wrong.

“God, I’m so fucked in the head,” he muttered to himself. “I can’t be thinking of my best friend that way.”

And yet he was, and he did, and he continued to think of his friend as he went to sleep. It was a very good dream indeed that followed.

Lucas continued to change, and Kade continued to be more awkward in their interactions. There was no denying now that Lucas was turning into an utterly gorgeous woman, the kind of gal that Kade found perfect. It didn’t hurt that they’d actually *talked* about this at one point:

“So Lumin’s Syndrome will often turn you into the perfect ideal body of the member of the opposite sex you interact with the most. My research indicates that this is all, like, up close and to do with pheromones - at least that’s the theory. That’s another reason why doing the video chats is a good thing for us, Kade.”

“Hang on, so I’m not affecting your change?”

“That’s what doctors believe, otherwise I would have driven down. So I’m becoming a bit of a hottie, I’m sure, but not *someone’s* hottie, y’know? For instance, what would your perfect girl be?”

“I guess I always redheads, especially with lots of freckles. And with petite figures but big boobs. I like the bare midriff look. And who doesn’t like a nice set of hips?”

“Exactly! I mean, I don’t, but that’s because the Lumin’s is making me into boys now, like I said in the latest video.”

The conversation proceeded from there, but something strange began to happen in the following days: Lucas' increasingly blonde hair began to get a bit of strawberry in it, followed by an even more ginger tinge. Some freckles showed up as well, and it was clear, even as they talked about the website and life and sport and whatnot, that the soon-to-be-woman was growing an increasingly impressive chest. Lucas was giving more videos and journal entries about wearing women's clothing and how empowering it could be, and his last entry was about the daring act of showing off one's midriff. It was strange and deeply arousing for Kade to behold, particularly since his friend basically looked entirely like a very pretty woman now.

And then suddenly Lucas went dark.

They were scheduled to have a discussion about the newest website features, especially since a number of other sufferers had contacted with requests for a discussion forum to be attached to the site, as well as guest columns. There were even some newly diagnosed individuals asking if in-person meets would be possible, and even more asking for Kade to make some videos and show his face.

Kade tried to contact his friend numerous times, but he didn't answer calls, or online messages or video calls. He'd gone dark, and was no longer uploading videos. After three days, Kade was getting worried. He shot a message to Lucas' law firm asking after his health, and then decided he would upload a video himself, just to keep the video on track. It was awkward, and he stumbled over his words a little, but he outlined why he'd created the site, how he'd done it to help his friend, how he wanted him to be the best post-Lumin's person he could be, and so on. And then he talked a bit about himself, his interests and so on, in a bit of 'getting to know you' sort of way. He signed off by trying to give a bit of a thesis statement.

"I guess I'm just trying to do right by not only my friend, but the woman he's becoming. I don't know how much he'll change physically or mentally, but I'm here for him now, and I'll be there for her too, for good. That's the important thing for me; helping and taking care of the people I love, even when unexpected change happens."

He uploaded the video.

It was two days later, still worrying about Lucas, that Kade checked on *Learning Your Lumin's* and was shocked to discover that his little personal introduction video had skyrocketed in popularity. There were numerous comments beneath it, seemingly all from women who were post-Lumin's or were currently changing due to it.

'Ur seriously hot. Love how you protect him. Hope you guys end up together!'

'OMG I WISH I HAD A GUY LIKE YOU WHEN I CHANGED. Instead I'm stuck sucking my former bully's cock. He's super hot and I'm mega horny for him so it's all good. I just didn't expect him to want SO MANY BABIES. Wish I knew about you instead!'

'God, my new ovaries are sizzling after this post. What's wrong with me?'

'Me too! I'm post-Lumin's. Kept most of my brain but I work as a stripper now because I can't stop showing off my hot, busty body. If I knew you when I changed three years ago I would have gone interstate.'

'Do you take visitors?'

'Yummy nerd. Mhmm.'

'I don't know why, but I can't stop watching this video. I'm early in my Lumin's, but something about it makes me interested.'

'HAWT BEST FRIEND ALERT.'

To say he was astonished would have been an understatement. Kade had never seen so much praise or interest in him, and when he clicked on some of the profiles, he was even more astonished to see that some of these women - former men they may have been - were incredibly attractive. Dynamite, even.

"Holy shit," he mumbled to himself. "I didn't expect any of this. Should I post another one? Maybe talk about my interests? It wouldn't be the worst way to meet a girl, I guess."

His mind briefly spun an erotic fantasy, one in which he was the lucky nerd ala an anime protagonist, surrounded by incredibly gorgeous women of various different backgrounds, races, personalities and styles, each of them incredibly into him. All over him. *Devoted to him.*

"Yeah," he whispered to himself alone. "That would be the life, alright. A bunch of sexy babes in love with the nerd." He chuckled a bit. "Like that would ever happen, though. It's not like I can even-"

His words were interrupted by a loud knocking upon his front door. It was a Saturday, so who would even be knocking? Intrigued, he moved to the entrance hallway, the knocking becoming more incessant and excitable. It was almost making him nervous.

"It's okay, I'm coming!" he declared, opening the door.

Only to come face to face with his dream girl.

She had bright red hair in cute waves that fell down over her shoulders, and a mischievous smile framed by her gorgeous lips. Her nose was button cute and had the same freckles that smattered her cheeks. Her face was heart-shaped, a structure that emphasised her beautiful cheeks. And this was just her face! Her body was similarly gorgeous, and everything Kade idealised in a woman. She wore a dangerously short skirt that revealed her

long, pale legs, and the rest of her was petite as well, albeit with a set of wide baby-makers for hips and a pair of breasts that positively *strained* the short crop top she was wearing, the same one that revealed her slim stomach with its belly button piercing. In fact, most of the buttons on her green crop top (a colour that matched her cheeky emerald eyes) were undone, simply in order to accommodate her large Double-D cup breasts. The line of cleavage created by her lacy bra hinted at beneath was positively divine, a perfect curve that divided at the top, hinting at the roundness and fullness of her chest.

“Um . . . um, do I know you?” he stammered, trying desperately not to look at your figure.

“I’d say you do, tiger,” she said, stepping quite closely forward to him, so that her cleavage was just below his eyeline, teasing him to stare down. “I’m the gal that became your perfect fantasy.”

“You - you are?”

She ruffled his hair with her hand, giggling in a voice that was impish and sweet all at once. “Dude, it’s *me*. Lucas! Well, I go by Lexi now.”

A cog finally re-inserted itself in Kade’s head. “Holy shit, Lucas!? It’s you!?”

She grinned, twirling her red hair with one finger while biting her lip. It was perhaps the sexiest action Kade had ever witnessed up close.

“Sure is, tiger. Look at me, I became your red-headed fantasy! I tried to fight it a little, but in the end accepted it. Looks like our *Learning Your Lumin’s* strategies had some different effects than expected, huh?”

“I’ll say! I didn’t expect you to end up like . . . wow.”

She laughed again, causing her heavy chest to jiggle. “I’ll say! Look at me! I’m a straight ten out of ten. *Your* ten out of ten. Are you gonna let me in?”

He did so, struggling not to get hard in her presence. He had to privately adjust himself so that the ‘gentleman’ was upright in his pants, obscured - hopefully - by his jacket. She seemed to purr a little, perhaps noticing some movement. Her hips rocked from side to side with each step, one foot in front of the other, as if she had not only been born female but knew how to work her hot body.

“Like what you see?” she said as she entered the living room. She clearly noticed him staring at her ass. In her tight, short skirt, it was obvious she had a peachy behind. Her body simply couldn’t quit.

“Well, um . . . is it wrong if I say yes?”

She spun around quickly and then collided with him in a hug, wrapping one leg around his and pressing her full chest against his body. It was a very, very enticing set of sensations. She reached up and ran a teasing finger down his nose, then his lips, then began caressing his cheeks.

“Oh, it’s more than right, tiger. I know it was an accident, but you talking about your perfect woman just put it all in my head. Something about how we made the website and the effort that went into it just made the effects all the stronger, and soon I was changing again. I was going blonde before, but now I’m your redheaded vixen.”

“Is that - uh - why you didn’t call me?”

She nodded, biting her lip and appearing sheepish. “I was annoyed at first. Embarrassed. I tried to get it back on track. But then I couldn’t stop thinking about you. I guess it’s not about pheromones, because when my Lumin’s solidified, I just knew I had to have you, Kade. I needed to be yours. I still do.”

His heart skipped a beat. Her speech patterns - apart from her cute nicknames and little purrs - were the same as Lucas’. Her intelligence was still there, and while she had styled herself in a very feminine and revealing manner, he had no reason to believe her love of sports or video games had gone away. And yet, for all that, he couldn’t help but see Lexi as a totally new individual; a woman born from his deepest fantasies, whose body was sculpted for him, whose mind was devoted to him. It had just been an unrealistic dream, and now it was right before him.

Now *she* was right before him.

“You want to be mine?” he asked, desperately hoping, with only a little guilt, that his interpretation of her meaning was correct. “As in, you want to be my, like, my fantasy girlfriend?”

“Mhmmm . . . more than anything, tiger. You’ve no idea how *fucking* horny I am for you now that I’m a hot redheaded chick. How didn’t I see how totally fuckable you are before?”

That was enough to get Kade’s dick rock hard. She certainly noticed this time, and this only made her giggle more.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t laugh. It’s just that this change has left me such a fucking horny girl and I can’t help but tease you with my big tits. Wanna feel them?”

Kade could only nod, and then before he knew what was happening Lexi had pulled over her top, undone her bra (after a bit of effort, clearly that was still a bit of experience for her to develop) and then unleashed her gorgeous breasts. She grabbed his hands and planted them on her two globes, then moaned softly as he cupped them.

“Ohhhhhh, yes. So fucking sensitive. Rub my big nipples. No! Better yet, suck on them. Go on!”

“Dude, are you sure about this?”

“I’m your fantasy now, aren’t I? Tell me you haven’t fantasised about something like this?”

Kade couldn't honestly say he hadn't, so he touched her back as he placed his mouth on her nipple, sucking on it and flicking it with his tongue. She moaned further, writhing against him, pressing his face into her wonderful rack and making his dick ache to be inside her. She clearly had the same thought, or was simply dancing to the tune of what he wanted, because she pulled him up, locked him in a very erotic kiss, then held him by the cheeks as she looked into his eyes.

"I want you to fuck me on your bed. I want you inside me."

Whatever small resistance that might still have existed within Kade evaporated right then and there. This was literally the woman of his dreams, and now she was rubbing his crotch, teasing him further as she laughed.

"God, this is so fun!" she announced. "I wasted so much time screwing ladies as a man when I could have been doing this."

She yanked him towards the bedroom, though he had to redirect her - she hadn't visited in some time. She continued to make out with him, her large boobs jiggling, and he cupped them, kissed her neck, helped her out of her miniskirt as she helped him out of his pants, unbuckling him and releasing his cock.

"Mmhm," she said. "Bigger than I expected. Thicker."

He wasn't sure if it was a lie - he'd always thought of himself as average - but he took the compliment as it was, playing along with the fantasy as she slid her gorgeous ass back onto the bed and beckoned him to join her. They made out further, and she moaned as he probed her wet folds with his fingers. She rubbed his cock, fondling his balls.

"Oh God, I can't believe I'm doing this. It's making me so fucking *wet*."

She laid back, posing sensually, pressing her breasts together to show off her divine cleavage and grinning in that vulpine manner she was already starting to own. Lexi spread her legs, then used two fingers to gesture him to come to her. *This* was the new sexiest thing Kade had ever seen up close, replacing the earlier image of Lexi.

"Holy fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this either, Lucas - Lexi. But I'm so fucking hard. I want you so bad."

"Then let's fuck. Make me a woman, and your perfect girlfriend."

She gripped his cock, pulling it gently to her entrance. For a moment, her face betrayed her nervousness, but her own libido and arousal clearly overcame it, because when he entered her tight pussy, she gasped and groaned and squirmed in unbridled pleasure.

"Ohhhh, it's s-so different! Go d-deeper! I want all of you inside m-me!"

He kissed her as he did so, and she began to play with her own tits as he withdrew a little, then began the slow dance of thrusting. It had been far too long since Kade had had sex, and he had little doubt he would last long, so he began fucking her faster and faster in

the hopes of making it enjoyable for her. She cried out and wailed, letting him suck on her nipples and feel her tits, but she moaned loudest when he put one hand against the headboard of the bed and the other on her ass, sinking his fingers into the flesh.

“MMhm . . . fuck yeah! Grip my peachy ass! It b-belongs to you n-now! I want to belong to you! No longer best mates - best *mates*, if you know what I m-mean. Oh God, keep fucking me! I’m close! I’m so fucking - AAIIEEE!!!”

Somehow, perhaps because of the sheer levels of arousal her new body had blessed and cursed her with, Kade actually managed to bring Lexi to full orgasm mere seconds before he too hit his climax. His balls tightened, leaving him to ejaculate deeply inside of her. It was the greatest rush of his life, and he clung to this perfect woman, pressing his face into her boobflesh, motorboating her even as load after load of his hot seed filled her up. She gripped his hair, shuddering as the next few orgasms came over her body.

In the aftermath, he slowly managed to roll off of her. Lexi looked briefly shellshocked, and made Kade feel guilty. Well, almost guilty.

“Everything alright?”

“Yeah, I just . . . wow, I’ve become such a slut for you. Not that I mind, sexy. I guess that site really did change things, huh? It turned me into exactly what you wanted.”

She giggled, biting her finger as she posed sexily beside him. She kissed him on the cheek, then placed her head lovingly on his chest, softly moaning in pleasurable little purrs.

“Yeah,” Kade mumbled, more to himself than his new girlfriend. “I guess it really did do that. What an amazing power . . .”

His mind whirred with fantasies that suddenly seemed so possible. Fantasies of possessing not just one gorgeous girlfriend, but a whole harem of them, each distinct in their own way. Would it be possible? More than that, should he even consider it? It was immoral as hell, right?

But then Lexi began rubbing his stomach, pressing her breasts against him, and he in turn stroked her back.

“I could do with more of this,” he said.

And in that moment, he’d already made his decision.

The next person to turn up to his doorstep was Maxie. He/she was a dark-skinned African-American who used to be a titan of a man, tall and fit and all kinds of alpha male. But two weeks ago Max had been hit by Lumin’s Syndrome, and his only guidance had been *Learning Your Lumin’s*. He’d followed the advice diligently, worked on maintaining his personality, and when the condition reduced his height and muscles, he worked also on the

steps of acceptance. But something had changed when Kade had put up his initial video following the shock over Lucas' sudden disappearance, and even further when Kade and Lexi put one up together, assuring this now-many fans that everything was okay and had worked out well (the delay, of course, was because Kade was too busy enjoying fucking Lexi all across the house until he put his plan into implementation.

In the videos that followed, he made sure to emphasise not only how happy Lexi was - something the luscious Lexi was more than happy to do - but also to encourage others to seek them out, incorporating phrases such as 'I'll take care of you', and 'I'll help you become the woman you're supposed to be, just like Lexi,' and 'I'm just a man who appreciates someone who changes themselves, and figures out how to bring joy to the lives of others.' And so on and so on.

These comments had been directed at everyone, but private messages and video calls on their now-expansive social media forum meant that Kade could talk individually to certain 'possibilities.' Max had been just one such person; frantic about who they might become, wanting to accept what they might be, and then desperate for aid from a powerful man, courtesy of Kade's changes to the site recommendations.

And now, sure enough, another person was knocking on his door, desperate for him. Unlike Lexi, Max/Maxie wasn't finished yet. His voice was high-pitched, his figure shorter, his face feminine, but he was clear that he was still a man.

"I need to be Maxie. It's the name I've chosen for myself. I - I couldn't stop watching your new videos. It's like something in my mind changed, or compelled me to come to you. Please, help me become the woman I need to be, man. I need a sexy smart nerd like yourself to guide me!"

Lexi stood behind Kade, but he was in charge now. She liked to be submissive in all things except for sexy time, which he was more than okay with.

"Of course, Maxie," he said, using the feminine name. "Come on in. Make yourself at home. I promise I'll help you. Heck, I'll even describe the kind of gal I think you'd be great as."

Lexi was briefly confused. His fantasy girlfriend pulled him aside for a moment.

"What are you doing, dude? Aren't I woman enough for you?"

"Of course you are, Lexi. You know you're my favourite. I'm fucking into you. But you want me to be happy, right? You don't want to be selfish, right?"

She bit her lip. "Um, of course. I mean . . . legally, I could set up things so we all get protections. Multi-relationship status . . . is that what you want? A harem? Could I at least be your first harem girl?"

“Of course, honey. I know you want my fantasies to come true, so why don’t you be my confidant as well; the gal who can help me figure out the perfect body and type for the other would-be woman who arrive here?”

At that, Lexi’s eyes lit up, and that mischievous grin returned to her freckled features.

“Oh, that’d brilliant. I can even write up the contracts - I’m still a practising lawyer after all. I can set up the forms they sign and make everything above board. And after that, we can have a lot of fun. Who knows? Maybe I’ll even enjoy some of the girls - I might still be a little bit into them.”

Kade peeked into the living room where Maxi/Maxie was sitting, nervously sipping at a glass of water and looking rather adorable.

“So, what should we make her into, provided we can guide her properly?”

Lexi cocked her hip to one side and put a hand on it. It was a great pose, and even better as she scratched her chin contemplatively, sticking out her large chest without realising it.

“Hmm, I’ve got an idea. Max was a big footballer type before, right? Why don’t we make Maxie into a real cute nerd girl? I know you like nerd girls as well, sexy.”

It was true, he did. And the thought of reshaping Max into nerdy Maxie was an enticing one.

“Great idea,” he said. “Let’s do it. This’ll be fun.”

They returned to Max/Maxie, the individual caught between identities. Kade made sure to sit right next to him/her, close enough to make them shiver.

“So, you felt compelled to come to me, Max? You wanted me to understand you, to protect you, right?”

“Y-yeah,” Maxie said, nearly whimpering as Kade slipped a concerned hand onto their thigh. “I can’t explain it. I know it’s all wrong, but I just need to be here and see you, man. It’s like the more I changed, the more I kept watching your videos over and over. I was even kinda . . . jealous of Lexi here. Why - why does she get to be yours, y’know?”

Lexi grinned, clearly pleased with herself.

“I don’t know about that,” she said. “Kade here has quite the appetite. There’s room for more than just one around here, so long as I’m the top bitch.”

“R-really?”

Kade squeezed Maxie’s thigh, then began to tenderly rub it. “Oh yeah,” he continued. “In fact, you remind me of a fantasy I’ve had for a long time, Maxie. The kind of woman you would look perfect as. A gorgeous nerd girl. You know, with the glasses and the smart brain and nervous antics. Slim and short and adorable, with a pixie cut - or in your case, perhaps short afro or stylish cornrows. Wouldn’t that be nice looking?”

Maxie swallowed, managing to look Kade in the eyes. “It - it would?”

“Oh yes,” Kade said. “In fact, I was just about to put a post up about it on the website. Hey, would you like to feature in it?”

Maxie’s eyes widened in excitement, and in that moment, Kade knew that he had her.

Kade really did update the website. In fact, it was crucial to his new pursuits, to his new life goal. Now that Lexi’s transformation was finished, he made sure to post regular life update videos and written entries, even galleries of images, all depicting how obviously happier she was with him now, and how good he made her feel. It didn’t hurt that she had started wearing sexy dresses on their outings, and loved to show herself off in them. Such imagery made for popular hits to the website, making it a powerful income stream as well, and besides, it always led to Kade getting aroused at the sight and feel of his fantasy girlfriend in her sexy outfits, and she was more than happy to fuck when they got home (or to the nearest private space, if necessary).

But there were other changes to the website as well. Kade had a new subject in Maxie, and the former sports jock was rapidly transforming into a delightfully cute nerd girl, just as he and Lexi had planned. They created more videos featuring their latest subject, and the more her Lumin’s consolidated her changes, the more the numbers on the site went up, with various commentators with their own early stages of the syndrome becoming quite attached in particular, though many post-Lumin’s women showed her support, even seeming to find the change arousing. And all this time, Kade got more comfortable showing himself in images and in videos, becoming confident and even dominant in discussions, letting the Lumin’s world see how protective and manly and caring he was.

Maxie certainly appreciated it. Just a week and a half after she had rocked up unexpectedly at his door, her changes were finished, and exactly as Kade had desired them. She was slim and small and petite - Lexi liked to call her bite-sized - and now required glasses. Her intellect had seemingly doubled, and thanks to the personality changes they had all encouraged - even anonymous users - she was now absolutely obsessed with learning all she could about math and science and ancient literature and engineering and historical events and so on and so forth. It was incredibly cute, especially since she was barely five feet in height. She was devastatingly good-looking though, and quite a contrast to Lexi. Where his first fantasy girlfriend was *hot*, Maxie was *cute*. Two different flavours of beautiful for him to enjoy.

And enjoy them he certainly did. Maxie had quite the libido, as it turned out, as many post-Lumin’s women did. She especially loved to give him oral, being far more submissive

than the aggressive and feisty Lexi. He didn't mind at all, and since all three of them were now sharing the new double-King bed he'd purchased with the proceeds from the website, it was a great way to be slowly woken up: Maxie licking and sucking his cock while she played with his balls, all while Lexi pressed her heavy chest against his face once he was somewhat cognisant, giggling mischievously as he was woken even more fully. It didn't take long for the two women to get him off, and as the days passed by he fell into a wonderful rhythm, sharing them out across the day, sometimes taking both at once, often having them with him when he went out for errands, or otherwise letting them run errands for him.

"It's so funny, I'm not even jealous!" Lexi declared.

"Neither am I!" Maxie added. "We're a perfect trifecta. Id, ego, superego, working in concert to please each party to their fullest satisfaction."

Kade chuckled. Maxie's vocabulary had started to soar recently. He looked her over in her cute astronomy-themed t-shirt and casual pants, her face demure and shy.

"I'm very happy that things have worked out so well, Maxie, though I suspected as much. You seemed to like it when I took you from behind before."

She blushed a little upon her dark cheeks, her glasses getting a bit foggy. "Well, my psychology has changed so much, it's bewildering! I like to be so submissive now."

"Mhmm, works well for me," Lexi commented. "I can ride him when I want. No overlaps."

Kade scratched the back of his head. "Well, that's the thing, girls. You see, I'm thinking we could use another member of our team. I've had this fantasy recently, of a gorgeous Indian girl in a sexy red sari. And there's a new Lumin's sufferer who wants to meet me. Do you think we can share the love even more?"

The two women looked at each other. For just a moment, there was a hesitation.

"S-sure!" Lexi said. "I knew this was coming!"

"And - and I'd do anything to please you, Kade!"

Kade took their acceptance happily. "Then it looks like this harem is about to get even bigger!"

His words were more true than they imagined, even for Kade. Indira became his latest gorgeous woman, and he was insistent that she wear gorgeous, colourful saris that showed off her beautiful dark olive midriff and highlighted her bust and hips. She wasn't as prominent in the chest by the end as Lexi - which his former best friend was very happy about - but she had the best set of hips out of any of the girls, with a delightful pear-shaped figure that made

him think of fertility and baby-making. It was a weird turn on as he fucked her, not that he wanted children yet - he was careful about that possibility.

“Ohhhhhh,” the new woman moaned in that gorgeous accent of hers. “I can’t believe I want this. But I need it. I need *you*. Mhmmm . . . make me your future bride.”

Kade grimaced, just a little. Indira was gorgeous but very . . . traditional. She had been so as an Indian man, and now was as a woman too. She had slipped into her role wonderfully, becoming the traditional home woman that he’d desired. Already she was cooking up meals for the four of them - some traditional Indian dishes, others more western foods - as well as working hard to keep the house clean. But while she couldn’t resist him sexually, particularly in the classic missionary position, she was often talking of marriage, something which irritated Lexi up the wall.

“She doesn’t get to marry you first!” Lexi declared. “I know I’m stuck being totally obsessed with you, but I kept most of my mind. I fucking love you, man. I should be your first wife, not her!”

Maxie, at least, hadn’t raised the issue, but she and Indira butted heads occasionally; the rationalist nerd with an obsession with science versus the traditional home woman with more conservative values and a strong spiritual side, right down to the little shrines she put throughout the house.

“It’s just to show my faith in the gods for rewarding me with you, my future husband,” Indira said. “And I just know they will bless us with lots of children!”

“Um, sure. Just not, you know, yet. A ways off, in fact. A lot of ways off. Um, I think I need to see Maxie. I’ve been neglecting her and I really want to see that new spaceship movie. Um, thanks for the food as always, Indira. You’re still fucking beautiful.”

She smiled warmly, though there was an obsession behind her eyes as well that worried him. But he didn’t want to give her up; he loved how supplicant she was, and how determined she was to be his loyal wife; he just didn’t love the actual wife bit she clamoured for. Lexi understood this, as did Maxie. Neither wanted to be rid of her, they just needed a mediation. But Kade had never been good at that, and Lexi was too close to the issue to take up her old profession.

Which is why he decided to double down on his new life of lust, as well as the huge amount he was raking in from the increasingly voyeuristic website, to pull in another fantasy of his.

His name was Raphael, and he had literally worked as a diplomat, making him perfect for Kade’s purposes. He also had a French accent, which was all the better, since Kade loved a hot French girl. He too had been taken in by the website and its many lures Kade had added, and now was desperate to let the man finish his changes.

"I cannot explain *zis*," he said over the phone. "Only *zat* I must travel and see you, and become yours. It is the craziest thing, but I must find a new life in your country. I can perform many services for you. Many. Services."

Suffice to say, it was the answer Kade had been looking for. His girlfriends were trying to establish calendars and schedules to mark out their time with him, sometimes literally arguing over who got to give him a blowjob or have a romantic dinner or go for a lovely walk. He loved to have them all around, but they were getting possessive. He needed a diplomat to sort out their issues.

Or so he thought.

Raphael became Amelie, and she fulfilled yet another fantasy of his. She wore a tight white business blouse and even tighter grey pencil skirt, and had her blonde hair pulled back in a severe ponytail that told everyone that she meant *business*. She carried a diary everywhere, and loomed over everyone, being six feet tall and wearing heels constantly besides. Kade loved to take charge with his women, but there was part of him that also wanted to be *dominated*. Amelie was the woman to provide that, and provide it she did.

"Lie down! I'm going to massage the tension from you, and you will accept it, you dirty, sexy man. *Zis* is exactly what you need, and I'll hear no arguments, understand?"

"Y-yes, ma'am."

"*Zat* is mademoiselle, thank you very much."

"Thank you, mademoiselle. Afterwards, did you want to-"

"Fuck your brains out? Of course. But I will ride *you*, Kade. Facing you, on your lap, my new big breasts in your face. I want you to *drink from me*. *I'm feeling full at the moment*."

Okay, so it was *two* fetishes he was fulfilling in her, and God were they fulfilled. The only problem was that his whole search for a proper diplomat to sort out the squabbles in his increasingly busy life had ended up kinda fruitless: Amelie preferred to crack the whip and put the other girls in line, but that only raised tensions. *She* went even harder on the calendar idea, ruthlessly tracking who got to spend time with him and who was on the outs, and even ensuring 'time outs' if someone got greedy - which was almost always Lexi and Indira, though even Maxie got them when she geeked out and asked him to stay late at the observatory or something.

Kade tried to figure out a solution. There were many options. He was making absolute bank now, especially with Lexi having taken up social media photography of her body, at first just to piss off Indira, but then to actually fleece money from desperate men.

"A bigger house," he said. "That's what I need. If we have a proper mansion with a swimming pool and gym and amenities and activities, they'll be able to do things . . . other than me."

His penis could barely keep up these days. They were milking him dry no matter how enthusiastic or turned on he was.

“Yes, that’s what I need. That, and to stop recruiting women. Even if . . . even if doing so is what keeps the website running. Need to pull the plug, be happy with what I’ve got.”

But then the door knocked unexpectedly, and Indira was already opening it before he could stop her. A man was on the other side, a man with androgynous features who was clearly grappling with Lumin’s syndrome. His skin was olive coloured, his dark hair in rather cute curls. Already, he had an image in his mind of a sexy latina dancer, or perhaps a fashionista model type, professional and brilliant and witty.

“Um, hello, can we come in?” the man said in a thick accent.

“W-we?” Kade managed.

The man stepped aside, revealing that he had company. And not just one other friend, but *three* of them. One was a pale-skinned figure with Slavic features, with thick eyebrows and prominent cheekbones. Another was blonde and already female, with breasts that were twice as big as Lexi’s. She wore a pink outfit, and looked like a total girly girl. The last was more male than the others, but still quite diminutive; a nervous Asian man who was looking quite excitable. A hundred different possible female fantasies ran through his mind: the sexy Eastern-European baroness type, or perhaps haughty aristocrat’s daughter. The blonde bimbo, or the bright-eyed naive worshipper. The sexy geisha or singing pop star. And so many more besides.

“Who are these people?” Indira asked. “I thought we were staying as just us four? When are you going to marry me?”

In the background, Lexi and Amelie were starting another argument.

“I told you, / get to fuck him this afternoon! He’s my boytoy tonight!”

“I was his first, damn it! You hog him too much. You’re too mean. I’m his best friend.”

Maxie was approaching nervously, counting their numbers.

“We’re going to have to update the charts, I think. Maybe a rotating whole month schedule? Or perhaps based on sexual relations with points systems for different kinds of acts? Or maybe I will just use a timer from now on?”

Kade’s jaw slowly fell as he realised what he’d done. The four visitors were already entering, their desires unable to be denied. And there would be more coming, he knew. So many more. And he couldn’t stop himself. God, he couldn’t, could he?”

Kade sighed.

“I’ve made a huge mistake.”

The End