

Mini-Story: With a Friend Like This (Hot Streamer TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Lee is an unreliable and messy roommate who regularly doesn't have money to pay rent. But when he catches Lumin's Syndrome, his nerdy room-mate Coen decides to take matters into his own hands by first making Lee more reliable and cleaner before getting carried away with his encouraged changes, leaving the transformed man as his attentive and extremely shapely girlfriend, one who pays her rent by being the newest hit social media.

With a Friend Like This

God, I can't help but be the hottest, sexiest girlfriend to Coen ever, or to show off my body online and make him all the money he wants to support our life together. It's super embarrassing, but it's the fault of a genetic condition I developed called Lumin's Syndrome. My name wasn't always Luci. It was Lee. I was an ordinary man - yes, a man, not that you'd believe it to look at me now, right? - and like most men I wasn't the neatest of individuals. Well, I won't lie, I was pretty fucking messy. Messy and unreliable as hell. I left shit everywhere and almost never cleaned up after myself. It drove Coen nuts. He was my nerdy roommate, a real shy guy who had his computer game hobbies and loved his comic books and all that. I didn't mind him, even if I was more of a typical dude; you know, parties, the occasional sports, saving up for a fast car and all that. Not exactly the kind of person I am these days, that's for sure.

Anyway, we came to blows a few times. Nothing major - I did mention that Coen was shy after all. He had the ginger-haired, four-eyed and freckled look that didn't exactly intimidate - but I promised to clean up my act. The only thing is, I kind of didn't. And since I was between jobs, being the occasional stoner that I am (thank God I still am, God I love getting stoned, even if it's with my boyfriend these days), I had to ask him to cover a good part of my half of the rent from time to time. Okay, pretty often. Regularly, in fact. But I always gave him an IOU, so that counts for something, right? He didn't seem to fight me much on it, just sighed, muttered under his breath, and returned to his hobby rooms. He liked to paint miniatures and stuff. He's pretty damn good at it. It turns me on so hard these days how particular and patient he is, but that's getting ahead of myself.

What caused the big change came out of nowhere. One week, I just started feeling funny in my stomach, in my hips and even my nipples. I began to get more emotional, and I've always been a pretty casual stoner type, but watching movies on the couch made me cry. My skin, which had always been not great, started to look really smooth and nice, and my hair was growing out like crazy. Weirder, I had always been half-Korean (from my Mom's side), but increasingly my features started to look more Asian, especially around my eyes

which became quite almond-shaped. It freaked me right out, that's for sure. Even my hair got darker, going from a messy brown to a silky black that kept extending towards my shoulders. I was losing muscle mass, my waist was thinning, and my hips were getting wider. Naturally, I had to borrow money from a confused Coen, but when he refused I actually didn't press the issue. It didn't make sense, I always did! But for some reason his 'no' carried a power now, and he was as surprised as me.

Turns out he'd started to figure out what was happening to me pretty much right away. I later learned - much later, when I'd gone full sexy girlfriend - that I had Lumin's Syndrome, a genetic condition that comes about abruptly and causes you to change gender, even making you younger and more desirable, or changing your sexual preference (that definitely happened. Oh yeah. As I know from many intimate experiences by now). So while I was slowly changing to become more and more girlish, Coen had decided to get revenge.

Well, that's not fair to my gorgeous hunk of a - ahem. Sorry. But that's not entirely fair. I do know that he just wanted me to become more reliable and cleaner, since outside influence upon your mental state can alter your Lumin's Syndrome result. So he started talking out loud - with a bit of a cute blush in his cheeks - about how attractive a woman who cleans up is to him, one who can organise and keep things in their proper place. He also talked about work ethic being so important; there was nothing hotter than a woman who could bring in the dough and pay her fair share. I was mostly amused by this, wondering where this side of Coen had come from, but the more he talked about it, even showed me images of cute women cleaning apartments, the more attractive it seemed to me. I should have suspected something; all the images were of very pretty Korean women, of which I would soon be joining their number.

Soon, I was actually cleaning up after myself. More than that, I was cleaning up for Coen as well, and doing things I'd never done before, such as researching how to get rid of oil marks, how to clean the interior of an oven, and how to remove carpet stains. The more that Coen talked about how much he really, *really* liked women that cleaned up well, the more organised I felt compelled to be. It was an addiction, one that only got stronger the more my body continued to change. There was no denying that something freaky was happening to me; my nipples had swollen, my dick shrunk, and everything about me was starting to look very feminine. I was sounding feminine too; my voice was going up in literal octaves. I knew something was very, very wrong, but the closest appointment with the doctor I could get was still a week away. Sure, I could go to the hospital, but that meant getting Coen to drive me, and I felt a weird need to not antagonise him and instead . . . please him.

Oh yeah, I please him a *lot* now. A lot.

It wasn't entirely his fault that I became what I am now. I mean, what man could possibly resist the opportunity to mold his perfect girlfriend? I certainly wouldn't have. I would

have gone far further than Coen and made him straight up into a hot buxom blonde bimbo type as soon as I could. Probably a good thing that I caught Lumin's Syndrome, then. But what started out as understandable intentions on his part - making me a responsible soon-to-be female roommate - spiralled out of control as he got carried away. As my body developed breasts and womanly curves and pouty lips, he and I talked more and more about the changes to me, and he was earnest in describing what he liked. I couldn't help but be addicted to his words, moaning in arousal as my changes accelerated. I might have become an ordinary lithe woman, but instead, thanks to his own desires, I became a very attentive and very shapely woman who felt so damn good in his company.

The end result was that my mind became entirely female to match my body. Coen had gone from being a shy nerd in my eyes to an incredibly irresistible cutie who I just wanted to do everything for and *to*. I was easily aroused by him, and he was just as aroused by me; and who could blame him? I'd ended up as an extremely busty Korean woman with awesome hips and gorgeous thighs and a very needy pussy. My hair was long and silky and perfect, and my face just unbelievably cute and erotic at the same time. More than that, I'd developed a mental need to show off my body, not just to Coen but to the wider world. It seemed that Coen actually had a thing for sexy online streamers and social media models, and thanks to the Lumin's Syndrome changes now I was intent on becoming exactly that for him.

It was quite an adjustment, all things considered. I didn't lose my brain or become dumb like some victims, but I certainly became very submissive and horny to Coen. It didn't take long for us to have sex, and while he felt guilty about it at first, my need was so great that he quickly got over it. So did I, in the end. I couldn't be angry with him; I still can't. He's just so damn cute! Not to mention I love it when he plays with my big tits and pounds my wet pussy. God, it's so weird having a pussy. The big boobs also; they're always active and wobbling and moving! I'm a full G-cup! That's massive! But for some reason I'm so damn proud of them, and when I pose for my modelling and cosplays and sexy streams in my tank tops and crop tops and sometimes just in my lingerie, I get these dopamine hits. It brings us in easily enough money to afford our own place one day, a big one at that. Of course, I had to change my name. I go by Lily now, and something about the name just feels so right.

So yeah, that's my story. I used to be a total slacker, now I'm an online hottie who is absolutely addicted to pleasing her sexy nerdy boyfriend. I love surprising people with my presence, particularly while wearing a hot dress or sexy two-piece outfit, so that they're astounded that someone like Coen landed a chick like me. What they'll never know is that I was basically crafted for him, something which is still super weird to think about. Still, as strange as it sometimes is, the pleasure of being fucked by him is more than enough to be happy with my situation, not to mention how successful my online presence has been. And

besides, it turns out Coen is a really cool guy. I really like him. Sure, a lot of that may be the Lumin's, but he's my cute nerd and I love playing videogames and watching movies with him. I can't stay angry when we get along like that.

Besides, after a lot of practice, he's gotten really, really good in bed.

I'm one lucky gal.

The End