

A New Kind of Cold (Men to Beautiful Women TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Jake has a cold, and can't stop sneezing to the point where he keeps running out of tissue. But something odd happens when a man is caught in the spray of his sneezes: they transform into beautiful women in a manner of minutes, and are instantly infatuated with Jake. Reality even changes to accommodate these changes. Will Jake's cold end? And how many will be affected by the time it finally does?

A New Kind of Cold

Chapter One: First Sneeze

I groaned as Tatiana rode me, bucking her hips against my cock and making gorgeous gasping sounds. Even as I fucked this hot Russian model, a pair of big brown breasts belonging to Zadie were pressed into my face.

“Suck on them, big boy! I want you to taste me!”

I did exactly that, licking her brown nipples and making her squirm. A pair of hands pressed my shoulders, the naked form of Jun pressing up against me, massaging my back and nibbling on my ear. There were more women, all around me, all beautiful and buxom and desperate for me. We were in an open meadow, the rays of the sun falling down upon our naked flesh, and here I was at the centre of it, the sole man surrounded by what appeared to be a worshipful cult of beautiful women, all of them solely devoted to me. There was so much sensation, so much love, so much desperation for sex - sex with me! - that I couldn't even manage an escape route, not that I wanted one anytime soon. Tatiana continued to grind against me, milking my cock, and I knew she would only be the first of so, so many to come over the next few hours.

I bet you're wondering how I got here, huh?

How did Jake Humes, average guy number 103,540,487 manage to score so many hot, beautiful ladies all at once? How is he managing to rawdog all these lovely girls without a care in the world? And why on earth are they so obsessed with him to the point where they'll have sex in a damn open field, heedless of who might be walking past?

Well, it's a good set of questions. And to answer them, I have to go back in time to just two weeks ago. I didn't expect that my life would be heading in this direction, even then.

In fact, far from being pleased by beautiful, busty ladies who are super into me, I was actually feeling pretty down about everything, not least because I had developed a cold.

But then I started sneezing, and everything changed.

I'd just been laid off. The economy was getting tight - isn't it always? - and despite me doing everything I could to work harder and keep my job, I was called into the office on a sad, rainy Monday morning. I was already feeling pretty shit, what with my runny nose and headache, so my attitude was in the pits already. I worked at *SaleCo*, which was a marketing business contracted out by big corporations to innovate their marketing strategies, as well as smaller places to update their online advertisements or even help build their sites for them, for a fee, of course. I mainly helped in accounts, running numbers and making calls, keeping clients happy. *Obsequious*, was the word I'd been described as. I'd looked it up later and not been too happy about it, but it was exactly what these big corporate bigwig types like in a contracted lackey; someone who knows their place and helps sell their product.

Evidently, I hadn't been selling it well enough.

I grabbed some tissues from my tissue box, made the death march to Mr Carterson's office, and tried to ignore the stares and whispers from my coworkers all around me.

"Dead man walking!" Saul shouted. I scrunched up my face, but there were a number of awkward giggles, and thankfully more voices shutting him up. He was the office bully, a man in his late thirties who was still banking on his college football legend, but was only a mid-tier salesman. What he was, however, was a friend to one of the board members of SaleCo. Basically unfireable. These fucking companies, I swear.

"Jared," Mr Carterson said as I entered. "Shut the door, have a seat."

I did so, wincing a little. Those fatal words. "Um, it's Jake, sir."

"That's what I said, Jack."

"Um, it's Ja-"

"Look, I've got some bad news, and you're probably expecting to hear it, but it's best to come from me, since we're family, and this is a family company."

I raised my eyebrow at the large, Caucasian, wide-faced man before me with his balding head and ridiculously thick moustache. His face was red, not from anger but a sort of natural unhealthy state, like the man's heart was constantly in a volcanic eruption and his body only continued on through sheer bureaucratic will. Given that I was a pretty slim guy with some Pakistani heritage by way of my grandmother on my maternal side, I wasn't exactly sure how we qualified as 'family.' I asked as such, politely.

“Oh, you know what I mean! We’re all family, we at SaleCo, here. But sometimes, well, some family members need to grow their wings and leave the burrow, take off on migration and build new otter dams, and all that.”

I could barely keep up: where *did* this man get all his idioms from? A game of Scrabble?

“Mr Carterson-”

“Please, call me Mr Carterson, I don’t go by ‘sir.’”

“I -”

It was like talking to an automated messaging machine. This wasn’t a person, it was a goddamn empty suit in the shape of a man.

“Look, Mr Carterson, I’ve got good accounts. I’ve kept on the Peterson Suitcase thing, even after Saul botched it, and-”

He raised a fat cigar of a finger. “Hey now, no talking ill of other family members.”

“Well, my point is, I’ve done a lot for this company, and - ACHOO!”

I barely managed to get the tissue to my nose in time, but I did. That could have been bad, if I’d sneezed all over Mr Carterson. I was convinced I could still save my job at this point.

“Sorry, got a cold.”

‘Well, don’t get it on me, man! We’ve just been through a pandemic, don’t start another one! Listen, I know you have good accounts. Rest assured Saul and Bellamy will take good care of them. But the company is streamlining, downsizing, heading in new directions. And we’re looking to place you into parallel employment.”

“Am I . . . being moved in position, sir?”

He gave me an exasperated look, like I was a child. “In a sense. You’re moving parallel . . . out of the company. To new opportunities! Rest assured, you’ll enter the job market highly recommended. I’ll have my secretary Janice print off the ticket and I’ll squiggle a line at the bottom, Jared.”

“I’m not actually Jared, I’m-”

“A valuable member of this company, I know, I know. This must be hard to hear. Now, make sure to clean up your desk by the end of the day, or we can’t be held responsible for anything you lose. All the best with you - you may close the door with you on the other side of it when you’ve processed this. I’ll give you ten seconds to have a moment to yourself.”

Five seconds later, I was ushered out of the door, and Janice handed me a document that had my name listed as ‘Jared.’ When I asked for a correction, she responded that she could only print out one: the company was looking to save on printing money, and there were directives to follow.

“This is - this is - ACHHOOO!”

I sneezed loud enough to wake the dead, and had to grab a heap of tissues to deal with the aftermath of that. God, everything felt sick and gross, and my stomach felt like the bottom had fallen out of it. I stumbled past my desk and didn't even liberate anything from it. What was the point? It was all just office supplies. A few people came and tried to give their condolences, including my work mate Zane, who was the kind and caring type and worried about his own head on the chopping block, but I was in a daze by this point, and this damn cold felt worse than any I'd ever had. I ignored Saul's victorious look, that damned jock who was born on third base, and left the building entirely. I wasn't even sure if I had to be there for the rest of the day to be paid, I was just too much in shock.

Outside, it was raining, and the cold air hit my lungs instantly. I coughed, wheezed, and then fell into another sneezing fit, one that left me using up the remaining tissues I had taken with me.

"Goddamn it," I said, trying to find another on my person. I could be a chronic sneezer even when I *didn't* have a cold, but now they were particularly powerful. Forceful, even, and with more spray than I would have liked. I briefly considered re-entering SaleCo, but I didn't want to face the embarrassment, especially since Mr Carterson, corporate fleshsuit, was probably already replacing me with his next, cheaper worker. Instead, I walked down the street, keen to get to the subway and just make my way home.

"Hey buddy? Hey buddy! You got some spare cash?"

A homeless man sitting on the side of the street, cross legged to avoid the angle of the rain, was holding his hands out to me. He looked utterly haggard, with excess wrinkles and blemished skin, and a thick beard that was an aged mix of brown and white. He wore a dark beanie and thick jacket, but it was obvious that he had newspapers stuffing his clothing for warmth.

"Even just a tenner, mate?" he asked.

I could have laughed. Here I was, fresh out of a job and no clue how I was going to pay my overpriced rent this coming week, and this guy was asking for money! Well, why the hell not? He had it worse than me, didn't he? Hell, he was probably only in his late forties even though the street had wizened him well beyond that.

"Sure mate, have a twenty," I said. "Last one in the wallet."

He grinned, baring some rather distastefully yellowed teeth. I hoped he wasn't a drug addict, but I cursed myself a little for assuming so. He took the bill with shaking hands and gave a number of thanks. "You're a good fellow, you're a good fellow," he repeated. "May God bless you. Watch out for the lizard folk. They live around here and put things in people's brains."

I bit my lip. "Ah, sure thing. Will do so. I'll watch out for Godzilla, too."

"This ain't no joke, kid!"

“Okay, well, spend the money well. All the best and - *ACH-CHOOO!*”

It just exploded out of me without me even feeling the build up. The throbbing in my head instantly cleared, the headache gone, and I felt remarkably better. The only problem was that I had sneezed all over the homeless man, and got him right in the face with the spray.

“F-fuck!” I said. “Sorry, I didn’t mean-”

“What the hell? Why’d you sneeze on me like that?”

“I didn’t mean-”

“We just got through a pandemic! The politicians planned it, you know. It came out of Romania. Are you one of the spreaders?”

I backed up, putting my hands up in a gesture of peace. “Look, I’m sorry. Enjoy the twenty. I’ll be going now.”

I sneezed again, this time into my forearm. I couldn’t believe how much better I felt. Poor guy. Obviously had a mental illness or general conspiracy mind, and it had done him no favours. But, bad as it may sound, I felt good about sneezing on him for some reason; it had made my entire headcold just . . . vanish. The man groaned and grunted behind me, and I turned back to look at him for a brief moment, but he’d buried all of himself within his thick coat, hiding his face as he shook.

“Damn aliens got me! What’s this now? Ahhh! It’s a mutagen! An agent of the devil! The war on men is here! Mhmm!”

“Fucking hell,” I whispered to myself, and kept on walking. At least my long walking commute was gone. I always took the train from my apartment, but bad weather made me look rough by the time I arrived at work. That was one part of employment that might get better.

I continued on my way, stopping for another sneezing fit occasionally. I was wrong; the cold wasn’t completely gone, just subsided for a bit. And I still didn’t have any tissues, which meant I was rather disgustingly just sneezing into the crook of my arm constantly, looking like a vampire pulling an imaginary cape in front of himself. That was when someone grabbed me by the shoulder.

“Hey, alien man! Alien man!”

It was a woman. She moved around in front of me, blocking my path. She was homeless, wearing a blue beanie and a coat that looked like the one on the homeless man from before, only a woman’s variant. There was newspaper in it, but not enough to disguise the fact that this girl had surprisingly nice curves. Her chest jutted distractingly out from her jumper, and while her jeans were fairly loose and dirty, I could tell she had long legs. Brown hair fell down over her shoulders, wet from the rain, but her eyes were blue and crystalline,

utterly entrancing. I felt a strange connection to her for some reason, and found it hard not to stare for a moment.

“Um, sorry,” I said to the beautiful homeless woman. “You must have me mistaken for someone else.”

“No, it’s you! We just met! You changed me with your alien powers! You coughed your divine fluid on me, and now I am saved! Take me to your ship, I now know I’m meant to be saved!”

I backed up for the second time in just ten minutes. “Okay, listen lady, we’ve never met. Do you need money? I don’t have any on me.”

She held up a crumpled twenty dollar note, eyes wide and fascinated. “I already possess your blessing. Do you fight the lizards? I can hide you from the government scum, you know. In return, you can bless me with your seed! I’m one of the blessed!”

Other people were looking at this situation, and no doubt thought it was awkward just like I was. “Hey, listen, I’m real sorry but you sound like you need help-”

“You’ve already helped me! I’m reborn! Reborn as an Eve from Adam! A new life and new sex! Mmmmm, feel if you must!”

She grabbed my hand and pressed it against her rather full chest, and at this point I absolutely had to get away. I sneezed again, and she cried out in bliss as I sprayed her by accident.

“Get off me, okay? Fucking get off me! Go get money from someone else, you crazy lady!”

“Call me Eve! I’m reborn!”

But I was already running, pelting away down the rainy street to escape the crazy woman.

“I’ll find you!” she shouted. “I’ll find you and will repay you for this blessing! The Illuminati will never catch us, man!”

I pushed through the crowd, sneezing and sniffing and feeling that head cold coming on again. I shouldn’t have been so nervous, but that had been a *weird* interaction, right down to the twenty dollars. It looked like mine; it had the same fold along the corner, but that might just be a coincidence. Or she stole it off the homeless guy she was copying the style of. Either way, the interaction gave me the heeby-jeebies, especially after the dismay of losing my job had left me on edge. I ended up taking a shortcut through a tight alley space without thinking, preferring to be alone with my thoughts than with the city crowd. There, I took some breaths, relaxing against the brick wall and thankful that the rain was starting to let up, becoming just a very light drizzle.

“This day just keeps getting shitter.

“Unfortunately for me, I’d spoken too soon. I hadn’t noticed a dangerous-looking individual stalking behind me, having either followed me into the alley or who had simply been lurking there all along.

“Hey mate! Hey! You there!”

I turned, annoyed already at my choice for how wet it was making me; my nose was itching for a gigantic sneeze again. But all thoughts of my cold being my biggest priority fled me when I saw the man approach. He wasn’t tall, quite short actually. But he had the look of a mean inner-city eshay type, the kind who’d never grown out of their violent teen years and had only continued their trajectory for the worst into their early twenties. He also had some marks on his pale face, the kind that spoke to habitual scratching from drug use. The fact that he wore dark colours and an oversized black hoodie didn’t help matters; he was almost stereotypically violent-looking, right down to the tattoo over his right eyebrow that said *CRIM*, like it was something to be proud of. Before I could even take a step back, he pulled out a little butterfly knife and flicked it around in front of me.

“Gimme your stuff, fuckwit,” he snarled, voice ratty and raspy.

“Hey, mate,” I said. “No need for that.” I put up my hands. “Look, I don’t have any money. I mean, who carries money these days, right?”

“Gimme what you have? Are you fucking death, cunt? Empty your fucking pockets and then we’re gonna walk to an ATM and you can gimme the rest. Or do I have to poke some holes in your fucking kidneys?”

I trembled. I was frozen in fear. There was no way to explain it; my fight or flight instinct simply fizzled out, and all I could do was *freeze*, hands shaking as he screamed something about cutting my balls off and mailing them to Melbourne.

And then it hit me, once again; the worst possible reaction I could have. I tried to keep it in. I tried to hold it back. But my body had other ideas, and that headache was too powerful as it seemed to force its way through my nose.

“*ACH-CHOOOOO!*”

All over him.

The moment seemed to freeze as much as I had. It almost seemed like the rain had frozen. Hell, even the wind wound down in those short, terribly awkward seconds as the man robbing me took in what had happened. He raised a finger and wiped some of the wetness from his face, wetness that was definitely *not* from the rain.

“You absolute fucking - nghh!”

I squeezed my eyes, expecting to get stabbed. God, I was pretty pathetic. But then my assailant kept on moaning, dropping the knife to the ground and then writhing and squirming on the spot. I tried to get away, but he grabbed me, clutching my jacket and refusing to let go.

“Ohhhhhh, what did you d-do to me, man!?” he whined, voice cracking. “Your s-sneeze did something to m-me, you fucking - EUGH!”

I struggled, trying to pull away, but then I saw what was happening to him. He was *changing*. The man's dark hair began to grow out at the roots right before my eyes, extending longer and longer until it stopped at chin length, framing his face. His hands shrunk even as they gripped me, the cracked nails healing.

“Dude, what the fuck!?” I cried, scrambling to pull back. But the man practically *leashed* me, still whining, voice getting higher and higher.

“F-fuuuuck! I'm growing t-tits! I'm growing f-fucking tits! I can feel them! They're growing!”

Sure enough, his hoodie drew tight around the chest, despite how loose it was everywhere else. With every moan, his lips puffed up more and more, his buckled, twisted noise correcting until it was aquiline and straight. Scars disappeared, but for one across his upper lip, though it faded some. The tattoo that said *CRIM* even changed, and somehow this shocked me the most. It now said *SLUT*.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed. “You really are changing!”

“Change me back!” he cried.

“I didn't change you! All I did was sneeze on you!”

“The sneeze f-fucking changed meeeee! Ohhhh, f-fuck! Why does it feel so fucking goooooood!?”

The man was looking more and more like a woman. His eyes lost their bags, and gained a thick, smokey eyeshadow. His eyebrows began thick yet feminine, and other makeup applied itself invisibly: dark eyeliner and natural-looking lipstick, and perhaps a bit too much foundation. In moments, he really *did* look like a woman, and his voice had become that of a woman's, with a husky tone that sounded like she was in the throes of an orgasm. Her hips audibly popped out on each side, and her ripped jeans gained a lot more rips, showing off some pale, thick thighs. She fell against me, and I collapsed backwards against the brick wall of the alley. I wasn't even trying to get away anymore; I'd frozen again, taken back by this impossible situation.

“N-nooooo!” she cried. “Not my f-fucking diiiiick!”

She finally let go, gripping between her thighs and whining. I heard an audible *plop* as something retreated back up into her, and then a further two sounds as her testicles, presumably, then followed. She squeaked each time, as if something was being forced up through a new hole.

“I've g-got a pussy! Mhmmm, I've got a hot, slutty pussy! I don't want - ahhh! It's soooo wet already!”

It was too crazy, but the sight of my would-be robber becoming a sexy looking thug chick was turning me on. Her sleeves had shortened, revealing a complex tattoo sleeve on her right arm, and I wasn't even sure if it had been there moments before. She pressed herself against me even more, and I definitely felt breasts there, there was no mistaking them. They were . . . rather sizable. Also, she most certainly did not have a bra on.

"You need to get, ah, to a hospital!" I said.

"N-no! I can't. You don't just turn into a woman. Mhmm! I'm not even the same person anymore. No one will believe me. You f-fucking asshole. You sneezed on me and turned me into a woman - it was you!"

I denied it again, but I couldn't help but remember the homeless man I had sneezed on, and that beautiful homeless woman who had pursued me minutes after, talking exactly like him . . . dressed exactly like him. And now here was a thug life chick in a female version of what my assailant had been wearing, bare midriff due to the high cut hoodie and everything.

"Shit," I managed. "I think I *did* change you.

"That's what I'm saying, you asshole! You did this to meee!"

She bucked her hips against my crotch, sliding up and down on it, making me harder. Suddenly, to my surprise, her voice turned deeply sensual, her husky voice erotic in my ear.

"And now you've got to repay me, big boy," she said, sliding a hand down to rub my dick through my pants.

I went rigid, in every possible way. "I - I do?" I said. "How?"

"You've got to repay me by letting me suck your big, hard cock. Right here, and right now."

I gulped.

Chapter Two: Scientific Confirmation

I wish I could say I had the mental strength to resist. Hell, I wish I could say I was taken advantage of, even. A moment ago this psycho had been threatening to stab me, and now he was a she, and this sexy street criminal was lowering herself to her knees and unbuckling my pants. The wind and rain had let up, but we were still in an alley in the open view, and anyone could walk in on us. I was hesitant.

But Jesus Christ, she had a set of lips that looked prime for sucking dick, and I'd never had a girl this hot be interested in me, former dude or not! The whole situation was out of some weird, wild wet dream.

“Hey look,” I said, even as she unbuckled my belt and began unzipping my pants. “You just changed into a woman. I really think you should - ahh - get to the hospital.”

She licked her lips, rubbing my crotch. “Obviously, asshole! You rich types think you’re so frickin’ clever. But first I need to give you the best damn blowjob you’ve ever had, so that when you cum I won’t have to eat for days, I’ll have so much jizz in my belly.”

“What!? How are you okay with this? Is your brain affected?”

She nodded eagerly. “Oh yeah. Fucking ripped to shreds. I don’t wanna rob you anymore, I just gotta fuck you. You want me. I want you. I can go crazy over this freakin’ black magic shit later. I need your cum first. I need *this*.”

She pulled my underwear and my dick flopped out, totally rigid. She eyed it hungrily, lipping her lips again, and then she did something unbelievably sexy: she began to lick it, all without breaking eye contact, looking up at me as if trying to sample every part of my reaction.

“Oh f-fuck! You don’t have to do this! You - ohh, that’s good. That’s really good. Shit! Yeah, fuck!”

I’d never sworn so much in my life, but I had no idea how to take this experience other than to accept the pleasure that followed. She deliberately lifted her hoodie up for a moment and grabbed my hand, pressing it against her boobs. She was not wearing a bra, and I could feel the warmth of her pillowy tits. She probably had C-cups or something! Maybe bigger! Her nipples stiffened at my touch, and it left her moaning again.

She stopped licking my dick. “This is what you get for turning me into a naughty slut with your sneezing, you asshole.”

The way she purred it made ‘asshole’ almost sound like a term of endearment, and then she started to suck on the tip of my penis, running her tongue over the head of my member before taking me further inside her mouth. I gasped and placed a hand on her head, shifting my hips a little, pumping into her, *fucking her mouth*. It was the best damn blowjob I’d experienced, though I’d only really had, like, three before this, and one was by a girl who was already cheating on me by that stage. This, however, was heaven. She didn’t break eye contact still, staring up at me as if *worshipping* me, and I found myself gripping her hair, feeling a connection to her.

“Jesus Christ, I’m c-close!” I announced.

I could see people walking past at the end of the alley, but they thankfully paid me no heed. One man even stepped past, then threw a thumbs up. His girlfriend did the same. What the hell? I couldn’t think too deeply on it, because my balls were tensing up, and this sexy criminal chick was about to drain me.

“I’m about to c-cum. You should p-probably stop if you want to avoid-”

But she just went faster, bobbing her head up and down and stroking my shaft with her fingers. She moaned as she did so, still looking up at me, as if for approval. She was trying not to smile, and it made me break out into a manic grin.

"This is insane! This is - NGHH! Ahhh, I'm c-cumming! I'm going to cum in you if you don't - AAGHH!"

I didn't just cum. I *erupted*. My balls *squeezed*, and I had the largest ejaculation I'd ever experienced, emptying all my sperm into her mouth in what had to be multiple tablespoons-worth. She moaned as if in ecstasy herself, and to my mix of horror, shock, and joy, she gulped it all down. It was the best orgasm I'd ever had, and when she finally pulled back, she moaned, licking her lips once more, followed by my dick, removing all traces of sperm so she could drink it down.

"Best goddamn meal I've had in years," she said.

"What on earth . . ."

She grinned, cheeks going just a little red. "Wow, didn't expect to end up such a horny girl after I changed. I guess you made me into a really, really bad girl, didn't you? But I bet you love that . . .?"

I stammered. "My name is Jake. Jake Humes."

Don't tell her your name, moron! Why would you even say that?

She stood, still touching my crotch, and then planted her lips on mine. I didn't kiss back . . . but I wanted to.

"I'm Frank," she said. "But I guess I'm Frankie now, huh? Pretty fuckin' hot name for an eshay girl like me."

"H-how are you so okay with this?"

She shrugged. Jesus, her boobs felt so big against me. Her nipples were rock hard against the fabric of my shirt. I needed to do up the buttons on my jacket, but I didn't want to just yet.

"No idea," she replied. "I should be fucking freaking out, huh? I'd normally be stabbing you into a bloody puddle until you gave me what you wanted, or at least beating the shit out of you, but I'm really fucking into you now, Jake. You've made your bad girl. Fuck, this is so humiliating, man . . . and so hot. I can't believe you did that asshole move and made me your naughty bitch, but here I am. I can't help but feel all these commands. The naughty bitch ones, I mean."

I gulped. "Look, about that hospital visit-"

"Forget it, I've got a criminal record anyway. No, I'll stick around. You and me, we're be crims together. We can run away, knock over banks, steal what we need. I know how to do it. I've got a little hideyhole we can fuck in. You can use my body anyway you want. And we can rake in cash and have a real good time."

She kissed my neck, absolutely ravenous as she felt me up. My senses finally returned, because I quickly buckled myself up and pushed her back. She looked at me with fury, then lust.

"That's right, treat me like a bad girl," she said. "You did this to me. You're in charge now."

"I've gotta go! I'm sorry about changing you!"

"Don't! You did this to me! You're responsible now! You get to carry the knife!"

But the rain was starting up again, and the wind too. I turned and ran, even as she shouted.

"I'll find you! I know your name now! Nothing will stop me from being your bad bitch! I'll fuck up anyone who gets in your way! Ride or die, you sexy asshole!"

I fled. Jesus, I fled. I could barely believe it had happened. I'd *sneezed* and changed her, somehow. She'd just . . . turned. In mere minutes. And her clothing too! And her tattoo! Like magic! There was no way this was just some ordinary kind of virus.

This was something else.

I managed to calm down a little on the train to the inner suburbs. I wasn't delusional; that guy *had* changed, and likely the homeless person. And something had happened to their minds, because they both wanted me, crazy as that was. It couldn't be natural: anyone who turned *me* into a woman would get a punch in the face - or maybe a slap, I guess?

So this was really happening, and it *had* to be the sneezing that did it. I had built up another few sneezing fits at the station and again on the train, but managed to get my arm up each time and prevent myself from spraying anyone. At least I was apparently immune to my own effects. That was a plus, I guess? Not much of one, because who knew how long this weird cold would last, or what it even was; it was bending freakin' reality, like I was some kind of perverted god.

"ACH-CHOOO!"

I sneezed again, and the other members of the largely unpopulated carriage jumped a little. A few gave me dirty looks: I probably looked a bit haggard, and they assumed I was taking the piss just to annoy them. A number of them were whispering.

"*Can't he just quiet down?*"

"*Don't get close. Probably has the virus.*"

"*Nah, he's just being a dickhead.*"

"*It's like he's an aerosol can; look at that spray every time he sneezes!*"

I started to get more than a little self-conscious. But I was also starting to get more than a little angry as well. Who the hell were these randoms to judge me? I was a working man who'd just been fired for no real reason except for short-term corporate profits, I had a cold that wouldn't go away, and my sneezing was now turning people into crazy ladies who were super into me for some reason. My life had taken a left turn down the rabbit hole into a particularly twisted Wonderland.

By the time the door opened four stops before my jumping off point, I was starting to get angry. I was sneezing more and more, my headache rising, my temples throbbing, and the whispering just continued. People were making jokes, or looking at me with annoyance, and one lady was even claiming I was just "faking it to get attention."

I wasn't even sure if my sneezes were still capable of what they'd done before, but with so much anger and anxiety in my system, I was starting to get curious. I needed to know what this was, and how it happened; was it *really* the sneezes? Did it always change people the same way? Did it affect everyone? I didn't plan to test any of these theories, until another load of people got on the train.

"Young man, you need to stand over there."

I looked up at an older, middle-aged woman with curly yellow-white hair and a frown that could kill.

"Excuse me?" I asked.

"I am a lady, and I need my seat."

"Um, there's one next to me, I guess, but-"

"You've got a cold! Hurry up and move away before you spread any more germs! People need these seats and you're holding them up!"

I really was cursed today to meet the biggest collection of weirdos and assholes. But I wasn't in a position to refuse; I was already fighting a sneeze. Unfortunately, she went to chip in one last word as I got out of my seat, and that was the exact moment it exploded out of me.

"ACHOOO! ACH-CHOO ACHOO ACHOO!"

I positively *sprayed* her with whatever infection I'd taken on, so much so that her glasses misted over with it. A look of horror overcame her features, and the others on the train looked on in shock; a couple of teen girls gasped and exchanged views: "Did you see that?" one of them whispered.

"H-how dare you!" the woman uttered.

I gave a series of apologies and moved further back, standing and holding onto the pole to keep myself upright. Still, I had a scientific curiosity now: would the woman change? I must admit, I wouldn't feel too bad if she did, she'd been real rude and I probably looked bad enough that she'd be able to tell I'd have a tough day. Instead, she just cleaned her glasses,

made a call, and started complaining to a family member or friend about the “grotesque incident” that had just befallen her.

So I was cured? Was it just a one-off, or maybe a two-off if I counted the unconfirmed homeless man/woman? Theories raged in my mind. I couldn't just live with this sneeze. It was seemingly only getting worse, and others were noticing. Worse, the headache was building, and my temples were throbbing. It had done this last time, and only got better once . . .

Once I sneezed on someone.

But I'd just sneezed on the annoying older woman, and no relief had come, and no change. Coincidence? Or just not the right target?

I needed to be safe. I needed to make sure. I needed . . . an acceptable new target.

No, that was stupid. Just because I was angry and my head was aching didn't excuse me being -

“Oof!”

The train doors had opened, and someone had pushed straight into a girl, nearly knocking her over. He was a large man, easily over six feet, and he had the build to go with it. He had a Mediterranean look about him: thick lips and olive skin, with thick dark eyebrows and wavy black hair.

“Hey!” she shouted. “Watch out. You nearly knocked me right over!”

He scoffed, chuckling with some of his mates that had gotten on. “Yeah, whatever. Maybe you watch out.”

Unfortunately, a lot of tossers take the train to the inner suburbs. She backed down, moving away and clearly uncomfortable with his presence. He chuckled with his friends, and no one said a thing. Why would they? I wasn't either; he could have a knife just like the other guy who attacked me today.

But now I had something else: a good target.

I sidled closer to him, acting as if I was getting off on this stop rather than the next, and then I deliberately let loose this time, looking to get some scientific confirmation on a theory I was working on.

“Excuse me, sorry, excuse me, I'm just passing through so I can - ACHOOO!”

All over him, and then onto his chuckling, slightly shorter and pudgier mate, which was a sort of happy accident.

“Ewww, gross!” the second guy said.

“What the fuck? Watch it, man!” the bully said, giving me a little shove.

I made a mumbled apology and moved to the side, waiting to see what would happen. Thankfully, it didn't take long.

“Eughh,” the main man groaned, followed by his friend. I tried not to look suspicious, but turned in such a way so that I could easily face them. They grunted and shifted, swearing amongst themselves, and soon the nature of the change took place. The big fella placed his hands on his chest, grunting as it swelled forwards, large and busty and proud. His hair also extended, becoming much longer - so long, in fact, that it trailed down to his rear, curly and dark and startlingly gorgeous.

“What the f-fuck, mate!?” his friend cried, looking at this, but then he started changing as well. His gut sucked in, the fat dissipating, or perhaps shifting to other places. I won’t lie, I was finding it very hard not to get aroused at the sight of this. Something about possessing this sheer power and being able to inflict it on those who were deserving, knowing they would become women, was almost like an aphrodisiac. All four of them had been men, and clearly my sneezes only affected that gender, as far as I could tell.

“Dude, can’t you see this? We’re changing, mate! My dick is p-pulling up inside of me! Somebody heeeelp!”

“Pipe down!” an old woman called, looking at their transforming bodies as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

“Yeah, just change and leave us in peace already!” a father trying to entertain his kids said. “Some of us are already dealing with a handful.”

The two men looked confused as hell, and so was I. They were quickly transforming into hella gorgeous Mediterranean babes, their shirts shrinking to tight tank tops, their trousers to booty shorts as if they’d somehow anticipated the rays of warm sun finally coming through the afternoon sky. Even makeup appeared on their faces, and they winced as looped gold earrings manifested as well. They were impressively ‘hippy,’ too. That is to say, they had the kind of hips that one would want to see shake on the dance floor. And evidently the two, seemingly unrelated friends were turning into *twin sisters*. Their looks were identical, with only the colour of their shirts - pink and purple - to set them apart.

And no one was noticing anything strange.

Hell, they were starting to plead with their third friend - in Greek, I think - to get them help, but he just looked at them like they were crazy, responding in a mix of their language and English.

“What are you talking about, Elektra? Elena? You’ve always been women! You twins, seriously crazy! And you’re always trying to get with that guy over there. Just hurry up and make a move on him and stop stirring up my jealousy already.”

They both turned on the spot, and I tried to hide. Something changed in their expressions: they were still aghast at being turned into women, but now there was a fire in them. A *lust*. They began to move across the carriage towards me, their desirable hips swaying.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but I need that man!"

"Me too, sister! Wait, you're not my sister. Why am I thinking of you as my sister?"

"Who cares? That gorgeous hunk needs attending to! You stay back and I'll talk to him first!"

"No fair, we're twins now! I should talk to him first! I promise to be your girlfriend! Hello, handsome man!"

I began to move. Much as having another sexual encounter sounded crazy amazing to me, I wasn't about to have it right here on the train, and I'd already abused my power again. I sneezed, but kept myself from getting anyone, then moved to the next carriage, barging through people, then onto the next carriage too. My stop was approaching, but the twins were relentless. I was already imagining what they could do for me - a goddamn *threesome*. It sounded incredible in my head, but I couldn't let this *get* to my head. I was changing reality with my sneezes, somehow, and I needed to get home and process this.

The train pulled to a stop. I jumped out the doors, keeping out of sight until they closed again. At the last second, as the train took off, I saw the twins frantically trying to get off, and failing. Instead, they slid open one of the small upper windows, standing on the seating to shout out to me.

"There he is, Elena!"

"I see him, Elektra!"

"That's not my name!"

"It is now! You there! We love you!"

"And we hate you! But we want you!"

"Yes! And we can give you so much . . ."

They disappeared, their voices fading away. I was left standing on the train station, surrounded by people who hadn't batted an eye over any of this, as if it were all totally normal. God, what a strange, strange, strange damn day.

I sneezed.

I didn't even look to see if I'd gotten anyone. Instead, I ran away from the platform and out of the station as fast as I could, sneezing into my arm until I made it all the way home.

I had a lot of thinking to do. And, frankly, I needed to take care of my hard on as well. That potential threesome I'd just turned down hadn't helped one bit.

Chapter Three: I Accidentally Changed My Roommate

I got home. It was only a simple apartment, but right now it was a refuge. Somehow, my very sneezes were transforming men - seemingly *only* men - into unbelievably hot women who were all super into me. Borderline obsessed, in fact. How on earth could this have happened? Did I have some kind of weird alien virus? Was it some government experiment that had gotten loose? Or was I just hallucinating?

I pondered these questions as I reached the front steps of my apartment. I pinched myself again and again, continuing to confirm that this was, in fact, reality. Maybe I wasn't dreaming, and only hallucinating instead? Jesus, like that was much better. I took a deep breath and inserted my key into the door, turned it, and stepped inside.

I was immediately greeted by loud pop music echoing down the hallway. I wasn't really a fan of it, but my roommate Beau was. He was a popular guy, a real extravert, and while we were friends, we weren't *best* friends or anything. We'd simply found a good place together and had the same need for an apartment not too far from the city centre. I hoped to avoid him - it must have been one of his nights off from the club where he worked as a bartender - and simply settle in my room and try to get rid of this crazy cold. But I was also damn hungry, so I decided to sneak to the fridge and grab some food quickly. Even the leftover pizza from last night would be okay.

I was already munching on some before I'd even closed the fridge, and suddenly there, like a horror movie monster, was Beau right behind the fridge door. I jumped, sneezed, but thankfully managed to turn my head and avoid it spraying all over Beau.

"Whoa, buddy! Someone's got a case of the colds!"

"Yeah, it's been . . . weird," I managed to reply.

"Is that why you're home early?"

God, in all the craziness of men turning into dick-hungry bimbos I had almost forgotten that I'd been fired that morning.

"I was . . . let go," I admitted.

Beau was a tall guy. Handsome. Sporty. He had blonde hair and light blue eyes that ladies went wild for, and more than once I'd had to pull my pillow around my ears to muffle out the sound of his lovers crying out in the night just one room over. But he was also not a bad guy, by any means. I was jealous of him, but his facial expression instantly turned to one of sympathy as he clasped me on the shoulder.

"Dude, that fucking sucks. I'm so sorry. Why'd you get canned?"

"Company downsizing," I said. "Moving to new directions. This is me in my - how was it put? - parallel employment."

"Wow, that's unmitigated bullshit."

“Tell me about it.”

“And no offence, but you look terrible. What a day to be fired. Do you need to lie down or something?”

I could feel another sneeze building up inside of my body. It was almost as if this strange, transformative virus *wanted* to be expressed. I managed to push it down and compose myself.

“Y-yeah, that’s not a bad idea. Fuck me, what a day. A damn cold and no job. Back to the drawing board.”

“You’ve been there before at least, though, right?”

I thought of Elena and Elektra on the train, hating me for making them women yet wanting to fuck me all the same. I thought of the man in the alley. Frank. Frankie now. She’d sucked me off in the alley like some back alley girl, and I’d *let her*. Jesus, just thinking about it was making me a bit aroused.

“No,” I said, avoiding Beau’s gaze. “I’ve *never* been here before.”

I lay back on my bed, sneezing my head off every minute or so. There was no regular phlegm or snot, at least. It didn’t even really feel like a normal cold; my chest felt fine, I didn’t have a headache anymore, and even my sinuses weren’t so. But there was still a kind of misty spray that accompanied each sneeze, a flowery scent that filled the air, deceptively nice despite its power. I still had a hard on. I’d taken care of the first one. Don’t blame me, alright? You can’t judge a guy for wanking off to the fact that some of the hottest, naughtiest, neediest girls he’d ever seen had been lusting after him just after he was fired, right?

Right?

Okay, so maybe I can be judged a little. I did feel sorry for them - well, maybe not Frankie, and maybe not the eshay types *too* much - but they were still not meant to be women. What if they *found* me? What if they stripped out of their tight clothing and rubbed their big tits all over my . . .

Yeah, you can probably tell why tossing off just the once wasn’t going to cut it. I felt almost as horny as the women I had turned, and I blushed with guilt at the fact that I kept touching myself as I thought of them. Touching myself, and-

“*AAAH-CHOOO!*”

-and sneezing. I just managed to get a tissue in time, but still blew a hole through it. When the next sneeze arrived, it was twice as big, and that strange transformative mist erupted from my nostrils and streamed into the air. I reached again for a tissue to wipe my face, but found that the box was somehow empty. Empty already. God, I’d need so many

more boxes. I thought about wiping myself with my sheet, but the truth was I hadn't quite descended to that level of desperation yet. I just needed to fetch another box from the kitchen. So I got up carefully, let myself sneeze another time, then wiped my slightly dribbly nose and made my way out to the kitchen. I was just retrieving a tissue box when I noticed that Beau has set up his damn gym equipment in the living room. Again. God, I'd asked him not to bloody do that while I was around. I couldn't resist the urge to remind him of our arrangement.

"Hey Beau," I said, swallowing a little. He was on his back, doing what looked to be some heavy bench presses. As usual, he was just in his exercise shorts, and his body was slightly sweaty. He was in an enviously good shape, but I still found it a little obnoxious.

"Yeah, Jake? How's the cold fairing?"

"It's, uh, it's going. Look, do you remember how I asked you not to put the weightlifting equipment in the middle of the living room."

"Yeah, I do," he huffed, pushing up with all his might. Why could he never use a spotter? Or go to the gym? I know bartending didn't make a lot of money but surely this was dangerous? "But you're usually not home around now. I already moved all this stuff out so I could do it here. Got a hot date tonight with a sexy redhead, and wanna make sure my abs are in tip top shape, mate, ya know?"

I didn't. Apart from that strange experience with Frank-turned-Frankie, I hadn't been very lucky as of late. As I've said about myself before, in a lineup of one I'd still probably not stick out. I'm your background extra. You're total everyman who can make up the crowd in a scene where your focus is entirely elsewhere.

"I get that, but do you mind maybe moving it?"

"Uh, can it wait till after this set?"

I sighed. "Yeah, sure mate. No worries."

"You should see this girl, Jake. She's seriously the hottest. I love red-haired girls. She's got all the cute freckles, too. And her tits! Seriously, they're probably fake, but she's had good work done in that case. They're like this big head-sized pair. I think I'm gettin' lucky tonight."

I smirked. "You're always getting lucky."

"Oh, shit. The job thing. No hard feelings, Jake. I wasn't making anything of it."

"Nah, I know you weren't. I'm just ticked off because . . . because . . ."

He gave me a funny look. "Because what?"

I managed to keep the next sneeze down, thank God. I kept my breathing steady, and answered slowly. "Because I thought I'd have my life more in control by this point. My job was shit, but at least it was a job, you know? And I haven't had a girlfriend in ages, or even a one night stand. Certainly not a busty redhead, you lucky dog, you. But now this

strange . . . I guess you could say ‘opportunity,’ has fallen into my lap, and I’m not sure how to go about it. It could hook me up with a real hot woman, but I don’t know if it’s the right call. I mean, I’d feel like I’m taking advantage of her, if you know what I mean.”

He went back to pumping iron, exerting himself heavily. “I don’t really, no. This isn’t a getting the drunk scenario, right? Tell me it’s not that. Topsy is all good fun but you gotta walk the line, mate.”

I put up my hands. “No, nothing like that! It’s just . . . an opportunity. I nearly took advantage of it, but now it’s hard not to think I’ve passed something up. Like there’s a kind of . . . I don’t know, a gift or something. If I could find the right . . .”

Victim. That was the word. There was no other way to honestly put it. I had to find the right kind of asshole somewhere in Sydney and just sneeze on them. Someone like Frankie, or the eshay wankers on the train, or maybe even someone worse. Maybe even a corrupt politician? Then at least I could put some good into the world and get rid of this damn sneeze, all while getting a little something.

No, it was wrong. And it made my skin scrawl to think that I wanted to justify it. Beau was saying something, muttering while he performed his last set, but I only paid attention to the back half.

“. . . so yeah, you should totally go for it. I mean, if she’s into you, and you’re into her, don’t waste your shot, mate. You’ve got to shoot for it. Slay some pussy and get her to have a good time. Especially if she’s a hot, cheeky redhead with rockmelon-sized tits, ya know?”

I sneezed on him. I swear I didn’t mean to, but it just *erupted* out of me. It was like I’d been given some kind of subconscious permission by his words, and suddenly.

“AAAAA-CHHHWWOOOOO!!!”

It was the biggest damn one yet, and it sprayed all of Beau. My poor roommate was practically saturated by the fine mist, and it went all over his face, even in his mouth. I clutched my face, immediately realising what I had done.

“Oh shit! Oh shit, oh shit!”

Beau coughed, nearly losing his hold of the weights. He spluttered, clearly trying to hack up the substance I’d just sneezed right down his throat. He looked at me with bulging eyes.

“Dude, what the fuck?”

“I’m sorry, you were talking about a hot redhead and I just felt this pressure to - ACCCH-CHOOO!!”

Again, I sneezed, and I was not fast enough to stop a second spray all over my friend and roommate. It went into his mouth again, and covered his strong chest. He nearly lost control of the bars a second time, as he was still coughing and grunting in response to the

spray that went all over him the first time. I hoped and prayed that the effect was over, whatever strange magic or power or virus that it was.

“M-mate, help me with this! It’s f-fucking heavy and you’re sneezing is making me all fucking woozy and shit!”

I moved behind him as quickly as I could, thankfully with no more sneezing fits to follow. I grabbed the bar and pulled up. I wouldn’t have been able to do it without his help, but for some reason he wasn’t able to do it solo either. He was clenching his teeth and sweating even more profusely than before, his entire body shivering. I swallowed, afraid to even voice my fears over what I had just potentially done.

“Are you alright? I’m sorry for sneezing on you, but are you okay?”

“Mate, just give me some space. Shit, I better not get sick tonight. I really want to suck on Jasmine’s big tits, and you - nngh! You’ve probably got me a v-virus or somethinngh! Ahh! What the fuck?”

His gaze fell down to his nipples, and so did mine. They were growing. Swelling. Becoming distended and stiff, with wider pink areolas developing around them. Beau’s eyes widened and he immediately sat up fully, moving out from under the bar to look at his changing chest.

“What the fuck? What did you just infect me with?”

“I didn’t! I mean, I did, but it was an accident!”

“An accident with what? Why are my nipples - ahhh - why is there this p-pressure? What is f-fucking going ohhhhh!”

He moaned, taking in a big breath as his chest began to push forward. His nipples were already three times bigger than they had been, beautiful pink thimbles in shape, with the kind of areolas you expected from women in porn. But now there was a further pressure clearly building, because the man thrust out his chest, trembling as the flesh rose like a pair of souffles in the oven.

“Oh God! Ohhhhhh, what the f-fuuuuuck!?”

His breasts pushed forwards, surging freely and unrestricted by any clothing. They swelled even as his chest hair fell away, leaving his skin perfectly smooth and womanly. They continued to ripen and plump, easily shooting past the average size for a woman and then up to what I could only guess were impressive D-cups. By this point Beau was standing up and yelling in fear, clutching his breasts only to pull his hands away in shock.

“What’s happening? Is this an allergic reaction!? Mhmmm! Why are they so f-fucking sensitive? Why does it look like I’m growing - TITS!!!”

They expanded further, as if responding to his words. They bounced and jiggled as he leapt back against the wall, pressing his back against it as if it would keep him as far from the breasts as possible. But they were attached to him, beautiful pale orbs that were

lowering down his chest the heavy they became, bouncing as his shoulders trembled. They were paler than the rest of his tanned skin, and a smattering of freckles appeared in his cleavage, faded but certainly there. My panicking roommate cupped his boobs, trying to force them back in, but then he literally started salivating right in front of me.

“Mhmmm! Why d-does it f-feel like this! Jake, fucking s-stop this already! Call an ambulance!”

I nodded. He was right, of course. I had to help him. But where the hell had I put my phone when I came in? I began to search the living space and kitchen, even as Jake’s bust grew. They were now the biggest pair of tits I’d ever seen in my life, and totally natural at that to judge from how they wobbled. Well, as natural as this insane situation could possibly get, that was! Beau moaned furiously, panting as they surged forth again. They overflowed his hands, and I almost missed that his hair was starting to grow and change colour. It was turning *ginger*. He was becoming a hot ranga girl!

“Beau! Your hair!”

“What about my - oh my God!? What the hell?”

He grabbed some hair that was descending over his face, allowing one boob to droop lower than the other. Gravity couldn’t help tug upon his beastly new boobs: they really were almost the size of his head, yet proudly round and surprisingly pert despite how much lower they fell than a smaller pair. I began to feel that arousal growing, and tried to stop myself from getting hard.

But that was a difficult task, what with Jake’s voice whining higher and higher, and his facial features becoming increasingly feminine. His eyebrows became arched and thicker, while his lips gained a softness to them, particularly along the lower lip. I tried to distract myself and find my damn phone, but it was so hard not to notice that his entire skin tone was lightening, and his face was even developing some really cute freckles, particularly across his upper cheeks and across his nose, which was becoming button cute.

“Find the fucking phone, Jake!” he cried.

“I’m trying! I’m trying!”

“Use mine! Ohhhhh, my hips are starting to - eep!”

His voice went up another octave as his hips popped out a little. His waist was smaller, and his shoulders were following. No part of him was hairy anymore, and his face was baby smooth, jaw becoming more ovoid in shape. He was rubbing his increasingly soft thighs together as they became lighter and silky smooth. I had little doubt that another change was happening between his legs, or would be at any moment now. I had to be honest.

“Beau, listen to me, for some reason my cold is turning people into women!”

“Phone the ambulance, man!”

"But I can't - it's going to change reality. Everyone will just think you've always been a woman. Look, you're turning into one right now. I think - I think you're turning into the kind of stacked redhead you were just describing!"

He moaned, fondling his breasts while his hands daintified. He was barely a 'he' anymore at all. I'd done this to him. I'd sneezed on him twice and now he was becoming a fucking hot redhead with an amazing rack. Just the sight of my strange affliction and power at work was making my cock throb hard in my pants. I hoped he hadn't seen it yet.

"Ohhh, that's imp-possible! That d-doesn't make sense!"

"Look at your shorts! Your clothing is changing too!"

He parted his long red hair with its slight curls and gasped. He had to bend over, letting his ripe breasts hang, simply because his boobs were too big to see below, but then he saw what I was seeing: his training shorts were turning into a tight green pair of booty shorts, the kind that hot women wore at the gym to not only train easily in, but also to look damn fine in as well. It hugged his larger rear, which had swollen a little.

"That - that can't be! Why am I f-feeling so - ohhhhh, my d-dick!"

He thrashed against the wall, crossing his legs as the inevitable happened. His shorts were tight enough that I could literally see his bulge shrink. His breasts were pushed up also by a sports bra that manifested. It was the same forest green colour, and it lifted his enormous rack so that a magnificent amount of cleavage was displayed. Holy shit, his knockers were big. I had to resist the urge to stroke my dick just as the sight of them.

"F-fuck! My dick - mhhm! Ahh! Yessss! Take it! Take my d-dick and give me a p-pussy! Ohhhh, what the fuck am I saying!?"

He shuddered, and even his - *her* now - sports bra could contain all that jiggling. Her entire pale midriff was on display, and the clothing she did only showed off further curves. Her hair fell all the way down to her waist, a series of loose red curls that looked positively divine. I'd finally found my phone, but it sat in my hand, my jaw dropped as I beheld this ginger-haired *goddess* before me. She was hotter than any of the women I'd created so far.

"This can't be possible," she panted, her voice breathy and slightly sensual. "Why am I a chick? Why do I have huge, heavy tits? Why do I feel . . . warm?"

I had a feeling about the latter, but he was owed explanations on the former. "Look, I don't know how this is happening, Beau. I just suddenly got this sneeze today. I thought it was a cold, but it's like it wants me to sneeze on people. I sneezed on a homeless man and then he turned into a woman and started worshipping me. I sneezed on a guy who tried to rob me and he sucked my dick. I even sneezed on some eshays - they were Greek or something - and they fought each other over me when they changed into women. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do it to you."

She looked at me, swallowing. "H-how do you reverse it?"

"I don't know! I don't know if I can reverse it. Look, you might start having feelings about me. I mean, I hope not. But you're really hot and you might see me-"

She closed her eyes and moaned, clutching her breasts and fondling them.

"F-fuck. I can feel it. Ohhhhh, I'm a woman now. I'm a big-titted redhead. I was meant to fuck one tonight. I was meant to fuck Jasmine with my big dick."

She panted, and I waited for her response. I was so damn hard it hurt.

"So," she said, opening her eyes and breathing slowly, breasts rising and falling like empires. "You'll have to fuck me instead, Jake."

"What!?"

She moved away from the wall, her chest still rising and falling, still hypnotical and huge and the hottest freaking thing I'd ever seen. All of her was, in fact.

"I mean it. You'll need to fuck me."

Chapter Four: Giving In

I stared at the sexual goddess before me in her tight gym wear. She had long flame red hair in beautiful loose curls, and her face had an air of mischievousness and interest that was directed entirely at me. Her eyes were an emerald green, and I couldn't help but think she had a Mary Jane quality to her, albeit with even more ample proportions. The most notable was her big freakin' chest, she also had an itty bitty waist and long legs. She was shorter than she had been, but still reasonably tall. And her nipples . . . they pressed against the material of her sports bra, which was somehow thin enough to show them off.

"C'mon," she said, almost in an agitated manner. "I need you to fuck me!"

"I'm not fucking you! You're my friend, and my roommate!"

"And you turned me into a stacked chick, you weird asshole! You sneezed on me - twice! Mhmm . . . and now I've got a goddamn pussy and it's so wet, mate. So fucking wet. God, it feels so weird, but . . . it's so hungry. For you. Fuck, I need you."

"I - we can get you a vibrator. Look, just go to your room and rub one out and I'll see if I can find a way-"

But she shook her head in a manic manner, her red hair whipping about the place, her breasts almost straining to be released from her bra. "No! No, that's not enough! Is this magic? It has to be magic. I need *you*, Jake. I need to fuck you. I need you to make me your woman. Ohhhh, it's making my nipples so tingly just thinking about it!"

I took a step backwards. This was like something out of a dream and a nightmare all at once. "You don't mean that! Look, you *just* changed into a woman. You're still a man inside!"

"That's just the thing, your stupid sneeze means I'm not! This is all your fault - I'm thinking of myself as a woman. I don't wanna even be known as Beau anymore. I wanna be Barbara. You can call me *Babs*. You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd like me to be your Babs? You'd like to feel me."

At that, she grabbed her sports bra and undid it after a moment of fidgeting, then tossed it across the room. Her breasts drooped down, now beholden to gravity, and yet still wonderfully full and pert given their size. They were pale and round, brilliant in size and topped by large pink nipples that were just begging to be sucked on. I nearly came just at this magnificent sight alone, but managed to take a step back again.

"Look, mate, I'm serious, I really didn't mean to do this to you! It's just some weird magical cold or something. I know magic doesn't exist, but what else can explain it? It's some new kind of cold, I don't know how I got it! But I'm really sorry about turning you into this!"

She began to slide out of her shorts until she was just there in her underwear, her perfect pale body on display. Her breasts jiggled with every slight movement, massive on her frame, though not so large they looked ridiculous. She cupped them together, producing a veritable *canyon* of cleavage, and I almost salivated myself as she moaned from the sensations.

"Jake, I don't f-fucking care how you did it, or how s-sorry you are! Now I'm stuck like this, and I'm so weak and have no muscles and everything is soft and jiggly, and you've got a massive hard on. I can see it!"

She closed in on me, and now it was *my* turn to have *my* back against the wall. She planted her hands on either side of my head, her nipples rubbing against my shirt. She cooed again, and it was the most amazing sound.

"I need that inside me," she moaned, eyes briefly closed as she clearly imagined it. "I can't explain it. It's so fucked up, mate, but I really need it. Your stupid cold has turned me into such a needy girl. I need to be yours. I need to have you inside my dripping wet pussy already, and I can't fight it! It's too strong! I'm the hot, busty redhead now. Hurry up and feel my tits already, asshole!"

I couldn't have gotten more mixed signals if I'd tried, or wanted. It was clear that this was still Beau, my friend and roommate, but I'd also turned her into a lusty, busty redheaded beauty who, like all the others, was positively craving my dick. I swallowed for the umpteenth time as she ran her hands down my form, then cupped her hand over my erection. My balls alone tensed from the sensations she produced. She let loose a little giggle.

"I can't believe how sexy I find your cock now. This is so fucking crazy, but I have to play with it more. This is your fault, Jake, so show some responsibility. Fuck me. I wanna be all submissive and shit. I'll even let you titty fuck me."

Look, I'm not fucking Superman, okay? I'm not a man of steel, and I certainly don't have the will of one. There's only so much holding back a man can take. Besides, she wanted me! She was the one who needed this even more than I did. And she was just right there in front of me, looking all curvaceous and horny and with the biggest, most natural rack I'd ever seen. I wanted to fondle those tits more than anything. You could have offered me a billion dollars at that point and I wouldn't have even heard you, not with that gorgeous freckled rack right in front of me.

So yeah, I gave in. Sue me. It's bad, and I know it, but I was *down* bad, and so was she.

"I'm so going to hell," I muttered, and she grinned as I kissed her, before locking her lips with mine and moaning passionately again. She was quick to help me removed my shirt, and suddenly her naked skin was upon mine, her massive soft globes pressing against my flesh, her large nipples rubbing against my chest in a way that clearly made her moan with enhanced bliss.

"Let's go to hell together," she said, kissing my neck and pulling down my trousers. "Because I never thought I'd ever want to fuck a man's dick, but now I don't want anything else, Jake. Just you. Mhmmm, feel my big tits! They're soooooo goddamn sensitive, dude."

She pulled my face into her tits, and I did not resist. One. Little. Bit. They were soft and heavenly, two perfectly formed fleshy pillows in teardrop shape. She suffocated me in her flesh, moaning erotically as I squeezed her ass. She ran her fingers down my back, feeling what meagre muscles I had, then moved my face so I could suck on her left nipple.

"Please, I don't care if it's humiliating, I need you to suck on my big sensitive nipples straight away!"

It was all happening so fast. Her hand was on my cock, stroking it to ever greater heights of anticipation. I played with one enormous breast while sucking on her left nipple, and she began to cry out, almost wailing. As she pressed herself against me, I could feel that her juices were already trickling down her thighs. I didn't know it was possible to be as horny as Barbara was right now.

Yes, I was already thinking of her as Barbara. As my Babs.

And yes, I was going to fuck her.

We collapsed together, down onto the couch. She murmured apologies about leaving the exercise equipment out, but I didn't give two shits at that point. I was on my back, utterly naked, and she was shifting to ride me. Her breasts hung and bobbed from her chest, and I

took the opportunity to raise myself a little and suck on them, pressing my face into them like I was a child drinking up all the milk I could. She continued to stroke me.

"This is soooooo fucking wrong, but soooooo fucking right. I need you to help me. I've never d-done this before! I'm used to fucking stacked chicks, not being one! Mate, you gotta help a guy - a girl! - out here. Help me get your dick inside meeeee!"

She was *pleading*. Beau only pleaded when things were dire, and I got the sense that this was still Beau, on some level. Perhaps the Beau who had been born as Barbara, and grew up to be the smokeshow currently straddling my body. I cupped her magnificent breasts, pressing them together and upwards to produce the most divine cleavage one could possibly imagine. Then, after she had moaned enough, I lowered one hand to hold my dick, and the other upon her hip. I grasped the flesh of her plump rear and helped her lower herself down. I could tell she was nervous - so was I! - and clearly shocked at what she was doing. But the magic of my strange sneeze had remade her into someone positively addicted to me, and frankly, I couldn't fight the desire to let her have what she wanted. Not when she was my hottest creation yet.

She gasped as my penis touched her wet entrance, and so did I. Still, she lowered herself, gently, with my help, and together we groaned.

"You're s-so tight, Beau! You're so fucking wet and *tight!*"

"Ohhhh, I can f-feel it! It's so weird! I need m-more! And don't call me Beau, mate! I'm your B-Babs, remember? Now make me Barbara f-for life! Ohhhh!"

I reached my zenith inside of her. I'd never imagined fucking a woman this fine . . . ever! And yet I felt I was making all the right moves. I played with her tits, still keeping one hand on her ass, and soon she began to lower and raise herself upon me. There wasn't much space upon the couch, so after sucking on her nipples yet again she instead pressed her entire body against me. Her enormous boobs were right in my face, and she giggled before kissing me. She was thrusting her hips up and down, sliding upon my cock, milking it for all that it was worth.

"Holy shit, Babs," I managed. "This is s-something else. How do you know what to do?"

"I don't! But I've had so many chicks do this to me, and it drives me wild! D-does it drive you - ahh! - wild, Jake? I wanna drive you so fucking wild!"

"It does," I managed, gripping her ass again. "Go faster."

"Only if you play with my huge, delicious tits. You gave them to me. You need to make me p-proud of them!"

I did exactly as she asked, because she raised herself up in the cowgirl position again. I didn't have a single need to sneeze, it was like I was fulfilling the very purpose of it. I just focused on fucking my roommate, bucking my hips in time with her movements. She

really was so unbelievably tight and wet, gripping my cock, *swallowing* it in her new pussy. Her cheeks were red with a mix of passion and embarrassment, but she couldn't stop going. I revelled in the sight of how much her boobs bounced up and down, slapping audibly upon her own chest. It looked painful, her boobs definitely needed support, and yet I think her pleasure was so great that she didn't care about the pull upon her shoulders and back. Instead, she just bounced faster upon me, taking more of me in and out, in and out, until finally:

"I'm gonna c-cuum! Cum inside me, Jake! I need you to cum in m-meee!"

I did. God help me, I did. I positively *erupted* inside of her. It didn't matter that this was Beau, a former man I'd known for five years and had been a friend and roommate all of that time. It didn't matter that she was meant to be a buff, tough ladies man, the kind of guy I got admittedly quite jealous of. All that really mattered was that she was a smoking hot redhead with a massive rack and the body of a total bombshell, and that her pussy was gripping my cock and massaging it like no woman before ever had.

"I'm c-cumming too!" I cried, and I pulled her towards me so I could kiss her. Our tongues met in one another's mouths, forming a very French greeting as I came. She cried out, voice dying for a moment before returning as a series of high pitches coos, gasps, and exhalations that drove me wild. I came even harder then, my dick shooting out stream after stream of hot semen right towards her womb. I didn't even care that I was rawdogging her, or that, as far as I knew, she could well get pregnant from what I'd done. Was that possible? It didn't matter. I was having the biggest damn orgasm of my life, and I was holding on for dear life. So was she.

"Yes! Yes! YES YES YES YESSSSS! YESSS, JAKE! I'm cumming so many TIMES!"

She thrashed against me, her massive tits squashing against my body, her nipples rubbing on my chest. It was like something out of one of my deepest fantasies, yet here we both were. Finally, after what felt like a minute-long orgasm and probably at least five of them from her, she collapsed against me, breathing heavily. She kissed me on my lips, my cheek, then my neck, and finally, simply, held me. It was, surprisingly, a very comforting feeling. Still, the silence that rang out in the aftermath made things a bit odd. I looked around the room, still coming down from that post-coital bliss, and began to notice that reality had indeed rewritten itself. Where Beau and I had little in the way of decoration, there were now pictures of the two of us together. One even had her in a very revealing bikini, her massive breasts hanging a little lower, and me pointing at them with a wide grin on my face, as if to say; 'that's my girlfriend, check out her big rack, fellas!'

"Um, I think you're my girlfriend now," I said awkwardly.

She almost vibrated against me, then moaned as if my words had brought her even greater pleasure.

"What gave it away? The fact where I turned into a hot girl, or the part where you fucked my new girly brains out?"

"No, I mean, reality has rewritten itself. Look, there's photos of us. You've changed into a girl! Everyone will remember you as Barbara."

She purred, stroking my form and shifting so that I had a perfect view of her large breasts. One hung against me, the other was raised as she pushed some hair behind her ear and regarded me. At the risk of repeating myself, it was the sexiest damn pose I'd ever seen, and all the better because she was making it while naked against *me*.

"Well, that just makes things easier, right? You made me a hot redhead, and now you've got to take responsibility, mate."

"Why aren't you freaking out about this?"

She screwed up her features a little, clearly a bit concerned about her own nonchalance as well.

"I should be, shouldn't I? I mean, I am, a little. This is fucking nuts. I just turned into a woman and shoved my big new boobs in your face. I let you *suck* on them, dude. And I *loved* it. But I need to keep doing that. You don't understand what that stupid sneeze has done to me. It's made me your perfect girl, Jake. I can't explain it, but I *need* to keep being like this. For *you*. You've made me *yours*, and even though it's so weird and fucking wrong and I'm so goddamn humiliated by all of this . . . I really want to do everything I can to make you soooooo fucking happy, mate. I wanna suck your cock. I wanna let you fuck me every way you want - even, God! - anal! I wanna dress up hot for you. I wanna warm your bed. Will you let me sleep with you tonight? I can't stand the idea of not sleeping with you tonight."

I gulped. This was a lot to take in. It still sounded like Beau speaking, but with all these submissive, passionate Barbara thoughts laid over the top.

"You're not angry with me?"

"Of course I am!" she declared, though she nuzzled in closer. "I'm so bloody mad at you, mate. You turned me into a total submissive slut, what else am I supposed to be? But I'm also fucking over the moon to be your girl. It makes no sense. Reality has changed, and my brain is on fire for you. *You're my reason. You're the centre of my universe now, Jake. You did this to me, and now I want to do everything for you.*"

With that, she kissed me passionately again.

As much as I should have been ashamed of myself, I was in too deep. I kissed her back. We made love until we were ready to go a second round. Then we moved to my bed and I fucked her right on top of it, her legs spread wide to receive me. We didn't even bother using a condom. The truth was, I wanted to feel every part of her, and by the time I shot my wad deep into her tunnel, I couldn't care less that she used to be Beau.

She seemed happy enough as she was already.

I woke the next morning to a set of very lovely lips sucking on my dick. Barbara was staring at me, her emerald eyes practically gleaming as she gave me the best damn blowjob I'd ever had. It made me realise that everything I had thought could have been a dream yesterday was, in fact, totally real.

"Holy shit, it was real," I managed. "It was - ahhh! Oh God, Babs! I'm gonna cum in your mouth! If you don't want to swallow-"

But though her eyes went briefly wide in alarm, they then narrowed with a look of *anticipation*. I couldn't stop the coming orgasm, and when it arrived, I clutched her hair with my hand, keeping her head in place as I ejaculated all the way down her throat. She moaned as if *she* were the one who was cumming, and continued to suck my cock again and again as she swallowed my jizz. When I was finally spent, she rose up against me, sliding her naked, curvaceous form against mine.

"Morning sexy," she said, pressing herself against my side so that her breasts formed a pair of soft pillows between us.

"M-morning," I said. "That was some wakeup."

"I couldn't help it. I was kinda scared at first, but then I just got this *hunger*. I need to please you, mate. I really need to be your girlfriend. Your sexy roommate. I want you to be happy all the time."

She stroked my chest as I absorbed those words.

"That's what my sneeze did to you. My cold."

"Yeah, absolutely. Like I said, it's all your fault. I'm still freaking out a bit, but . . . I'm addicted to you. I woke up as a woman and panicked, but now I don't wanna be a man. I wanna be yours, dude. And I want you to be happy."

I sneezed. It sent a fine mist up into the air, so no one else was present. But the first, terrible thought I had was . . . what a shame there wasn't someone else here. As satisfied as Barbara had made me, part of me wanted to explore this strange gift and curse I'd been given. I was still sneezing the same substance, and perhaps I could turn others. Maybe just one more. What guy hadn't dreamed of having a threesome with two sexy babes?

As if she was reading my mind, Barbara shifted against me, placing one of my hands against her ass and letting me squeeze it.

"You know," she said. "I wouldn't mind if you had another girl. Or two. Or three. Or as many as you want. So long as I'm still with you, and we can all keep you happy. In fact, I know a thing or two about having hot girls on my arm. It could be really fucking hot to have that again, but different, ya know?"

I exhaled slowly. Another sneeze was there. This strange cold was still with me.

"It could be," I said, staring up at the ceiling, imagining the possibilities. "It could be very, very hot." I turned to her. "Maybe just one more new girl?"

Her grin told me everything I needed to hear.

Yeah, I didn't last a day before the power started to go to my head, that's for sure.

Chapter Five: An Infectious Revenge

It was a rather awful scheme, thinking back on it. I was still angry about my firing, despite all that had taken my attention since. Part of me knew that I should have stayed inside and ridden out this strange, reality-altering cold. I already had a super mega-fucking hot ranga girlfriend, and she had her pale curves all over me. Beau had always been an athletics nut, and now as Barb she was no different: fucking her was like fucking an Olympian, if said Olympian also had a pair of breasts I could almost suffocate myself in. Okay, so they weren't *that* big, but they weren't small either; a pair of Double-D's that I just couldn't keep my hands off.

"Don't ever s-stop fucking meeeee!" she cried out as I pressed her lovely body against the wall. "It's the - oohh - least you can do to make up for making me your sexy babe! Ahhhh, yesss! YESSSS!"

I came in her again, and she orgasmed with me, thrashing about, locking her muscular legs around me. I loved how powerful her body was, and yet still not quite as strong as mine. Making a woman had left her fit as hell in all the right ways, yet her new compulsions had her still submitting to me. As I got her down to the floor her legs wobbled a little and she clutched my shoulders with her powerful hands.

"Woah! Wow, still getting used to the jelly legs. Mhmmm. That's so fucked up. I'm meant to be the one doing this."

"I feel like I keep saying this, but I am sorry for infecting you with . . . whatever this is."

She grabbed me and pressed my body against hers, kissing me forcefully.

"Don't be," Babs said with a grin before grabbing my hand and bringing it down to squeeze her freckled rear. "It's so fucked up that I'm a girl, but I don't wanna ever go back. I live for you now, Jake Hume. And your cold is a blessing, not an infection, mate. You should spread it."

At this, I grimaced. The plan was in my head. It continued to form, turning and shifting but still maintaining its overall shape. Only the previous day had I gained this strange power, and I was trying to hold off the temptation. But even for me, there was only so much

fucking I could so. Babs was insatiable, and somehow my body must have also changed, because I always had enough energy to go at it again, and always more cum to expend, even just five minutes after sex if I wanted to! But the mind still needed a rest, and the possibilities of what I could do burned through my brain.

"I can tell you're thinking about something," Babs said as she lounged naked on our apartment couch, playing with her tits and clearly amused by their continuing existence. It was a hot sight.

"I was thinking about ordering us Chinese," I said. "It's already seven o'clock. Mate, we've been rooting all day. We need to do something about this."

She reached out to stroke my cock, and I had to step away from her.

"Weak!" she teased. "I was always stronger. You should prove me wrong. Wrestle me to the floor . . . naked."

I was putting on my clothes at this stage. "Seriously, we need to order food."

"Liar."

"No, we do! There's almost nothing in the pantry."

"I mean you're a liar when you say that's what you were thinking about. You want to change another man. You want to add another girl. I keep telling you / want that for you. This stupid magic sneeze has made me so fucking dominated by you that I *want* you to have more girls. At least I'll get to enjoy a threesome and feel another hottie, huh?" She laughed again. "I used to score a heap when I was Beau. Maybe I can swing both ways as Barbara! Though you'll always be my priority, of course."

My shoulders sagged. "I can't just change someone else."

"You're already thinking of someone. Reality may have made me Barbara, but I know you, dude. You've got someone in mind. Who is it? It is the Prime Minister? Holy shit, that'd be fucking hilarious! No, Clive Palmer! The jackass has it coming!"

I scoffed. That *would* be amusing. "I was thinking Mr Carterson," I admitted. "The wanker who fired me. He . . . he's always using corporate lingo and doublespeak. He didn't think twice about how he treated me. All it would take would be to go back into the office, pretend I was collecting some stuff, and-"

"WHAM!" she said, jumping to her feet and setting her tits to a fine wobble. "Shit yeah, let's do it!"

I looked at her in amusement. "Wait, you want to come along?"

"Absolutely," she said, sauntering forward and rubbing my crotch again. "It gets me so wet just thinking about you changing another man. I want a whole sisterhood dedicated to worshipping you. Mate, I could be your high priestess!"

An image appeared in my head of me surrounded by women of all races, each with different aspects of beauty, each totally devoted to me and in perfect harmony with each

other. I won't lie, the phrase 'power corrupts' was definitely starting to apply here, because that image *enticed me*.

"Fine," I said. "Fine! Just this one last change. A revenge infection to get him back."

"Yes! Fuck yeah!" she said, jumping up and down in my arms. Then, without another word, she shoved me backwards onto the adjacent sofa and climbed onto my lap before I could protest.

"Let me ride that big, hard cock of yours to celebrate, and before you can think to change your mind."

I didn't protest, not once she began unbuckling my belt and unzipping my trousers. Truth be told, I already liked Babs a lot more than Beau. For one, she wasn't leaving her gym equipment everywhere.

And for two, I liked the way she put her muscles to use a whole lot more.

I'll say this for Babs, she was revealing to me that Beau was a lot smarter than I ever gave him credit for. I'd always thought my roommate, while a good guy and a friend, wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed. Turns out I was wrong, because as Babs she summoned some ideas to pull off my little infectious gambit that I'd never thought of.

Which was why, as we walked into the front entrance of *SaleCo*, my former place of employment, I lingered behind her as she strode confidently forward. She was wearing a woman's suit we'd picked up that very morning, just two days after her change, and it fit her very well. It turns out that I definitely had an office kink when it came to women, because my sexy roommate-turned-girlfriend was wearing a tight pencil skirt and form-fitting blouse with the sleeves rolled up. Her obvious muscles were on display, as was her general attractive shape, further emphasised by her posture while wearing heels. Her red hair flicked in her ponytail, and that extravert determination she'd always possessed allowed us to breeze past any obstacles I thought we'd face on the way to Mr Carterson's office.

"Out of my way!" she declared. "I need to see Gerald Carterson right now! My clients are *not* happy with the marketing directive on their latest product line. No, I'm not answering you, I'll only respond to Mr Carterson, thank you very much. Oh, you think you can stop me? I hope you enjoy losing this company one of its largest clients, rather than sorting out this accusation. What accusation, you say? Well, I'd say the use of cheap algorithmic AI to produce marketing slop in lieu of serious effort is more than enough, wouldn't you say?"

Some of the lines were mine, and we'd practised them, but for the most part, Babs was a frickin' *natural*. I guess all her parties across town had some Canberra political types at them or something, because she could speak corporate, legal, and political jargon mumbo

jumbo enough to get us referred upstairs. I followed in her wake, explaining that I was just returning to pick up office items, but few gave me any concern, not while Babs was beauty and chaos incarnate.

“You are killing this, man,” I said to her.

“That’s wo-man, mate,” she said, winking. “How’s the snoz going?”

I cringed, rubbing my nose. “I’m seriously about to let loose a big one. We need to get to him fast.”

It was then that she was directed to Saul. The office bully, the man who still banked on being a football legend who failed at his AFL tests. His cubicle was full of Sydney Swans memorabilia, and he mocked anyone relentlessly who followed other teams. He still had a muscular build, and a mullet that was well out of style, and while he was only a mid-tier salesman, I remembered the many times he’d poached clients from me.

“Hey there!” he said. “Boss is in a meeting. I’m basically the real boss here, what with having my ear to the ground on this floor and all.”

We had reached the cubicle floor, across which was Mr Carterson’s office. I grimaced, trying to hide a little behind Babs and hoping the man wouldn’t notice me.

“I just wanna see Mr Carterson,” Babs insisted, running a hand through her long red hair in its ponytail.

“Well, you’ll have to wait a little longer. What client do you represent? Actually, scratch that. Why don’t I give you the tour of this place? We can talk more about it while I show you the ups and downs of SaleCo. Do you like coffee? I bet a beautiful lady like yourself would love a nice coffee. You really do have the most charming eyes, do you know?”

He placed a hand out and lightly brushed her arm, a very deliberate gesture of flirtation. Barbara flinched a little: while she was addicted to me and her new existence as a woman, it was clear that much of it was still new and strange to her, as if she were aware of how weird it was to love her life, only for something like this to suddenly slap her in the face.

“I, um, I mean, a tour wouldn’t be bad, so long as my assistant could come with.”

“Your assistant? Wait, Jake? Jake Humes? What the hell are you doing here, mate? You were a dead man walking just two days ago? What is this?”

I couldn’t take any more of this nonsense, my annoyance was too great.

“Hey, keep your hand off of my girlfriend, Saul.”

The man blinked, looking at me, then her. A number of heads were raising out of cubicles by this point, and whispers were starting. Something about it just made me more frustrated. My nose was at a tipping point. I was starting to get a headache just from keeping this sneeze in.

"There's no way this woman is your girlfriend. Have you hired her or something? Of course you did. You're trying to pull some prank and hired some influencer-"

"I don't have time for this," I said. I strode forward, took a deep breath, and let loose the loudest sneeze yet. Heads across the entire floor turned my way.

"What the actual fuck!?" Saul cried, his face covered in the fine spray, which coated his features like a light mucus. Even his shirt was drenched. "What are you - eewwww!"

I strode past him. "Too late. You'll figure it out in a minute or so. Babs?"

"Coming!"

She followed me up the hall as we left Saul in the proverbial dust. She squeezed my arm and kissed me on the cheek.

"That was so fucking hot. And he's not even the target!"

"Couldn't resist," I admitted, before sniffing. "And I've got another sneeze coming."

Someone - almost certainly Saul - began to moan behind us, but no one gave him the time of day, even as he began to wail in an ever-increasing high pitch. We advanced straight to Mr Carterson's office during this time of day, and this time I took the lead. Janice was at her desk outside his office.

"Oh, hello Jake? Wait, you can't go in there-"

"I'm just here to see my girlfriend," I explained, leaving her even more confused. I chuckled as Babs and I both knocked upon the door. "Trust me, reality will make it all make sense in just a few minutes."

I opened the door and strode in after hearing an annoyed grumble from within. Janice protested again but I shut the door, and my Barbara put her strong back to it, keeping it shut long enough for me to deal some corporate lingo right back at Mr Carterson, who was looking up at me in confusion from behind his desk.

"I apologise for the intrusion, Mr Carterson, but it seems there's a nonscheduled but necessary company merger that requires your immediate transition into a new role."

"What are you doing here, Jared? You were transitioned to bright new pastures just a few days ago."

"That's Jake, actually. And yes, I was. But, you see, I've made a diagonal ascension into a new paradigm that provides for vertical social ascension, all thanks to a new male/female gender dynamic that will take the niche market by storm."

"I - what?"

I laughed. "Trust me, I have no idea what I said either, Mr Carterson, but then I doubt you did either, huh? You know, when you were 'transitioning' me into a 'new role.' Couldn't exactly just call it letting me go, could you?"

"Now, you listen here, Jacob," he said.

"Jake."

"This company has a synergistic connection between employee and employee that rests on hierarchical assertions based in our company policies and values that re-affirms the directive of-"

"AAACHHHOOOO!"

As much as I want to continue our little battle of corporate jargon, I simply couldn't hold in my colossal sneeze any longer. I leaned over the table and let loose an enormous spray that managed to soak the front of my former boss' suit, the man's beady little eyes went wide at my actions. He grasped his tie in horror, only to pull it away as he made contact with the magical slime that had sprayed like an aerosol can right out of my nose.

"What in the world!? Our company policy is for any employee who falls sick to take leave without pay at *SaleCo!*"

At this, I laughed, and so did Barb as she held the door shut behind me.

"But you forget, Mr Carterson, I'm not your employee anymore."

"And soon he'll be *your* boss!" Babs added, grinning fiercely when I turned to check on her. I looked back, and Carterson had already risen. He was a wide, fat, balding man with dark hair around the rim and a very red face. He looked ready to launch into a corporate-speak tirade about communicative disease policy, but then suddenly his stomach rumbled.

"You better get out of my office or I'll call s-s-secu - ohhhh . . ."

He clutched his gut, and my eyes feasted on the sight of it pulling back in. Mr Carterson's hips were already wide, but now they spread so even further, audibly creaking as his hips spread to take on a hot, MILFy shape.

"I - ahhh! Nghh! - I need help! Someone get Janice! Janice can you - mmmm!"

His lips swelled up, as did other parts of him. I won't lie, by this point simply watching the change was enough to get me hard, and even more so when I began to realise what kind of woman my old boss was turning into. His hair was growing in, thick and lush and longer, all of it extending down to his shoulders and stopping there, shorter than Beau's had become when he became Barbara.

"What's h-happening to m-me!? Why is everything ch-changing!?" he cried. His nipples were pressing against his shirt, which was rapidly changing into a professional blouse, and his work pants were altering to become a lovely pencil skirt from which his thick thighs emerged - thick, and *hairless*.

"You're turning into the newest girl of our sweet Jake's harem!" Babs happily announced. "And by the looks of it, he's getting a mega-hot office mommy MILF to join the club! A good thing too, because I didn't want *my* spot as his athletic power girl to be taken away."

Mr Carterson swivelled about, struggling to hold onto the desk as he bent over. His ass ballooned out, bigger and bigger, until he had two enormous cheeks that gave him a glorious pear-shaped body, along with his hips.

"N-no! Janice! Help me!"

"She won't help you!" Barb called. "The sneeze makes reality change. Weird fucking shit, right? I was a total weightlifter dude who loved dating hot chicks, and now I'm happy sucking Jake's cock. How strange is that?"

"No! I can pay you! I can rehire you! Jack, I can make you my sub-deputy vice assistant! You can have a one percent pay rise! No . . . a *two* percent pay rise!"

I couldn't help but crack up laughing at his suggestions, even as more of his body changed. To my delight, his breasts ballooned, becoming a large matronly bosom that was almost pulling the buttons of his blouse off. His jacket changed shape to accommodate his new form, and some sexy nylon stocking crept up his legs. The changing man whined, clutching first his chest and then his crotch as the leap to womanhood.

"You can't do this to meeee! You can't change me! I just need to - I just need to give you the right performance review! I need to please you! Jacob - Jake! - take me on the table. Oh God, this is not in keeping with our code of conduct but I just can't help it!"

"Told ya," Babs said with a wink.

But Mr Carterson was already a gorgeous dark-haired MILF with a thick waist and thicker thighs. Her hips were very childbearing in appearance, and she had the kind of face that was sinful as hell. She moved around the desk and spread her legs as she leaned back on it, pushing all its contents onto the floor with her arms.

"You're the boss now! I can't explain it, but you are! We should sign some f-forms. Perhaps a gentleman's agreement for now! Ohhhh, won't you be *my* gentleman, Jake Humes?"

I was very hard at this point. Seriously, my condition was making me so damn virile that I felt like I was about to break through my pants. Beau giggled, stepping around to examine the new, sexually desperate *Miss* Carterson. But in leaving the door, she finally gave space for someone else to come crashing through the door in a mess of blonde hair and girly squeals. For a moment, I thought it was Janice, but as the figure rose up from the floor where she had fallen, I realised exactly who this was; her manner of dress was far too slutty and her body too divine to be anyone but someone I had changed.

"Saul?" I asked.

The gorgeous blonde squeaked. Far from her rugged self with her former footballer's body and big moustache, she was now an incredibly petite thing, like a supermodel! She wore a pretty white dress, one fit for a sexy secretary, the exact kind of girl that Saul always degraded and mocked when he wasn't bullying me and his other sales rivals. She even had

pale pink high heels. Her face had high cheekbones and the most radiant blue eyes, and her honey-blond hair framed her face in a way that emphasised a new kind of innocence.

Innocence, and a whole lot of embarrassed arousal.

"Jake!" she cried, her voice bubbly sweet despite her usual demeanour. "You did this to me! You turned me into a secretary! Everyone thinks I am one!"

Miss Carterson moaned from the desk. "Ignore her, whoever she is! I need you to take advantage of a favourable situation and leverage this body of mine!"

The new Saul's jaw dropped. Her nametag listed her now as 'Sasha.' "You - Mr Carterson? Oh, never mind! Please, Jake! I need to take your orders! I need you to be my big boss. I hate you so much for this, but please spank your sexy new secretary!"

Some eyes were prying, and I had to cough awkwardly. "Babs, do you mind closing the door and sitting this one out? I'll make it up to you later, I promise."

My fit, ginger-haired roommate just chuckled, gave me another wink, and began her exit.

"Oh, I'm taking you up on that promise. Have fun breaking in the newbies! Good luck, sisters! Trust me, you can't fight it, and you won't want to, mates!"

She closed the door, leaving me to turn to my former workplace bully and my former boss. Both were looking at me with shame and lust.

"So," I said. "Who's up for a threesome?"

The two of them blushed, and their eyes filled with need.

Yes, it was going to be a good day back in the office.

Chapter Six: A Few Steps Further

I won't go into all the details of what transpired in the office with my newly changed secretary and boss. Suffice to say, things got a bit wild, and even the new *Miss* Carterson couldn't hold off security from investigating *forever*. Still, I had more than my bit of fun sandwiched between them. Saul was trapped as Sasha, a bubbly, sweet, endlessly submissive secretary, blonde and petite and cute. Meanwhile, Miss Carterson was the ideal office MILF, and a real cougar when it came to her sexual appetites. I fucked her as she sat on the desk, her impressive thighs spread out wide to receive me. Even as her massive bosom jiggled, Sasha was right there, massaging me and even going down on her knees to cup my balls and add to the pleasure of the act. When I finished inside Miss Carterson and sent her to heavenly bliss, there was Sasha begging to do something for me. I could see the burning shame in her eyes, but just like all the others, her need for me was much stronger than her male will to

resist. Her body was simply too aroused, and given that this hot secretary babe used to be *Saul*, I was more than happy to root her.

Well, I would have, except she did me one better and went down on her knees before me. Her delicate hands stroked my dick and made me hard straight away. I could feel her shivering nervousness, and so I actually *patted* her, relishing this experience.

"You've got this, Sasha," I told her. "Give your boss' knob a good polishing, will ya? I promise to let you swallow."

"You're s-such an asshole," she moaned. "You're a dead man. Ohhhh, dead from the climax I'm going to give you when I drink all your delicious jizz!"

And she did. God, she did. She drank it all down when I came down her throat, and trust me, I came a *lot* these days. I have supercharged balls, it seems.

That was when my ginger-haired Amazonian goddess of a girlfriend, Barbara, opened the door and informed me we had to leave. The security team was coming, and we needed to get out of there, unless I planned to sneeze on *all* of them. I won't lie, it was almost a temptation, but I had far grander plans for my power by this point. Babs had encouraged me to unleash it, and now I could play out my sexiest fantasies.

"You're welcome to come by our home and join us," I told a still-panting Mrs Carterson and Sasha. "We've got enough room, and I'll definitely need a pair of beautiful women to help manage all my coming affairs."

The look they gave me was one of immense betrayal, but not for the reason you might think. Instead, it was because I was *abandoning* them.

"Wait, you can't leave! This corporate merger isn't yet complete!" Miss Carterson cried. "We've still got to discuss deeper matters and intimate details!"

"And - and I have to see you privately, sir!" Sasha pleaded. "If you can't change me back, then at least let me be your live-in secretary! You could induct me by letting me personally please you!"

"Later!" I said, moving with Babs' hand in mine. "You can find out where I live! Rock up when you want and we'll have a celebratory barbecue! For now, keep on trucking!"

I left with Barbara before any more fuss could be stirred up. But hot damn, what a good fucking day. Babs was so turned on by the whole affair that she gave me a sexy little handjob before we even arrived home.

That was just the prelude, by the way. She had a lot more in store for me that night.

Miss Carterson and Sasha moved in literally the next day. They'd tried to fight their new roles, far more than Babs ever did, but in the end they'd succumbed just like her. They still

had their jobs at *SaleCo*, of course, but as far as they were concerned, their *real* jobs were servicing me. That wasn't just sex, by the way, despite how divine it was, especially with more than one of them at the same time, but also organising my calendar, helping me find a new job by writing my applications, sorting out my overdue bills, and even helping compile my AFL fantasy football team to pit against others online. The betting pool for the upcoming Carlton match now had better odds, what with Miss Carterson deep love of numbers: she drew upon a whole spreadsheet of statistics to help me.

"Of course, you're going to have to thank me," she purred, fluttering the printed sheets against her chest like they were a fan. "This hot MILF wants to make an example of her sexy employee. She wants to make sure you know that, even though you're the boss, when it comes to the bedroom, so is *she*."

Goddamn, was she. Streuth, I'd never had sex like I had with Miss Carterson. She *dominated* me in the bedroom, even using cuffs and toys, and she liked to ride me cowgirl style, pressing her wide hips upon me and groaning with the husky voice of hers as I shot my wad deep inside of her.

Which is not to say that Sasha was any weaker. In fact, I really like the dynamic I had with her. If Miss Carterson was my boss in the bedroom, and Barbara was my equal, always keeping me on my toes, then Sasha was one girl who was submissive as hell. I could tell it infuriated her as much as it turned her on, because in the three days after she was changed she couldn't help but suck my dick and swallow my cum *five* whole times. She continued to wear a sexy version of a secretary outfit, and that pencil skirt pulled tight against her, as did her blouse. She begged me to take her from behind, and I happily did so, making her beg for more, calling me "sir" over and over again until she screamed and squealed from the orgasms that flowed.

"It's not fair," she whined afterwards. "I should be a man! Now I'm addicted to your cock, sir! I'm addicted to following everything you want. It's not fair and I hate it and I love it! Ugh, my brain can't take this!"

I just kissed her lips, making her moan sweetly as she put her hands around me.

"Don't worry, hot stuff," I told her, the exact phrase she had previously called girls in the office back when she was Saul. "You'll get over it."

Then I slapped her on the ass as I walked away, another reminder of how she used to act towards the fairer sex. It was a damn good feeling, and I rode the high of near-endless sex at home, even as cramped as we were, for the next few days. I ignored the need to sneeze, simply blowing into my arm or into tissues, even if it made me feel faint and all kinds of unsatisfied. I'd had my revenge, that was certain. Already, I'd taken advantage of a strange and mysterious gift and came out the other side a winner. I had three mega-hot girls

who were devoted to me whether they wanted it or not, and I had the feeling that their 'want' was a lot stronger than they're 'not' already.

And yet I couldn't stop myself. The power had already gone to my head, and the apartment we all shared was getting too cramped. Miss Carterson and Sasha had to sleep together, though sometimes I rotated them to sleep with me. All four couldn't fit on the same bed, but they all desperately wanted it.

"Don't forget, I'm always your number one," Babs reminded me as she pressed her body against me. I cupped one breast in my hand, playing with it idly as I stared up at the ceiling.

"Babs, am I bad for doing this?"

"Who fuckin' cares, mate."

"No, I mean it. I turned you into a woman on accident, and I'm doing the best I can to be good for you to make up for it."

"I'll say. God, I had like five orgasms earlier tonight."

I smiled, remembering her cries of ecstasy. Then I coughed to try and be serious again. "I mean it. I turned Miss Carterson and Saul deliberately. That's bad, right?"

"Eh, they had it coming. They're better people now. Why bring this up now, hot stuff?"

I paused. "Because I've been thinking, this place is pretty small. We need a bigger place, right?"

She grinned, rubbing my stomach. "Then let's change a nice, hot millionaire and make him your naughty, sexy, bitch, right?"

"You are such a bad influence on me. AAAHHH-CHOOOE!"

I coughed. God, the pressure was getting bad. I really thought my cold would be better by this point, but instead it continued to give me headaches and make me feel a strong compulsion to infect another man with it. I had resisted so far, but Sasha wasn't exactly loving the fact that I'd sneezed on her - twice! - during sex, and sprayed her with mucus.

"First you make me your submissive slut of a secretary, and now this . . . sir."

Of course, she immediately apologised, cleaned herself up, and then got back to massaging me while she rode me, but still, it was a bit embarrassing.

I sneezed again, and this time the spray went up into the air, part of the mist landing on Babs, who moaned erotically, as if it were a blessing. She slid a finger along her arm, picking up some of the liquid I'd just ejected, and then sucked said finger. It was surprisingly hot instead of gross.

"Admit it," she said. "You want a hot socialite to fuck as well. Don't worry, I could do things to her as well. Let you get all hard while you watch me *induct* her."

The thought alone made me a little hard, and she seized on that as she felt me crotch.

“I think someone’s already made up his mind,” she whispered.

She shifted her body to lay on top of me and kissed me passionately. God, her tits were magnificent, and I could almost smell her own arousal.

“Why don’t you let me convince you to go ahead with this by fucking your brains out?”

I sighed. “Work, work, work.”

She giggled, and soon we were at it. She more than convinced me.

His name was Alexander Doukas. He was a multimillionaire, majority shareholder in one of Australia’s largest mining companies, and a regular lobbyist and contributor for One Nation and the Palmer United Party or whatever the fuck they were calling themselves these days. He was, to put it in just two simple words, an absolute dickhead. Sasha had done the research, and Miss Carterson had checked over the details and signed off on them as if our little infectious outfit really was some kind of business.

Alexander Doukas had three things going for him as my next target. One, he was local. It was a gated community for massive estates, but it was still in town instead of across the country. He was also *there*, at least for the moment, not gallivanting around the globe. Two, he was, as mentioned before, a colossal fuckwit. With all my actions recently, I certainly couldn’t claim to be anything approaching a feminist, but I also wasn’t trying to change the laws on sex discrimination so I could fire pregnant workers. Alex Doukas certainly was. That wasn’t even getting into his climate change denial, comments on refugees, and the fact that he still owed thirty million in unpaid wages to his workers and was doing everything he could to stall their class action case in court. And last of all there was Three; he had strong Mediterranean heritage, with lovely mid-tone olive skin and curly black hair.

I know, I know, I’m the worst person alive. Give me just a modicum of reality changing power and I was going fucking *mad* with it. But I couldn’t escape the fact that while I had a harem of three sexy women, I hadn’t really branched out much. I had a blonde in Sasha, a sexy ginger in Barbara, and a dark brunette MILF in Miss Carterson, who I now also called Ruby from time to time.

But it hadn’t escaped my attention that in every classic depiction of a hot harem in fiction, in movies, in film, and even in actual *history*, every lord and sultan and maharaja and whatnot always had a *colourful* variety.

Yes, I am very aware I'm the worst fucking person alive. But *you* try and have a magical cold stuck in your head that's fucking *screaming* to infect every man you see. I was going absolutely insane, and the only reason half of Australia hadn't been turned into a population of curvy supermodels all chasing after my dick was because I clung to fantasies like this one; a sexy Mediterranean sheila with gorgeous olive skin and long curly black hair and a *lovely* Greek accent.

"She'll be so fucking hot," Babs said, hugging me from behind as Ruby Carterson showed me the plan she and Sasha had cooked up for me.

"She better be," Miss Carterson sniffed. "Our own company will need to grow at least two hundred percent in this next quarter if we wish to succeed in forming a competitive harem!"

Sasha just sighed. "I wish I had your cold, ugh! Sir, please tell me you'll still have time for me when you change her?"

I kissed her on the neck, which I knew drove my former bully wild and embarrassed her something fierce. "I've always got time for a submissive secretary, Sasha, you know that. Especially one with a tush like yours."

I slapped it, causing her face to go red. She literally had to bite her lip to not make a huge moan. Instead, she gave a pleasurable little squeak.

"Th-thank you, s-sir."

"That's my girl. Okay, all my girls. Let's do this. Let's become multimillionaires, and the sky is the - the - the - AAAHHH-CHWWOOOO!!!"

I sprayed them all. Sasha cried out. Miss Carterson looked appalled, and ready to 'punish' me in the bedroom later. Babs just chuckled and licked up some of the spray on Sasha's arm, knowing it would turn me on.

"Sorry," I said sheepishly. "Need to get this show on the road, huh?"

I thought it would be hard to get an audience, but while Sasha had been a mid-tier salesman at best, she really was good at her client research, just like Miss Carterson was good at knowing the world of business. It turned out that Alexander Doukas had a real thing for the ladies, and that was one thing I had in spades. Barbara had already set up an Instagram account for herself. In this new reality, she was very popular on it, always lifting weights and showing off her sexy girl muscles to tens of thousands of followers. Sasha, on the other hand, had to make an account, but she was *very* good at flirting. She always had been as Saul, but now did so from the other side, much to my amusement.

The hook had been baited, and both made sure to have their feeds interact with those of his businesses and his personal accounts. I was sneezing all over the place and feeling more headachey each day, but it literally only took two days before he began messaging Sasha.

'Hey, I see u a fan, girl. Love ur page.'

I was there with Sasha after she alerted me. I was amused at her reaction.

"Ugh, he thinks he's sexy. I've only got eyes for you, sir. I mean, he's hot, sure, but he's no Jake Humes."

"You're coming around, Sasha."

"It's the magic. The compulsions. I can't help but be so . . . dutiful. Ugh! Time to flirt with this guy and reel him in, I guess."

"Go ahead."

She typed back. *'Oh yeah, I'm a massive fan of u 2! Love the new profile pic you put up. Very handsome - yum yum if u don't mind me sayin!'*

'Don't mind at all. You're very good lookin' urself. I'm having a get together and inviting some influencers. I've not met you before, but if u wanted u could be my date? I spare no expense!'

"Got him already," she said, sighing slightly. "It was that pink dress. I can't believe I wear pink dresses now, sir. Do I have to have sex with him?"

I shrugged. "I'm not jealous. You can if you want. We just need access to his house once you get him there. If sex does happen, I'll reward you, my lovely secretary. A whole day just devoted to you, and lots of . . . spanking."

I slapped her behind, making her squeal. She went rosy-cheeked so easily.

"Th-that would be good, sir. You like this too much, don't you?"

"I'm starting to *love* it, Sasha. And I think you are, too."

Who would have thought that Miss Carterson would have such a naughty side? She was riding me while I was handcuffed and gagged on the bed, and I was *loving* it. From being the most corporate-speak boss to the most freaks-in-the-sheets cougar, it was like I'd set her free. Of course, I was happy to reap the benefits. I sank my fingers into her perfect mama ass and groaned as I came inside of her.

"Ohhhhhh! F-fuck me! Fuck me! Be a good employee and fuck your b-boss, Jake! Make her p-proud! MMHMMM!!!"

She shook, her enormous bust wobbling in my face. I sucked on her tits, causing her to writhe. Barbara was right beside us on the bed, masturbating loudly as she pressed her

chest against my side. It was heaven. It was only when the orgasm arrived and another stream of my cum poured inside my former boss that I couldn't hold it in again.

"AAAAAA-CHOOOOO!!"

But this time, I didn't stop sneezing. I began to keep ejecting more and more spray, the pain in my head growing and growing. It had gone from a headache to a full-blown migraine, and I began to gag and cough as I sneezed, overcome by the sheer pressure inside my skull.

Ruby was off me in a heartbeat, and Barbara was doing everything she could to reassure me. It was like I was going to black out, the pain was so great. I was getting tunnel vision, and it was hard to think.

"N-need to inf-fect someone!" I managed to stammer out. "I c-can't hold it in! I'm gonna die if I don't! AAGGHH!"

Barbara lifted me up, or at least I think she did. I could hear her talking to Ruby in a frantic tone.

"We need to get him to that fucking mansion!"

"It's too far. Logistically, it doesn't make sense. We haven't even heard a word from Sasha yet!"

"Then who can we turn!? He wanted to do this ethically!"

"He was NOT following the code of conduct when he changed me!"

"Well, you love it now! We all do, even if it's weird from time to time. He's ours, and we're his. It's symbiotic or some nature documentary shit."

"Is this how you always talk?"

"At least I don't use corporate lingo. C'mon, help me get him down the apartment block. We need to do something!"

My body was lifted up. Everything was delirium. Maybe I really was dying. I probably deserved it. The really sinful thing was that I was still regretting that I hadn't changed a rich far-right asshole into my sexy supermodel gal. If I died now, I'd never get the chance. What would happen to my harem? I worried for them, but it was hard to think at all when I was pulled into the cold outside air of night. My head was being cracked open, I could swear it was happening. I'd never felt such a damn pressure. I sneezed again and again.

"Someone help us!"

"We need to get him to a hospital!"

I heard a set of footprints. It was so hard to keep my eyes open, but someone emerged from a neighbouring apartment and came our way. It was only when he got close that I managed to recognise him. He was Jin, the lovely and quite elderly Japanese neighbour who was often tending to his garden and bonsai trees. I didn't know him super well, but he'd always been very friendly and respectful to me.

"How can I help?" he said in his heavily accented voice. "Does he need a hospital?"

And then I heard the coldest sentence I think I'd ever heard uttered. It was, rather appropriately, said by Miss Carterson.

"No, he needs *you*," she said. "Time to sneeze, Jake."

I let it out. God forgive me, I couldn't stop myself. It was the biggest damn sneeze I'd ever produced, and it caused the spray to coat the man, leaving him misted and wet from the reality-altering effect of my nose.

"*Nani!?*" he managed, staggering back, his wrinkled face contorted into shock, his glasses misted over with my produce.

"S-sorry," I said, but the headache, the feelings of death instantly relieved themselves. I had finally infected another man, someone ready to become a member of my harem.

As he began to groan and change, his wrinkles disappearing and his body becoming soft, slender, and elegant, all I could do was bask in that sweet catharsis.

Member number four was on her way.

Chapter Seven: The Party

"I'm really - ahhh - sorry about - ohhh - this!" I stammered. "I promise I didn't - oh God - intend to change you. It was just an unhappy - nng! - accident! But you really are adjusting w-well, I can t-tell you that! Ahh!"

I was so close to cumming, and the reason for that was kneeling right before me, sucking on my dick while she pumped it with her left hand. Jin had become Jun just minutes ago, and I'd struggled to communicate the reality of what had happened to her. The formerly old Japanese man didn't really understand much English, and so he was probably more shocked than anyone when I sneezed on him and he began to turn into the ideal Japanese beauty. She was willowy and slender, and she wore a long white dress that was stylish and expensive, and yet had traditional elements that hinted at something kimono-like, including a lovely light pink bow around her fragile waist. Her eyes were slender and dark, her hair falling in long black silky curtains over her shoulders. She looked so fucking perfect, and the fact that, after a shocking amount of confused Japanese babbling, she had eventually latched onto my dick, spoke to how powerful the effect of my magic sneeze was.

"I wish I could understand your language, Jun!" I said, emphasising her new name. "But at least we sh-share this one!"

I placed a hand on her head, patting her cheek as she continued to bob her head up and down on my cock. I was so damn close, and this was pure ecstasy. Behind me, Miss Ruby Carterson was trying to contact Sasha and explain what was going on, but Barbara was simply cheering Jun on.

“Yeah, you go girl! *Sugoi*, right!?”

Jun smiled for a moment, nodded, and then continued attending to me. I squeezed the back of her head, loving the way she tenderly massaged my balls. We were still outside, hidden behind the cover of my apartment’s fence, but otherwise exposed to the world. I gasped again as she sucked even harder, as if urging my cum to escape so that she could finally drink it. Well, she got her wish, because I grunted, exhaled loudly, and then came right down her throat.

Jun actually *moaned* as she drank up my semen, licking and sucking and still pumping my cock with such enthusiasm that she was causing me to expend even more of my seed than usual. I couldn’t believe how much she was able to deep throat me, or how much I was sending down her throat, but she drank it all, massaging my balls so that they were thoroughly empty. Only then did she collapse back dreamily, caught by Babs just in time. She lay back with a smile on her face, licking her lips clean of the remainder of my cum.

“Mhmmm,” she murmured. “*Oishi*.”

Even I could tell that meant she thought my cum was tasty as hell.

“Yeah, thanks for that,” I said, zipping myself up quickly so that no passerbys saw me. “Look, uh, Jun, I’m really sorry, mate. I didn’t mean to sneeze on you, seriously.”

“He did the same to me,” Babs said, putting her arms around Jun. “Welcome to the club, ya sexy thing.”

Jun just looked confused. She asked something in Japanese.

“I think is asking if this is a dream or magic?” Miss Carterson asked. “But my Japanese is rusty.”

“You speak Japanese?” I asked my luscious MILF of a former boss.

She shrugged. “It was a good investment. Japan is a trading partner in the corporate world one should never underestimate . . . much like your penis.”

I coughed back a laugh and turned back to Jun. “Anyway, looks like we might be able to speak to you in a roundabout fashion. Ruby, can you tell her that I’m really sorry. Er, *sumimasen*, right?”

Jun nodded, blushing a little. She shifted out of Babs’ arms and clung to me, almost like a woman out of one of those pulp movie posters. She was so much shorter than me, and so petite. God, her hair smelled amazing. I was trying not to get a hard on again, because we really needed to move. Still, Miss Carterson translated for me, and Jun spoke back.

"I think she asks if she can come with you. And also what she is right now? Or what she's meant to be? It's hard to tell."

I decided to be gentle. I cradled her face, and pushed a strand of her perfect dark hair behind her ear. She looked up at me like I was her true protector.

"You're one of my girlfriends," I said. "If you want that."

She stared at me for a long time, as if internalising all of it once it was translated to her. She shivered a little, licking her lips slowly, taking all of me in. I knew her answer before she even spoke it.

"*Hai*," she simply said.

Yes, she was more than okay with it.

Sasha was sending panicked messages to our group, and it took us a while to determine them. She was indeed on a date with Alexander Doukas, but things were accelerating faster than she'd thought. While I drove with my four girls in the car - pretty much at capacity at this point! - Babs read out the texts while Ruby explained our history to Jun as well as she could in her own semi-fluent Japanese.

"God, Sasha is the worst texter ever," Babs said. "Seriously, this shit needs a translator as well. I can't believe she's a sexy secretary. She would no way be able to take notes."

"Let's just say she has other qualifications," I said with a smirk, turning a corner."

"Yeah, like her big, smackable ass. Oh, shit, I think I understand what she's saying. Apparently Alex Doukas is taking her to a 'private club.' She thinks it's code for some kind of sex meetup. She really, really doesn't want to have sex with this guy. She says, and I quote, 'I just wanna fuck my hot boss, even if its totes embarrassing.' I'm translating with a bunch of emojis and exclamation points here, by the way."

I hit the accelerator. "Don't worry, we'll save that fine ass of hers. Though, I must admit the irony in her getting hit on by a bunch of douchebags to kinda delicious. Ruby, how's Jun going?"

"Still a little confused, but very desperate to please you again. She's offering to make us some lovely sushi once this is resolved."

I cracked a grin. Yeah, sue me, so I wasn't a good bloke. But if you had a hot Japanese lady obsessively devoted to making you not only sexually fulfilled, but your belly filled with fine sushi as well? Don't tell me you wouldn't at least fantasise about it, just a little.

"Pull up here!" Babs announced, checking her phone map. "She's up in the hotel!"

"Hmm, The Ritz," Ruby noted. "I used to order my secretary to house trading partners here. We saw a most impressive one-point-four percent rise in profitability from satisfied partners here."

"Well, I'll organise for us to have the penthouse one day so we can all fuck one another," I said, to which they all oohed and ahed. "Now let's go get Sasha before she gets too overwhelmed by it all, shall we?"

Besides, I could feel another sneeze budding. I got out of the car and was followed by each of my girls, who fought one another to stay the closest to me. Somehow, Jun ended up right beside me, holding my hand and smiling up at me. God, she was so fucking pretty. Turns out adding some diversity to my harem really was lifting my mood. That white dress of hers was so dignified, but Miss Carterson had her own sexy businesswoman getup, while my Babs was dressed in a crop top and tight booty shorts, emphasising her muscular midriff. I could barely believe these three women - and Sasha - were all mine. Mine to love and fuck and be attended to by. In some ways, it felt like we were already a little family, going on some kind of high-stakes mission.

"She says she's on level eighteen," Babs said as we moved to the elevator. But we weren't exactly members, and it required a keycard.

"Shit," I said. "We need to get a card."

"Leave that to me, sexy," Barbara said. "I can seduce the shit out of that guy at the counter."

I couldn't help myself; I planted a bit wet kiss on her lips and squeezed her tits before sending her around to see him.

"Just remember who you belong to."

"Dude, don't say that now! You'll make me way, way too wet to even convince this other guy."

Jun took me possessively as soon as Barbara moved around the corner. Ruby coughed and appeared on my other side, reaching down to squeeze my ass.

"Don't ignore me, Jake, or I'll demand a very personal performance review soon. And I *dominate* those during such business . . . mergers."

At this, I chuckled. Who would have thought I'd end up loving being dominated by a sexy business mommy MILF?

Babs returned looking flustered, and I gave her another kiss.

"Any luck?" I asked.

She gave me a weak smile. "I think he's gay."

"What!?"

"Okay, so I think he's actually got a girlfriend. At least, that's what he said. But c'mon, who would ignore a sexy redhead like me!?"

“Shit!”

“What we do?” Jun asked, speaking the best English she could.

I sighed as Babs showed me more of Sasha’s texts. My poor bully-turned-sexy-secretary was getting more worried by the second; clearly something was going on up there. We needed to get up this elevator.

“Stay,” I said. “All of you.”

I walked back around to the counter. The man on the other side was dark skinned with his tight black curls styled in cornrows. He wore a smart hotel uniform, and was pretty handsome besides. I mean, I was no judge of men that way, but he’d definitely be popular that way.

“Look mate,” I said. “I left something really important up on level eighteen. Do you think you can help out a fellow bloke and just let me have a keycard for five minutes?”

“I’m sorry, sir,” he said in pretty cool accent, maybe Sudanese or Nigerian. “I can’t allow that unless you show proof of having been a customer. Can you tell me your name and I’ll find you on the registry?”

“I . . . was a guest.”

“Then I’m sorry, I can’t help you. I can direct staff to retrieve something if you can show proof of ownership.”

The damn pressure was building, and my patience was waning.

“Look, can I just bribe you? Or pay for a room on the fucking floor or something?”

He hesitated, and looked around. He was the only one manning the station at this time of night, but I could tell he was considering security.

“Sir, I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

“Okay!” I said, putting my hands up. “I understand. Just . . . one last question. I, uh, like to know if people are doing alright. I run a business dedicated to helping people find that special someone. Are you in a relationship?”

“Yes, sir, I am,” he said wearily.

“And is she the special someone?”

He shrugged. “Maybe. It’s just early days, but I’m hoping-”

“Good, then I’m not ruining something too much. I’m really sorry about this, mate.”

And then I sneezed all over him.

“Sorry, Zodi,” I told him as he began to groan and moan and change. “But if it’s any consolation, I’ll do my best to make you really, really happy as a woman. Especially - woah - especially with curves like those ones!”

Okay, so already I'd transformed two people, and it was not the two I'd planned. Things were dicey, and the newly anointed Zadie was now with us, more than I could reasonably put in my car now.

"I can't believe you did this to me!" she exclaimed in that lovely accent, her voice soulful and deep. "I've got boobs! Big ones! And my ass is enormous!"

"Bigger than Sasha's," I noticed. "Twice as juicy, perhaps!"

"And I feel - ohhhh - so fertile! I can't stand it! Can you put one baby in me? Just one? Oh, what am I saying!"

"I'm sorry!" I said. "But we don't have time. Plus I'm really not sure I want to be a father right now. The other girls might get jealous, besides."

"Just one baby!" she said, clutching me. She was wearing a gorgeous dress that showed off her ample bosom, her dark skin beautiful and without blemish. I found it hard not to *get* hard at the sight, but I continued advancing.

"Look, I promise we'll definitely fuck, okay? No promises! Just help us get access to the elevator!"

Zadie pouted with those big lips of hers, fiddling with her loose afro in a way that was clearly meant to allow her to thrust her chest out. "But I really want to be pregnant with your babies, Jake. I can't help it. It's not my fault! You changed me like this, and now I feel so, so empty without a baby in my sexy body."

"Just - ugh! Fine! One day! Alright?"

"YES!" she cried, planting a kiss on me. "But also, you've got to be strong for me, because I really shouldn't be getting pregnant. I'll take you where you need to go right now! Ohhh, I can't stop thinking about lots of babies. This is so fucked up."

Yeah, I might have made a mistake with this one. Still, all five of us poured into the elevator and, with Zadie's access, we were taken up to the eighteenth floor. It was where the high class suites were, and according to the hotel receptionist-turned-wannabe-babymama, Alexander Doukas had the best place in the house. He was quite independently wealthy, after all, and tipped well. Sasha was still sending frantic texts, and apparently doing her best to hold off on having sex with this man or any others. It put an urgency into my step. Yes, I had become a bit of a bastard - I don't think I even felt all that bad about turning Zodi into Zadia, apart from my concern about the whole possible impending fatherhood thing - but I wasn't *evil* or anything. I wasn't going to let one of the women I had turned end up in the hands of someone else; Sasha wanted to be with me despite all her embarrassments, and I wasn't going to leave that gorgeous blonde bimbo to the wolves.

We arrived at door 18C promptly, and Zadie got out a special keycard.

"I'm so getting fired for this," she said, pouting again. "I'm not supposed to use this key except for emergencies and special occasions."

"It's okay, we'll take care of you," Babs said. "Trust me, our man is virile. Ain't that right, Ruby?"

"Indeed. Almost impossibly so. Undoubtedly virile too, so if one was to not use protection or sabotage it, one's aims would most certainly be achieved within a fiscal quarter if one was sufficiently fertile and-"

"Don't start!" I snapped. "Just keep Jun looped into the situation."

The poor new Japanese woman was still quite confused, and thus shadowing my every move, trying to prove her devotion. Zadio kept close to her, both of them being the additions for this night.

"Okay," Zadio said. "We're in! Mhmm, I really hope you get what you're wanting. I promise to do everything to convince you to put a baby in me. Fuck! Don't listen to me when I say that - it's just my horny new female brain talking!"

Her accent made the words sexy anyway, but now was not the time for arousal. Now was the time for action, and perhaps to snag one Alexander Doukas for my harem. I still had my sights set on him. Plus, he was a rich douchebag, so he had it coming. I opened the door and strode through, instructing my harem to follow me.

I certainly didn't expect to walk in on a whole *party*. The music was blaring, yes, and there was food and drinks and rubbish everywhere. Some of the bins were overflowing just by the door, and the stink of alcohol was in the air. It was like stepping into a scene from *Eyes Wide Shut* or some shit, because there were numerous drugged up looking rich guys and gals partying together, some fazed out on the couches, others making out openly and already half-naked. I'd been to enough parties gone bad that I could tell this one was seriously off its tits on ecstasy, cocaine, and probably a few drugs I hadn't even heard of. As soon as I entered with my women, a number of blokes called out.

"Heeyyy! Check out what just arrived!"

"Fresh titties!"

"Wha - I don't know them people. More'n'merrier, though!"

Even Zadio, still in her employee uniform, didn't get so much as a batted eye, except to check out her huge ass and prominent chest. She had a voluptuous build, and several men were eyeing her.

"I don't like this," she said.

Jun murmured something as well. I could tell from the tone that it was nervous.

"It's okay, I'll belt the shit out of anyone that tries to hurt Jake, or the harem!" Babs boasted.

"Statistically, you are unlikely to succeed," Miss Carterson added. "Perhaps a negotiation? Or a domination-based business proposal?"

I rolled my eyes. "Just stick close to me, alright? I'll handle this."

I strode forward. It was a very big hotel suite, clearly meant exactly for these rich partying types. There were definitely hired call girls present, as well as professional supermodels, but I was reasonably sure I recognised some people as well: a real estate developer featured on ABC news here, a local media personality there. I wasn't sure who the Russian-sounding guy was, but he was dressed smart, and wore a white tailored suit that left him looking like some kind of Bond villain mixed with a southside gangster.

"Well, well," he said in a Russian accent. "What do we have here, then? Are these the women I ordered to arrive? I do like the look of them, especially the dark one and the Asian. You the pimp? How much?"

"They're with me," I countered. "Not for sale."

At this, he laughed with his friends, and then, before I could even react, he whipped out with his hand and grabbed me by the jaw. His grip was firm and painful, and I found it difficult to extract myself.

"Listen, you little antshit. I am Tolenka Sidorov. You know this name?"

"I'm afraid I don't have the pleasure," I said.

He chuckled, as did some of his mates. Jun was starting to squeak something outraged in Japanese, and the others were demanding he let me go. Babs was already forcing her way forward, but some of the men were touching her, grabbing her attention as she had to shove them aside with her muscular frame.

"Then you don't belong here. I'm the kind of guy you don't cross, da? I fuck you up, and I have powerful friends who fuck you up even more. So when I ask how much the women are you, now you tell me your discount, yes?"

The pressure built in my nose. I could feel it forming; that itchiness, that desperation. I let it grow, not even trying to fight it.

"You want to meet my women?" I asked.

He smiled. "As you say here, now we are talking."

"Then go right ahead. Babs, don't bother. I've got this one."

I sneezed right in his face, the vapour spreading not just on him but several of his mates who were moving to intercept Barbara. Tolenka recoiled in anger, balling his fists.

"When in the living fuck? This is an outrage! How dare you touch Tolenka - ugh! Ohhhhh! What did you . . . do to m-me!?"

Already, his bald head was beginning to grow platinum blonde hair, borderline white. His figure shifted, his clothing changing from a white suit to a sparkling silver club dress with a slit up one side. I grinned as his body began to thin, as the curve of impressive breasts formed on his chest, as his legs became long and luscious, ending in silver heels. Another moan, and his lips became full; those beautiful Slavic lips that were just *made* for sucking dick. C'mon, you can't tell me *he* didn't deserve that kind of outlook, right? His other buddies

changes as well, one even staying bald and having a sexy kind of alt-chick look, tattoos and all.

“Tolenka, huh?” I said, watching him clutch me, trying to throw fists but hesitating each time. “I think you’ll be a great Tatiana. Hopefully, you’ll put those lips to better use. Instead of fucking me up, maybe you’ll use them to fuck *me*, full stop. C’mon, girls. Our new additions can catch up in a moment.”

I strode forth, my girls giving different reactions to our newest additions.

Barbara simply cackled: “Just remember, I’m his most important gal!”

Jun offered sympathetic words in Japanese. “*Sumimasen. Sumimasen!*”

Miss Carterson frowned. “I don’t see how he’ll have time to keep up with us. I’ll try and organise your schedules but I promise nothing - there may be redundancies coming!”

Zadie muttered to herself. “That’s what you get for touching my huge ass. I hope none of you get to have babies like I will!”

God, this was going so far. And I hadn’t even found Sasha yet.

Chapter Eight: Letting Loose

I continued to search for Sasha. No wonder the top floor of The Ritz only had three suites: it was huge, and contained many rooms, all of which featured people taking drugs, drinking booze, making love, or some combination of all three. I’d never seen such debauchery before, and *I* was the bloke with the goddamn harem, one that was getting larger by the hour! The pressure was building up in my noise faster than ever, almost like my magical, reality-warping cold was keeping track of all the virile men in the room and becoming desperate to reform them into women. The fact that they were perving on my girls only made it more powerful, because a number of them catcalled them, and poor Jun probably got the worst of it.

“Hell yeah, I fuckin’ love Asian chicks!” some real-estate looking asshole with coke lines below his nose yelled out. “They’re so submissive and traditional, not like white chicks! Come here, baby, I’ll show you a good time! I bet you like white guys, right?”

“*lie*,” she said. “*No, iie, no . . . thank-you.*”

But he grabbed her arm anyway. As the rave music continued, and lighting shifted through psychedelic tones, things were only getting more tense. This fucker, who looked to be in his goddamn *mid-forties*, was treating Jun like she was automatically his. Call me a hypocrite, but I had to stand up to her.

“Hey asshole! You’re too old for her, but not for me!”

I sneezed on him, and then chuckled as he began to change. Babs did too, pushing him against the wall and questioning him as he changed.

"I'm looking for my friend, Sasha! Total bimbo, blonde hair, amazing pert ass that you could bounce a fifty-cent piece off of straight to the moon. Wears lots of pink. Was with the asshole who lives at this apartment: Alexander Doukas. Where is he?"

The guy was shivering, his body de-aging, his various blemishes evaporating. His hair became a very cute short pixie cut, and his body thinned dramatically. He moaned as he lost the real-estate aesthetic and started to look much more like a wild party girl, thick makeup and earrings and a dress that was so tight and short it was probably illegal in more than half the world's nations. I got a little harder just looking at her: I didn't have a wild party girl yet, did I? Not a bad addition, I suppose! She moaned, touching herself as her dick shrank.

"What are you d-doing to me!? Ohhhhh, make it stop! I'm getting really horny! I need to drink and get super duper wild! What are these f-feelings!?"

"Answer my girlfriend's question and I'll turn you back," I said.

"I - yeah, I've seen the blonde! She's in the room up there on the left. Alex really likes her. He's one of my mates. He likes what he c-can't have! Ohhhhh, I want you. Why the hell do I want you!? Will you dance with me!? I've got ecstasy!"

"Maybe later," I said.

"But you'll change me back, right!?"

"I promise to try if I ever learn how!" I announced, which caused Barbara to laugh. Zadie just scoffed at her.

"You were such a dick to me at reception," she said. "I hope he always picks me first and you last!"

By now I had a veritable army. I could even see that Tatiana and her sexy bald alt-chick friend were following me, as well as what looked like a pair of hot Russian twins - now doubt the other two, though had they even been related before?

I pushed any concern about that out of my mind. We moved to the door, brushing past other women, many of whom were clearly jealous of my harem's appearances. I turned the doorknob, but it was locked from the other side. But before Zadie could use her special access card, Babs pushed some other girls out of the way.

"Watch out ladies! Sexy muscly redhead coming through! These muscles aren't just for the bedroom, Jake! Check this out, hot stuff!"

She *slammed* into the door, breaking it off its hinges and falling through the other side. Jun squealed, and Zadie gasped.

"I'm definitely losing my job! Ohhhh, but I could be . . . a stay-at-home mom instead?"

I ignored her, moving into the lavish room, which was clearly the best in the suite. Miss Carterson was right behind me, surprisingly loyal, using her larger MILFy body to block any curious onlookers from seeing what was happening.

Sasha was in the room, standing to one side of the bed looking rather nervous. She was clutching her pink dress; one strap was torn, so that she was nearly exposing herself. On the other side of the bed, his expression as surprised as it was dangerously feral, was Alexander Doukas. I recognised him immediately from his profile, and he appeared just as handsome as he did in his pictures, albeit perhaps a little more sweaty and definitely coked up.

"What the fuck!?" he cried, his voice having a slight Greek accent to it. "There's party damage and then there's actual damage, fucker!? Who the fuck are you!?"

"Jake Humes," I answered honestly. "Sasha, are you okay?"

"No, you wonderful, handsome asshole! You have been, like, soooooo late! He was trying have sex with me, like, without my consent and stuff!"

"You mean he was trying to rape you," I said, narrowing my eyes at the man.

"Don't listen to this bitch," Alexander snapped, standing up straight. His shirt was open at the front, all its buttons undone. There were scratches on his chest with blood sliding down from the wounds. It made me see red myself. "This fucking whore sought me out! She asked to come up here on a date! I have a right to fuck here; you don't date Alexander Doukas and then not put out, bitch!"

I moved to Sasha's side. Concern flooded through me. As a man, she may been a total tosser and a bully, but she didn't deserve this. I kissed her gently on her forehead and checked her over.

"Are you okay?"

"No! He tried to fuck me! I only, like, wanna fuck you! This was soooo not worth it." Tears filled her eyes. "You better make it worth it! I don't wanna think about this. I want to leave, like, right now!"

No injuries apart from a nasty bruise on her arm. Something in my heart fluttered, filled with warmth towards her and anger towards him. I knew in that moment that, as ridiculous and entitled and ethically grey-to-black as my own situation so clearly was, I would never, ever hurt her. I would *always* protect her and my other girls from this point. I . . . loved them, in a way. A different kind of love than most, and certainly tinged with lust and a bit of a power trip, I won't deny that, but it was love. And love can be *fucking furious*, let me tell you that.

"Don't worry," I said, turning my attention back to Doukas. "We're going. And you're coming with us, mate. You're gonna find out exactly what it's like to get truly fucked, now."

"I don't even know who the hell you are!" he yelled back at me. "You crash into my place and try to steal *my* women. Tolenka! Get in here!"

An absolutely gorgeous Slavic woman with full pouty lips and a bombshell figure wrapped in a silver dress stepped past Ruby. She blushed nervously and held up her hand.

"Hello, Alex!" she said, giggling sheepishly. "Trust me, it's not all that bad!"

"Who the fuck are you?"

"It's me, friend! Ohhh, but Jake here is so much more than mere friend. You'll understand. He is like a mighty Tsar!"

Alexander just sneered. He reached into his pocket and to my shock pulled out a gun. A fucking *gun*! I'd never seen one up close before. Who the hell has a gun if you're not some country farmer out in the bush doing a roo cull? Jesus, I was starting to think this guy had real Melbourne Underworld connections.

"Woah!" I said, startled. I put my hands up, as did all my harem, even Barbara. Tatiana actually squeaked, while poor Jun cried out. Zadie backed against the wall.

"Someone explain what the *fuck* is going on *right now*!?"

Sasha, on the other hand, to the surprise of everyone and me most of all, *leapt* up onto Doukas, scratching at his eyes and screeching like a wailing banshee.

"I'll kill you I'll kill you I'll kill you you dickhead how dare you try to hurt my master how dare you threaten me only he gets to touch me only he gets to slap my ass you hear how dare you I'll totes kill you!!!"

The gun went off, and I won't deny that I screamed. To my credit though, I jumped forward with that terrified moment of momentum and tackled Alexander to the ground. The pressure was immediately there in my sinuses, and more than ever before I relished being able to sneeze my magical spray all over the man. He writhed and screamed, swearing like a bloody sailor, and people were rushing in to see what was happening.

"Sasha! Are you okay!?" I asked, sneezing on him again for good measure.

"You fucker, I'll kill you!" he screamed, but I pushed him away; his changes were already beginning, his hair forming gorgeous loose and dark curls, his olive skin becoming soft and beautiful. Soon I would have my Mediterranean model beauty, but far more important to me was Sasha's safety. Her makeup was smeared with tears, and she was giving weak little slaps at Alexander's toppled form even as it took on a lovely hourglass figure.

"Sasha, stop, mate! Look, it's me! You're okay! Is everyone okay?"

I embraced her and checked around. Babs pointed quickly up to the ceiling where a bullet had gone clean through. We were on the top floor, so there would be no casualties, thank fuck. Still, everyone was quite rattled, and poor Jun was crying a little. Talk about a rough night for her.

"We're leaving now," I said. "Alexandria Doukas is coming with us. Babs and Ruby, drag her along. Soon everyone will remember her as my wealthy socialite girlfriend, and trust me, she will never forget tonight. I'll make bloody sure of that."

This seemed to satisfy them, including Zadie, who clearly disliked the man who was rapidly turning into a woman. Sasha, on the other hand, I put a hand around her waist and helped her walk out.

"You're fine," I said. "I'm here, I'm here."

"I - was - so - scared!" she sobbed. "Ohhh, it's soooo pathetic, but I totes needed you back, Jake! Promise you'll never leave me. I know I used to be your bully, but I'll let you slap my sexy secretary ass everyday of my life if you just don't leave me like that again!"

"I promise," I said, squeezing her butt just to comfort her. She sighed with appropriate relief. "You're mine, Sasha. I'll take care of you for good. I promise."

"Just remember I'm his favourite," Babs said.

"Please, I'm his boss," Ruby said.

"Well, I'll be the first momma of his children!"

Jun made some comments in Japanese that almost sounded a little snarky. I wondered if the soft-spoken Asian woman had further designs on me. I guess I wouldn't mind. Still, this had gotten completely out of control. The level of adrenaline coursing through my system had left my heart pounding aggressively. My vision was a little blurred, and I found I had to focus on putting one foot in front of the other. The consequence of this was that my nose was once again twitching, the fluid building back up at a rapid pace.

"C'mon, let's move fast," I said.

But already, groups were blocking our way. Numerous women were holding up their hands demanding an explanation, even as Alexandra rose behind us, staring at her new body and me in shock.

"You're not going anywhere!"

"Was that a fucking gun!?"

Tatiana pushed a few away, but she and her group didn't have the strength she used to possess. Other men I hadn't changed were coming into the fray.

"We don't know these guys. The police are coming. They've already been called."

"I swear that was a gunshot!"

"What are they doing here? Why are they all with him?"

Things were sliding out of control fast. Of all the time and place for the pressure to keep rising in my nose, this had to be the worst one.

"Just let us out of here!" I yelled over the music. "We're going! Just had to, uh, talk to Alexandra Doukas about something."

"How the hell do you know her?" a man shouted. "I've never seen you around her?"

"He's - he's my boyfriend!" came a voice from behind me. I turned, and Doukas was there, shocked at her own words. She was a perfect Mediterranean beauty alright, with lovely hair and a long, dignified nose. "What the fuck am I saying? Why am I saying that? Why is it so bloody true, damn it!?"

"She's high or something!" someone called. "They've drugged her."

"This whole place is full of drugs, you morons," Babs snapped. "Hell, I want some!"

Ruby sniffed, squaring her thick MILF body up against a much more petite party girl. "It should be *us* reporting *you* to the police."

More words were exchanged. Sasha clung to me, looking for protection. Zadie was trying to explain hotel policy, which only made things worse because she was clearly with me. And the pressure kept on rising. We were completely surrounded, and the more minutes we tried to extract ourselves, the more effort it took to keep it all in. My head felt like it was going to explode; my limbs were weak and getting weaker. Babs had to help me, and Zadie took up the charge.

"Don't you dare touch the father of my future babies!" she screamed.

"Fuck him up!" Alexandra managed. "Before I can't stop loving him, do it!"

Traitor. She'd definitely pay for all this, and especially for Sasha. I'd deny her sex until she was pleading for it with tears in her eyes and-

No, I had to be better than that. I was responsible for these women, and for their safety.

"Everyone, get out of our bloody way!" I called, waving my hands. "It was just an accident, just a fight, just a disagreement, whatever you wanna call it, alright? But we're heading out now, so there won't be any more trouble. Got it!?"

I yelled that last part with particular aggression, but unfortunately it seemed to backfire. Most of the women barring our way out receded, but several taller men advanced, clearly concerned at Alexandra's words.

"Ohhh, s-stop him!" she moaned, touching her breasts and feeling her new body, the body everyone in this room now thought she'd always had. "He's made me a w-woman! He wants to t-take me away and I want it too! You've got to fucking save me you cowards!"

The pressure was so painful now that I almost couldn't see. I yelled again, but my words came out slurred and confused. One man shoved me back as I tried to advance.

"Jus' get out of mah way before it's too late!" I shouted. "Ou' of mah way, now!"

"Yeah, right, mate. You're not going anyway. Cops'll be here any sec."

"Just sneeze on them," whispered Barb. "I won't care. I know I'm your favourite."

Others cautioned against it: Jun clung to me, and Zadie as well.

"You can't use this as the only solution!" Zadie cried. "When will it stop!"

"Everyone stahp talkin' tah me! Too mahch p-pressure!"

I tried one last bullrush to get past, but one man clocked me square in the face. By this point Babs launched forward and punched him right back, sending a tooth flying through the air. The tension in the room finally snapped, giving way to an all-out brawl and numerous people tried to push through and grab Alexandra and pummel me.

It was the final straw, because I couldn't contain it anymore. I was in so much pain that I was terrified my face was actually going to explode. That I was actually going to *die*.

So I did the thing I'd been doing ever since I got this strange, magical curse and blessing, only on a much, *much* bigger scale.

"AAAAHHHHH-CHHHHWWOOOOOOOOO!!!"

It erupted from me. I don't even know how I managed to contain it, but I had. I briefly became a volcano, and my nose was the caldera or whatever it was called, spewing forth so much spray that I could have buried that Roman city all over again. It expanded outwards into a cloud of mist, pouring forth from my nostrils with so much force that I almost fainted I became so lightheaded. It soaked through *everyone*, saturating not just the entire main room of the party suite but extending into every room, every nook and cranny, even blowing under doors and out onto the balcony. There was a collective gasp and shout from everyone present: women screeched and tried to stop themselves getting utterly satched, while the men yelled out in shock, shielding themselves and trying to surge forward to stop me. But such was the power of my exploding nose that they were literally forced back, nearly a dozen men and women blasting backward onto their asses and backs. Dishes were sent flying, glasses too. Chairs were upended, and skirts blew up for several moments. No one in all of human history had ever sneezed as hard as I had in that moment.

And then it was over, and my cold was gone.

I can't even describe to you how it felt, to *know* in my soul that it finished. My sinuses, for the first time in well over a week, were now completely clear. The magical infection, whatever it had been and whatever had caused it, was now completely gone in this one last immense eruption.

"Holy shit," Alexandra said. "Why . . . why the fuck am I finding that shit *hot!*?"

"Welcome to the club, you massive bitch," Sasha said, before kissing me on the cheek and hugging me. "Our guy always, like, saves the day."

"Damn right," Babs said. "I coulda taken them, though."

"Statistically unlikely," Miss Carterson mused.

"Wait, so they're all infected?" Zadie

Dozens of figures were raising themselves onto their feet, trying to wipe the liquid spray off of their limbs and faces and clothing. Men groaned, wincing as several subtle pressures began in them. But to my total surprise, for the first time ever, the *women* were groaning too! A lovely brunette in front of me was starting to cup her breasts and exhale

sharply, and I got front row tickets to seeing them visibly *expand*, growing one cup size, then another, then another in mere seconds!

“What’s h-happening to meee!?” she cried, her face beautifying until she looked like a goddamn model. “Help m-me stranger! I’m feelin’ really fucking horny for youuuu!”

Other women were moaning the same, horrifying their men, but then the men had their own problems. They were, each of them, regardless of their build or their race or their age or their style, becoming gorgeous female versions of themselves, as if evolving purely to entice *me*.

The entire suite was transforming, reality rewriting itself, an enormous climax to my new kind of cold. Moans and gasps and groaned and orgasmic cries of relief resounded through the room, and I’d be an absolute fucking liar if I didn’t admit it was a huge turn on. The only problem was that the obvious tent in my pants was now getting attention from everyone in the room, from my regular harem, to the newcomers previous this night, to the suite full of shocked women and former-men who were touching their new bodies all over, needing sweet relief.

And here I was now, the only man in a room full of women who now felt a compulsion to worship him. A number of them licked their lips, others pushed their peers out of the way to reach me. As the tide of women flowed towards me, even I got a bit panicked.

“We, uh, may need to organise a schedule,” I shouted. “For now, girls, let’s run!”

Chapter Nine: In Too Deep

We fled from the building as quickly as possible. An entire horde of women were chasing me, eager to fuck me, and for the first time in my life I wanted *none of it*. They were so rabid, so fucking lustful that I’m pretty sure they’d probably stampede me down until I was little more than a red smear on the streets of Melbourne. Call me a coward if you must, but yeah, I bloody ran, my own harem in toe.

“Come on, Miss Carterson! Ruby! Keep up!”

“I am keeping up! It’s not my fault your sneeze made me so top heavy!”

Thankfully, Babs was there with her fit, muscular form to drag my MILF lover forward. Tatiana had Zadie’s hand, and I was pulling Sasha and Jun along. Alexandra was keeping pace, a beautiful Mediterranean woman, as furious with me as she was deeply lustful.

“How could you do this to me!?” she cried. “You absolute fucker! You’ve made me want to lick your cock forever like some bitch!”

Well, we'd have to work on her manners in the future. For now, I just continued to run down the street, a veritable army in pursuit, and the night life in Sydney watching on with some fascination and amused joking, as if this wasn't one of the wildest things they'd ever seen. I cursed the fact that my strange cold changed reality so much that people viewed this as normal, because I *really* needed the help right about now!

Thankfully, my harem were thinking smarter than me. Ruby caught up thanks to Babs' help, even as we ran through traffic lights and dodged the tram that was passing by.

"Alexandra! Do you have a safehouse for your extralegal activities? Some place we could take a well-earned series of business minutes away from competing corporate eyes, hmm?"

"What the fuck does that mean!?" Alexandra screamed. "What does any of this mean!? And why do I want to cook this man the finest Greek dish in the world while wearing nothing but skinny black lingerie!?"

"He means, like, do you have a safehouse, bitch!" Sasha yelled.

"Yes! Yes, I do, damn it! Follow me!"

We followed her down several alleys, further towards the docks. The women were still following us, but we knew where we were going, and we were slowly losing the stragglers. I didn't mind if a few managed to keep pace with us, it was more the veritable *stampede* I was concerned with, especially since I was only just one man, with one penis, and only so much cum in my damn balls! I'd never escape their embraces if they were all as needy as my currently-existing harem, that was for sure.

So we threaded through the city, moving even as our lungs burned, even as people screamed for me.

"We love you, Jake!"

"Let us please you, Jake!"

"I'm going to have you all to myself! I'll kill any other girl that tries to have you!"

"My tits are, like, soooooo huge, Jakey-boy! Don't ya wanna squeeze 'em?"

"C'mon, mates! If we're first, we can have a fourway with him!"

"I'm giving him so many babies! I'll be his first wife!"

"Yeah? Well I'll be his hottest slut!"

My greatest fantasy had turned foul. My life was now the world's sexiest zombie survival movie. My harem had become the stuff of legend, and like all legends, a moral lesson was starting to drop. The man who wanted too much, perhaps? Fuck if I know, but I definitely got the sense that *some* kind of karma was finally collapsing down upon me.

"Nearly there!" Alexandra shouted. "Turn left here and go down the stairs on the street. It's a men's club! I own it! I've got a key!"

"You damn well better, or we'll be fucked to death - literally!"

We turned the corner and shot down the stairs, even as the women shouted more crazed proclamations of love and lust. They wanted to perform positions on me I'd never heard of, and because I'd interrupted a rather drug and alcohol-crazed party - much as I loved that kind of stuff - I wasn't loving the fact that half of them wanted to get high together - and *not* on a soft drug like weed.

Alexandra fiddled with the key, which thankfully was still in her swaying dress. I couldn't help but admire her form as she did so, her lovely curly black hair that smelled of ocean waves and Campanian coastlands, but I caught myself; this was no time to be horny.

"C'mon!" Babs said. "They're about to catch us!"

"I'm almost - there!"

The door opened, and we all piled in, me last of all. Men last off the ship, after all. I slammed the door shut just in time; about twenty crazed women with large jiggling tits and skintight dresses were pouring down the steps, followed eagerly by the hairless punk rock chicks who had once been the skinheads. They pounded on the door even as I locked it.

"Let us in, Jake! We promise to redeem ourselves! We just want a bit of you!"

"We're all gonna suck your cock! All thirty or more of us!"

Jesus, they'd suck it down till it was a fucking sharpened *pencil*. I couldn't be having that, even if their desperation was setting off the overly aroused part of my primate brain.

"Fuckin' oath," I said, bolting the second lock of the door, just in case. "Where to now?"

"Do you promise to fuck me, you asshole?" Alexandra said, her words not matching the motion of her body as she put a hand on her gorgeous olive hip and tossed her hair back just so. She looked like she'd stepped out of a hair commercial.

"Yes, fine! I promise to fuck you!"

"In the ass? I liked it dirty before, and now I want to take it dirty. Fuck! I need it! Why am I saying this? Ahh, but I want you in my ass, Jake. Take me from behind and fucking *mount* me like your sexy Greek bitch."

I had to laugh. It was not the right reaction, I know, but we've already established that I'm a bit of an odd bloke, and I'd been through a lot at this point. Sasha, Jun, Tatiana, Zadie, Ruby, and Babs all looked at me like I was a crazy person, and were all gathering around me to try and provide some comfort.

"No, it's okay!" I said, tears of amusement and shock in my eyes. "It's just - what the fuck even is my life, right?"

And at that, *everyone* could agree. Sasha burst out laughing first, a high-pitched giggle that caught on to Babs, who guffawed from the belly like the fitness freak she still was. Ruby gave a titter, but then even she gave uproarious bursts of laughter at the sheer absurdity of our situation. Soon, they were all laughing, even newcomers like Zadia and

Tatiana, and while Jun didn't have the perfect translation of my words, this situation needed no words to convey it. She laughed in a sweet, musical little noise that spoke to her refinement and elegance, and yet only added to our motley amusement.

Finally, the laughter died down, and I wiped tears from my eyes. The women were still bashing at the door, but I patted Alexandra on the bum gently.

"Yeah, I'll fuck you in the ass," I said. "I promise. But only if you peg me back sometime."

She gaped. "Don't tell me you're into *that!*?"

I shrugged. "No fuckin' clue. But I bloody well deserve to take it up the ass by this point, right?"

At this, she barely held her chortles at bay. She took my hand and pulled me through the men's club, which was, thankfully, quite empty, lest we would be an interesting sight indeed, and quite conspicuous.

"Back here!" she proclaimed. "There's a hidden door space. Just in case the cops ever found some of my secret stashes."

"Jesus, you were up to much more than just regular rich people shit, huh?" I asked.

She blushed a little. "What can I say? I'm a bad girl. You'll see in the bedroom how bad I can be."

The thought intrigued me, but I didn't have time to explore it, not with the door literally developing splinters in the other room behind us. Babs got to work shifting a whole-ass cupboard just to get us access to the door, and Alexandra used another key to give us access. We poured in, leading through a tunnel that seemingly connected to part of the Melbourne sewer system and even some disused metro tunnels, and finally took us to what appeared to be a secure electrical substation.

"Here!" she said. "Tatiana, can you get us in?"

I'd almost forgotten that Tatiana had links to her, and sure enough, the beautiful Russian blonde helped her open the hatch in a particular way that seemed designed to avoid setting off security alarms.

"Here we are! Finally, I can get some from my sexy master!" Alexandra declared, stepping in.

I followed her, scratching my neck. "Um, no offence, I definitely plan to uphold my promise, but I doubt this is the most hygienic place to . . . woah."

The interior of Alexandra's safehouse was like a whole damn penthouse suite with amenities, rich carpets, bright lighting, a whole kitchen, entertainment systems, and even a master bedroom and guestrooms attached from the sides. It was a damn paradise, snuck away underground. I now understood that we'd targeted a guy who wasn't just connected to One Nation dickheads, but was clearly connected to the damn *mob*.

"Holy shit," I said. "I scored me a mob wife!"

She struck another pose, playing with her gorgeous curled hair with her legs apart.

"You sure did, hot stuff. How do you think I got big enough to be big girl I lobbyist in the first place? I was in deep . . . and now I want you deep inside *me*."

"Look, not that I don't want that, Alexandra-"

"Call me *Lexi*."

"Lexi, then. But trust me, I do want that, but I think we need some kind of plan, girls."

Babs shrugged. "Okay, so you went too far, sexy. Just sneeze on some policemen and get them to help us. Then we can all do sexy stuff with their handcuffs and tasers later."

"It would help to have a judge in a courtroom as well," Miss Carterson noted. "In order to streamline the justice system in our favour. We could have reform program to induct women back into the harem who are less likely to . . . trample you."

"Who gives a shit about reform?" Tatiana said in her very sexy accent. "Let's just have us, here! There's eight women and one man! If we let in any more, we won't be able to barely see you!"

At this point, Jun sidled up against me, hugging me. I embraced her.

"I'll make us tea," she managed to say in English, before moving to the kitchen.

"Like, can't we, you know, totes just live here and stuff?" Sasha asked.

"We wouldn't have any sun or regular supplies, silly," Babs told her.

"And this is hardly a good place to raise a child!" Zadie said.

I had to slap my forehead at this point. I'd almost forgotten about her at this point, my harem had swelled so large. But there she was, dark-skinned and utterly beautiful in her hotel receptionist outfit. I couldn't believe how big her butt was, and her breasts weren't far behind either. She was cupping them, whimpering a little.

"Please, Jake. You said you'd put a baby in me when things calmed down."

"I did? And *this* is calm?"

She made a cooing noise. "Just one baby. Maybe two. Four or eight at the most."

"Four or *eight*!? God, I should never have changed you. It was such an asshole move."

"But you did, so you owe me! I want to raise your babies!"

Babs chuckled at this point, sticking a thumb in her direction. "At least I didn't end up like that!"

"Like, me too," Sasha said. "I, like, way prefer being a hot bimbo in pink, even if it's, like, suuuuuuper embarrassing."

"ENOUGH!" Alexandra - Lexi - announced. She was shaking with fury at this point. "I give you a space in my home! I take you to my safehouse! You turn me into a woman and then promise you'll fuck me in the ass and now you're talking to *other* women as *I'm* not the

greatest girl you're ever gonna have! The most successful! The most fucking beautiful! The richest and the most powerful! So stop talking to these other bitches - yes, that includes you, Tatiana - and get over here and fuck me in my ass!"

Silence reigned for a few moments. Babs was trying not to laugh. Sasha was in shock. Ruby was pointing her nose at the ceiling, as if this was all very inappropriate. Jun just had no idea what was going on. Zadie was, I don't know, probably dreaming about spermjacking me or something.

"Lexi," I said, approaching her. "This place is really secure, right? No rampaging woman is gonna break in anytime, right?"

"Not a goddamn chance," she said.

I sighed, then began taking off my top. Every woman in the room began to ogle me, murmuring excitement amongst themselves.

"Like, fuck yeah," Sasha whispered.

"About time," Tatiana said. "I've been wondering what I've been missing!"

"I dibs him first!" Zadie cried.

"No, Lexi is up first," I said. "And then, well, let's just see where the night takes all of us, okay? Lexi, did you want to do this privately, or-"

She was already removing her clothing. "I want them all to *watch*," she said.

"Jesus, you're a sex freak."

"We rich types always are. Bunch of sex freak hypocrites hoarding all the crazy stuff to ourselves. Now hurry up and fuck me in front of all your harem."

"P-permission to masturbate while we watch, hot stuff?" Babs asked. I could see that Sasha was already fondling her tits, and Tatiana was starting to feel up Jun, who had left her teamaking to see what was up, and was now moaning quietly as they watched me.

"Ladies," I said, addressing my entire harem. "Go absolutely nuts."

They didn't need any further permission than that. I grabbed Lexi and pulled her towards me, feeling her ripe tits and pressing her naked form against mine. Her tongue danced in my mouth and I smelled her wonderful hair, which had something vaguely coconutty in it. She unbuckled my belt, fondling my cock, which was already hard, and pulling my hand to feel her new pussy.

"Feel that?" she said. "I'm so fucking wet already."

"Is there lube?" I asked.

"Tatiana! Get it!"

My new Russian addition ran to the master bedroom and returned with lube. She slathered me up, using her hands to perfection. Sasha moaned in the background, fondling herself to this image, and Babs was doing the same. My lovers were touching one another, increasing each others' bliss, but it was all focused on me and Lexi, and it made me

understand why Lexi apparently liked to have other people watch, because it was like having a goddamn hype train around me having sex. Perhaps before I got this strange cold, I would have been too nervous to perform, but now my refractory period was crazy and my dick was always up for the job, so I had no worries on that score. Hell, while my cold was apparently gone for good, I didn't have any trouble feeling that same sexual energy now.

"Lean against the table," I told her. "I'm gonna fuck you in the ass so hard you'll cum like you've never cum before."

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, practically *shivering* from the anticipation. "If you do that, I promise I won't even get bloody revenge for this. I'll just demand you fuck me every day instead, big boy."

Well, that was good enough for me. For some reason, her entitled bad girl persona was only making this moment *hotter*. I continued to feel her up and palm her tits from behind, until she put her hands on the table and leaned over. She was utterly naked and so was I. The entire room was by that point, I was pretty sure. She spread her cheeks for me, and I found myself absolutely exhilarated - I hadn't really done this before, and now I was ready. When my cock pressed against her ass, she moaned.

"Stick in already! I want your fucking cock in my ass!"

I pushed inside of her, and she *moaned* like I'd never heard a woman moan before, even after all my experience. Sasha started to cum behind me, probably just from the sound, the naughty little bimbo. I pushed my entire length in, enjoyed her tightness, the perfection of that ass, and then I gripped her hips and began to *thrust*.

"Y-yesssss! Mhmmm! Ohhhh, I hate you s-so much, Jake Humes! But I love the feeling of your cock in my ass t-too much! YESSSS!!!"

We were going wild, her breasts slapping audibly with each thrust of me into her. She shook her head, causing her lovely Mediterranean hair to shift about, and I began to rub her back, admiring her olive skin. A sudden stroke of genius hit me, and when I next thrust into her, I reached with my hand and began playing with the lips of her pussy, stimulating both parts of her at once. It was a tight fit, and inexpertly done, but it caused her body to shudder.

"I hate you! I love this! I fucking need you, you asshole! Make me yours! Make me your t-trophy wife! I'll be your fucking rich trophy mob wife! I've got an island! We'll make it our h-home! Just d-don't stop fucking meeeeeeee!!!"

I couldn't take it anymore. I exploded within her, one of the biggest expulsions of jizz I'd ever performed, in fact. I shot wad after wad into her ass, and she cried out like a woman reborn. Perhaps she was. The crowd was gathering around me, and more hands joined to touch me. I slipped out of Lexi, who collapsed against the table, breathing heavily. She threw up a thumbs up to me and then rested her head, clearly not even able to stand properly after the hefty dose of whammy orgasms I'd given her.

Someone handed me a wet cloth to clean myself down there; it was Jun, naturally. A true cleaner and neat freak, elegant and all about presentation. I thanked her with a kiss as I cleaned myself, but her demure expression was making me hard again. Had ending the magical cold left a strange post-sickness effect on me? It was like my refractory period was now instantaneous, because I was ready to go again *right* away, and my balls were aching to dump yet another load in another woman.

"You next?" I asked her, but to my surprise, the dutiful Japanese beauty shook her head and pointed to Zadie.

"She *waiting*," she said softly.

At this, Zadie, who was totally naked and showing off her very large, wonderfully maternal breasts, was looking at me with an utterly *ravenous* expression on her face.

"Zadie," I said, smiling. "I would absolutely love to have sex with you right now."

"Yes! And put babies in me! I can't help it, I need to be all sexy and pregnant with your babies, Jake. I wanna make you a father!"

I considered rejecting her pleas, but at that point, it was too taxing to even think about tomorrow, especially with the sight of all these beautiful naked women around me.

"Why don't we just not use protection tonight and . . . see where things take us?"

She squealed in delight, running to me, her breasts and huge ass bouncing heavily, and then she literally *knocked me over*, suffocating me in her boobflesh until I was finally able to come up for air, only for her to kiss me. Pretty soon she was riding me, leaning over so I could suck at her huge round, black tits and then grip her soft ass while she milked me for all I was worth. Mhmm . . . milk. Say, maybe getting her knocked up wasn't the worst idea? It wasn't like I'd lack for babysitters, and the idea of sucking milk from her fat tits was pretty damn hot.

It was enough, in the end, to make me cum enormously all over again, and she squeezed me with her thighs, cheering in victory and triumph as my army of sperm raced into her womb. God, I probably was getting her pregnant, and she was helping her own likelihood by extracting herself carefully, getting on her back, and rocking back and forth to help the passage of my issue. She *really* wanted that baby, huh.

"ME NEXT!" Tatiana screamed. "I've been waiting long enough! I want to suck you off with these beautiful dick-sucking lips of mine!"

"And then I wanna let him fuck me on the carpet!" Sasha cried.

"Don't forget your first girl," Babs said, even as she played with Ruby.

"If you make time for me," Miss Carterson said. "I can do up a proper spreadsheet so that our corporate 'mergings' are much more efficient and shared evenly across your workload."

Jun said something in Japanese, but I got the sense of it; don't forget about her. She wanted some longer foreplay, I sensed, and perhaps some more elegant lovemaking over the rough stuff.

Well, I didn't have my cold anymore, but I did have my stamina and a literally impossible ability to rebound and keep having sex over the next few hours. At some point, I couldn't even remember in what order I was doing things or who was touching me; it all became one long extended montage of sex, thrusting, sucking, groping, fondling, squeezing, licking, and more. Hands from every whichaway touched me, and voiced cooed and moaned and encouraged me. I was a cult leader at the centre of a circle of sexual worship.

And it was fucking *incredible*.

By the time we were done, I'd lost count of how many times I'd had sex and who had benefitted the most. In a way, it was really me, though my ladies were equally pleased, spread across the lush, long-haired carpet with me, the closeness of our skin keeping each other warm.

It was only in the aftermath of our massive orgy, sometime in the next morning as we were all stirring into wakefulness, hunger, and yet further arousal, that I thought of something. I shifted my head to the side and took in Lexi next to me, who was staring at me dreamily and licking her lips.

"Ready to do naughty things to me again?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said, "but . . . did you say you've got a private *island*?"

Chapter 10: Island Life

We left the next day. The prospect of having our own private island (Sasha was already calling it 'Love Island,' and the name stuck) was too much to resist, and seemed the perfect solution to my dilemma. I'd sneezed on too many women to handle them all, and it was going to make everyday Aussie life just a bit too difficult. But our own space to organise and develop?

Now *that* seemed perfect.

"Okay, okay, girls!" I said, as Jun massaged me and Ruby sucked on my cock. "This is r-really lovely, but we should - ahhh - go now! Mhmm!"

Ruby sucked me dry, an act that clearly made Tatiana and her lovely lips quite jealous, and I managed to finish off Jun with my fingers and my mouth. This was the problem with having such a lusty, devoted harem; we could never just be *on time* to something.

“Okay, *now* we should go!” I said as I put on my pants. “I’m pretty sure that’s everyone satisfied, anyway.”

“Mhmm, for now,” Zadia purred. “My pregnancy hormones are making me twice as aroused as usual.”

“It’s been, like, just a day since you had sex!” Sasha exclaimed. “Even I’m not, like, soooo dumb to know you have to wait, like at least two days to find out!”

“More like four weeks, dearie,” Ruby corrected, getting her formal office attire on, the one that had a delightful pencil skirt and tight white blouse. “And it’s statistically unlikely she’s pregnant after just one attempt.”

“Mhmm, but I can feel it,” Zadie said. “Oh God, what if I am pregnant? This is nuts! I’ve been a woman for just over a day and I might already be pregnant! Ohhhh, but it sounds so damn *hot*. I wanna hold my baby already! I wanna have a big belly!”

I smirked at Babs, and she just laughed and rolled her own eyes. As one of the far more ‘normal’ of my harem, she found the exaggerated personalities of my girls quite amusing.

“Don’t worry, sexy,” she said. “I’ll whip them into shape and carry any bags these weaklings can’t. That means you, Sasha.”

“Like, thanks! My arms are, like, super weak and stuff. But I make up for it in the titty department, heehee!”

She jumped up and down, and the fact that she was still in her vibrant pink lingerie made it hard *not* to get, well, *hard* again.

“Sasha, please, for the love of God, put some bloody clothes on!”

“Yes, master! But I can’t wait to, like, let you rip them off again and totes humiliate me. I deserve it so bad after being such a naughty bully to you. I bet you’d love to, like-”

Thankfully, Barbara started pushing her back to her room to finish packing and dressing, winking at me as we laughed again. I’d reward her with a couple of rounds of sex before anyone else at this point, since she was the only one on task. Lexi was too busy drawing up plans for how to expand our new island home for us all, dragging Tatiana along, since the Russian had been there before. And Zadie was too busy fretting over acquiring pregnancy tests and getting nursery items online, despite the fact that she *probably wasn’t even pregnant yet!*

Honestly, and I know this sounds privileged as fuck, but it was starting to stress me out! I had a whole harem of beautiful, diverse women to pleasure me, and somehow that had translated to waiting the worth of eight women’s prep-time just to *get* anywhere, including all the damn dress up and makeup routines! Look, call me sexist if you must, but when *you* get a harem of eight women (with more hunting me down to join if they could get away with it)

maybe *you* try getting anywhere without all the fuss. No wonder so many polyamorous relationships collapse into chaos and conflict, because I wanted to blow my fuse!

Suddenly, a pair of soft hands began to work on my shoulders and upper back, and then around my shoulder blades. I turned my face, but already knew that it would be June, calming me down immensely with her soft massaging ministrations, kneading all the stress out of me in her calm, compassionate way.

"You *calm*," she whispered in my ear. "You deserve."

I nodded slowly, closing my eyes and letting peace find me. "I don't know if I deserve anything, Jun. I mean, this whole sneezing magic cold thing happened to me purely by chance! Ahhhh - that feels good. Keep going there. But I promise to at least do what I can to take care of you all."

"You care me," she said, and it was a statement of fact, not a question or mere comment. She kissed me tenderly on the cheek, then stroked my face.

"I know you can't understand everything I say, but I am so gonna give you everything you want Jun, so long as you massage me like that at least one more time."

She giggled, perhaps catching some of my meaning, and then patted me on the shoulder. She walked to the centre of my squabbling women, some of them distracted, others trying to decide what to wear, and others still bickering about who got to fuck me next. And then Jun did something incredible, almost as incredible as my reality-warping cold in the first place. I'm still not sure how she achieved it, but by virtue of her calm, wise presence, she moved from one person to the next, gently orienting them away from their distraction and back to what they were meant to be doing, helping Sasha choose an outfit quickly and rolling up the island blueprints for Lexi, and even helping Ruby gather up her planning documents and physical calendars.

"God," I remember saying. "She really is silk hiding steel."

She returned to me with a gentle smile and a slight bow.

"*Junbi ga dekimashita*," she said.

"That means 'we are ready,'" Miss Carterson said.

I took in my beautiful harem. From platinum blonde Tatiana and my maternal goddess Zadie to my blonde bimbo Sasha and my busty fitgirl Barbara. Lexi and Tatiana stood next to one another, the former stylish and rich in her designer dress, the latter in an alternative type of sexy, with a kind of emo look to her post-makeup. Jesus, I was developing personal fetishes and kinks faster than I could act them out, and that was saying something.

I smiled at all of them. "Okay, my gorgeous girls," I said - and damn, did that create a blushing, giggling commotion - "let's go. To our private fucking *island*!"

The squeals of delight, especially from Sasha - were practically *deafening*. Hell, I cheered too

And this is where my story finally comes full circle, and you know me as I introduced myself at the beginning. Yes, Lexi had a private island, one we were able to abscond to after lying low for another day. It's only an hour off the Queensland coast, and it's sizable enough to make a great life for myself, as well as put a landing strip on for a private jet if I want one down the line, which I damn well do. The fact that I've got a multimillionaire Greek beauty and all her assets at my disposal makes just about everything possible.

I remember exactly how my harem reacted when we first approached what would become known as our 'Love Island.' Sasha was already in a bright pink bikini, with strings so thin that looking at her sideways you'd think she was wearing nothing downstairs at all. She was posing, suntanning, and generally looking beautiful, and Tatiana had joined her in her own bikini, looking pale-skinned and taking selfies of herself, pursing those big DSL's of hers. June was serving punch and tea and snacks, and Ruby charted the course with Lexi's aid, on top of already planning developments for our island. Naturally, Barbara was at the steering wheel.

"If anyone is gonna drive this sick boat, it's gonna be me!" she exclaimed.

"It's a luxury yacht," Lexi correct.

"Whatever!"

Zadie was relaxing inside. "For the baby," she said. I was almost hoping she was pregnant, just so she didn't go completely loopy.

And then the island loomed into view upon the horizon, the morning mist in the distance clearing to reveal a tropical wonder.

"Woah," someone said, and it took a moment for me to realise I had said it.

Sasha gasped, lowering her sunglasses and rising from her deck chair to take in the sight of Love Island. Jun gasped, and it was clear that she had never expected such splendour in her life, having lived so humbly for so long. Adorned in her light summer dress, she appeared like a vision as she moved to the prow of the ship and beheld the sight of the island with its impressive mountain peaks and lush forests, not to mention the incredible mansion and estate grounds built further up upon its hills.

"*Utsukushi*," she said.

"Beautiful," Miss Carterson said, far more laconic than usual. I wasn't sure if she was translating Jun's words or simply stating a simple fact. She was wearing a more informal version of her smart attire, and had her top buttons undone to deal with the heat, exposing her incredible cleavage. I put an arm around my former boss's thick waist and smiled.

"Yes," I said. "You are."

"I was referring to the island, but . . . I will take the compliment."

That made me chuckle. "How do we feel about it, girls?"

Barb cried out from the controls, sticking her head out to us.

"Now that's a fucking Bond villain lair, right there!"

"And we're the fucking Bond girls!" Lexi added, running out to embrace me at my other side. "Though I'm sure we can get plenty *villainous* in private, Jake."

I could scarcely believe this was my life now. I breathed in the ocean air as we drew closer, imagining the life I could build here with my harem. Again, I'm just some Melbourne dirtbag, and here I was moving to a private island off the coast of tropical Queensland, but damn it if I wasn't gonna take advantage of the circumstance I'd found myself in. It wasn't like I could turn Sasha, my pink bikini-wearing personal sexy secretary *back* into a workplace bully, right? She was here, she was dumb and ditzy and horny and *sweet*, and though she occasionally complained about her fate, I got the sense that she was happy with how things turned out, especially if I gave her lots of pretty dresses and especially shoes. God, she'd fallen in love with shoes. And reality dating shoes.

As I looked around the yacht, I got that sense from all of them. Again, I'm not justifying my actions here. I'm well aware that after getting that cold, I did deliberately sneeze on and infect a number of these former men, but hey, they were happy! Even Lexi was looking forward to someone *e/se* taking charge of her empire, so long as I indulged her weird rich-girl fetishes. Tatiana was still a bit resistant, I guess, but she literally came - *literally* - just from giving me blowjobs. Plus, she seemed to enjoy her shift from a life of organised crime and thuggery to posting hot pics of herself on Instagram. Hell, she'd be raking in good money for our harem fairly soon.

And then there were others who had taken right to this fate. Zadie was so consumed with the idea of becoming a mother that it was already starting to rub off on me. She would look pretty hot pregnant, to be honest. Barbara was more enthusiastic than the rest, loving her fit girl look, while Ruby Carterson was easily a better person, and could still boss me around in private. Jun was a bit harder to read, but given that she'd been an older man and was looking forward to having her own expansive garden, I suspected she was gonna be alright.

"Yeah," I said, as we drew up alongside the docks, Lexi already organising the women and making calls for staff to help us. "Yeah, this can work."

I stepped off onto the beach without shoes, enjoying the way the sand went between my toes. I could tell that Sasha and Babs thought the same, as did Tatiana. I took another deep, satisfied breath as I passed some of my things to a male handler who worked on the island. He was a tall Samoan-looking bloke, broad-shouldered and strong.

"Here, can I take those things for you, sir. Miss Doukas, wonderful to see you again."

“Great to see you too, Noah!” she declared, flouncing down to the beach. “Do you have a few cars ready for us?”

He bowed, and it was a looming bow. It was weird. I had eight gorgeous, utterly dutiful women behind me, all devoted to me, and yet I was feeling weirdly intimidated by this man’s stature. Still, I passed him my bags.

“Thanks, mate,” I told him, before turning to my girls. “Okay, my beautiful, sexy harem, let’s get - ah. Ahhh. Ahhhhh . . .”

They all froze and looked at me. So did the male handler in front of me. A pressure was building up in my nose, a terrible pressure that was overwhelming. Oh God, was it happening again? Had I just had a big break? There was no way, was it? And yet-

“Ahhh-choo!”

I sneezed. Perhaps there was too much island flower pollen in the air. But it was just a regular sneeze, and no fine magical mist emerged from my nostrils, nor any effect. My cheeks burned red, but I was flooded with relief. I’d had my fun with that mysterious blessing, but I certainly didn’t intend to play accidental God any longer; I had my harem, and was satisfied with the numbers. I looked back to my ladies, and I realised they’d all held their breath, down to the last woman.

“Oh, thank God!” Babs announced, much to Noah’s confusion before me. “I couldn’t handle any more competition!”

Now, did I entirely escape the crowd of beautiful women cloying for my attention? Well, by this point, I think you know me well enough and what an asshole and hopeless addict I can be, so it’s safe to say you also know that the answer is a big, fat *NO*. We met Yelena, one of Tatiana’s friends, while travelling on the Gold Coast for a spell. I couldn’t resist showing off my harem to the public occasionally, especially since it was just kind of an accepted thing for me thanks to the reality changes. Still, men looked at me with jealousy, and God did that do things for my ego, as you can imagine! Plus, I loved taking Lexi to fine restaurants, Sasha to clothing stores, Barbara to female wrestling matches and football games, and so on. Of course, there were also check ups for Zadie: it turned out that she really *did* have a perfectly in-tune maternal sense, because just a few weeks after I’d first had sex with her, she had her first morning sickness, and the follow-up pregnancy test came up positive. I tell you, I was bloody blown away. Me? A bloomin’ *father*? Well, she was so damn ecstatic we had sex all over again, and by the end of it, well, I was actually looking forward to the little sucker being born.

Or, should I say, little *suckers*.

Yeah, turns out my Zadie is *real* fucking fertile, because she started blowing up right quick, her boobs even more so, too. By the time she was six months along, she was getting those preggo hormones so strongly that I swear, she was hogging me all to herself some days, and I found myself feeling her belly and keen to see my little girls when they arrived. God knows, they were going to have a whole extended loving family of aunts and secondary mothers to love them.

But I'm digressing, aren't I?

Yeah, a few of those runaway women were still hunting me down. Some managed to settle and find other blokes to be their boytoys and boyfriends, but others were more . . . obsessed. While we were readying to head back to Love Island, Gabbie joined our numbers, running to board the ship before we cast off. I'd never been into chubby girls before. I liked thick women, but not chubby. Well, let's just say that Gabbie opened my eyes a little on the score. Those love handles could be amazing, and something about the weight of her as she rode me made me feel *dominated*.

I also got a helicopter pilot, would you believe it or not? My beautiful big tiddy goth girl Sabrina actually got her fucking *pilot's licence* in order to reach the island, along with a pair of incredibly beautiful Scandinavian twins who, apparently, didn't even used to be related! Sabrina had always been a woman, but only one half of the twins had been, so it was kind of interesting to have some girls in my harem who always used to be girls. They managed to teach a couple of things to the former men on Love Island, but given all of them had experienced a glow up, particularly in the boobs and butt department, we all got along fast.

So we settled on the island fairly well, and with Lexi's wealth and Miss Carterson's supreme organisational skills (not to mention Tatiana and Yelena's underworld connections), we were able to organise shipments of necessities, renovations for more rooms, expanded areas for lovemaking and self-pleasure and all of that.

But no way did I want to take away the beautiful natural features of the island, either. Lexi had promised that there was an amazing beach to her and all the other girls in their bikinis and one-pieces - or simply go nude - and there was certainly that. There was also a small mountain in the centre of the island that had some gorgeous views and amazing walks, and perfect little areas to stop and make out with one of my lovely ladies. Usually Barbara or Tatiana in those cases, as they were the fittest in my harem. Jun had her magnificent gardens to take care of, and we always made love among the flowers together, beneath the stars or the open sky.

And there's the meadow. You know the one, the bit from the start of this story where Tatiana rode me while I sucked on Zadie's big brown tits. Remember that? All my harem ladies were running naked through the meadow, looking like something out of a painting - an

erotic one, naturally - excited for another midday orgy with me at the centre of it all. I've had some of my most extreme and ridiculous sexual escapades in that glorious meadow, and with Sabrina jamming on the guitar and Tatiana singing, it became our own personal loving Woodstock, I guess you can say. Beats another Groove in the Moo Festival, I'd say.

So, that's how I ended up. It's how I'm still enjoying life, and unless things change significantly, I imagine I'll be surrounded by a gaggle of gorgeous women, aging together with them, constantly fucking and sunbathing and having bikini competitions and shopping and relaxing for the rest of our days, of which I have many.

Judge me if you want. I won't claim I'm some moral bloke. Hell, sometimes, despite having now *twelve* ladies of all beautiful shapes, skin colours, and dispositions all devoted to me, I *still* find myself imagining other members I could have in my harem. Yeah, talk about being spoiled, right? Sometimes I can be such an ass, so it's a good thing at least that I've got some hotheaded gals like Lexi, Babs, and even Ruby to put me in my place, even if said place is in the bedroom with them all over me, ha!

Still, there's just one little thing I'm concerned about. It started the other day, eight months after I finally stopped sneezing. We'd just gotten back from the beach, all my harem in beautiful swimsuits that showed off their fantastic curves. Zadie looked about ready to burst with her gorgeous pregnant stomach, and Sasha's tummy has started to round out (yeah, I got a bit too excited with my sexy blonde bimbo and forgot the contraceptives one time, so now I've got a third kid to look forward to. At least she's excited, right?). We were moving as one horde, my girls gossiping and giggling and competing over who got to sleep with me next as they always did, and Babs was on my arm, still my favourite in some ways, given that she was my 'first' actual girlfriend of my changed women.

And that's when I felt it: a small tickle on my nose.

I thought nothing of it at first: I sneezed normally now, and the pollen in summer made me a bit sneezy from time to time. Jun was even ready with a napkin, which she always had on her, the thoughtful woman that she was.

But then it kept on building, that pressure. My nose twitched again, even as we approached Noah. He'd turned out to be such a faithful worker, that big Samoan legend. He still intimidated me with his size sometimes. The man was loyal as hell, however, and damn well earned his paycheck, helping keep Love Island running along with the few other members of staff, male and female. He was also our head chef, and only Jun could compete with the dishes he made.

"Noah!" Sasha cried. "Look how cute my little baby bump is! It's gonna, like, get soooo much bigger!"

"You look very beautiful," Noah said respectfully.

"Noah, could you make that lovely pot roast that I love again?" Babs asked. "It was damn *hearty*."

"I'll see what the master thinks," he said, nodding, but I just gave an appreciative nod back, confirming that I was more than happy for that. Besides, my nose was still itching, and that pressure was building. I just damn well wanted to sneeze already.

"Would you like me to take your extra belongings, Mr Hume?" Noah asked me, stretching his powerful arms out to take our bags of beach equipment.

I smiled happily at him. "Thanks mate, and please make sure that you . . . that you . . . that you . . ."

I tried to breathe carefully, but the pressure became incredible. Babs squeezed my arm, looking to see if I was okay, but then her face showed alarm. Ruby coughed in the background.

"Is he about to -"

I couldn't hold it in any longer. "AAAAAAHHHH-CHOOOOO!!!"

A liquid spray erupted from my nostrils into a fine mist, coating tall, powerful, Polynesian Noah all over his skin. He looked at me with surprise, and then began to grunt and wince, doubled over and his frame began to change.

"Oh, shit," I said, eyes wide.

"What's h-happening to m-me!?" Noah cried, his shoulders shrinking slightly, his chest bursting forth into a massive pair of hefty red-brown breasts. "Ohhhh, my hips!"

They popped out, becoming wide and maternal, like a thickly built Polynesian beauty should look.

"Like, I guess you've still got the power?" Sasha said.

"I'll say," Babs added, folding her arms beneath her huge breasts as she stood alongside me. Poor Noah was still changing, his hair growing out long and thick and black, her belly becoming softer, her thighs thick yet powerful. "You couldn't make it one year before making another one, huh, hot stuff?"

My shoulders sagged. "I guess not. Shoot."

We had to put some cooking plans on hold for at least a few hours while the whole situation was explained to poor Noah, though she goes by *Noe* now. My harem were understanding; despite some inherent and understandable envy, they're always welcoming to our newest members, having gone through it all themselves. And I finally got to be intimidated in a whole new way by her, and appreciate her strength and overwhelming size up close. It turns out, Samoan women are *really* passionate lovers, and in the end we had to warm some leftovers from the fridge rather than make anything that night: she nourished me with her body that night, not her cooking, and I was more than okay with it.

Though I couldn't help but notice that my nose was starting to get that pressure again by the next morning.

So yes, the whole process has started again. My strange, reality-warping cold has returned. Does this mean *I'm* the cause? Am I some sort of minor God? Was it aliens? Fuck if I know. I'll probably never find out.

But one thing's for sure, and it's that my harem is gonna keep on expanding if this cold keeps returning. And at this point I have to ask myself, even as I'm surrounded by beautiful women offering all the sex and comfort in all of the world.

When is too much of a good thing, maybe perhaps a bit of a bad thing?

The End