

Polymorphed into a Bimbo (Man to Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Destiny is tired of trying to get her boyfriend Aaron to change, especially after catching him once again cheating on her despite his promises to change his ways. Unfortunately for Aaron, Sarah is a scientist who is researching a strange alien parasite, one that has the ability to karmically turn Aaron into exactly the kind of girl he is always cheating on Sarah with.

Polymorphed into a Bimbo

Ayesha cried out in the greatest pleasure as she was fucked from behind by her latest one-night stand. He was a big man: big in all the *right places*, judging from how he stretched the walls of her vagina and rammed nearly all the way to her cervix, each thrust lighting up millions of nerves in her most sensitive and wet places.

“Yes, f-fuck me! I’m getting closer, baby! You’re s-so big! Fuck me h-harder! Don’t hold b-back!”

He wasn’t. The man - Thomas was his name, perhaps? Or was it Tim? It didn’t much matter to her - was driving her wild, fucking her with such speed and ferocity that the sheer masculine power of it was almost enough to make her cum from that alone. His strong hands gripped her hips to match their motions, making her *his*, entirely *his*. She was submissive to him, her heavy breasts bouncing dramatically as they hung from her chest. She was on the bed, the place where she had once been a conqueror, but now her slutty instincts wanted nothing more than to be a sex-crazed bimbo who was *dominated* by the men who ravished her unbelievably voluptuous body. It was like she was made for sex, especially with how goddamned addicted to it she was. Ayesha howled again as the man slapped her ass painfully; it was a sweet pain, however, one that marked her as his in yet another way. He reached forward and gripped her hair just as she was about to cum, and this new pain added to the experience even more.

“You’re s-such a naughty slut!” he declared. “I’m gonna fill you up!”

“Do it!” she cried. “Make me your slutty girl! Make me cry out and be yours! Cum in my wet pussy, please!”

“You’re on birth control right?”

“Y-yes, of course! Fucking do it already!”

He did, grunting heavily as he did so, his sounds like a papa bear establishing his territory. It drove her fucking *wild*, sending her over the edge into her own series of orgasms

even as he ejaculated right into her depths in warm spurts of cum that seemed to never end. She relished each of them, her vaginal muscles squeezing his big, hard dick, extracting every possible portion of his seed into her to store and savour as long as she could.

“Mhmmm! Ohhhh, yess! I’m c-cumming! You’re m-making me cum so harrrd yesssss!!! YESSS!! I’m g-getting multiples! OHHHHhhhhh . . .”

She squirmed, writhed, shuddered, and shivered as the highly addictive sensation of multiple orgasms coursed through her. Her dark curly hair fell like a mop over the dark brown skin of her brow, her full lips parted in a perfect ‘O’ that indicated the ecstasy she was feeling. She collapsed against the bed, her large breasts jolting her a little from the way she flattened them; there was a reason she couldn’t sleep face down anymore, and it was certainly connected to the size of the bra her chest now needed for support.

“Mhmm,” she murmured, eyes half-lidded. She gave another husky moan as Thomas/Timothy/Whatever finally pulled his softening penis out of her; it gave one last gasp of bliss, followed by a trickle of her seed down her leg.

“Jesus, Ayesha, you are something else,” the man said. “I gotta clean up. You should too. Then we can see about going round two in thirty minutes or so. I wanna fuck those tits while you suck me off like the sexy bimbo you are, babe.”

She purred in pleasure at his words. They reduced her to nothing but a sex object . . . something her body *craved*. Yet even as she rested against the bed, finally shifting to the side and crossing her legs to prevent the escape of his seed, she couldn’t help but look over her chocolate brown body, her large F-cup tits, her wide, fertile hips. And while there was no mirror in view, she was very cognisant of her large, dick-sucking lips and sultry eyes, not to mention her fantastic loose afro that shook with every movement of her head. It was cute and stylish and sexy, like all the rest of her. She copulated with men at least once a day, more if she could help it, and yet her life had never been like this until just a few months ago.

“God,” she muttered, even as she rolled onto her back and cupped her breasts, feeling their delicious weight. The tiredness she’d been feeling lately crept over her, but she ignored it for now. “What the fuck happened to me?”

It was the question that had swirled her mind for five long months now. Five months of being a sexy slutty woman. Five months of having men compliment the junk in her trunk, of having them compliment her big tits and gorgeous face, of flirting with her constantly as they feasted their eyes upon her. And five months of her body responding *hard* to that flirting, her pussy hungry for their cocks, her mouth ready to receive them also, her need to be their bimbo in the bedroom too great to exist.

It had always been this way. Once, Ayesha had been Aaron, a tall black man with an athletic frame and strong muscles, not to mention a square jaw. He could have any chick he wanted thanks to his natural charisma, and he often did, despite the fact that his girlfriend

Destiny always wanted him to go steady and be faithful to her. But the call of pussy had been too much for Aaron, and besides, he was an expert pussy slayer if you'd asked him.

But then one day he'd started changing. He's started looking at men funny. Then came the physical changes; the ripening of his breasts, the expansion of his ass, the fatty curves in all the right places that developed. And last but not least, there was also the loss of his manhood, though technically that had been one of the first things to go, much to his humiliation.

And now Ayesha was a woman. A nymphomaniac slut who couldn't get enough of men taking control of her body. Where had it all gone wrong? Why was she like this, and why couldn't she stop herself from loving it so much? From initiating this never-ending parade of bodily pleasure?

"Better shower," she muttered to herself as she sat up, her heavy breasts wobbling, her huge brown nipples still partly erect. She cupped them and smiled to herself, until she reminded herself of her present irritation and dropped them, letting them wobble for what felt like minutes on her chest.

It was then that she noticed the letter on her bedside drawer. That's right, it had come in the mail earlier in the day, but she'd been too busy putting on her tight red dress, the one that really showed off her ass. And yet it had her name on it in cursive. Not a tax bill, then.

"What the hell," she said to herself, opening the letter. "Tim-Tom-Whatever sounds like he likes nice long showers."

She opened the multi-page letter and began to read it.

Her eyes widened considerably when she realised who it was from, and again when she realised exactly what it was about.

Dear Aaron, though I suppose I should write this as 'Dear Ayesha', shouldn't I?

Life must be very confusing for you, now that you're a woman thoroughly addicted to sex with all sorts of hot, hunky guys. I can only imagine what it was like for you when you first realised you were hungry for cock, or when you first felt a man slide into your new pussy, or that first female orgasm. I wonder how you feel about having such a big rack now, too. You always did like women with larger chests, never thinking about how burdensome and 'active' they can be with every movement. Well, I guess now you know. But most of all I think about how you grapple with your new life as a sex-addicted, slutty bimbo. You were always chasing those types of women, and now you *are* one of those women, amped up to the Nth degree. And, spoiler alert, you're going to be that woman for life, Ayesha. I thought I'd get that out

there straight away, in case you were hoping otherwise. This is you now, and you deserve every bit of it. But I thought it best to finally send you an explanation of *why* and *how* you are like this, just so you can have at least one mystery answered.

This is Destiny writing this letter, by the way. You know, the girlfriend of three years you kept cheating on? Another little spoiler so you don't have to read all the way to the end. As for the why and how I did this to you, let's proceed, shall we?

I remember the moment so clearly when I discovered you were cheating on me. We'd been dating for over a year, and I was addicted myself; addicted to your smile, your easy-going nature, your good humour. And, I won't lie, addicted to your body as well. You always did know you were a good looking man and that you were packing some heat between your legs, and I couldn't blame you for that.

What I could blame you for is being so confident in your looks and charm that you thought you could get away with it. I still don't know who she was, or whether she even knew you were with someone else, but I found her damn underwear under the bed. Was it some trophy you forgot to lock away, Aaron? I imagine it was. You did the same to me when we were first dating, and I just thought it was funny. Stupid me, I guess.

You remember I confronted you about it. You lied through your teeth, spun some tale about the underwear being from some friend who was visiting who needed to shower and then forgot them. I think I half-way believed you, stupid as that is. Because I *wanted* to believe that you were a good man, and that you loved me as you said you did. I guess I've never really been good at picking men; I'm working on myself currently, building back up my self esteem. I know I'm pretty - I mean, *you've* seen me. God and Mama gifted me with a nice ass (the one you always liked to grope, as I recall) and I won't lie, I'm proud of my Double-D's. Could I look cuter? Yeah, but everyone is their own worst critic. I take care of my appearance and I look good, I know it. More than that, I took care of *you*. I worked hard in my research role; hell, I earned more than you did! And that's not even getting into the fact that despite working longer hours than you, I still did most of the household chores to support us, not to mention the cooking.

Perhaps you cheated on me because of these things. I was too much of a doormat, and you wanted a 'challenge.' Or perhaps you just didn't like being in a relationship with a woman who was smarter than you *and* brought in more of the dough. I might never know, but frankly I don't give a shit.

What I *do* give a shit about is that the cheating kept happening. You were subtle for a time afterwards, always taking care to avoid any more evidence turning up. Hell, for some time I was deeply impressed that you were actually keeping the place well-scented and bringing in fresh air constantly. How dumb you thought I must have been, when you were just using this to hide the scent of all the goddamned *fucking* you were up to with your latest

bedroom bimbo. I shouldn't be mad at the girls, I regret writing that. No doubt you fooled most of them too, as you did me.

But slowly, over time, you started to get lazy, Aaron. I distinctly remember catching you smiling and texting on your phone while I was watching you *Ladies in Black* with you. It's one of my favourites, and I'd been trying to get you to watch it for months, until you finally reneged. But instead you were smirking as you texted someone mysterious. I couldn't see the writing, but I *could* see the image. Some white girl blondie with big tits and poutie Instagram lips. You always did like blowjobs, so I suppose that's what you were chasing. I still hate to think about how many times you begged and pleaded for me to go down on you even though you wouldn't reciprocate.

Well, I hope you enjoy sucking cock now, *Ayesha*, not to mention always swallowing like you wanted me to do. I bet it tastes delicious to your new body, but I truly hope that part of yourself is always a little revolted by it, just for me. And hell, maybe you've finally come to appreciate the sensation of a man's tongue on your pussy, and you've reconsidered your old, withholding position.

But I digress. At this point in my life, I was trying to believe you were still a good man, but my confidence was on shaky ground. I started looking through your phone when you weren't around, as well as pretending I had late or early shifts and instead spying on you from a distance. I couldn't believe how easy it was; I'm no spy! But all I had to do was wear a hoodie and not be too obvious and you were just totally blind to me. But I guess you were always a little blind to me, right Aaron? *Ayesha*?

Anyway, suffice to say you were caught out. I saw you meeting with other girls. I know it's petty, but it shits me off that you were meeting with white girls so often. Maybe it's just the damn stereotype you were fulfilling, or that so many of them seemed to be busty slutty blondes. No, I'm not being fair to them. They're probably lovely, but you deceived them. I recorded all the evidence, hoping to confront you. Maybe you needed some counselling? Yes, I was that deluded. I was actually feeling *sorry* for you, like *you* were the victim somehow.

All of that perception fell apart when I finally confronted you about it. You remember that day, don't you? I took the day off work just to sit down and chat with you, but you were so damn eager to get out of the house despite also having the day off. No doubt you had a girl to go see, one of your many. But I was insistent. I laid out all the proof, all the things I'd discovered, all women I'd seen you wish. I tried to be patient and compassionate even as you stalled and sweated. I tried to outline a plan for us to go to couples therapy and get back on the right track again. Oh my God, I just remembered while writing this that I even said that "some of the fault is mine." Jesus, what was wrong with me?

Thankfully, the moment of realisation came just seconds later. You looked at me, the story beginning to form in your head, and you hit me with a lie so big that even *I* didn't fall for it.

"Babe," you said (do you remember this?). "It's not what you think. I haven't told you this because it's super top secret, but I've been recruited by the police and the FBI. It's a joint operation. Someone is trafficking young women, it's a real big organisation, and the feds needed someone who could convincingly talk to them and look like a customer while actually trying to get them to safety."

You went on and on with this fib. I won't deny, you're damn good at weaving an entertaining yarn, but the whole deception came crashing down, and after two years of being treated like the disposable girlfriend, the homemaker, the fool, I finally, finally, goddamn *finally* saw who you were.

A goddamned cheater.

A narcissist.

A selfish bastard.

A total asshole and a bad boyfriend.

It was then that I knew I had to end the relationship, but goddamn it, I was fucking *fuming*, Aaron. It wasn't enough to break things off with you, I had to destroy you. Unmake you, even. And unfortunately for you, my dear *lady*, you never did really ask about what I did for work. You see, the study of biology is a strange thing-

Ayesha was aghast. Destiny had known the whole time that the FBI thing was a lie? But she seemed to believe her! And somehow *she* was responsible for turning her from a virile stud into a needy, submissive slut?

"That bitch!" she said, looking down on herself. A wave of nausea passed over her, as it had recently as she'd once more been grappling with her changed body. "She's the reason I've got these big juicy tits and this sexy, slappable ass. Fuck, I can't even talk normal by myself!"

"Hey babe, you coming? We can have some fun in the shower? I want to motorboat that huge bouncy rack of yours again!"

She bit her lip, imagining Tom-Tim-Whatever grabbing her tits from behind and wobbling them asynchronously while she rubbed her big ass against his cock. He still needed time for his refractory period, but shower time was *always* fun, especially when a man worshipped her body and sexualised it at every turn. It was a good thing she had her birth control pills, or she'd be so damn pregnant by this point. *That* thought was enough to

make her nauseous all over again, until she thought about her latest lover motorboating her big rack.

“Mhmm,” she moaned, ready to say yes. But then she managed to snap out of her frustratingly horny mind and remember what she was reading. “N-not yet! Take an extra long one, babe! I’ll be there to rock your world and let you suck my big tits soon, I just gotta finish something first!”

She rubbed one nipple idly as she focused on the letter again. Somehow, her ex-girlfriend had changed her. Maybe there *would* be a way to turn back, even if it was a slim chance. Destiny could lie too, right? Yes, she had to be. She was too nice. This was just her teasing him for punishment. She’d eventually reveal the way to turn back. There was no way Ayesha was going to live as a cock-sucking nympho forever.

Right!?

You see, the study of biology is a strange thing, especially when you are studying *parasitic* biology. Specifically, the parasitic biology of a new life form recently discovered that seemed to have some very unique transformative properties. I’ll give you some backstory, and perhaps you might find it illustrative. I won’t use names for ethical reasons - yes, I do still have *some* ethics, *Ayesha* - but here’s how the story goes.

Once upon a time, there was a sexist mechanic who always hit on his female customers, refused to hire female workers, and generally talked over women and assumed he knew better than them. He was successful, he was old school, he was a *man*, and a man knew better. Sound familiar?

Anyway, this mechanic, through some means or another, was infected with a parasite, one that worked its way into his system and then began remaking him. Most parasites live off the host fairly invisibly, but this one was more . . . dramatic. Specifically, the parasite fed off of the hormones produced during sex, and it identified the production of female hormones to be particularly important for its reproductive cycle. I imagine the fact that an attractive woman can easily get many partners very quickly is also factored into this, if the parasite is indeed capable of reasoning, which I believe it may well be.

The point is, the mechanic began to change, first in mind and then in body. He started looking at men differently, while no longer finding the sight of a beautiful woman arousing. Another spoiler alert: *I* was one of those women. I found it very odd that the sexist mechanic I was thinking of shifting my business away from was suddenly not leering at me, and seemed to actually just do the work and get on with it. He was eyeing his employees more closely, however.

The parasite was changing his brain by that point, redirecting his neurons and reforging their connections so that he began to find men attractive instead of women. Sound familiar? Of course, the bodily changes followed not long after. Standard stuff at first; expanding nipples, subcutaneous fat around the hips, buttocks, and chest, and so on. Hair increase on the scalp, decrease everywhere else. And his penis began to shrink into nothingness while a new organ formed; a womb, specifically. I don't think you need a great deal of imagination to know what happened next in this story: our sexist mechanic turned into a woman, and quite the looker at that. She also developed a hyper-libido for the men around her, something that made her male employees *and* customers very happy, not to mention the women who no longer had excess charges or gross stares applied to them.

All of this I discovered when I investigated the case of this strange new woman at my regular mechanic shop. I was able to convince her to tell her story, along with corroborating notes from her fellow employees, when they weren't fucking her, of course. I took a few samples at my biology lab, and lo and behold I suddenly had an actual factual *specimen* to study. The creature is remarkably resilient and adaptable; I tested it first on mice, then rats, then rabbits and even a cat. Each time the creature was able to adapt to the specimen and change it: males generally became females, and females became healthier and more capable of breeding thanks to their increase in vitality, appearance, and stamina. The virus was then able to reproduce other specimens which I carefully extracted for my research. The plan was for an eventual human study, but the ethical questions regarding this - even with someone who *wanted* to change gender - were extremely difficult to navigate. Who would consciously want to become a total bimbo who lives for sex and probably needs to be on contraceptives 24/7? It was likely a trial I could never conduct, knowing the risks.

You can see where this is going, can't you, *Ayesha*?

I admit, it *definitely* wasn't an ethical thing to do. Not at all. But seeing you parading around with your white, blonde bimbos, or that one Asian woman who you convinced you *would marry one day*, well, I felt that ethical boundaries didn't exist on your side, so why should they for mine? I took one of the sample parasites that I hadn't yet recorded into my database, knowing that it would be literally impossible to prove any connection thanks to my dominance over this private area of research.

Would you like to know when I infected you, Aaron? I considered never telling you just to maintain the air of mystery, but you'll probably be able to figure it out anyway, so here goes.

It was the night I organised our romantic couples dinner for Valentine's Day. You had no idea, but I'd already planned to be rid of you by that point. During the night, however, I smiled sweetly as we dined and had fine wine at the restaurant I booked together. You said all these lovely words about devotion and loyalty and I saw through them all. I kept refilling

your glass and making sure you were nice and drunk by the time we left, making a fool of yourself as always. I won't lie and say I *wanted* to have sex with you, but why shouldn't I get some milk for free before I sell the cow to the butcher? If there's one thing you were always good at, Aaron, it was sex. I have no doubt that *Ayesha* is even better, and getting ploughed on the regular.

Anyway, you did quite admirably that night, Aaron. You even managed to get me to orgasm multiple times, despite you usually caring far less about my own pleasure. Perhaps I was just extra excited about your own changes to come. You see, you didn't notice me uncork a little vial and place it against your skin. I was already wearing a skin lotion with a certain cream that the parasite has no love for, and so the only other target in the room was you. I placed it near your genitals; the best results with the parasite has always been when it clammers down into the urethra and positions itself in the reproductive glands, therefore able to make the more extreme changes to the body.

They began manifesting less than a week later with-

Ayesha put down the letter for a moment, her jaw hanging.

"With my nipples," she said, still shocked. "My big, sexy brown nipples."

She fondled one, stirring it to distend and stiffen with arousal, as if to emphasise that very epiphany. God, her nipples were so sensitive, and she recalled they definitely were the first thing to change. She had started rubbing them without thinking, and in her dreams she had imagined *men* taking her, not women. She had thought it was just stupid nightmares, but she - Aaron, that was - had woken with a penis that was hard and throbbing yet slightly smaller than it should have been, and the temptation to rub one out while imagining a hot guy thrusting into her had been too much to resist.

"That was when I started changing," she said in awe. "When I started growing my big, beautiful boobies."

She squeezed them, her nipples sore and wonderful. She swore they felt bigger lately. Was this also Destiny's doing? She read on to find out.

They began manifesting less than a week later with the change in your nipples and breast tissue. I charted their growth, you know. You were obviously troubled during that time, and while I could not know your mind, I enjoyed hearing the words you

spoke as you slept. Here's a few highlights that I wrote down at the time to provide to you later:

"Take me . . . put it in me already. I don't care that you're a man."

"Touch my big boobs. Suck on them! It f-feels good!"

"Yeah, baby, you've got such a huge dick."

There were a lot more, but I can only imagine what you were dreaming about. Happy, happy stuff, I bet, though perhaps from a female perspective? Ha! You would toss and turn in your sleep, scratching at your chest, and it gave me plenty of time to see the growth of those nipples. They became darker and bigger, and you gained such gorgeously wide areolas. The real excitement came when your boobs started to come in, but before that there was also the growth in your hair, the loss of body hair, the softening of your jaw, all those things that made you just that little bit less masculine. For a while you were worried you were becoming some 'sissy boy metro' - your words, not mine. How badly you underestimated what was happening.

It was just eight days after your infection that the parasite truly began working its magic. I had stuck around, as you'll recall. You were still texting other girls, and I was still pretending to have early and late shifts at my lab just so I could follow you, my hoodie on in order to stay out of your awareness. You were no doubt trying to prove that you were still the man you thought you were, that the chill air was just the cause of your softening penis and flaring nipples, that you just needed a haircut and hadn't noticed until now. I knew better, of course, and I observed your interactions with the dark-skinned south Asian woman you had been texting. I'm not joking Aaron, I literally climbed a tree and took out my binoculars in order to spy on you two in her bedroom. How cliché is that? But you didn't disappoint me; both of you quickly got down and dirty. She was an elegant looking woman, I wonder what lies you told her. I counted at least one: that you were attracted to her.

Perhaps you recall this differently, but from my binocular view you kept trying to hump her in the most amusingly sad way. The foreplay was sad, with you always looking away from her as if you were making love to an ugly Bigfoot instead of a very beautiful and classy looking woman (I really loved her sari before you took it off her, can you tell?). In the end, I got to watch the hilarious sight of you literally going to the adjacent room, masturbating furiously to get yourself hard, and then returning to finally fuck her. I've never seen a more disappointed looking woman in my life. Sure, you definitely came inside of her, but just what were you imagining; the fact that you were breathing heavily and clenching your eyes shut, and the fact that she fucking *slapped* you and booted you out when you were done, tells me that perhaps you shouted a man's name?

That's my theory, at least. I've got others. I like to think an alternative was that you said something like 'I just want a big cock inside me!' or 'You look like a man!' Either way,

you exited, face red, your body language humiliated, and your hand scratching away at your swollen nipples.

I'm going to let you in on a little secret, *Ayesha*, I was masturbating as I watched the whole scene go down. Public masturbation in a tree like a pervert! Just what had gotten into me? But something about your shameful experience, this much-deserved comeuppance, was really turning me on. It would continue to do so over the following days.

Work must have been hard for you. I hear that male lawyers have a real he-man competitiveness going on, and you've alluded to seeing your peers at the gym regularly and needing to display your dominance. Hard to do that when your muscles are starting to disappear and your ass is blowing up, right?

Yes, I noticed. We *all* noticed, Aaron. And by *all*, I don't just mean the coworkers of yours I kept in touch with, or our friends who came and visited, or even the privileged few of my girlfriends who I let in on the loop (yes, Lisa knew. And she was *laughing*. Remember you tried to seduce her at a party and then slapped her ass while drunk. She was very happy to know you were getting a peachy rear of your own, sweetie!). No, I also searched through the list of contacts on your phone, having already paired it to mine by that point. *All* of your bimbos, sluts, secret girlfriends, affair partners, and booty calls were starting to notice, especially when I sent them self-deleting images of your body while you weren't looking. Want me to recall a few personal highlights that cover how your changes proceeded? Keep in mind, I used a program to reroute these to my PC before you could ever see them, only letting you notice the bits I approved of. Here we go, the unreleased messages!

"I just don't understand what's happening to you? Are you taking hormones? You could barely keep it up with me and then just wanted to snuggle, and your nipples are really inflamed! You should get them checked out!"

- Barbara (the nice blonde)

"Like, OMG! Why is ur ass BIGGER than mine!?!?!? It makes no sense!!! Are you srsly transgender or Sumthing!? I dont no wats wrong w/u but ur starting to look like a woman and it is NOT SEXY AT ALL!!!!!!"

- Jacquie (the bitch blonde)

"Hey Aaron, I know we just have our booty calls when we feel like it, but I thought I'd reach out and tell you that if you have something to tell me about you, your body, how you perceive yourself, etc, then know that I won't judge. You know that I'm bi. I'd be into you as a guy or a girl. I know you've started shaving your legs and growing out your hair, but I saw you in profile after you came around for snuggle time (that was a lovely first, instead of just

sex! Perhaps we're more serious than I thought?) and there's no way you aren't on estrogen, babe. I'm just saying, I can't judge."

- Anna (I like Anna, she seems nice!)

"I know you say it's just a sickness, but they are really looking like breasts to me! Maybe check out if your girlfriend or wife or whatever she is is feeding you something. Seriously, they're starting to bounce Aaron! This is really not normal and it's got me worried she's found out. Just go to a doctor and get yourself examined, because guys don't just grow boobs or hips like that in a few days, or at all!"

- Sarah (your coworker, you bastard. And what a bitch she is! Maybe I'll give her a parasite too?)

The list goes on, but these are my favourites. Well, these and the message from your coworker Darren who said the following:

"Okay, this is super weird, but hear me out; is it just me, or is Aaron starting to look kinda hot? I'm totally drunk texting this, but there's no way he isn't growing some cute little titties and getting on that fem-juice. Maybe I'm just into trans-women and I didn't know it, LOL!!!!"

That one was on a text-chain you're a part of. I bet it was the reason you got a lot of strange looks at work in the following days. You were always coming home confused and frustrated, wondering why your peers were 'smelling blood in the water' or taping notes to your backside. How could they not, with how rotund you were getting back there! Once the physical developments started, they began to completely snowball, and all I had to do was help direct them as well as possible.

Didn't you ever wonder why I kept inviting all your male friends around to our apartment and then conveniently finding an excuse to leave? Didn't you wonder why I suddenly started putting posters up of handsome celebrities, all under the guise that I was throwing a themed party and wanted to test the decor? I guess you're not the only one who can lie convincingly, Aaron, or perhaps you just didn't want to stop me once you saw those sexy hunks up on the wall. I even put on films with famously good looking leading men, as well as sex scenes where I just *had* to point out how much the woman was enjoying her part in the coital proceedings.

The parasite was getting impatient by this point, I suspect. I don't know if my little mental encouragements helped push your changes further, but I did my best to vocalise the kind of body I wished I had in order to please you. I didn't mean it, of course - I'm more than

happy how I am, have you seen me? - but hey, I imagine *you* thought G-cup breasts would come with no issues, not to mention the kind of hips that were just made for breeding and an ass that could safely land you from a seven floor fall to the pavement, it had so much padding.

Regardless of whether it worked, my various techniques certainly made you fucking *salivate* for the female experience. I could see it in your eyes and hear it in your dreaming sleep. You were *aching* to be with a man, even as you tried to tell yourself there was nothing wrong. I'm so glad you were so goddamn stupid as to think a 'real man' never goes to the doctor unless they're lost half of their body's weight in blood, because it kept you from having your condition discovered until it was too late. By that point, you were trying to hide your B-cup tits which were already swelling up yet again, as well as convince yourself this was just a bad case of the flu.

Well, I admit some fault here. *I* was the one who told you that you were likely suffering from fluid build up from an infection and that it was totally common. I just didn't think you'd keep on believing it!

Ayesha nearly crumpled the most recent sheet of paper in her fist. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, and for once she wasn't feeling the need to touch herself, find a partner, or simply look goddamn *hot* while doing something far more ordinary and mundane.

"I'm such a fucking idiot," she muttered, wiping the tears away. "How did you trick me? That bitch turned the tables on me. It's not fair, I was just having some fun on the side! She never even needed to know! This is all her fault!"

"You okay out there, Ayesha?"

Tim-Tom-Whatever's voice was tinged with concern.

"Y-yes!" she managed, wiping the last of the tears away - a man's sexy voice did that to her, these days. It always diminished the sorrow and turned up the hot, kinky shame. "I'm fine! Just reading something. Take as long as you want in that shower, hot stuff. You best believe it's gonna get hotter when I titty fuck your brains out!"

"Hell yeah! Consider this a long one, then!"

Ayesha kept on reading, pushing the thoughts of wrapping her big, fat jugs around the man's cock from her mind, as deeply alluring as they were. She had to know the way to turn back. This was all taunting her, but there *had* to be a hook at the end, there just had to be!

I won't bore you with all the changes that followed from that point, *Ayesha*. You no doubt remember most of what came next, if not all of it. I want to believe it's all seared into your mind, every burning humiliation as your body continued to feminise, as your mind made you show off your new curves even as you desperately tried to hide them. You kept on calling in sick at work, and soon you were getting angry calls you couldn't answer due to your voice not even sounding like you anymore. Your attempts to wrap up your breasts failed as they expanded to a pert C-cup, then a large set of Double-D's to match my own, but then the train was truly rolling and you were getting bigger and better, baby, and leaving me and all your other girlfriends in the dust!

Can I just say you were goddamn sucky at hiding your changes? All the attempts to hold off sex, all the wistful gazes you gave to men at the street, even the demure smiles and rubbing of your chest as they passed you, do you even realise now how obvious you were? Probably not, because you were starting to walk with a sway to your hips and a jiggle on your chest, and I was loving it. While you were trying to stroke your shrinking penis in response to your sexy man-dreams, I was finding a separate room just to masturbate myself to the thought of you becoming a woman. I came a lot at the thought of it, *Ayesha*, and I want you to appreciate that.

Of course, the inevitable *had* to occur. I couldn't stay with you forever to chart all your changes, sooner or later I had to cut you loose and let you back into the wild like the sex-hungry animal you were. As long as you had me to come home to, you were probably going to starve that parasite out, and that might even revert your changes!

By this point, you had a pair of very lovely E-cups, practically *spilling* out of my bras that I know - yes, I knew, *Ayesha* - you were secretly wearing when you thought I wasn't around, just to give you support. Work had fired you by this point, I'm sure, or were near enough to it, but the final step was necessary to really push you into an entirely new life free of your old one.

"I'm sorry, honey, but we need to break up. I just don't know who you are anymore, or why you're acting like your body isn't changing. I've tried to ignore it for over two weeks now, but look at you! You're obviously going through some identity struggle, and you need to do it on your own. I'm sorry, Aaron, I do love you, but we can't be together. I wish you the best of luck in whatever comes next in life."

Those were the words I practised in the mirror over and over until I got them right. When I delivered them, you looked like a woman already by that point, and simultaneously a little lost lamb whose world was falling apart. Well, too bad, cheater! I didn't feel sorry for you one bit, and since the place has my name on the deed, you simply had to go elsewhere. Did you think it was a coincidence that your sleazy work friend Darren messages you, asking if

you needed a place to stay? No, it was me who reached out and determined that you and your gorgeous loose black curls and luscious bod would be staying overnight with your friend. I knew you couldn't resist him; the parasite would have been in overdrive by that point. All the little samples I'd taken from you when you slept indicated that it was changing you to an exaggerated degree just to get its fix of sex hormones. How ironic, that by holding off sex with men you actually sped up and increased the overall transformation? You might have had 'little' C-cups instead of mammoth tits if you'd just given in earlier!

Like I said, I know you and Darren fucked all night. Remember the binoculars? I barely even needed them. I just had to stand outside his apartment and listen to your cries of reluctant bliss. Still, it was very funny (and *hot*) to watch you not only realise you now had a fully functioning vagina (how long were you in denial, by the way?) but also to use it to milk that man's cock while riding him. Darren didn't deserve such joy, but hey, at least he wasn't cheating on *me*. I'd *dumped* you by that point.

Of course, I didn't hear about you much after that. That's the sad part about crazy schemes involving life-changing parasitic organisms that alter your sex and turn you into a sex-crazed, big-titted, huge-bootied bimbo . . . the lack of *closure*. That's what this is for me, Ayesha . . . *closure*. I meant what I said about there not being a way back from this. There's no method I've found through my research, and even if I finally found one I wouldn't share it with you. But I suppose part of me still cares enough about you that I hired a private detective to track you down so I could then spy on you. I must say, it's delightful to see that your breasts are even bigger than when I saw you last, and your backside too! How do you stop from knocking things over when you turn around or bend over? I suppose it doesn't matter, so long as you're taking it from every end.

So goodbye, Ayesha. I just wanted to let you know the truth of who you are and who you'll always be. There's much we don't know about the parasite yet, including if it has the power to extend the human lifespan or at least keep one in youth longer. If so, you've got an active life ahead of you. Let this be a lifelong lesson to you about cheating, and not to ever let a woman's heart be scorned. Hell hath no fury like her, after all, as you now well know.

With amusement and laughter,

- Destiny

P.S. I would definitely recommend having your lover's use condoms. I'm just now discovering how resilient the parasite is to birth control and other hormone-based contraceptives. Just in case you didn't want to end up preggers on top of everything else! Buh-bye, now!

Ayesha's hands trembled. It couldn't be, could it? There had to be more! There just had to be! There was no way that Destiny was just going to leave her in this horny female body. She'd had enough dicks inside her vagina, her ass, and her mouth to last her a lifetime! She'd taken in more cum than a whole brothel! The former man had dressed in tight things, shown off her bust, waggled her hips, grinded up against hot studs, all of it! And each time it had ended in sex, falling asleep with a man's arms around her so she could savour the feeling of being *his*, like she was a submissive girl who existed to please the men around her.

And she loved it. God, did she love it so damn much. She hated how much she loved it so completely, every step of the way. Every act of penetration. Every moment of submission. Every burst of bliss as a man came inside her and she wailed in a voice that was so husky and *hot*.

"And now I'm stuck like this forever," she murmured.

A nauseous sensation rose up in her stomach, and the curvaceous bimbo felt it lurch upwards. She ran, her breasts bouncing heavily, and she only just made it to the toilet before she evacuated her stomach into it. Instantly, she felt relief, though a lingering tiredness remained. She flushed the toilet and washed her mouth out, groaning a little as she stared at her attractive reflection. It was then that it hit her.

Nausea.

Tiredness.

A growing hunger as of late.

Sore boobs that had grown

Nipples that were darker.

And a P.S. note that said birth control was not enough to stop her from getting . . .

"Knocked up," she said, placing a hand on her stomach. "Oh Christ. Oh shit!"

"Hey there, babe! Are you coming? My dick's hard for you. You can suck me off while you give me that tittyfuck, eh? Then I can go down on you as 'payment.' What do you say?"

Not even this dire revelation could damper her sexual spirits. With a lick of her lips, Ayesha washed her mouth out one last time and then sauntered to the adjacent bathroom, her hunger rising. She needed not to think about this right now. She needed not to think about any of it, especially that note.

And as she turned into the shower, where a very handsome and tall man was showing off his hunky body and his very erect penis, she knew exactly what she needed to be doing. The parasite needed to be fed some sex, and so did she.

The End