

The Clownfish Gene (TG)

Commission for danio13

Quentin is just one of a group of four nerds readying for the latest MMORPG release. But in this world, a newly discovered genetic condition called the Clownfish Gene has caused certain individuals to become the opposite sex when surrounded by members of the same sex. Quentin will soon find the latest game release the last kind of release he'll be needing.

The Clownfish Gene:

"Today's top report continues as geneticists and population data experts continue to warn the public about the strange transgender mutation caused by what has been dubbed 'the Clownfish Gene.' Little is known about this phenomena so far, but it appears that an extremely small percentage of the population may unknowingly carry this unique gene. Dr Bradley Greene of the World Health Organisation is here with us to explain further. Good evening Doctor."

"Good evening."

"What can you tell us about this Clownfish Gene? Where did it come from?"

"Well, that's an excellent question, Harper, and the answer to that is we're not exactly sure. This is clearly a particular mutation that exists within a minority of the population, one that has developed in the last two generations, but we're not sure if this is an evolutionary accident or in response to environmental or dietary changes, or simply lowering birth rates." "But from what we understand, this condition has the power to literally change an individual's gender permanently from male to female, or female to male, is that correct?"

"It is, and moreover the bodily age of the individual can also change, sometimes up to fifteen years. We have a recorded case of a middle-aged woman becoming a man in his mid-twenties. What is clear is that it acts as if it is adapting to a 'need' for a mutual companion in the area. Hence why those that change often end up as perfectly desirable in appearance and hormonally to someone near them, or an amalgam of the desires of those near them."

"How does this occur? Are there any symptoms?"

"None that we have been able to determine, other than initial discomfort and tingling of the skin in the minutes prior to the change."

"And how many people have this Clownfish gene?"

"Less than 0.04 percent of the population, from what we know. But that is still four people in every million, so we are urging people to get tested at our facilities, which are staffed with gender equal staff to ensure the change does not occur and can be treated. If the gene triggers, there's nothing we can do, however."

"Tell us of this gene trigger. The change occurs as a result of gender imbalance in the immediate vicinity, correct?"

"From what we have been able to determine, yes. A man with the gene will not have it triggered if he is in a room or public location with women nearby. But that same man in a room of all men, for instance -"

"Turn that rubbish off, Vernon, we're trying to play."

Quentin shut the screen off. It was a strange report, and there were theories all over the internet trying to explain this 'clownfish gene', but as weird as it was, it didn't particularly hold his interest, nor that of his friends. Not when compared to the new MMORPG Galaxy's Knights, which had just finished loading up on their computers, ready for a multi-hour game session.

"It's almost ready," Vernon said.

"It's gonna be soooo good," Bob cheered.

"Yes, it had better live up to expectations, or I shall leave an impolite email on the game producer's website," Ramesh said, hopelessly failing to be the bad boy.

Quentin was nineteen years old, as were his three friends, Bob, Vernon, and Ramesh. They roomed together in a rental house near the college they each studied at; all of them majoring in computing. They had been friends since they were in elementary school, bound together in companionship by their shared nerdity and hopelessness with the fairer sex: when prom came, they had arrived in suits together, each having failed to secure a date, but intent on being a group of geeks together anyway.

Vernon was a short, scrawny individual with a too-large nose and difficulty reading others' emotions. He loved physics, maths, and chemistry, and had a dark and sometimes aggressive sense of humour. More than others, he wanted a girlfriend, and was embarrassed at his lack of success.

Bob was a pudgy geek with glasses also, and a mop of badly-cut black hair. He had gained weight since high school, becoming the stereotypical image of the gamer, which fitted him, given that gaming and watching cult classic films were his favourite pastimes.

Ramesh was more ordinary looking, with dark skin and facial features befitting his Pakistani heritage. He was, however, an almost impossibly nice guy, a people pleaser through and through, which made it difficult for him to make real friends outside of his fellow IT group, which was his passion.

Together, they called themselves the 'Four Musketeers', a play on the fact that their favourite strategy game was a Napoleonic Era war gaming simulator. Their games were almost nightly, and they talked about anything from who had the best stats or kill streak to the hopeless pursuit of women way out of their leagues. Quentin would only sigh when that topic came up: the others had a far better chance than him. He was the King Nerd, as they called him. He was scrawny, out of shape, used an inhaler, and had a pair

of glasses so thick that his eyes warped embarrassingly behind them. His skin often broke out in acne, making him less appealing than the others, and he shared their collective geeky interests in gaming, old movies, and obscure science fiction books.

"Are you joining us, Quentin?" Ramesh said.

"Oh, sorry," the young man said, "I was just thinking about that news report. Weird stuff, right?"

"You're thinking about *that* when Galaxy Knights is almost done booting up!?" Venom exclaimed, looking at him as if he were an alien horror from one of Bob's movies.

"Of course, it's just . . . how weird is that Clownfish Gene, right? Like, it's just like something off our bookshelf. A man getting suddenly trapped as a woman, or the reverse! All because they were in a room that was all the same gender."

Vernon chuckled. "Are you saying you're afraid one of us might become . . . a sexy woman?"

Quentin laughed, feeling awkward. "Okay, yeah, that would be weird. And a little scary."

"Could be most attractive though," Ramesh cut in, "after all, one of us would become the sexual dream of the other three put together. And they would feel attracted back. Vernon, would you be willing to make the sacrifice?"

"Fuck you, man!" Vernon said, throwing a popcorn, but it was all in jest. "Make Bob a hot girl. At least he would lose some weight."

"Uncalled for, Vernon. No, it should be Ramesh. Indian hottie in a sari."

"I'm Pakistani!"

"Okay, yeah, my bad."

Quentin facepalmed. He had just thought the news warranted attention, and now his friends were seriously considering what it would be like to change. "You guys are weird," he said, "I'm sorry I even brought it up. You're all in a race to try and turn someone into a girl."

"Yeah, a hot one!" Vernon said. "I'd fuck Ramesh if she was a hottie."

"I've got a new word for that," Bob declared, flourishing his hands dramatically: "gynthrosexual!"

The rest raised their eyebrows, waiting for an explanation.

"It means people who are attracted to someone who has shifted gender. C'mon, don't act like Jack Watts isn't the hottest thing ever now that he's a she."

He dismissed the webpage he was on, revealing his desktop screener. On it was a photo of an incredibly beautiful woman in a tight red bikini, her sizable breasts showing a nice amount of cleavage, and her nipples almost poking holes in the fabric. Her hair was a stunning platinum blonde, and her skin a gorgeous light tan, eyes a crystal blue.

Everyone knew the story of Jack Watts, now Jenny Watts; he'd been hit by his Clownfish Gene in one of the worst places; at the beach, surrounded by a bunch of alpha male jocks. As such, she'd been turned into a blonde bombshell with dick-sucking lips and a compulsion to wear bikinis and swimwear in her everyday life. Anything else just "didn't feel right" as she put it in an interview, much to her frustration. Her brain had hard-wired her to become a hot beachbabe, and she was forced to make her money now as a highly successful bikini model.

"Yeah, but Jenny Watts is cheating," Vernon said, "most others end up embarrassing. Like that brown teen who became a suburban middle-age white chick. Or that one dude in Japan got turned into a girl who needed classes."

"A *hot* Japanese chick with glasses," Bob countered. "And the girls become hot dudes as well. Only a few get *really* unlucky."

"I hope if someone here turns, it isn't me," Ramesh laughed, "or else I will not be able to lift my body because of my huge boobies. I've seen your porn file, Vernon."

"Uncalled for, loser. I'm going to crush you at Galaxy Knights."

"Well," Quentin said, as the game finished booting up on all their computers, "now that we've settled what a bunch of absolute sex-desperate creeps you all are, let's start what actually matters; me beating all of you at this game."

The challenge was met with boos and more hurled popcorn, mainly from Bob. Each of them started up the game, entering character selection. Their computers were arranged around the room, so that each gaming rig occupied a separate wall, and they all faced away from one another. They each gasped at the huge array of options, unbelieving the sheer amount of face model variety and colour schemes, let alone clothing. It was the ultimate in character customisation. Quentin quickly set to work making a powerful, muscle-bound hero, the exact opposite of his figure in real-life. He reached for his inhaler, taking a couple of puffs, since the excitement was setting off his annoying asthma. He even cleaned his foggy glasses in preparation for the high-definition action to come. But even as his keenness rose, he felt a strange tugging in his gut. A twisting sensation that was subtle, but ever present. He downed some mountain dew, and ignored it. Nothing was going to stop him from enjoying this game.

"So, Quentin," Vernon said, "since you had that news on, what would your perfect girl be? You know, just in case Bob here loses a thousand pounds and becomes even more of a pussy."

"Fuck you Venon," Bob said.

"Come on, Vern," Quentin said, rubbing his tense stomach as the sensation continued, "it was one news piece. I'm trying to enjoy this game now."

"That's exactly why I'm asking. I've decided *my* character is going to be the hottest babe. If I have to watch a character run around on screen all the time, I want them to have the looks I like. But I thought I'd throw it out to the group."

"Yeah, well I'm going to own you with my epic Level 20 night by the end of the week, so I don't care what your avatar looks like, because she'll be toast." Quentin smirked to himself, continuing to build his amazing knight, giving him an incredible beard. But even as he did so, there was a strange bubbling in his core that was beginning to expand up through his ribcage and out to his limbs. It was like his body was shivering on the inside.

"Fine," Vernon continued, unaware, "what do you think Ramesh, how should she look?"

Ramesh considered a moment. "Hmm, I think she should be nice and tall."

Quentin slipped at his mouse as his spine seemed to stretch. His back cracked, and his legs seemed to be pulled out from their sockets by some invisible force, stretching like taffy.

"Mhm, and Amazon," Bob joined in, "I like it. And her skin should be really smooth, and she should be a brunette! No, wait, purple hair!"

Quentin was still trying to figure out what had just happened to his body when his skin began tingling all over. He could feel a strange change upon him, and went to tell his friends, but could barely speak as his limbs became briefly numb on the outside. He felt his face, and was shocked that his neckbeard was evaporating, and the hairs on his arms were disappearing as well. His scalp itched, and it felt as if the wind ran through his hair briefly.

"Ohhhhh," he groaned quietly, but the others could not hear him through the music of the game, and their shouts were now cutting over the top of him. He clutched his abdomen, feeling strange changes race through it, a twisting and tugging that accompanied an entirely new, much more feminine organ beginning to form.

"Yeah, purple hair is so sexy," Vernon said, "she should have it like Faye Valentine from Cowboy Bebop. That hairstyle is so hot. I'm putting that in now."

Fingers pulled at Quentin's hair, at least that's what it felt like, as his hair felt down in a sexy part, down past his chin at the front and running shorter as it proceeded to behind his ears. It was purple; a vibrant, dark purple.

"The fuck?" He gasped. "Oh shit!"

"She should have a killer bod!" Bob exclaimed. "Make sure she has a total hourglass figure, Vern. You know, with those nice wide hips and itty bitty waist."

"Hell yeah, that's hot as. I'm adjusting her now. Should she have a huge ass?"

Quentin's eyes went wide in horror. It was like his waist was being compressed, even as his hips were pulled apart. His bones cracked audibly as they expanded outwards, and his thighs swelled to womanly proportions even as his legs slimmed. It was like a hundred hands were all over his body, moulding it, but he knew what it was.

"Shit. Shit. Shit. I've got the Clownfish Gene! It's happening to me!"

But his voice was dissipating, too quiet to be heard as the changes continued. He wanted to silence the boys, but as his figure smoothed over, becoming gorgeously hourglass in shape, he knew deep down it would make no difference; his changes would proceed anyway. All Vernon had done was accidentally create the perfect conditions for each of his friends to draw their minds towards creating a singular woman, one in their own horny imaginations' image.

And Quentin was going to be her. It was enough to make him reach for the inhaler, even as his fingers became slim, and rise from the chair to warn them.

"Yes, and she has got to have a nice pair of boobies!" Ramesh said.

There was a sudden pressure on Quentin's chest, and to his horror it began to expand. He could literally *feel* the fat and tissue deposits forming underneath the skin, and his shirt became increasingly stretched as they grew. He salivated, feeling an unwanted pleasure even as his nipples expanded, sensitive areola forming, the nipples themselves hardening as the fabric of the shirt rubbed against them. They pushed against the fabric, raised like thimbles. In mere moments, his chest had grown a generous pair of B-cups, pushing the shirt slightly upwards. It was a rush of feeling so unexpected he slid back down in his seat.

"Boobs. Those are b-boobs," he managed. His voice was already breaking. Becoming higher. Feminine.

"Yeah, love a good pair of tits," Vernon continued. "What's the best size for our ideal girl? Let's be honest fellas."

"D-cups!" Ramesh said.

Quentin arched his back as they swelled. "F-fffuck!" Like a pair of souffles, they rose, pulling his shirt further up and revealing a taut, perfect stomach.

"Nah, make them Double-D's!" Bob cut in!"

Again they rose, and Quentin shuddered in pleasure. His nipples were so damn sensitive - his friends must have wanted their ideal mate to be absolute putty in their hands. He had never before cursed the nature of sex-hungry nerds, but he did now.

"Wow, Double-D's weren't as big as I thought they would be, look."

Quentin gasped. They looked and felt plenty big to him! He cupped them, feeling their weight and size, trying in vain to holding them in from expanding.

"Yeah, huh, that's not as big as I thought. Anime lied to me."

"Let's skip straight to H-cups, shall we? Oh hell, Double-H cups."

Quentin turned, highly alarmed. Other changes were already occurring; he was trying to ignore the way his ass was reforming and expanding, how his feet were becoming dainty and slender, and his face bubbling and shifting, but there was no way he was going to be stuck permanently with a pair of tits that large!

But it was too late. All of the other men in the room were now sharing the character creation screen and adding their touches to Vernon's digital wet dream, unaware that she was becoming a reality just behind them. For just a short moment, Quentin felt a faint bubbling in his rib cage, and then the pressure returned, far greater before, as his breasts blew up in size in mere moments. They overwhelmed his palms, increasing in weight and size and sheer bounciness, lifting his shirt up so high that practically became a sexy midriff-baring crop top, capable only of barely containing a wobbling pair of melons the size of *actual melons*. Quentin's back strained at the weight of them, and even pulled tight against the fabric, they wobbled and bounced heavily with each movement, each the size of his own head.

But he would not be a *he* for long.

"Shaved pussy," Bob mentioned.

"I don't think body hair is really an option on this thing, but okay! What should she wear? And what about her face?"

No! Not my face! Quentin rose on shaking legs, finally pushing aside her chair, and leaning her weight against it. To her embarrassment, her enormous bosom pressed against the back of the chair as she leaned against it, and she moaned in an increasingly feminine voice.

"Big plump DSLs!"

"What does that mean?"

"Dick. Sucking. Lips," Bob responded enthusiastically.

Quentin bit hers as they swelled, becoming an almost permanent pout.

"She should be like a sexy nerd," Ramesh added, "you know, really demure eyes, cute nose, thick eyebrows. High cheekbones. And glasses. I like a sexy girl who wears glasses all the time."

"Done, and done! Some purple makeup to match her hair, and some sexy crop tops and short shorts, and she's all ready."

"Ooh, and age her up. Chicks in their mid-twenties are fucking prime age hotness!"

Quentin's sight blurred, and he removed his glasses, entering a world of blurriness that was not quite as bad as before. Clearly, his eyes were better, but he still needed *some* form of eyewear. He cringed as the bones of his face seemed to crack and reshape themselves, giving him the cute oval face look, with prominent cheekbones. Borderline Slavic. The rest of his body was finishing its changes; he could feel the last of the redistribution of fat and the final swelling of his thighs.

"She looks very beautiful," Ramesh said.

"That she does," Vernon said. "If only there was a girl like that here, who was super into nerdy guys and loved looking like this."

Quentin moaned as the mental changes began to sweep over her. Her brain tingled, new synapses forming, new attractions and desires stimulating her pleasure centres. The boys in front of her were already beginning to look different.

"N-nooooo . . . p-p-please!"

A warmth settled in his stomach, and he knew it was his new uterus. But there was one last major change, and halfway across the room he halted.

But it was too late. He grabbed at his manhood, even as it began to withdraw into his body. It was as if it was being literally tugged back inside of him, but even as it shrank back into him, its composition changed, becoming even more sensitive, withdrawing and inverting to become the walls of his new vagina, the final shrinking of his head becoming his new clit.

"Aaaahhh - ooooooh!"

Pleasure rushed through her body, and she could help but feel at her new parts, her other hand moving up to clutch her left breast. It overflowed her palm, large enough for two male hands, let alone one dainty woman's.

"MMmhhhmh!"

"So hot!"

"Yeah!"

"If only she was here!"

"OH GOD!"

The other three finally noticed, and as one turned to the incredibly female presence in the room. Their eyes went wide, unbelieving at what they were seeing, and Quentin unbelieving what she had become.

The woman in front of them was perhaps the sexiest image they had ever seen, far greater than anything on the screen now behind them; this woman was real. She had a figure that just wouldn't quit; wide hips, thick thighs, an impressively thin waist that hourglassed back up to a petite frame that was just *dominated* by two head-sized tits. The fabric of her shirt could barely contain them, and the overstretched fabric contained a line of deep cleavage at the neck hole, the shadows of her rising breasts indicating their sheer size. Her stomach was bare, taut and smooth, and her skin was pale yet beautiful. Purple hair, unnaturally natural, was done in a style from several of their animes; chin length at the front, with two cute points that swished with every movement. Her eyes were a yellow-gold, and her lips were full, almost pouty. They looked like the kind of lips that belonged around a hard cock, eagerly sucking it off. Just as they had wondered aloud together, influencing her Clownfish Gene to respond, she was in her mid-twenties, perhaps around twenty five. Clearly, Bob liked the idea of a slightly older woman coming onto him. She stood there awkwardly, hands riding to stop her breasts from wobbling, completely unaware how deeply hot she appeared.

There was no doubt

“What the hell!?” Vernon cried, “h-how are you real?”

“Oh my God, we created a woman,” Bob said, “it’s just like *Weird Science!*”

But Ramesh figured it out first. “That’s no robot lady. That’s Quentin!”

Quentin looked to them, overwhelmed by her new form, particularly her top-heaviness that altered her entire centre of gravity. She had grown taller too, and looked slightly down upon each of them. Despite her horror, she couldn’t help but find each of the boys deeply cute. It was as if she wanted to grab each of them and pull them tight against her big tittes and make them hers.

“Boys,” she purred, her voice sensual, “it’s me, Quentin. I’ve got the Clownfish Gene. And you made me . . . you made me *this*.”

She gestured to her incredible, borderline *impossible* form. Two enormous, head-sized globes were straining against her accidental crop top, heaving her perfect milky-white midriff bare. Her shirts were tight against her hips, emphasising their lovely shape, and her ass filled out their back wonderfully. Her thighs were thick and beautiful, leading down to slender smooth legs. And between them, she could already feel her new lady parts beginning to lubricate themselves, readying for what the men around her wanted. For what her new body wanted, too.

“Holy shit, Quentin, you’re a chick. And you’ve got huge tits!”

Quentin crossed her arms under her boobs, her expression hard and frustrated. “You idiots! You turned me into your damn dream woman! Couldn’t I have at least turned into mine? Damn, I didn’t want tits this big. And I wanted long red hair, at least I could have been my own dream woman instead of this anime parody!”

She sagged her shoulders and let out a sigh, unused to the weight on her back and shoulders. She grabbed her large breasts, letting them bounce, and she could see that each of the three boys were becoming increasingly erect in their shorts just from that motion.

“I’ve got tits,” she muttered, “big ones. Guys, you heard the news, didn’t you? I’m stuck like this! I’ve turned into your dream woman and I’m stuck like this!”

Her nipples were hard, poking against the fabric. The three other men approached her, and it was the worst possible thing, because it made the new woman appreciate how delightfully nerdy each appeared.

“Are you okay, Quentin, is there anything we can do?”

She moved to place a hand on Ramesh’s shoulder to thank him silently, but at the last second she caressed his face instead. “It’s . . . wow, sorry. It’s okay, Ramesh. This is really weird.”

"I'll say it is," Bob interrupted, "look at you! You've got the Clownfish Gene! And after all we just argued about. We turned you into this!"

She eyed him with annoyance. "Yes, you did! I've got this enormous boobs and this stupid purple hair and these wide hips and a fucking pussy because of you guys. Holy shit this is too weird. What is my Mom gonna say, you guys?"

The three crowded around her, trying to reassure her, but by pure accident, Ramesh brushed her breast with his side, and the feeling was incredibly erotic. She let out a soft moan.

"Ooohhh, that felt good. Do it again."

Ramesh was nervous, and she nodded at him to grasp her breast. Quentin knew it was the gene making her need the men around her, but it was hard to care when her new big tits were so damn sensitive. The kind man wanted to please her, and so he placed his hand over her nipple. She grabbed the palm of his hand and began to rotate it over her heavy breast, savouring the electric shocks of pleasure.

"Mmhhmm . . . shit, I need it. This stupid gene. Bob, get in here."

Bob didn't need the same encouragement as Ramesh. He was in there instantly, and didn't need her to take his hand either. Quentin closed her eyes, crying out in female ecstasy at having her sensitive tits fondled. Vernon was off to the side, looking awkward. That big nose of his suddenly looked very attractive. It made him . . . noble. Roman.

"Vernon, come here. I want you to test out these new lips of mine."

She reached for him, even as she encouraged the boys below by pulling up her shirt. Her immense boobs wobbled free, jiggling under gravity's effects, and soon they were sucking at her large nipples and playing with her fat titties. She kissed Vernon deeply, accepting his tongue - of course Vernon would go aggressive - and playing with it in turn. The heat between her thighs rose, and she needed more stimulation, more joy. She fell backwards, pulling the two boys with her, both unwilling to detach from her magnificent melons. It was Vernon, however, that she wanted first.

"You made me this way," she whispered, enjoying the erotic sound of her own sweet and sultry voice. "So you should enjoy the fruits of your labor first."

"Damn Quentin, you became fucking hot."

"And we're both still virgins. Why don't you fuck us both so we can end that."

He was all too eager to oblige. She gasped as her breasts were continually played with, even as the cute, scrawny nerd thrust his cock into her. She was so damn wet, and her libido so hyperactive, that she almost couldn't wait for the others to enjoy her body next. It didn't take long for her to orgasm, Vernon sliding his fat member in and out of her tight vagina. He came, gasping, and she with him, and she pulled him close to kiss deeply as she shuddered, the mouths and hands on her fat tits making it all the better.

And then she collapsed in post-coital bliss for several minutes.

“Ohhh . . . so weird, but soooooo good. I needed that. I needed you Vernon. Did you enjoy it?”

Vernon was borderline catatonic. He slowly twisted his head to look at her. “Enjoy it? Quentin, no offence, but you make so much better a girl than a guy. That was the best fucking experience of my life.”

Bob and Ramesh sat on either side of her as they all came down from the experience. She sat among them, perfect breasts still on display, forming a deep line of natural cleavage and jostling with each movement. It was a pristine sight, and she could tell how good she looked. It embarrassed her and gave her pride at the same time. However strangely it had happened, she was no longer a virgin. She had no doubt she would panic again later, that tomorrow she would have no idea what to do about bras, dresses, hair care, women’s hygiene, how to walk and dress and stop her gigantic boobs wobbling everywhere. But that was a worry for tomorrow. What she noticed now, was that Bob and Ramesh were staring intently at her chest and struggling to even meet her eye. What she noticed, was that their pants were still straining with erections that had not been fully satisfied. What she noticed, was that she was becoming damp again.

“Hey Ramesh,” she said, going onto all fours, “why don’t you put that thing to use and take me from behind?”

“Me?”

“Mhm.”

Ramesh beamed, and for just a moment, Bob looked despondent, until she looked him in the eyes. “And Bob, while Ramesh is busy back there, why don’t you come over in front of me, and we can find out just how ‘dick sucking’ these lips really are?”

Bob lost his pants so fast it took an hour afterwards to find them behind Vernon’s monitor.

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It was a month later, and things had changed a lot for the former male. Quinn was now officially Quinn, and she was no longer enrolled at college or rooming with her friends, especially since the owners of the building had a ‘no co-ed’ policy. Instead, her Mom had pulled her out of school as quickly as she could, and set about homeschooling her, horrified at the prospect that her new daughter’s body would get her into trouble.

For Quinn, it wasn’t the best time. Her mother had quickly set about doing everything she could to try and prepare her new daughter for the trials and tribulations of

womanhood. She was absolutely pissed that her boy-turned-girl had unprotected sex on the very night of turning female.

“You’re just lucky you didn’t get pregnant, missy!” was the common refrain. Any argument about how much the Clownfish Gene inspires some pretty strong lust fell on deaf ears, and it was an awkward topic with her mother anyway.

And so it was that Quinn was taught the art of putting on a good bra - of which her cup size was *very* considerable and *very* expensive. She was taught how to deal with menstruation, how to do makeup and a woman’s hair. She hated the first, but found the latter two oddly peaceful; she felt that gene’s compulsion to remain the perfect attraction for her buddies, even when they were nowhere near her location.

She became a little more used to wearing tank tops and crop tops, much to her mother’s consternation that she was already ‘showing off’. Again, any arguments about the gene’s effect on her needs did little to assuage her mother, who was obsessed with policing her daughter’s outrageously curvy body. It only made the busty nerd more frustrated, as her desire to be with her friends was more than just lust; she genuinely missed her gaming sessions with them; when she wasn’t under her mother’s thumb, she was still gaming with her headset, chatting to them each day as she absolutely pwned them online. Turns out, Vernon had saved her character for Galaxy Knights, and she was at level 12 already. Though it was deeply frustrating how many other men online crept on her character, or said all sorts of creepy things when they heard her sexy voice. Still, she at least made money now with her body: turns out lots of people were willing to pay to subscribe to a sexy gaming streamer wearing tight crop tops that showed off her massive chest pillows. She’d already ordered a cute tank top that showed plenty of cleavage would absolutely drive up subscribers, though she had started to suspect that three regular commentators had suspiciously similar comment-styles to Bob, Vernon, and Ramesh.

She decided to share her plans with her friends after some thought - they’d be able to help her choose what was the sexiest outfit to help rake in that money - but she wanted to tell them the plan in person. Her mother didn’t know, but she had been successfully sneaking out for many nights in a row, and catching a ride in Bob’s car so she could catch back up with what she was increasingly calling ‘her boys’, just as she was increasingly ‘their girl.’ She grinned at the thought, her vagina already becoming a little slick as she anticipated seeing them again. As much as her mother tried to govern her behaviour, she’d never seek in breaking them apart, especially since Quinn was a lot closer now to her friends than she had ever been.

After all, she *really* liked nerds. Cute, dorky, silly, awkward, sexy little nerds. And her boys were the best of the bunch. And best of all, they were willing to share her with each other, and she loved that she was theirs. Their tough, big-titted girlfriend, in a relationship with all three of them.

As she snuck out, she caught her mother in the living room, watching a broadcast about the Clownfish Gene. There was still no idea about a cure. Quinn could only smile. She hoped there never would be one.

And then she was off, excited to her nerds again. She couldn't wait to fuck them. First in the latest first person shooter. Then in the flesh.

The End