

The Feminine Vaccination

Grace Mansfield

PART ONE

I told Bob not to get a shot. Heck, why would anyone in their right mind let the government put anything into their body?

But Bob was pretty rigid. He'd been in the military, and then he'd been a cop, and now he owned a construction company, and he believed in the Democrats through and through. So when President Harris said a loyal American wouldn't hesitate to get a shot, a vaccination for the COVID virus, he was first in line.

"Come on, Barb," he asked me. "Be patriotic."

"Don't needle me," I responded, which I don't think Mr. Straight Arrow really understood

So he drove off in his truck, and came back a couple of hours later, proud as a peacock as he showed me the little bandage on his butt.

"Great," I said. "Now you can grow a third eye in the middle of your forehead."

He snorted and went into the kitchen for a beer. And neither of us suspected how close I was to the truth.

Two weeks later, not even a month, and I woke up. I stretched. I cupped my pud with my hand and squeezed. Oh! I needed some. I felt that delicious tingle running through me, warming my groin, shooting tiny, little lightnings to my breasts.

I rolled over and poked Bob with a finger.

"Hey, big dick. Get to work."

"Uh...what?"

"I need you to fill my pussy with man meat. You got any of that?"

"What time is it?" He grouched. He had been working late. Poor boy.

"Time to satisfy your wife."

"Go back to sleep! It's the middle of the night!"

It was past eight. The sun was big and bright and shining in the window.

I climbed on top of him and rubbed him with my tits.

Now, I have to tell you, I have some gorgeous ta tas. They are big, double Ds, with large nipples that, when they get horny and stand up, are very insistent.

They were very insistent now, and I dragged those nips all over his body.

Well, there was no way Bobby boy was going to resist those puppies.

Suddenly he turned over, threw me over, and, I gotta admit I was moist, slid that big dong of his up my sex alley. He took my breath away, banged his big balls against my ass, and then I was holding on for dear life.

Bob has got lots of muscles, and he knows how to use them. He slammed down on me, pummeled me, and I was already feeling the heat.

Yet, I have to admit it, he wasn't quite as hard as he usually was. Yes, definitely hard, but it was like I could feel a bit of a bend and squoosh to his penis.

Him slamming into me like a maniac on drugs, it barely registered.

And it wasn't long until I felt the toes curling, the back arching, the spasms deep in my pussy. I groaned, half a scream, really, and I showed the whites of my eyes.

He didn't let up, he rammed and jammed and slammed all the way through my orgasm. I felt like I was being turned inside out, and then it was over.

And he wasn't done.

Now sex, after you've cum is interesting. For a man, the head gets sensitive, and even painful. If the guy is a real guy guy, he muscles through it, and he can cum again. Not many guys can do that. I've only had a couple during my career as a dick pleaser.

A gal, however, is different. She doesn't feel the irritation, she just thinks of baseball for a minute, and then...it's ba-a-ack!

So I thought of baseball, the count is two and two, the wind up, the...and that was when I really noticed that he wasn't quite as hard. Just a little bendy, but I started to work it, to tilt and thrust and...he flopped out.

"Hey!" I yelled. "Put that back in!"

He tried, but it didn't go. It was actually soft. I mean, one second he's like the rock of Gibraltar, then he was a little squooshy, and then he's the stay puft marshmallow man.

"I'm sorry, babe," and I could see the frustration. He was fucking, and suddenly gets a flat right in the middle of the race. But I sure would have liked another cum.

He pushed off me, sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at Mr. Happy.

"Fuck," he muttered.

"Aw, come on, big guy. It happens to the best of them."

"Yeah, but it never happened to me."

And that was true. When it came to hard dicks, Bob was Old Faithful. I'm not going to say that was the only reason I married him, but it sure helped.

"Well, come on. We'll try later. Heck, you'll be twice as horny later, and I'll suck on your schlong until it's long. I'll bit on your weenie till it's not teeny. I'll—"

"Okay," he laughed. "I get the idea."

That's the thing about Bob. Not only is he a brown-eyed, handsome hunk, he is the easiest guy in the world to get along with.

So we took a shower, prepared for work, and went our separate ways.

I work for the Republican office in town. I'm not big on politics, but they needed a secretary, and, funny thing, political types don't really know how to do things. But that's all politicians. They talk a lot, but when it comes time to put the rubber to the road, they are, pardon the expression, limp dicks.

So I reported for work, all made up and looking good, and organized polls, worked with community organizers, and did the things that a secretary isn't supposed to do, but, like I said, politicians aren't very good at actually working.

Bob, on the other hand, went on inspections. He had two high rises rising, and though he didn't really have to do the down and dirty, he was the kind of guy who liked to be hands on, especially when it came to protecting his investments.

And that night he was home when I came home. Unusual. And packing. Uh oh.

"Got to go to the capital, babe. Got to lobby to handle some of these stupid government regulations, and some of the other contractors will be there..."

"What? But I thought we were going to handle that monstrous vaginal destroyer hanging between your legs!"

He kissed me then, a soul scorcher of a kiss, and he played with my nipples and handled my pussy. Roughly. I like a little rough sometimes.

Then, when I was out of breath and my hips were starting to thrust, he dropped me on the bed, laughed, and picked up his suit case.

"Oh! You son of a—"

I ran after him. Caught him at the door. He kissed me again. Double soul scorcher. Fuck, I thought steam was going to come out of my cunt.

"Babe, I'll do you double when I come back. Remember, I didn't squirt this morning, so I've got a full load to deliver.

"And you better!" I hugged him, then walked him out to the truck.

He was supposed to be gone two days, but it was more than a week. A week of trying not to diddle myself, of looking at my vibrators longingly. Of playing with myself in the shower and then holding back at the last minute.

Oh, I was hot and horny, and I couldn't wait for Bob to get home.

But, when he walked in the door, I knew something was wrong. His normally smiling face was sober, thin with worry.

"Honey? What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing."

Yeah, right. And the Mona Lisa wears sunglasses.

I tried to take him into the bedroom, but he resisted. Said he was hungry. So I fixed a quick dinner and we sat at the table and munched, and I asked, "How'd it go?"

"Oh, you know government. They have reasons, all the great and good reasons, for raising taxes and regulating, and they don't listen to a thing you say."

"So it was a bust?"

And he sat there and started to say something. Then he stopped. Then he opened his mouth. Then he closed it.

"What?"

And he actually began to cry! Tears came out of his eyes and slid down his cheeks.

Now I was alarmed. I had never seen Bob cry. He was an embodiment of the old saying, 'women cry so they don't swear, and men swear so they don't cry.' And here he was, his shoulders silently shaking, and tears pouring down his cheeks.

I went to him, and he actually pushed me away.

I understood. Manly man, don't show any weakness, but I was his wife!

"Bob!" I grabbed his thick shoulder and tugged him around towards me.

And he collapsed into my arms, and he kept crying. And after a few minutes of soothing him, and asking him what was wrong, he stood up and pulled his pants down.

"This!"

His dick was the size of a Vienna Sausage. It was small. When I finally managed to measure it, a couple of days later, it was 1 and 7/8ths inches long. And I realized that it had shrunk even more since the first time I saw it.

I almost screamed. This was weird. This was like one of those old 1950 monster movies come to life.

But I managed not to, and I pulled him to the bedroom and made him take off all his clothes. In the bright light I examined his whole body.

He was still muscular, but I could see a certain flabbiness to his shape. He was always working out, so I knew this was a change. His pectorals, in particular, were little flabby mounds. And his nipples looked red and raw, like he had been scratching them, though, when I asked him, he hadn't.

"I don't know what's wrong. I didn't notice it for two days. I was working, rushing, and I never had the time to...I didn't...but then I saw it. And I didn't say anything because I was scared."

"Well, you're saying something now. You're going to the doctor tomorrow first thing."

"No!"

"Listen, bozo! This is a major medical mess up. I'm tempted to call an ambulance right now. So don't give me any shit!"

Then he just sort of caved in on himself. His shoulders hunched and he continued sobbing, so I just held him. I pressed his head against my breasts and tried to calm him down.

And, the weird thing, as I stroked his head and murmured soft reassurances, it felt like his hair was longer. Thicker. Weird.

"Well, Mr. Haskell, I don't have any answers for you."

I had known Doc Beacons for a long time. He was a staunch Republican, even donated, and I had called him a couple of times to thank him. He was an old fart with a heart of gold. But, for some reason, I felt like he wasn't telling us the whole truth.

"But penises don't just shrink like that!"

"No, they don't. I'm going to have to call some colleagues, get some specialists involved."

"I don't want a bunch of people looking at my...looking at my...at me." He was starting to sniffle a bit. Time to get him out of here.

But the more I watched the good doc, the more I felt he was hiding something.

"Doc, what aren't you telling us?"

"I'm telling you everything I know. I just don't know anything."

Well, that didn't ring true. First off, his face had gone bland, and I could tell he was making sure he didn't blink. Blinks are a tell for when somebody is lying, or at least withholding something. Second, I just had this gut feeling. And I always trust my gut.

So we walked out the exam room, leaving the doc scribbling on a pad. And I told Bob, "Wait for me in the waiting room, I'll be right back."

Bob had his own problems, and he didn't object, just walked down the hallway towards the front room.

I darted back into the exam room. "Doc. You aren't telling me something. Now...give!"

He stared at me for the longest time, then he sighed, and he said, "I don't know, but you'll be better able to find out than I." And then he got irritated. I knew he had said something he wasn't supposed to, but what did it mean?

At home we ate. I fixed Bob a drink and we sat out on the patio, and things got glum.

I was okay. I mean that. Bob was my man. And, sure, sex is important, but human beings are more important. And nobody was more important to me than Bob.

But he was crushed. It was the loss of his manhood, as effectively as if it had been guillotined right off his pelvis.

"No kids," he muttered at one point.

"There are ways," I countered.

A little later, "I can't please you."

"I don't need to be pleased, I need you."

And so on, through the afternoon.

Then we watched a little stupid TV, and didn't see a thing, and went to bed.

I wanted to cuddle, but he turned away. So I grabbed him and made him cuddle. And he cried again during the night.

Later, him cried out and sleeping a restless sleep, I had time to think about what the Doc had said. *You'll be better able to find out than I.*

What the heck did that mean?

And, I figured it out.

The only thing we had in common was the Republican party. I worked there, he donated.

He was a passerby, I was in the box. I would be better able to find out. So there was something going on at work that...had something to do with Bob's shrinking dick?

WTF could the Republican party have to do with shrinking manhood?

In fact, that was a long standing joke: that the democrats were women and short-dicked men, and the Republicans owned guns because they had big dicks.

I can't tell you how many times I had heard, at drunken parties or just passing by conversations at the water cooler, men explaining that Democrat women were such bitches because their mini-dick men couldn't satisfy them.

Yeah. Joke. But Bob was a Democrat. He supported Harris when Biden was declared incompetent. And a criminal. And unfit for public office.

In fact that was the only burr under the saddle of our marriage. He was a Democrat and I was a Republican. But I wasn't that much in love with my party that...that what? My thoughts had been wandering, and had become lost, and I refocused on my realization. What did the Republicans know that would result in my husband's tiny peeny?

Bob didn't go to work for the next week. Tell the truth, I thought it would have helped him. Get out there and do some work, get his mind off his problems. But he just moped around the house, and I would keep catching him in the bathroom, looking at his dick, holding it between his thumb and forefinger, a look of complete and utter despair on his face.

And, a week later, I had to admit something else. Bob was getting shorter. I didn't say anything, but I measured him by eyeball, estimating size when he was in a doorway, or the way his pants hung on him. Definitely shrinkage, and not just of his dick. He had started out at six feet, but the way his pants brushed on the floor, he had lost a couple of inches.

And his hair was longer. It was growing at a tremendous rate. I noticed, but I don't think he noticed. About the only thing Bob noticed was the shrinkage of his dick.

Then, one night, getting ready for bed, Bob came out of the bathroom. He was nude. Had taken a shower, toweled himself off, and glanced in the mirror.

Not just at his dick, but his whole body.

"I'm getting...I'm changing."

Truth, he had been hiding his body. Wearing robes around the house, and in bed, though I felt a certain softness to him, it didn't register. But to see him fully naked, with a penis about an inch long, and his body rounder...rounder...round—he had breasts!

Yes they looked like fatty mounds, but I had gone through puberty, and I knew what female breasts looked like when they were budding and developing.

Last week he had been budding. This week he was developing.

"Bob," I breathed. "You...you're..." then I said nothing. Yes, he was growing his own set of tits, but I didn't want to say anything. I needed to measure him.

I got out a tape measure and began holding it against his body, and jotting down statistics in a small notebook.

He had lost three inches in height. I knew that. I hadn't said anything, and I had played denial in my head, but he was now only three inches taller than me.

His hips were bigger. He had been 36 inches. A narrow waisted man. Now he was 38 inches. But I had the feeling that while his hips were expanding, his body was shrinking, and they would go down. But they would be round...I think that was the first inkling...like a woman's.

And his abs, normally like a six pack made out of rocks, was softer, and his waist was narrower.

And his chest was narrower, and...growing outward.

Tits. On my husband. I almost fainted.

But, and here is where I have to be brutally honest...there was a bit of me that suddenly...got warm. Moist between the legs.

I know, I have read stories of women who had husbands who transitioned, and who fell out of love, were even repulsed.

But Bob was not transitioning...he was being transitioned, and, truth, he was my man. I loved him. Nothing was going to change that. And, seeing his growing breasts, I felt that love grow even stronger.

"Back to the doctor," I said.

So we went back, got a big fat nothing from the now openly secretive Doctor, and that was where I saw the article. It was in a newspaper left folded open on an end table. I only saw the headline, but it shocked me. But I didn't want to read it in front of Bob. I didn't want him thinking about this. I didn't want him panicking. So took note of what paper it was, and what issue, and we had our exam and went home.

I fixed Bob a drink, we were both doing a lot of drinking these days, and went to the computer.

The National Inquirer.

I scrolled through the online pages, and found the article.

Men Turning Into Women!

Sources have revealed that the United States Government is covering up a drastic side effect of the COVID Vaccination. More and more men are reporting to their doctors that they are developing feminine characteristics. Men are growing hair at an increased rate, losing body mass, even shrinking. To compound the problem, there are reports of shrinking manhood and developing breasts. The White House has refused to take questions on the matter, scoffing and ridiculing the questions and those asking them. One source claimed the side effect to the vaccination has an official name. 'Project Shrink Wrap.' sources also say...

The article went on. It talked about doctor's and the CDC and the fact that the government said there was no proof, but...there it was.

Project Shrink Wrap.

Bob was turning into a girl.

If he kept going he would be about my height, and maybe even more slender than I, and he might even have bigger boobs.

What to do? What to do? I paced in circles in my mind.

I walked back out to the kitchen, freshened drinks, and sat down and stared at Bob.

Bob stared back. He was a shell of a man...and the seed of a woman.

What to do.

Divorce was out of the question.

But I had to do something. I had to rescue him from the deep, dark depression he was sinking into. And I had an idea.

"Bob. I just read an article."

He looked at me. His eyes saggy and no interest.

"According to the article, you are having a reaction to the COVID vaccine."

"What?" Something back in his brain sparked. The fact is that as long as he didn't know what was going on, he was victim to it. But when he knew what was going on...then there was hope. Decisions could be made. He could...fight back. "What kind of a reaction?"

"I left the article on the computer. You should read it yourself. It's the National Inquirer, but it describes what you are going through to a T."

He hurried into the computer room and sat down.

I poured more drinks, I wanted him drunk for what I was going to suggest.

Ten minutes later he was back, and his face was stunned, which was light years ahead of depression. "I can't believe it."

I shoved a drink at him. "Let's celebrate."

"What?" That sort of surprised him. "Celebrate losing my manhood? Turning into a...a girl?"

"You don't mind me being a girl."

He drank, a big, healthy slug. "That's different."

"It may be different, but you were never the kind of man to evade the truth."

He said nothing then, and I kept my silence. I needed this to develop naturally. Bob was the kind of guy who, if you pushed, he would dig his feet in."

Finally. "So, I turn into a girl. What then?"

I waited a beat, then slid a nonchalant remark in. "You learn how to be a girl."

I could feel his surprise. The idea was novel. Bob was a manly man. To be a woman? It went against everything in him.

Yet...what was happening was happening.

"I don't think I can do that."

"So you're going to be a girl wearing big man clothes?"

He frowned.

"You know, I'll tell you, you will find it easier to run your companies as a woman."

"What?"

"You bat the eyes and the big, strong men wait on you hand and foot."

Now he really frowned.

"Is that what you do?"

I shrugged. "I have been known to bat an eye or two, or to wink, or even to castigate a slacker's manhood. I tell you, once you have it figured out, the world is your oyster.

"I want to think about it."

"I think you should, but we have something else to discuss."

"What?"

"Sex."

There it was. The elephant in the room. Except for desperate hugging, we had not had sexual contact for weeks. Not since he brought his shrinking penis home.

"Well...I can't!" And this was a bit shrill.

I smiled and patted his hand. "Bob? Have I ever told you about my father?"

Daddy had died many years ago, but I knew I had never told Bob what I was about to tell him.

Bob watched me. His face was pinched and unhappy.

"Daddy lost function about the age of 60. I remember those days well, because he went for being a Santa Claus to a Grinch. It was a few years of him being all grizzly bear growly, and Mama crying.

"Then, one day, he was back to normal. He was cheerful and happy and it was as if nothing bad had ever happened.

Bob tilted his head slightly, as if to ask what had happened, but he still wasn't talking.

So Daddy had Erectile Dysfunction, and then he overcame it.

"What happened?"

"Many years later, after Daddy died, I asked Mama, and she told me one thing. It shocked me, then I understood. I understood how a man can function without a workable dick."

I was being a little harsh here, but I wanted to plant the idea in his mind so it wouldn't fall out.

"What? How?"

"She said, and I quote, 'I shoved a dildo up his ass.'"

Silence.

Bob ashen.

Me waiting, determined.

Barely breathing, he whispered, "You want to...to fuck me?"

"Gays like it up the ass." Again, brutal, but necessary. I had to make him grab a solution. It was the only way we could overcome this terrible tragedy.

"But...but..."

"That's right. The butt. We grease you up, a lot, and we grease the dildo. Then I can insert it, or even wear a strap on. Daddy apparently loved it, and it rescued him. Can you be rescued?"

I don't..." he stopped talking and thought. Deep thought. Life changing thought.

When I thought he had immersed himself in thought long enough, I said, "Chances are, you'll eventually be getting it up the pussy. So consider this practice, transition with a capital F."

"Transition." He picked up his drink and drained it. I poured him another. I poured myself another. If we weren't so intense we would have been drunk. As it was, we were reaching the point where we had to be happy, or else.

"Have you ever...you know?"

"Fucked a guy? Nope. I've fucked the shit out of myself. In fact, that was how I got to like anal. I used a big old dildo and, I'll admit it, it was a LOT of fun."

He sat back, and his eyes got far away. And he said something interesting, "Do you think everybody who took the vaccination is turning into a woman?"

I blinked.

"And what are the women who took the shot turning into?"

"They're already women. They're probably just staying the same."

"One of the things that passed through my mind, when this all started, was that it was my fault, that there was something in me that made this happen."

I shrugged. "Maybe."

"Where do you keep your dildo?"

"Stay here."

I went into the bedroom, grabbed the dildo and a bottle of lube. I returned to the kitchen and plopped it down in front of Bob.

He stared at it.

"Pick it up."

He brought his eyes up to me, then back at the dildo, and he reached out for it. His fingers were almost touching it when—

"BOO!"

He actually jumped, brought his hand back to his chest. And I noted how his breasts gave a slight jiggle.

He laughed. "You bitch!"

"Takes one to know one."

He reached out again, and he picked up the tool.

"Turn the knob on the bottom."

He turned it, and the dildo began to vibrate.

"Jesus!" he muttered, the thing hopping in his palm.

"Turn it off."

He did so.

"Put it in your mouth."

Now his eyes went wide. He stared at me.

"Sometimes I suck it to get it wet enough. I'm usually already a little wet down there, so it doesn't take much."

"You..." he was looking at the dildo. Big and pink. Shallow lines running up the side, smooth at the top.

And he slowly put it in his mouth.

"Suck it."

Watching me, his eyes big and almost scared, he began to suck on the dildo.

"Now, you know what I want to do?"

He took the dildo out. His voice was breathy. "What?"

"I would like to bend you over this table and give you a thrill."

"Bend me..."

"Over the table. Insert dildo, I'll be very gentle, but when you start to feel the thrill I might start plowing you."

He stared at me. I have never seen such wide eyes in my life.

"I love it when you ram that cock of yours into me. It opens me up. You fuck me good enough and I start to stutter and drool. Do you remember?"

He nodded.

"Let me do that for you."

"Now?"

"Stand up."

He stood up, and I realized how intense I was, and how wet I was. I was doing this for him, but I was also doing this for me. I wanted to take his ass.

"Drop your drawers. Excuse me, drop your panties."

He gave a small grunt, and I could tell that big changes were happening in his mind.

I was taking charge. I was going to be the fucker, not the fuckee. He was the virgin and I was about to pop his cherry.

Doubtless, there would be a struggle, a conflict, in him. But...I felt hot and charged up, and I had a realization. This was something that fascinated men. Even when they were hopeless homophobes, there was something about getting fucked in the ass that drew them in.

Men wanted it.

And a man that said he didn't was a liar.

Bob pulled his underwear down, and I saw his little manhood. It was like a two year old's now. Small and pointed. And his balls were like like berries. All red and cute.

He was breathing hard.

I stood up and put my hand on his back. Wordlessly, I pushed him down on the table.

He bent over, put his chest, his small-titted chest, on the wood.

I squirted a big gob of lube into my palm and slapped it on his butt. I was deliberately rough. If he thought I was going to be rough, he would respond better when I was gentle.

"Oh!" he jerked. Then: "That's cold!"

"I'm going to rim you now. It's going to feel good."

I put a finger in his asshole and ran it around gently. I could feel the texture of his anal ring. He gasped and was hardly breathing.

"Relax, and breath. If you fight it it will hurt."

He forced himself to sigh, and his chest squashed on the table top, and I had visions of his little breasts flattening out.

"Okay, now two fingers." I inserted two digits. I wormed them around, spreading the lube. I began to hook the fingers, rubbing the prostate within.

He gasped. "What's that?"

"That's your prostate. It pushes the juice. Prostate health is very important.

"Oh."

Three fingers, and I began to slid them in and out. Slow strokes, slithering against his ass ring.

He groaned. This was good, he wasn't fighting at all.

And, to tell the truth, neither was I. I wasn't getting stimulated at all, yet I felt like my heart was surging, and my groin was heating up. Jeez, this was making me hot.

"Here we go," I muttered, and I placed the tip of the vibrator against his brown button. Again, he gasped.

I slid it slowly, so slowly, into him.

I had prepared him properly, and he opened up and relaxed even more.

"Ohhh!" he exhaled, shocked at how good it felt.

Then I began to move it in and out. In and out. Slowly, lovingly.

Bob pushed back against it.

After a minute I began to lift it up and down as I pushed it in. And, a minute after that, I began to corkscrew it, as if stirring his innards.

Bob was in heaven. His knuckles were white where he gripped the edge of the table. His chest was rising and falling, his buttocks were clenching and relaxing.

He wasn't just getting fucked by a dildo, he was fucking back. He was a natural.

"Okay, lover, are you ready for the rocket ride?"

He nodded his head. He couldn't talk for gulping.

I picked up speed. I began slamming him. His back arched and he wiggled his hips.

And, finally, I was using full force. I was ramming him so hard my hand was making loud slapping sounds against his ass.

Suddenly, he arched his back, lifted off the table, threw his head back, and gave the loudest, most guttural groan I had ever heard. then he began spasming, thrusting his hips against the edge of the table.

Confused, I didn't know what was happening, I slowed down, but I didn't stop, which was good. When I did look down I could see a thin, white stream coming out of his tiny cock. Apparently I had rubbed his prostate so well that he had actually had an orgasm. A real orgasm. Not one of those slam bam thank you ma'am male ones, but a full blown, over the top, tsunami-like female one.

Gently, I extracted the dildo, and I smiled.

PART TWO

The next day Bob awoke with a smile. He had gone to sleep with a smile, he dreamed with a smile, and he rolled over to me and said, "That was un-fucking-believable."

We kissed, and I was struck by how his face was changing. The fat was redistributing, his chin was softer, even his lips were fuller.

Oh, he wasn't getting girly yet, but it was coming, and now that we had had a breakthrough I was getting ready.

"I'm going to get you a bra."

He frowned.

"And I'm going to fuck you while you're wearing it."

He smiled.

I explained: "Tits will sag. You are a robust man, you will be a robust women. Do you want your big, old knockers hanging down to your knees."

He laughed, and even his laugh was changing. It was a little breathy, a little higher pitched.

Oh, I don't think that the men at his work would have noticed, but I did. And I actually had the thought that I didn't have much time. Whatever that damned vaccine was, it was working fast.

"Now, while I go buy girly things in your size, maybe a little smaller because you are shrinking—"

He frowned.

"I'm going to fuck you."

He smiled.

"While I'm doing that, you need to look into legals."

"Huh?"

"In a couple of months you're going to have long hair, big boobs, and...do you think that will translate to your driver's license?"

"Oh."

"And you need to talk to the passport people, find out what you are going to need. And your name..."

"What about my name?"

"Bob isn't sissyish enough."

He frowned.

I laughed. "What am I going to do?"

He grinned sheepishly. "You're going to fuck my ass."

"Speaking of which, I'm going to get some toys. Anything you want me to look for? Maybe a dildo that is three feet long?"

He laughed again. This was getting fun.

"I don't think I need something that big. But I'll tell you something weird, if you promise not to tell anybody."

I looked around. I made a 'shhh!' sound and put a finger to my lips. "I won't tell anybody but Facebook, the local newspaper and Vladimir Putin."

And, again, he laughed. I was starting to love this.

Then he looked around, conspiratorially, and he said, "I've always been curious about butt plugs."

"What!" I yelled. "My hubbie wants a butt plug!" We were in the privacy of our own home, and nobody could hear, but the idea was there. His face turned red and he said, "Hey!"

My turn to laugh. I jumped up and scrunched my ass up and held my hands like a bunny about ready to hop. I crossed my eyes and sang a parody of the old 'buggy ride' song.

Thanks for the pluggy ride,
thanks for the pluggy ride,
I had a wonderful time!

And I grunted and hopped at the end of each line.

Bob went into hysterics. Now that secrets were coming out, and we were digging a little deeper, he was relaxing and acting normal. Better than normal, in fact.

And I had a suspicion.

Did my manly husband harbor secret desires to curl his hair and finger bang his own, little cunt?

It was something to think about, and as I thought about it I began to get horny all over again.

Dildo store, first stop. I needed some new toys. Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, you know. I needed a little vaginal stuffing, or maybe even some butt pluggery. Maybe.

I went to work that day. I had been taking a lot of time off, which didn't matter for two reasons. One, I was valuable, and the Repubs didn't want to have to do their own work. And, two, we were in between elections.

In between elections is a funny time. People work less, they party more, which was fine with me. I tended to stay in the office while they partied their brains out.

So I worked, I said hi to the Senator, he's a horny old asshole, but nice if you can stand getting your ass slapped. And I admit, I'm not one of these girls who gets upset if somebody pinches their bottom. It isn't rape, and it titillates everybody involved, so who cares?

And, before I went home, I went in to talk to the old goat. "Hey, Senator?"

Yes, Barb, you can bear my children."

We laughed. Old joke, and I had slapped him once when he got too friendly, and after that he knew which lines to cross and which not to cross and we got along fine.

"I just wanted to let you know I'm going to be taking a bit of time off. If you need me for something, give me a call, but you know...it's pretty dead around here."

"Vacation or problems?"

"Vacation problems," I obfuscated. He smiled. Being a politician he knew when people were being honest or not.

"Well, no prob. Keep in touch."

"One other thing."

He raised his eyebrows. He had big, bushy eyebrows, old man eyebrows.

"Have you read anything about this 'Project Shrink Wrap' rumor that's going around?"

"Why? Is your dick shrinking." I tried to effect natural laughter. Just because he was a perverted old fool didn't mean he didn't have an eye for a lie.

"Nah. Neighbor's curious is all."

"Well, I haven't heard a thing."

And I knew he was lying. And the phrase ripped through my head. *You'll be better able to find out than I.*

What wasn't the good, old Senator telling me?

Yet, I couldn't grill him. I didn't want anybody looking at me suspiciously. I still had a manly man of a husband who needed some privacy.

"Oh, baby, have I got the works."

"You do?" Bob's voice actually broke. It gave a hint of a squeal. It wasn't much, but he turned bright red.

"Don't worry, hubby of mine, voices change, and yours will likely turn bright and bubbly like a 16 year olds before you're done."

That didn't make him feel good, but it was the right thing to say.

"Now mix us a couple of stiffies, oh, sorry, no offense..."

He growled at me, but everything was working out pretty good here.

"...and get your sexy ass back in here. Yell to me how it went for you today."

I opened sacks and bags and put them on the floor next to the couch while he shouted in to me about visits to the DMV, the passport office, talking to bank managers and lawyers and such.

The good news, there was so much transitioning going on, and I mean before this foul rumor about Project Shrink Wrap, that the legals to transitioning were getting easier and easier.

And there was no bad news. Well, except he told me it irritated him to have to sit down to pee, but...la la la. Life is tough, you know?

He came back into the living room and presented me with a tall, frosty glass. Bourbon and Cock. I know, it's 'coke,' but I always call it Bourbon and Cock. It makes Bob laugh.

"So what do you have?" And his curiosity was suddenly in full view.

"Take off your clothes, little girl." And chortled and leered and rubbed my hands together.

Grinning, he slipped out of his duds and stood.

His dick was maybe a half inch now. It was about the size of a healthy clitoris, and I wondered if that was what it would turn into.

Making myself not stare, I tossed him a flimsy garment.

He stared at the bra, and suddenly the laughter was gone. Here was the card from the bottom of the deck. Here was the truth he had been laughing about, and trying not to let bother him.

I waited.

He looked at me, then he shrugged.

"Okay. Aren't I supposed to put this on backwards or something?"

"Until you get flexible enough to do and undo the clasps by bending your arms behind your back."

We worked on how to put on a bra, and then we adjusted it.

He was looking good. I had guessed the right size, and he filled the small cups perfectly. And his body was getting narrower and they actually looked bigger than they were.

"Wow," he said, coming back from the hall mirror.

"Next..." I tossed him panties.

He pulled them on easily, and I said, "Wait. Come here."

He stood in front of me, and I felt his dick. Small and soft, just like a clit, but what was more surprising was that his marbles, and I mean that literally, were halfway up into his pelvis.

"Your testicles are moving up into your body."

"What does that mean?" he worried.

"When balls get big, when you're young, then they 'fall,' or descend. You seem to be going the other way."

"Oh." It was one of the most expressive 'ohs' I had ever heard. I mean, there was a trainload of meaning in that simple word.

He pulled up his panties, sipped a bit, and I tossed him garters.

"Whoa! But don't I need to shave my legs?"

"Have you noticed your gams lately?"

He looked down. "Wow. They're actually pretty bare."

"I think you'll start growing hair again, but it will likely be feminine hair. For right now, though, you are good to go. Here's some nylons."

He pulled on the garters and I explained how to roll nylons up his legs. Man, when he was done fastening that sheer material, I was blown out. And wet. His legs were SEXY! And did I mention that I was starting to get wet?

"What's next," he said, interrupting my train of horny thoughts.

"I was going to get you a corset, but I want to wait a bit, let your shape stabilize, or whatever. You want to try a dress on?"

"Might as well," but his nonchalant answer held a wealth of fascination.

Here's a clever, little number. It's short, so we don't have height problems, there's horizontal pleating, which will stretch, and I think it will adapt to you.

I held out a purple bit of cloth.

"Wow, there's not much to this." He pulled the dress over his head and wiggled a bit.

Click, and a flash filled the room.

"Hey!"

"I need pictures. It will help me figure out sizes, changes in the future, that sort of thing."

"Oh. Yeah, well..."

"Now, have you ever worn a pair of high heels?"

He shook his head, and I held out a pair of three inch heels. They were strappy, and would show off his toenails, once I got them painted.

He put them on and stood up, and looked more awkward than a duck on stilts.

I giggled, and he even grinned ruefully.

"First off, point your toes forward and try not to stand with your knees pointing out."

He adjust his stance.

"Now, the trick to walking is to place the heel first, but to do it in line."

He tried, and nearly broke his ankle, and I laughed and laughed and he was all red faced.

"Big college athlete can't even walk in heels."

"You girls make it look easy," he admitted. "But, man—"

DING DONG!

We stared at each other. The drapes were drawn, nobody could see in, but he certainly didn't want to be caught in the middle of a fashion show.

"Go to the bedroom, I'll find out."

He staggered across the room, so panicked he didn't think to just take off the heels. When he was gone, I opened the front door.

Two men. Suits. Black suits. And I immediately thought of that stupid movie, 'Men in Black.'

"Mrs. Haskell?"

"Yes?"

"Agents Ava and Adams. We'd like to speak with your husband. Is he here?"

I thought hard. On one hand, I didn't trust these bozos. And, the other hand, the good Senator had been at work. I knew this intuitively and instantly. I talk to him, ask a question about an article, and these bozos show up. Not a coincidence. And, on the third hand, knowing what I knew, figuring things out, I wanted to talk to them...I needed information, and I had a feeling I would finally be talking to somebody, two somebodies, who might actually know something.

Of course, the question was, could I get it out of them?

"He's in the shower. Do you want to come in? Have a seat?"

They came in and I showed them into the living room. At one end of the room were boxes with dresses and wrappings and lingerie all about. And Bob's slacks and shirt. Agent Ava looked at Agent Adams and nothing was said. but a look can speak a thousand words. I felt closer and closer to the solution to Bob's conundrum.

I went to the hall and called to Bob, who was standing there listening.

"Bob! Have you started your shower yet? There are a couple of gentlemen who wish to see you."

Bob tip toed down the hall and called back, sounding as if he was in the bedroom. "Be out in a second!"

I turned to the two suits who looked bland and ominous at the same time, and a few seconds later Bob entered the room. He was barefoot, wearing pajama bottoms and a tee shirt.

"Hi, guys. what can I do for you?"

Agent Adams began speaking. "We're following up on certain people who received the COVID vaccine."

"Yes?"

"I'll be blunt, Mr. Haskell, there are reports of certain side effects."

"Like what?"

And here it looked like they wanted to stop talking and slink back under whatever rock they had come from. "Well, uh...certain feminine characteristics."

Heck. They had brought it up. "You mean like men turning into girls?"

"Yes."

So I pushed it. "Project Shrink Wrap."

"What do you know about Project Shrink Wrap?" Agent Ava asked.

Here was a quandary. How much do I tell them. I knew nothing, and yet I had intuited everything.

"What the newspapers tell me."

They relaxed.

"So why are you gentlemen here?" asked Bob.

"Well, uh, we'd like to..."

"They want to know if you're changing into a girl, honey."

A deathly silence while the effects of the bomb I just dropped were felt.

"Is that it?"

Agent Adams looked at the boxes and clothes at the other end of the room. "I think we know the answer to that."

"So what now," asked Bob, bitterly. "You take me away to a camp for nonconsensual transitioners? Brass knuckles and rubber hoses?"

"No! No!" Both agents held up their hands, actually panicking a little at how south this interview had gone.

"Then what?"

"The government understands what has happened. We want to offer financial assistance, to help any people who have experienced these side effects.

"They want to buy you off."

"And if you can't buy me off, then come the rubber hoses. Is that it?"

"No...no!" the agents looked miserable now. From ominous to weasel in one easy step. "We are offering medical assistance, psychiatric counseling, and a certain financial award.

"Well, I'll you what you can—"

"Bob," I cut in. "Let's hear what they have to say." Bob was nonplussed, but I turned to the agents and asked, "Would you like a drink?"

"No ma'am," a little relief. "But if we can all sit down and relax," he glanced at Bob, "then we can go over the details of why we're here."

So we all sat down. Beavis and Butthead outlined their great plan to support the feminization of America, and we were all friends. Or, at least Bob hadn't pulled out his assault weapon and put a few leaks in them.

Later.

We were in bed, the lights were out. I had my hand on my pussy, I like to squeeze my pussy, and Bob was wearing his first nighty.

And, God, was I wet. I know, I'm always wet. But when you have a good looking babe next to you, don't you get wet?

Anyway, I said, "Bob. Ladies don't get physical."

"I wasn't physical."

"You were pretty close. If I hadn't pulled the plug you would have chopped those idiots down to size."

He snorted. There was always that bit of male machismo in him, just waiting to stand up and push out his chest.

"Admit it."

And, finally, he grunted. "Okay."

"Proper ladies don't fight. They use their wiles. For instance, moi, I defused the situation, made them feel at home, and discovered something."

"What?"

"That this Project Shrink Wrap is real."

He turned to me. He placed a hand on my boob and started diddling my nipple. "So?"

"So I want to find out more. This vaccination thing, it's just all too convenient. COVID comes around, the government shuts everything down, then they come up with a miracle cure..."

Miracle vaccination," he murmured. My nipple was standing up. Little lightnings were shooting towards my groin. I groaned.

"Go on," he mouthed my nipple and I arched my back.

"I mean, the vaccination came along a handful of months after the disease, almost like it was all ready. And...and..."

"And what?" he put a hand on my pussy, inserted a finger, and stroked me.

"Ah, fuck. What was I saying?"

"You were telling me about your great, big conspiracy theory."

I pushed him away. "You fucker."

"Aw, come on." I'm in the middle of it all. I just want to forget it for a while, and get a little. Come on, baby, give me a little."

I frowned in the darkness.

"Come on, honey. Do you want me to do you? Or you do me?"

"I want you to fuck yourself."

"I can do that."

And I suddenly relaxed. I realized what had happened. The Men in Black had offered money, and sympathy, and understanding...and Bob had taken it.

But it wasn't my dick that was falling off, so I hadn't.

I turned on my side and faced Bob. I cupped his tit. It felt good. It was warm and the nipple was erect. "Sorry, babe. I got carried away."

He moaned. "Ah...that feels good."

"How about this?" I sucked his nipple then, and he gasped. Poor Bob. He had been a male all his life and he didn't understand how good a woman could feel.

"If you don't mind, I said, cupping his mons, feeling the little peeney trying to poke between my fingers, I'll do you. I feel strong and powerful, and I want to be on top. You don't mind if I'm on top, do you, Bob?"

"Oh, no," he gasped. I was pulling on his nipples. Both of them, and he was feeling it all the way through.

I got up in the darkness, went to my drawer and found the new strap on I had bought. I put it on, along with a bigger dick. Bob was going to like this.

"And, if you don't mind, I'm going to fuck you stupid. Do you mind?"

"Leave me enough so I can make bacon and eggs tomorrow morning."

"Ha! to fuck you so good you don't even know how to pour orange juice. Now that is a goal. Turn over on your hands and knees."

"Doggy style?"

"You betcha, rover. I want to fuck you like an animal. I want you to howl for the moon. Are you ready, baby?"

He was, and I slapped a good handful of lube into his crack, then I smushed it around, pushed it into his hole, rimmed him a bit.

And, the truth was, I was actually a bit irritated.

And after telling Bob that women didn't get physical.

But the truth of the matter was that I was pissed. I was pissed at the doctors for their vaccination. I was pissed at the government for encouraging and distributing. And I was pissed at Bob for finally settling down and accepting what the Men in Black had to say.

And I was pissed at myself because I had calmed everything down. Maybe I should have let Bob go get his assault rifle and puncturize the two bozos.

So, pissed off, I was about to take it out on my husband. Fortunately, he was going to love it. And I would to...when I was done.

I stepped between his legs and lifted up his nightie. I pressed the dildo against his asshole. Like the first time, he was all ready. I slid into him, and he grunted and arched and immediately began pushing back. I placed my hands on his hips and felt the extra fat, like that of a woman, and I controlled him.

"Come on, baby," I growled.

He squealed. Actually squealed, as I pushed my big dong into him.

"Come to papa." I banged him again, and his flesh quivered.

"Come on, baby!" I thrust and I thrust, and he held on to the edges of the bed and moaned loudly. And he tried to wiggle, to accommodate, but it was too fast, too rough, and he was finally getting a little of what he had handed out so freely when he was a man.

"Fuck, bitch! Fuck!"

Then he was pushing back, holding his own.

Somewhere in there his little clitoris discharged. I didn't notice when, and maybe he didn't, either.

But he did, and when I was done with him, he groaned and tried to crawl out from under me.

I pulled out and slapped his ass.

"Thanks, bitch."

And he, laying on his belly, his ass destroyed, said the only thing he could. "You're welcome."

The very next day I went to work. It was Saturday and nobody was there. I walked through the office, heading for my own office, but making sure I was alone.

I was.

I went into the Senator's office.

He was out on some boat trip, probably with a bunch of under aged escorts. Old pervert.

I went behind his desk, sat down on the swivel and considered the room.

He had a safe. And I was afraid that what I was looking for would be there.

But it might not be.

Democrats are notorious for their lack of security.

Hillary's emails.

Weener's laptop.

Hunter's computer.

The Dems are a bunch of lazy ass sluts when it comes to security.

But I was in a Republican office. How strict were they on security?

Not very.

Yes, they kept better track of their computers, but I had seen the Senator toss a classified folder in his desk, or just slip it into a filing cabinet.

The question was, where would the file I was looking for be?

I opened a desk drawer. A few files, but not what I was looking for.

I wandered over to the safe. I pulled it. It opened.

Lazy ass Republicans were just as bad about security as the lazy ass Democrats.

I reached in, pulled out a bunch of folders, glanced at them, then put them back.

Huh! Where oh where...

I walked to the shelves and inspected them.

And the filing cabinets.

And even the closet with its golf clubs and tennis rackets.

Nope.

I went back to the desk and sat down.

Then I stood up and went to the wet bar. I poured myself a stiff shot of Johnny Walker King George V. Expensive slop, certainly good enough for me.

I returned to the desk and sat down and cast my gaze about the room.

Where oh where...

And I knew, the old joke. It's always in the last place you look, because after you find it you will look no more.

And, idly, I opened the second drawer in his desk. The one I hadn't bothered with because he never puts important papers in there.

But he put a single folder there. And the folder was printed with the legend: 'Project Shrink Wrap.'

I smiled, and I opened the folder.

I came home, and I was so blown out that I was dizzy. I couldn't think. My brain was officially on hiatus.

I had been fucked stupid before, but never as stupid as this.

"Hey, babe. Where have you—what's wrong?"

I just stood and stared at him. Then I went into the bedroom and lay down.

I lay, unthinking, my mind traveling through the cosmos like it was a pinball machine and I was the ball.

Bing! Bing! Bang! I hit all the poles, was struck by the flappers. The ball bounced crazily, getting stuck between two poles that bounced me back and forth.

The universe suddenly made sense, but I didn't want it to.

Bob came in. We had done his nails that morning, and full make up. He was pretty as a picture. A sex picture.

He was wearing a slinky dress, high heels, and his lips were red and beautiful.

How long? Another month? Then he would be full femme? Have a pussy and everything? And periods! And be able to get pregnant!

He handed me a drink. It wasn't as expensive, and as smooth, as Johnny Walker Georgie the fifth, but it was good, and I needed it.

"Honey, you're going to have to talk to me."

"His voice was marginally higher, incrementally higher. Soon he would be a sultry contralto. Maybe a mezzo-soprano, but probably a contralto.

"Honey?"

I sat up and took a big glug. Then I looked at him.

"Project Shrink Wrap concerns the vaccination. The one you took."

"So?"

"It is not a normal vaccine. It doesn't give you a bit of some sickness so you can build immunity."

"Yeah?" He was confused.

"What it does is inject synthetic material into your cells, into your DNA, and it 'retrains' your body."

He didn't say anything.

"In this case it retrains your body to eliminate the Y chromosome. Nothing male left. All female."

"I don't understand," he was honestly confused.

"They turned you into a girl on purpose."

"Yeah?" But he wasn't alarmed, and the second half of the insidious equation made itself felt.

"And they retrained you not to become alarmed about it."

He shook his head. Even as he took in the data he refuted it in his mind, but I now understood how he had been so upset in the beginning, but had come around.

"You'll go through puberty, and you'll have emotions, but you won't care about what was done to you, even if you found out."

And I was telling him, he was finding out, and he didn't care.

"I still don't understand what all the fuss is!"

I sighed, put away my own upset. I said, "Bob, men are too hard to control. Politics is all about control. Women are easier to control. So they made all but a few of the men into women. There's still a few men, mostly politicians, or otherwise in the know about this scheme, and they are the only ones left with dicks on this planet. The rest of us...we are just...just...fodder for their dicks!"

"And this is important...why?"

I sighed. I finished my drink. I said, "It's not." I handed him my empty glass. "Now be a dear and go do the dishes."

Smiling, he did. He walked out of the room with a complacency that was just beginning to grow, was just altering his DNA. Soft and compliant, and perfect for the new rulers of Planet Earth. A slave with tits and a pussy, tailor made for a new civilization.

The Democrats had done it.

But the Republicans had known, and let it happen.

That made both parties complicit.

And I thought about being a natural woman. And the men were gone, at least most of the alphas were.

And the only alphas left were a few old political types, and the naturally bitchy women.

Lord love a duck. And I knew one last thing: they had changed men into women because women were more compliant, and I was one woman who was not going to be compliant.

In fact, I was going to be an alpha bitch about it all.

Maybe they had control now, but one woman can do an awful lot if she wants to...and I wanted to.

END