

GENDER SWAP • MULTIPLYING FUTAS • INFECTIOUS CHANGES

THE FUTA SYNDROME

A woman with long blonde hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a white off-the-shoulder top. She is looking slightly to the right. A bright, glowing light flare emanates from her waist area, creating a lens flare effect. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

AN EROTIC GENDER-BENDING STORY FROM

GREGOR DANIELS

THE FUTA SYNDROME

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Only **ADULTS** beyond this point.

All characters are consenting adults at least eighteen
years old.

1



My girlfriend's text message was brief; all it asked was for me to come over as soon as possible. And right away it seemed suspicious. Carly's idea of phone-to-phone correspondence usually involved long paragraphs. She wrote columns for the *Campus Current*—our university's newspaper, which I was surprised was still a thing in this day and age—so her ability to dump out a hundred words with a flick of her fingers required about the same skill as anyone else breathing.

Is she breaking up with me? was my first concern.

The second: *Is she moving away?*

Carly had always talked about living in Paris. As like an eventual-fantasy sort of thing. I supported her entirely, but I wasn't looking forward to a long-distance relationship. My older sister had been in one, and it'd collapsed within the first month.

It was Halloween. And a fair many horrors filled my mind about what was in store for *my* relationship the moment I went to Carly's dorm room. My heart was chugging like a steam locomotive, but my girlfriend was initially very receptive when she opened up. Fortunately

her roommate, Britney, was gone for a few days at some college academic decathlon. The lack of company meant we could get freaky as many times as we wanted without keeping our voices down, but I immediately suspected such ideas weren't on her mind. She looked like she'd been crying. And she was usually in class at this time of the morning.

"Hey, Max," she said, managing to smile in spite of whatever was bothering her.

Oh God, it's a family death, I thought.

"Is everything all right?" I said.

She took a deep breath. "Yes and no."

"What's wrong?"

"I can't really explain."

Then what the heck was it? I had believed I was good at reading her this far into our friendship, but she was being very vague. I didn't like it. It spurred those worst fears. And when she asked me to go into the bedroom with her, I was mentally preparing for the bad news.

She totally was going to break up with me.

But in her usual Carly way, she was being really courteous about it and telling me in person instead of writing me an essay through text messages.

"Just sit on the bed," she said quietly.

I plopped down and continued to stare at her. "Carly —"

"Just promise you won't scream."

"Scream?" Now I was more confused than ever. "What would I scream at? Is it your Halloween costume?"

She cracked a short-lived smile. "No. I *wish* it was a costume, and I don't mean that in some offending way to

other girls who have to deal with transitioning and—oh *darnit*. Max, I have to show you. And I have no way of knowing how you'll react. Just don't freak out. Because *I'm* on the verge of freaking out, and I need someone to tell me everything is going to be all right."

I promised I wouldn't scream or freak out.

Honestly, what could possibly make me do either?

Carly told me she was going to take her sweatpants off. I shrugged and went along with it, now wondering if this was some kind of gag—although she wasn't the type. I sat still and readied myself while her hands hesitated with the waistband. She was visibly trembling now, and it convinced me that this wasn't a prank. Then down they went, exposing her goosebump-covered legs and basic Hanes panties.

There was a *bulge* in the front of her underwear, kind of oblong and angled to the side. *What the hell is stuffed down there?* I wondered, my eyes fixated on it. Never in a million years would I have guessed what it really was. We'd had sex. We'd showered together. I had seen her naked more than any other woman in my life—except possibly some of my favorite porn stars.

She yanked her panties down in one swift motion.

I didn't scream, but I sure flinched back when something flopped out.

"Carly..."

It wasn't a quick flash, or something I thought I saw but could have mistaken for something else. It *dangled there* in plain view, wrinkled and jutting out from a bush of hair like most I'd seen, limply snuggled against a pouch of skin behind it.

My girlfriend had a penis.

I believed there was a logical explanation for everything: ghost sightings, alien encounters, whatever.

But this outright dumbfounded me. And my thoughts became a jumble of possible explanations as I stared at it, most of them deep in the preposterous territory.

“Max, say something,” she said.

“Uh...it’s...a...”

“Yeah.”

“With balls too...”

“I know.”

“Carly,” I said, my voice as steady as I could make it. “How the heck did you suddenly grow a penis?”

I didn’t get an explanation until after she hugged me. I could feel it in her: she was frightened and trembling from the apparent loss of her womanhood. Of course it freaked me out too. But after the hug lasted for longer than any of our hugs in the past, I knew she was just glad that I wasn’t bolting for the door.

It wasn’t like I hadn’t seen dicks before.

Just not on my girlfriend.

“I’m so sorry,” she said.

“What are you sorry for?”

“Last night. I think I know how it happened, although I don’t understand it. Like, biologically speaking.”

And so she told me: she had been at a party, and there had been another girl there to whom she had found herself uncontrollably attracted. This wasn’t normal, and Carly reiterated to me that she wasn’t into girls as this story unfolded, but the two of them had found themselves in an intimate moment alone.

What I learned from this was that she had basically cheated on me. It should’ve upset me more, but I was more interested in the story as she told it.

Carly: “And, in the middle of it, I found out she had a penis. I thought she was just trans. And she smelled so good.” She was trying to not sob on my shoulder. “Max, I’m so sorry. I can’t even explain what came over me. But then...well, you get the picture. And this morning I woke up with something extra.”

“That’s not possible,” I said.

“Max, I’m not lying.”

“I know, it’s just—” Jesus Christ, I didn’t know how to react. And what was she implying? That intercourse with this girl had somehow resulted in her changing sex? In what *universe* was that even a thing? The results spoke for themselves, nevertheless. “I know you’re telling the truth. I just don’t know how to explain it.”

“Maybe a doctor would,” she suggested.

Carly pulled away. I thought she was handling herself pretty well. If the roles were reversed, and *I* was suddenly an owner of a vagina, I probably would’ve been in worse shape, mentally speaking.

Our embrace had made her new body part half erect.

I forced myself to not mention it.

“A doctor,” she said, settling on her idea. “Yeah. I should probably do that.”

So we skipped the rest of our morning classes and went to see about my girlfriend’s sudden growth. The university had its own clinic nearby. Carly wore her baggy sweatpants so that no one noticed any misplaced bulges. When she was called away, I waited in the lobby with my own deluge of worries.

Was this permanent?

Was this a sign of some other health complication?

If it couldn’t be undone, our relationship would have to change slightly. But I supposed I was being selfish. My

girlfriend's mental well-being was more important than my horniness.

When her meeting with the doctor was over, she looked worse.

I didn't find out why until the walk back to her dorm room.

Carly: "She thought it was a joke."

"Who?" I said. "The doctor?"

"Yep. She basically said the same thing you said. 'That's not physically possible.' And then she told me to get out. She never once took what I was saying seriously." And Carly held me tightly for the second half of our trip across campus. "*Please* believe me, Max. Because even medical professionals don't."

"I believe you," I said without hesitation.

Regardless of my girlfriend's inexplicable alteration, I knew we had to continue our lives. I wondered if I could find more information on the internet, or potentially track down the woman Carly had met with the night before—her name was Vivian, she told me. There couldn't have been many Vivians on campus. Maybe she had the answers.

Back in Carly's dorm room, I waited in her bedroom as she used the restroom, which itself was a situation that spawned many weird visuals in my head. I continued to try and wrap my head around how we were going to adapt to this going forward.

And then, mysteriously, I was fighting an erection.

Blood began to flow into my dick, and rather quickly I became slightly uncomfortable from my hard-on trying to tear through the front of my jeans, an unstoppable erection fighting with unstretchable denim. I tried to hide the problem I was having when Carly returned, but then I noticed I wasn't the only one.

She was sporting an impressive tent of her own.

“Max,” she breathed. “I...can’t make it go down.”

The whimper in her voice made it so that the blood vessels in my dick felt like they were going to pop. With her hard nipples and even harder cock, I felt lightheaded and attached to a ten-pound spear of dick that would’ve grown to a foot long if it wasn’t constrained by the skin it was about to tear. I had started to sweat.

Part of it was nervousness. Most of it was a level of arousal I had never experienced before.

I could tell Carly was resisting the influence from her groin, but that ended the moment her hand was down the front of her sweatpants, stroking her sizable new addition. “Max, I need you.”

“Carly, you don’t have, uh...”

“Just do it in my butt or something, *please*.”

We had never done anal. I had assumed she wasn’t the type of girl, and I’d never exactly been raring to stick it in her back door. But then Carly was ripping her sweatpants off like they were on fire and bending over the bed. My dick was so swollen at this point that I couldn’t ignore it. She stuck her ass out, and for once everything seemed familiar. I dropped my underwear and jeans and took aim on that puckered little hole between her ass cheeks, ignoring the perspective I had of her new hairless scrotum that contained her new *testicles*.

We can work this out after we’re finished, I told myself, sensing my needs as a man right now to be the right of manifest destiny in the nearest orifice.

I took hold of her hips and plunged in, penetrating her anus until I was trembling on my tippy toes and pressing myself hard against her just to get another quarter of an inch of rectum around my huge shaft.

Then the fucking came.

And I was a racehorse out of the gate.

Emptying my balls became all that I cared about, and the region behind my unyielding rod felt swollen and urgent in a way that it never had before, as if I might injure myself if I didn't release the pressure. I pounded her relentlessly, the velvety wall of her ass squeezing me tighter than her pussy ever had. I knew she was jerking herself off too. It was weird knowing she had a dick and was probably feeling the same thing I felt, but there was no stopping.

I lasted maybe three minutes.

My cum exploded into her, while she caked the mattress underneath with her own jizz. I humped her ass for another thirty seconds at least, the orgasm pulling out every last drop as she squealed and I grunted.

None of this fixed the issue: why Carly had a dick in the first place.

But I was happy for the mutual satisfaction—something that usually involved more work on my part. So, if there was *one*, *tiny* benefit to my girlfriend having a dick...

2



The Vivian of intrigue wasn't difficult to track down. She lived on campus—per a friend and editor of the *Campus Current* who Carly asked. And the next day I went to see this Vivian myself and find out some answers. Though, as I stood outside her dorm room preparing to knock, half my mind was still on my girlfriend this morning. She had asked me if morning wood was normal and how one should go about getting rid of it.

Not only was Carly hornier than me, her loads were twice as plentiful.

It was a weird time to feel envy, but I kind of did.

I knocked.

It took several knocks, but finally a young woman answered. She was wearing an oversized Bob Marley T-shirt that looked like it was primarily sleepwear. She scratched the side of her scalp, disturbing her bedraggled red hair, and asked, "Yeah? What is it?"

"Do you know a Carly?"

Vivian squinted. "From *iCarly*?"

"No, my girlfriend Carly."

“Who’s Carly? And who are you asking about her? Do you know how early it is?”

“It’s past nine,” I said.

“That’s early.”

Eventually she welcomed me inside, and I informed her of who Carly was—since either Vivian didn’t remember or the two of them had been in such a state of mad lust for each other that names had been unimportant. From my girlfriend’s description, Vivian was also supposedly the owner of an impressive cock, but my stealthy glances didn’t spot any unusual bulges. We stood in her messy room, which featured an aquarium that served as a home for a gecko. I didn’t like the way it was staring at me.

“So, you her brother or boyfriend?” Vivian asked after a yawn.

“Doesn’t matter,” I said.

She smiled. “Boyfriend, then. What’s the matter? She’s no longer pretty to you?”

Nothing in my life had prepared me for a conversation like this, so it took me a moment to mentally organize what I wanted to say. “I’m not the kind of person who hates what’s happened. But neither one of us asked for this, and—I mean, first off, I should be asking you how the hell this is possible.”

Vivian started picking up clothes. Her room was messier than most boys’ I’d seen. Under her bed, I spotted a box of condoms and one of those male sex toys, like a Fleshlight or one of the imitating off-brands. “I dated this guy whose dad worked for a biotechnology company,” she explained, loading her arms with socks and shirts and carrying them to the hamper in the corner. “They were developing something big. Like a male virility pill.”

“What, like Viagra?”

“Viagra on steroids, and apparently not for old men either. They want to market it toward people our age. Horny college kids. We’re already overloaded with options now for legal weed, beer, and whatever’s in those mushrooms I get on Friday nights. Why not boner pills too?”

“So, you took one of these boner pills. And...?”

She laughed. “No. But the guy I slept with had. He had the hugest dick I’d ever seen in real life. And there was this smell.”

“Smell?”

“Pheromones, I guess. Around him, I felt like a switch had been turned on. I couldn’t ignore him.” Her eyelids fluttered. “The sex was amazing.”

This is so damn weird, I thought. Boner pills for college kids? I supposed it shouldn’t have surprised me; we were already exposed to so many questionable substances every day. Perhaps some Silicon Valley douchebag had identified an untapped market and wondered why the people who were *actually having the sex* weren’t being targeted for libido-boosting drugs.

Not that we needed it.

But would college guys really say no to being hornier all the time?

Was water wet?

“Okay,” I said, rubbing my head. “That’s great and all. I’m sure these pills will be a real winner, except the part where girls are growing dicks. Is there any way my girlfriend can get rid of it?”

“Sure,” Vivian said. “I got rid of mine.”

“How?”

“By having sex with her.”

“It’s *infectious*?”

Vivian shrugged. “I have no idea. After I fucked that guy and started pissing while standing up, I threatened to come out about it. His father paid off my tuition. So...” She crossed her arms. “I figured having a dick was better than spending the next three decades paying off student loans. And now it’s gone, so I got a pretty sweet deal for nothing, it seems like.”

“And if my girlfriend has sex with someone, it’ll vanish?”

“Do I look like an expert? But you can’t use protection. Has to be intercourse. The cum has to be absorbed into someone else’s body. Don’t ask me how it works, but that’s how it worked with the guy and now your girlfriend.”

I had much to think about on my way back to Carly’s dorm room. We were both skipping our classes at this point. If anyone asked, we were sick. But the vast majority of professors uploaded all their study materials and notes online, so it wasn’t a huge setback.

One question hounded me: Who was my girlfriend going to have sex with?

All she would accomplish was transferring her penis to someone else. Even if that person wanted a penis, it would disappear the next time *they* had sex. It would never be gone; it would just pass on. Like a parasite, or something.

But what if the person she had sex with already had a dick?

I gulped.

The idea terrified me to no end. But I wanted Carly to be happy, even if it meant sacrificing a little of my male pride in the process. Yeah, I could do it.

Back at Carly's dorm room—once again thankful that her roommate Britney was gone for a few days—I walked in right in the middle of Carly putting her new feature through its paces. She was in bed and covered by a bedsheet, but the fast-paced movement of her hand underneath, repeatedly popping the sheet up, told me enough. She didn't even notice me; I just stood there and watched her, partly uncomfortable and partly mesmerized by my once-shy-about-sex girlfriend quickly turning into a rabid masturbation addict.

She cried out in a voice louder than I'd ever heard. Her hand clamped down over the sheet and her massive erection, and she humped her hips violently and repeatedly, while the result of her efforts created a widening wet stain in the material. The room smelled like she'd been beating off all morning.

"Hey," I said when she was relatively finished.

Carly about jumped out of her skin. "Oh. Max! I didn't even see you standing there. Hey, there's some air freshener on the dresser there."

I saw it and gave the room a spray.

This needs to happen, I told myself. It wasn't just that my girlfriend had a penis now; it was controlling her life. She was horny beyond reason, beating off more than most teenage boys. That biotech company was out of their minds if they thought their stupid pill was going to be sold on college campuses without backlash.

"Did you find Vivian?" she asked, panting.

I nodded. "And she doesn't have a penis anymore."

"How?"

"From having sex with you."

She bit her lip. "Then I guess I have to do the same thing, right?"

I was nervous as I gave my thoughts on what could turn our lives back to normal. Not once had I ever fantasized about being on the receiving end. It felt like something in my soul was utterly *repulsed* by the mere mental image. And was my body *capable*?

I reminded myself that gay guys existed.

Obviously.

So, logistically, it seemed doable.

I figured we'd have to wait, but Carly was still visibly hard.

"It's worth a shot," she said. "That way, it doesn't spread to someone else. And maybe yours will grow bigger, or something." She was trying to cheer me up.

"But it's already so big," I joked.

"Not as big as mine. I've jerked off both now. I know."

With that on my mind, I took a shower. I focused on cleaning myself *back there*. If I was going to do this, I wanted the experience for both of us to be as pleasant as possible—or the most hygienic, I supposed. Still, we were only in this position because my girlfriend had slept with someone else, and that always remained in my mind.

When I came out smelling fresh and clean, she was equally naked and standing in front of her bed. Of course my eyes fell upon the noticeable girth of that thing that jutted out from her groin. She was completely erect. And something about my girlfriend with her own hard-on stirred a little life into my own manhood. I wasn't fully hard as I decided where to position myself, but I wasn't exactly soft.

The pheromones, Vivian had said.

I hoped that's all it was.

With the world's population of butterflies fluttering in my stomach, I bent over. Everything about this felt like a deed, or a *chore*. I wasn't meant to reap enjoyment from this; I was only helping Carly get rid of that extra appendage of hers. She was nervous too. She placed her hands on my hips, adjusting their position half a dozen times before actually applying force.

"I don't think I've really seen you from this angle," she said.

"It looks better when you bend over," I said.

"Okay, just tell me to stop if it hurts. I don't want it to be awful."

"I'd rather it be awful. I don't actually want to...you know."

Actually find it enjoyable, I meant.

The seconds leading up to her insertion were an eternity. First, I felt her cock push between my cheeks toward my asshole. I was already trembling, and this only made it worse. The pressure increased until her glans reached what felt like an insurmountable barrier—but then she pushed more, and the sensitive skin where things normally came out *opened* to allow her inside. I gritted my teeth and suppressed every curse word in the dictionary while clenching the sheets.

She felt unbelievably huge, like she was going to tear me open.

But there was never outright pain. Never a point past which I couldn't endure it further. It was just initially uncomfortable. Her hands changed places again.

"Oh God," she uttered.

"What?"

"You're just so tight."

“Thanks,” I chuckled.

While this irreversible scar on my male pride happened, my own manhood somehow reacted more positively. The deeper Carly penetrated me—her cock seriously felt like it was a foot long while inside me—my cock hardened. My anus was almost screaming for relief, but inside was different. The pressure felt kind of amazing, in a disturbing way.

Then she commenced the essence of intercourse.

“I don’t think I’m going to last long,” she said.

“Please don’t,” I nearly blurted.

I just focused on being steady while she began to drill me. Between my legs, my own erect member swung heavily, dripping pre-cum. And I could only assume that Carly’s pre-cum was slicking the inner walls of my rectum, for the sensation of friction seemed to lessen.

Her fingernails dug into my hips.

She pulled me back, then *slammed* into me. My ass jiggled as our bodies came together.

“Should I jerk you off too?” she asked.

“I, uh—”

But then her hand was already pumping my shaft. Unexpectedly, the dual sensation of her fucking me while also stroking me set my brain on fire, and I began drooling and mumbling out moans while my arms threatened to give out. Her cock was so hard and warm, and the imminence of my orgasm seemed to consume my whole groin and ass.

Thankfully, I questioned my pride for only a few minutes.

She threw herself forward in a powerful thrust that forced a high-pitched squeal out of me, and my rectum *ballooned* around the volume of her cum. I felt each

squirt, every sudden increase in pressure on whatever tissues and organs her massive cock was pressing against. And down below, I blew my load all over the many stains of bodily fluids already in her sheets. My orgasm made me lightheaded and dizzy, which had never happened before.

I relished the pleasure.

And that this weird chapter of our lives was hopefully over.

3



I woke up in a manner that was not unfamiliar to most young adult males: one hand securely attached to my balls with conscious attention on both my recharged libido and urgent erection. I didn't remember falling asleep, but I recognized Carly's room and the bed that was underneath me. The light outside suggested that it was late afternoon. As for my girlfriend, she was nowhere to be seen. I assumed she had class. And if she *was* at class, maybe our attempt at returning her to normal had succeeded.

I recalled vividly the hugeness of her cock and how it had stretched me open.

My own cock throbbed insistently.

"*Fuck,*" I whispered, treating its length to a few strokes and feeling a healthy stream of pre-cum already oozing out underneath my fingers. The bed was still soaked with an ungodly amount of bodily fluids. Lying there, I realized my main priority was a shower.

I sat up.

Long hair fell in my eyes. And a sudden shift of *weight* pulled on my chest.

My gaze fell upon my own torso with not the slightest expectation of what I would discover. And when I saw that I had tits, my brain sort of misfired. From above, they were impressively firm and full to the sexiest degree, my eyes following the slopes they created. Two pink nipples jutted out into the cool room. Both the breasts and the nipples looked like they belonged on a porn star.

Oh, just a dream, I thought, logically.

My girlfriend shot her load in my ass, and now I was still asleep and seeing myself with the kind of rack that would easily win a wet T-shirt contest.

I cupped them. A warm shiver went through me.

And then I started to get worried.

None of my dreams was this lucid. It felt like I was actually holding a pair of beautiful boobs, squishy and warm—and there was a release of tension in my shoulders when I lifted them up. It wasn't just tits, either; my skin was perfectly smooth, my waist was tiny, and my legs had some curves that I normally didn't associate with a skinny young man.

"What the fuck," I uttered, practically groping myself at this point.

But I still had my dick.

And it was *raging*, with pearly drops of pre-cum bubbling out at a near-constant rate.

This didn't go to plan at all, I thought, horrified. *It turned everything but my crotch into a chick!*

I scooted my altered body off the bed, then walked a little clumsily toward the full-length mirror. What greeted me was a stunning vision of feminine beauty: long blonde hair, huge breasts, and an hourglass figure. But the woman in the reflection had a seven-inch penis, and she looked like she had just seen a ghost.

“Oh crap,” I said.

The first thing that turned my attention away from the mirror was the sensation of my girlfriend’s plentiful cum trickling out of my ass—which, from a casual inspection, had also gone through a *plumped upgrade*. I stuck my index finger back there, feeling the gooey release and my puckered hole which had briefly received a hard pounding. Then my finger sort of slipped in, and my cock swelled another half inch or so. I barely resisted the onslaught of sexual urges, though I stood there trembling for a while.

What we did hadn’t worked.

It had made things even worse!

What were those women with dicks called? The exaggerated ones on the internet?

Futas.

I was like a futa now. A six-foot-tall supermodel with a dick that would put most guys to shame.

As I was pondering how I was going to fix this, there was a knock on the door. At first I ignored it. Maybe it was one of Carly’s friends or a neighbor. But when the knocking continued—and became pounding—I grabbed one of my girlfriend’s robes, pushed my hard-on between my legs, and went to see what was so urgent.

Standing outside was a woman who was probably around forty and wearing glasses. Although she was wearing a blouse and skirt, she looked somewhat disheveled. Her eyes squinted at me when I greeted her.

“I need to see Carly,” she said.

“Uh,” I started, trying to think if I recognized her. “Carly’s not here.”

“This is her address,” the woman insisted.

“Yeah, and she’s at class. She’s a college student. Can I leave her a message, or something?”

The woman didn’t accept that. She made a slow lunge at me. And while I could’ve avoided it, I was too perplexed to react. She grabbed my robe and yanked it open. The force momentarily caused me to lose my balance, and my step back allowed my cock to pop free.

“You’re just like her,” she said.

“Who are you?” I said. “What do you want?”

“I’m Dr. Jensen, and...” She turned her head up to look me in the eye. “I need you inside me.”

Dr. Jensen, I thought. That was the doctor who Carly had gone to see yesterday. And now she was—

Huh?

My thoughts suffered a catastrophic derailment as my visitor dropped to her knees and began jerking me off. In a few short hours, my body had become nearly unrecognizable; another change that I was now beginning to grasp seemed to be a heightened sensitivity in my dick. With the doctor’s hand pumping my shaft, I was almost falling over with how badly my knees were shaking. I did manage to shut the door.

None of the other coeds needed to see this!

Dr. Jensen was completely obsessed. In fact, she seemed to be entirely in a trance, like my cock was the most important thing in the world. I had so many questions, but I was busy biting my lip as her surprisingly skillful hand swirled around and squeezed my swollen glans repeatedly. My dick was just a fountain of pre-cum now, making an ever-growing mess on the floor underneath us—until my partner brought her mouth into the action.

This is not normal! I told myself, while the woman proceeded to attempt to suck out my life-force. *This is*

nuts!

But my rational concern hit a roadblock: I was irresistibly horny. The moment Dr. Jensen wrapped her lips around my turgid manhood, I was committed. This wasn't finished until I was blowing out a half gallon of semen into whichever hole she preferred, and my balls felt swollen and weighted with purpose. I started playing with my nipples. It was like having three hard-ons, and I was having to be careful with pinching them because of how sensitive they were. Too much was painful. But the right amount had me moaning and shaking.

I watched Dr. Jensen do her thing.

Initially her blowjob was comparable to most I'd received, but then she was working her mouth farther along my shaft with each motion of her head. Finally she deep-throated me, and I wasn't so sure I didn't start levitating. Tingles burst through my body, and now my mouth was emitting one girlish noise after another.

If this was wrong, it didn't feel like it.

Dr. Jensen tore her clothes with how eager she was to get them off. Yesterday, I would've been admiring her body more—and also calling her crazy while explaining that I had a girlfriend, and that I was proudly committed and a believer in monogamy. Today, every instinct coming from my groin was to slam my dick into Dr. Jensen's pussy hard enough to create a new universe.

Carly's bed once again served as the foundation for our primal needs. The doctor lied back and spread her legs; I was in between her and pushing my dick into her before the bed had stopped shaking. I grabbed her thighs and did what I had done many times as a man.

Her warmth and tightness consumed me.

"Yes," she moaned after that initial thrust. "I don't even care if you get me pregnant. Just fuck me." With each word, her syllables became more like growls.

What's going on? I thought.

A part of me cared about the morality of all this. Most of me didn't. At least not presently.

I plunged into her tight pussy with reckless abandon, throwing myself into her wetness with every intention to violently fuck her hole and her uterus and everything beyond. I moaned and moaned, and so did she. I couldn't imagine that everyone else on this floor of the dormitory wasn't hearing us. She begged me to go harder; I went until the bed was banging against the wall and my lower spine was hurting from how I was bucking my hips.

It wasn't coordinated or even slightly pretty. It was sex filtered down to its essence. A hard cock, a tight pussy, and two people overwhelmed with pleasure hanging on.

My orgasm wanted to come. But its imminence only came with a constantly growing tightness behind my shaft with no relief. My eyes rolled back. For a few seconds, I was half sure I'd passed out, with my body continuing to fuck Dr. Jensen like it was involuntary.

Then: "*Guuuuhhh!*"

I fell over her. My arms encircled her; hers wrapped around me. My pelvis shook and jerked as a bucket of cum erupted from my balls and shot into her depths. Again, again, *again*. For nearly a full minute my cock felt like a Super Soaker, blasting into her repeatedly. I felt horrible and satisfied all at once.

Both of us were panting afterward, with the doctor's legs still sticking straight up.

"That was so good," she then said. "Way better than my husband."

"I don't know what came over me," I said. "I don't know what's going on."

“What’s going on is that your cock is amazing, and I can’t stop thinking about you and Carly.” Dr. Jensen sniffed me. Her eyelids fluttered. Then she tilted her head back and moaned, “I want to have all your babies.”

That was not something on my life-long agenda.

It was another thirty minutes before I convinced her to leave. Then I took a shower and sprayed my girlfriend’s bed with half a bottle of air freshener. She came back shortly after. It was bad news for both of us.

“Max?” she said with wide eyes. “You’re…”

“Not entirely a man anymore,” I said, once again wearing her robe—but without my cock tucked back. But the bulge she was more interested in was the one made by my chest. In that department, I was easily more endowed than she was.

“You were under the sheets, and I had an exam I couldn’t miss.” She gulped. “And it didn’t work for me either.”

“What do you mean?”

Carly dropped her backpack and unzipped her shorts. Out sprang her new cock, unchanged from earlier today, and rapidly growing erect after being tightly hidden away.

It was supposed to work, I thought. Vivian had sex with Carly, and Vivian had turned back to normal. Now I was a chick with a dick, and my girlfriend hadn’t changed at all. We were *worse* off now than before. And also there was a psychotically horny doctor lady who wanted to fuck my brains out, but that part I refrained from mentioning for now.

“Your hair is blonde too,” Carly said.

I’d noticed. But my hair changing color had paled in comparison to everything else. It was the same shade of color as my girlfriend’s. I thought that might be

noteworthy, but there was another problem preventing me from concentrating on that. Mainly it was that Carly and I could've started sword-fighting with our cocks.

I flung my robe aside. My frustration had me on the brink of tears, and I wasn't the only one. However, I was erect and insatiably horny. On Carly's sodden bedsheets—she *definitely* needed some new ones by now—I bent over and opened my asshole for hard-ramming business.

4



I decided to track down the pharmaceutical company that had its eyes set on college campuses for the next breakthrough in high-performance boner pills. Vivian gave me the information; the man from whom she'd received her extra feature was Doug Williams, and some internet spy-work put me on the trail of his father, who was the CEO of ProVirile Pharma. Not exactly an unsuspecting name. They had their headquarters downtown. But I didn't want to speak with the CEO. I wanted to chat with Doug about what exactly was in that special supplement that was causing dicks to sprout on young women.

So I made an appointment and took an Uber. With a leap of courage, I went in one of Carly's skirts. Frankly, I was tired of the tucking method for keeping my manhood tightly subdued. And I had to present as a girl anyway, because everything except my junk was unquestionably feminine and sexy. I also went braless. Carly's small bras offered no hope for me.

Their headquarters looked like recent construction. The grounds were mostly dirt, with grass either having not been planted or grown in yet. And inside, a few of the

walls were still in the incomplete phase. But the receptionist pointed me in the right direction—while fanning herself multiple times during our conversation—and soon enough I was seated outside Doug’s unassuming office.

I’d jerked off before leaving Carly’s dorm room, but it wasn’t enough; those urges were once more kicking into gear. I couldn’t figure out what my new body wanted more, to do the fucking or be the one fucked. Maybe both. Maybe everything at once, in a messy, sweaty orgy where no hole was safe.

Then I was the one fanning myself and hoping my bullet-sized nipples wouldn’t be noticeable. I worried that my panties wouldn’t be enough to soak up all my pre-cum too, because I was already dribbling.

The office door opened. A handsome young man emerged. I stood up to greet him, but his face and grin became secondary objects of my attention when I noticed a *long growth* bulging down the inside of his pant leg—like a fifth malformed limb reaching almost to his kneecap. It made me hesitate before shaking his hand.

“You must be Maxine, with the *Campus Current*,” he said.

“Sure,” I said, affirming my lie.

“What exactly is it you want to interview me about?”

A shiver went through me as I glanced at his crotch again. “There’s word about this male performance drug going around the school. And since you’re the only pharmaceutical company headquartered here *and* solely invested in male virility, I wonder if you could shed some light on it, Mr. Williams.”

He looked both ways. Then he gestured for me to enter his office. “Sure,” he said. “I might know a thing or two about that.”

It was barebones. I assumed the profits would come *after* the newest craze hit the market. But with what I'd experienced, I was pretty sure that was a disastrous idea.

I could've gone on faking an entire interview. Doug Williams was young enough that he looked like he belonged in a frat house rather than an office building, and he seemed to be all smiles. He sat down on the edge of his desk. He pointed me to a chair, but I remained standing.

My dick was really pulsing now. So was my asshole. I was caught in a tug-of-war of being horny for ramming my manhood into any hole of appropriate size and for finding out if a compact sedan could fit inside my ass. Standing still was nearly impossible.

"What, precisely, does the *Campus Current* want to know?" he asked.

"You slept with a girl on campus," I said. "And there were side effects."

Doug rolled his eyes. "Unfounded rumors. That university is built on a swamp. Maybe they should get someone to check the tap water if girls out there are growing extra arms."

"I know that's not true," I said. "You slept with a girl named Vivian, and somehow she grew a penis."

"This all sounds ridiculous—"

"And you bribed her to stay quiet. But I don't care about that. That's between you and her. The problem is, when she slept with someone else, she caused *that* person to also grow a penis. And Vivian's disappeared."

Doug blinked a few times. He was aware of the side effects, but not to such an extent. I could tell that much. And he appeared to mull this information over. Then he said, "Run that by me again. Are you saying it's infectious?"

“You gave Vivian a penis. She gave it to another girl. My girlfriend, actually. And then we tried to rectify the issue by having sex, but...” I felt like my nipples were going to tear through my shirt if they swelled any larger. I fought every impulse to start rubbing them. “I was a guy. And my girlfriend’s penis didn’t go away.”

I had Doug’s attention now, and I was relieved that he was taking this seriously. In fact, with some additional clarification on my part, he went to the chalkboard behind his desk and drew up a flow chart that diagrammed the transmitted effects. Then he stepped away and sighed.

“We were supposed to run it by the FDA first,” he explained. “But I couldn’t wait that long. So I took some. Now I have to jerk off between twelve to fifteen times a day. I barely even sweat anymore because my body devotes all that water to semen production. I only had one pill. But in two weeks, the effects haven’t diminished.”

I was staring at the impression of his massive cock as he talked. Mine couldn’t rival it in length or girth, but it was trying to in hardness.

Doug: “You know what sperm has? DNA. And it looks like this drug is altering it. Sex results in passing the penis on to a new person, and you seemed to have gained your girlfriend’s hair color, as you said.”

“But my girlfriend still has a penis. That’s what I want to fix.”

He shrugged. “We’re in new territory. I don’t know what to say other than I’d easily recommend you and your girlfriend stop having sex indefinitely until we run some trials.”

Good luck with that, I thought.

And I already knew I wasn’t going to leave this office without satisfying what had been burning inside me for

the past hour. I was at the stage now where preferences were blurring; any human body would do. Especially one with a huge cock.

I almost whimpered as I reached underneath my skirt. My dick controlled me now. And it was the same for Doug. We were both flooding the room with our pheromones, and it was setting off this attraction between us that was greater than planetary bodies.

Doug loosened his tie. "I'm sorry about all this. I figure all this company has done is create future lawsuits. It's all because of my dad. He was never able to satisfy Mom, and he took it personally. I don't think he has any idea what he's doing."

"Can you satisfy me?" I said. "My ass could use a big cock right about now."

He looked at his watch. "I suppose I can be late to the next meeting."

I moaned as I dropped to my knees. Already I had disregarded all modesty by stroking my erection. My skirt and panties were both stained by my pre-cum—the panties in particular feeling more like a wet rag than a functional pair of underwear. My titties yearned for attention, and I squeezed them too. I was already on the brink of creaming myself, and Doug hadn't even undressed yet.

He had to drop his slacks all the way down to extricate his member. And while he was wearing underwear, they didn't conceal anything. He removed everything below his waist, and by then I was sliding on my knees to get closer to him.

His cock was incredible. Almost a foot long and meaty around the middle. I was almost sure that I could completely relax, and by the sheer force of destiny I'd find myself sliding toward it, ready to meet my pleasure.

When I had finished my journey across to him, I opened my mouth for it.

Of course I'd never sucked a cock before.

I wasn't thinking about that.

I just *wanted* it. I wanted my molecules to be touching its molecules, I wanted that liquid of life in those heavy balls to enter my body, so that I may be blessed by His Majesty Enormous Cock. I shoved my face onto that overgrown glans and made sweet love, like I was sucking a piece of hard candy that would earn me a million dollars. I rammed his massive girth into my mouth and swirled my tongue around every inch, feeling the intensity of his throbbing need. And all the while I was tugging my own cock, leaking pre-cum like mad.

"*Mm, mm,*" I moaned.

I couldn't really suck it in the traditional sense; I went at it from different angles, kissing and slobbering over it. His leaky situation was about like mine, and I was happy to swallow what I considered to be the appetizer.

I still haven't told Carly about Dr. Jensen, I thought.

Maybe later.

It didn't sit well with me that I was cheating on her again, but our relationship seemed less important today. Right now, I was so horny that I wanted to hold Earth between my hands and fuck it.

After giving Doug a sloppy rim-job, I jumped to my feet and bent over the desk. "Please, *God*, fuck me," I said, almost hopping with energy as I dropped my panties and hiked my skirt.

My partner mounted up.

Carly's cock had been a warm-up for this one. With Doug, it felt like he was trying to push a cruise missile into my rectum. A zombie-like utterance came out of my

throat as my asshole made way, and the interior of my body subsequently made room for this hard, throbbing guest. I shook violently, the last of my male pride disintegrating as I accepted myself as a dick-craving, anal-loving slut. Inch after inch slid across the ring of my anal sphincter, and I thought it was never going to end.

It felt like he poked my liver.

Then his hands seized my large ass. I chirped.

“It is pretty amazing, isn’t it? When you’re consumed...”

He started to slide out. My eyes crossed, and I forgot how to speak.

“Minus the side effects, of course.”

“I happen to fucking love the side effects right now,” I moaned out.

Somehow my ass was spacious enough that when he started fucking me there was no pain. Every thrust was a shot to my backside that caused my ass and tits to jiggle. I’d briefly forgotten about them. They were smashed against the desk. I put my hands underneath them and squeezed them as hard as I could. Meanwhile, I went for a ride.

As degrading as it was, I felt like I had ascended.

I’d just sucked a cock, and I wasn’t worrying about my orientation. And now, for the second time, I was getting fucked in the ass. Sure, I questioned things. I wondered how my new horniness was going to live with the college lifestyle. And the last time I’d been fucked, I’d changed. So what was *this time* going to do to me? Was Doug’s cum also going to alter me in some way?

Eventually I just let it all go.

Doug pinned me to the desk and unleashed the mother lode of loads. There was no spurt; it all gushed

out into me, flooding my insides and filling me with such a volume of it that my tummy began to hurt. I came too. I shot ropes all over the desk while trembling from both losing cum and gaining more.

He thrust again, shooting another Big Gulp's worth.

I began to wonder if some of it was going to leak out of my nose...

5



My reflection was getting to be ridiculous. The result of my sexual encounter with Doug hadn't altered my female appearance in the slightest; that seemed to be permanent now. But what his cum *had* changed was my dick. It was at least ten inches long and incapable of sticking straight out from its own length and mass. Instead, it hung at a slightly downward angle.

It's changing my DNA, I thought.

First, I'd inherited some of Carly.

Now I had a bit of Doug inside me, further solidifying my appearance as a woman with a massive dick.

I couldn't will myself to get dressed and head to class anymore. Instead, I was masturbating almost constantly. My girlfriend and I had made a vow this morning to stay in separate rooms and keep some distance between us—out of concern that we'd get too close, have our brains turn to horny mush, and spend half the day licking and sucking and fucking until we were so sore that we couldn't move a muscle. Naturally, the mere thought of Carly had my cock dripping. Pre-cum wound up pretty much everywhere: in the sheets, on the floor, in my

underwear. I was on my second pair because of it, and I had a feeling I'd need a third around lunchtime.

I rubbed my head.

"They've got to find a cure for this," I said to myself. All my academic-related thoughts were so tiny and insignificant. In the foreground of my mind was a *need*. It burned not only in my groin but in my blood. In every cell. The Colorado River of semen was churning in my balls, and it needed an outlet.

Fighting it gave me a headache.

Mostly I just jerked off into my girlfriend's panties. I could have orgasms now without needing my libido to recharge. So, I was taking turns with everything in her hamper. And after I'd filled all her panties with gobs of cum, I started with the bras. Then the shirts. The socks. The pants. It seemed like a lot of clothing, but at the height of my arousal I was jizzing probably every five minutes, writhing on her cum-soaked bed with one fabric or another wrapped around my huge cock and turning it into a semen sponge.

Closer to noon I was dazed. I'd graduated from clothing to using two of her pillows and humping them, wondering if I should ever bother with searching for my sanity in the endless haze of horny thoughts that occupied my mind.

If it was possible to get her furniture pregnant, I might've tried it.

After fucking the pillows for so long that my insistent thrusting had created a hole through which I could penetrate the stuffing, I heard the dorm room door open and close. At first I thought Carly had left. *Oh, that's a bad idea*, I thought, climbing off her bed and putting my ear to the bedroom door. But then I heard voices on the other side. And then a scream.

I disobeyed our vow and came out, where I found someone I'd totally forgotten about: Carly's roommate, Britney, now back from her academic decathlon. My sudden appearance created a freeze-frame moment of my girlfriend in the process of ripping the girl's clothing off. Both of them looked at me—Carly wanting assistance, Britney wanting to be possibly rescued.

But then Britney saw me.

She saw what was *swinging* out in front of me.

"What the hell's going on?" she said.

Carly blinked and seemed to regain some control of herself. She let go of her roommate and held her head, as if suffering from the same mental strain I was. "I can't pretend anymore," she said. "I can't act like a human being. It literally makes my body hurt."

I went over to embrace her, but stopped. I knew what embracing her would lead to.

Our desires were becoming uncontrollable.

And Britney. She interested me greatly. She was *untainted*. Fresh. A new experience. An accumulation of orifices for which my seed could fill.

She took a step back and regarded us with an expression that was almost horror. "Carly? And Max? Is that you? Why are you a girl too? Why do you have..."

"It's something going around campus," I explained. "A new kind of infection. With strange syndromes. Spread through intercourse."

"Max, she needs to go away," my girlfriend said.

"You two need help," Britney said. "Like, serious medical help."

Already been there, I thought. *There's no help for this, short of locking us into a cage.*

The attraction was immense, but I felt like I was slowly learning how to control it. Confident I wouldn't devolve into a humping maniac, I went over to Carly and took her hands. She looked up into my eyes. Hers showed an internal battle of her old self versus her new self.

"Max, this isn't going to quit," she said.

I figured as much. Looking around, I saw cum pretty much on every surface. My girlfriend liked fruit. But the cantaloupe on the countertop hadn't been touched with her mouth; instead, there was a giant hole through the middle of it. The seat cushions of the couch had been fucked into oblivion, and they lay in pieces. The curtains also looked like they'd received a damaging amount of humping and fucking, and there was cum splattered across the window.

I didn't want to be locked in a cage.

"It's okay," I told her, with our hard-ons a few centimeters apart.

"No, it isn't," she said. "This is ruining our lives."

"It's *changed* our lives."

"Changed for the worse."

"No," I said. "Was going to school and doing homework really all that much fun? Whatever ProVirile Pharma was trying to accomplish, it worked. I've never felt better." I cupped her chin affectionately. "You fucking my ass was the best thing you ever did, and I will forever be thankful of all your cum dripping down my legs."

She smiled. "Spoken like we're in a Hallmark movie."

"Hallmark wishes they could make stories like ours."

I turned and looked at Britney, who had a face like we were both crazy.

And then the unexpected happened.

Or maybe it was expected? With the pheromones and such? She looked at our cocks again, and something inside her changed. In a span of thirty seconds, she was drooling; after thirty more seconds, she was getting on her knees to provide some aid to the two hard cocks in the room.

Carly and I exchanged a look. We both shrugged.

This is us now, I thought. And she was probably thinking it too.

Britney chose my cock first, upon which she attempted to impale her face. I almost shuddered off my feet the moment my glans was fastened between her lips and her tongue said hello. No matter how many times I masturbated or emptied my new overactive balls, the sensitivity never decreased. It was *always* breathtaking to have someone's lips around my cock. Of course, this caused a cascade of pleasant side effects that included my skin tingling and my nipples trying to blast off.

If Carly was concerned about her roommate getting in on the action, she didn't show it—not on the outside, anyway. She leaned over and kissed me, and our tongues proceeded to explore each other's mouths. One of her hands tweaked my nipple, and I heard my moan echo down her throat. Everything about how I perceived other people was heightened. It even seemed to me that her skin was more delicious, and I found myself happily nibbling on her lips and constantly licking whatever my tongue could reach.

Down below, her cock jutted out like mine.

Ours didn't just leak out pre-cum anymore; they *drooled* it. And hers was dumping out so much that it was a never-ending stream, every contraction of muscles in her groin squirting out another thick gob.

After shining my rod pretty well, Britney transferred her oral pleasures to my girlfriend. She couldn't get either one of us fully into her mouth, but that was okay. I pumped myself some more, spreading out the saliva and pre-cum. Then I wasted no time in going up behind Carly and getting on with what I had been avoiding ever since seeing Doug Williams.

I pushed my thick cock into her asshole.

Carly chirped upon entry. Certainly it was a tight fit, but all the juices on my shaft lubed the way. I embraced her from behind and began fucking her while the blowjob from her roommate continued, putting her into a sandwich of pleasures.

I snuggled my girlfriend from behind as my hips moved. Sex didn't even seem voluntary now. It was like breathing. Just something my body automatically *needed* to do.

"I'm sorry," I told her between moans.

"About what?" she moaned back.

"I had sex with your doctor. And Doug, from the pharmaceutical company. I just wanted to—*oh*—apologize, I guess."

"It's okay," she said. "There's no way we can keep this to ourselves anymore."

"I'm worried we might spread it."

"Don't talk about it," she said. "It makes my head hurt. Just focus on fucking me."

That I had no problem with.

It came as no surprise that I had an orgasm. My cock was so massive now that her anus wasn't simply just a hole; I could feel her whole body clamping down on it, maybe even the muscles all the way up in her abdomen.

A warm rush of cum channeled through me, and I populated her lower intestines with millions of sperm.

It leaked out between us, coating my groin and her thighs.

I barely hesitated before continuing, with my erection never showing signs of dwindling.

With my head resting on Carly's shoulder, I witnessed her climax. I pumped into her, and she pumped forward, unleashing a torrent of semen all over Britney's dark face, painting her cheeks and hair.

"How is this possible?" Britney asked quietly. She sounded like she was hypnotized. Even her pupils were dilated.

"We stopped asking ourselves that," I said.

"Yeah," she said, dazed and looking at all the cum webbed between her fingers. She slowly sucked each one clean.

Afterward, Carly allowed me the spot in the middle. Britney stood with her hands against the wall and her ass out, and I identified the dark pussy lips that needed a thick piece of meat between them. For a horny moment, I forgot how massive my cock was, and the force of me plowing into her was almost enough to send her headlong through drywall. She was my tightest feat yet. As soon as my glans was through, I was already in the throes of another orgasm; I trembled and moaned as cum gushed in, so much that it completely filled her pussy and came splashing back out during my seemingly endless spurts.

So much cum made it easier to slide in. It felt like fucking a warm, tight Twinkie.

Carly didn't even wait for me to be ready. She rammed into my ass, sending both me and Britney almost crashing into the wall.

I'd never had my cock in a girl with another cock in my ass.

We were clumsy, and none of us cared. I fucked my girlfriend's roommate while constantly pulling the reins on myself so I didn't split her petite body in half. At the same time, Carly pounded my insides like a bread-maker punching dough.

Our libidos didn't allow us time to get a rhythm going.

Within a minute, Carly was squealing into my ear and shooting her cum so far into my ass that it made my tummy warm. I loved it, though. Especially when she encircled her arms around my midsection and held me as if to subdue me, to make sure every last drop made it into my ass. And in the front of the train, it was the same deal: my orgasm was once again so powerful that most of it squirted out, and cum ran down my legs on the front and back. Soon there was so much that it was underneath my feet and I was nearly slipping in it.

No amount of orgasms satisfied me.

I needed more. Always *more*.

Sometimes it felt like my brain was withering away, and I was being reduced to something more primal. This persistent horny spell that had taken possession of my body then had the three of us on the floor and my mouth in between Britney's legs. With the increasing number of penises in my life recently, it had been a while since I'd eaten pussy—and never one so *creamy* anyway. My cum kept oozing out of Britney, and I kept licking it up. At the other end, her neck bulged repeatedly as Carly poked her rod into her roommate's throat, and I could only assume that more cum entered Britney's digestive system from the sounds they made. Well, and the cum spewing out of Britney's nose occasionally.

I was exhausted, but never enough to call it quits.

Funnily, it didn't seem like my *body* was exhausted. Just my groin. All the continuous orgasms resulted in my balls hurting and cramping.

We fucked in every corner of the living room—standing up, lying down, upside-down. Jizz went all over the floor. After the first hour, there were more wet spots on hardwood than dry spots. There was one point when Carly was on the couch and Britney was riding her cowgirl style, and I was standing over them with my cock in Britney's mouth. She tried to swallow as much as she could, but more semen than not splattered down on Carly. And then we managed to find a position where we could rail Britney's pussy and ass simultaneously.

Deeper into the afternoon, I felt like I was going to pass out.

Gotta keep fucking, I thought. I only have so many years left on this planet with a dick.

Likely I had decades left, and it was weird to fear my own mortality at the ripe young age of twenty years old. My brain was zapped. I was losing the ability to focus. Again, my body seemed to have no trouble achieving what it wanted automatically, and all I remembered was being in a messy, smelly pile of limbs and humping. I didn't even know if my cock was in someone, or whose voice belonged to who.

I grabbed the nearest person and grunted. My vision sparkled as another orgasm flowed through me. My balls outright stung.

"*Guh*," I groaned, watching the darkness creep into my periphery.

Someone else sounded like they achieved climax.

The pile writhed. I slipped away, came back shivering and tingling. Someone's mouth was around my dick and doing its best to suck the skin right off it.

“*Please*,” I whimpered, lost in a daze where pleasure and pain were inseparable. “I can’t...I need more...”

The dormitory building.

The university.

The town.

The state.

The country.

The planet.

Even the universe. All the aliens and all their pussies and mouths and assholes. Or cloaca. Or whatever the heck holes they had.

I finally drifted off into dreams of fucking the galaxy.

Epilogue

It was dark outside when I finally roused. Whether it was evening or morning, I hadn't the faintest clue. I was a little surprised to find myself in Carly's bed. How I'd managed to wind up here, I also had no idea. But I wasn't alone. The three of us were crammed into it with Britney occupying the middle. There was a sheet over us, but it was tangled, soaked, and exposing our chests and groins.

For a long while, I didn't attempt to move. My mind was a video reel of the past couple of days, from finding out my girlfriend had a cock to the unbelievable predicament I'd found myself in after letting her fuck my ass in a silly attempt to turn her back to normal. I couldn't imagine myself going back to class. Hell, I had to think a moment to even remember where I was and what I was majoring in. My academic life seemed very distant.

The urges stayed away.

Temporarily.

Then I was reaching over. I found a cock and started stroking it. It didn't need any assistance; it was already rock hard.

Next to me: "Max, are you awake?"

"Yeah," I muttered.

I looked across the pile at my girlfriend. In doing so, I realized it wasn't her cock that my fingers were wrapped around. That hard-on—a fair amount darker in skin tone—was *Britney's*.

Oh great, I thought. Silly me, not foreseeing this.

The trend seemed to be set: anyone we fucked grew a huge cock. It both frightened me and excited me that the syndrome was so easily transmissible. One weekend and one wild frat party could change the whole campus into horny dickgirls, rabid to fuck like there was no tomorrow. I trembled at imagining auditorium after auditorium filled with naked students, everyone with a penis, everyone fucking each other nonstop.

College would be so much better that way.

“Hey, look at this,” Carly said. She handed me her phone.

It was a local news story. The headline was: HUSBAND DISTRAUGHT AFTER WIFE INEXPLICABLY CHANGES SEX. That wife? Dr. Jensen. That was a consequence of my actions. And whoever she fucked with her dick was going to spread it.

The town didn’t know it yet. It was just a weird story more likely to be seen in the tabloids.

“I’m worried,” Carly said. Despite this, she was slowly jerking off. “We’ve started something we can’t control. I mean, they’re gonna have to send in the National Guard, and maybe shut the whole town down. They’re going to treat it like an epidemic.”

A part of me knew my girlfriend was right. This was the beginning of something worse. But my emotions of remorse and concern couldn’t seem to assert themselves. I’d feel briefly sad for the chaos I was causing, but the needs of my cock replaced anything resembling empathy. I stroked my dick to make myself feel better. And Carly was doing the same.

Then Britney woke up.

“What?” she whispered, identifying the trio of cocks standing at attention. “What happened? Why do I have a penis?”

“It’s kind of a long story,” Carly said.

“And really weird,” I added. “But the important thing is that you have a penis, and Carly and I have mouths and assholes.”

I looked into Britney’s eyes. Maybe it was just my imagination, but I thought I saw a glint in her pupils fade out. She blankly regarded me for a few seconds, like everything I’d said was a bad joke. Then she yawned, stretched, and smiled. “I think...”

Carly and I waited.

Britney: “I think that all I want to do is have sex.”

“Welcome to the club,” Carly said, and we rolled on top of her roommate to start the next round.

The changes don't stop here! Check out the massive Gregor Daniels catalog and indulge in your wildest fantasies, whether it's transformations, boys becoming sexy girls, or totally-unorthodox-but-completely-safe pregnancies caused by untested phone apps.

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