

The Great Gender Revolt

Grace Mansfield

PART ONE

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hardy, but there's nothing we can do."

I stared at the ring of doctors standing in the waiting room. "But...I don't...what is happening?"

The doctors hemmed and hawed, and finally a nurse shooed them out. All of them, and they were glad to go, which should have told me something right there. What doctor gives up his position to a nurse? Unless it is really something so bad the doctor can't confront it?

"Mrs. Hardy, sit here. I'll go over what has happened."

Dully, somewhat in shock, I sat down. Ten days ago I had brought my husband in. Joe had COVID. Corona Virus 19. I knew he had had a rough time, but I had waited outside, talked to him on the phone, and prayed to God.

Then the doctors called me in, and they were going to tell me something, but that something had fallen to the nurse.

"Your husband didn't have COVID 19."

"What? But why did you keep him here?"

"As you know the virus has been mutating, and Joe presents what we think may be the final phase of the mutation."

I shook my head, not understanding.

"The doctors have labeled it COVID SC, and it is quite a bit more virulent than the normal COVID."

By this time I was ashen and even trembling. My wonderful husband had...had...

"What COVID SC does is attack the Y chromosomes in a man's body."

"Wait a minute. A woman doesn't have Y chromosomes...does this thing only attack men?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hardy."

For a long moment I grappled with the concept, attacking Y chromosomes? Why? And what did it do?

"So is he going to be all right?"

"He's ready to go home right now."

That was too easy, and I stared at her suspiciously. "What aren't you telling me?"

I had visions of Joe being a basket case, of him laying in bed for the rest of his life and myself having to wait on him hand and foot.

"Joe has turned into a woman."

"What?" I felt like somebody else was asking her the question. I felt like I was outside my body.

"That's right. All the Y characteristics have been deleted from his body. The COVID SC made him into a woman."

"Okay. Enough. Tell me the truth. I want to see my husband!"

I was pretty frantic, my hands were shaking. Heck, my whole body was shaking, and the nurse placed her hands on mine and tried to calm me down.

"We can go see him whenever you'd like. In fact, we don't have to go see him, I'll have him brought down. But I need to know you're calm enough to handle it."

I did deep breathing, under her advice, for a minute, then I managed to frame a decent question. "You're not a nurse, are you?"

"No. I'm a doctor who...let's just say my specialty is helping people undergoing transition."

"Transition?"

"Sex change. People are born male and want to be a female, or the other way around. I counsel them and—"

"I know...I know." I wanted her voice to stop.

She waited a while, she was willing to wait for me to come to grips with my new situation. Finally, I nodded. "Can you bring him down now?"

She hit a contact on her cell phone and spoke into it. To me she said, "He'll be right down."

I sat on that uncomfortable chair in the waiting room for five minutes, and the things that went through my mind.

Bruce Jenner. Transitioning. Having the testicles and manhood cut off. What had happened? The doctors said they didn't do anything, but Joe was now a woman? How could that be.

The elevator dinged at the end of the waiting room, the doors slid back, and my husband was pushed out.

Joe had been six feet tall, 200 pounds, lots of muscles, short hair. He owned a construction company, and he looked like it. He even watched football and smoked big cigars. Now he was five foot six, maybe 120 pounds, and his face was a delicate oval. His hair was longer, much longer, and his lips were plump. But he was still recognizable. He was Joe, but he was a she. I fainted.

I drove home, and Joe cried all the way. I had never seen Joe cry before in my life.

"What am I going to do?" he kept asking.

So, by the time we were home, I said, "First off, you're going to suck it up. Being a woman isn't the end of the world. You might even like it."

Tough love, eh? Well, he needed it! Heck, I've been a woman for 30 years, and I have enjoyed the heck out of it. Men opening doors for me, pulling out chairs, whistling when I show a little leg...it's all good.

Of course, I have had to learn to bite my tongue, people who are physically weaker don't deliberately provoke people who are physically stronger. But that's sort of universal, you know?

We pulled into the driveway and got out of the car, and first thing idiot Bob comes over.

I call him 'Idiot' Bob because he's sort of a goof. Always making stupid remarks, acting all manly, and looking down on women. He even treats his wife, Joanna, like she's a lame brain. Now that's an idiot if ever there was one.

"Hey! Joe...you're not Joe."

Joe was on the other side of the car, head down and hair hanging in front of his face.

"That's Joe."

"What?"

He went around the car before I could stop him, bent down and looked up into Joe's face.

"Holy fu—what the hell happened? This isn't Joe!"

Denial, in the face of proof. I told you he was an idiot.

"Joe caught a new strain of COVID."

"And it changed him into a woman?"

Suddenly Bob backed up. "Whoa, man. Don't come close to me! I don't want to catch that shit!"

What we didn't know was that it was already too late. The doctors had said Joe wasn't contagious, but they were working off old COVID 19 data, not new COVID SC data.

"Go home, Bob."

Bob went.

We entered the house and I threw all the medicines that had been given to me for Joe into the trash. The damage was done, no medicine was going to help Joe now.

Joe went into the living room and sat down in front of the TV. He didn't turn it on, he just sat and stared at the floor.

And I knew I had to do something. The gloom was thicker than Joe's farts after chili. It was the kind of gloom that, if left alone, would swelter and finally flare up into suicide.

Heck, just because he was a girl didn't mean I didn't love him. In fact, I liked how cute he was. His big honker had turned into a cute button. His hair was really thick and luscious, though it needed a combing. And his face was...I blinked.

Joe was sitting there sad as Jesses James after he got shot. And what do women do when they are sad?

I turned Pandora to a classics station and turned it up so it filled the house. The neighbors might think I was nuts, celebrating after my husband had been in the hospital for ten days, but half the neighbors were like me, sexy women who needed no excuse to party.

"What are you doing?" asked Bob.

I took his...her...hand and lifted her up. I led her to the kitchen table and sat her down.

"What?"

I poured her a big, old whiskey and Coke. I didn't know, maybe she would like wine spritzers, but she used to love Coke and bourbon, so...

I went to the bedroom and grabbed my make up kit and brought it back to the table.

"What's that?"

"It's good looks in a bottle," I cracked. "Now drink some more."

So he sipped, and protested and said he didn't want to put on make up.

I held up my hand mirror. "You see this?" He stared at himself. "That is an ugly woman. Do you want to stay an ugly woman?"

"Uh...I don't want make up."

"Why?"

"It's...it's all gooey stuff and things."

"Goey stuff and things? Are you kidding me? That's not what your dick says when I wear make up."

"That's different."

"Why?"

"You're a woman."

"And I'm a beautiful woman," I smiled, flipped my chestnut hair, and puckered a kiss at him. He stared at my red lips. "You, on the other hand, are an ugly woman. Now shut up and drink and let me do my magic."

So he sipped, a lot, and I worked him over. Eyebrows, pluck those babies, leave nice, little arches. Moisturize his face, foundation, base, all that stuff, even a little rouge. Then, my real fun, I worked on his eyes. Oooh, sweet charcoal on the lids to accentuate his grey eyes. Lengthen those lashes. Mmmm. And, finally—by now he was fascinated—I painted his lips.

And showed him the hand mirror.

His eyes went wide. He was no longer an ugly woman. He was beautiful. Pardon me, I keep slipping, SHE was beautiful.

"Oh my God. Is that me?"

"We should have done your hair first, but I'll just comb it out. We can style it later." I combed her lush locks out, and it was gorgeous. I trimmed them and brushed his hair with a wet brush and managed to get it to curl around his face. Mmm. Good looking bitch, if I do say so. In fact, I think I was a little jealous.

DING DONG!

Joe panicked. "Oh, no!"

"Just sit here," I commanded, and I went to the front door.

"Hi Jesse. Bob told me that Joe is...changed. I'm sorry, please forgive me, but I had to see for myself."

I brought my neighbor into the kitchen.

Joe was frozen. He was totally frazzled. His face was bright red under the make up.

"Joe? Oh. My. God! you are..." she turned to me, "She's beautiful!"

"The magic of cosmetics. Want to help?"

"Absolutely. What's next?"

"Nails."

"Long and stylish?"

"The longest. And the reddest. We have to make sure that Joe never forgets how beautiful she is. You can imagine how messed up the poor dear is. She doesn't even want to be a woman. Can you imagine that?"

"Oh, Lord," Joanne breathed. "Why not? Especially if you look like that?"

So we spread Joe's hands out and put on inch long stilettos, and we painted them blood red. Mmmm.

Then we took pictures.

"You know, she's still in that stupid hospital gown."

Joe looked down at her gown. She looked up, and her eyes were just so doe-like and cute and trusting.

"I've got a dress that might be perfect, but her feet...I don't have any shoes."

"I've got some heels that will work. You get the dress."

Joanne rushed back to her house, and maybe that was when Idiot Bob got infected, though I tended to think that it happened what he got close to Joe earlier.

I got a blue dress, very metallic and shimmery, and I helped her put it on, and that was when it finally hit me. I was sitting there, staring at her, and Joanne re-entered the kitchen and stopped.

"What's wrong?"

I couldn't speak plainly, I was so shook by what I had just realized, that my speech was sort of...burbly, if you get what I mean. But I managed to say, "He...she...has no dick."

And it was plain to see. The dress hugged her mid section and presented her crotch, and there was no familiar man bump. There was no peeny lump, no hill where a cock might have been. Instead, it was just smooth.

"You're right," Joanne said, standing next to me and staring at Joe.

Joe was drunk now. I had been refilling her as needed. And she looked down at her crotch, and she looked up at us and in her sweet voice she said. "I have a cunt." And he began to cry. And not just little sniffing sobs, but a full blown make up shattering hysterical cry.

Joann and I rushed to her. "Don't, honey. You'll make your mascara run."

"It's okay, Joe. It's okay."

And: "A cunt is a lot better than a cock, anyway."

Her tears slowed down and she looked up at us. "It is?"

"Absolutely. If you get a boner, as a man, then everybody can see it. It's almost embarrassing the way guys are always walking around trying to hide the bump in their pants."

I added, "When you have a pussy it's easy to hide. you can be horny as all get out, and the only sign is going to be if somebody sees your panties are wet."

Joe giggled. Then she sobered. Then she said, "Instead of hard ons I'll get wet?"

"That's the skinny, Minnie," I reassured her.

"Have another drink, Joe," suggested Joanne. To me: "Do you have nylons?"

I did. And a garter belt. I got them and we lifted up Jo's dress and helped her put on garters and showed her how to roll nylons on.

Finally, we were done, and it wasn't a bad job. Her face was pretty, and her form was good, and I suddenly noticed something. "Her boobs are bigger."

"Really?"

"When I picked her up at the hospital she had little mounds. Now they're big."

"Well, she is stacked."

And Joe said, "I've got boobs." But, fortunately, he didn't break out in tears again. Of course, he was getting drunker, and that might have helped.

"Wait here," blurted Joanne suddenly.

While she was gone I had Joe walk across the room, and I gave her pointers on how to walk in heels. "Toes in line, keep those knees pointed inward. Yeah, let that butt sway."

Joanne came back in, and she had Idiot Bob in hand.

Bob stopped and stared.

Joe stood still and stared.

We girls giggled.

Joanne: "What do you think, Bob?"

Bob: "Wow."

And we all felt it then. In an instant, Bob had stopped seeing Joe as a man and started seeing her as a woman.

And, perverse me, I pushed it. The music was going good and I said, "Dance with her, Bob."

Joanne clapped her hands in glee. This was her manly man hubbie, a homophobe from way back, and now he was trapped.

"I don't...I think—"

"Oh, Bob. You big sissie. She's a beautiful woman, and I just gave you permission to dance with her. Now take her in your arms."

Joe, for her part, opened her mouth in shock. Now not just to look like a woman, but to be treated like one, to be danced with, to be taken in the arms of a man...yet, I say it again, she was drunk.

Hesitantly, but with a vigor I found disconcerting, and would find troublesome later on, Bob took Joe in his arms and danced with her.

At first they sort of shuffled, arm's length. But something was happening to Bob, and he pulled Joe closer, and then they were body to body, and yet Bob kept his head back and stared at Joe, and his face was a picture of raptness which I didn't understand.

Then Bob started moving his head closer, and his lips started to focus on Joe's red lips, and I finally got the message.

"That's enough." I parted them, slightly in shock. Bob was actually going to kiss Joe?

And Joanne seemed a bit...weird about that.

On one hand she had encouraged it, and she hadn't spoken up, I had. She had seemed fascinated by the scene.

I think that was the point that I realized that things were happening here that I didn't understand.

That night I showed Joe how to make love like a woman. I dressed her in a bra—man, those boobs were world class—and garters and peignoir, full make up, and then I kissed her. And kissed her, and kissed her.

She was breathing hard, panting like a dog, and I cupped her mons and felt how wet her panties were.

Then I laid her down and nibbled on her chest. I loved those nipples and I palpated those mounds, and she began arching her back and moaning.

"Oh, baby," she said.

I just smiled, kissed her some more, and put my fingers up her pussy.

She went wild. She began to buck and squirm, and I could feel her moistness, and the heat, and I knew she wanted it.

"Oh, this is different," she moaned.

I went to my drawer and pulled out a dildo.

"What's that? You have one of those? What are you going to—"

"Shh," I whispered. "This is where it gets good."

I pushed her back on the bed, and—interesting, I was actually physically stronger than her now—and I pushed her knees apart.

She actually struggled a little. Well, heck. She was a guy, and about to be penetrated. No wonder, eh?

I began to lick her, slurping my tongue up her sweet labs, I made sure she was wet and ready, then I placed the dildo into her junction.

"Oh!" Her eyes were wide.

I pushed it gently, and it slid in nicely. Apparently my little Joe was hot to trot, and quite well lubricated. Shortly she was biting the sheets and groaning and twisting her hips all over the place.

"Yeah, baby," I pushed it in hard, then let it slide slowly out. The interchange of hard and soft drove Joe wild. She tried to grab it herself, but I was able to fend her off and stay in charge.

"Please! Please! Do me!"

"I am, baby. I am."

And she groaned and held to my wrists and even felt up her own tits. She pulled those nips and started to spasm. I knew it was happening, so I turned on the vibrator.

"OOHHH!" Joe wailed, her body thrashing on the mattress, totally out of control.

"OOHHH!"

And I reamed her out, circled the base of the vibrator and felt the tip circling within her, and her hips bounced and tilted and she had a massive orgasm. Not bad for it being her first female big O.

The next day was Monday, and I went to work with Joe. It wasn't just that I knew she needed help in adjusting, it was a feeling that I had, something deep inside that told me to be careful, to watch out, that there were things happening that I didn't fully understand.

We were in the truck, and she drove, and it was fun watching her figure out how to drive with high heels.

And there was still a bit of 'man' to her. She drove like a man, cutting people off, hogging a lane, telling somebody who wanted to get in line to 'fuck off.'

It made me frown, but I think I realized that it was okay. After all, we had just started her journey.

We stopped in front of the office trailer and got out, and the looks started right away. And it wasn't two minutes before everybody in the company was in the office, ogling Joe.

I explained the situation. Joe was still getting his feet wet, and everybody took it all right. In fact, they took it a little too well.

Suddenly I felt very small, being surrounded by all these big, hunky type construction workers.

And they were all crowding around Joe, staring at her, making crude remarks.

"You got some nice ta tas, Joe."

"Does this mean you'll be drinking wine instead of beer?"

"You got a nice ass, Joe."

It was like a gang bang. Not that I've ever seen one, or been in one, but it was like I imagined it would be. Guys crowding around, getting closer and closer, and then, I imagined, they would be pulling out their dicks, stroking them, getting ready for a little action.

I cut into the crowd. "All right, you guys. Show and tell is over. Back to work."

It took a second, which surprised me, but then they all left, but with back glances and...and something in their eyes.

Lust? Was that lust?

So I stayed close to Joe, and she didn't mind it, and we took off at noon. At that, it was a hard day. At least for me. It seemed like every guy wanted to come up and talk to Joe. And they were so damned familiar. Yes, she had been their male boss, but it was almost like they were trying to work up the courage to hit on her.

And Joe infected every last one of them.

We walked into a trendy restaurant. The kind that Joe hated when she was a man, but now her eyes lit up.

"Wow!"

That simple word made me smile.

And she ordered, get this, a veggie wrap!

"Joe?" I asked him when he made his order.

"It just feels right. And I've got to watch my figure. And can I have water with a slice of lemon in it?"

I watched, amazed, and felt like a pig eating my turkey breast.

And, when we left the restaurant I am pretty sure that Joe had infected over a 100 people.

A 100 people. Waiters and busboys, people at nearby tables, people passing by as we waited for a table. Even the fellow who parked the truck.

But, of course, I didn't know it at the time. And I wouldn't know it for a few days. But my first hint came that very night. But it was a strange hint that I only figured out after a few days, while putting pieces of strange behavior together.

"Bob wants to dance with Joe again."

"What?"

"He says he can't get it out of his mind."

"Really!"

We were standing on the shared lawn between our driveways.

"And here's the bad news. Last night, Joe couldn't get it up."

Joanne is one of those people who seem to want to talk about their love lives constantly. I guess it makes them the center of attention, or something.

"Happens to everybody at some time or another," I shrugged it off.

"Not to Bob. He's a male nympho. You hold up a toilet roll and he gets a boner."

We giggled at that. Then we heard: "Let go of me!"

Shocked, we looked at each other, and then ran for my house. That was Joe.

We burst into the kitchen and Bob was trying to kiss Joe. He was holding him in his arms, and Joe had his hands up, but Bob was so much stronger. He didn't use to be stronger, but he was now.

"Help me!" Joe yelled at us.

I cut in between the two...uh, between Joe and Bob. Joanne grabbed Bob by the collar and pulled him around. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"I...I don't..." confusion left his eyes. "Joanne? What's going on?"

"You were trying to molest Joe. What the hell were you thinking?"

"I was? I don't...I didn't?"

I held Joe, who was sniffing in my arms. Funny, for the first time in my life I felt like a protector, and it felt good. It gave me a sense of power, made me feel strong and really worth something.

"You did! We just came in and..." suddenly we were all silent. I think it hit us that Bob really didn't know what he was doing.

"Take him home, Joanne."

"Come on, Bob," she held his arm and dragged him.

Bob looked like he wanted to cry. Like he wanted to apologize, but that he wasn't really sure what for.

And that was my hint. But, like I say, I didn't really understand it for a few days. Until Wednesday, to be exact.

Six in the morning on Wednesday. It had been two days since Bob had gone out of control, and I was still puzzling over it. I was awake, Joe was sleeping next to me, and my mind was still turning over the odd situation of Bob and Joe.

Sure, he's a guy, and Joe looks like a...heck, he *is* a girl, but why did Bob overcome all societal conditioning and suddenly start forcing himself on women?

I mean, Bob's an idiot, but...but what was really going on?

KNOCK KNOCK!

I jumped up, I didn't want to wake Joe, and ran for the kitchen door. The kitchen. It had to be Joanne.

"Hey, girl, come on in."

Joanne entered the kitchen, and she looked a mess. She was bedraggled and miserable and looked like she had been crying.

"Oh, Jesse!" and she hugged me and started crying anew.

I let her cry for a moment, hoping it would just cry out, and then I put her at the table. "Hold on, coffee, and then we'll talk."

So I made some brew and poured a couple of cups, and the whole time Joanne sniffled.

"So what is happening?"

"Bob's turning into a girl!"

"What?" I almost spit out the coffee in my mouth.

"He couldn't get it up the other day. The next day he seemed a little smaller, but I figured...I don't know what I figured, but now his dick is real small, and it doesn't get hard, and I can see him changing."

"See how?"

"His hair is longer. His lips are fuller. It's like fat is moving around on his face, and his waist is smaller, and...and...I could swear he has little boobs!"

"Oh. My. God!" And it started to hit me, I started to put it all together, the way Bob had been acting, the way the men had crowded around Joe at the worksite, what Joanne had said about Bob getting a sudden case of Erectile Dysfunction...could it be? Were they? Were the men turning into women? All of them?

And on some, deep, dark level of perception I understood it. But it would be some weeks before it was scientifically proven true.

In every man there is a bit of woman. In every woman there is a bit of man.

But in Joe there was no man. All the Y chromosomes had been knocked out. Deleted. And that made him...a perfect woman.

Heck, I was imperfect. I still had bits of man in me. But Joe...he was a better woman than me. And the men were attracted to him. And it was like a survival thing, they all wanted to have babies with Joe, and make the race perfect, but what nobody realized was that Joe was a carrier, so that even as the men were attracted to her, they were infected, and their Y chromosomes were being deleted.

I didn't fully realize that, the morning that Joanne talked to me over coffee, but I intuited it, pieces of it, and things were already coming together in my mind.

Joe, a woman, a perfect woman, a carrier, and if he wasn't stopped it could spell the end of the human race.

No more men.

Nothing but women.
OMFG!

PART TWO

I have never been a Lesbian.

Nothing against them, I just preferred men.

And I could make love to Joe, though she was a woman, because there was something in me that still saw her as a man.

Even though there was no man, no Y chromosome, at all, in Joe, my residual mental image of her was as a man.

I don't know why I explain that right now, probably for the same reason I did nothing about the situation once Joanne educated me.

I wasn't a coward, I understood the ramifications, but it was like being hit by a truck, sometimes it takes a couple of minutes to get back up on your feet.

Thursday, however, I swung into action.

First, I called the doctors and told them what was happening. They wanted to see Joe right away, but I wasn't ready for them to take her away, lock her up in some facility and poke her with needles for the rest of her life.

Second, I called lawyers to see what our rights were. Turns out, Joe and I had lots of rights. We had the right to sue, might come in handy, and we had the right to tell the doctors to go pound sand.

But, and here's the big one, if a state of emergency was declared we would have no rights. Which meant they could take Joe, and I, and lock us up and stick needles into us for the rest of our lives.

Third, based on what I had learned from points one and two, we ran for our lives.

I know, that's a little dire sounding, and it really wasn't that bad.

We loaded up our car, hid it in the airport parking lot, long term parking, Ubered to the work site and took one of the company trucks. Signed it out to one of the fellows who was on vacation.

When the FBI finally figured out what we had done it would be too late. We would be long gone, or, maybe, back home.

You see, I knew this COVID SC was going to happen fast. It had taken Bob two days to present symptoms. And I knew from talking to Joanne, over the next few days, and from what Joe had told me, that full change actually happened in about a week.

And Joe had infected probably 120 people, the restaurant and the guys working for him, and Bob, of course. And those 120 people would probably infect another 100 people each within two days. So by the time the FBI, or CDC, or the WHO, or whoever, got serious in their investigation, a full week would have passed. Or 100 X 100 X 100 X 100 X 100 X 100 X 100. Or 1 with 14 zeros behind it. Or 100 trillion people. Or, since there weren't that many people on earth, the whole earth would have been infected.

Or, to put in very slightly different terms. Within a couple of weeks 3.8 billion men would have turned into women.

We drove to our cabin in the hills. We stopped and shopped, we made sure we had plenty of propane, though it was summer and there was no big requirement for heat, and we made sure we had books and videos and extra clothes and everything, and then we did something sneaky.

When we arrived at our cabin we passed it by. We knew the Joneses lived two cabins down, so we went to their cabin. The FBI would take apart our cabin, and we could watch them from across the bay. The Joneses were on a world tour, so we were good.

And, as I said, I talked to Joanne.

Sure enough, some guys in hazmat suits came by and took everything out of the house, then surrounded it with yellow tape and armed guards.

Joanne gave me the daily report, and she even went out and talked to the men in hazmat suits and tried to get more information.

But they weren't very forthcoming.

And, a day later, Joe and I watched the 'Invasion of the Haz Mat' suits across the bay.

We had binoculars and we sat on the deck and watched the men take everything out of that house.

And, by the next day the shit storm had hit the world.

I mean, how can you hide the fact of 3.8 billion men turning into women from the world?

How can you stare at a TV screen and watch the male announcers get a little softer in appearance and manner, and then have the whole news thing taken over by women, and not be suspicious. I mean, every man in the world going on vacation at the same time?

"You can come home now," I was on the cell with Joanne. "Tape's down, but you're going to need new furniture."

I smiled. I knew that would happen. I just didn't know it would happen this fast.

I brought up the subject with Joe at dinner that night.

"We can go home. Joanne says it's safe."

Joe was different.

He had changed into a woman, and that had made her different, but there was something else going on with her.

"What?" I asked, as she hemmed and hawed. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. I just feel...I don't know."

"Well, don't you feel like going home?"

"I do." But there was a big 'but' in there.

So I took her to bed. Well, isn't that the way women have manipulated men for the history of the human race? The only problem was that Joe wasn't a man anymore.

"Would you like me to do you tonight?"

"Yeah. Sure." But there wasn't a lot of enthusiasm.

I strapped on the dildo. Tell the truth, I liked the dildo. I used to love taking it, it was a good change up for a big, old flesh weenie, but now...now I loved giving it.

There was nothing better than kissing Joe's soft body to a nubbin. Of sucking on her big breasts, they were bigger than mine, and feel the electricity shoot through her. Of sliding that pole, Joe liked a big one, right up her love alley.

And her lips were so soft, and it was such a delight to hold myself over her, to brush her hair and kiss her cheek and nuzzle her neck.

And when she started to squirm and spasm, Oh, Lordie, it was a heaven I had never known.

And I freely admit, here and now, that I was into control. I loved controlling her. Bringing her to the Big O and pushing her over.

This night we spent a long time just making out on the front room couch. We sipped wine and each other, and we felt each other's tits, and I was feeling about as warm as warm could be. And I knew Joe was feeling the same way.

"Come on, babe," I led her by the hand through the cabin to our bedroom. It felt so good to hear her little feet pattering behind mine. And as I laid her down and fell on top of her I felt a surge of horniness that threatened me with a premature orgasm.

But I held off, and I went between her legs and spent a lot of time licking her, and then finger banging her. She was lusting and pulsing and her face was perspiring with lust when I crawled up and began to insert my fake penis into her.

Joe arched her body up to accept the dildo. Her lips spread and I pushed the point into her. She accepted the tool, and it slid down into her depths.

"Uh, yes!" she hugged me, and we played with each other's breasts and we kissed and loved and, she had a glorious orgasm.

Then it was my turn. In the darkness Joe put on the strap on, I could see the glint of light reflected in his eyes as he watched me. And I knew something was wrong.

Yet, when he fucked me, I couldn't tell that anything was wrong.

It was the same Joe, be it in a different body. The same mannerisms, the same way of eating me, of suckling me, and yet I knew something was wrong.

The next day we drove back to town. First we trundled our belongings back to our own cabin. the furniture, and everything else, was gone, so we just put everything on the floor and left it.

In town it was obvious that panic had struck. Cars were abandoned here and there. Grocery stores were out of toilet paper. We just barely managed to get our grocery shopping done, the store was that empty. At that, we would be eating our meat from cans for a while.

Finally, we arrived at home.

Home sweet home.

Emptied of furniture. And all the little things that people collect throughout their lives. Pictures, Christmas ornaments, scrap books.

Everything gone.

But Joanne and Bob were there, and they welcomed us home.

Bob.

He was a lithesome blonde. Joanne had made her up and dressed her, and she was gorgeous.

And when Joe and I got out of the car she ran around to Joe, held his hands in a very feminine way, and just stared at Joe.

And Joe stared back.

Joanne and I stood together and watched them.

I felt a sinking in my heart, and I had the feeling Joanne was feeling the same.

Our men were women. And they were more attracted to each other than to us.

Still, what could we do about it? And that was when I started to realize that the changes women were going through were tougher than that of the men.

Men change into women, and they have to learn. But women are left with the debris of the change.

What do you say to the man, who is now a woman, who is no longer interested in you?

And it was true. Observing the looks in Joe's and Bob's eyes, both Joanne and I knew that they were more interested in each other.

"I have some people you need to meet."

I looked at Joanne.

"This is Jesse Hardy. Her husband, Bob, was the first to be infected with the COVID SC mutation."

The room filled with ladies gave me a polite hand clap. We were all in Joanne's garage, which was bigger than any room in her house and so accommodated our numbers.

Our husbands, not just Joe and Bob, but the husbands of all the ladies, were in my house. Sitting and standing and talking and...and who knew what.

In the eyes of every woman in the house was a hurt. A betrayal. A loneliness that only a woman abandoned can understand.

"Okay," Joanne said. "We can meet and greet afterwards, but right now let's have reports."

A thin girl, Elsa, stood up. "Apparently not every man is changing into a woman. The actual statistic is about 90%, which is still considerable. The population of the United States will likely decrease severely, no estimates as of yet."

And that was her report.

Another gal stood up, Chantel, a chunky girl with heavy tits and a swollen face. Swollen with crying as much as anything else. "The roads are still working, a lot of truckers are women now, but they keep driving. The real problem seems to be on the home front. Men change into women, panic, go through all sorts of emotional BS, and they have to be coddled into working and holding up their end."

She sat. And I wondered: *their end of what?*

And there were more reports. Talks about police protection, fire services, and even a rather lengthy bit of wind about politics.

And, of course, the Dems accused the Repubs, and the Repubs accused the Dems. At which point I stood up. And, because I was the wife of Patient Zero, everybody paid attention.

"I think we all better get over it and realize that there are no more Dems and Repubs. That's yesterday. Today we have a different society. We have a spattering of men, and we have old women, and new women."

The girls looked thoughtful, so I decided to keep going.

I don't know about you, but my husband is...falling out of love with me. I don't know why specifically, but it seems he likes the company of new women better than old women. This is going to be the new dividing line. And I want to pose one question, it's probably ill thought out, might be totally inconsequential, but...are the new women going to be in charge? Or the old women?"

"Men are in charge," said some poor twit. There was bitter laughter at her comment, however, so she didn't say anything else.

Elsa stood up and said, "How does that effect sex?"

And now we were all silent.

Finally, unable to endure silence, I stood up again. "Let's analyze the possibilities."

"There's a few men left, but not enough to go around."

"And then there's woman on woman. Which doesn't seem to be new woman on old woman, or old woman on new woman. Elsa, your question is good, but it is still going to resolve with a political decision, or maybe some kind of sociological resolution."

More silence. And, finally, we resolved to discuss the issue at the next meeting. Until then, have some donuts or go collect your husband, such as she is.

The men, when we did go 'collect' them from my house, looked guilty. Like they had been doing something they were not supposed to do.

Still, they were relatively docile creatures, so nobody cross examined them, or shamed them, or otherwise mistreated them.

I just know that when I saw Joe she was bland and cheerful, too cheerful, and I knew she had been with somebody.

The next meeting, a week later, was much the same as the first. The number of men changed into women was down a bit, down to about 85%, but we all agreed that the extra 5% was probably old men, past their prime, into the male 'change of life,' as it were.

The interesting thing was that children were changing, and this almost without exception.

And, a side note, scientists were looking into possible breeding programs, which opened up the door to designer babies and such.

And that one twit, who had spoken so stupidly last week, wondered if they could make a dog. She would much rather raise a dog than a child.

I kid you not.

But she shut up again, she was only good for one stupidity a week, apparently, and the meeting went on.

"My name is Janey. I just wanted to say that it looks like the new women are banding together."

A bunch of raised voices and Joanne had to slap her shoe on a table to get proper silence reinstated. "What do you mean?"

"I don't mean politically, like we've discussed, it's more like they have some sort of deep feeling for each other. I've caught my husband standing, holding hands, staring into the eyes of other new women."

Some of the girls scoffed at that, some were upset, and some said nothing, just thought out loud.

It made me think.

But, like most meetings, in the end it was just a bunch of talk, and we all went for donuts or husbands, as was our wont. The next meeting was scheduled for a week hence, and it was to be held in the auditorium of the local school. Changes had been happening so fast, and there were so many old women now. But before the next meeting I had my own little crisis, and that crisis would drastically effect the world.

Wednesday. Joanne and I went out shopping. Afterwards, she wanted to go visit a friend, and I didn't, so she let me off at the corner and I walked 100 yards to my home.

It was dark in the house, but I didn't think anything of it. Joe might be over at Bob's holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes. I had caught them before, and I was sure to catch them again.

Then, feeling a bit perverse, and curious, I slipped through the front door and listened.

The mutter of voices down the hall.

I tip toed down the hallway...to my bedroom.

Well, Bob and mine.

And I listened.

"Oh, baby, put it there. Oh...yes! Now wiggle."

Heavy breathing. I could feel lust emanating from the room, a palpable wave of emotion that was all consuming.

"Here, one on top."

"Yes, oh, this is a good dildo!"

They were fucking, shamelessly, just hiding in a corner, apart from the world, and I felt so betrayed, so left out. I had done everything for Joe, and now he and Bob were doing for themselves, and I was lurking in the hallway, tears streaming down my face, wishing it could be me that under the dildo, or over it. Being the penetrator or penetrated, it made no difference. I just didn't want to be lonely.

"Oh! That's it! Now fuck me!"

I could hear the bed springs creaking as their weight went up and down. I could hear their voices, gasping in pleasure. I could even hear the moist suckiness of the dildo as it went in and out.

"Oh, I love you!"

And that was what did it.

I went through the door, straight arming it to the side where it bounced off the wall. I stood glaring at the two...women.

Bob was on the bottom, her face turned towards me. She was shocked and shamed and embarrassed and trapped.

Joe was on the top, half risen in shock, and her face was the same, humiliated and sad.

I said nothing. Nothing needed to be said.

I turned and walked out of the room.

I heard their voices whispering behind me. I heard the creak of bed as they got off, and the scamper of their little girl's feet.

I sat in the living room and waited. Bob went into the kitchen and out the side door. She was like a little elf, kicked out by the big monster Santa Claus.

Then Joe came in. Her head was hanging and she was ashamed.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?" I asked bitterly.

"For...you know...we're married."

"Are we?"

"When I was a man I married you. For better or worse. I guess this was the worst."

Interestingly, this was the most Joe had talked to me in weeks. And it was intriguing. I wanted to see where it would go.

"Do you want a divorce?"

"Oh, no! No!" And she looked really frightened. Her eyes grew enormous, and I could tell this was actual fear.

"So you don't want to divorce, but you want to have your cake and eat it too."

I was dreadfully aware of how trite this was. How cliché ridden. The only thing that was odd was that it was between a woman and a woman, and not a man and a woman.

She fell to her knees then, and tears filled her eyes. "Please. I'm sorry. Isn't sorry enough?"

"No." Cold bitch, I. But she deserved it. And there was something here I couldn't figure out.

"So why are you fucking Bob?"

"Because...I can't help it." Tears were coming out of her eyes now.

"But you won't stop."

"I can't!" and she actually wailed this answer out.

I didn't say anything for a while, then, angrily, I snapped, "Go clean yourself up. You're disgusting."

Her tears had been lessening, but my words snapped her back into her crying. She ran from the room, sobbing, like a 15 year old girl.

I thought for a long time then.

I was married, and he became a she, and now it was different. No brainer there.

She couldn't keep her hands off the little girl next door. Or, for that matter, off any little girl. I didn't know, but that might be the truth. To watch a bunch of the little sissies interact, it certainly seemed possible.

Sissies. Huh. I had just called my 'man' a sissy. Yet, wasn't she? There was a whole lexicon here that needed to be analyzed and fixed.

Why was she so scared of me leaving her? With her looks she could probably even get one of the last few men with dicks to take her on.

Joe appeared at the doorway. She was cleaned up, and she had re-applied her make up. She was wearing nothing, just her boobs sticking out, and her little patch of heaven below. Snuffling, she asked, "Can you come to bed?"

I blinked. I had done this same thing to Joe. I had lost an argument, and won it in the bedroom, and here it was being done to me.

She saw my quandary, she came to me, timidly, hesitantly, and touched my hand.

"Please Jesse. I need you. We need to make this all right."

On one hand I wanted to slap her, to yell at her, to scream out that I wanted a divorce.

On the other hand, she was so pathetic it was adorable. In that moment, Bob aside, she lived for me. She wanted to please me. She wanted my love.

How could I say no to such adoration, misbegotten as it was?

I stood up and she grabbed my hand with both of hers. A thin grin bubbled out on her face, an embarrassed grin, yet, a hint of triumph?

She tugged me, pulled me down the hallway. She was acting giddy, and she got behind me and pushed me down on the bed.

I had no expression on my face; I felt like somebody else was having this done to her.

She took off my clothes, whispering all the time. "I'm so sorry. I never want to hurt you. I just couldn't...you're so beautiful.

My clothes off, she launched her body on to mine. She was slightly smaller than me now. Maybe an inch smaller and 20 pounds lighter. Physically, I was dominant.

She kissed me, and I felt the slither of lipstick on my lips. I felt her hands groping my pussy.

I felt myself giving in. This pleasure was all for me, and how can any saner person say no to pleasure?

Then said, breathily, "Wait. I'll go put on the strap on."

She got off the bed and I followed her shadow in the darkness. I could see her fitting the dildo on, adjusting it, then she was back. She climbed up, kneed her way between my legs, and suddenly, I didn't want to be fucked.

Oh, I wanted to fuck. She had me so wet and horny, but I didn't want to be fucked, I wanted to fuck. I wanted to drive that delicate creature down under me. I wanted to open her, separate her from her senses, make her scream with pleasure until she was stupid.

"Give me that," my voice was harsh, grating, and she quickly handed me the strap on.

I stood up and stepped into it and began adjusting the buckles. "Lie on the fucking bed," I snarled.

There was an anger in me, but not with her.

Was it with myself? Was I angry for falling in to this trap?

I didn't know. I just knew what I was supposed to do.

"Get up there and spread your legs."

She should have run from the anger in my voice, but she didn't. It seemed to actually make her hornier, hotter, and she scooped back on the bed and opened her sweet thighs.

I climbed on to the bed, knee walked between her legs. In the dim light I could see her eyes, glinting with fear and happiness.

Fear and happiness, both emotions, contrary emotions, and yet it seemed to satisfy her.

I put my hands on her thighs and pulled myself the remaining few inches. She groaned as my hands dug into her legs.

"Oh, please," she whispered, a guttural prayer to the God of the dildo."

"Please my ass," I snarled, and I sunk it into her.

Oh, she was wet. The dildo slid in like it was greased, and she arched her back and gave a cry. And I knew, she wanted this rough. She wanted to be taken. This was a battle here, and I had somehow been selected to be the winner.

I fucked her brutal then. I rammed it in and out, and I grabbed her tits and squeezed them until she cried.

Yet it was right. It wasn't mean, it was the pecking order, and I was meant to be the top pecker. And she...she needed to be put in her place.

For long minutes I abused her with the dildo, and she whimpered and cried and loved every second. And though I was being mean, and though she loved it and wanted more, I didn't know what to think.

But then, I wasn't supposed to think. I was supposed to ravage, and let the Gods sort out the remains.

So I delved deep, I dug out her soul, I brought out the whimpering, little submissive that she was designed to be, and though I wondered, I didn't hold myself back.

Then, when she was crying, yet holding on for dear life, I drew out. I flipped her over and took her from the rear. I held on to her ass and rammed her between the cheeks, and she howled.

But I repeat, it wasn't pain, it was the pleasure of submitting, of giving up. She had been a he, and he had never submitted. Therefore, this was crucial to her understanding, and to our relationship.

We had made love before...but this was me FUCKING her.

She cried, and yet she wiggled back up against me.

I slapped her ass, and she bucked and wanted more, looking over her shoulder with begging in her eyes.

And, finally, butt fucking done, I only had one tool left. I pulled out and I began pushing my fingers into her. Three fingers, sliding smoothly in and out. And, as she got used to it, I used four fingers. And, finally, my hand slipped in. I fisted her, and

now I turned gentle.

I knew this hurt, and I knew it was necessary, and that she was giving herself to me in the most intimate manner. She would never be the same after this, she would be totally female, and she wanted me to take her.

This was how I would beat Bob, and any of the other sissies who wanted to supplant me.

And I think, somewhere in there, I realized a truth. A truth I would bring to the next ladies meeting.

But right now that truth couldn't be verbalized, it could only be imparted on my knuckles and in her pussy.

Interestingly, neither of us had an orgasm that night. She was submitting, not looking for sexual pleasure. And I was doing my duty. A duty I had been remiss in, and I had to rectify that mistake. I had to make her mine.

The contract between us hadn't changed. And she had been acting like a 16 year old girl. I had to put her in her place, teach her to be an adult in her relationships. We had swapped roles, but the contract was still there. We had put ourselves together for better or worse, and this was the worst.

And the best.

For it was the sealing of the deal.

This was the signature at the bottom of the paper.

This was our souls bonding.

Finally, I took my fist out of her, and I lay, exhausted, and stared at the ceiling.

She had started crying somewhere in there, but not tears of pain, but of happiness. She had been put in her place.

She turned over and snuggled up against me. I could feel her small hands holding on to me. I could feel her lips pressed against my rib cage, and the flow of tears down my flesh.

Most of all, I could feel her, no longer conflicted, now decided. Happy.

The very next day I told Joanne what I had done. I spoke aloud, and Joe was humming happily as she did the dishes and made sure we had enough coffee. She didn't mind that I described how I had beaten her ass and shaped her to my will.

In fact, I think he liked it. It was like a compliment to him.

"I fucked her senseless. And then I turned her over and fucked her ass. And I wasn't gentle.

Joanne looked puzzled. "I don't understand."

"And then I rammed my fist up her pussy."

"What?"

"I know, it sounds brutal, but it was necessary."

"Why?"

"Because Joe was alpha, and there was too much alpha left in her. I had to drive the alpha out of her. I had to show her who's boss."

Joanne said nothing for a while, but as I continued explaining, she got a far away look in her eyes.

Bob had strayed. Bob needed to be returned to the fold. Bob needed a good fuck. A fuck that showed the sheep who the master was.

I smiled. First Joanne, then the world.

Joanne and I went to the meeting that weekend, and we were smiling. And the other ladies all noticed.

"What are you two goin on about?" asked somebody.

"I'll tell you after reports."

Reports, and the percentages of men who retained their dicks was better.

And scientists were gleefully talking about artificial insemination, and how there was plenty of sperm to go around, and...yes, designer babies was possible.

And there were more female cops now, and they had better manners, were more compassionate and less likely to use their billy clubs.

The military was being redesigned as an 'emergency corps.' Women who traveled the world and helped out in the emergencies.

And the news went on and on.

And, finally, it was my turn.

"Ladies," I gave a big grin. "There are three races now. There are the males, the old females, and the new females. And we are the old females, and we need to consolidate our position if the races are to progress."

"What do you mean?"

"How are you..."

And so on.

So I told everybody what I had done with Joe. how I had made the old marriage contract work by becoming the alpha, the one in charge.

Let me tell you, there were a lot of thoughtful ladies as I wound up my talk.

And I said: "Think of it this way. Men have X and Y chromosomes. New women have only pure X chromosomes. Old women have X chromosomes, but there is a smattering of Y in them, and this Y has remained intact. The COVID SC has not taken the Y out of us, and that is good. For if there is not a bit of man in a woman, and a bit of woman in man, then we would not understand each other. We would be a species eternally at war, and that until one or the other was destroyed.

"The new woman, however has absolutely no Y chromosome. The new woman is perfect. A perfect X chromosome.

But the Y chromosome made men dominant. And the X chromosome made for perfect submission. The new women are waiting for the Y to rule them, to give them their place and purpose in the world. Thus, you must do as I have done. Take your old men, your new women, and teach them who is boss, who is in charge. Until you do that the new women will wander and search, and they are only looking for somebody to tell them what to do, to take charge of them.

END