

Polymorph Parasite (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A commission for Jack Mackenzie

George is a chauvinistic player who is always on the prowl for pretty ladies. But when he is unknowingly infected by a mutated parasite that feeds off sexual hormones and pushes him to be laid more often, it begins to transform him into a nymphomaniac bimbo who can fulfil those needs more consistently.

Polymorph Parasite

The parasite scuttled across the floor of the club. It did not know it was a club, nor even the word 'scuttle.' It knew only the need it had evolved to require, and the instincts that drove it to find the perfect host. The parasite was different from its brethren, something in its instincts recognised this. While they fed upon the concoctions of blood within a host's system, this particular parasite required something different. It was mutated, not that it knew what that meant. It only recognised that its host needed to be virile. A creature of mating instinct. This was what it needed. This is how it would feed.

It found its target across the large space. It moved slowly, but then it was small compared to the giants around it. Still, it scuttled implacably until it reached the mammoth leg of the future host. It smelled of power, of virility, of a strong mating instinct. Perfect. It shifted beneath the not-skin and reached the skin. Large hairs were upon the skin. This was good. Large hairs meant virility. Strength. Power. Sexual dominance.

It climbed up the forest, surrounded by the scents of masculinity. Yes, this host was male. That seemed ideal. A dominant gender of this species. Not that it knew what gender was, having none itself, but its instincts recognised this as good. It crawled through further hair until it reached the sight of virility itself. A large mass of hair, from which a large appendage protruded. The sight of virility, which emanated pheromones of sexual desire, particularly as the host was engaged with a member of the host species that was opposite in sex. Female.

Perfect.

Slowly, the creature crawled up. It was microscopic, and the journey was long, but it made it to the entrance of the appendage. A gaping cavern slit. And then it began the trek down, down, and down, into the host's reproductive organ, in order to better acclimate itself. In order to better grow, and intertwine itself with the host.

And to feed off the acts to come.

It sent a small hit of dopamine, just a trace, as thanks for its host.

Not that it truly knew what 'thanks' was.

George grinned as he looked down the hot babe's top. She was a total ten in his book. I mean, sure, her tits weren't huge, so maybe a nine. And yeah, her ass was pretty flat, so perhaps another point or two off there. But she was Eurasian, which was a total turn on. He wasn't sure if that was racist or positive, or maybe positive racism? Either way, hot.

"You're pretty hot!" he said. It seemed appropriate to say.

She grinned. "Straight to the point, huh?"

A shrug. "I call 'em like I see 'em! And you're hot. I dig Eurasian-looking chicks."

"At least you're honest about it."

"And your hair is awesome as. Love the short uppercut look."

She giggled, grinning. "Yeah, it's my preferred style."

"Well, you're killing it! Works awesome with your top too. The bare midriff look is awesome."

"Why, thank you. Did anyone ever tell you that you've got the energy of a golden retriever?"

"All the time!" he exclaimed, beaming. "I've even got the hair, see?" He pointed at his thick golden hair. "You throw a ball and I'll go fetch! Of course, I'm looking for a bit of something else to fetch, if you know what I mean."

The other woman laughed again. She was clearly vibing with him, as far as he could tell. "I mean, that's what this club is for, right?"

"To meet hot women and fuck?"

"I was going to say to meet hot people and find a nice date, but that works too, if you're up for it. What's your name?"

"George," he said. "I go to the gym, as you can see." He flexed his muscles.

"Well, those are indeed nice muscles."

"It's not all that's nice, . . . ?"

"Sabine."

"Hot name."

Another laugh. "Man, you really are riled, huh?"

"What can I say? I know what I want. And right now, that's you, babe. If you're into it. I don't want to crush your style or whatever. I'm totally all for women's rights and power and all that stuff. But I also like fucking really hot chicks and making sure they have a great time too. If you're into that, why don't we get out of here, and I'll let you play with these guns right up close? And maybe something else that's huge too."

“Okay, well now I *have* to give you a shot.”

Just half an hour later, and George was fucking that hot girl and making her squeal in passionate joy. He thrust his huge ten inch cock into her, forcing her to spread her thighs even wider just to take him.

“F-fuck! You’re s-sooooo big!” she whined.

George grinned, continuing to fuck her brains out. Her tits were actually pretty nice, even if he preferred Double-Ds or bigger. Still, he sucked on them like a baby to its mother’s tit, making her writhe even more. He could feel his balls aching for release, but he held on, kissing her passionately while gripping her ass with one hand. He lifted her hips a little more, granting his big dick even more access.

“Gonna c-cum,” he grunted. “Big one!”

“Mmhm! Do it! I’m on the pill, don’t worry!”

He breathed a sigh of relief, even as he rammed inside her once more. He hadn’t even thought of that. But then he wasn’t the brightest individual. Even his mates tended to call him a bit of a himbo.

A himbo who got a whole fuckton of pussy. And this girl’s pussy was wet and tight as all hell! It was enough that he was about to blow a gasket. He thrust again several more times, and the woman, he’d forgotten her name already, bucked her hips in return.

“You’re r-really fucking g-good at this! Oh God, I n-never cum from missionary, but I’m a-a-a- AAAHHH!! OHHHH! NNGHHH!!!”

She erupted into an animalistic song of euphoria, and he joined her, growling like a primal beast as he gave his body permission to climax. As usual, he came big, shooting a veritable river of semen into her. Her body trembled against his, but even in that moment of bliss her eyes went wide.

“H-holy sh-shit, that’s a lot.”

“I told you. I’m good at this. And big everywhere.”

She nodded, returning to her panting in the aftermath of the act. It was only when he pulled out that she had to immediately run to the bathroom to clean herself out. She was dripping George’s cum all the way down her thighs.

“Holy shit, you’re like a fucking porn star.”

“Only I make girls come for real,” he shouted as she closed the bathroom door. He giggled at his own joke, ruffled his handsome blonde hair, and laid back on the woman’s bed, arms behind his back. His form was rippled with muscle, and his huge cock was slowly going flaccid again, dropping just a little excess cum that he’d have to clean up. But at that moment, he was in heaven. He couldn’t wait to fuck her again. It was basically what he lived for, when he wasn’t working out or taking selfies or watching action movies.

“Yeah, this is the life. I just wish I hadn’t forgotten her name!”

He felt bad about that last part. She seemed like a really cool chick. Still, she was in the eight to nine range. Maybe next time he'd find a total ten.

The parasite was pleased. Greatly pleased. It was fully connected to the host's reproductive system, and had made only minute adjustments to his virility and stamina, including his generation of sperm reserves. It had picked its target well, and was already growing further, integrating and intertwining further into the host's body, invisibly but implacably. The rush of hormones from the sexual act had fed the parasite, added to its body weight. It was larger now - still almost invisible to the host's eye, even if it weren't *within* said host - but more capable now of altering the host's hormonal balances.

It needed more sexual intercourse from the host. That rush of hormones during climax had been incredibly powerful, and the virility of the parasite in turn had been increased. The parasite, already beginning to grow more of a mind after this first act, began to subtly alter the host's chemical balance further. The host was already greatly desirous of sex, but enhancing this desire and capability would only hasten the parasite's evolution. It began to secrete its own hormones into the host's blood supply, to be directly back to his brain.

Soon, the parasite would be even stronger, and the host even more virile.

George felt no immediate changes for a few days. As much as he enjoyed the so-called 'himbo lifestyle' of chatting up hot girls, having a good time, and enjoying numerous one-night stands, unfortunately life called as well. He worked as a fitness trainer at a nearby gym, and it was a job he very much loved.

"Nicely done! That was, like, waaay bigger than your last set!"

The young man he was training had the absolute stereotypical nerd look, complete with what looked to be inch-thick looking glasses.

"Wow, thanks George. I guess I'm always getting better, huh?"

"Absolutely, man! That was sick to watch!"

Harold, the nerdy man, chuckled. "I bet you probably think I'm still pretty weak though, huh? I mean, you could do those reps in your sleep!"

But George just gave a dismissive gesture. "No way, Jose! The only person you have to compete against is yourself, dude. And you are beating yourself everyday. Wait, that

sounds violent. Uh, the only person you're beating is the little guy you were before. Wait, that's even worse. Umm . . . huh."

"It's okay, I think I get it."

"Great!" he said, beaming again. "Because I totally lost track there. But you're doing fine, dude. Keep it up and you'll be as jacked as me!"

Harold looked up at George, raising one eyebrow. In a thousand years, he'd never be as jacked as George, but the cheerful himbo was too proud of the man to think otherwise. They were about to start another set after a water break when George was suddenly distracted by a beautiful woman walking past. She had a gorgeous black frizzy afro and perfect chocolate brown skin, and her figure was wild, especially her pert, athletic ass. Normally, George was easily distracted by such sights, but could rein himself in after a brief appreciation of their good looks. If they were still around after he was finished his job, he'd most certainly approach them and get to know them, and he'd had great success due to how encouraging and kind he was, despite his obvious attraction.

This time, however, was different. To his astonishment, his dick sprang almost immediately into a throbbing erection, and his captivation lasted a lot longer.

"Um, are you okay?" Harold asked.

George went a little red, realisation that he'd left a *very* firm impression of his huge erection against his fitness shorts. He quickly adjusted himself.

"Sorry, dude! Caught sight of that awesome hot chick with the great ass over there!"

Harold looked about. "Oh, yeah. She is good looking."

"So good looking. I bet she'd love being taken from behind. Or riding on top. I'd be A-okay with whatever preference she had, that's for sure!"

Harold gave a funny look, clearly a bit awkward over this interaction. "Shall we get to the next set?"

"Oh, huh, yeah. Of course, man! Work comes first!"

He got to spotting his customer, but was continually distracted by the gorgeous black woman. She was on the thigh master, and my did she have a lovely pair of thick thighs that George would love to have his head squashed between. And that ass!

"G-George! H-help!"

The bulky man swivelled, and realised to his horror that he'd failed in his spotting: Harold was about to have his windpipe crushed by the bar. He quickly hoisted it up.

"Dude! So sorry. I got distracted again."

"M-maybe we should cut it short today.'

Ordinarily George would do everything in his power to avoid that. He prided himself on being an awesome trainer, but at that moment, he couldn't stop thinking about the total

hottie. His dick *throbbed* in his shorts, practically aching to come inside that woman. Even his breath came faster, as if he were on the verge of having sex already.

“Y-yeah. That’s a good idea. I’m so sorry, dude. It won’t, like, happen again. I’ll make sure you’re all good. And hey, no payment today, alright? This was on me. And take a free protein shake. I’m real sorry, dude.”

Harold nodded, taking a sip of water. “It’s okay. You’ve been a great trainer. I guess she is pretty good looking.”

“So hot.”

“Maybe we can meet again next week? Just don’t drop the bar next time.”

“Dude, I’ll spot you so hard you won’t know what hit you. Well, what didn’t, I guess.”

Harold thanked him, and after a time left. He was shocked that the incident had occurred at all. While George was certainly not the brightest, and liked to occasionally take a selfie of himself or photo posing against the gym mirror, he had always been on the ball. Yes, he was into women quite a bit, talked about too, but never so directly. And that erection!

“Yeesh, I wish I had a dick like that,” he chuckled to himself as he went to his car.

George, on the other hand, was about to burst. He had tried to avoid rushing Harold out the door, but by the time the shorter, much frailer man was leaving, George was almost considering *paying him* just to get out of there. His balls were working overtime, and he could have sworn he could *feel* them filling up with semen. He moved with alacrity towards the woman, who was on the step-machine by that point, and put on his best swagger. By the way she looked at him with interest out of the side of her vision, and the smirk that followed, he could tell she was probably single, and *definitely* interested. Thank God, because if couldn’t get laid soon he’d have to nut it out in the bathroom, and that course of action just didn’t seem right at all at that moment.

“Hey there,” he said, trying to remain calm. “I’ve not seen you here before.”

“I’m new,” she said, continuing her steps, but letting her ass shake a little more suggestively. “But I’m liking the scenery.”

“Yeah, it’s really cool. Can I just say I was hella impressed with your work on the thighmaster? I was trying not to, you know, look too long, but your work was damn impressive!”

“Thanks,” she said coolly, “I’m big on leg day. Need to keep the gains, after all.”

“Well, I’m big on gains too.”

“I can see that. I’m Porter.”

“George. You mind if we work out together?”

The workout was going very well, in George's mind. As a worker at the gym, he had secure access to a back room with plenty of equipment, and the ability to lock it behind him. Which gave him and Porter plenty of space to fuck like animals.

"Oh God!" she cried. "You're s-so fucking big!"

"That's what the last girl said!" he exclaimed.

She turned her head back to face him as he thrust into her once more. She was pressed against one of the leg routine machines, her huge ass stuck out as he took her from behind. His hands squeezed her hips and perfect cheeks as she worked against him, hugging his cock with her impressive behind and her incredibly moist pussy.

"Oh, a l-last girl, huh? You - ahh! - do this often? Mhmm!"

"Loads! My friends call me a total himbo."

"Ha! You - Nngh! - give off that vibe, for sure. I've never f-fucked in a gym before!"

"Me either!" he responded. "But I just had this need as soon as I saw you! I never felt anything like it!"

"M-me either! I s-swear I'm not usually like this!"

"I'd be okay with it if you were! Ugh!"

He built up speed, letting her ass cheeks bounce impressively as he bent over a little to massage her dangling breasts with their gorgeous, full nipples. She moaned, hard. "But it's - ooohhhh - worth it, that's f-for sure! It's pretty naughty!"

"Very naughty!" he replied with a grin, before continuing his motions. Their talking stopped as they edged closer and closer to climax, until finally he exploded within her, somehow pumping *even* more seed than before. So much so that for a dreadful moment, he was afraid the condom would burst. Thankfully, it didn't seem to.

Porter, on the other hand, was still wracked with orgasm after orgasm. She moaned loudly, barely able to restrain herself, the people nearest the wall likely hearing at least *something* of her pleasure.

"Jesus, that was good," she finally moaned, coming down from her own multiple orgasms. "I need to hit hot himbos like you up more often."

"I'd be up for it. That thing you did with your hips was amazing! I don't know if anyone has ever told you this, but you're *really* good at sex, Porter."

She looked at his expression, searching for the sarcasm or the self-important brag. But there was none. His big blue eyes were entirely sincere.

"Yeah," she laughed. "You're not bad yourself. Why don't we just chill here for a bit before going back out, huh?"

"That's fine by me!" he responded eagerly. "Tell me about yourself."

"I'm not looking for a relationship. I figure I'll point that out now."

"Me either. I just love having sex and learning about people."

She guffawed. "Well, okay then! I work in insurance."

"That's crazy, I didn't know girls could work in insurance."

"Pig," she replied, momentarily annoyed. "Look, anyway . . ."

They continued to chat for sometime, pausing while George took a couple of shirtless selfies, which Porter thought was hilarious. He talked about his favourite action movies, while she mentioned a lot of drama films that he had no intention of ever watching, let alone understanding. His brain sort of turned off a bit when she talked about them, but he avoided boredom by checking out her rack. She had a nice pair of C's.

Then, after roughly twenty minutes had passed, she traced a slender hand over his muscled chest. "Hey, remember when I said before that I don't usually do this kind of thing?"

"Yeah. I think. Maybe?"

"It was like not even twenty minutes ago, you goof! Anyway, I'm feeling in the mood to go round two. Up for it, cowboy?"

He beamed. "Oh, definitely. Just give me another twenty to recover? Does that work?"

She was briefly disappointed. "Sure. Oh shit, I can't wait that long. I've got an appointment."

"Oh, dang! That totally sucks! You're way too hot to have sex with just once. Plus I like learning about you."

"You're sweet," she said, kissing him on the cheek. "I better head off then. Maybe catch me here another time? I can think of another few . . . workouts we could get into."

He nodded. "Totally. Your core workout must be amazing but I think your upper body routine could use a little variety. Your deltoids -"

"I mean sex, stupid."

"Oh. OHHHH. Yeah. Totally."

With another chuckle and a kiss, she got up to shower and change. George was briefly disappointed, but the promise of future fun times was right there. He decided to get changed too, and head home to spend some time on his socials and maybe watch a cool gun flick with zero plot and lots of fighter jets in it.

All in all, apart from the Harold slip up, it was a good day.

The parasite was confused. Once more it had fed upon the sexual energy and hormones of the host, but while it was yet more powerful, it seems there were limitations to what this body was capable of. The female host species had wanted to continue intercourse, something the

parasite desperately desired. It hungered for it, and had willed the host to hasten his refractory period.

Only he had been unable to.

The parasite considered this, at least as much as a creature so minute and alien could consider something. Its mass and intelligence had grown yet again, and it was starting to recognise a significant pattern. While the host was a definitely sexual creature, the females of its species experienced orgasm and sexual pleasure in far greater amounts, and for far greater length when fully stimulated. Furthermore, their reproductive organs didn't require as much preparation or effort of blood flow.

For several minutes, the parasite considered its options. It was now half-instinct, half-thought.

Then it made its decision.

It began to secrete new chemicals, dumping enormous amounts into the host's system, beginning the process of much more radical change. It was an exhausting effort. It would require days of constant production and secretion. But if successful, the parasite would not be disappointed again.

It would have as many sexual hormones to feed off as it could possibly desire.

Chauvinist. Chauvinist. It was a pretty weird word. George had been called it more than once before, but figured it was just a technical term for his impressive biceps or something. It was only when a hot chick smacked him with her purse that he was shocked to hear it as an insult.

"What does that even mean!?" he exclaimed.

"You asshole, you literally came up and complimented me on my tits, right in front of my parents!"

"Well, I didn't know they were your parents. Besides, they look real natural and pretty damn big. I thought I was giving you a nice compliment!" Another strike of the back, and he pulled himself back. "Geez, lady!"

"I can't believe you thought it was okay to just eyefuck me from across the room like that, then comment on my damn tits! Get the hell out of here!"

George put up his hands and backed out of the food court. Maybe it had been the wrong place to make comments on the woman's body. But she was hot, and from his point of view it was just a nice compliment. After all, what's-her-name and Porter had liked it, right?

"And speaking of 'nice tits'!" the woman's voice echoed, "why don't you sort out your super weird nipples before commenting on anyone else's!"

George frowned, looking down at his chest in his singlet. It did look a little funny. After all, his nipples were never that big, or round, or firm. He'd noticed it that morning, along with a general thinning of his body hair. He didn't care about that so much: chicks liked hairy guys, sure, but they also liked to see clearly defined muscles, and hair got in the way.

"Apparently they don't like being complimented in the food court," he mumbled, before heading on his way. "Man, chicks can be real weird sometimes."

It was something he occasionally encountered. Perhaps four out of five times he approached a hot girl, they were receptive, or just flattered. But occasionally words like 'perv', 'sexist,' 'total dog', and so forth got thrown his way. He couldn't understand it. Sure, women's rights were all important stuff as far as he was concerned, but God still gave chicks nice curves for men to look at and compliment, right? They had bodies built for fucking, especially when a girl was mega hot, and he didn't see anything wrong in being straight to the point about that. He liked learning about them, meeting new people, and always approaching life with a smile.

"But I guess some hotties just don't get it," he said, shaking his head as if *they* were the ones that didn't understand. "Or maybe it's just because I'm all fired up lately. I gotta get me a fuckbuddy. I feel like I'm leaking my manliness out."

The fact that his muscles felt less defined that day was evidence of it. He decided to head to the gym and correct that very fact.

"Oh God! Oh fuck! Don't stop! Lick my titties! Keep g-going! OOHHH!!!"

Porter orgasmed, the two having gone at it hard in the gym once again. This time she was riding him while he did seated pull-ups, working out even as he rose up to fuck her. It was incredibly sexy to the pair of gym junkies, though he felt unusually strained compared to usual. He orgasmed, and she thrust her pretty impressive chest out against his face, allowing him one last motorboat before they both collapsed.

"Damn, another good round of sex," she said, grinning.

"What can I say, black chicks are hot."

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, maybe keep that particular line of thought to yourself."

"Oh, I thought you'd like the compliment. But you've got a great ass. And your tits are nice!"

"What a Romeo. Thank God the sex is good."

He raised an eyebrow. He noticed that she hadn't given a big moan at the end. "Not great?"

"Good isn't enough?"

“I just thought . . .”

“It’s okay, not everyone gets multiples out of me. It’s not super common.”

“I did last time though, right?”

“Oh yeah. I came like four times.”

It was like being hit with a brick. George *never* failed to make girls orgasm. It was a point of pride.

“Don’t be disappointed,” she said. “It’s just a thing. Plus, you’re looking pretty exhausted and run down.”

“Huh?”

“Your muscles. They look a bit flatter. And your face looks like my old boyfriend’s after a long overnight shift, sort of soft, though unlike him you’ve shaved.”

“I haven’t shaved.”

“Coulda fooled me. You’re as smooth as a baby’s bottom. Maybe just get some rest. Your pecs are all swollen: maybe you just did too much work there.”

Once again, she packed up, got changed, and left, leaving George confused. None of it made sense. He looked at himself in the mirror and saw that she was right. His skin was smoother, and his hair had grown out more than it should have. Despite not shaving, his face was hairless. Shirtless, he could see that his nipples were even bigger - which explained why Porter had looked at them funny - and his pecs indeed looked sort of puffy and bloated. They felt so too.

“What’s up with my muscles, man?” he asked himself. He flexed a few times. He was still ripped. “Shredded,” as he would put it. But not as much as he should have been. In fact, his shoulders almost looked shrunken.

“Yeah, I gotta work out more. Rest up after.”

He checked his watch. “Right after helping Harold. Gotta make the session worth it this time.”

Two days later, George was getting worried. He’d shacked up with two chicks at the same time the previous night, a hot brunette called Stacy and a curvy girl who was a bit more plump who’s name he forgot straight away. He showed attention to Stacy first, which had annoyed the other girl. But Stacy was hotter, so it made sense. But when he got to the other one, with her awesome cow tits and her huge ass, he hadn’t been able to get it up! Worse, his nipples had been tensing weirdly, and he found it difficult to lift her to get her on his lap and make him hard again.

In the end, he'd had to leave, the threesome a total failure and his ego humiliated. Once again, he was accused of being a chauvinist, all because he tried to explain the problem as her being a bit too big for his taste. He thought he'd sounded reasonable, but instead both had kicked him out.

The whole situation had him weirdly emotional, like he hadn't had enough protein shakes or something. He'd ended up going to bed with tears in his eyes. Boys didn't cry! At least, not manly ones like him. And yet he'd felt the weird urge to cry and indulge in ice cream anyway, and so he'd ordered some.

Now, the next morning, he woke with terror in his mind. The second he pulled the sheets he'd known something was up. His body felt too . . . small. Too weak. And far too smooth.

"Oh God! Shit! This is fucked!"

He ran to his full size mirror, which he often used to post photos of himself flexing for his social media stream and fitness advertisement. It didn't make sense: he'd somehow lost several inches of height! He should have been a tall, musclebound 6'3 giant of a man. Instead, he looked to be 6'0, or worse, 5'9, and only quite muscly instead of 'fucking shredded' as he liked to put it.

"And my hair, what the hell!"

He spooled it out. It came past his ears at that point, and was lighter in shade than it should have been. From golden blonde of the retriever he was often compared to, to an almost dark platinum blonde. It had a silky quality instead of the natural surfer's wave he normally possessed.

"Now way is this possible. Did I get food poisoning or something? Wait, that makes no sense. Does it? Can food poisoning do this?"

He shifted, then realised that the draping, bobbing feeling on his chest wasn't from his sleeping shirt. Eyes wide and in a panic, he tore off his clothing, only to be further aghast.

"Those look like - like -"

He couldn't even finish the sentence, but the answer was obvious. *They look like tits.*

Not big ones, perhaps only A-cups, but far too rounded and feminine to be anything but boobs, particularly given that his nipples had become perfect pink female examples. And his dick!

"No! NO! NOOOO!!!"

He clutched his manhood, desperately hoping its reduced size was just a result of the temperature. But it wasn't. It was, in fact, rather a nice warm morning. And yet his enormous ten-inch cock, the 'stallion' that drove the ladies wild and filled them to the brim, was now only eight inches. Still well above average, but noticeably shorter than it should have been. Even his balls looked smaller.

“Fuck! No! How does this happen? How the hell does this, like, happen? I’ve got to call a doctor, man!”

He immediately got out his phone and made the call. He was desperate, terrified, and his voice was shaky as he booked the closest possible appointment for the next day. The receptionist on the other end was clearly concerned, but he refused to share details of his condition with her.

“It’s, uh, private. I can’t discuss it, especially with ladies, even if you aren’t a hottie!”

He hung up just as she made a confused ‘eh?’ on the other end of the phone.

“Gotta sort this out. No way am I losing my hunky good looks and muscle. I’m a total ladykiller. Well, I don’t kill ladies. A ladylover. I still have so many hot chicks to fuck, and different size and shapes of boobs to stick my face in! It’s their loss as much as mine if I have some disease that makes me a girly nerd.”

He slumped on his couch, cancelling his appointments for the day on his phone. He needed time to think. More than that, he needed to sort himself out. Because as much as his dick had reduced in size, it was beginning to become very hard and in need of ‘release.’

“Tomorrow. Get this, whatever it is, diagnosed tomorrow.”

The parasite was pleased. It was confirmed then, that the other sex could go longer, produce more. The one called ‘Porter’ was evidence of this, as were the others the host named George had slept with. Already the changes were beginning, but now there was a problem.

The host was in full paranoia, suspecting something was wrong. This endangered not just the growing parasite’s plan, but also the parasite’s life itself. It was now fully integrated into the host, and only death would flush it out. But the host species were clever, even if George was not.

No, it needed to flex its parasitic powers more cleverly than ever before. A good thing that it was growing in intelligence and understanding then. It reached out, its tendrils extending to affect George’s very mind. His brain. His memory and reasoning centres. What followed would be difficult work, but it could be done.

And if it did indeed work, then the host would be none the wiser.

The next day, George felt much better. There was no need to go to the doctor: he was as fit and handsome and muscular as ever, as far as he was concerned. Yes, it did feel vaguely not right to have a perfectly average penis size, as well as for his chest to sort of wobbly, but

then hadn't he always had a set of B-cup breasts? His waist was thinner, and his shoulders further shrunken, but while they seemed unfamiliar to his muscles, he was certain it was all just early morning cramps and uncertainty. After all, that was his natural body state, wasn't it?

Nevertheless, he examined himself in the mirror before dressing.

"Damn, better get a bra for my tits," he said, cupping his chest. Another warning spike went through his mind, but he couldn't quite determine what it meant. "Yeah, I guess that's my brain telling me to definitely ready for C-cups, just in case they grow further. I guess. Does that even make sense?"

He shook his head, trying to sort out the contradictions as he looked over his hips. They were a little wide, just as his thighs were impressively thick, yet shapely, to match the loveliness of his legs.

"I should show these off," he said to himself. "My ass too. Geez, I wish it was bigger. Why do I have such a pancake ass? Chicks dig a nice round ass to grope . . . I think."

It seemed to have a wonky logic to it, as if some piece was missing. He cringed, mind working around those bends and attempting to decipher what was wrong. His body seemed curvier than perhaps it should be, and why was his hair down to his shoulders? Surely it shouldn't be platinum coloured? More sort of . . . golden."

But then at that moment there was an unexpected rush of blood, a cocktail of hormones that left him panting and briefly feverish. He wiped a bead of sweat from his forehead, and stood again.

And blinked.

And tried to think of what he was just thinking about.

"Ah, forget it!" he said after failing to remember. "It couldn't have been important. It's time to take some selfies, hit the gym, then find some lady company tonight."

He took one last look over his form.

"And maybe find something that fits a little better."

Harold couldn't believe it when he saw how much George had changed. He looked almost androgynous, having somehow lost several inches of height, gaining what appeared to be a set of breasts, and with a figure that was at least part way between male and female. It was only when George had spoken with his voice - though it was a little squeaky - and with that same enthusiastic, encouraging confidence, that he realised it was even him.

“Let’s get you all set up, Harold!” he said, thrusting out his once muscled, not B-cup chest. “We need to build those muscles so all the hot checks are going to climb all over you and beg you to make sweet love to them, man.”

“George, what - what has happened to you?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Your body: it looks weird! You’ve lost height, and are you wearing a wig? Are those boobs on your chest?”

George looked over himself, again feeling that slight fever overriding his brief anxiety. He had cleavage that pushed against the fabric of his top. He’d picked up something a bit more slimming from a confused female clerk he’d flirted with, as well as a bra with proper fittings, but for some reason the muscle memory on how to actually do the clasp at the back was lacking. But he’d always had cleavage, right?

“Dude, you must have forgotten this is just my look,” George said. “Maybe you just haven’t seen me in the right outfit. But this body is one-hundred percent all male, all perfect. Just check out these abs!”

He lifted his shirt, and it felt good to bare his midriff. He wondered if he should do that more often? The abs on display were impressive, though Harold did notice they were less prominent than expected, and surprisingly smooth, like something approaching a woman’s toned midriff.

“Oh, okay I guess,” he replied though, not really knowing what to say. “Maybe it’s just a different style.”

“Well it’s time to style *you* differently, my dude. We’re gonna make you a peak male specimen! Get you hot enough to fuck chicks like I do with my six-inch whopper.”

Harold frowned. He knew George wasn’t bright, but he had to know that six inches wasn’t deeply impressive, right?

For the rest of the workout, the nerdy man tried to ignore how oddly different George obviously was. The man’s chest heaved, clearly feminine, with large nipples that pushed against the fabric of bra and singlet alike. His ability to lift was obviously reduced, but he didn’t even seem to notice! And perhaps strangest of all, for all that he was a total woman-obsessed himbo of a gym bro, George seemed curiously uninterested in the hot trio of workout girls near their corner. In fact, his eyes kept wandering to another larger man, one who George once would have been bigger than but was now the clear alpha male of the room.

George was only partly aware of this. He showed Harold how to work the latest routine, lift in all the right places, and when to hold, but his horniness kept returning. He had actually noticed the girls in the corner, but despite his growing libido, it had been utterly unnatural to stare at their asses.

Instead, he was catching peeks of the other man's amazing shoulder muscles. It sent tingles down his spine.

"I'm just checking out his routine," he said aloud, as if to explain it.

But on some level, he knew that it didn't.

The parasite was taking a risk. It knew it. The sexual energy of masturbation and arousal was enough to sustain it, but only for a short while. The host was changing rapidly, but even still the wait was excruciating. During the transition the one known as 'George' was not experiencing the sex act with either women or men. It was a consequence of the delicate work of rearranging his sexual orientation. Of making him a prime subject for continual mating and, one day, even breeding. But that was a long way off. For now, the exhausted parasite continued to risk itself by altering its subject's hormonal balance.

A little more XX.

A little less XY.

And perhaps a bit of reduction in intelligence, just to smooth it all over.

George frowned as he tried to fit his boobs into the cups of his bra. They weren't big enough. But then, why did he even own a pair of B-cups? He had grown a pair of ample C's, a nice handful, and the kind that cute gals loved to grab.

"And totally cute guys," he reminded himself. "Not that I'm gay or anything. I just know guys liked to grab them."

Still, the thought of such made his dick go a little hard. Thankfully, it didn't leave an enormous impression against his shorts. A nice benefit of having a smaller penis.

George frowned. "Something's, like, not quite right here," he said. He was using that word more and more as a filler: 'like.' The same for 'totally', and even 'super' and 'supes.' Mind, his vocabulary had never been particularly impressive, but it bothered him a little. As did the shrinking appendage between his thicker thighs.

"Weren't you bigger yesterday?" He was certain that it was. Just like his hips had definitely been not quite as wide. But then his phone buzzed, and he opted to check it quickly.

"Oh, like, this is awesome! Hannah is throwing a party, and I'm uninvited. She's got a mega hot rack! The guys all love it. I mean . . . / love it. Stick my face right in there. And unlike *some* ladies, she *likes* it when I compliment those perfect tits."

He readied himself to go. He had previously been thinking of just trawling clubs, but 'Hannah the Hottie' as he often called her was an epic lay, and an invite from her was as good as an invitation to her pussy, as far as he was concerned. Normally, he would dress in a pair of smart slacks and button shirt, or maybe just a pair of board shorts and t-shirt if she had her backyard pool going. But for some reason he got a little warm and fluttery when his mind drifted to other possibilities. Shouldn't he show off his body more, after all? Certainly, his tits weren't near Hannah's impressive pair, but they were pretty good. And his ass was bigger lately - or maybe it was always that big - and guys loved that.

"Not that I'm into guys," he mumbled. "I just, like, want to establish dominance with my fine, juicy ass. Make them watch it bounce."

He moaned a little, licking his lips, and began organising what he was going to wear. He just knew his cute outfit was going to kill it.

To say that his appearance made a confusing splash at Hannah's party was an understatement to say the least. Various individuals - all of them social media hotties and hunks and popular gals and guys - looked at him with vague confusion. It irritated him a little. Sure, his nose was a little more button-cute and his face softer, and yes his lips had puffed up a bit while his eyebrows had become perfectly arched, but it was obviously still him, as far as he was concerned.

Others weren't as convinced, particularly given what he was wearing: a cute short red skirt and tight tank top that pulled tight around his chest. His androgynous looks were now much more female and male, but when he spoke, chatted to old buddies he hadn't seen in a while, or tried to flirt with some of the ladies (though for some reason only the ones in close proximity to hot dudes), they began to realise who it was.

"No way, George? It can't be you!"

He turned, his boobs jostling in his top, feeling a little odd for reasons he couldn't explain. "Hannah! Holy hell, you look totes awesome in that pink dress."

"I know," she said flatly, gesturing to her perfect cleavage. She had a full set of Double-D's that George always lusted upon, but at that moment he only felt a weird sense of jealousy. His own pair seemed small in comparison. "But what the hell has happened to you? I had no idea you were trans!"

"What?" he exclaimed. "I'm not trans! This is what I'm meant to be."

"Uh, sure. But, like, you're a girl, right?"

"No, I'm a dude! I just have tits and longer hair and soft skin, and like, stuff. I've always been like this."

Hannah's eyebrows raised. "Are you okay? Is this a denial thing? Wait, have you had surgery? How the hell are you shorter?"

He became dizzy for a moment. "I - I don't know. I'm meant to be, like, 6'3, but I'm only 5'6 or something now, I think. I - I can't explain it."

Hannah was starting to look concerned, and others were clearly interested as well, drawing closer to George. His heart began to beat more rapidly as he tried to explain his changes, only for the contradictions to keep adding up.

"No, I've always had tits. Or I've been growing them. The changes are natural, but you know, there are no changes. It's still me. I'm the 'himbo hunk' and you're 'Hannah the hottie' remember?"

"Yeah, those were *your* names, I never really loved that, George."

"Okay, sure, but they were totes appropriate. I mean, I'm still a total bit of manmeat, right?"

All eyes travelled to his skirt, a distinct curiosity as to exactly *how much* 'manmeat' could possibly be there given the near scandalous length of it.

"Um, are you sure?" she asked.

He swallowed. "I think so. Wait, this doesn't make sense."

"You're telling me. Everyone's favourite woman-crazed chauvinist is literally turning into a woman, and can't explain it."

"I'm not turning into anything. And besides, it's normal, and - and - fuck! I need to grab a drink. I'm hungry and thirsty and fucking horny all of a sudden!"

He pushed past Hannah, still annoyed at how much better her tits were, and his mind ablaze with questions. He grabbed a red cup full of the strong stuff and downed it, then grabbed another and did the same. His body was hit by those same strange pressures again, like he was changing once more, like something was infecting him, changing him.

"This - this isn't, like, right," he stammered.

But then he was hit with a different cocktail: a huge dump of hormones that made his dick hard with arousal. He needed sexual relief. It had been *days* without indulging with someone else. He was meant to be a player.

"All that matters is I get some totes good sex," he moaned. He moved to the backyard, where the crowd that had interrogated him were absent. Numerous girls in bikinis and guys in board shorts were enjoying the pool, flirting and having fun. It was a feast for the eyes, especially the men.

Especially the men.

The thought was alien and wrong, but so, so right. He took a breath, grunted as his voice shot up a few octaves, as his Adam's apple melted in, as his boobs swelled up to full D's. He palmed them in his hands as they overwhelmed the bikini top beneath his tank top.

“Oohhhh what’s . . . what’s h-happening to meeee . . .”

And then, just as quickly as it had come, the feeling ended. His hips cracked a little wider, his penis withdrew a little more, but it was done.

“Shit, I’m so fucking horny,” he said. “Just changed a little more, but that’s normal. I just need to fuck someone. Doesn’t matter if it’s, like, guys or whatever. I haven’t had sex with hot studs but it’d be super fun, right?”

He giggled nervously. He was doing something he’d never done before, but his nymphomania was out of control. He took off his top to reveal the bikini and then jumped into the pool, making quite the splash. Some of the single guys cheered, and he was quick to float himself over to a particularly attractive one, a large hunk with a mediterranean look.

“Hey,” he whispered, trying to sound as sensual as possible.

“Hey. I’m Kade.”

“And I’m Georgie.” He had no idea why he’d said ‘Georgie’ instead of his name, but it sounded cute. Besides, this guy looked ripped as fuck. Hadn’t he been ripped? His muscle tone was so much less now. But maybe that was a good thing. It meant he could appreciate Kade’s muscles all the more.

“Nice to meet you Georgie. You new around here?”

“No, I’ve been around a while. I normally fuck hot girls but I couldn’t keep my eyes off you. I was thinking of, like, fucking your brains out instead.”

Georgie pushed himself against Kade, practically wrapping his legs around the man’s hips and pressing his now D-cup bust against that muscular chest. It made his expanded nipples *throb* with arousal.

“Wow, you don’t kid around, do you?”

“Oh, I kid around a lot. Mainly in the bed.” He giggled lightly like a girl at his own silly joke. He made them all the time when he was the tough guy with girls. It seemed right to do a little more sweetly now.

“Well, how about we make out here for a moment, and if I like what I feel, then we go to one of the spare bedrooms?”

Georgie didn’t need an excuse. She practically shoved her mouth against Kade’s, kissing him deeply and probing him with his tongue. He moaned like a woman in heat, and again when Kade not-so-subtly cupped her big boobies and rubbed her nipples. His hands migrated south to then cup her ass as well, and she trembled at the unexpected sensitivity of the region.

“Like what you feel?” she asked.

“Let’s go upstairs.”

The parasite was pleased. There was enough residual sexual energy to feed upon and survive, but now would come the ultimate test. Georgie's changes were not finished, but with his regressed mental state and altered memory, it would be difficult for him to figure out what was going on before it was too late and the parasite was fully settled in.

But there was a danger ahead. His reproductive system was not fully in. Thankfully, as Georgie's intelligence reduced, so had the parasite's expanded. It was now beginning to understand another concept of human mating that did not result in reproduction. And judging from how this 'Kade' enjoyed the sway of Georgie's increasingly large behind, it had a suspicion this could work.

Georgie cried out, overcome with pleasure at the act. He had no idea where the notion had come from. He had never allowed himself to be fucked by some dude's dick before, especially in his ass, but the sensation of being stretched was divine! It almost made him wish that his small penis would shrink away and be replaced with a vagina, giving him the ultimate pleasure!

Kade thrust his impressive eight-incher deep into Georgie, taking him from behind on the bed. He reached forward to fondle Kade's breasts, and the transforming man wailed once more. His skirt and pants were pulled down, but he felt a strange recognition that he should not reveal to this man his genitals. That perhaps that time had not come just yet.

But it would.

"Oh G-God! This is, like, sooooo good!" he cried. His voice was utterly female, and only becoming more sensual.

"Yeah babe, you got a hot fucking ass!" Kade exclaimed. "I love fucking girls from behind, especially without a condom."

Georgie cooed in pleasure, bucked his wider hips against those of his penetrator. It felt so unfamiliar to have a man's penis inside him, so big and rock hard and invasive, but it also felt so damn perfect. As if it was meant to be. He struggled to think why he'd never done it before. After all, he'd always been into hot guys, surely? Maybe? Or perhaps he was just now. Yeah, it was a change, probably. But it was a change for the good.

"I'm c-close! Baby, I'm s-so fucking close!" he whined. "I'm gonna cum! You're gonna make me cum, baby!"

"Yeah! Fucking come, you hot chick!"

"I'm a dude!"

"Whatever you prefer to be called, hot stuff. I'm about to - AGHGH!!!"

He came, and then so did Georgie. His body shook, and his hard penis, small as it was, ejected stream after stream of issue into his underwear.

“OOhhhhhh I’m b-being emptied! It f-feel ssoooooo right! Fuck me! Cum in me, baby!”

More changes occurred as his body was flooded with sex hormones, as the parasite within him fed then altered his body in turn. Georgie shook, moaning as the final changes commenced. His hips groaned as they expanded, his tits swelled up, becoming heavy E-cups that were the size of perfect cantaloupes that hung heavy on his chest, easily bigger than Hannah’s own pair. His waist contracted, leaving him with a sexy hourglass figure. Kade watched in astonishment as Georgie’s ass expanded, becoming even more attractive to fuck than before. His height reduced, leaving him a cute and desirable 5’5 - short without being *too* short, and a far cry from his original 6’3. His platinum blonde hair snaked down his back, ended just above his rear, resting against the small of his back. To perfect that womanly look, the parasite made sure to rearrange the very structure of his face, leaving him with a devastatingly cute-but-hot look with full bimbo-like lips and vibrant ocean-blue eyes that just radiated naivete with a dash of constant horniness.

But the biggest change of all was the alien sensation of Georgie’s dick withdrawing back into his body. He groaned, experiencing a rush of dopamine courtesy of the parasite that now extended throughout his entire system.

“Oh G-God! My dick! It’s, like, turning into a pussy!”

Kade paused as he pulled his cock out of Georgie’s rear, and beheld the astonishing changes going on in ‘his’ body. “What the fuck? Georgie, you’re changing! What the hell - you had a dick this whole time!?”

“It’s - perfectly - ahh - natural!” the transforming male cried, even as a pair of sopping wet lower lips formed. A tunnel opened up, a passage leading to his new uterus, fully formed within him. In that very moment, another rush of dopamine left him actually salivating, drooling in ungodly pleasure as his mental gears switched from ‘him’ to ‘her.’

“I’m - a woman,” she said. “I’m a woman. Like, how am I a total girly girl? This doesn’t make sense!”

“You’re telling me! Why are you like the fucking hottest chick ever now! You were a chick with a dick before and I didn’t even know!”

Kade was panicking, but nearly as much as Georgie. She grabbed him by his collar, desperate for answers. The final change had override the mental block she’d been bound by, and now all of the insanity of her current condition came crashing down. She pushed Kade aside, ran to the mirror in the same room, and came face to face with the absolute hottest of the hotties she’d ever seen. The blonde bombshell in the mirror was the most stereotypical barbie bimbo imaginable, with full, ripe breasts and a set of hips that would make any man

stop and stare. Her hair was long and silky, almost platinum white in its blondeness, and her lips looked made for giving perfect blowjobs. She fluttered her eyelashes, breathing deeply, drinking in the sight of that hourglass with its shapely legs, flat tummy, and a dynamite ass.

And it was her. All her. The kind of woman George would have moved the world to make his fuckbuddy, and do everything to seduce her time and again as an ongoing bootycall. The kind of woman he viewed as top of the ladder. The mythical eleven out of ten.

“NO! NOOOO!!”

Something in her mind snapped. She was meant to be George! The player! The himbo! The lovable golden retriever that was always drowning in pussy, not possessing one! She ran downstairs, grabbing her clothing and hastily putting it on, even though it was now far, far too tight for her utterly voluptuous body.

Only to find herself surrounded by a group of very, very hot men.

The parasite panicked. It had done so well, but the exhaustion from causing the final change to Georgie’s final form had caused the mental blocks to fall away. She remembered everything, or at least enough to piece together that something was incredibly wrong. As much as her already unimpressive intelligence had regressed, and her libido raised to utterly nymphomaniac levels, she still had enough reasoning to break through the barriers the parasite had faced.

It was now or never. If she sought help, the parasite could be flushed out. It was utterly dependent on her now, and if this last hurdle could be passed - for it knew now what hurdles were, not that it was intertwined with her intelligence too - then it would be so integrated that nothing could dislodge it short of death of the host. And it was already working on keeping her healthy to the fullest lifespan possible.

It focused its hormonal sacs, and discharged them in a total blitz of the host’s senses, hoping to overwhelm them.

“Whoa, holy shit, where did you come from cutie?”

Georgie whirled, trying to look for ways to escape. It was all so confusing, it was like her mind was in some fog. How had this happened?

“I, like, need to get out of here or whatever!” she cried. With her movements, her heavy breasts wobbled in her bikini top, practically slipping out of it. It gave the men at the party a terrific sight.

“Are you sure? You look perfect for this party?”

“Aww man, hottest chick and she’s leaving?”

“Those tits are perfect babe, why don’t you let me drive you home for a little fun?”

“Stay here on the couch if you need some time - we can keep you company!”

“Check out that ass!”

The comments kept coming, horrifying her. They were the kind of things she would have said as George to hot girls, and it was only now that she understood why they weren’t *always* compliments.

That is, until they were.

Suddenly the fever returned, and her body was flushed with an incredible warmth she couldn’t believe. Her brain was flooded with hormones, and the end result was that her nipples suddenly jutted against her bikini top, throbbing with desire to be touched. Her pussy instantly became wet, her clitoris yearning to feel the rub of a hard cock against it. She felt empty. She felt unsatisfied. She felt like a total hot nymphomaniac bimbo surrounded by total hotties.

Um, like, what was I worried about a moment ago?” she asked, tapping her cheek.

The rest of the guys looked to one another. “You said you had to go?”

She couldn’t remember it. The last couple of minutes were a blur. There was something wrong, and her body did feel a little weird. But more than that, it felt fucking horny as hell. She pressed her boobs together with her hands, cupping them to reveal a perfect cleavage that made each of the men clearly erect in their pants.

“Why would I want to go?” she said with a giggle. “I’m, like, totally horny right now. And I need, like, pretty much all of you to fuck my brains out!”

The men practically scrambled over each other to be the first in line. Within five minutes, Georgie was wailing in pleasure once more as a hard cock entered her, this time in her permanently hungry pussy.

“Yes! Oh God, this like, feels totes great! I’m pretty sure this is, like, my first time doing this somehow! But - OHHH!! - I’m going to do it lots and lots and lots from now on! MMHHMM!!!”

The parasite was pleased. It had been a month since Georgie’s transformation had finished, and she now required three to four sexual acts a day at a minimum, but far more averaged around six. She was utterly voracious, and soon had a whole rotation of sex buddies and booty calls, along with a parade of parties that could comfortably service her. It didn’t matter

if she was giving blowjobs, or taking it up the ass, or riding cock the old fashioned way, any experience with being fucked was enough to feed her needs and the parasite's.

Porter saw the new woman a week later at the gym, and could barely believe it was the George she knew until this strange, hyper, bubbly bimbo mentioned all she remembered about their couplings. It was the strangest experience ever for Porter, since Georgie's memory was utterly contradictory: she remembered having a penis, doing guy things, lifting bigger weights, but simultaneously just thought it was perfectly ordinary to be a woman. In the end it hadn't mattered too much: Porter was bi as all hell and was happy to suck this hot chick's tits while finger banging her. Georgie was just as pleased to return the favour.

She remained a fitness trainer, albeit not a very good one. She had lost a bit of knowledge there, though amusingly she got even more clientele. Harold stayed on, of course. Not only was he being trained by the hottest woman he'd ever seen, up close while she exercised in nothing but tight shorts that emphasised her perfect ass and a sports bra that cradled her cleavage, but after their minor work out she was more than happy to make a man of Harold and fuck him. He doubted he ever wanted to stop the training regimen now, and was getting surprisingly buff over time, purely so he could keep impressing her with his gains. Though, if he were being honest, being able to spend himself inside her was a far greater reward.

For Georgie, there were always moments that made her pause and reflect for a moment. A brief escape of intelligence, or perhaps appreciation of another woman's hotness. A sort of 'phantom dick' sensation that made her want to bone a fine lady between her thighs. But that faded quickly thanks to the parasite's influence. She was going to be the exact kind of woman she once chased for life now, and it would be a longer, and younger-looking, life than usual thanks to the parasite's powers.

Not that she'd ever realise it.

After all, she was too busy chasing after hotties to bang her.

The End