

Femboy Virus (TG)

“Oh my *gawd*, Georgia, just *look* at that guy! He’s so cute--he looks like one of those ‘femboys’ they’re always talking about online.”

“Oh my gosh, Stacy, you’re so right. Hey, let’s totally go and talk to him!” Giggling, the two skipped across the road.

As the two bleached-blonde socialites approached the young man ahead of them, however, they felt a strange sense of unease. “Like, hey, are you okay?” asked Stacy.

The petite young man looked as if he should be inside posing for his OnlyFans. Instead, he was wobbling through the street, groaning as if he’d just stumbled out of a car crash. His tight, latex short shorts squeaked as he moved, the bulge of his cock clearly visible through them. The sight of it made Stacy’s lips water.

As she and Georgia stood there, too stunned to move, the young man caught sight of them. His jaw gaped, and he released a hungry moan before stumbling towards them.

Stacy found herself sweating. “H-hey, hey,” she said, holding up her hands, “c-careful, you don’t want to trip!”

The boy moaned a deep moan and lunged at them.

Stacy squealed as he slammed headfirst into her chest, grabbing her arms with his pink painted nails and planting a big kiss on her neck. Screaming, she pushed him away.

“Oh my god, Stacy, are you alright?!” As the femboy lurched at her, Georgia backed away, grabbed Stacy by the arm, and dragged her quivering friend away as fast as she could run. “Quick, in here!” she said, tugging Stacy into an alley. “Stacy? Stacy? Are you okay?”

Stacy was quaking and sweating, and her skin was hot to the touch as if running a fever. When she opened her mouth to respond, the only sound that came out was a deep, sexual moan.

Clutching her stomach, Stacy trembled and groaned. She felt as if she were burning up. There was a terrible heat spreading through her body. Worse, it seemed to be focused in her groin.

Georgia, looking on with eyes wild in concern, could only stare as a big patch of wetness appeared in Stacy’s crotch. Thick, sticky nectar started to drip through her short shorts, landing on the pavement of the alley with a series of loud *plop*’s. “St-Stacy?”

“Oooh...” Stacy’s hands went to her crotch. As Georgia watched, mouth wide in shock, her friend stuck her fingers straight into her cunt.

“Oh my god, Stacy!”

As Georgia watched in horror, Stacy moaned and masturbated like the horniest person on Earth.

And as she fingered herself furiously in that quiet little alleyway, something else started to happen to her.

“Oh my god, Stacy, your breasts!”

Stacy moaned. Beneath her top, her boobs were shrinking like a pair of punctured balloons, losing size and firmness rapidly with every second that passed. As her shirt flattened out, her bra simply vaporized, vanishing into the air like smoke.

Her hair was changing as well, losing an inch off its length with every second that passed. Soon enough, it barely reached her chin, leaving her looking like an androgynous young man.

“St-Stacy?”

Stacy--or the person who used to be Stacy--moaned.

Down by her crotch, her fingers were rising, pushed up out of her pussy by its own inverting slit. Like a bubble forming in plastic, her new cock bulged, a fat sausage beneath the surface of her short shorts. It strained and twitched, pulsing eagerly for escape. Even as Georgia watched, a little drop of precum seeped through the fabric and dropped with a splat to the ground between Stacy's legs.

Georgia stepped back, heart pounding. “St-Stacy? Stacy?!”

But Stacy was gone, and in her place stood a mindlessly horny femboy. He moaned like the beast he'd become, raised his hands, and pounced.

Georgia screamed.