

Femdemic: Zack's Story

For Rel

By TheSpiralledEye

Zack knew it had been a stupid risk; all the warning signs were there. Now he's infected and slowly turning into a woman thanks to the Femdemic sweeping the nation and has to figure out not only how to avoid being snatched up as a government lab rat but how to come to peace with his new body.

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Zack knew it had been a stupid risk; all the warning signs were there but he'd been too drunk and too excited to see them.

Ever since the Femdemic started, there had been warnings all over the news telling men to be careful who they brought home. Of course the conservative crowd had touted their abstinence until marriage agenda as the only way to protect themselves but all that had done was increase the number of shotgun weddings within the community. Zack, like most people, had thought it was a hoax at first; a virus that turned men into beautiful women? Seemed like something out of a science fiction film rather than real life; but as life went on it became more and more obvious the virus was very real.

It didn't feel real to Zack until one of the guys in his university class disappeared. Rumours spread like wildfire that he'd been infected and moved underground to avoid being picked up by the government like so many other former men. He and Zack hadn't been close, barely spoke at all actually yet he found himself thinking about the guy often. Wondering where he was, if he really was a woman now and how he felt about it.

With all this on his mind, you would think he would have noticed the warning signs when he'd gone out drinking that fateful night. Jackie was way too good to be true; busty, beautiful and all too eager to jump into his pants. They had talked and laughed all night and Zack felt his inhibitions lowering more and more with each word that left her perfect lips.

By the small hours of the morning he was putty in her hands. She had slipped open his fly and before he knew it, he was pushing her up against the wall of the nightclub alley and plunging deep inside her. It had been glorious, the most passionate and wild sex he'd ever had. Even at the time he had elicited a thrill from the inherent risk without fully thinking

things through. It was only the next morning, when he woke up groggy and slightly hung over that he realised what he may have just done.

He'd spent the next day in a stress induced panic, feeling like any second he would sprout breasts and be forced to flee civilization entirely to avoid being poked and prodded by scientists the rest of his life.

But nothing happened.

Eventually, he breathed a sigh of relief and laughed at his own stupidity. He'd gotten worked up over nothing and let it ruin the memory of an amazing night. Zack let it leave his mind entirely; he'd been paranoid for nothing. At least that's what he thought until a few days later in class.

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Professor Harold had the incredible ability to make any subject, no matter how interesting the single dullest thing you had ever learned about. His voice droned on in monotone and worked better than any sleeping pill Zack had ever heard of. He shuffled in his seat, trying to get comfortable for the hundredth time that lecture.

He supposed he should have been grateful; the uncomfortable chair was the only thing keeping him awake right now. He leaned his hips from left to right, squashing his ass against the hard plastic and wincing. His butt felt so sore all of a sudden; like he'd pulled a muscle or something. How did one pull the butt muscle? What was it even called? It was odd because the pain wasn't even that bad, it was sort of like stretching out a stiff muscle. It actually felt rather...good. He snickered at the thought and froze as he heard Professor Harold clear his throat.

"Mr. Owenby, if you could kindly keep still the rest of us could continue with the lesson?"

"Sorry, sir." He blushed, had he been moving around that much?

He felt eyes on him and looked down; he hated being the centre of attention! He sat still and soon found the irritation was back. It felt like his skin was tingling and stretching all over and it made paying attention to the lecture impossible. Somehow, he pushed through and when the bell rang he was the first from his seat.

He dashed down the stairs toward the door eagerly, wanting to be away from that damn chair as fast as he could. As he ran, he couldn't help but notice that strange feeling in his ass was still present. It almost gave the illusion that his cheeks were bouncing as he ran but of course that couldn't be true.

Zack bit his lip; even out of the chair he felt off; the skin around his butt felt so sensitive. He swore he could feel every inch of his boxers rubbing against the skin there. The bathroom was a Godsend and he quickly disappeared into a cubicle and began undoing his belt. He tugged down his pants and his brow furrowed in confusion; these jeans and boxers had felt fine this morning but now they felt just that little bit too tight. It took more force than it probably should have.

Awkwardly he twisted himself around and lowered his boxers, running a hand over the curve of his ass. Surely it hadn't been that pronounced before? Then again, it was hard to tell; what sort of man spent much time pondering his own butt? Not Zack, that was for sure.

Maybe he just needed to hit the campus gym, he had been existing on pizza and instant ramen for the last few weeks in the lead up to exams, he had probably just put on a few pounds. Nothing to be concerned about. He pulled his pants back up and headed to class, dutifully ignoring the itching, sore sensation as best he could for the rest of the day.

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The next few days went like that, he could barely pay attention in class. All he could think about was finding a timer to hit the campus gym; it felt like every day his pants were just that little bit tighter, especially around the waist and thighs. When Saturday finally came and he pulled on an old pair of basketball shorts only to find the formerly loose material was now flush with his skin Zack felt himself turn beet red. He really had let himself go.

He'd never been a particularly self-conscious guy; he was good-looking enough. Not model-hot or anything but he had good hair, piercing blue eyes and a decent enough figure. Or rather he had a decent enough figure. He'd never put weight on so fast like this before. Maybe he was getting older? Surely not, that sort of thing didn't happen until your thirties, right?

"The reason doesn't matter." Zack sighed to himself, looking at his dour reflection, "Results do."

He'd start going to the gym once a week, maybe twice and start ordering those salads the supermarket sold pre-made instead of ramen. Then he'd drop these extra pounds in no time.

Still, he couldn't help but feel hopelessly out of his depth as he walked into the gym and saw the bodies of all the other people working out. Toned muscles and bare chests were everywhere and it made him hyper aware of the extra bounce in his butt. He tried to walk in such a way that it wouldn't sway but it was surprisingly difficult; his hips seemed to want to naturally make his ass jiggle as they moved from side to side.

"Stop being an idiot. You can't even walk without feeling off now." He hissed to himself, stepping up onto the treadmill, "Just fucking...work out already. Nobody is watching you. Nobody *cares*."

It didn't feel like that though; Zack felt as though he had a spotlight shining down on him with every sensual step he took; because they really did feel sensual. His legs didn't seem to want to obey him. All he wanted was to power walk normally and yet every step made his hips sashay and his ass do a little dance, his legs stretching out before him with toes pointed. He looked like he was trying to emulate a runway model more than a runner.

Something about the way he was moving made him feel hot under the collar, not with embarrassment but arousal. Now was not the time to be getting turned on but he just couldn't help it. The way his ass moved was consuming his thoughts; he couldn't help but imagine how sexy it looked.

In frustration he slammed his fingers down on the speed button, wincing as his nail broke off in a sharp point. The speed increased and he sucked on the sore digit as he began to jog; this was not going well at all.

A snicker made him turn, two treadmills down another guy his age was trying to hide his laughter. Zack let his eyes gaze past him to the mirrored walls and he saw himself; strutting, finger in his mouth sucking away, hips swaying like a woman on her way to a business meeting. Immediately he ripped his finger from his mouth, broken nail be damned and felt his cheeks turn hot as the man snickered again.

Zack's eyes flew to his reflection again and felt something click; the way he was walking it was almost...womanly. The memory of his club hook up came flooding back and all the panic he had quashed down surged over him like a wave.

"Oh no..." he breathed, "no, no no..."

He flailed slightly as he tripped off the end of the treadmill, having stopped running due to shock. His comedian friend laughed out loud this time but Zack didn't care. He had to get home, now.

The run across campus seemed so much longer than it had on the walk over. He felt like every step he took was somehow obscene, the bounce of his ass seemed even more egregious and as he raced up the stairs to his dorm he began to notice something else. A familiar feeling of soreness and movement in his chest; a place where there certainly shouldn't be *any*.

By the time he reached his dorm his hands were shaking so badly he could barely get the key in the lock. When he finally did he scrambled inside and slammed the door closed behind him, wincing as his butt pressed against the hardwood.

In a flurry he ripped off the clothes, hating how he could feel a distinct curve to his rump now that had definitely not been there a few days ago. His chest heaved as he finally looked down at his naked body and went over it with a fine tooth comb. His chest looked normal at first but as he pressed his fingers to the sensitive spots he could feel a tenderness that was all new. His nipples seemed to have changed colour too, now a blush pink and he could have been wrong but they seemed slightly larger.

The changes to his lower half were more obvious though. He let his hand slide down the length of his torso from his chest to hip, feeling the subtle inward curve there that spoke to a feminine, hourglass figure in the making. The tightness in his waistband now explained by the ever so slightly widening of his hips.

The changes were small, subtle enough that some baggy clothing would hide them entirely but knowing what he did about the Femdemic that wouldn't last long. Zack felt his heart sink into the depths of his stomach in dread; he'd been infected and now it was only a matter of days before his male body was completely transformed into a busty woman.

The thought made his whole body shiver with arousal and he tried very hard not to think about what that meant.

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What could he do? Officially, anybody who suspected they had the virus was supposed to call the government hotline but that was a one way ticket to life as a guinea pig; he was certain. Could he google it? Would the government track his search through his VPN? Or was he being paranoid? Or not paranoid enough?

Zack paced, full of indecision. Back and forth across the room trying in vain to walk with less sway in his hips. He would manage for a minute or so, then stop concentrating and go right back to sashaying his way across the floor. It was a nightmare.

"Okay Zack just...deep breaths." He sighed, "You need to get a hold of yourself."

He closed his eyes and breathed, blocking out the tingling sensation that had become near constant in his chest. There had to be others like him, and if that was the case perhaps they would be able to help?

He decided to take the risk; the question was...how did he take said risk exactly? If a group of infected men existed underground somewhere he wasn't going to find them searching online with a simple google search. There was always...night clubs. He had heard the rumours, there was a lot of misinformation around the Femdemic but he had heard many of the changed women were real flirts. If the one he'd met was any indication, that was true and if he met the girl who'd infected him in a nightclub perhaps he could find more?

He didn't have any better ideas, it was worth a shot and worst case scenario, he could at least get drunk and forget all this for a few hours. He looked through his clothes, trying to find something that wasn't too tight around his new rump. Fortunately it wasn't too big just yet but he worried about just how much bigger it might become. He managed to squeeze into his black jeans, hoping that between the dark fabric and low light of the nightclub his rounding cheeks wouldn't be too noticeable.

He spent the rest of the night anxiously waiting, watching the clock until it was late enough to hit the clubs. He wanted a crowded place, the sort of spot where the lights were low, the crowds were thick and the music made talking impossible. Nobody ever remembered the faces of the others in there with them unless they were flirting and the more anonymous he could make himself the better.

The Neon was named appropriately, if not a little bit lazily. It was a gaudy place, decorated with bright neon signs inside and out. Most people agreed the decor was tacky but the music was always great and the drinks just a few dollars cheaper than every other club in the area and when all you wanted was to get drunk that was all that mattered.

Zack felt like he was made of neon as he stood in line waiting to get in. He kept watching for somebody to turn and point, a smirk on their face.

"Look at his ass!" They would cry, "He's infected! Somebody call the government."

But nobody did. He had never been so happy to have a bouncer grunt and look past him so quickly before in his life. As he slipped into the heat and sounds of the club he couldn't help but sigh a little in relief. Normally he wasn't much of a partier; he went out for the occasional drink to blow off steam but that was about it. That fact made his infection sting all the more; should it have been somebody more reckless than him? Somebody more promiscuous? Either way it was too late to dwell on that now.

He grabbed a cheap shot of vodka followed by a beer and settled himself against the darkest wall he could find. It was time to go on the hunt. He scanned the crowd for several

minutes before he realised he had no idea what he was looking for. A man? A woman? Some obvious person in between? Surely nobody like that would be coming out to clubs anyway.

His eyes scanned every woman with scrutiny, trying to find some sort of sign they were more male than they seemed but that didn't help either. He saw red flags everywhere, the whole club could have been fellow infected for all he could tell. He drank down his beer in frustration, the liquid tasting even more bitter than usual and he scowled.

It didn't help that he kept getting distracted. His eyes kept lingering on men as they passed, noticing things he never had before. Like how broad one's shoulders were, the sharp jawline of another. He tried to ignore the growing arousal in his lower stomach but it was getting harder to do. His cock twitched and it took all his focus to keep from getting hard. Zack bit his lip; was this the infection? He couldn't be sure.

"Another beer?" Yelled the bartender as he approached, Zack could still barely hear him over the din of the music.

"Something sweeter." He replied, "Vodka raspberry maybe?"

The bartender gave him a funny look and Zack felt himself blush; vodka raspberries were the domain of fresh faced eighteen year old girls eager to drink for the first time. Most had outgrown them by the time they reached their mid twenties and men hardly ever touched them. Yet he could not deny it was what he wanted.

Without a word the bartender passed over the fizzy pink drink and Zack took a sip and sighed in relief. Why the hell did girls get all the tasty drinks while he and the fellas were stuck drinking wheat water? He smiled to himself, downing the drink and ordering another to take back to his place at the edge of the dancefloor.

The music had shifted from well known songs to beat music, the kind without lyrics made for dancing. He felt his foot tapping inside his shoe and ignored the urge to join the dance floor. He could feel his new butt pressing against his tight jeans; practically begging him to get on the floor and shake his booty for all to see. It was an odd urge, one he knew had to be related to the infection but that didn't make it any easier to ignore.

The alcohol in his system made his skin tingle and heat up leaving him feeling flushed and restless. Still no sign of the woman who had done this to him, or anybody else suspicious. The music was pounding louder and louder in his ears and he caught his hips starting to wiggle slightly each time he let his mind wander.

A woman stumbled from the dancefloor, drunk and a skunk and laughing as she tried to pull the man with her towards the bathrooms. She didn't notice Zack until they were

colliding and Zack winced as she hit his chest. The skin there immediately blossomed into pain in a way that was totally new to him. His pecs felt as though they had just been through a massive workout and somebody pushed a red hot poker against the sore muscle.

He gasped in pain and somehow, the soft, feminine sound seemed to echo above the music. Had he made that sound? Really?

“Soz hun...” The woman slurred, pushing past while her lover didn't give him so much as a backwards glance.

Zack was left standing there, rubbing at his sore chest and comprehending the sound that had just escaped his lips. Without thinking he pressed his fingers to them in shock and found a surprising softness. He ran the pads of his fingers over his lips once more, feeling the delicate curve of his cupid's bow and plumpness of his bottom lip.

Instantly his mind was filled with the memories of his drinks, how lovely the glass had felt resting on his lips and how the bubble had tickled them. He swallowed; things were getting a might out of hand.

“You okay, sugar?”

He whipped around to see a plump yet scantily clad woman a few years his senior looking at him with concern. She had a pear shaped body that somehow made her look far sexier than any of the stereotypical hourglass shaped women here. Even facing him from on he could see the wideness of her hips and roundness of her ass.

“My eyes are up here, sugar.” She giggled, “Guess you can't be too out of sorts if you're checking me out.”

“Fuck, sorry.” Zack stammered, wincing at his swear the moment it left his mouth.

“All good, you just had a bit of a deer-in-headlights look.” The woman leaned against the wall, “I'm Shireen by the way, thanks for asking.”

“Zack.” He replied, he had the strangest feeling of deja vu, this was eerily similar to the conversation he'd had with the woman from the other night!

“Well Zack, why are you standing alone, rubbing your chest and touching your mouth?”

He froze, suddenly realising the position of both his hands and how completely insane he must look for the outside. He forced them to drop to his side and blushed.

“Drunk.” He lied.

“You don’t seem drunk to me, though you do smell oddly of raspberry.” Shireen grinned, she was standing so very close now, no wonder she could smell the syrup on his breath.

She was so forward, just like Jackie. He may not have been drunk but he’d certainly imbibed enough to make him a little bolder than he probably should have been.

“Are you...” He whispered, “Infected?”

The word's effect was instant. Shireen lost her warm grin, her eyes held a flash of fear before all of a sudden she was turning on her heels and disappearing into the crowd.

“No wait! Stop!” He called, “I just want to talk, I promise!”

He tried to follow her, yet despite her heavier build Shireen had no problem wading through the sea of bodies that may as well have been solid stone to Zack. He did his best to push past, wincing as his sore chest pressed into people; he couldn’t lose his only lead! Just as it looked like she was about to escape he managed to reach out and grab her wrist.

She looked at him with an unreadable expression; it looked almost as if she was trying to decide whether to scream or punch him.

“Please.” He hissed under the music, “I might...be like you.”

Shireen’s eyes widened with understanding and to his shock she took a step closer and placed her arms around his neck, swaying side to side with the beat and thrusting her hips slightly.

“Dance, people are looking.”

They were. Zack swallowed and placed his hands on Shireen's hips and began to move in step with the music as best he could. Together they joined the throng of writhing bodies as the tempo of the music picked up. Shireen leaned close, whispering in his ear.

"How do I know you're not lying?"

"My...butt." Zack flushed.

"What about it?"

"It's...big and my jeans don't fit right-ah!"

Shireen's hands were cupping his butt before he could stop her and Zack had to fight the wave of arousal that flooded him. This situation may have been serious but he was still a red blooded male (for now). And well, what sort of guy wouldn't get a little turned on by a beautiful woman grabbing his ass?

"Hmmm, it does feel a little bit peachy."

Zack's mouth opened and closed in shock as her hands withdrew.

"Not convinced though, sugar." She muttered.

They twirled, the song changed and Zack felt himself growing desperate. His body was starting to move on its own unconsciously as they continued their dance. He was so focused on convincing Shireen he was the real deal he didn't even notice the subtle ways his body was starting to move. His butt was bouncing as he pushed it back and forth, almost twerking.

"You have to believe me." He begged, "I don't know what to do. If I really am infected I...what next?"

Their conversation was low, hidden beneath the loud club music and Shireen opened her mouth to say something when all of a sudden the sound of ripping fabric met their ears. Zack felt it, the tears appearing against his tight jeans allowing the hot air of the club to brush against the bare skin of his ass cheeks.

Humiliation flooded him entirely as he realised that without meaning to, he'd twerked so hard he'd ripped the tight pants right across the cheeks! People turned and laughed,

politeness melted away by alcohol. His smooth, peachy ass was on full display, with only a thin line of jean fabric cutting right up his cleft. With another frighteningly girlish gasp he grabbed at both cheeks and ran, forgetting Shireen entirely in his embarrassment.

He ran right out of the club, despite the bouncers yelling to stop. He didn't stop until he was safely back on campus, skipping from building to building in the cover of darkness trying desperately to ignore how lovely it felt feeling his bare cheeks jiggle as he ran.

As soon as he was home he ripped the shredded jeans off with haste and turned to face his ass to the mirror, twisting to look at it better and feeling his heart begin to shatter. There was no denying it; that ass in the reflection was female, no holds about it. It was peachy in shape with rounded cheeks below wide, child bearing hips. His thighs had even started to thicken further to support it. Everybody in that club who saw would know exactly what he was.

Infected. A freak.

Feeling defeated he collapsed face first on his bed, groaning in pain once more as his chest protested. The skin there was aching to be touched again and it was frighteningly tempting to give in. Zack rolled over and stripped off his shirt, groaning at the small but noticeable mounds growing on his chest. Unlike his ass, these could still be passed off as big pectorals but his nipples were much longer and pinker than they had been before. If his ass had changed so much in only a few days it was just a matter of time before these went the same way.

His...breasts. God it felt weird to even think that. Zack grit his teeth and pushed the palms of his hands against his eyes, making colours spark behind closed lids. He was completely and utterly fucked.

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"This is the third sick day you've taken, Zack." His professor sighed, "It's going to start affecting your grades."

"I know." Zack groaned dramatically, "I just can't get out of bed right now."

He added a few fake coughs to the mix just to hammer it home.

"Fine, but miss one more tutorial and you risk academic probation."

“I understand sir, goodbye.”

Once upon a time those words would have struck fear into him but now they barely registered. With a sigh Zack dropped his phone off the edge of his bed and curled up under the blankets, wallowing in self pity. He was curled up on his side but the wideness of his hips made staying that way impossible. Even on his soft mattress his new hip bones seemed to ache after too long.

His tits were coming in properly now. So far they were pert little A cups but he was sure they would balloon rapidly soon enough. He resisted the urge to press his incredibly soft fingers against the pliable skin there. He'd learned doing so would only give him a burst of wonderful, but confusing, pleasure and he had no desire to enjoy this transformation one bit. No matter how badly he wanted to; he woke up hard every morning, desperate for some kind of sexual gratification that he refused to give.

His stomach growled and he ignored it. He was officially out of food in his mini fridge and that meant risking a walk to the shops. Risk really was the optimum word too. With a sigh he pulled himself out of bed and looked down at his body; subtly curvaceous now that his shoulders had started to slope and his bum was full and bouncy. Even his baggiest clothes couldn't hide a figure like this.

Feeling hopeless he began searching for something, anything, he could wear that might hide what was happening to him. His eyes spied the remains of his black jeans, still in tatters on the floor where he left them. He regarded them with a grimace and he felt frustration begin to build.

“Stupid fucking sweatshop shit.” he hissed, grabbing them roughly, “If you had just held together-!”

He flung them at the wall, hoping the action would make him feel better. It didn't. But it did make a small slip of paper fall from the remains of one of his side pockets. Curious, he knelt down and grabbed it.

'If you're woman enough for me, call'

A number was scrawled in black ink. The note would make anybody else think of a potential hook up but Zack's mind immediately raced back to the memory of Shireen's hands on his ass in the club. He'd been so flustered he'd not even felt her slip this in his pocket. He'd been too distracted by the warm feeling of hands on his ass. Even now the memory made him blush and his shrinking cock twitch with lust.

His heart thumped beneath his rapidly growing chest. This could be it, his salvation or at the very least his ticket to talking to somebody who understood what he was going through.

With trembling fingers he dialled in the number and held his breath as it rang; if he went to message box he might just cry. Luckily, that wasn't the case.

“Hello?”

The voice was sleepy, but clearly the woman from the other night.

“Shireen?” He said nervously, “It’s me, Zack, the...guy from last night.”

“Oh.” Instantly all sleepiness was gone from her voice, “You do sound a little different.”

Did he? The only times he’d spoken in the last few days was when he called in sick and he’d deliberately made his voice gravely and sick sounding. Now that he was talking normally he realised she was right. There was a lightness to his voice that hadn’t been there before and he ran his fingers over the curve of his throat, noting the sizable amount his Adam’s apple had shrunk.

“What do I do?” He begged, feeling his voice break, “I’m growing boobs and I don’t know what to do!”

“Easy sugar, it’s not all bad.” Shireen soothed, “Sorry for bolting on you, can’t be too careful with the undercover ‘ladies’ these days.”

“Undercover ladies?”

“Yeah, the government really wants to keep us all contained till this thing can be figured out and I don’t know about you, but I hate that idea. They keep sending ‘infected’ guys out to find us and drag us off to wherever it is they take us.”

“Why risk going out like you did then?” Zack asked, baffled.

“For little lost lambs like yourself, of course.” Shireen giggled, “Besides, have you seen me? It would be a crime in itself to hide a body so fabulous away. I was a sad, fat lonely fuck before and now I am beautiful, I want to show it off.”

Zack’s stomach was churning; Shireen’s words filled him with a mixture of relief but also fear. To know there was somebody looking out for infected like him was good but she was so...casual about becoming a woman. She didn't seem bothered in the least and his hope for a sympathetic ear was slowly fading.

“So...What now?” He asked.

“Get yourself downtown to the Red Cherry Lounge.” Shireen told him, “Make sure nobody follows you.”

“Hang on.”

Zack punched the name into his laptop and watched in dismay as the hour long route appeared before him. It would take a forty minute bus ride to get to the right part of town and then he would have to walk several blocks. There was no way he could travel all that distance without somebody noticing his mixed appearance and calling the government dogs on him.

He explained to Shireen and she hummed in thought.

“You are that far along huh?” She mused, “That’s alright, tell you what, if you trust me, I can come to you. But, if I get one whiff that this is some sort of trap...”

“It isn't, I promise.”

“Cause if it is, I bolt and lose this number, capiche and the Red Cherry will be long gone before you can get there.”

Zack didn't bother asking how a whole dive bar could disappear, he didn't want to risk Shireen getting suspicious. This was his only lead and he did not want to lose it under any circumstances.

“I get it.” He said, relaying his dorm location to Shireen.

“See you soon.”

Click.

Zack swallowed once more. He couldn't help but feel like that phone call was going to end up being one of the biggest turning points in his entire life.

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Zack stared at his half packed backpack with frustration. What do people pack when they are going into hiding? Was he even going into hiding? He wasn't sure. Perhaps he should have asked Shireen. Either way, he figured he wouldn't be coming back here for a while, at least until he found a cure of some kind or a way to hide.

He turned back to the bathroom and winced slightly, feeling his chest jiggle. His breasts were now big enough to jiggle a little when he moved. The feeling was distracting to say the least, how did women deal with it all the time? Well, the answer to that was obvious, they wore bras but for obvious reasons that was not an option for him right now. He couldn't even comfortably wear a shirt without the fabric squashing down on his chest.

It meant he was wearing nothing but his loosest pair of boxers and even they were struggling to contain his ass cheeks. At this rate he'd be walking around naked soon enough. Unconsciously he rubbed at the new, soft skin forming on his chest, trying to soothe the slight soreness there as he went about his packing.

He was rewarded with a flood of warmth that spread through his chest and down through his torso until he felt his cock twitch in response. Immediately, Zack realised what he was doing and stopped, letting the residual pleasure move away. His nipples still ached but in a way that had nothing to do with sore muscles. This was the last thing he needed.

A knock at the door made him jump and he cleared his throat, trying to make his voice as deep as possible.

“Who is it?”

“Shireen.”

Zack practically fell over himself trying to open the door as quickly as possible, hiding his half changed body behind the structure and allowing Shireen to walk in before he swiftly locked it again behind her. The woman's eyes went wide as they looked his body up and down; Zack felt himself flush.

“Well, you weren’t lying that’s for sure.” She sighed with a small amount of sympathy, “I’d say you’re about halfway done.”

“Halfway?” Zack croaked, “I’m basically already a woman!”

“Well, your tits are still pretty small, though your butt makes up for them.”

Shireen circled him like a madam inspecting her newest girl. Fingers resting on her chin in thought.

“Still got a cock?”

“Yeah.” Zack’s cheeks burned.

“Is it shrinking?”

“...Yeah.”

Her point blank line of questioning was making his blood burn with humiliation, he felt as though he was going to melt into a puddle right there on the floor.

“You were right not to go out, I’m guessing none of your clothes fit right.”

He shook his head miserably.

“All good, I bought the supplies we need to get you down town without arousing suspicion.”

For a moment his heart leapt only to sink a second later as Shireen reached into the plastic bag she was holding and pulled out a skirt.

“You want me to dress like a woman?”

“Easier for you to pass as a full lady than a full man now, sugar.” Shireen shrugged, “Especially with that face.”

“What’s wrong with my face!?”

He turned to the mirror; it looked the same as it always did. Okay, his lips were a bit fuller and his skin smoother, no sign of stubble despite the fact he’d not shaved in days. And maybe his eyelashes were a little longer...okay, maybe it didn’t really look the same as it usually did. It was still masculine in build but the smaller features were clearly female.

“A little makeup will help.” Shireen spoke, as if reading his mind, “Now, let’s get you dressed and ready and we’ll head down to the Red Cherry.”

“What’s there?” He asked, “A cure?”

“No, a safe haven.” Shireen replied quickly, “Don’t worry your pretty little head about a cure just yet, okay? Trust me. You’ll only give yourself more heartache.”

Zack’s throat bobbed. That was not the answer he’d been hoping for. He looked over the clothes Shireen had laid out on his couch and sighed; A flowing maxi skirt with a ribbon belt and a shirt made of loose twisting fabric, complete with slightly ruffled shoulders. It looked like something the more bohemian girls around campus wore in summer. Not only was he going to look like an idiot he was going to freeze his new tits right off.

Sorry, flowing material is the best for concealing the more male parts of you right now.” Shireen winced, “And it was all I had on hand at the moment. Don’t worry, we’ll get some whiskey into you down at the Cherry and you’ll be right as rain.”

Zack was tempted to snap and tell her that whiskey warming you up was an old wives tale that was liable to make you freeze faster if anything; but decided against it. She was taking a risk helping him and they were basically strangers. The least he could do was grit his teeth and bare it rather than making things more difficult.

He went to put the skirt on when Shireen cleared her throat.

“You’d better take the boxers off, they might show through.”

Great.

He snatched up the clothes and sequestered himself in the bathroom. There at least he had some privacy, so the situation was only majorly humiliating rather than completely. With

reluctance he slipped off the boxers; an act that was barely a blip on the radar of his normal life but just like the phone call he couldn't help but feel it was significant. Would he ever put on male underwear again? He could say?

That being done he looked down at his shrinking penis before feeling his skin begin to cover with gooseflesh, he pulled the proverbial band aid off. He stepped into the skirt and listed it up his legs to tie the belt around his now slightly cinched waist. It fit like a glove and looked divine; Zack hated it for that. He could feel the fabric swishing around his ankles and inner thighs. It felt more free than any clothes he'd worn before. He tried to shake that thought off though; if there was one word to describe him right now it was certainly not *free*.

The shirt proved less irritating, flowy but less restrictive on his growing bust than his own shirts had been. He turned to face himself in the mirror and hated what he saw. At first glance, a short haired woman stared back at him. Upon further inspection it was clear he still had some key masculine features but Shireen had been right. He was going to attract far less attention looking like this than he would in male clothing.

Shireen cooed as he walked out, hands clenched together like a mother watching her daughter emerge from a change room in her first prom dress.

"You look adorable, sugar." She sighed, "Just one little extra touch."

She reached into her own purse and took out a tube of lipstick and Zack felt his heart stutter.

"Is that really necessary?" He winced.

"A little extra flare goes a long way, especially because your hair is still growing in. c'mere."

What choice did he have?

Trying to copy what he'd seen in movies Zack pursed his lips and allowed Shireen to take hold of his chin. Slowly she moved the lipstick along his pursed lips and painted them a vivid red. She then smacked her own to show him how to spread it; Zack hated how natural the movement felt.

"Perfect." She nodded, "Now, let's get going."

"Do I...bring anything?" he asked, indicating to the half packed bag on the bed.

Shireen made a sad face.

“Best not, sugar.” She said, seeming genuinely sorry for him for the first time. “Maybe another time.”

Zack chose to let those words give him hope. Perhaps he would be back here in the future when he was more himself. He followed Shireen out of his dorm room, closing the door behind him and slipping the key into her purse for safe keeping. They walked out into the cool air and he shivered as the winds of change billowed all around him.

~

The trip wasn't all that long really but it felt like an age. In these new clothes Zack felt hyper aware of his new body and all the little changes that were taking place. He could feel the natural sway of his hips as he walked, the way his legs naturally stepped straight out in front of one another, toes pointed, to better help him balance with the new weight at his rear. He could feel the slope of his shoulders forcing his chest to move ever so slightly and most importantly the fucking wind was swirling between his legs and under his skirt making him feel hyper aware of just how small his cock was.

Normally the cold would have made his privates retreat slightly but right now they were so small it hardly mattered. He could barely feel it brushing against his inner thigh at all. Zack had never felt so emasculated in his entire life. Adding to his confusion though was an underlying feeling of...confidence?

He couldn't explain it, even to himself but walking this way, sitting on the bus and feeling his butt cushion the seat; there was something nice about it. The movements made him feel almost at home in his skin. Yet the humiliation was still strong and he couldn't figure out how he truly felt.

He was so caught up in his own confusion and swirling emotions he didn't even notice they'd arrived until Shireen tapped him on the shoulder.

“Here.” She pointed to a nondescript building that looked like it had seen better days.

Zack followed her down the steps into the little dive bar that embodied the word shabby. A lone woman stood behind the bar; with big blonde hair and even bigger boobs Zack felt what was left of his cock twitch and for the first time he was glad for its small size. At least if he got hard nobody would be able to tell.

“Hey Shireen, this the new girl?” The blonde asked, blowing a bubble with bright blue gum before popping it.

“Guy.” Zack corrected stubbornly.

“Sure,” The blonde rolled her eyes, “Dana, head on out the back, get settled.”

“Come with me, Sugar.” Shireen grabbed him lightly by the wrist and moved him towards the back of the bar and through a door marked ‘Staff Only’.

Where normally there would be spare kegs and boxes of chips there were beds, several of them in fact. The room looked like a dorm, with clothing flung all over the place and a number of girls, no, not girls, girls and guys with a few in between. Just like him.

“Alright ladies, this is Zack, our newest little bird.” Shireen smiled, “Make him feel welcome, he’s not done yet so...be gentle.”

A short haired Asian woman with the darkest eyes Zack had ever seen bounced right up to him.

“Su-yin.” She smiled, “Glad you made it here.”

“Uh, me too?” Zack took her offered hand, “What exactly is here?”

“Oh my God, Shireen, did you bring him here without explaining anything?” Su-yin gaped, “That’s so bloody typical.”

“Why bother, you do it so much better than I would.” Shireen shrugged, “Catch him up to speed. I’m going to help Dana.”

“Help Dana, sure, just keep the volume down this time!” Su-yin shook her head and turned back to Zack, “Don’t mind her, she’s sort of like a den mother, if you really need help, she’ll be there for you but otherwise she can be a bit icy.”

“I noticed.” Zack deadpanned, “So uh, the explanation?”

“Oh right!” Su-yin smacked herself in the forehead. “The Red Cherry is sort of a halfway house.”

“Halfway house for half women.” One of the others chimed in with a snicker.

“Basically, for those of us who got infected but don’t feel like being a guinea pig for the government.” Su-yin continued. “We all stay here till we finish our change, then Dana and Shireen help us get some fake documents to pass as women so we can start new lives.”

“But what about our old lives?” Zack asked, “I just want to go back to normal.”

Su-yin gave him a sympathetic look.

“I’m guessing you weren’t infected on purpose then.” She sighed, looking sympathetic.

“Of course not!” Zack gaped, “Who would...wait, you?”

“Yeah.” Su-Yin beamed, “Do you have any idea how hard it is to transition? When I heard about this Femdemic thing I went out and basically whored myself out to every woman I could find until I knew I’d been infected. Now look at me! Fabulous!”

Zack hadn;t even considered the idea that there would be men who got themselves infected on purpose.

“I get that it must be hard, if you weren’t planning on it. But think of it like a fresh start. Not many people get totally new beginnings as adults, we can be whoever we want to be now.”

“So long as that person is female.”

“Well...yes.” Su-yin winced, “Trust me, it gets so much easier. Fun too! You have so many new clothing options now for starters.”

“Yeah, check out this dress I got!” a redhead in the back called, lifting up a mini dress made of black fabric.

“That’s pretty cute.” Zack admitted before he could stop himself.

“Thanks! It has pockets!”

“Holy shit no way, show me the pockets!” Su-yin demanded and Zack couldn't help but giggle.

Next thing he knew he was doubled over in a fit of laughter while the rest of the room stared at him.

“S-sorry.” He snickered, “It’s just been a long day and you guys are all freaking out over *pockets*?”

“Finding clothing with pockets is serious business.” Su-yin said somberly, “trust us.”

Zack just laughed again; even though he’d just met these women he did find himself doing just that. There was a lightness in his chest, as if a weight had been taken off it. Perhaps things were not so bad after all.

~

Zack woke with a groan; being a lifelong stomach sleeper was biting him in the ass, or should he say chest. What had started as supple A cups had turned into a double D chest over a matter of days. Completing his now quite lovely hourglass figure. He pushed himself up and shabby hair fell over his eyes. Just as Shireen had hinted, it was growing in faster now; it now brushed his chin. Su-yin spent a great deal of time each morning trying to finesse it into a stylish bob despite his hairs stubbornness to remain a tangled mess.

With a sigh he sat up and stretched, not bothering to hide his naked chest from the other women as they also woke. In their state, nakedness was commonplace, he’d gotten over his reluctance about it within a few days.

“Yeah, it’s official. You need a bra.” Su-yin nodded at him.

The thought would have filled him with dread a few days ago but since spending time with Su-yin and the other girls the idea of being a woman was far less terrifying. He kept trying to force himself to feel bad; to miss his masculinity but for whatever strange reason...he just didn’t. It was like the more female he became the more he enjoyed it. Part of him knew there

had to be some other element at play here, he wasn't secretly trans and in denial, of that he was sure. Whatever the reason he wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth and frankly, he was tired of being miserable.

So a few days ago he stopped fighting it and let himself enjoy it. So the bra suggestion actually made him break out into a smile.

“Do we go shopping or...?”

“Nah, better wait till you're all woman, just to be safe. We have some in the back.”

Zack pouted; being stuck in the Red Cherry was getting stifling. Lovely as the company was; he longed to be out in the world again. There was a deep seeded need forming inside his chest, a need to be seen, to be *wanted*. It almost felt unnatural to hide himself away in this basement bar.

“Here.” Su-yin handed him a bra. “Might be easier if you use a mirror the first time.”

“Thanks.” Zack took the item, lacy and black, to the small shared bathroom he and the girl spent most mornings arguing over.

For once, he didn't need to ask Nancy to leave early as she willingly gave him the space. Trying on your first bra was a sacred experience apparently, not a thing to be rushed. He clicked the door closed and pressed his ear to it, just to be sure the others weren't crowded around it in wait. Satisfied he truly did have some privacy, Zack lifted the bra to his chest and looped his arms through the straps.

It felt odd, unfamiliar but not wrong. Awkwardly he fumbled with the straps until finally he felt the hooks slide together and he let go. He adjusted himself a bit, hefting each soft breast into the cups and found that it felt...nice. Did wonders for his cleavage as well.

Zack turned from side to side, balanced on his toes as he looked down at himself with a soft smile. Not bad at all. He opened his mouth to call out to the girls but instead what came out was a shocked gasp. There was a pressure between his legs, no, not a pressure, a sense of suction. He let out another shaky breath and dared to look down further to see what remained of his manhood sliding up and melting back into his skin.

It was happening.

He gave a small squeak of shock followed by another quaking moan. It didn't feel at all like what he'd imagined. There was no pain, quite the opposite in fact. A warm pleasure pooled between his legs as he felt the solidness of his shaft disappear entirely, leaving nothing but an aching emptiness in its space. A second later, sensation exploded between his legs.

He felt air brushing against his new folds as they formed, the insides instantly turning moist at the sudden onset of feeling. A tight, wet tunnel formed inside him, his new pussy. And at the front he felt a pin prick of what could only be described as ecstasy. That had to be his new clit.

His breathing was coming in quick gasps now as the pleasure seemed to mount. He wasn't even touching it, was this normal? Oh he didn't care, it felt too nice to care. He gripped the sink as the pressure built inside him.

“Ahhhhh...ahhhhh!”

“You okay in there?” Su-yin called.

He couldn't answer, his whole body was coiling, the muscles turning tight as that pressure increased and the pleasure along with it.

“Oh!”

With a gasp that sounded nothing like a man's he threw his head back and came. A small squirt of viscous liquid shot from his pussy down onto his inner thigh and his whole body shuddered. The pleasure seemed to fill every pore in his body for a few wonderful seconds before slowly retreating back into his core, leaving his new womanhood throbbing with aftershocks.

He took a moment to catch his breath before looking down to inspect his new pussy. It was prettier than he expected; he couldn't resist sitting down on the floor, ignoring how the cold tiles made his ass shiver, and spread his legs. The folds were glistening, his clit prominent but almost cute. All in all, he didn't hate it, in fact, he found a smile blooming on his face.

After almost a week of being in between he was finally fully female and it felt...right. Good even. That orgasm had taken him by surprise and he was shocked to find the pleasure was still radiating through him. He squeezed his thighs together, pressing his velvet lips to one another and shuddered as another small wave of ecstasy shot through him. It was so unlike being a man, where everything was over too quickly.

He stood back up and admired himself in the mirror; his sharper features had shifted so that now his face was completely female as well. The transformation was complete now, he was sure and yet he felt no confliction, no sense of loss. Only a burgeoning confidence that made a giggle bubble in his chest.

Feeling bold he flung open the door to the bathroom, posing stark naked in the doorway. He smiled and the other women all gasped seeing his fully changed body.

“Hello ladies!”

Su-yin squealed.

“Look at you! Hot damn!”

“I know right?” Zack giggled.

“You know what this means?”

“What?”

“Name day!” Su-yin yelled. “You can’t very well be going by Zack anymore can you?”

She was right; he didn't feel like a Zack. Didn't feel like a 'he' at all really. He sat down on his small bed with his new friends all around him as they poured over a well worn baby name book. It was exciting really, like picking a name for his child without any of the extra stress or sleep loss. Finally, he saw it, in nondescript black ink, a name that just spoke to him.

“Chloe.”

He couldn't be sure why that name jumped out at him but there was something about it that felt right. Chloe was a classic name; it spoke of class but also spoke of fun. It settled over him like a warm blanket, comforting. Now all that remained was to find out exactly what sort of woman Chloe was.

~

Chloe stepped into the nightclub, one look at her in the new skimpy mini dress and the bouncer had let her in without a cover charge. The kind of new, casual power her body now

exuded made her tingle all over with excitement. It had been Su-Yin's idea to come out tonight, after so long stuck in the Cherry it felt wonderful to be out and about.

The club was calling to her, the music thumping in time with her heart beat as she stepped through the threshold and into the same space that had been her hunting grounds only a few days before. It felt different now that she could feel her heels clicking against the floor and body swaying to accommodate her new curves.

The music seemed to pulse through her veins, coaxing her to move. Despite her initial nerves, Chloe felt a newfound courage bubbling within her. She let the music guide her body, swaying and grooving to the rhythm. This time not only enjoying the way her curves bounced by actively finding it thrilling. As she danced, Chloe couldn't help but notice the joyous expressions on the faces of those around her. It was a revelation—the freedom to let go, to express herself without judgement or restraint. She'd never felt more alive.

Yet there was something missing; an itch in her mind she couldn't quite scratch. She stumbled off the dance floor to the bar, ordering a vodka raspberry without shame for the first time and enjoying the sweet liquid bubbling on her tongue. Then, her eyes met his; a man across the room. It was as if in that moment an iron tether attached itself to her chest and she felt compelled to move forward.

The memory of her first orgasm only hours ago bubbled to the surface and she found her new pussy lips turning moist. What would it feel like to actually have a man? To feel herself cum with somebody inside her? Just the thought made her shiver with want. She finally realised exactly what she was missing. She was a woman now and she wanted to feel like one.

“Hey there.” She cooed, leaning in close and watching with delight as the man tried to keep his cool.

“Hey.” He cleared his throat. “What's up?”

“Nothing interesting yet.” Chloe demurred, letting her eyes dart down to his crotch for a moment before returning his gaze, “But give it time, perhaps something will go up.”

The man's cheeks turned bright red and she giggled. This was so easy! How had she ever found flirting hard before now? Eagerly she pressed herself against the man's side, feeling his taut muscles squash against her breasts.

“It's sort of boring here alone isn't it?” She sighed dramatically, “Do you think you could keep me company?”

“A pretty thing like you, alone? I don’t buy it.” He laughed, “I feel like any second some massive dude is going to come clock me for looking at his girl.”

The idea of two men fighting over her lit a fire between Chloe’s legs. Oh yes, she’d like that, perhaps she could even help them settle their differences with a threesome. It took considerable effort to pull herself out of the day dream and back into reality. So many days of stress and deprivation must have taken their toll because Chloe was sure she’d never felt this horny in her life. She threw caution to the wind, she didn’t care about the infection; she cared about getting fucked.

“I swear, I’m on my own. I just hope you can fix that.” Chloe put on her best pout, leaning in close to brush their lips together.

The touch of skin was brief but it felt electric and clearly Chloe wasn’t the only one. Her new man let out a groan and she knew he was putty in her hands now.

“Let’s get out of here.” She whispered, taking him by the wrist and leading him outside.

As soon as they were around the corner, in the darkness of the alley, he was on her. That gentle brush of lips was instantly overshadowed by the sensation of tongue pushing inside her mouth. It felt wonderful; the press of cold brick against her back juxtaposed with his warm body crushing against her front. Her mini dress was tight but not so much so that he couldn’t slip a hand in to cup at her breast.

“Ooooh...” There really wasn’t anything else like it, the feeling of a strong hand against her supple breast. Fingers tweaked her nipples and a small squeak escaped her lips.

That wild, desperate need inside her got stronger and stronger with each touch and she found herself whipped into a frenzy. With strength that surprised even her she turned them, pressing her man into the wall and unzipping his fly. He gave a breathy laugh that turned to a groan as she slowly drew out his manhood and gave it a few swift strokes.

He was already hard for her and it sent a shiver down her spine; she was so hot, look how quickly she could reduce a man to his baser instincts. She may have felt wild but Chloe was not out of control; if anything she felt deliciously in control and thrumming with power as she lifted the hem of her skirt.

With a gentle push, they switched places again and Chloe braced herself against the brick wall; her pussy exposed to the cold air. Perhaps she had always known this was where tonight was going, it would explain her desire to go commando.

She felt the warm head of his cock press against her hole and Chloe felt her eyes go wide as it pushed inside. It was like nothing she'd ever felt; her walls stretching to accommodate the length made her almost dizzy with want. It was somehow overwhelming and yet she couldn't get enough. By the time he was fully penetrating her, Chloe's mouth was hanging open in a silent cry of pleasure. Without hesitation her man began to thrust, in and out, hard and fast. Chloe pushed back against him and keened, her inner walls already throbbing with impending orgasm. It took less than a minute and she was cumming but this felt so much better than the time in the bathroom.

This time as her pussy throbbed she could feel the cock inside her and it slammed up against her G-spot. The orgasm just kept going and the sounds that escaped her lips were like a symphony to her ears. She knew right at that moment she would never give this up; screw becoming a man again, this was too good.

Her future was still uncertain but she knew one thing for sure; Chloe was a woman who loved sex and she was going to be having plenty of it.