

# The Polymorph Parasite Returns (Bimbo TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Jack Mackenzie**

*The polymorph parasite has returned, and this strain knows what it wants. Gabe is a brash, lecherous mechanic who rates female customers according to their attractiveness while also ignoring their knowledge of cars. But after a one night stand with a physical trainer, he finds his body and mind slowly changing, all thanks to a parasite he doesn't know exists . . .*

## **The Polymorph Parasite Returns**

Gabe winked at the two other men in the store as the woman walked in.

“Eight,” Ed said.

“Nah, I'd say a seven,” Malcolm added.

Gabe chuckled. “Please, she's a six at best. Got no ass on her. Look when she bends over to inspect some gear.”

True enough, the women bent over, and lo and behold, she had no real ass to speak of. Gabe's work buddies chuckled and gave him the thumbs up of approval. The woman was slowly working her way to the counter, but he could tell what kind of person she was already. Her naive gaze swept across the auto repair shop, as if she wasn't quite sure what she wanted. Gabe stepped around from behind the counter.

“Watch and learn boys,” he said.

He was no spring chicken himself. In his forties, slightly overweight, and with already-greying hair, he imagined himself far more of a catch than he was. Coupled with his wide-set face and slightly yellowed teeth from years of poor dieting, and his attitude towards women was obvious: his relationships with them were driven as much by frustration and even *envy* at how supposedly 'easy they had it', more than any actual success in his love life. Still, he was working on it. He even had a physical trainer lined up to get him into shape. Sure, it would be the fifth one in twice as many months, and he kept on quitting and going back to the smokes, but who cared? This time would be the charm; she was hot, and from he'd heard she was also a total slut as well.

Gabe strode forth, clearing his throat to get the woman's attention. “You look like you need help there, lovely miss. I reckon you're in need of a bloke's expertise, I'd wager.”

The woman frowned a little, clearly annoyed at his attitude, not that Gabe noticed or cared. “Well, yes. I think there's a spark plug problem with my car. The engine starts are getting difficult, and the sound it makes -”

“You reckon or you know?”

“I’m sorry?”

He leaned against the shelf containing the plugs she was looking at and brought his face far too close. His eyes darted down to her cleavage. She may not have been a total ten or anything in his book, but up close he considered her pretty attractive. At least good enough for a quick lay.

“I mean are you sure, or is this just, you know, woman’s intuition? Because no offence, but that shit doesn’t fly when it comes to cars. You need a guy who knows his vehicles. And that’s me, honey. Gabe’s the name.”

He put out his hand. She went to reluctantly take it, and he took the opportunity to pull it up to his lips. She scrambled her hand back before he could.

“I just need it repaired, alright? I was told you have good prices and -”

“Just give me the make, model, and year, and I’ll work my magic. Here at *Autofix* we always get the job done right. Run the car into the shop and I can get it looked at tomorrow arvo. Sooner, if I like you.”

The woman screwed up her face in a way he thought was distinctly ugly, but otherwise she moved ahead with his proposal. Gabe winked back at Ed and Malcolm, who couldn’t believe that he was managing to fleece her out of more than just a sparkie repair job. Hell, he was even starting to convince her that a bloody wheel alignment was necessary, as well as ‘windshield wiper grease’, a totally nonexistent product that would earn him an extra fifty quid.

Afterwards, he laughed about it with them, setting her little Subaru aside to work on the Honda job. The garage was tastelessly adorned with calendars of scantily-clad and voluptuous women, many of them topless and making lewd expressions on their faces as they caressed their own forms. It was a working man’s ‘mancave’ as he liked to call it. A respite from his bloody nagging wife Matilda and her endless complaints about his long hours and “mysterious disappearing acts to the bloody pub.” Of course, he wasn’t always at the pub. Sometimes, when he’d negged a woman enough, or used his charisma to mask his piggish attitude, he was getting lucky. It wasn’t like Matilda was putting out, after all. She mocked his profession. Called him childish. Told him to put away the calendars that one time she visited. Gabe wasn’t going to be henpecked. He was a man living in one of the few professions left that was the sole province of men. After all, only men could understand his world of grease, sweat, and the loud and large engines it produced and repaired. And the fact was for all his chauvinism, he was damn good at it. Too good for a woman to be anywhere near capable of crashing through his perception of them.

At least, that was what he thought.

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Her name was Georgie, and she was a real fucking stunner, the kind of blonde bombshell who belonged in the movies, were it not for that fact that she was damn stacked, and Hollywood and even the local film scene was weird about that. Her big, cantaloupe breasts strained her work bra, bouncing about and forming a delightful cleavage despite being ostensibly enveloped. Gabe could barely look away, and for once a woman didn't seem to mind.

"That's right, Gabe! You're, like, totally doing the perfect set there! Just keep going. The sweat is good. Sooooo good. Sexy, even."

Just hearing her purr the words 'sexy' made him have to fight down an erection as he lifted the weights. It was only his first session with Georgie, but he had the sense that this time he might actually get in shape just from the desire to keep working out with the hottest fitness trainer on the planet.

"You're doing super well!" she beamed. "No wonder you're a mechanic. All those revving engines. God, it revs my engine just thinking about it."

Gabe smirked. "Oh yeah? Nice to know a g-girl appreciates - nnggh, this is damn heavy - appreciates what I do. Most women don't understand what it takes to be a mechanic."

"Oh, you're so right. I'd have, like, no idea what I was doing. I can workout and keep my hot bod hot, but what you do would be so totally difficult! I bet you're all sweaty and manly while doing it too."

He laughed, putting down the weights. He slung a towel over his shoulder and winked at her in his lecherous way. "You've got no idea, babe. You should drop by and see me sometime at Autofix. We know exactly how to treat a woman, provided she knows how to respect a real man's work."

To his surprise, Georgie actually strutted closer to him, dropping her own weights and placing her soft hands on his wide shoulders. She was shorter, but a pretty leggy broad at the same time. The look she gave him was pure sex.

"Why wait, sexy?" she asked. "I've got a private room nearby."

For once, Gabe was struck silent, having no idea what to say. He'd never, not in a million years imagined holding the sexual interest of an actual perfect ten. But here she was now, looking at him in such a way that practically oozed raw eroticism. He had to swallow and think for a moment; all his blood was rushing down to his cock, which was straining at his pants.

"Well," he finally said. "Maybe we should go see that private room straight away if you're serious, honey."

"Oh, I'm sooooo serious. Except in a few moments, when I'll be *naughty*."

She practically dragged the chauvinistic pig of a man back to a change room that she had to use a keycard to open and then lock. Gabe had masturbated to such fantasies before, or imagined them in his head when he had to fuck Matilda and pretend he married her for more than just the food and house maintenance she brought to the table. But when Georgie the American fitness trainer who'd travelled across the great pond to be here began taking her top off and freeing those magnificent jugs of hers, he knew that this was him finally getting what he deserved.

And it was true. He was indeed getting exactly what he deserved, though only time would prove it out.

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The parasite shivered. It had lain dormant within the female, growing stronger. It was now part of her, unable to be disconnected, its own microscopic form as dependent on her as she was dependent on it. The female had not always been this way. She had been different. Larger. More intelligent. Male. But when the parasite had infected its unwitting host it had begun to alter the creature's genetic makeup, even its brain chemistry, in order to suit its purposes. The parasite needed certain nutrients and rushes of endorphins and dopamine to survive. The sexual rush of the host's mating process provided this in the greatest amounts, and would also prove fruitful in eventually spreading the parasite's own offspring. As such, it had changed the host in order to better service its own needs.

The host had become smaller.

The host had become softer.

The host had become female, not that it quite understood femaleness or maleness, but it recognised patterns between hosts and changed this one accordingly.

Finally, the host had become highly libidinous, its brain centred around remaining highly attractive and sexually available. This fed the parasite, *had* fed the parasite for two years now. The host still remembered its old self, but its needs had long changed to aid the parasite's, meaning she relentlessly pursued sex and kept her health and body according to the parasite's wants. It had fed well. Very well.

And now it was time to breed.

A new strain was forming from the parasite, diverging from its essence and descending down into the host's reproductive organ space. Like the parasite, this new form of life was much smaller and not intertwined with a host. It would die soon if it did not leave, as the parasite had no intention of giving up its form.

Thankfully, another form was instead available. The host was copulating, as she did so several times daily, and the creature she was copulating with was the perfect target. The

parasite was not intelligent, at least no in the same way the host was, but it had passed on its experiences to the new strain, as was the nature of its evolution. It had successfully altered its host, and now the new strain would know to do the same with its own future host. The male thrust into the female, the sex act feeding the parasite psychically, making it feel something like the joy that its human was experiencing. It passed on these feelings to the new strain, allowing it to understand its purpose.

The new strain understood.

The new strain moved.

It had to be quick. It had to slide down through the host's tunnel and make its way to the entrance. Its timing would have to be careful, but then if it failed, this was just failed evolution. Not that the new strain or old truly understood evolution. They didn't need to. Still, it succeeded: when the male thrust in once more, its reproductive organ entered that of the female's. At the exact same time, the new strain slivered, heading for the cavernous slit at the front of the male's organ. It began the long, treacherous ride down through the male's passage, eager to reach the stem and begin its subtle growth.

It did so just in time: moments later the entire reproductive organ stiffened, producing a flood of ecstasy and white substance. The new parasite did not care though. It was already beginning to draw blood vessels close, and entangle itself within the fluids and membranes of the male. Of its new host.

And it immediately began to signal changes to the body.

It was time to change.

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At first Gabe noticed nothing. He had a full week of work ahead of him with the boys, and that was well and good because it minimised his time with 'the wife', as he called Matilda. The parasite within his groin was already enmeshing with his blood vessels and then his nervous system, but it was too small and weak to make much of a difference. The only significant part of its impact was some slight wooziness the day after (which he attributed to the afterglow of the previous night's glorious sex) and a slight hangover from some celebratory beers at the pub that morning.

But now the working week had returned, and it was time to get down to business. Unfortunately, the new strain of parasite within him had the same notion. After just the weekend of development, it had developed enough connection to its male host to begin feeding new signals to the brain. These signals travelled along the blood and nervous systems, borne all the way to the brain. The parasite was still located largely in the man's groin, but it was able to alter the hormones that were being produced there, as well as

further within the host's recesses. The testosterone needed to go, or at least be massively reduced. And the estrogen needed to be doubled. No, tripled. No, quadrupled. No, beyond that! The parasite sent the signals to send that hormone into overproduction. And still it grew, extending its reach to begin affecting other forms of development: muscle, bone, hair, and so forth. It would take time, but it had all the time in the world. Its host may have been overweight and not all that unattractive - a deadly combination for the parasite if not remedied, certainly - but he was also muscular. That had some advantages. For now.

Of course, Gabe had no idea about any of this. He simply continued to work in his garage. He even got a new poster up, this one of Lyn Hartwell, one of the hottest porno models in the country. She was barely wearing anything more than a mere suggestion of red lingerie, and posing in such a way that she managed to thrust out her chest to the viewer even as she emphasised her ass at the same time. It was a positively spine-twisting manoeuvre, but all the boys were grateful for it.

"She's hot as," Ed remarked. "I'd do anything to fuck her."

"You can fuck her anytime," Malcolm said. "In your dreams, ha!"

Gabe laughed. "Yeah, well I've been fucking my fitness trainer, and she's twice as hot! Tits are bigger too. And she's younger."

Ed smirked. "Bullshit."

"I'm serious. She's a total ten. And she actually fucking respects mechanics. Even said it was 'man's work.' Nice to know some broads know the score. Speaking of . . ."

Another woman had entered the store, looking a little lost. She was cute, but not devastatingly so. Gabe exited the garage and met her as she approached the store.

"How can I help you sweetie?" he asked.

"Sweetie? Excuse me?"

"Honey, then."

She folded her arms, unexpectedly showing a bit of fire. "I don't know where you were raised, but where I'm from we don't call women you don't know 'sweetie' or 'honey' anymore."

"Yeah, well, this is my auto repair service, so you're stepping into my world."

She peered past him to stare at the crude posters in the garage.

"Hmmp, I might go to another 'world', then. Bay Repairs, for instance. Good day, sir."

"Whatever," he replied, turning away, before muttering under his breath: "bitch."

"What was that?"

He turned. "Nothing!"

"You just called me a bitch! The fucking cheek of you! After you acted like a sexist dinosaur you have the nerve to call me a bitch!"

Gabe had been in such situations before, and was always good at rushing over them. But for some reason he froze this time. His face went red - redder than usual - and he stammered over his words. He'd been feeling a bit flushed all morning, and while he didn't know it, it was because his hormones were in overdrive courtesy of the parasite. The result was a peculiar amount of emotion.

"I - I didn't mean to!" he said. "I don't know what came over me!"

"What came over you was that you were being a fucking asshole."

"I - I'm sorry! I mean, I wouldn't - I . . ."

But the woman had already turned and was heading back to her car. Moments later she was driving out rather aggressively, and throwing him a middle finger as she passed. Gabe actually gasped at the display, feeling oddly wounded by the power of the gesture. He stood there until Ed came up to him.

"So, Casanova, that didn't go too well, did it? What the hell was that all about?"

Gabe hid his face. There were tears - actually bloody tears - forming in his eyes. He pretended to wipe his face like he would to get rid of the grease.

"Ah, it was just some uptight bitch. You know the type."

"Yeah, but you usually don't send 'em storming. Better to overcharge 'em."

Gabe gestured for his mate to give him some space. "It's just a shitty Monday morning, Ed. I'll do better next time."

"Um, sure. I mean, you're the boss, not me."

"Yeah, and don't you forget it!"

Ed went to head off back to the workshop, but paused before re-entering. "Say, you look a bit funny, Gabe. Are you sure you aren't a bit sick?"

Gabe had wiped his eyes by this point, so he turned and fixed Ed with his eye. "What are you talking about?"

"You're just looking a bit flushed. A bit thin too, no offence. And your hair-"

"I've just been working out, alright! I told you, this new bird is giving me all kinds of workout, you best believe."

"Okay, sure. You take care of yourself though. Don't want to catch anything!"

Gabe took a moment to go to the bathroom after Ed's comment. He didn't want to seem paranoid, but the man wasn't wrong. One look in the mirror and he could see his face was redder than usual, and a bit sweaty too. His face looked oddly smooth, his chin hairs thin as if his scruff had thinned. And his hair . . .

"Jesus, I need a haircut," he said. "I'm starting to *look like a woman*."

He coughed. His voice had briefly shot up an octave, as if he were still a boy dealing with the crisis of puberty. He coughed again to make sure whatever had caused it was over.

"Damn, maybe I am sick. Nah, it's just a Monday. Better get back to it."

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Far from being sick, Gabe was actually getting healthier. It was all thanks to the parasite. The greasy bacon and egg rolls he always purchased at the petrol station on the way to work suddenly seemed too disgusting to eat, while his preference for gut-swelling beer began to dissipate in the days to come. In fact, Matilda's constant whingeing that he should hurry up and start eating some leafy greens began to wear him down: he wasn't eating any damned vegetarian meals yet, but he was minimising his meat and eating more greens.

"Just don't make me go vegan, alright?" he spat at her. "I'm not turning into some feminised pussy who can't even eat a slab of good beef!"

Matilda just rolled her eyes and continued eating, and after a time so did he. He patted his stomach, feeling the flab that was there, but even more so the flab that *wasn't*. Gabe smirked to himself.

"Looks like all that hard fitness exercise is paying off. Finally losing some weight here, hon."

"Still more to lose, love," Matilda replied coldly.

"Heh, if I'm losing some, so should you. Your arse is like a pair of melons, and not in a good way."

That shamed her enough into humiliated silence that he could eat in peace. Still, he shifted in his seat a little. His own arse was a bit sore, and somewhat swollen lately. He attributed it to all the squats he was doing with Georgie, and the same for his thinning body.

Still, not everything was paradise. The misogynistic mechanic was still trying to sleep with Georgie again. She was hot as fuck and the best damn lay he'd ever had, and from his perspective she was an easy slut who liked to sleep around. The fact that she was constantly distracted by the men around her in the gym and kept taking them off to the side during his longer reps was evidence of this. But after that first epic lay she hadn't seen fit to throw him even a bone, and it didn't even seem malicious. It was like her interest had disappeared. Gabe did his best to give little clues and comments to push the matter, but in the end he confronted her at the end of a long Friday afternoon's workout while there weren't many present in the gym.

"What gives, anyway? You give me one solid fuck and now you're just checking out the other blokes here and don't look at me twice other than correcting my form! I thought we could at least get down and dirty a few more times. I'm not looking for love, babe. But you flash your tail at me so often and now it's just a bloody tease."



Georgie actually blushed. “Oh God, I’m so so sorry. I didn’t mean to. I was, like, totally planning to sleep with you again. Loads, in fact. I like big, strong men who work in manly jobs like you do. But . . . I can’t.”

“Why not?”

She shrugged, causing her breasts to bounce a little. For once, Gabe wasn’t even distracted by them. In fact, it just reminded him of how weirdly sore his own chest was lately.

“I’ve got seriously no idea. Sorry! I’m happy to stay your trainer, but I’m really not feeling the attraction anymore, Gabe. I’ve got no idea why!”

Gabe took a deep breath. Again, that cocktail of emotion welled up within him. He felt like he was going to cry. Instead he stood and strode past his hot blonde trainer. “Well, I got no idea why I’m putting up with a bitch like you. You put out for everyone else but can’t put out for me one more time? Well, I’ll find better prospects elsewhere, babe.”

“Oh, Gabe! Don’t go! I’m sorry, it’s just-”

“Whatever!” he said, tears actually forming now, much to his shame. “I’m just some bloke you can chuck aside, right? Fucking whore.”

She glared, puffing up with anger. “You have, like, no idea what I’ve gone through. Who I used to be and how I’ve changed. You should go. I don’t want to see you again, not even if I end up the horniest girl on earth!”

“Yeah, already leaving, doll.”

He made his way to his car, still wiping away his tears. He brushed his hair behind his ears. “Need a goddamn haircut. God, that stupid bitch. Why am I fucking crying? It’s all those damn fruit and veggies Matilda is feeding me. It’s got me feeling all funny. Jesus, I didn’t even do upper body workouts and my chest is so damn sore.”

In fact, it felt a little swollen. But with his bruised ego Gabe wasn’t thinking too deeply about that. The parasite’s influence didn’t help in this matter either: it was slowly extending itself, lowering his cognition.

Making him just that bit more compliant. This was important, because the biggest changes were yet to come.

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The parasite’s work was speeding up as it extended itself. It was now connected throughout much of the host’s system. The hormone production was going well, as were the initial changes. However, the parasite was beginning to starve. This was not unordinary. In fact, it was part of the expected crucible that the parasite’s life cycle would have to pass through: the stretch of time while it tired itself out perfecting the host, in order that it might later grow strong off the sexual rush the host then experienced. Still, it was a risk, and one it had to go

all out on. The parasite was not fully sapient, but as it grew it did become more intelligent and able to make calculated choices. It had hoped - if hope was the right word - that it could feed off the sexual energy of the male's copulations with the female. Evidently this would not work, however. Its parent parasite was fused with the female, having already performed the change on her long ago. It did not wish to risk coming into contact with its progeny. The new strain understood this. It would have to alter its own host faster to make up for this shortfall. It reached out, growing and intertwining with the host's system. It was now fully dependent upon the male for survival, and could not be extracted without death. It began to alter the bone density and bone size of its host, while also altering the tissue of his musculature. Hair growth and reduction was a priority in particular places.

The host needed to be perfect. It needed to seduce its fellow males.

To that end, the parasite grew further, extending its tendrils to reach the host's brain directly as soon as it could. The mental state of the host needed to change.

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Gabe was starting to get very concerned. His hair growth was out of control, and he'd had two haircuts in the last week to keep it short. Worse, it appeared to be changing *colour*. He'd always had unremarkable brown hair, but now it was lightening, becoming a dirty-blonde with strains of brown running through it. It was also softer, and developing slight curls.

"The fuck? Is it that new bloody soap Matilda bought us? I knew that new age stuff was a total scam and yet the dumb bird went straight for it!"

But that wasn't all that was wrong, and the new shampoos and soaps Matilda had purchased could only explain so much. The same for the gym explanation. Gabe had indeed lost a lot of weight, but the time in which he'd shed over forty pounds had to be practically impossible. His gut was almost entirely gone, and his figure was looking increasingly trim and athletic. But it was the monkey's paw effect, because in the past week since he'd stormed off from Georgie he'd found his muscles disappearing, and not just the new developments from his workout regime, but his long-maintained muscles from working hard on cars and lifting heavy equipment with little more than a grunt and a shove.

"Am I sick?" he asked his reflection. "God damn it, I have to be sick. Ed was right, I've caught something. Even my eyes are weird."

Which was a funny way of saying they were *blue*. A dark grey-blue, sure, but a big change from their original hazel-brown. His facial features looked slightly off to him, but he couldn't quite say how. Almost like his nose was a bit smaller, his eyelashes a little bigger, or his chin softer. The last one made him realise something.

"My scruff! My shadow! Did that she-bitch shave me in my sleep or something?"

It had to be Matilda feeding him something. She'd always resented him for being absent and aloof, and always talked paranoid about him cheating on her. She was right, naturally, but that didn't make it any less annoying. And now she was putting supplements in his grub and making his hips go weirdly wide and his arse bigger, all while his shoulders were looking more and more feminine.

"I'm taking the day off," he declared.

But half an hour later, he was in his increasingly ill-fitting uniform, heading to work. For some reason he couldn't explain, he really wanted to see Malcolm and Ed. He *really* wanted to see them.

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Ed and Malcolm kept looking at Gabe funny. That was okay though, because he was looking at them funny as well. For reasons he couldn't quite explain, he couldn't keep his eyes off their crotches. Something about being near them, seeing how manly they were, was starting to excite him in a way it never had. It made no sense, but he couldn't escape it: when Ed came out of the garage covered in grease, his muscular arms on display, his stubble the very image of masculinity, Gabe had to go to the bathroom and take several deep breaths. He even had half an erection.

"Fuck, what is wrong with me. That shit Matilda bought must have made me get all bloody turned on for no goddamned reason. Can't let them see me like this."

And yet he refused to go, no matter how much Ed and Mal asked questions and looked at his appearance with astonishment.

"There's just no way there's not something wrong with ya," Ed commented. "Seriously boss, you look like a totally different person. Like a brother of yours."

"Or a sister," Malcolm said, always a bit more to the point and less able on the tact. "No offence, but you do."

"I do not! I'm just getting in shape, that's all."

"Your shoulders have shrunk. Your face looks soft. You don't even have stubble! Seriously, are you taking some of that bloody hormone therapy or something? Because it's not working the way you want."

Gabe just sneered. "Mind your own damn business. And don't get so near me. You already smell nice enough as it is and I don't want to keep breathing in your manly musk."

The two paused, looked at one another, then back to Gabe.

"Um, what was that?"

Gabe paused. What was it he'd just said? Something about their manly musk? Bloody hell, he was even starting to think about their cocks. His own employees and their fucking *cocks!* Not to mention their balls and all that semen . . .

He coughed, wheezed, and stepped back. "N-nothing! Just having a lark, that's all. Get back to work. I need some space to think. I'm just sick, that's all."

"Well don't go spreading the sickness," Ed said. "I've got a hot date tonight."

"Yeah, right. And I'm about to go on a date with Kade Hall - I mean, Lyn up there!"

He pointed up at the calendar of the pinup girl, trying to ignore that he'd just named one of the male pornstars she slept with. He'd seen the tapes. The man produced practically *gallons* of semen. Gallons of delicious, delicious semen.

Gabe swallowed. A new hunger was beginning to surge in his belly, and it wasn't for food. Not at all.

Not one bit.

"I'm clocking out," he squeaked, voice higher than usual.

Malcolm folded his arms, his expression concerned. "Y-yeah, that's a good idea, boss. You head home and rest."

It was a very good idea. But Gabe wasn't heading home, and he wasn't resting either. The hunger was increasing with every moment, becoming an all-consuming need that was impossible to ignore.

He needed semen. He needed it fast.

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The parasite increased the host's sexual drive while lowering his inhibitions. The host was nervous, adrenaline coursing through his system as he entered the new building and made a negotiation with an individual within it. The scent of sex was everywhere in this dark place, and the parasite drank in that scent, having intertwined itself with the host's olfactory sense by this point. It lowered his anxiousness. It could not achieve full control and never would, but it did not want to or need to. This was symbiosis. All it needed to do was chemically nudge him in the right direction. To that end, it gave the host an incredible arousal, all while redirecting his hunger to crave male reproductive produce. This would help feed the parasite and keep it alive in the short term, all while speeding up the host's transformation.

A bargain was struck. The host was almost frantic. It released some dopamine to please him, and increased production of other calming hormones, including a small bit of melatonin. It didn't want him asleep, but it reduced the agitation and made him more pliable. The host walked into a dark stall muttering to himself in the strange language that parasite could not understand and did not care to.

The host was about to take a very important step. Another individual walked into the room; a male one. The parasite made the host even further aroused, increasing his hunger and finalising the changes to his digestive system.

Semen would now be very rewarding indeed. In fact, it was even better than food itself. It would sustain him and the parasite both.

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“I’ve never fucking done this before, okay?”

“I understand,” the other man said. “It’s your first time. If you want, I can go down on-”

“No! Just let me - fuck! I’m paying you, aren’t I? Just don’t talk and fucking enjoy it. I just need your damn cum!”

The man, who Gabe had refused to learn the name of, relaxed back as Gabe huddled over his form. His cock was large and erect, and the man was clearly used to using it in such settings, as he had no shame. That made one of them. Gabe was flushed with arousal, overwhelmed with the need to drink this man’s issue. What the hell was wrong with him he couldn’t say, but even just *thinking* about why he had this sudden, strange, and utterly *wrong* craving was beyond him. His brain was entirely fixated on what he was doing at that very moment. He readied himself, licking his lips at the delicious sight of the cock, unbelieving that *this* was what was turning him on so much.

And then he lowered his lips upon it. The other man grunted as Gabe began to suck on his dick, working away at it in an amateur fashion. To his eternal shame and temporary gratitude, the man offered advice.

“Don’t just suck, use your fingers to stroke the stem - that’s it. Yes, and bob up and down a bit more, your throat can take more than you think, dear. Ahhhh, that’s a good rhythm. Don’t be afraid to use your teeth just a little, but not to break the s-skin. Yes . . . the head is the best part, isn’t it darling? You’re getting better at this. A true n-natural!”

Soon Gabe was in a rhythm. The sexual energy he was feeling was making him even harder, though he’d recently realised that his own cock appeared smaller than it should have been. He ploughed on, feeling the excitement increase. The mechanic was becoming emboldened by the possibility of orgasm, of drinking this man’s semen. His stomach growled with desire for it. He needed it more than he’d ever needed anything, and he sucked the man’s dick with ever greater devotion. His chest burned, his arse and hips too. Even his groin felt strange. He didn’t know it yet, but the mere act itself was speeding up his changes, and he hadn’t even devoured this man’s nectar yet.

Finally, the other man came: “Y-yes darling, I’m so close! Keep going, I’m going to - ahhh! Very g-good! Drink it down, darling! I know you want it!”

The large cock throbbed in Gabe's mouth, followed by a torrent of warm semen flowing into his mouth. He gulped it down greedily, even licking the man's penishead clean to make sure there was nothing left. He needed it all.

"Ahh, did you enjoy that, darling?" the man asked as Gabe pulled himself back.

Gabe looked about the small stall in horror. "I'm - I did. Oh God, I did," he said, his voice now cracking, sounding almost feminine. "I need to go. I need to f-fucking go!"

"Well, come back anytime, darling. I'll return the favour, unless you want another 'drink,' mmm-hmm."

Just the thought of it made Gabe shiver a little, but then other parts of his body were feeling strangely pressurised.

"Sorry, I have to - fuck you! I don't need this again!"

He exited quickly, the man not appearing too phased by this. Gabe stumbled to the street and got in his car and took off home. Matilda was out in the garden, her plain self even more disconnected from him than usual.

"Gabe? Is that you? Have you come home early?"

"No thanks to you and your supplements!" he growled, though his voice barely sounded like him anymore. "You've ruined me, you stupid woman!"

She just chuckled softly from the garden, not even looking up. "Whatever, Gabe, whatever. I don't know what strange mid-life crisis you're going through, but it's your own bloody challenge, not mine. There's a pie in the oven. Don't eat it."

He didn't want to eat anything. Anything, that was, except for another man's cum. The taste of it was still on his lips, on his tongue. It had almost made him orgasm just from the delicious flavour of it. But now the effects of it were sweeping over his body. His muscles were tensing, his lips puffing up. He gripped his arse and it felt strange. He didn't even want to touch his chest. He moved to the bathroom quickly, swearing under his breath and hating how strangely soft his voice sounded, how strangely soft *everything* now felt. He slammed the door shut, locked it, and tore off his shirt and trousers until he was just in his underwear.

"Oh God," he moaned. "Oh God. Oh no. It can't be. It's not fucking fair. I'm meant to be a damn bloke. A hairy, muscly, manly bloke. So why the hell does it look like I'm turning into, *like*, a fucking woman!?"

It was true, he did look like a woman. Not a particularly attractive one, though he was getting there. His chest plumpening up, causing him to groan as it expanded in real time. He grasped the tissue there, only to wince at the sensitivity. He'd had small manboobs for a while, even since getting overweight. But now he was slim like a lady, and his chest was growing back again, only this time without the hair and with a whole hell of a lot more pertness to it.

“Ohhhhh, f-fuck! God, it f-feels kinda . . . no! I don’t want to, *like*, feel this way! Is this a curse? What happened to m-me!?”

He tried to rack his brain, even as his hips creaked a little wider, as his waist tightened just a little more. Before his very eyes, his face began to shift around. He pawed at it with his hands. Once, those hands had hairy palms and fat fingers. Now, they slimmed down, compressed by some invisible force.

“Was it the cum? Jesus, what the bloody - ohhhhhh!”

He doubled over, feeling his cock shrink down even further. His body was absorbing the man’s semen and using it as energy through the parasite to fuel his changes. The results were staggering. They were also pleasurable.

Gabe couldn’t help it. He came, right there in his underwear, just at the moment his new breasts stopped developing at fully sized B-cups. He had a figure that was a borderline hourglass, and his hair once more fell past his ears, now dirty blonde in colour. He’d even gotten shorter, his spine having compressed painfully, then pleurably as his form reimagined itself.

“No,” he whispered to himself, voice now definitely that of a woman. “No. No fucking way. No no no no no!”

He unlatched the door with shaking hands, and stepped backwards out of the bathroom, still staring in horror at his reflection. A small part of his brain released a bit of dopamine, a pleasure response to his changes. He shivered in a strange delirium, cackling in a vicious cocktail of chemical pleasure and mental horror. And then it got worse.

“Gabe? Gabe!? What the hell has happened to - who the hell are you?”

He turned to see Matilda looking at him, her features almost as horrified as his.

“I - I can explain!” he squeaked.

But he really couldn’t. He couldn’t one bit.

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Matilda barely believed him, until she saw his chest literally push out further, his newly enlarged nipples swollen and aroused. Even his hair extended a little, using up the last of the manly juice he had consumed.

“Holy God,” she muttered, staring at him after the long, rambling and embarrassed explanation. “You don’t even look like yourself anymore Gabe.”

She paused, and then to his horror, she smiled. It was not a kind smile.

“Which means I don’t have to put up with you now either.”

“What? I need help, Matilda!”

“Oh, like you helped yourself to women on the side all these years. Don’t think I haven’t smelled the perfume on you! Or the way you helped me with my hospital appointments - oh that’s right, I had to drag myself to and fro even when I shouldn’t have driven! No, you’re on your own with this, Gabe. For once the shoe is on the other foot, and I think you’ll look perfect in high heels. Now get out of my house.”

Gabe saw red. “You can’t kick me out of my home! I’m the damn man of this house!”

She placed her hands on her hips. “Is that so, dearie? From where I’m looking, you barely appear like a man at all. And if you really have such new tastes as you just admitted, maybe a little more won’t hurt your future changes. Would you like that?”

A bead of sweat fell down his left temple. He did. Already the hunger was growing, swelling up even stronger than before. He needed more cum. He needed it to change more, a prospect as terrifying as it was delicious. The parasite fed this possibility, dumping dopamine hit after dopamine hit into his brain to make him unable to refuse the opportunity.

“You - you bitch!” he said, struggling not to salivate. “I’ll get my body back, and just you wait. You won’t get anything in the divorce!”

“Well, that’ll be alright by me, Gabe. I didn’t get anything from the marriage either! I’ll let you sleep on the couch tonight, but after that, you’ll just be a stranger, and I doubt the police will take kindly to a squatter on a respectable woman’s property, particularly if she just lost her husband!”

“You wouldn’t.”

She leaned forward. For the first time, Gabe realised his wife was now taller than him.

“Try me. But if you have to slip out tonight for that new acquired taste of yours, well, I won’t say anything. I look forward to seeing such an ‘alpha male’ such as yourself become a pretty princess like on your dumb posters and calendars.”

Gabe swallowed and clenched his little fists. If only he could be as hot as the women on the posters, then he could have all the tasty cock he could imagine . . .

“Bloody hell,” he said.

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The parasite was pleased, if pleased was the right word to describe its state. Its host had indeed slipped out in the night, tired and restless and fighting his new inhibitions. His figure had changed dramatically, and he had to resort to wearing articles of covering that the host had taken from its former female mate. This was a good sign, even if the parasite didn’t quite understand why. Still, the male host was on the prowl again, this time late at night. It continued to ease the host’s anxiety and up its addiction. Soon, the host could subsist



entirely from male reproductive serum, no longer even requiring regular food. This would make the new parasite strain even more effective than its parent strain. This was also good. It furthered the changes, ordering fatty tissue development on the host's front and rear, while also thinning the host in other ways. Its male reproductive system was almost gone, and it focused on growing the new interior organ and its two related sacs. Here would be the parasite's home, even as its tendrils extended throughout the host.

As it did this, the parasite was given its own dopamine response: the host had found another male willing to allow the host to consume his issue. The words made no sense to the parasite, though it could at least hear them now.

"P-please, I'll pay you. I just need to suck some cock. I swear it's just a sex thing."

"Um, sure lady. I'm down to clown. I mean that's the club life, right? I just didn't expect to get lucky this early on in the night. Can I at least buy you a drink first?"

"M-maybe later. Please, I just got out of a relationship, I guess. Bloody hell, this is humiliating. I just really miss - I mean, need - to suck your cock. I'll make it worth your while. I'll, like, swallow and everything. Trust me, I'm very good. I need to get better."

"I mean, you're not in trouble or -"

"Of course I am, but not in that kind of fucking trouble. Look, do you want this or not? I can already s-see you're fucking turned on by me, so let's just find a place and do it, or I'll find another *hot guy with a nice big cock to suck on.*"

The other male gave in, and the parasite knew he would. This strain was ever more powerful, and it could do things its parent could not. Like develop *new* organs, one that caused its host to secrete powerful pheromones that would wear down and entice other males, making them far more susceptible. It would soon be drunk off the sexual act.

In fact, the sexual act occurred sooner than even the parasite expected. The host did something that surprised the changing male; it began kissing the male on the lips, pressing his body against the man, and moaning in deep arousal as his nipples stiffened.

Things were going well. The parasite would soon feed.

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"Ohhhhh, I n-need this. It's all f-fucking wrong, but so f-fucking good."

Gabe's entire body was on fire with arousal. The club's music pounded in his ears, the alcohol in his system made it easier to do what he was doing at that moment. His breasts wobbled in his top, braless, as the man he was chatting up rather desperately squeezed and groped them. The sensation of the man's thumbs over his nipples were something else.

"You've got great tits!" he exclaimed. "Seriously, they look even bigger than they did half an hour ago."

“Mhmm, don’t s-say that. They’re too damn big! They’re - ahhh - so fucking sensitive!”

More changes began, subtle but present, as Gabe went to his knees. He was desperate, obviously, and deeply horny. They had found a space aside for privacy, and he needed cum. He needed it more than he needed life. He didn’t care that this man thought he was a woman or that he sounded one. He didn’t even care about the strangle bubbling sensations in his stomach. All he cared about was getting his next hit, and letting the transformation continue if need be. The picture of pornstar Lyn was in his head, but it no longer turned him on at all. Instead, it was almost like he wanted to *be* her.

“Get your c-cock out. I need to suck your dick! I’m going to swallow it all.”

“Jesus, you are desperate. It’s kind of hot.”

But he relented instead of teasing her, unleashing his cock. Gabe drank it in with his eyes, and then with his throat. His lips formed a perfect seal around the pink fleshy tube, and he worked the stem with greater expertise, relishing the feel of it. Sensations of submissiveness came over him, the complete opposite of his obsession with taking charge and showing women what was what.

“Holy shit, you’re good at this!” the man said. “Fuck! Hey, that’s an Autofix badge. I took my car there y-esterday! Ohhhh!”

Gabe froze for a moment. He recognised this man. He was a former customer; a fellow named Todd who had his car in for an engine repair. He’d seen him just the other day and shot the shit with him. And now he was sucking this man’s cock, one of his own customers! And somehow, impossibly, it was making the scenario all the hotter.

“Mhhmmmm,” Gabe moaned.

“F-fuck! Yes! Hell y-yes!”

The moment of truth arrived, and it was even better than the first time. The man shot several warm wads of his seed straight down Gabe’s throat, and he swallowed them willingly, groaning in satisfaction. It was the greatest feeling in the world. The parasite worked overtime, absorbing it as quickly as possible and using it to speed up the transformation.

“Mhmm, yes! S-so fucking tasty!” Gabe stammered. “Need all of it!”

She polished the man’s cock clean until every drop was in her stomach. And it was *her* stomach now. The parasite had reached Gabe’s brain, and the final elements of rewiring were taking place. An orgasm rolled through Gabe’s form, making the formerly male mechanic writhe and squirm and moan in pleasure just from the taste alone.

“Oh God, I’m a woman! I’m a bloody woman!” she moaned. Her hair fell down further over her shoulders, and her breasts pushed out further, becoming fully-developed and ripe D-cups. Her ass became just a little rounder, and while Todd couldn’t notice all of these

changed, he did notice how completely hot the woman was that rose up on two unsteady feet, her lips full and nose button cute.

“Damn, I didn’t see you in the right light before babe, you’re hot as hell.”

“I - I am?” she managed. “Oh God, I totally am, aren’t I? Shit! I didn’t want this . . . but it f-feels so good!”

She rubbed her breasts right in front of him, still licking her lips and marvelling at her new female identity. Todd was so tall, and she was so small and voluptuous and curvy. And deeply, deeply submissive to him.

“Do you think I c-can do that again?” she exhaled in a sensual, womanly voice.

Todd smiled. “Absolutely,” he replied. “Hell, you can do it again when I pick up my car tomorrow, if you’re on shift.”

The new woman couldn’t help herself. She was insatiable now, and despite her deep shame, the thought of fucking this man at her workplace, giving him a ‘customer discount’, was too much to resist, no matter how embarrassing.

“Bloody hell, that sounds incredible.”

Only the parasite was happier. Its work was complete, and it could now enjoy a perfect symbiosis with its host.

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Ed and Malcolm were getting ready to call Gabe and found out where he was when a gorgeous woman wearing an Autofix uniform appeared from the parking lot, emerging from their boss’s car. She walked with a sensual sway, her wide hips outlined in her uniform, which was obviously tailored to a man but had been pulled tight thanks to a belt around her waist, not to mention her impressive chest. Her long, dirty blonde hair bounced, as did aforementioned chest, and the fact that she had unbuttoned her shirt at the top to reveal a long line of cleavage only made her a prettier sight.

“Holy shit,” Ed said. “Did Gabe mention we were getting a new coworker?”

“No way,” Malcolm replied. “Gabe would never let a bird take on the job. And that hair . . . oh my God. No, it can’t be possible. Gabe?”

The woman approached, blushing deeply and looking all the hotter for it. “I go by Gayle now,” she said. “You were right, Ed. I was sick. And now you can, like, see the results.”

“H-how?” Ed said.

“I - I have no fucking idea. But I’m, like, a woman now. I’m s-still me, I’m just, like, a new kind of me. A super hot, sexy mechanic me.”

Malcolm exhaled, unsure of what to even say about all this, and struggling with his own attraction to his feminised boss. “B-but you hate women in the shop!”

“I know! But, like, maybe we can make an exception. I bet I’ll make loads and loads of hot hunky customers roll in cash for us. And I can do something for the pair of you to make it all worthwhile.”

She placed a hand on her hip, thrusting out her prominent chest while flipping her hair with her free hand. She flashed them a smile that could melt the heart of any man. Ed swallowed.

“Wh-what do you mean by that?”

The parasite within Gabe/Gayle didn’t even need to push her this time. The female mechanic was almost permanently aroused now and was still coming to grips with it all. But the instinctive need to breed, to mate, to fuck, to take these men inside her, was more important than anything. She could work the rest out later.

For now, she pressed her form against the shocked Ed, admiring his muscles and manly, greasy form. Her nipples stiffened against his chest, and she purred in his ear.

“Just you watch and feel,” she moaned.

She went down on her knees, just like Lyn Hartwell, who looked down on them with a smile.

**The End**