

## Alt-Ending: Your Ideal Me (Man to Ideal Girlfriend TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*What if instead of Adrian getting sick with the Gender Flu, Rob was the one to get sick instead? Adrian tries to be a good friend and protect Rob, but the infected man is stuck in a vicious cycle of thinking about women, only to transform further, rinse and repeat. How far will he go?*

### Alt-Ending: Your Ideal Me

I always wanted a girlfriend. Not just a girlfriend, a total submissive babe who would fuck me on command. Call it a fantasy or whatever, but that's how it used to be for guys, back when *men* were in charge. We were the ones who hunted the goddamn mammoths and brought home the meat, so why shouldn't we have a whole fucking harem of sexy ladies wanting a ride on our cocks and bearing all our strapping baby boys, huh? It only made sense. That's how it used to be, and how it was *meant* to be.

Instead, here I am, taking your dick inside of me. It's not even that impressive as a dick, Adrian, but fuck me if it doesn't make me cum so goddamn hard. Your hands on my hips, my ass bouncing like crazy as you thrust into me again and again, and I can only cry out just like I'm a fucking cavewoman serving her manly protector. It's my worst nightmare. It's everything my life was supposed to be, except *you* have it, you asshole!

"I hope you're okay with this!" you say, and I detect the anxiousness in your voice. You're *still* asking if I'm okay with this. Of course I'm not, and of course I *am*, dickweed.

"Just f-fuck meeeee!" I whined. "I need your hot c-cum in meeeee!"

My boobs are hanging low from my chest as you fuck my brains out. Goddamn, I feel so good. Why do I have to feel so frickin' good about this?

"I'm your Harley Quinn!" I declare, twisting my head back to look him in the eyes, my coloured pigtails bobbing on either side of my head. "Rev me up like your Harley, why don't ya?"

Fuck, you're such a freak, Adrian. You and your stupid nerdery. I'm stuck playing dress up for you. Today it's Harley Quinn, tomorrow it'll be She-Ra, and the next day I'll be Wonder Woman or Rogue or Carmen Sandiego or Lara Croft or some shit. And the worst part is, I'm going to love it every. Single. Time.

"YES! Do it, Mr J!" I cry in my fake and quite exaggerated Brooklyn accent. "You know I'm your girl! Stop clowning around and - AAIIEEEEE!!!"

And there it is. You're not even that big, but you make me cum like crazy. Multiple orgasms hit me, and I can't help but scream in pleasure, even though we might be far, far

too loud given that we snuck off to a backroom at a frickin' ComicCon. I'd never been to one until I got turned into your slutty cosplayer girlfriend, and now I feel like we visit one every month, and me always in an outfit that shows off my body.

"Jesus, that was incredible," you say. "Great job staying in character. Thanks, er, for fulfilling that fantasy, Ronnie. I know you never intended to be my girlfriend, and I did my best to stop that from happening, but I'm - I'm glad you're so cool with all of this. You're seriously the most awesome person I know."

And then, despite the fact that I can't stand you, Adrian, I moan as you pull yourself out of me and then I turn around and I kiss you, sticking my tongue into your mouth and then moaning all over again from how much it turns me on.

"Like I said," I say. "I'm yours, tough guy. I didn't plan on this, but you make me so, so, so happy, especially when you dress me up as your fantasies."

No. No. It's not true! Yes, my body enjoys it, and it sends all these addictive dopamine chemicals into my brain or whatever, but it's not how I really feel, I swear! I don't deserve this! I don't deserve to be dressed in black and red in a skintight outfit that shows off my ridiculous curves. I don't deserve to have guys leering at me, taking photos of me, checking out my huge tits, or having you squeeze them and suck on them. I don't deserve to be the most curvy girlfriend imaginable.

I didn't deserve the Gender Flu, asshole.

You did.

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It all began when I started feeling funny, over a year ago. We were roommates, you and I. You're still Adrian, nerdy dorky geeky Adrian with your thinner body and glasses and your wavy blonde hair. But back then I was Rob, not Ronnie. I was bigger, tougher, and more confident than you ever were, and the only reason we were roommates was because both of us had been recently unemployed and were looking for jobs, and so we had to share an apartment to deal with our mutual lack of funds. I would have chosen better than you, normally, preferably some hot chick to be all Friends-with-Benefits with, though that might have carried the risk of dealing with her PMS-ing or trying to get all attached or whatever. But instead of that, I had to put up with you decorating your half of the place with Star Wars and fantasy and sci-fi shit everywhere. All those dolls - you called them figurines - sitting on shelves, showing what a weirdo you were.

I was pleasant, though. We didn't argue. I didn't hate you. I just thought you were a bit of a loser, one who struggled with the ladies. Ah, who am I kidding? I was struggling with the ladies as well. I'd once been so capable with them, but lately they'd been telling me I had

problems with my 'personality' and that I had issues with 'monogamy', which just translated to them wanting me to commit to them like some soyboy cuck instead of getting what every man deserved, which was a sampling of lots of women. So I was pretty frustrated, as you well know, Adrian. We talked often about how we wanted women. Maybe we actually *did* get along for a bit, even if your shit kept invading my space too much. Perhaps in time we could have actually been friends or something, I don't know. I could have at least rubbed off on you, made you less of a total dweeb.

Instead, I went to the doctor, and found out why my nipples had been aching and my hips had been feeling weirdly wide lately. Somehow, I'd caught the damn Gender Flu. I thought the doctor was joking at first. Me? Turning into a woman? Surely that was just one of those things that happened to other people, right?

Right?

*Right!?*

Well, turns out I *was* other people. It explained why my nipples had been swelling up, why my hips were making my pants snug, and even why my hair was growing longer way too fast. It explains the strange bouts of emotion I'd been feeling lately, including the fact that I actually cried in the cinema during a date, something which really turned off the girl I was trying to score with.

"Dude, I'm so sorry!" you told me when I shared the news after a few days. "Shit, and here I was complaining about trying to get a job. Is there anything I ca-"

"There's nothing anyone can do," I replied. "Except shut up, that is. I need to outlast this shit. The doctor says that, very rarely, someone can only be changed a little by the Gender Flu and not even, you know, turn into a woman and stuff, so long as they don't *think* about sex and women and getting aroused and stuff. So I gotta stop masturbating for a few months, stop thinking about hot babes and everything. That means *you* don't talk about those cosplayers you follow on Instagram, or any of those Trek girls or whatever."

"Of course," you said eagerly, adjusting those glasses that I now find so freaking cute. "I'll do anything to help you, Rob. You're my roommate, after all. My friend. I'll make sure to do what I can - and not do what I shouldn't - so you make it out the other side of this okay."

I hate how much you meant that. I know you did. If I was in your place, I would have done the exact opposite. I would have promised to help, and then immediately begun figuring out how to mould you into my perfect girlfriend. We both know how the Gender Flu works; your final change is determined by what people say around you. It's all influenced by other people's attractions. I would have told you that I'd be nice and protective, only to start thinking about what I could say to give you a phat ass, a big pair of E-cup titties, and gorgeous brunette hair (I love brunettes, after all, or at least I did). Perhaps in some other

reality or alternate timeline that's exactly what I did, and I would have been happier for it too. In fact, the weird thing is, I think I would hate you less if you *hadn't* been so protective and kind to me, so pitying and sympathetic. If you'd just looked me in the eyes and said, "sweet, I can't wait to make you my sexy cosplaying girlfriend," at least I could have respected the initiative. Instead, you went on to white knight me into being that anyway, and I . . .

Oh God, I can only blame myself.

You remember those early days, don't you? You were far more proactive than I ever was. Despite your earnest desperation to get a girlfriend, you immediately abandoned your pursuit of one. You helped me tear down any posters that featured women from our bedrooms, even your prize one featuring Leia Organa in that metal bikini. Jesus, that's actually kinda funny. I wore that just two months ago to the *Star Wars* convention, didn't I? Only I filled it out even better than the late, great Carrie Fisher ever did!

You worked hard at removing any possible display of women, any reference to gorgeous women, and just to be careful, you got rid of any displays of hyper masculine figures as well, just in case my body started to be attracted to them (jokes on you, asshole, I'm only attracted to scrawny nerds with average dicks like *you* now). To this day, I still can't believe you packed up your *entire* collection of display dolls or action figures or whatever you call them. You had literally *hundreds* of those things, ranging from *The Expanse* to *Star Trek* to *DC Comics* to *Marvel* and *Vertigo* and a heap of other comics and nerd shit that I only really appreciate now that you've turned me into a mega nerd babe. You had so many anime and manga figurines wearing so little clothing, and these days I've cosplayed as half of them, all the while letting you enjoy me roleplaying those characters in the bedroom while you fuck my brains out. Jesus, I'm getting horny just thinking about it.

And still, as much as I *rage* at you, I know it was my fault, not yours. Because you did everything right, not me. You went above and beyond to make our space safe, and you even wrote testimonies so that I wouldn't have to set foot on campus and could do my degree online. Hell, you actually hooked me up with a speech-to-text translator so that I wouldn't have to hear my lecturer's female voice drone on and on. Not that her voice was attractive at all - she was a middle-aged bitty, really - but you did it just in case.

"Hey, you're my friend, right?" you said to me, all smiles and freckles, while I just looked at you in astonishment.

"S-sure," I replied, though I certainly didn't feel like it. What the fuck had I ever done for you? We were roommates, nothing more, and you were literally putting yourself at a disadvantage with the ladies, not to mention going out of your way with your own free time, all to help *me*, when I would have been manipulating you to turn into my sexy hot babe of a girlfriend straight away.

Hell, in the days that followed, I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop, Adrian. I mean, I know what *I* would have done. The TV would have conveniently shown some sexy babes from *Baywatch* when you 'just happened' to walk back in. I would have mentioned a girl on campus that I saw, and how hot her big tits were, only to apologise and backpedal. I would have brought back materials from my sports-science course, the textbook unfolded to a diagram of the female form, so I could claim I hadn't *meant* to let you take in a diagram of a woman, and besides, it wasn't sexy at all, right? But it would have gotten your imagination stirring, and with that, you would have started to change until you were *mine*.

Only, you didn't do any of that. No manipulations, no little comments off to the side. Hell, when you brought up your nerdy interests, you always made sure to avoid even talking about female characters. I *know* for a fact that *Stargate* and *Star Trek* have sexy babes in them. I mean, *fuck*, I've cosplayed as half of them now. I've played the role of Seven or Nine, wanting to 'understand the nature of copulation' as I rode you. Ugh, I can't believe how much I enjoyed that, or how fucking wet I get just thinking about it. And yet, while I was stuck in our little rental apartment house with nothing to do, you personally put together a list of episodes I could watch that featured no major female characters, no skintight costumes, and nothing romantic or sexual or even gendered at all. It would have been easier if you just deliberately made me your submissive girlfriend. At least then my anger would be justified. Instead, I dug my own fucking grave.

I just couldn't help myself. The fact remained, I was clearly a guy with a bigger libido than you. I masturbated *frequently* when I didn't have a girlfriend, and we were both going through a slump. I'd wake up with a hard boner and then be unable to help myself. What were a few little tugs, after all? Ah, but therein lies the rub. Yeah, I know fucking Shakespeare now, Adrian. You've got me all reading and learning now that I'm such a hot nerdy girlfriend of yours. And how did I get like that? Well, it's obvious, isn't it? I had to masturbate to *something*, and sure enough images of hot babes like Stacey Ackermann on campus came to mind, her with her bright fiery red hair and her big fat tits on her petite little frame. I moaned as I came, and Jesus Christ I came big. Not nearly as big as I do now, of course, not with your dick inside of me, but certainly bigger than I'd ever felt. The stupid Gender Flu's effect, no doubt.

I didn't notice any changes at first. Looking back, they were probably just subtle. I figured that maybe if I didn't have any visual stimulation, I could just keep my thoughts on hot chicks and keep myself looking all manly. So I kept on masturbating. I wasn't going to watch *Star Trek* or your other nerdy garbage, so I didn't have much to do. I kept my date with Rosie Palms and reached quickly for the tissues each time, thinking I was getting away with it, that my manhood was safe.

But it wasn't, was it? You were the one who looked at me a little too long while we were both eating breakfast one morning, three weeks after my diagnosis. I remember feeling annoyed; you were about to head off to campus and have a better social life than me, since I wasn't even texting people at that point.

"Dude, just spit it out. What is it?"

I remember that you swallowed a little nervously until I insisted again.

"I'm sorry to mention this, Rob, but you look a little different."

"Different how?"

"Um, you look a little softer. I can't quite explain it, but your ears look a bit smaller, and your jawline somewhat rounder. I think your hair has grown out too."

"I - I just need a haircut!"

But you winced a little at that outburst. "And, um, I don't know how else to say this, but your lips are a bit bigger. Your bottom lip, mostly. And your voice is a bit higher than I'm used to. I should have pointed it out earlier."

I stood up. "Fuck! FUCK! Goddamn Gender Flu. This is your fault, dude!"

"I'm trying my best here, Rob!"

"I - ugh, whatever. Just head off to campus and leave me alone."

And then you did the worst thing possible; you placed your hand on my shoulder as you stepped away from the table, and patted it gently. "Hey, I'm here for you, buddy. Anything you need."

Goddamn your kindness. I retreated to my room after you left, got quickly bored, and then headed to the bathroom to look at my reflection. Sure enough, I was looking more androgynous; a word I only knew about thanks to this whole condition - it's mentioned as one of the stages. My eyebrows hadn't been mentioned, but they looked a little thicker, and yet a bit more defined at the same time, like they were plucked to perfection, thick but not 'hairy', I guess would be the way to describe it. And my brown eyes looked like they had flecks of green in them.

"Jesus, I need a haircut."

But I had to remain put away. I had to sit this out and avoid contact with anything that could tempt me. I decided not to masturbate for the day, but after hours of boredom I gave up and decided to open my phone and actually respond to some messages and scroll through social media.

Big mistake.

Instantly, I was bombarded with ads. Ads featuring pretty women. Ads featuring tough men *holding* pretty women, which made my stomach go all full of butterflies in a way that filled me with revulsion. I tried to block them, but I wasn't nearly as techie back then, and when I tried to send some messages to some buddies I realised I still had my dating app

turned on. Images of beautiful girls all searching for a guy six feet tall or more were suddenly on my screen. There they were in all their curves, their pretty smiles, their lovely chests, all wearing the most stunning dresses or crop tops or anything that would show off their lovely female bodies.

“Fuck me,” I said, and my dick sprang up harder than ever, my arousal peaking like crazy, dude. I had never felt such a need to masturbate in my life. Maybe I could have resisted. Probably, I could have. But instead I did the dumbest thing imaginable. I unbuckled my pants, sat down on the sofa, and began scrolling. “Just a few strokes to some hotties can’t hurt.”

And that was when it all *truly* began. The next morning, my nipples were even bigger, and now the flesh beneath them was getting all soft and flabby. You know how that went. You know I’ve got massive J-cup breasts now, so big that you can see how fucking busty I am even when I’m wearing a woollen sweater. Not that I can even wear sweaters these days, not unless you like me in them. But my breasts had truly started to rise, and my hips were aching as well, stretching wider ever so slowly, but ever so surely. I know you noticed, but after my outburst you tried to be silent and say nothing. You even took up more of the cooking in order to take care of me and get some of the worry off of my mind. You showed me that film, *The Thing*, which I have to admit was a pretty fucking rad body horror flick. No female characters at all.

Didn’t stop me from masturbating. Didn’t matter how much horror we watched, or how you bored me talking about sci-fi, or how you actually managed to get me reading *Lord of the Rings*, which I fucking *finished*, by the way, that’s how bored I was. And guess what? I ended up masturbating to Galadriel, and *then* Eowyn, and that made me look up the Peter Jackson films, and that got me thinking about how hot *Arwen* was too, and then it continued to snowball.

The days passed. I continued to change. I know you noticed, because my mind was starting to change. I almost *wanted* you to notice, as crazy as that sounds. When I rubbed another one out, I sorta started thinking about how fucking hot it would be to have tits like some of the girls I was thinking about, how interesting it would be to have big heavy ones. I’d always struggled with a porn addiction, might as well admit it. I’m pretty sure that’s why Gabbie broke up with me all those years ago. I hadn’t seen the big deal at the time. So what if a guy likes porn? Dudes are naturally more aggressive and dominating, so it makes sense that when a girl doesn’t put out like she ought to that a guy might turn to other interests. Hell, in some ways, porn was a relationship saver, because it wasn’t like I’d actually cheated on any of my old girlfriends! The problem was, though, that now my addiction was coming back with a vengeance. Even as my muscles melted away and my midriff became all flat and slim and sexy, I couldn’t stop jacking it off to the idea of hot ladies. Somehow, having a total

absence of any evidence of women in the apartment only made my imagination run all the more wild.

“My ideal girl, fuck. I can’t s-stop thinking about my ideal girl!”

She’d have big tits, of course. Huge, head-sized balloons that were all natural, with huge nipples that would make her cum just from playing with them. She’d have an outrageous hourglass figure, but with gorgeous thighs that were the perfect amount of thickness, and the same for her ass. Not fat, but with enough thickness that she could be like a Wonder Woman type, or a Power Girl.

Yeah, that’s where you were turning my thoughts, dude. I blame you for that. I knew you loved comic book gals, and because I couldn’t stop masturbating all the time, my need to see a representation of a hot chick only grew and grew. So when you were out I ended up raiding your room. It took some time because you’d hidden your comic collection away, but I quickly found one. An issue of Black Canary. God, what a fucking hottie, and the art was damn *erotic*. She was all blonde and buxom, wearing a tight leotard and fishnet stockings and a fucking biker jacket. I swear, I popped a boner so hard it could have broken steel.

“F-fuck, what the hell am I doing!?” I groaned, but it was already too late. I was unzipping my pants and trying to ignore how high my voice was becoming, and how much my boobs were progressing towards actual *B-cups*. I moaned as I played with them, and then again as I stroked my penis, which was only like two-thirds the size it used to be, *at best*. And as usual, I came. I came fucking hard, and all over your comic at that. Seriously, those pages are still stuck together in some garbage dump somewhere. I should feel guilty, but maybe I shouldn’t; I’ve dressed up as Black Canary for you more than enough times.

I remember I tried to hide the changes. I wore a compression bandage, and even dared to go buy some more clothing in the mall while you were on campus. I did my best to stay anonymous and quickly grab what I needed, but there were all these - these fucking *women* in the store. They were pretty, and stylish, and most of them had bigger tits than me and it fucking *hurt*, man. You have no idea what I was going through! I should have gotten right out of there, but instead I let the images of them crawl into my mind. By the time I left the mall with some new clothing and a good bandage to hold my boobs in, they’d already swelled up to a fucking *C-cup*. I remember getting into my car and screaming as I looked down the hole in my shirt collar and saw actual freaking *cleavage*.

“Fuck!” I shouted. “You’ve got to be kidding me!?! They’re fucking huge!”

Heh. How naive I was, huh? These days, having ‘just’ a C-cup would be a massive reduction from the colossal head-sized J-cups sticking out from my chest and enticing every guy within a five mile radius. Even most women can’t stop staring at how huge and round and ripe my big sensitive tits are, and all because I couldn’t stop thinking about my own ideal woman. Be careful what you wish for, I guess.

Still, a haircut, the bandage, and a relentless effort to speak in a lower tone helped disguise the worst of my changes . . . but only for a time. You kept being your ridiculous nerdy self, researching any way you could save me and coming up short. Again, I'd be much less angry at you if you'd just warped me into your dream girl deliberately, but instead you had to be so damn good. God, I hate you for that. I hate that you make me realise what a fucking asshole I was, and how much of an asshole my brain can still be sometimes, even when I'm deep throating your cock or squealing as you dick me from behind. Because I *know* I wouldn't have been as nice as you were. Somehow, it ended up with me in your arms anyway. Funny that, huh?

You noticed something was off when we actually had dinner together. You'd made a shepherd's pie, and the changes from the Gender Flu were making me *ravenous*, despite the fact that I was getting shorter and losing weight. My boobs were so fucking sore in my compression bandage, and my hips were the same since I'd put one around them to hide how womanly they were getting. You looked at me from across the table, examining the way I squirmed and groaned with discomfort, and I could see your level of suspicion rise.

"Rob, are you changing?" you asked me."

"N-no!" I squeaked, shaking my head and sending my red hair all about, which was already growing out far too fast again. "I'm j-just uncomfortable, okay?"

But it was more than that. The pressure was growing. The whole time, during dinner, I couldn't stop thinking about masturbating. About the women in the mall from the other day. How hot some of those figurines in your room looked when I managed to find them hidden under your bed in their boxes; those anime girls were so buxom and curvy, your superhero babes so goddamn *stacked* and pretty. It was running through my head, and my own thoughts kept lingering on my own fantasy woman, who would have the most knockout tits you could imagine, a pair of total dick-sucking lips, and the kind of ass that *bounced*. You know the woman I mean, don't you? Of course you do, you get to fuck her every day. You get to enjoy her sucking your balls dry while her lips are wrapped around your cock. You get to see her dressed up in every sexy roleplay from your nerdy fantasies, all while she shoves her bowling ball tits in your face. You know my dream girl, because I'm the perfect blend of her proportions, and your own geeky desires for her to play out. I'm her. Oh, fuck me, I'm her. And this was the moment it all went wrong.

"Um, is it the Gender Flu, though?"

"N-no! I've j-just got an itchy leg, okay? Just shut up and d-don't talk to me! Everything is under c-control! You hear me? It's all under contr-ooohhhh!"

Do you remember that moment, Adrian? When the change hit me fucking *hard*, so much so that not even the tight compression bandages could keep the change at bay. Do you remember how I literally squealed as it ripped apart my fucking *shirt* with it, the fabric

tearing apart as my enormous chest balloons ripened before your very eyes? Because I do. I'll never forget what it felt like to have my tits grow in real time, pushing out naked into the world and then literally lowering so that they sat upon the table, an enormous shelf in front of me and *still* not yet fully grown, not that I knew that at the time. I remember the way your jaw dropped, and your eyes went straight to my big fat nipples and my incredible cleavage, and how your gaze upon my massive tits made me almost *moan* because it felt. So. Fucking. GOOD.

"Ohhhhhhh," I moaned, my tongue falling out of my mouth as my eyes rolled into the back of my head. I sat there, sighing with release and pent-up sexual energy, my boobs turned into massive F-cups, weighty and fleshy and full, my nipples so fucking hard they felt like diamonds. My hair fell further down my face, and I could literally feel my penis pulling further back into me, all while my ass swelled, pushing me up a little. All of me was changing; waist tightening, hips expanding, bones changing shape. Even my jaw was getting soft in real-time. But all I could do was fondle my nipples and squeeze my big boobies from the sides as they rested on the table in front of you.

"Ohhhhhh, they're t-too big! Mmhmmm!"

That was when you snapped into action, leaping back and sending your chair across the room from the motion. "Holy shit. Er, Rob! Listen to me! You've got to stop that! Stop touching yourself!"

"I can't!" I pleaded. Remember that? Remember how I looked at you with such lust, and for the first time I realised how fucking sexy you are. My hot, sexy fucking nerd that I just goddamn *hate* so frickin' much!? "I can't s-stop, asshole! I was k-keeping it at bay and now it's - mmhmm!"

My lips puffed up further. My neck was losing its Adam's apple. I'll remember what it felt like to have my voice box change until the day that I die.

"Think unsexy thoughts!"

"I c-can't!" I cried, but you never knew the thing I almost said: '*Not while you're here. You're too fucking hot.*' It was like my brain had flipped a switch, and now I was totally thinking about men. About *you*. I was rubbing my crotch and a terrible part of me was almost hoping for it to invert already and becoming a pussy just so I could slip my fingers inside of myself. The change was coming hard, all those pent-up feelings hitting me at once. I could feel my balls aching, desperate to retreat. I had barely even tried to fight the Gender Flu, and I knew it. God, if only you knew, Adrian, how pathetic of a fight I'd put up. I'd rolled over and started to masturbate to thoughts of pretty women from the start, and then I couldn't stop thinking about a fat pair of tits that were hyper sensitive, just like mine had become.

"Ahhhh, it's h-happening! Fuck, I'm b-becoming a woman! I don't deserve this! Why can't it be y-"

And that's when you splashed cold water on me. Literally, that was what you did. I still don't know how you thought so quickly, but you'd run to the sink, fill up a bucket with as much water as you could, and then you returned and threw it all over me. I'll say this for you, Adrian, you're just good at driving my stupid curvy body wild and knowing way too much *Star Wars* trivia; you're also a damn quick thinker. That cold splash instantly evaporated the crazy horniness that had come over me, and it saved me from becoming a woman.

But only for a little bit.

"Jesus Christ!" I screamed. "Why the hell did you do that?"

"I - it was all I could think of doing," you explained. "Did it work?"

I covered myself, embarrassed, my tits dipping above and below my forearms. "Of course it worked, you fucker! Do you see me changing anymore? Jesus, I've got tits. Fuck, I've got tits. Fuck, fuck, FUCK!"

I remember looking at you with such hatred, even though you'd done nothing to deserve it. "Don't look at me, damn it!"

"Sorry, I'll turn around! Do you need me to get clothes?"

"J-just go away! I need to be alone right now and deal with this shit!"

Not that I did. I retreated to the nearest room, and I stayed there for a long time, trying desperately not to think about sex. In the end, I fell asleep. My body must have been exhausted, because I woke the next morning, confused as to why I was on your bed, and strangely aroused by how fucking *good* your sheets smelled. How they smelled of *you*. I actually think I moaned a little, struggling not to feel my sensitive ass or my big round boobies, which were so heavy and full and jiggly that I could never forget their new existence upon me.

I was almost about to masturbate despite the insanity of such a move, when you knocked on the door. I was very pointedly trying not to cup and play with my tits, despite how much they desperately needed some support because of how heavy those damn sandbags were. They're even heavier now. Heavy, and endlessly wobbly, as you well know. But your knocking disturbed me, and I brushed my recoloured ginger hair out of my face and did my best to cover myself with a sheet.

"What is it?" I spat, sitting up and causing my tits to jiggle, as just mentioned.

"Um, sorry to mention this, Rob," you replied, though you didn't open the door, you gentleman, you. "But you're in my room. You fell asleep when I checked on you, so I've taken the couch for now, but I kinda need new clothing and-"

"Just leave me alone! I'll throw something out the door, got it?"

I quickly grabbed some clothing and threw it out to you. But already, my mental changes were advancing further. Instead of opening the door only a little way, I opened it much more fully so you could get a view of just how fucking womanly I now was, and the

crop of America's best blossoming upon my upper torso. I caught you peeking straight away, and who could blame you? Much as you wanted to be respectful, in that brief moment when I opened the door I caught your eyes looking at my big naked tits, and that was enough to make them a little stiffer.

"I'm sorry about this change, dude!" you exclaimed. "I'll do what I can to find a solution. I haven't so far, but maybe some medical journals-"

"Just get on it already," I snapped at you. "I don't want to hear your voice right now. P-please."

You paused, you might recall. I could hear your breathing. Your nervous hesitation. Fuck, if I'd been in your place I would have already been undertaking the last manipulation to turn you into my submissive breeder bimbo bitch. Instead, what you said next almost made me sob.

"I know you're angry, and I can take it, dude. I know you're not really angry at me, so it's okay. I can be the punching bag if you need it. But I just want to tell you that, you know, if the Gender Flu does change you into a woman, I'm sure you'll still be an awesome one. I know you've been complaining about not having a girlfriend lately, and I know you're into sport and fitness and I'm a massive dorky nerd and all that, but you look . . . I mean, you look kinda cool, you know? Like, you aren't turning out too bad, if you get stuck. And I'm sure you'll land on your feet, because you're a really tough person, and you're the best roommate I've ever had. I just thought you should know that."

This isn't me paraphrasing your speech, by the way. I know it word for word. I'll never forget it, because it's lodged in my mind and in my freakin' heart, Adrian. It made me choke back a sob after you said it, all because my stupid new female hormones were making me all weak, like I already had a pussy. Perhaps if you hadn't said those words, I might have ended up a bit different. Maybe I'd just be the braindead bimbo slut I'd been imagining as my ideal girl, a total fucktoy who couldn't add two and two together.

Instead, your words rolled around in my brain for hours afterwards, and even more so after you knocked on the door and left some incredible maple-syrup coated pancakes on the other side, letting me have my privacy but also some much needed food. I was still in your room, and I was getting horny again, my damn need to jack off only getting worse. And yet my curiosity was rising, so I found myself going through your stuff again. I pulled out all the nerdy shit you'd boxed away, from your posters to your comics and novels, and entire stacks of action figures and superhero dolls and the like. I pored over them, following some strange compulsion to get to know *why* the hell you were this way, why you *weren't* just taking advantage of me and trying to suck on my big tits already.

So I looked a lot closer.

I looked at Power Girl, all flirty and showing off her big boobs in that cleavage window. I checked out Vampirella, a total freakin' flirt with a killer body. I looked at your *Star Trek* DVDs, with Deanna Troi and Jadzia Dax and T'Pol, and all the other hot sci-fi babes that I only know the names of now. I opened up some of your comics, and saw the outrageous costumes. I licked my lips at Catwoman's leather costume, and imagined what it would be like to be the kind of hot sexy nerd girl who could pull off dressing like Emma Frost. I even found your stash of fantasy books, and it was only then that I discovered that some of them were practically fucking erotica, dude. Seriously, what is up with that *Sword of Truth* guy and all the whips and chains and BDSM witches and shit? They're not even good books, but the dude is clearly into freaky shit with dynamite looking gals.

My horniness grew and grew, and because of that deep and meaningful and goddamn *kind* speech you gave, that horniness started to attach itself to *you*. I was breathing more heavily, my massive breasts rising and falling in response, all while I imagined not just having the curves of my ideal woman, but of being *your* ideal woman too. I started to get all hard in my big pink nips. How could I not, when I was thinking about dressing up in skintight outfits and posing in front of you? About reading all your comics so I could get to know *you* better!?

The effects of the Gender Flu were becoming ever more potent. I couldn't even tell you how long I stayed in that room - hours, it had to be, since when I left you had just come back from campus. But before that calamitous moment, I was getting all fucking hard with my micropenis at this endless stream of sexy-as-fuck thoughts. I started to play with my big titties, and I moaned and sighed and caressed my smokeshow bod. I wasn't even imagining fucking a hot chick anymore. Now I was imagining I *was* that chick, a fate I was rapidly heading towards. You were in my mind. Me and you, together. I couldn't stop thinking about getting to know you completely and being your hot nerdy girlfriend. I read more and more of your comics even as the changes advanced. I was trying to wear one of your looser shirts, but the buttons broke open as I rose up another cup-size, then another, until I was the bustiest fucking chick I'd ever seen in real life or online. My hair flowed down my shoulders, and my hips spread out further. Shit, I won't lie, I was already practically *drooling* at the thought of you gripping those hips as you plunged your cock into my future pussy. I wanted them to be the best pair of baby-makers you'd ever seen. I wasn't even thinking of myself as a man anymore; somewhere along the way it became more natural to consider myself a woman.

"God, fuck me," I remember moaning as I squeezed and played with my tits, before lowering one hand down to fondle my developing labia. "I'll be your nerdy girl. I'll be your slutty girlfriend. I'll show off my body and let you do anything you want to do with it. I'll be your Poison Ivy. I'll be your Starfleet captain. I'll be your elven ranger. I'll be your companion

Inara. I'll - I'll do whatever I can to make it up to you, Adrian. Don't think of m-me as Robbie anymore! Think of m-me as - as - as RONNIE!"

That was when I crossed the threshold, dude. My cock shrank back into my body, and my fingers plunged into my new pussy as it burrowed into me. Do you have any idea how fucking strange that felt? Because I gotta tell you, it was pretty damn strange. I was wet almost immediately, moaning and touching myself, and the whole time I was imagining that you were fucking me *hard*, sliding up inside me while I was dressed as one of your sexy superhero girls or a sci-fi hottie. It still makes me wet just thinking about it, almost as much as actually *doing* that now does. I moaned and cried out, and God, I fucking *came*. The orgasms hit me over and over until I couldn't stop shrieking, even though I knew I'd damn well cursed myself. My tits grew even bigger until they became the head-sized J-cups you know so well, and my ass rounded out further. I ended up with those long legs you know I always show off for you, and my hair fell down my back. I could feel my frickin' brain on fire with change as well. I'd become the perfect mix of my perfect girlfriend and your forever geeky babe, and I *knew* it.

How do you think I felt in the aftermath of that, Adrian? Well, I guess you found out pretty quickly, didn't you? It was only about half an hour later that you arrived back at our apartment, by which time I'd struggled to get myself into one of your nerdy *Star Gate* T-shirts, one that pulled right up to show off my midriff because my boobs strained against the fabric. I was just wearing a pair of women's underwear, an old keepsake of mine from a girlfriend who dumped me years ago, and they just barely managed to fit around my hips. I looked like I was wearing a sexy thong. Hell, I probably looked like I jumped right out of your dreams, especially since you saw me standing there all red-faced and humiliated the second you walked into the living room. I still remember how you literally dropped your bag to the floor in mid-sentence.

"Hey Rob, I've been thinking and studying up on the gender flu. There's still a way back if you haven't changed . . . completely . . ."

You took in the sight of me, and I couldn't help but thrust out my chest, showing my enormous titties, even as I cocked my hip to one side. I felt so fucking *horny* in your presence. I always do, Adrian, you absolute asshole.

"R-Rob?" you stuttered.

But I just sauntered towards you, hella nervous and totally humiliated but unable to stop myself or my new body's needs. "Call me Ronnie," I purred. Remember that? Remember how much my voice just oozed with sex that day? I guess it always does now, huh?

"R-Ronnie? Wait, are you-"

“I’m all woman now, dude. It’s too f-fucking late. I’ve turned into my own f-freaking dream girl, and - oh God - and yours, too. I need you, Adrian. I want to fuck you so bad. I wanna be your hot nerdy babe!”

To your credit, you did resist. Hell, you tried to put up arguments about how this wasn’t fair, about how you’d be betraying me as a friend, how there might still be options for me. But I wore you down. I pressed my huge titties against your chest and then moaned as I put my lips on yours, begging you to squeeze my boobs and take me to your bed. Even a man of such goodwill, kindness and compassion like yourself has limits. I found them that day, didn’t I? Because after you’d exhausted every argument, after you’d failed to do anything to stop my crazy high libido from rising in your presence, you finally gave in and kissed me after I fucking *told* you to.

“Dude, just shut the fuck up! Stop being such a tweeby pussy of a nerd and *fucking FUCK ME!*”

And you did. We did. God, we did, didn’t we? I was insatiable, and so were you. It was only later that we found out that the Gender Flu can have a secondary effect on someone you have sex with not long after the process begins - or completes. Because by your own admission, you’d never been that virile before, though you’ve always been that virile since. There I was, lying on my back, my big funbags jiggling and wobbling and even smacking me in the chin as you railed the hell out of me. My pussy muscles squeezed your cock, and goddamn I was milking it for all it was worth. I can’t believe how much I’ve come to love that feeling of you penetrating me. It’s not fair. I’m meant to be the guy! I’m meant to have a woman! I would have made *you* into my personal slut. Instead, I cried out in ecstasy then as I do every day now. Even after you came inside of me, and I went from smiling to groaning in despair to smiling again, it didn’t end.

Remember that first blowjob? That was something, wasn’t it? Imagine what it was like for me, feeling the need to go down on you and put your hard dick in my mouth and then stroke it till you came? Even my goddamn tastebuds changed, because I’d never tasted anything so good then, or since. I fucking *crave* your semen these days, man. I hate you for it.

In the aftermath, we lay together in bed, me on top of you so you had the best possible view of my epic boobs, all while you had your hands on my peachy ass. I couldn’t stop cuddling you and occasionally kissing you.

“I’m so sorry this happened to you, Rob - Ronnie,” you said.

“Get bent, loser,” I replied, before sighing. “It’s too late now. God, I want you. I’m going to be your super nerd of a girlfriend. The Gender Flu has spoken. I’m going to read your comics and dress up as your Wonder Woman, and I’m gonna watch all of *Star Trek*

from beginning to end. And I'm going to ride you like crazy every day from now on while you suck on these huge tits. I can't fight it. Fuck!"

You hugged me. You held me closely.

"I'll do all I can to take care of you," you said, and it filled my stomach with butterflies. You had won without firing a shot, without even meaning to. I'd damn well sealed my own fate.

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That's why I hate you, Adrian. That's why *you* deserve to be hit by the Gender Flu, not me. Because every day I'm reminded of the fact that you're a better person than I could ever be. You're always so kind and cheery. You hold me as we watch sci-fi movies and fantasy flicks together. Despite the fact that I could have been the submissive slut making you dinner each night, all naked in the kitchen, you always make sure to split the dinners equally. You clean up around the apartment. You give me breaks from it all when I need it. And despite the fact that I feel such a need to dress up when we go to comic-cons together, you're right there beside me, looking just as dorky in your own outfits, and you glow with pride as you look at me. Not because I'm some fucking prize, but because you *love* me.

Fuck, you actually love me.

Me, who would have turned you into a braindead whore just to get a girlfriend slave.

Me, who never saw you as a friend, but you jumped through hoops to do all you could for me.

That's why you drive me mad, Adrian; because you remind me again and again that I'm the lesser person. The douchebag who really *does* deserve this. That's right, I deserve to be your geeky babe who gets you off every single day, just like I deserve to actually start *liking* your DC and Marvel comics collections, and start getting into your nerdy shows, even the silly old sci-fi ones from the sixties.

So go on, keep being nice. I'll keep being yours. I'll show off my tits and giggle at your jokes and wear the sexy outfits and lounge with you on Saturdays and continue with my new physics course studies and build little Lego dioramas with you and go on walks and trips and fun little vacations with you. And I'll hate you every day for it, at least until I can finally atone for the person I used to be. Maybe when I do, I can finally see myself as the woman who is worthy of you. Your actual ideal me, the wonderful person you see me as that I have never once lived up to.

And on that day, I can finally admit that I fucking love you too.

**The End**