

TF-16 (TG Virus)

By FoxFaceStories

It's been ten years since the world was turned upside-down by the spread of TF-16, a disease that infected much of the world's population and changed many. The good news is that the worst strains have died out, but the bad news is that when one turns biologically twenty-one, there is a chance that the dormant virus may activate. John is hopeful not to transform, but he has a feeling he might, given that his mother, father, and sister all did so!

TF-16

Today is the 15th of June, 2026, which makes it a very important day for the entire world, I guess. As of 10:32am this morning, it has been exactly ten years since the mysterious TF-16 virus spread across the world and turned everything upside down. I still remember it, even though I was just eleven years old. The chaos, the carnage, the immense confusion as the bodies of my own neighbours transformed and our own Prime Minister was suddenly looking like a very pretty redhead rather than an aging bald guy with glasses. Even though we all know what TF-16 did to the world, I can't help but sit down in front of the television alongside my family, paying attention to the screen as a very, very buxom reporter gives a recounting of what happened on that fateful day.

"It is the ten year memorial of the most significant and shocking day in human history; the day that TF-16 began its rapid spread across the globe. The Transformation 16 virus is still not fully understood by scientists, nor are its origins, which remain heavily debated. What is not argued about, however, is the result it has had upon those affected by it."

A screen grew, overtaking the view of the reporter to show footage captured from that day and in the weeks that followed. In one, a college cheerleader falls from the human pyramid which was part of her performance, and then begins to shake and convulse. Before everyone's eyes, her body begins to grow white and black fur, and her breasts literally rip through her outfit - this part is pixelated for the screen of course, as is the enormous udder that bursts out from her short skirt. In moments, she is a human cowgirl, complete with horns, a ropey tail, an oddly cute muzzle, and a lot of milk leaking from her.

"Oh God, what's happening to moo-ee? Why do I feel so full!? MOOO!"

Another piece of archival footage shows a group of salarymen in Japan suddenly groaning and changing, all of them turning into gorgeous Japanese girls that are clearly ten years younger, all of them utterly identical - *twelve* impossible identical siblings in total. The next displays the aftermath of a poacher in Africa, now looking like a tall giraffe woman and deeply embarrassed. More footage rolls as the reporter speaks; a frog-girl in Brazil, a rabid

football fan literally changing sex and race to become a gorgeous and curvy latina. A celebrated actress now dealing with a hyper muscular male wrestler's body. A retirement home captured on footage as some of them change gender, others reduce back to much younger ages, and others change still further by developing mermaid tails or anthro-canine bodies.

"The TF-16 Virus had numerous strains, and the worst and most transformative of these were seen in the early days. It is estimated that over two hundred million individuals worldwide lost their humanity that day, such as Alex De Cole, who now works as an actress on fantasy films."

The screen displayed a centauress, beautiful and with an impressive bust and incredible set of abs, her hair bright red and her ears like those of her equine lower half.

"I still can't believe it some days. Can't drive a car, can't go to the cinema unless I stand in the back. At least I've got secure work in fantasy flicks, I guess."

The screen showed a few more of these vox-pops, including a pig-woman who clearly had three rows of very large breasts, her skin pink and flushed, her belly bloated.

"I'm used to it now! I mean, I didn't expect to be carrying a litter, though. I th-think I've g-got six in here. I still get made fun of, but most p-people are supportive. Ngh. Sorry, I've got to lie down!"

The reporter returned to the screen and proceeded to gesture to her own very buxom and attractive form.

"Thankfully, these most incredible strains died down very early on. However, the variants of the TF-16 virus that left people transformed into members of the opposite gender were, and remain, still quite active. I myself was once Bryan Chawes, a fifty-two year old male news anchor. It was the TF-16 virus that left me as a woman biologically twenty-one years old, which is why I now go by Becca. Like many others, my marriage and connection to my family and friends have all been greatly changed, and indeed even those who did not find their gender altered have also had to adapt to a new body, a new race, and perhaps most insidious of all; new mental changes. I make no secret of the fact that one mental compulsion I now suffer under is the need to make myself appear very made up each day, and to emphasise my, well, my bosom. I'm very thankful that the studio employs me despite this, and it shows the nature of this new world that we all need to accept a new status quo."

"As our viewers are no doubt already aware, the TF-16 virus still affects over a third of the world's population. Though the nonhuman strains have all died out now, the dominant strain still persists, one that is a result of the dormant virus that lies within each living person in existence. When that person turns twenty one, there is a random chance that they too will be affected. If you are watching this and approaching that age, the following resources may help you should you turn out to be one of those who are-"

The TV suddenly switched channels to some empty-headed reality lovematch show, one of those programs where the ladies all wear way too much makeup and have obvious surgery, though a few, no doubt, had been hit by the TF-16 virus themselves and may have been compelled to do that. I looked to see who had changed the channel and immediately landed on the most obvious suspect.

“Hey, I was watching that!” I yelled to my mom.

Mom just giggled, hiding the remote behind her back. “I swear it wasn’t me, sweetie! Look, no remote!”

“Mom, I saw it in your hand. Don’t try to hide behind the whole bimbo act. I know it was you.”

She pouted, then stuck out her tongue. “It’s no act, honey! You know I can’t help but be this way. That’s what the TV person was just talking about, wasn’t she, honey?”

My ‘Dad’ sighed audibly and shifted her position on the couch to better lock eyes with me. It was always, *always* awkward seeing Dad like this. I was only eleven when he - *she* now - had changed into an incredibly curvy goth girl, and while I was mostly used to it, I still sometimes found it awkward to take in the sight of her big boobs pushed up by her black corset, or the fact that she was always wearing fishnet stockings. She ran her hands through her wild black hair and then fidgeted with one of her several eyebrow piercings.

“John, if you need to watch the program, you’ll need to do it on another television.”

“That’s not fair. We were *all* just watching that.”

Mom giggled at some vapid line onscreen, and I had to look away because her boobs jiggled a lot in her lingerie bra. I swear, she only ever wore pink lingerie around the house, and two-piece pink outfits outside of it.

“I know, I know,” Dad said, though I often thought of her more as Goth-Mom these days, what with her compelled style. “But you know how your mother gets, John.”

“She shouldn’t be like this at all!” I exclaimed. “She was a doctor, Dad! She was the smartest one in this family!”

Again, Mom giggled. “Like, I really was, wasn’t I? Aww, sweetie, I really miss being a doctor. But the virus made me such a bimbo that I just can’t concentrate on that stuff anymore! Don’t think I haven’t had to adjust. Your beautiful Goth-mom has had to adjust even more, haven’t you, my sexy big tiddy goth girl?”

At this, Goth-Mom grinned, pulled Mom against her, and the pair kissed for far, far too long for my comfort. I had to let out a loud cough just to remind them that I was present.

“Hey, leave it for the bedroom, you two!” I barked, at which point they separated.

“Sorry!” Mom said with a guilty smile. “God, I used to be soooo much better at controlling myself. At least the virus made me super young and yummy again, right? Same for you, my sexy Raven!”

This was to Goth-Mom, who used to be Rory but was now Raven, an appropriately goth-style name. I sighed deeply but gave up on the fight, especially since I'd probably have the TV again soon anyway when both my moms went upstairs for some 'private' time. Crazy to believe that they used to barely see each other when Goth-Mom was a cop and Mom was a doctor. The weirdest part was, as embarrassing as it was to have *both* my parents so changed by the virus, they actually seemed *happier* like this. I couldn't imagine it.

Of course, some people really *had* benefited from the TF-16 virus. Malcolm Harper was literally one of *the* big personalities in film right now, and he'd previously been an overweight middle-aged lady living in a slum. And that wasn't even getting into my best friend Brett. I was *really* hoping that I might turn out like him, especially given the date. He'd been a scrawny nerd, but when he'd turned twenty one just three months ago, he'd transformed into an incredibly buff gym-bro. He was always sending me pics of his progress, which was a compulsion of his. In fact, my phone dinged at the very moment with a new one.

'Mate, not right now. Remember the date.'

'Oh shit,' he replied. *'Sorry. Best of luck! Hope you become a tough gym nut like me, mate! Keep in touch, bestie! You know I'm pulling for you!'*

I sighed, that nervous bubble rising within me. I really would love becoming a gym bro if I *had* to change. He was happy. He was successful. The other option was Abigail. She was sitting on the sofa and wasn't even looking at the TV. As usual, she was buried in her phone, constantly sending and receiving messages and taking sexy selfies. She too had been hit by the TF-16 virus, just two years ago in fact. Abigail had been planning to become a physicist, but the virus made fools of us all, it seemed. She was twenty three now, and a total airhead, even more than mom. The compulsions of the virus made her totally sex-obsessed. It was literally her only goal in life; to have as much sex as humanly possible and use as little brainpower as she could while doing it. Mind, half the people she chatted to on her phone were apparently multi-millionaires who wanted a total trophy wife willing to do anything for more sex, so maybe she wasn't *entirely* stupid, at least when it came to sex.

"I'm surprised you're still here, darling," Goth-Mom said. "Abby? Do you hear me? I said I'm surprised to see you're still here. Normally, you're off in pursuit of your 'needs.'"

"Do you mean, like, sex?" Mom asked.

"Yes, honey. I meant that."

At this, Abigail moaned, lowering her hand to touch herself until I coughed loudly again. Again, super super awkward to go from having a plain Jane sister you just see as a regular sibling, to her now being a busty brunette that all the guys on campus regularly talk about fucking.

“Like, I really want to!” Abby said, almost salivating. “I’ve got like eight guys and three hot girls lined up for some amazing lesbian action! But I can’t leave! It’s just not fair because I’m so, so, so, sooooo horny, but it would be soooooo wrong to go!”

At this, Mom arched her eyebrow. “Why is that? Am I missing something?”

Goth-Mom furrowed her heavily pierced brow, then her eyes widened. “Oh shit!”

“Yeah,” I admitted. “Oh shit.”

“Your birthday!”

“Got it in one,” I replied.

Mom cocked her head. “Isn’t that tomorrow? I swear your birthday is tomorrow?”

But I just shook my head. “We shifted it, remember? My birthday is actually the 15th of June, but Uncle Dave died around that time when I was born, so you changed it when I was young. And then when the TF-16 virus hit, you kept it changed, because who wants to share a birthday with that?”

Yes, it was true. In fact, the truth was, I’d nearly forgotten it myself. The fact that my dumbass sex-addicted sister remembered was actually quite alarming to me, and oddly sweet that she cared. Her compulsions were so strong, so to resist them was a strong kindness.

“Fuck!” Mom proclaimed. “I thought we still had another day! Wait, but you’re unaffected!”

I grimaced, and looked up at the clock on the wall. “Not for another hour, Mom. I was born at 10:23am. Ask me how I know that in a world where the TF-16 virus exists.”

It was sarcasm, but Mom didn’t get it. Neither did my sister. Thankfully, Raven still had all her wits.

“Oh, honey, I’m so sorry we forgot. I mean, your sister and your mother I understand, but not me, I should’ve-”

“Hey, I remembered!” my sister exclaimed, still texting on her phone and showing off her cleavage for future suitors. “I was, like, sooooo smart to remember! I’m pulling for you, bro! Maybe you’ll, like, be the first one in our family not to get totally changed! Or maybe you’ll end up as a totally horny slut like me, huh?”

I shivered, definitely not wanting that. In truth, I was starting to be glad that Mom had changed the channel. Did I really want to confront the fact that I might be changing soon?

“Well, should we have a party or something?” Mom asked. “Like, we could do a farewell to your body thing!”

“He might not change, love,” Goth-Mom said. She looked at me and sensed what I wanted. “I think we should just give John some privacy. He clearly just needs to deal with this in his own way. Besides, we have to look at the documents, right?”

Mom cocked her head, confused. “The documents?”

Goth-Mom whispered in her ear, and suddenly Mom shot to her feet, her breasts pillowing over her lingerie in a way that was way too fucking Freudian for me.

“Yes!” she declared. “We just have to go sign some, uh, documents!” She grabbed Goth-Mom by the hand and pulled her along. “You two take care of yourselves! Practice safe sex Abby! And no more social media posts about pegging, no matter how fun we know it is!”

I cringed, staring up at the ceiling and cursing my existence. In just an hour, I’d know my future. In just an hour, I might well change.

“Like, I hope you turn out okay,” Abby said. “Do you really, like, want privacy and stuff?”

“Yeah, but I’ll go for a walk,” I said. “I don’t want to change in front of my family.”

“Like, thank God! Because I seriously need my pussy full of cum right now! All the best, bro! I really hope you aren’t as slutty as me! These compulsions and this hottie bod are seriously soooooo much, I swear!”

She practically leapt off of the sofa and scampered out the door. She didn’t have a licence, because frankly she was too dumb to drive, but I had little doubt she already had a man ready to pick her up.

“And then there was one,” I whispered, looking around the vacant room. A moment later, I heard some very loud and passionate echoes from Mom and Dad’s bedroom. “Fuck, I need to move out of here.

I liked to walk in Evergreen Park. It actually wasn’t evergreen at all, but it *was* fairly private. Not many people here, and those that were there preferred their privacy as well. That was usually because they had been transformed radically by an earlier version of the virus. There was a horsegirl present - not a horse *girl* - but a girl who was literally half-equine in nature. She gave off the vibe that she didn’t want to be bothered, so I simply nodded as I passed her. Another woman that I actually recognised from high school was on her morning jog; Tiffany Hughes, who had been a rail-thin shy girl back in the day, the dux of the school three years ahead of me. She’d been my sister’s best friend. Now, however, she had six very large breasts in three rows down her front, and she had to wear three custom-made sports bras just to contain them. I won’t lie, it was hard *not* to look and appreciate so much, well, *boobage*, but I had a policy of ‘glance but don’t stare’, and so I raised my eyes to hers as she slowed her pace upon approach.

“Hi John!” she declared. “Today is the day, isn’t it?”

“Hey Tiff,” I replied. “Yep, this is it.”

“I’m sorry, John. At least all the really weird TF-16 variants have died out, right? I was one of the last and, well, look at me?”

She gestured to her many large breasts which dominated her entire front, her lowest pair literally having her navel in their cleavage. I looked respectfully, just for a moment.

“You’re doing okay though?” I asked.

She shrugged, which caused a lot of mammary flesh to rise in her sports bras. “I’m better. My little sister turned twenty one last week. Didn’t change at all, lucky her.”

“I won’t lie, I’m hoping for that myself. It’s good to see you though, Tiff.”

“Same, John. I wish you all the best. Are you . . . changing soon, then?”

“Yeah. In about fifteen minutes, actually.”

“Shit! Yeah, I changed here as well. I’m guessing you came for the privacy like I did? Hell, like I still do.”

“That’s about the long and short of it, yeah.”

“Well, even if you don’t change, keep on coming by. You’re literally one of the only guys I can trust not to catcall me when I go on my runs. It’s a mental compulsion from TF-16, but I love doing it, but Jesus some tradies can just be the fucking worst.”

“I’ll, uh, try not to turn into a tradie, then.”

Tiffany giggled. “See that you don’t. And how is Abby going? I miss catching up with her, but she’s always busy with guys.”

“Yeah, she actually pulled it together long enough to wish me luck this morning, actually.”

“Hey, that’s amazing! Do you reckon she’d be free to have a coffee with a fellow TF-16 victim? You know, without trying to hit on me and touch all my boobs?”

I laughed. “I think she’d struggle, but she’d be more than keen to try.”

The woman nodded. “That’s good to hear. I’ll catch you around! All the best in fifteen, John!”

She took off running, her six large breasts wobbling despite the efforts of her sports bras. I did look one last time as she turned a corner; how could I not? I was still a red-blooded bloke. Not that I saw Tiffany that way. She was a friend, one who’d been there to help me when my sister became a total nympho. In many ways, she was like a sister to me. A sister I just, well, kinda had to stop myself from staring at all her many boobs.

“Jesus, maybe if I change I’ll become someone who doesn’t have such a weird set of complexes.”

I continued to walk, heading in no particular direction, really. I wasn’t really sure what I wanted to be, or where I wanted to be when I did change. If I changed at all. I mean, I was a pretty average guy. Kind of a background character, really. White, brown-haired, average height and average build. I was studying to be an educator, and I was damn passionate

about history, as well as classic cinema. I didn't mind a bit of a fishing trip either. Again, fairly generic stuff. Maybe if I did change, I'd be more interesting? Hopefully, not interesting in the way the rest of my family had become.

My thoughts were interrupted by another message from Brett. I chuckled when I saw it. Yet another image of him posing with his guns out. Not literal guns, of course. No, his *biceps*. Damn, dude was built like a brick shithouse. It kindled a little hope in me that I might gain a little more manliness.

'Out for a walk with the muscles on display and getting PLENTY of attention, mate! Hoping you get something of this kinda action!'

I chuckled again at his follow up edit:

'Lol I mean the action I get, not action WITH me, haha.'

I texted back: *'Lol I knew what you mean, Brett. Only like two minutes to go. Just at Evergreen Park. Hoping it will be a non-event : ('*

'I know where you are man, I can see you!'

I looked around, and sure enough, Brett was running straight towards me, waving joyfully. I could have slapped my own forehead if he weren't looking at me.

"Mate, I knew you'd be here!" Brett exclaimed, looking down at me from his godly 6'3 height. Damn, I'd almost forgotten how square his jaw was these days, not to mention how fucking *ripped* he was. Even his black hair was styled well, and he'd *never* known how to style his hair before.

"Brett!? What are you doing here? I'm - I might be about to change from the TF-16 virus, dude!"

"I know!" he said, slapping me lightly on the back. "You didn't think I'd miss being here to support my best friend, right? I may have turned into a weird gym nut, but you're still the guy who came to me when I had no one else back in our first year of high school, and who gave me my first ever gaming console for my fifteenth birthday. I'm not going anywhere, man."

I cringed. Brett really was my best friend. But that didn't mean I wanted him here!

"Brett, that's really awesome of you to say," I replied. "But look, I sort of came to Evergreen Park so I could . . . so I could . . ."

He furrowed his brow. "So you could what, man? Spit it out."

But I couldn't. I simply couldn't. Something was happening to me. A strange heat swept through my body, and I realised far too late exactly what it was: the TF-16 virus. It was affecting me. I wasn't going to stay unaffected.

"M-my body!" I grunted, clutching myself. "Brett, it's the v-virus! I'm ch-changing!"

His jaw fell. "Oh God! Oh, shit! What can I do?"

"You can - nghh! Ohhhhh!"

I couldn't even finish my sentence, because the changes began to sweep over me. I prayed I wouldn't end up like my family, but then my nipples burned. I scratched at them, only for them to swell. I could literally *feel* my areolas widening in diameter, just as I could feel the flesh behind them begin to rise.

"N-no!" I exclaimed.

"Mate, are you - oh fuck, I think you're growing tits!"

"I kn-nooohhhh!!!"

I writhed on the spot, and then fell forward, clutching my friend's solid mass as my new boobs positively *erupted* from my form. I groaned helplessly as they rose, lifting up my shirt as they took up more and more of the surface area of the inner fabric. Soon they were pressing against my friend and sending shivers through my body, my nipples seriously feeling like ultra-sensitive thimbles.

"F-fuck, they w-won't stop! Why w-won't they s-stop!?"

I leaned back, pulling away from Brett. In my confused panic I tried to push my boobs back in, only to moan in an increasingly female voice as they enlarged once again. My collar was pulled down to expose a huge amount of cleavage. I couldn't even see my own goddamn feet; they were so big. I was more stacked than even my bimbo of a mother!

"This c-can't be happening!"

Brett's eyes were wide. I wanted to tell him to get out of here, and certainly not to look at me, but then suddenly my waist pinched in on its own, and my hips spread wider. I grunted, struggling to keep myself upright as my own bones stretched. Worse still, my dick was going numb.

"Shit, I'm b-becoming a woman! Brett, it's not fair! Why do I have to become a -
AHHHH!!!"

It was too late. I couldn't even grab my cock in time before it scuppered up inside my body like a retreating sea creature. My balls plopped up into me, first one, then the other, and it caused my eyes to water even as my hair descended over my vision.

"Uh, hold on to me, mate! You look like you're about to fall over!"

I wanted to scream at him to go, but the changes were coming too fast. My butt was growing out, becoming peachy and full. My boobs were still rising - holy shit, they were the size of my own head! I had bigger tits than just about anyone except for that girl on the news whose boobs were each the size of a small car after she changed. But this felt just as bad, at least while I was changing, because they were so fucking sensitive! I cupped them just to deal with their sheer weight upon my back and shoulders, only for said shoulders to shrink, and then my spine to reduce as well.

"Nooooo!" I whined, rubbing my thighs together as my body hair left me. My face was shifting, and I knew exactly what was happening to it; my lips were becoming fuller, my skin

soft, my eyes larger, and even my eyebrows were arching a little. I didn't need to see it because I was feeling *all* of it, right down to the formation of my new pussy which opened between my legs, flowering into existence and immediately becoming wet.

"Ahhhhh - ooohh - nngghh! Mmhmmm!"

I curled my toes. I couldn't believe it. No, this couldn't be happening. I wouldn't *let* it happen. I simply wouldn't! Not ever!

It happened anyway: I came, and I came *hard*. I wailed, gripping my best friend again, holding his firm muscles and pressing my far-too ample chest against his frame as I raised my face to the sky and cried out in ecstasy. It was my very first female orgasm, arriving at the very moment that I became female, and I couldn't help but shudder as it rocked me not once or twice but *three* times in quick succession.

"Ahhhh," I finally panted after what felt like far, far too much bliss. "Oh God. Ohhhhh, ahhh. That was - that was so much."

Even my *voice* sounded sexy. I had little doubt I was a bombshell, especially with my ultra-curvy proportions. I had Goth-Mom beat by a country mile, and my hips felt so much wider, as if made for bearing children. The thought alone made me shiver a little. Fuck, what mental changes had happened? Was I now a massive bimbo?

"J-John?" a voice uttered, and it took me a moment to realise I was still clutching myself to Brett, my best friend in the world. "Are you okay? I mean, obviously you're, er, *very* much a woman, but can you understand me?"

I swallowed and looked up at Brett, staring up at his even taller stature now that I was so much shorter. My jaw fell. I knew he was handsome before, but now . . . he was like a *God*. A pure *Adonis*. I had to blink several times just to make sure I was seeing what I was seeing. My best friend was all handsome and muscled and buff and he was looking at me and blushing heavily because I knew in that moment that I was just as attractive, only the female kind of attractive; an idealised body just like his only with big ripe tits and an itty bitty waist and wide hips and an hourglass figure and smooth skin and kissable lips and a hot face and long gorgeous hair and and and and and - and *all of it*.

"Oh, sweet Jesus," I whispered. With each breath, my new breasts rose and fell, heavy on my chest, and practically about to rip my shirt to shreds because of their size. I had never felt so attracted to anyone before, and to my humiliation it was to my own best friend. My *male* best friend.

He placed his hand upon me, and I nearly squeaked from his firm, muscular touch.

"John, say something! How much have you changed?"

I bit my lip, feeling a flush of heat in my huge bosom, not to mention in my new pussy. I had eyes for him. Only him. My mental compulsions were steering me to be *his*.

"I've ch-changed a lot, Brett," I said. "I - I think I'm kinda your girlfriend now."

He short-circuited for a moment. "My - what?"

I blushed and gave him a sheepish grin - what else was there to do? Oh, that's right. The thing my body was desperate for. I jumped up and held his shoulders, his arms instantly there to catch me, and I held his face towards mine.

"Stupid fucking TF-16!" I groaned, and then I kissed him.

It was a long, long kiss.

I guess, in some ways, I got off pretty lightly, looking back. I didn't get one of those ultra-rare strains like Tiffany had so no extra boobs, or additional arms or even an extra head like that lady over in Sydney. And I certainly didn't end up ugly. In fact, Abby was pretty damn jealous that I was even hotter than her, and certainly had bigger tits - J-cups, if you believe it. Mom was even jealous, though she was also super happy for me that I didn't end up losing my intelligence like her or my sister. Goth-Mom was pleased with that; I think she was actually glad to not be the only former guy in the family, and that she wasn't so outrageously curvy when placed next to me.

Still, I did have my compulsions. TF-16 left me with a pretty strong directive to always look pretty hot. I burned with the need to learn how to do makeup and try on different hairstyles and always wear cute and stylish things that nevertheless emphasised my massive rack. All of that I could have dealt with easily, but a major part of my mental transformation also put me in a role I *certainly* hadn't expected: that of a totally devoted girlfriend.

Yeah, I was Brett's loving, happy, horny sweetheart of a girlfriend. Like a lot of people affected by TF-16, it wasn't just my body that changed, but my instincts and parts of my personality. I liked to think that I was still me, but I won't lie, I'm super, super into dudes now. Specifically, I'm super into John. His rippling muscles, his strong pecs, his incredible height, his manly confidence . . . Jesus, it just *does* things to me. And because I've got the body of a damn goddess, I can safely say I do things for him as well. We have sex at least once a day, usually twice, and sometimes more if you count the occasional blowjob or him eating me out. Yeah, that took a while to grapple with.

Frankly, it took some time in general to get used to this. Not only to just being a woman, but in terms of having a pair of tits that people everywhere like to point out and stare out. Seriously, I feel like they arrive into any given room three minutes before I do, and they're definitely where the eye wanders to. Now I know how Tiffany feels, I guess, and it doesn't help that I dress to really emphasise them, despite what I may prefer to wear. I hope the teen boys that keep catcalling me all get turned into strippers when they turn twenty one.

Dickheads. And that's not even getting into having to go through periods, or how weird it is to not only suck on my best friend's dick, but to *enjoy* it. Hell, one of the weirder things about my new life as 'Jane' is just hearing the hottest women moaning and crying out during sex, and realising that that woman is *me*. Fucking crazy, right?

Still, as odd as it is to be my best friend's crazy devoted girlfriend, I can't deny that Brett is a good boyfriend. Hell, I love being around him. We watch films, we go fishing (me in a bikini, of course), and he cooks the best tucker, even though my mental changes make sure I really, really like feeding him. And I get to sit on his back when he does pushups, which is super fun. Sadly, with my need to show off my body, I probably won't be becoming an educator anytime soon, so I'm having to figure out what to do next. I don't know what that is, but at least it won't be as some submissive bimbo housewife like I'd feared becoming. Sure, I'm having my best friend stick his huge dick into me every day, and in more positions than I ever thought existed, but I'm still (mostly) me. We're still buddies, and I'm not some airhead or turned into a fashion-obsessed bimbo. I can get used to being a crazy hot girlfriend, I guess, so long as I'm not, you know, actually *crazy*.

In some ways, if I had to change into a woman, this was probably one of the better results. The TF-16 virus left me still able to properly function, and while getting railed from behind by Brett wasn't exactly on the agenda, I'm coming around to it. Heh, 'coming' around to it. Yeah, not wrong.

The point is, there could always be worse results. After all, I was watching the news on the one year anniversary of my change, and the eleventh anniversary of the TF-16 virus's arrival. I was getting ready to undo my bra and shove my big, sensitive tits right in Brett's face when suddenly the hot redhead reporter on the screen gave an alert.

"It seems a new series of TF-16 variants have arrived, and once more a number of non-human, and even quite fantastical changes, are being reported . . ."

I couldn't help but chuckle as I turned to Brett and punched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Looks like we got TF'd at just the right time, huh?"

The End