



Girl Flu
- A TG Short -
By Razmagurk
= Part 1 of 2 =

This couldn't be happening.

I looked back down at the tissue. There was pink glitter in my sneeze.

Heart pounding, I bolted desperately out of my room, through the common space of the apartment suite where my roommate was watching TV, and into the cramped bathroom we shared.

This had to be some kind of mistake. I dug around desperately in the medicine cabinet for a testing kit. The pandemic was years ago but we had to have some left over, right? I was so worked up I completely missed that the box was sitting on the sink, right under my nose, already open. I pulled out one of the strips.

Per the instructions, I shoved one down my throat, praying. They were two years old. Would they still work? The ten minutes that followed were the most agonizing of my life, my heart rising into my throat as the strip grew pinker and pinker. I tested again, and then again. All three were in agreement.

Bright pink: a positive test. I held it against the colour sample on the back of the box. This shade meant the Bimbo Variant. I swallowed dryly. It wasn't the worst it could be, but it was pretty fucking bad. Any pinker and it would be in the Nympho and Fuckpuppet territory. The box warned if that was the case to get to a hospital immediately.

I sat down on the edge of the tub. My head was spinning, my world was ending. There had to be some way out of this. Surely, we'd moved past this as a society? I stood up and inspected myself in the mirror. My nose was red from all the sneezing and my eyes were a little red. Same handsome face. I still looked like me. I was sick, that was all. I'd been sick for days. This couldn't be Girl Flu, could it? My lips were maybe a little swollen. I gave them a poke. Tingly.

I called my doctor. Maybe we had come up with some kind of cure when I wasn't paying attention. There was a tightness in my throat as I tried to explain to her what was happening. I told her that this couldn't happen to me, that I'd managed to avoid it all this time. She was hardly sympathetic.

She told me there was nothing I could do. That it happened to everybody. It was best I call in sick and stay at home while the malady ran its course. She recommended me a website with resources on what to expect from each variant, but fuck that. Even after all those millions of dollars spent on health care research, the whole world coming together during the pandemic, we still didn't have a cure for something like this? It was humiliating! Dehumanizing.

She told me it wasn't a death sentence. Symptoms would abate in a week or two. I just had to keep it together until then. 95% of the population had already had it by this point, certainly after the pandemic, and it was still about as common as regular flu. This was why it was so important to keep vaccinated.

Easy for her to say.

I wasn't one of those crazy anti-vaxxers you heard about or anything, I got my shots regularly, but I'd heard what happened to some of the people who took the early Girl Flu vaccines, how it gave some guys boobs or turned them gay. I knew full well they'd started using a variant of the Man Cold vaccine to masculinize trans guys. There was nothing wrong with that, good for them, but if it had the power to transform a body I didn't want it anywhere near me. I was getting by just fine avoiding all contact.

Where had I caught this? The New Year's party? I had thought it weird that Steve could get so many girls to show up. He'd also been acting flighty too, come to think of it, but I thought he'd just been high as a kite all night. How dare he! That motherfucker. We live in a society.

I returned to the living room to see my roommate seated on the couch. He had three more little strips in front of him, each as bright and pink as my own.

"Oh shit." I held up my strip for him to see. "You too?"

"Girl Flu." He gave an ironic laugh. There was already a softness to his voice. "I think we got it at Steve's party."

"I was just going to say! That fucker."

"Oh well," he shrugged. "It's no so bad."

"Not so bad!? How can you say that?" How was he taking this so calmly? I was literally shaking with rage.

"My guy, you get used to it." he put the strips down on the table. "When I was a kid I used to get it all the time. I had it real bad one time when I was eight. They had to take me to the hospital long-term. That was in the early days. Barbie Princess Variant, one of the juvenile strains. Months of frilly dresses and pretty dolls and tea parties. They thought I was a goner, that I'd spend the rest of my life as a pretty pretty princess, but I pulled through in the end."

"Oh my god." I couldn't even imagine the humiliation. "I had no idea. That's awful!"

"Oh, it wasn't so bad, really." He waved it off like it was nothing. He must have noticed the horrified expression on my face. "Though it would sometimes flare up again every now and then. God I was so embarrassed by it when I was in my goth teen phase. I had to miss prom because of it. But I mean it's just the luck of the draw you know? We just pulled a bad hand this time."

I rankled under the implication that this was just bad luck, like there was nothing we could do to avoid it, like I hadn't been going out of my way for years to do just that. This was all Steve's fault.

"According to the booklet, bright pink is one of the Bimbo strains." He held up his strip. "I've had MILF and Ballerina before but this'll be new. I was worried it was going to be Milkmaid for a minute. I don't know if we have the plumbing for that."

I didn't even want to consider that. I just stood there, trembling. I didn't know what to do.

"Hey man, are you gonna be okay?" He stood up and walked over to me. "I think I might swing by the pharmacy to grab some stuff for it. My emergency makeup case isn't rated for Bimbo. You want me to get you anything while I'm there? Do you have Flu clothes? I can get you one of those over-the-counter skirts or something, or some prescription panties? It's still all covered by OHIP."

"What? No!" I recoiled.

"You're sure? No makeup or polish or anything?"

"Ew!" A flush ran through me. A feverish flash of heat. "Gross. I'm trying to avoid turning into a girl, not leaning into it, god."

"Jason." He put a hand on my shoulder. "I know you're one of those macho guys, but seriously. That's basically the worst thing you can do. Don't try to rawdog the Girl Flu, it'll fuck you up. Trust me."

"I don't care." I brushed his hand away. "I'm not letting some virus dictate how I live my life!"

"Alright." He raised his hands innocently. "You're upset, I get it. I'm just trying to help. Didn't you learn your lesson during the pandemic?"

"No, I damn well didn't. I've managed to avoid it this whole time."

"Wait, really? You're still a girl virgin?" he teased. "I didn't know there was anyone left. That's adorable."

"Shut it!" I pushed him away. "I don't think *I'm* the weird one for not wanting to turn into a fucking chick. I don't need your help."

"Well, you say that, but it looks like the two of us are gonna be stuck in this together. If you change your mind, you know where to find me. I'll be back soon." He put on his coat, pulled out a little pink mask from its pocket, and stepped out into the dark and snowy night.

I just stood there, still struggling to come to terms with what was happening. The pressure in my nose reached a critical mass and a sneeze forced me back into action. I needed a tissue.

I stomped my foot. What did he know? Just because all the other guys out there were willing to give up their manhood for a bit of comfort doesn't mean I was about to. Could anyone who spent their time with Girl Flu sitting around in a dress giggling and painting their nails truly be called a real man? That was like trying to fix a broken toe by breaking the rest of the foot. I'd fight this to my last breath.

Giving in to Girl Flu left people weak. Every guy I knew who had been through it came out changed, softer, more sensitive. I wasn't going to let that happen to me.

I returned to my room and threw the pink strips in the trash. I needed to take stock. I stripped out of my clothes and started inspecting my body. I had a pretty good body, all things considered. I went to the gym most days and had a job that meant lots of heavy lifting. I was proud of my body. That was one of the reasons changing had me so freaked out.

A cold sweat broke across my brow as I looked into the mirror. Was I already getting smaller? My broad chest seemed less so, my abs less defined. I ran a hand along my chest. My skin was flushed and sensitive to the touch. Warm. Too warm. But not hot. All my body hair seemed to be standing on end. I had goosebumps.

Maybe I was imagining it. Maybe it was a false alarm and it would all just go away soon enough, right? As if in response to my thoughts another sneeze rocked through me, covering another tissue in pink glitter. I lay down in bed and closed my eyes. All this worrying was starting to make my head hurt. I'd be fine, right?

I had to know more.

I pulled out my phone and looked online for more info about the Bimbo Variant. It was supposed to hit hard, lots of heavy mental symptoms and extreme physical transformations. There were pictures of beautiful busty women in various scanty outfits and vapid smiles, all of whom had been guys. In North America it had been one of the most common strains during the pandemic, people getting so airheaded, confused and horny they started violating quarantine protocol, back when no one had known how it spread. It had hit indigenous communities especially hard.

That wasn't going to be me. I was going to man up and do whatever it took to get through this.

I called up my boss and let him know. Normally I'd have gotten no sympathy for sick days, but nobody liked the notion of someone turning up at the construction site looking like OSHA Barbie and feminizing the rest of the crew. The pandemic had seen a lot of projects shut down from force majeure, and heavy rules had been put into place to try to get things back on track.

It also helped that my boss had infected the crew with the Preg Variant when things were just starting out. I had barely managed to dodge that. I still made fun of them for it. Now it was my turn. I was never going to hear the end of it.

I considered calling up my friends and family and letting them know, but there's no way I was letting this get out any further than that. Not when I'd been so adamantly opposed to this. No had tried to distance themselves from this stuff more than me. Hell, I'd broken up with Sarah when she had the Futa Variant of the Man Cold, and while horny, that was one of the lucky ones.

I was going to call Steve, however. That fucker.

I dialed him up to yell, but when the line picked up there was no one there, just a raunchy feminine moan in the background and the squelching of something hot and wet. Normally it would have turned me on, but now it sent a shiver through me. I hung up. It was too real. Too much of a reminder of what I was about to go through. That fucker. I was never going to let him hear the end of this.

I tried to put it out of my head, to focus on other things. I did what I could. I took vitamins, I stayed in bed, I rested and I hydrated. I tried to pass the time by playing video games and catching up on sports, but it felt like every few minutes I was checking the mirror, waiting for the other shoe to drop. In a way it ended up screwing me over. The changes came on so subtly, and I was checking so frequently that I almost didn't notice until I caught myself brushing a lock of dirty blonde hair out of my face. It had grown down in a shaggy mess down to my neck.

I took a moment to get a closer look. It wasn't just the hair, but the face as well. A bit lighter, softer. An androgynous edge. I kept an eye on it in the hours after, but it seemed to have plateaued there. I was relieved. If that's the worst it could do, I said bring it on.

That night Jean ordered pizza. I went out to the common space to grab some but the salad he ordered with it seemed far more interesting. We were both voracious. A part of me wondered if I could starve the changes out, deny my body the calories I knew it would need to transform. I had read about some people having some success with that, but there were just as many reports about that leading to more long-term side effects, which is what I was trying to avoid. Probably best to play this safe.

Jean seemed to be a whole step ahead of me. He had shaved his whole body and was wearing a silky looking cream bathrobe over his boxers and a tank top.

He looked ridiculous without his beard. His hair had also started lightening. It had grown long enough he had it pulled up in a loose ponytail. Where had he gotten that hair band? His face was rounder. He was starting to look like his sister. He wasn't very muscular to begin with so it was probably a little hard to judge, but I was pretty sure he'd gotten wider at the hips, and tightening at the waist. I tried not to stare. I didn't know if I didn't want to know or if I was morbidly curious.

I didn't ask about the princess tiara he was wearing.

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They say the first night is the worst but going into it I was feeling fine. The congestion had been getting worse and I couldn't stop sneezing, but if that was as bad as it got, bring it on!

I woke up a few hours later wracked with pain like every muscle in my body was cramping all at once. My guts were twisting in such agony all I could do was scream. Heat crashed through me, hot flashes leaving me in a cold sweat. Hot. Too hot. I kicked off my blankets, I kicked off my clothes. My body was slick and shining with sweat.

I tried to move and shift to find some position that could provide relief from the pain but I was tangled in my sheets and every tug saw me shifting into something even worse. I sneezed a blast of pink, then another and another. Each time it was like a firework was going off inside my brain. Then with each blast the pain started to give way to pleasure.

I was in a state of absolute confusion, my whole body tense and screaming with sensation. I didn't know who I was or where I was or what was happening, just that my whole body was strained, squeezed tight, some primal danger response. I couldn't relax until I figured this out. Nothing made sense. What kind of a cruel world was this? I was tired and gross and I couldn't understand what was happening.

Gasping, I rolled out of bed. Nothing felt right. I stood, rising up to my tiptoes. I felt short. Dizzy. I fell back down onto the bed. Why was the world so painful? I didn't understand. I grabbed at my body, it was swollen and sensitive, muscles cramping pleasantly in protest. There was something hot on my back. My hair, grown down so long. It was too hot, too in the way, tangling me up.

I cried out as more not-quite-pain spasmed through me. It was agonizing, electric, *sexual*. I didn't have the presence of mind to make sense of that, but I knew I should hate it, knew I should rail against it. I squeezed into a ball. Don't relax, don't give in.

I couldn't relieve the pressure in my sinuses. There was cotton in my head. I was sneezing over and over again. I could feel my lengthening hair spreading across my back. Every sneeze seemed to change me. Thinking grew harder and harder as my brain's stores of adrenaline exhausted themselves. The pressure in my nose mounted. My thoughts stopped having words, they were just emotions and feelings. With each sneeze I felt dumber and dumber, like all that pink glitter was being sand-blasted into my grey matter.

I had no sense of time, I had no sense of space, but eventually, it seemed to subside. Whatever this danger was had passed, leaving me panting and gasping. I managed to force myself through the fog of melatonin and my pink-blasted brain to remember who I was, to force my aching muscles to relax. I was me, and this was all some terrible sickness. My throat felt tight, it was hard not to gasp. I thrashed one last time, then passed out, eager to escape this waking nightmare.

The night was far from over, however. The dreams that followed were little better. Chaotic flashes, intensely vivid and emotionally troubling. Worse, in my half-confused state, they were impossible to tell from reality save when interrupted by quick fits of consciousness, waking up to the increasingly whorish proportions of my body, acutely aware of my rapidly redistributing flesh, paralyzed by sleep and unable to do anything but moan and mewl agonizingly hot sensation.

The increasing femininity of my own half-conscious cries sent me down a dark and horny path. Body heating up in arousal at its own mewling. My dreams grew succulent and sexy. Pink pleasant dreams I'd never admit to anyone.

It was a long night.

Eventually I must have managed to get some proper sleep, the next thing I knew I was waking up for real, though I felt more exhausted than I ever had before. The dreams that had been haunting me vanished and the events of the night seemed to go with them.

I took a breath. I was floating on the fluffy cloud of half consciousness. The light of my room was so bright compared to sleep, the white light of snow-capped Toronto kept at bay only by my blackout blinds.

I had ended up in a strange position, ass up, face down, legs spread invitingly. I reeked of stale sweat, but the flavour of it was new, like ripe cherry and vanilla. Well, what little I could smell with one nostril still obstructed with glitter. Thinking was hard. It was like my head felt like it was stuffed with cotton, like every little thought had to push through a mound of the stuff just to be heard.

My bed was gritty. It took me too long to realize what had happened. Over the course of the night, all of my body hair had fallen off. Was that why Jean had shaved down? I'd have to change my sheets.

But first - I was groggy and tired, my head pounding, but like a kid on some perverse Christmas day, I had to see.

I rushed over to the mirror.

There was a girl standing there looking back, naked and bedraggled. She wasn't like the pinup model girls I'd been seeing on the internet, she was too real for that. No makeup, no filters. The reality of it made it all the worse.

I drew closer. She was... *cute*. Beneath the tired eyes and the tattered hair. I didn't normally think of girls like in that light, but the sight of her was pleasant. Some vain part of me was grateful I hadn't turned into some kind of uggo, not that the Bimbo Variant tended to produce many of those. She was kind of adorable.

She was also me. It took me too long to come to that realization. For it to really sink in.

I put a hand to my face, tracing it along the softer lines of my jaw, watching the girl do the same. She looked like she could have been my sister. Isn't it amazing how a few small alterations can completely change a person? The barest rounding of my nose and suddenly it was a delicate button. The slightest shift of fat on my face and suddenly I had high cheekbones and a soft jaw. My eyelashes weren't even that much longer.

I was equal parts disgusted, fascinated, and disgusted at my fascination.

The lack of makeup on her face felt like a shame. A wasted opportunity. This girl could look really beautiful if she just put some effort into it. I tore my eyes away before that thought ran its due course, that I should be slathering my face in concealer and blush.

The rest of my body had followed suit. Just like Jean before me, my hips had grown wide and my belly had tightened. Gone was the body of a muscular Adonis, leaving in its place a curvaceous Venus. A part of me was... disappointed? Relieved? Though my body was female it was nothing like the extremes of femininity I'd seen online.

Well, with one exception.

I grabbed at my boobs. I didn't know what cup size they were, but they were overflowing my soft hands. They were bigger and than any girl I'd seen in person. Big and round and - I sighed - sensitive. Soft, squishable. Fun. Oh *wow*.

I spent a few minutes playing with them. Sue me. I was still a guy after all, deep down where it counted. What kind of guy doesn't dream of getting to fondle a pair like this, huh? Even if they were now my own. I'd been expecting them to feel like swollen flesh, like an injury, but they were just as round and squeezable as any real girls. Moreso, in fact. I blushed again. These were some mighty fine titties. They felt good. Too good. I forced my hands down. That was dangerous.

Had I gotten off easy? Or was the worst yet to come? No... I looked down, still getting used to seeing boobs in the lower half of my field of vision, at the reflection of my crotch. The worst was already here.

Somehow it was only then that it really hit me. My dick was gone. I reached down between my thick thighs, but instead of finding the familiar heft of my balls, there was a mound and cleft. I looked down to get a direct look but it was hard with these stupid tits in the way.

I took a step back. Was I sure I even wanted to get a better look? Idly, I gave the mound an exploratory brush of my hand. A surge of pleasant, toe-curling warmth coursed through me. Oh yeah, it was a pussy all right. A cute little pussy. Warm and -

What the hell was I doing? I pulled my hands off my body. I had to stop this.

The sight of the naked girl fondling herself in the mirror was doing maybe a little much to me. I didn't want to be one of those guys who turned into a slut on day one. I threw on a shirt, an old worn metal band T, but it wasn't going to be that easy. Even if I didn't have these ridiculous boobs the shirt would have been too long for my shrunken body. I must have dropped a whole foot of height. While the shirt

seemed desperate to cling to the top of my hooters, the remaining material dangled down loosely beneath. It was not a great look, but what other choice did I have? I threw on a pair of baggy cargo shorts, and dug around for a belt to get them cinched enough to stay up.

I looked at myself again in the mirror, once again having to brush the long blonde hair out of my eyes. I looked like a girl trying on her boyfriend's clothes. It was almost laughable. Yet still it felt...

A wave of emotions hit me like a sneeze. Tears welled up in my eyes. I brushed them back. My emotions were screaming at me that this was *wrong*. I didn't know what was going on but I agreed. I tore my gaze away. I had to do something about this. I grabbed a fistful of my hair, my long pretty now-golden hair. It had grown in the night down my back. Long, luscious, unkempt. If I got rid of it maybe I could still pass as a guy.

I stormed over to the bathroom. There was steam coming from under the door. I could hear a woman's voice singing a cheery pop song from within.

I paced impatiently as I waited, feeling gross and sticky and itchy and hot. I noticed that my heel didn't touch the floor, at all. I was walking around on my tiptoes. I tried to set them down flat, but it just felt too uncomfortable. For some reason, tippy toes just felt right.

I banged on the door.

"Almost done!" came the voice. My heart fluttered. What a voice. Sweet and musical, but with a fiery carnal edge to it. Who could that be?

It was not the first time that day I found myself struggling to think. Between the brain fog and the lack of sleep it took me far too long to process the obvious. Jean, of course. Who else was it going to be?

But when she opened the door, it wasn't Jean that I saw.

The girl standing there looked like some sort of porn model. She was tall and statuesque, or maybe she just appeared that way because I was now so short. She had her hair wrapped in a towel, but wavy blonde and pink ringlets cascaded down to frame her face. Her skin was flushed and shining, fresh from the shower. She had another towel wrapped around her chest, which failed to hide the two sizeable sweater stuffers she had hidden just beneath that coarse material.

I blinked. Who was this?

"Oh my god!" She grinned. "Look at you! You look so cute!"

She held her arms open for a hug. I didn't know how to respond, but that didn't stop her. Next thing I knew I was wrapped up in the girl's warmth, her shower-fresh body pressed against my still filthy form like a goddess deigning to touch a lowly mortal. It felt *good*. I gasped. The warmth of her seemed to quell something tempestuous within me. My thoughts slowed even further, focusing so intently on the moment. She was so soft I wished I could just bury myself in her forever.

"Wait... Jean?" I flushed, ruining the moment by letting that slip past my lips. What was wrong with me?

"Sorry, sorry." she pulled away. "You said you didn't want to lean into this. I'll give you your space. Even if you are - damn! You're a total snack, girl. Look at those titties!"

Feverish warmth flushed through me at the compliment. I wasn't used to being complimented, especially by beautiful half-naked girls in my bathroom.

There were so many strange feelings flooding through me. I couldn't make sense of them. All I knew was that these weird girlish feelings were a betrayal of my self. Christ, dude, get it together.

"Sh-shut up!" I tried to tell him off but my anger came across as a pouty whine as I blushed. Why did my voice have to be so high?

Jean looked more bemused than intimidated.

"The first hot shower after becoming a girl is always the best, isn't it? You're going to love this."

"Oh no. None of that crap." I stomped a foot petulantly. "I'm not showering like this. The less I have to touch this body the better."

She rolled her eyes as I pushed past her into the bathroom.

"Suit yourself." She said. "You know you're just making this harder."

He, I corrected myself. *He* said. *He* rolled his eyes. But, ugh. It took too much mental effort to keep gendering him correctly. I was already struggling hard enough.

"I don't want to hear it."

"Alright, but if you need anything, just let me know."

"I'm fine!" I closed the door and took a breath. How could she be handling this so calmly? How was she not freaking out like I was?

I considered taking a shower. I struggled through the mental gymnastics - which was the manlier path? To take the chance to feel up a hot girl's soapy hot body? Or to let the moment pass because that body was my own? There was an array of cute looking lotions and bottles that Jean had left in the shower that looked positively adorable. In the end, I decided I'd rather feel gross than get an upfront inventory of what this ridiculous disease had done to my handsome body.

I stood before the toilet as I thought it over, lifting the seat to piss. Then froze. Oh no. I looked down at my lack of equipment. I hadn't even considered that. I was going to have to sit down wasn't I? I closed my eyes as I did so. The ultimate humiliation.

How was I supposed to last a week like this?

I looked in the mirror at the girl staring back. A little tomboyish in her guy clothes, but undeniably cute. Too cute. I was going to fix that. I grabbed the scissors and held them to one of my locks. My heart pounded, twisting. There were tears welling up in my eyes and I couldn't blink them away.

Snip.

Anguish tore through me, a slap of emotion.

Oh fuck, what had I done?

My heart pounded. I didn't look cute anymore. I didn't look good. I tried to keep cutting, to get rid of more, but with every snip it got worse and worse.

I screamed.

Some part of me had been expecting that underneath it all I'd see my guy self smiling back at me. Instead, I looked like a mad woman, like someone who had tried to hurt themselves. Like a girl trying to be a guy and failing. I hated it. I couldn't look any longer.

I ran back to my room, tears streaming welling in my eyes. I ran past Jean, who was watching TV. The girl Jean had become seemed so cool and composed, like she had it all figured out. She was wearing a tight pink crop top that said "Princess" and doing her nails in a brilliant shade of pharmacy-issue glitter pink.

Pink.

I stopped dead in my tracks. I felt another strange emotion within me. Something dark and covetous, alien and biological. The cotton in my head turned to glitter. The colour was so... calming. Comforting. My anguish was immediately forgotten. I found myself staring.

My head felt strangely congested, my brain throbbing. It was like the colour wanted to fill the entirety of the focus. What a fun colour. It's like the sight of it calmed me, soothed me, swept aside all thoughts. How good it would be to have that on me? To wear it, to be covered in it, to see nothing but it.

Pink. Bimbo pink. Pink like lips, pink like labia. Pink like girlhood.

A sneeze knocked me out of my reverie. I wiped the drool from my plump lips. I was having a hard time thinking.

What the hell was going on?

I ran to my room and slammed down in bed, burying myself in my pillow. Without the pink to soothe it, the agony of what I had become was reasserted itself. The sweat-damp sheets were still gritty with disgusting body hair, and I stank, even if I stank of ripe cherry and vanilla. I was congested and gross. That was all stuff I could handle. Physical pain. If that was all it was I could have manned through it. But there was more than that, when I'd cut my hair, seen that broken face in the mirror I was wracked with anguish and despair and other things still. This so humiliating. There were feelings I was encountering today I don't know I'd ever felt before.

Nervously I dug through my trash for the pink strips. They weren't glittering, they weren't sparkling, but the effect was still calming. I could feel a mounting shame though at the thought of someone catching

me here with these. That would be too much. I had to get rid of them. I threw them back in the bin. No one could know about this weakness.

I had to center, I had to find myself. I had to fight through this fog and the pink cotton. I could do this.

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The next few days were difficult. The waiting was the hardest part. My whole life was on pause. I couldn't go the gym, couldn't go anywhere, I couldn't even reach out to any of my friends, couldn't let them see me like this. Not after all the fun I'd made at them when they'd fallen sick. I had to find ways to entertain myself.

It wasn't so bad at first. I had some options to keep me busy, but I soon began to realize how dangerous they could be.

At first I dug into my backlog of video games, but they didn't bring me the joy I was hoping. It was like they were having a hard time maintaining my interest. Like running people over and gunning them down was boring somehow, pointless. The fog in my brain made it so easy for me to get distracted and lose track of what I was doing and why. When I realized I wasn't playing games so much as spending hours picking out cute in-game outfits for my increasingly feminine characters, I had to turn the system off. No more of that.

I tried doom-scrolling on social media, but that was even worse. Every time I caught the pouty girly face staring at back at me from a dark screen, every time I had to struggle because my hands were smaller, every time my phone didn't recognize my face, it was another painful little reminder.

I thought I could endure the discomfort if it would help pass the time, but whenever I loosened my focus, tried to relax, I'd catch myself scrolling through makeup tutorials or fashion videos. Even when I tried to angle away from that kind of stuff I found myself losing hours just staring at puppies and horses. There were so many cute things out there! How was I supposed to handle this? It was like every little kitty was cranked up to 11. Tears flooded my eyes as I watched a baby lamb taking its first steps.

Even when I dug in deep and forced myself to focus on the kinds of stuff I normally did, everything just hit different. Girls were pretty now. I mean they'd always been pretty, obviously, but they'd mostly been hot. Okay, they were still hot (god were they ever!) but it was like I was seeing them in a whole new light. I'd look at a girl in a bikini and think about how I looked in comparison to her, what worked for her look, wondering if I'd fit in a bikini like that too, imagining the two of us skipping down the beach together hand in hand.

Every girl I looked at filled me with intrusive thoughts. Like, oh, what cute nails, what killer lip gloss, what well-done eye liner. I couldn't take it, it was like just looking at girls was brainwashing me into seeing myself as one, into being one.

It was insidious. It all felt so good. Too good. As long as I was looking at this stuff everything felt okay. I was light and airy, fluffy and bubbly. I knew it had gone too far though when I caught myself actually giggling.

Me? Giggling. I threw the phone across the room and forced a scowl back onto my face. I would not allow myself to enjoy this. I was letting these errant emotions have their fucking way with me. I had been too incautious. I needed to double down.

I unplugged my computer. I turned my phone off. I wasn't going to let myself fall into some hole of giggling bimbo brainlessness the entire week. I focused all my shame and hatred upon what I was doing, reminding myself of the disgust I should be feeling. I had to resist this. I swore I wouldn't give in to this flu.

While that was a noble sentiment, I soon found myself resenting it. For all the girlish taint, the alternative didn't exactly leave a lot of ways to pass the time. Going from mindless easy distraction to agonizing active focus was exhausting.

Where before hours passed, now only seconds. With each I grew angrier. And in those endless hours I had to ask myself, for what?

Somehow, moment by moment, the days passed. The brain fog would come and go. Sometimes I found myself struggling with lucidity, with reality. I was feverish, and it was hard to think. I felt like I was going crazy trying to keep myself me. I'd have preferred the simple malaise of a proper flu to this existential struggle any day, but masculinity demanded it.

The days were bad enough, but the nights were the worst.

My body, it seemed, wasn't done yet. In the middle of the night I'd wake up to find it twisting and warping, growing even girlier. It wasn't as painful an experience as the first night, but it didn't need to be. I was already girl shaped, now the flu was ramping it up to 11. I was growing smaller, rounder, thicker, juicer. Sexier. Whenever I thought I couldn't get any more girly, the flu proved me wrong. This was the part where the different strains really started to differentiate. My breasts kept getting heavier and heavier even as they somehow maintained an impossible level of perkiness. They were getting impossible for me to ignore, I even had to adjust my sleeping position to accommodate them, lest they crush me or I crush them.

It wasn't just the shape of me changing. My skin was growing softer, more sensitive. Even my fresh sheets were suddenly too rough, making it almost impossible to sleep in. My hair had grown back with a vengeance, even longer than before, dangling well down past my now especially plump PAWG ass.

Worst of all, I was *horny*.

It was in the evening that my arousal started in earnest. The second night, it was a low primal urge inside my belly, what I imagine was now my womb. I could tell there was something wrong with me as I struggled to sleep, a pounding pressure in my body and especially my breasts and pussy. I was experiencing a feverish full body urge to be touched, to be squeezed. It was an appetite my body was all too eager to fulfill. Every brush was amplified and electrically charged, every idle caress of my soft skin sent me shivering, every errant whisper against my increasingly sizeable breasts sent me gasping.

I found myself humping against my bed, pressing into it, grinding, a tremble of warmth rushing through my body each time.

It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. As a guy my pleasure had been centralized, but this was a whole different beast. It was enough to make me dizzy, to curl my toes and put stars in my eyes. In the foggy state I was in I was close to spending the whole week rubbing myself against the sheets.

I didn't give in so easily, of course. I refused to go over that edge, to succumb to this humiliation. Sex was a line too far. I'd never live it down. All day I kept my hand well away from my new pussy, no matter how it screamed and begged, no matter how hot and wet it grew in the dark recesses of the night. I didn't dare touch it, no matter how hungry it got.

I was supposed to be getting lots of rest, giving my body a chance to fight this off, but without a distraction all I could focus on was my body. Every second felt like hours. The longer it went on the worse it felt to resist, the harder it was to struggle.

At night I'd wake up bleary eyed every few hours only to find I'd shifted into some whorish new position and was halfway through some raunchy dream, moaning and crying out, my head too stuffed with pink to realize what was happening. I was waking just long enough to sneeze my brains out and agonize over the latest affront to my sexuality before I'd pass out again.

Each night was worse than the previous, the horniness bleeding into the day and then the next night. It was slowly driving me mad.

By the end of the fourth day, I was howling like a banshee, crying out in need like a mating call. My naked, erotically charged body was slick and shining with cold sweat, my brain haunted by aphrodisiac nightmares of being held down and bred.

If it was a thing I could fight it, but it was inside me, it *was* me. What could I do but scream?

My body was aching with need. Literally aching. I had to readjust my position. Nipples hard and so sensitive the pressure against them was making my crotch gooey and wet. Pleasure was getting through no matter what I did to stop it. I had to deny myself pillows and blankets and even that didn't stop it.

It was torture. Time lost all meaning. I sat there, hands gripped white knuckle until finally I sent one hand trekking down to that flooding cleft valley and -

There was a banging at the door.

I jumped. Everything was quiet. Painfully quiet. Reality reasserted itself.

"Jason, are you okay?" Jean's voice was gentle and motherly. "It's two in the morning and you've been screaming a lot."

"I'm fine!" I responded, but the whine in my voice very clearly communicated that I was not. "I can handle it."

She opened the door a crack. I scrambled to cover myself, to achieve some manner of decorum, but I'd thrown everything away for fear I'd end up grinding against it in the night. I was exposed, naked and horny before this beautiful creature, and I was pretty sure that my attempts just put me further on display.

"I know you can, sweetheart, I know." there was sympathy in her voice, a slutty angel descending from on high to deliver a naked wretch like me from perdition. "But I can't put up with this level of yelling for the whole two weeks. We both need our beauty sleep. Come on. Give it up. Let me give you a hand."

"Give me a hand?"

She opened the door fully. She was wearing a long and sexy pink nightshirt that went down just past her knees. I suspect it wasn't supposed to be quite so form fitting, but the Bimbo Variant had done a number on her as well. Her hips had gotten wider, her butt fuller, and her tits were two round globes perched high on her chest.

She was beautiful, glamorous and angelic. For a moment I expected her to stride across the length of the room and replace my hands with her own, to fuck me out of my misery like something from my feverish horny dreams.

"I have just what the doctor ordered." She held up her hands. She was holding a pair of spoons in one and a tub of rocky road ice cream. "I'm prescribing you 20 ccs of Ben and Jerry's and some super cheesy romcoms, stat."

Tears welled up in my eyes. God help me. I couldn't think of anything I'd like more.

I started to bawl. After three days I was exhausted. I was tired and sick and horny, I couldn't hold onto all this misery and self hate any longer. It was my ultimate moment of weakness.

We spent the next three hours having a little slumber party on the couch. She put on all her favourite girly movies, and I sat there enthralled, spoon in hand, while she played with my hair. We giggled and joked and talked about our feelings. I was still crying at a moment's notice, but now they were tears of happiness. I felt cherished, loved. I was lucky to have someone like Jean, even if it was all just the flu talking.

"How are you handling this so much better than me?" I looked up at her at one point. I was pretty sure she was glowing.

She barely looked bimbo at all, she could easily pass for a real girl, albeit one who probably worked at a fancy strip club. My face was halfway to looking like fuckdoll Barbie in comparison. I felt so self-conscious about it. I could feel the way my lips had plumped and swollen into tender dicksuckers, how I seemed to default to a duck lipped pout. I had a permanent vacant stare, she still had a gleam of cleverness behind her smokey eyes. Worst of all, I was still so achingly horny that my nipples just wouldn't go down. She seemed entirely unflappable.

"I told you I was sick with it a lot when I was a kid." She waved it off. "Though this is certainly a different vibe from my usual princess body? Kind of jiggly and tingly." She wiggled her chest, sending her beautiful busom bounding bountifully. "I've been a little spacey lately too, but it's okay because I'm also feeling super bubbly!" She giggled.

"Oh my god, me too!" I giggled along. It was hard not to, I was getting so caught up in her energy.

"It's really hitting you hard though, isn't it? They say the first time is the worst, but wow, I didn't know boobs grew that big on bimbo strain. I mean, look at these things." She reached around to lift my mountainous mounds, cupping my sensitive globes gently, then letting them drop. I could feel them bouncing around in the aftermath, jiggling just as much as hers had. I probably should have been upset, but honestly I felt quite the opposite. It felt good to be touched, to be appreciated. "They say people who've had their vaccines don't normally go through such extreme transformations, I guess you just got unlucky, huh?"

"Uh..." I flushed and let slide I was exactly that kind of idiot. My brain was entirely preoccupied with the fact that she had just touched my boobs.

Oh my god. I bit my lip, trying to keep my composure. I had just had her soft hands on my needy breasts, lifting them, squeezing them, even if playfully. Could she see how desperate I was? Was she not horny too? Was she not being driven up the walls with nights of feverish lust? But no, she was too beautiful for that, too pure. She wasn't some kind of sex toy like I was turning into. Still, my nipples ached at the thought of her spending her nights knuckle deep in her own sex, just a few rooms away, her hand exploring her body, just as hot and sensitive as my own, but so much more experienced. She probably knew exactly how to make herself feel good. Oh what I wouldn't give to have her hands back on my body, showing me what she could do.

I shook the hopeless lesbian lust from my head. I wasn't about to break down into a horny wreck around my roommate was I? She was trying to help.

"Wait..." I realized she had asked me something. I must have seemed like such an airhead. "What?"

"I said, I'm sure it doesn't help you've been struggling so much. Look at this hair!" she ran a gentle hand through it. "It goes all the way down to your feet. This is what you get for trying to cut it earlier. I can even it out for you, if you like."

"So, what?" I gritted my teeth at that. "I'm just supposed to sit here and suffer? Have you style my hair while we watch this girly crap? I'm supposed to just give up my manhood?"

"Yes." She put a reassuring hand on my shoulder. "And that's okay, sweetheart. You have to come to terms with who you are, even if it's just temporary. You don't have *any* manhood right now. You are literally not a man. The Girl Flu changes your whole gender. If you fight you're just going to make yourself dysphoric and the physical symptoms are going to be worse."

"But... I..." I didn't know what to say. I was sure that if I could think straight I could come up with some brilliant argument I could make that would make it not true. I felt so dumb.

She took up her brush and began working the tangles from my stupidly long wavy hair, starting from the ends and working her way up. There was an awed look in her eyes as she worked on my golden tresses. By the time she'd worked her way up to my crown, I could feel the softness of her fierce bristles massaging my scalp. I relaxed and leaned into it, turning into putty in her hands. Each stroke was like heaven.

I tried not to focus on the movie, to ignore the fingers gently probing my scalp as she started to braid my hair.

After all that torment, being there with her was so blissfully calm. I wanted to rebuff her, to resist, to fight, but nothing came. I was blank. Empty. Peaceful. The fog of my tired bimbo-sick brain was blocking out any thoughts I might have.

“See?” she whispered. “Doesn’t that feel right? Doesn’t that feel good? I’m going to put a bow in your hair, okay?”

I couldn’t resist at this point even if I wanted to.

“There we go. See? Aren’t you just the prettiest girl.”

I flushed at the compliment.

Me? A girl? What a ridiculous notion.

I fell asleep in her warm lap shortly after, drifting blissfully away.

To Be Continued.