

Cougar World

IQ ~175 ← IQ ~55



By Mr. Potestas

Journeys into Passion
Cougar World

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eBook Edition

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This adult short story is a work of fiction. It is meant for those eighteen and older. There is sexual and taboo content, some of which may not even be possible. All characters are eighteen or older. Though there are inspirations from other fictional sources, any similarity to real people, live or no, is merely coincidental.

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Forward

After Kylie was transformed by the virus that encircled the globe, she finds herself in a still changing society. It was estimated that at least 85% of women aged 17 to 35 were now forever changed, with most of which cum-hungry bimbos. Yet, it may take years to learn the long term consequences of a such a transformative virus ...

Enjoy!

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Cougar World

NSN Your National Sterling News

PRS: One Year Later (September 1, 2025)

John G. Jackson, Senior Medical Correspondent

Progressive Retroviral Syndrome began to spread in the fall of 2023 in Canada, according to recent WHO studies. "PRS" or colloquially "Bimbo Virus" was declared a pandemic April 1, 2024. The contagion appears to have run its course over the past year. People below the age of 17 represent the most cases now, while they are presently all asymptomatic. Like the prior, far more deadly pandemic, it is now known that PRS may spread in some asymptomatic cases. This was a result of the late 2024 Beta variant becoming the most common.

The CDC and WHO suggest PRS will continue to exist in some form thanks to the Beta variant, but it is unknown if there will be any future variants that have the same dramatic societal effect. There continues to be no vaccine for this virus, due to no deaths ever being recorded, while all monitored women post-infection have yet to report any illness. Also, PRS has yet to mutate into a deadly or dangerous form, in spite of some predictive models from early 2024. It was recently described as the most stable pandemic contagion in history by US Health Secretary, Dr. Larry Oberon.

In the same press conference, Secretary Oberon stated that PRS is now known to have been about as contagious as the Chickenpox, while all those infected were changed to varying extents. The present national estimate of infected adult women ages 17 to 35 was 85% (including trans-women). However, the number is likely higher, due to the asymptomatic spread. Trans-women normally displayed the same but lessened affects, relating to the virus altering both genetics and hormones. Other age groups were infected at about same percentage, but did not display the most dramatic changes. Younger women, particularly those in their late teens, are presently being monitored for any symptoms or long-term ef-

fects. Adult women displayed the now well known physical and mental changes to varying extents: intelligence reduction (100%), lightened hair pigment (80%), and increase in breast, gluteus, and lip size size (100%). Skin color was largely unaffected, but skin health was usually improved. Nearly 100% displayed an increase in libido, as well as reportedly drawing significant nutrients from semen and vaginal fluids. The typical female body type is now voluptuous, blue eyes, full lips, and natural yellow-blond hair. Older groups primarily displayed physical changes that were often less dramatic without the mental decline. There was, however, still significant evidence of increased libido. Sex clubs and polyamorous relationships are now very common.

It was less understood until recent months, but the virus is now known to have infected males at about the same rate (cis and trans). Recent reports show most infected men aged 17 to 65 did have significant changes to their brain chemistry, as well as a varying increase in testosterone levels. In most cases, the changes included stronger draws to the physical changes in adult women. Younger groups are presently being studied, while older groups did not display the same degree of changes. The testosterone levels in trans-men were directly linked to the complete lack of physical and mental changes, according to the WHO. Hormonal therapy was approved by the CDC in late 2024 to prevent or treat PRS. However, the CDC reports suggest this treatment is uncommon, while more research is required for infected women who seek a gender change. Conversely, the CDC studies suggest that PRS makes gender reassignment to female significantly faster, requiring less hormone therapy.

The increase in natural testosterone levels in males (cis and trans) are being extensively studied. Sexual behaviors, risk-taking, status-seeking, and aggression did see noted increases by late 2024, but only the increase in sexual behavior was significantly sustained by the end of August this year. The prevailing theory from the CDC is that PRS, at least in the near term, partially reversed the trend of slowly declining testosterone levels in men in recent decades, and that the sustained increase in sexual behavior roughly mirrored the increase in women.

No matter how any scientist looks at it, the human race went through a massive, transformative experience over the last five years. Hand shaking is going by the wayside, and human sexuality was both enhanced and evolved. One virus failed to destroy and the other succeeded in reinvention. The consequences of both in rapid succession are yet to be fully understood.

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“Reading old news again, Jason? Want breakfast!” the robed Kylie said with a seductive frustration.

“Only a year old!” he chuckled. “Surprised you noticed, Smarty.”

Kylie smooched him hungrily, and bent down at the hip. With a big smile, she freed his ballooning cock. She hungrily licked from the balls to the tip, kissing the shaft. Keeping eye contact, she teasingly played with the dick, using her hands and mouth. She knew just how to maximize the feeding.

She sucked on the balls, before going down on the throbbing cock with her mouth and hands. Up and down she went in clear excitement. She could take the whole cock down, but this was what stimulated Jason the most. In a loud primal grunt, Jason blasted his large, morning load down Kylie’s desperate throat.

“UMMMMM!” Kylie moaned between swallows.

“Wow ...” he huffed. “You’ve been hungrier than usual for cum ...”

She shrugged with a smile.

“I have a surprise for you tonight, Kylie,” he said slyly.

“Cool! What is it?”

He chuckled. “You’ll see!”

Later that evening, Kylie was texting with her sister, Tabbie. Well, to a limited extent. Autocorrect helped as much as it didn’t. While Kylie could function to a small extent, Tabbie’s mind was barely even there sometimes.

“2in mob ass!” Tabbie wrote.

“Yummy ass DP!” Kylie texted back. “Pics?”

“I’ll ask him!” She meant her husband, Lucas.

Before Kylie knew it, Lucas sent the pic showing both Lucas’ cock and another’s shoved deep inside. The message with it said, “Neighbor really likes your sister’s ass!”

“Cool!” Kylie texted. To tease Lucas and her sister, as she often did, she sent them a selfie. She wore her black leather bra and panties, and nothing else.

“Shit, sis!” Tabbie replied a few moments later.

He then then initiated a video call with himself fucking Tabbie. "You know just how to turn us on!"

With a horny smile, Kylie began to rub her moist pussy.

Jason walked into the room naked, half-staff. "Hey! Talkin' with my brother in-law and future wife?"

Kylie handed him the phone, chuckling. "Hey, guys. You two look hot tonight!"

"Thanks!" Lucas grunted on the other end.

"Gotta let you two go. Have a surprise for Kylie. Still on for the private orgy Tuesday?"

"Fuck yeah!" Lucas cooed

They hung up.

"Come on it guys!" Jason called.

Four naked men walked into the room, surrounding Kylie. They were all from the local swingers club they were part of.

"You seemed so hungry for cum lately, Sweetie. So, your surprise is that me and these guys will just be your buffet tonight!"

"Oh, fuck ..." she huffed, before shoving a dick down her throat. She needed no prompting.

Kylie excitedly, desperately began to stroke and suck one dick after another. Sometimes, she would have two in her hands, and one in her mouth. Other times, she would concentrate on one or two. There was clearly no differentiation in the meal preparation. Well, she did sometimes make eye contact with Jason.

She shoved two cocks into her mouth at once. She filled her mouth with balls. She drooled everywhere. A cock was normally shoved down her throat.

Eventually, she was on her hands and knees. They all took turns fucking her face almost brutally. She was practically covered with her own spit and their pre-cum.

The men then guided her onto the couch. On her back, head bent over the edge, they continued to fuck her face roughly. Kylie was in blatant, expectant ecstasy. In loud, primal grunts, each blew their massive loads down her throat. Kylie sucked them all dry, except Jason. He had just that much more, and happily glazed her face with his hot semen.

Kylie lay back, huffing and puffing through the fummy musk. The men all high-fived, and sat down, catching their breaths. She began to finger herself wildly, while rubbing her large breasts and rubbing the bottoms of her feet on the soft leather. Sure, she had sex with multiple partners, but this was still the most cum she ever consumed in a single meal.

"UHHH ... Hah ... AAAA ... Gah ..." she huffed louder and louder. She soon loudly, wetly exploded in orgasm.

"Shit!" someone said.

"Oh, wow," Kylie huffed through much more euphoria than usual ...

The guests left soon after. Kylie stayed on the couch lightly toughing herself in an almost perpetual afterglow. In fact, she felt *different* somehow. Everything was slowly becoming sharper, sharper than she perceived in a long time.

Jason sat on the end, naked, and casually yet rather erotically rubbing her feet. They both grew to love the pleasures from her feet so much since the Change.

Looking at and experiencing Jason enjoy her feet, Kylie *understood* something for the first time since the virus. Jason was completely mesmerized by her feet.

"You really like my feet ..." Kylie technically said to herself.

"Fuck yeah!" he grunted.

Kylie forgot what really thinking felt like. Her mind went from a crawl to a sprint, and felt out of control of it. She saw how lost he really was with her perfected feet. He perhaps always had a fetish for feet, but never explored that until she changed.

"Stroke yourself, Jason," Kylie said casually yet with ever so subtle force.

Without a word, he began to stroke his solid dick with one hand, while still groping her feet with the other. He began to stroke himself very fast.

"Stroke slowly, Jason. Just look at my feet."

He then just sat there, slowly stroking himself, eyes glued to her feet.

Kylie moved them ever so subtly. The movements loosely resembled a swaying pocket watch. She then moved herself to the detached couch before him. Jason did nothing by stroke and watch her feet.

She lay back, and teasingly, slowly moved her feet before him, until they rested on his hips. Her foot then teasingly wiggled before his face.

"I am everything, Jason. My feet are the best, but you are addicted to every part of me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Kylie," he said in a low monotone.

"You may take this foot, Jason, as reward for that admission."

His free hand took the foot, while he bared down the ball of it. The toes were soon hungrily being sucked in his mouth.

"Oh! That's too good, Jason," she purred with a deep satisfaction. "Stay slow, Jason"

He then stopped stroking, and began to savor the whole foot with his mouth and both hands.

"Wow, you always knew how to love a woman's foot, Jason!"

Kylie rubbed his throbbing cock with her toes. "My feet are here to be pleased, Jason."

She then brought the other foot to his face. Jason automatically began to worship that one as well. Kylie was visibly taking over his mind through her feet. She was aware of this, and it felt too good to stop.

"Oh, yes, *my* Jason. UMMMMM!" she purred. "You know how to worship this Cougar."

He just kept worshipping, consuming like there was nothing else in the world. Kylie especially loved it when he rubbed both her soles on his face at the same time. Her feet were starting to shimmer with spit.

"Oh, yeah, let my feet *fuck* you face," she loudly purred. "Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah! My foot-pussy feels so God damn good fucking your face!" She eventually moved her feet down to his solid cock. "OOOO, you been treating me so well, I think you deserve something for it." She began to stroke him, alternating between her wet toes and wet arches. They both moaned, but Kylie more so.

She played with his dick, while sucking her own massive tits. Eventually, she wrapped her fingers and toes around the cock, with a large smile, stroking. She felt her own feet and his dick at the same time, aroused by both. Maybe she was turned on by anything remotely sexual since the virus, but she was fully *aware* of all that excited her sexually now. While she watched and felt herself stroke the cock between her arches, though, she found that she loved the pleasure somehow even more than she had. Simply being more aware of everything again aroused her just that much more.

"Don't move, Jason," she said with a hungry smile.

Kylie flipped herself around, and crawled backwards onto him, giving her feet back to his mouth. He groped from her feet to her plump ass, while she writhed in dominant pleasure.

"I wanna try something, Jason," she purred. Kylie crawled forward, and began to stroke his cock with her feet from behind. "Oh, yeah! Why the fuck did we never do this before?" She looked behind her. "Do you want me to suck it?" Nodded mindlessly. "Good, I do, too."

Kylie flipped herself around, grasped the cock, and began sucking. The motions were different from before. They were more active, intelligent, and even strategic. She still loved the taste of his cock and pre-cum, but she she was now making it better for her. Eventually, she deep-throated the cock, while subtly swaying her feet behind. "UMMMMM!" she cooed. Jason huffed and moaned.

She slurped the cock, and finally said, "Now I want you to stick it in my pussy, Jason."

He mindlessly nodded, while she repositioned herself onto her back before him.

"Make out with my pussy lips first, Jason ... Of, fuck, yeah, that's it!"

She wrapped her leg behind Jason's head, while he did exactly as ordered.

"OK, put that cock in me, Jason."

He stood up, leg still over his shoulder, and shoved himself inside.

"Oh, yes. You're so good to me, Jason," she purred. "You know what to do with my feet."

Without a word, Jason took the foot that was teasingly draped over his shoulder, and began to suck the toes and rub the sole. Eventually, he took the other foot, and worshipped both at the same time.

"Fuck yeah, Jason! Oh my fuck, that's so good! Yes!"

He naturally sped up, clearly excited from it all.

"Oh, yes. Just like that, Jason. Just like that!" she encouraged.

Her feet rarely left his hands or mouth, while he thrust. When they did, she teasingly rubbed his chest.

Kylie cooed so loudly in his now hard thrusts.

"OH, FUCK, YES YES YAAAAAAH!" she came. She forced herself through the afterglow, and said, "I wanna suck my cum off!"

When she tasted and consumed her own cum off his dick for the first time, she felt as much excitement as amazement. By eating her own cum, she was literally feeding off of herself. It was beyond hot. Of course, she still needed to feed on him like always.

Keeping at least the tip in her mouth — Jason automatically moving with her, she shifted around to lean onto the back of the couch. Her body was as much in a straight line as a was possible. She less than subtly presented her feet, while pulling his hips toward her, physically telling him to fuck her face.

Jason took a foot to suck on lovingly, while thrusting his girth down her throat. She moaned while her throat made that noise that all but sounded like a loud swallow. Eventually, she moved herself away for some air. Moments later, she had him fucking her face again, but this time more on her side. She enjoyed running her lips and tongue along his shaft, while he sucked on her toes like and addict.

"I want you in front of me, Jason."

Her eyes were largely affixed on his dick, which was quickly back in her mouth. She did most of the work this time, moving her mouth and throat along the shaft hungrily. His tasty pre-cum was practically squirting out of him. She liked to make eye contact while groping his balls, teasing him.

She then went on her hands and knees, ass toward him. "Put it back in my pussy, Jason!" she cooed. "Tease me a little first."

She squeaked loudly while he brushed his tip the length of her pussy lips, felling goosebumps travel up her body. He they put his whole length in. She moaned in ecstasy through his thrusts. With both her feet teasingly pressed against his right thigh, he thrust at a design angle of true pleasure she never knew existed.

"Fuck yeah, Jason!" she cooed. "Sooo good ... uhhhhh!"

He thrust and thrust, clearly willing to go like this until instructed otherwise. The very thought turned Kylie on. She came hard and fast again, still hungry and aroused.

She then guided him onto the couch, essentially trading positions. Almost immediately, she began to suck off the cock, snacking on her cum and his pre-cum. While she deep-throated, she would playfully swirl her tingle around.

When satisfied, she laid Jason down onto the couch, and mounted him above. His cock smoothly slid through her while she thrust. Her motions were slow and indulgent. She flipped herself around, and squatted up and down just that much more excitedly.

Moments before another orgasm, she decided to tease herself, and dismounted. She sat up on the back rest, and rubbed her foot on Jason's face. He licked and sucked automatically. She pressed her other foot on his wet dick.

"Feel pride from my feet pressing against your face and cock, because you are now *mine*, Jason. You are my mindless foot slut!" she cooed. She pressed hard against his face and cock. Her feet then clammed his cock, and she stroked him excitedly in an endgame. "Yes, I and your fucking Goddess!" she said through clenched teeth. "I want you to cum all over my pretty feet. I need you to feed your perfect Goddess!"

Jason the grunted almost painfully. His cum squirted audibly, splattering all over her feet. With a massive, drooling smile, Kylie orgasmically ate every last drop of the thick, musky cum off her feet ...

Kylie sat on the adjacent couch in deep thought. It felt good to be capable of such a thing again. It was more, though. She suspected that she was somehow *more* intelligent that she was before. Yet, she was still just as much a sexual being as she was the day before, with the difference of *understanding* all that came with. Kylie now began to understand that she was just as different from her bimbo-self as her old-self. She was now a highly intelligent, dominant, cum-hungry Cougar. She looked over to the passed out Jason with a smile ...

Kylie looked at her naked baby in the mirror. This was perhaps the first time she looked at her changed body with any deep thought. The virus really did remake her body more than her mind. healthy figure, massive breasts, full ass, bright blue eyes, very blonde hair. The skin on her face had an almost unreal tightness, with naturally pink and puffy lips. The contrast with her old self was striking: brown eyes, darker hair, healthy yet small breasts, banana physique. She was oddly reminded of those pornstars with significant test expensive work done on their bodies.

She barely recognized herself anymore. Yet, she *liked* this new body. It was like looking at what she always wanted herself to be, but never knew. She felt healthier than she ever did before.

"I am perfection now," Kylie said to herself, not know when she started to pleasure herself to her own reflection. She squatted slightly, groping her massive orbs, fingering her G-spot. "Oh, gah, go fuck!" she cooed, groping the length of her body. "OH, FUCK, MEEEEEE!" she wetly came in orgasm.

Kylie lay back to be absorbed by the afterglow. Everything was so clear now, clearer than even when she practically turned Jason into a foot-stool. She was so much more

intelligent now that she was slowly getting used to the extreme levels of mental processing.

She could not have been the only one that awoke.

It was clear that little research was done on long term effects by government-based health organizations, she saw after hacking back into her old research account. There was also little research on the origins of the virus, but Toronto, Canada, was still considered the start. She smirked at the Beta variant's asymptomatic spread, remembering how she wondered how mutations would act differently. She never really expected a deadly mutation at the time, though. Statistics were made about the changes at least. There was indeed a correlation between starting mental and physical states, the latter albeit a bit loose. There was still a lack of understanding on why the Bimbos derived so much nutrients from ejaculate. There was significant evidence that the immense systems became so strong in most that none seemed capable of illness. It did fascinate her how the brain yielded changes that resembled Alzheimer's, especially in the context of herself. She wondered if it was her super-charged immune system that finally caught up with negative changes to the brain.

She looked further into the records, greatly enjoying how quickly she could move through them now. Statistics on men were interesting. It was clearly mental changes that allowed them to go so gaga for the Bimbo form. Testosterone, which prevented full infection, was definitely increased, but most recent studies suggested that might be temporary.

"Need anything, Goddess?" Jason asked with a casual quietness at the home office door.

"Oh, just fill a glass with your cum for me, and go on with whatever you planned for the rest of the day without me."

"Of course, Goddess."

She smirked at how he naturally started calling her that, while wondering if he should be punished for doing that without her direction. At the same time, Kylie felt uncertain about this path with him, out of the fact that this was very different from before. That did not really matter at the moment. There were some intriguing files on the affect on children and teens.

Loud grunting was audible in another room. Jason walked in a few moments later with a fresh glass of his cum.

"Thank you, Jason."

"Of course, Goddess," he said happily, motioning to leave.

"Oh, Jason?"

He pivoted back. "Yes, Goddess?"

"Only call me Goddess at home for now, Jason. Otherwise, *Kylie* will do."

"Yes, Goddess."

She motioned for him to leave with her hand. He did so.

Kylie happy sipped at the fresh, warm jizz. Within the last three years, it was becoming clear that females in their teens (cis and trans) were starting to develop the Bimbo physicality as part of their development. In the case of ones infected in their late teens, regular infection was the clear cause of mental and physical changes. However, most entering puberty now only showed antibodies to the virus. And conspicuously, the reports showed that up to 90% of *those* young females had no clear mental decline, with greater than expected sexual activity. In fact, there was some suggestion of a conspicuous *increase* in intelligence. Unsurprisingly, all these female teens basically stopped becoming sick. These reports were presently being peer reviewed, and not yet public.

Current reports on women who were and are infected over thirty-five were unremarkable to Kylie. They also continue to experience the physical changes, with little to no mental changes, other than increased libido. All that Changed, of course, gained a taste for ejaculate.

On that taste for ejaculate, there did not seem to be evidence to suggest that the Bimbos did more than derive more nutrients than prior. That seed eventually did wake her up, but was herself not sure if that was more a means of kicking up adrenaline. At the very least, she did not think she became some kind of Succubus that required ejaculate to live and retain intelligence!

Kylie gulped down more of Jason's seed.

Specifically for trans-females, the FDA was actually close to *approving* recommendations for letting them become infected with the virus as part of the transition. At the same time, teens with antibodies had very fast physical transitions, with only surgeries relating to the sex organs necessary. These reports were only made public within the last month after the peer review.

She drank the rest of her glass, using her finger to scoop up the rest.

Kylie moved onto the far less reliable internet. Definitely should all be considered anecdotal, but there were some very interesting articles from mainstream news organizations. "This woman can think normally again!" was becoming a very familiar headline. There were significant commonalities amongst the stories not having to do with some fake medicine. Even though most did not gain the genius-level intellect that Kylie found herself with, there did seem to be a degree of increase. It seemed likely to Kylie that the regaining and increase loosely was based on their level as Bimbos, like how the decrease loosely was based on their levels prior to infections. Kylie did indeed retain some small degree of reasoning as a Bimbo from being very smart prior, but simply chose to not use that most of the time. She wondered how many women were hiding the fact that they regained intelligence.

She decided to call her sister. It went to voicemail, as it often did. Tabbie had not been able to answer the phone without help. And like "normal" she texted back, more or less.

“what’s up sis?” her sister texted. Kylie assumed that looked coherent due to auto-correct.

“Nothin hit the wrong thing ...”

“K”

“Feeling good?”

“Yeah Fuck by 3 guys cums so good”

Kylie sighed. Certainly seemed like Tabbie was not back mentally. “Send pics next time!”

“K”

“She is younger than me ...” Kylie muttered.

Kylie then decided to call her neighbor and friend, Lana, who was thirteen months *older* than Kylie.

“Hey, Kylie!”

Kylie smirked. She sounded bubbly, but *did* answer her phone (an otherwise unlikely thing). “I thought I should call!”

“Really?” Lana said with a destiny pondering. “How do you feel, Kylie?”

Kylie’s heart raced. Was Lana no longer Bimbo either?

“Kylie?”

“I feel more awake than I’ve been in years.”

There was a pause. “Come on over, Kylie ... Ryan’s on a business trip, and we won’t need to worry about my nephew ...”

The virus applied its expected affects on the once wanna shaped model. She was notably voluptuous now, with 36D breasts (from 34B), blonde hair (from a light brown), and blue-green eyes (from a deep green). She plopped down a pot of fresh coffee before them. She originally assumed that the changes would enliven her career. Like with a lot of changed women, though, she really just became a bare conscious sex toy.

“So ... What woke you up?” she asked. She wore flowery red dress that showed off her fishnet encased legs and cleavage.

“Well ...” Kylie began with an odd awkwardness, sipping some coffee. “I guess I was getting hungrier for ejaculate over the last month, Lana. Maybe I was a little *more* aware of things, too, but not by much. Jason noticed. Both things really, but care more about the cum swallowing side of it. He called in four men from our club. I ate *a lot* of cum. Not a record, I don’t think. I mean, I think you attended the gathering that led to drinking literal gallons a year ago! This time was different, though. I was *hungrier*, more desperate somehow ... I drank every drop of semen, had a wild orgasm, and everything came back ... and more ...”

“More?”

“I’m more intelligent now. I’m more dominant, too. I basically enslaved Jason with my feet, and loved it!”

“Wow ... that does sound familiar, Kylie!” she amazed. “Six months ago, I was also hungrier, and maybe a little more aware. My nephew, Ronny, Ryan’s side of the family, was staying with us for his university’s winter break.” She motioned to the muscular man in trunks cleaning the pool. “He’s in a frat, Alpha Lamda Omega. Well, it was Ryan’s idea that we host one of their *famous* parties before he went back to school. I and other women were happily fucked so many times I’ve never been able to count. I probably did eat the most ejaculate I ever had, from both men and women. It all caught up to me after 2AM with a wild, mind *rebuilding* orgasm. I cannot say that I’m some super-genius now — wasn’t really that smart to start, but my mind is definitely clearer than it was before. I am definitely a lot more dominant than I ever was, too. My boobs pretty easily ensnared Ryan, while my ass ensured Ronny. Didn’t even realize I was doing it at first, but feel really good about it! Weird, right?”

“I guess so ...”

“Still love ejaculate,” she said. It was as much a statement as a question.

Kylie nodded. “I guess I’m glad we didn’t become like some kind of human-eating succubi!”

“Speak for yourself!” Lana laughed. “You know, I’ve been at a loss at what to do since my mind came back. Been faking that I was still a Bimbo outside the house. You’re the first woman I know that also awoke.”

“There must be more of us. It looks like the change occurs after thirty-five. The timing is probably a little different for every one.”

“You want to start a Cougar sex club?” she laughed and sipped with genuine seductiveness.

“Actually, yes,” Kylie confirmed with her now seductiveness. She adjusted herself to be practically on top of Lana. “But first ...”

“Yes?”

“Lets make each other some lunch!”

They quickly stripped down to their underwear, and hungrily made out. Groping and enjoying, Kylie realized how different this felt. Sure, she was mind-numbingly horny, but her mind was very much active. They were almost competing for sensuality, entangling their remarkably tight and healthy bodies.

Kylie then groped the length of Lana’s stockinged leg, and removed the heel. The bottom brushing against her face, she licked from heel to toes.

“Fuck, yeah!” Lana purred. “Our bodies *deserve* to be worshipped!”

Kylie sucked off the foot, the stockings becoming damp, before turning the other foot to mush. She then nibbled at the stockings at the ankle as a tease.

They resumed their competitive body worshiping, removing their bras and panties. A considerable amount of time was spent at their implausibly natural, massive breasts. Eventually, with Lana on top, they were fingering and making out with their

wet, delicious pussies at the same time. They soon squirt excitedly down their throats, feeding one another.

Ronny suddenly walked into the room. The two women sat up, looked at each other with a hungry smile, and beckoned him. Kylie was amazed at how she saw him as only food and pleasure. In a way, that's how she saw anyone after she became a Bimbo. The difference as a Cougar was how she was willing to practically throw him in a food pantry until desired.

The young man sat between the hungry, dominant Cougars, pushed down his pants.

Eyes affixed on the large, solid member, Lana huffed, "Never knew I'd love living in a porno fantasy so much!"

"I know how you feel!" Kylie cooed happily toward the cock.

Kylie took the cock down her throat first, enjoying the already present pre-cum. Lana made out with Ronny above, groping his chest. Ronny was automatically groping Lana's healthy tits.

Lana then lightly pet Kylie's back and hair. Kylie took that as a sign Lana wanted a turn down below. They happily smooched and slithered their tongues together, before Kylie gave the cock to her, but not before giving the balls a good groping. Lana took the dick down her throat like it was always meant to be down there.

Eventually, the Cougars took turns with the cock and balls. It was more than a bit competitive. They did often lick and suck the shaft at the same time, though, and even happily made out with their hands squeezing his cock and balls at the same time.

"Mind if I put it in my cunt first, Kylie?" she growled.

"He's your nephew, Lana!"

Lana quickly mounted him, and humped. As a tease, Kylie put shoved panties in Lana's mouth, and they playfully fought over them with their teeth and large lips.

Kylie eventually repositioned so Lana could have some pussy to munch on while being fucked by the massive cock.

Eventually, Lana let Kylie have a turn. Kylie soon squatted herself down onto the healthy member, while Lana sat on Ronny's face. The Cougar's happy groped each other's huge tits.

"I want his cum, Lana! I want is cum!" Kylie cried joyously.

They were soon both sitting on the couch almost casually. The cock and balls were sucked and groped by all three. Lana politely positioned the cock toward Kylie, whose mouth was automatically opened to receive the meal. Ronny, through loud grunts, spewed with thick seed into Kylie's mouth. For the first time, she resisted swallowing the delicious juice. Lana licked up the escaping seed on Kylie's cheek. They then made out, sharing their food ...

Over the next year, there was less and less reason for Kylie to hide her reborn self. An increasing number of women awoke, including her sister two months ago. There were some interesting but unconfirmed commonalities, the least of which was some intelligence increase from before infection. There was often an almost supernatural ease in mesmerizing men, and many women mesmerized one within the first day of regaining their minds.

The most interesting commonality was an apparent control over ovulation post-Bimbo. Kylie discovered this herself by accident ninety days after awakening, and definitely "late." After a negative on the pregnancy test, she wondered if her cycle was changed somehow, and about the possibility of having children. And when she saw Jason not long after, she thought about him filling her fertile womb. All Jason wanted to do was pump her full of his seed, and talk about having children. She kept rejecting the possibility, and he always obeyed with a frown. She had her Period by the end of that week. Her whole cycle seemed to play out in lightning speed. She repeated that two more times to confirm her suspicion, and what fascinated her was how her mentality only changed *slightly*, never losing control over her overarching needs. Still, she really did enjoy just how much more she was able to feed on Jason.

Regardless, Kylie eventually just stopped hiding, as so many more Bimbos became Cougar. She succeeded in regaining her old research post that she that she just resumed ...

Kylie casual sat in her old boss' office. Well, strictly speaking, he never did much leading day to day, as Kylie was the de-facto manager. Jackson gained a few more gray spots, but he was still the deep brown haired man she remembered.

"Don't tell HR, but you do look amazing now, Kylie!" he said with an awkward laugh, eyes constantly floating back to Kylie's breasts.

"Thanks," she said casually. "Happy with the changed, too."

"Well, umm ... this is just a formality. Between you and me, the research lost a lot when you and the other women left. We didn't even replace you ..."

While they casually chatted about where the work was now, more or less, Kylie found herself *liking* how the man kept staring at her breasts uncontrollably. It was not just that it turned her on; it was the fact that it became clear how she could *take* this man, who lacked that enthralled look.

There was a big conflict in her over the last year. It felt so good to take control of her husband so easily. The sensual foot worship alone made her wet. The problem was that she was not sure if it was right to so easily control men. While there were no scholarly reports on the matter, every Bimbo that became a Cougar that she met controlled men without much effort. Her sister embraced this power almost the moment she awoke, and built a reverse harem for her food and pleasure. Apparently, Tabbie was only eating ejaculate now.

"Maybe I you just casually take your office!" she joked.

"If you're gonna be running things! The temperature control is unreliable these days, but it's OK go topless here. No dress codes!"

Kylie smiled, but her mind moved quickly. She actually forgot how the man bugged her sometimes. He was never "hands on," but he would casually say suggestive things at well timed moments as a supposed joke. And now, he was looking at her like the fuck-toy she used to be. She hated it. Yet, she loved how her husband looked at her now. Kylie was not the same woman she was before the virus, and she finally understood what that meant. She no longer wanted to be like her old, somewhat passive self. Her new nature was anything but. The man before her, all the men before her were prey. She was hungry for what he could provide. What happened next was her choice.

"Well, Jackson, I did notice how they enthrall you!" She pulled off her black top, revealing her massive, hypnotic orbs. Leaning onto the desk, she said deeply, "Tell me, Jackson, what do you think?"

"I ... jus ... uh ..." he mumbled, eyes affixed on the object of his desire.

Kylie slowly crawled up onto the table. "I guess you were just joking around."

"Uh, yeah, just, just a joke," he muttered. "Just a ... *whumph ... hummm!*"

Like the man was a rag doll, Kylie pulled Jackson's head between her enthralling orbs. "Just Jackson joking!" she teased, super turned on from taking control.

"*Errmm ... hummm!*"

"Sorry what?" She released him.

He looked up. "Just, uh, just a jo ..."

She pulled him back in for a few more moments, before loosening her grip. With the freedom of motion, he began to worship her breasts. He desperately groped and suckled like they were the only thing in the world. She had him kiss her as a test of obedience, which he passed, before resuming the intoxicating worship.

"Oh, fuck, yeah!" Kylie cooed at it all.

She then sat on the edge of the desk, and guided the enthralled man don between her black, hose encased crotch and legs. He just knew what to do, like a good enthralled man.

With her slight aid, he ripped open the nylon over her moist pussy. He made out with her pussy almost as desperately as he did her tingling breasts. She leaned back and cursed and cooed in the pleasure of it.

"Yes, YES! That's it my Jackson! Pleasure your queen."

She guided him to his feet, and made out with him while opening his pants. His dick practically exploded into freedom.

"Wow, bigger than I expected!" Kylie said with a hungry smile.

"Thank you, my Queen."

She quickly went to all fours, and began to suck and stroke the cock. Her lips and tongue would often slurp and kiss the shaft. It was all to generate some pre-cum, her literal appetizer. His was more than tasty!

Eventually, Kylie flipped herself onto her back. "Give me those balls!"

He leaned over, and she took the balls into her mouth. She sucked and slurped, while he stroked himself.

She then nudged him to fuck her face, and he did so. He thrust the slick cock down her throat, while he groped her breasts. He was too sucking her breasts, thrusting into her, while groping her wet pussy.

Eventually, they repositioned, when she wanted the cock inside her pussy. He thrust up her vaginal canal while groping her breasts almost obediently.

"Oh, OH, *fuck!* Right there, so good!" Kylie moaned in pleasure.

"Tha ... Thank you, m'Queen!"

Her hose-encased leg resting on his shoulder, Jackson's thrust were relentless, almost desperate.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD!" she growled.

Their eyes locked. Well, more like she locked his eyes on hers. Jackson was completely there for her pleasure and sustenance now. Her sister was so right, she now understood. Men really were there for *them* now.

Now half on the desk and hold on the floor, she ground in the cock of her seated man. She was in a state of perpetual orgasm.

The orgasm eventually faded into ecstasy. She was ready for him to feed her. Stroking his dick wildly, she lay on the desk, mouth open wide for the meal. He thrust his cock down her throat, and blew his thick, massive load. Kylie swallowed the hearty meal joyously. She eventually lay back in an orgasmic state, feeling her puffy lips with her cum-glazed tongue.

"We're gonna have to put a clause in the new contract for you us to share lunch breaks, Jackson!"

"Of course, my Queen," he said obediently.

"That was a joke!" she laughed. "Call me Kylie when you're not pleasuring and feeding me, Jackson."

"Of course, Kylie ..."

Kylie casually lay on the couch, kicked off her shoes, and thought about how right she felt. Looking back to herself from a few years ago, sexually enslaving one's boss was not exactly a normal thing to do! Yet, she enjoyed it as much as she enjoyed doing the same to her husband.

"How'd it go, my Queen?" Jason asked obediently.

"Great, Jason!" she said happily. "Got the old job back, and the old boss is providing free lunch!"

"That sounds amazing, My Queen!" he said with a genuine smile. "Are you hungry?"

Kylie looked him over. He was so obedient now. She never thought that she would come to like such dominance. Yet, it felt good and right. This was obviously a result of the virus altering her at the genetic level. She sighed with the sense of calm toward it all. Everyone changes throughout their lives. The changes are never completely predictable. What the virus did to her and most women might as well have been a part of that continuous evolution of self.

"Feed your Cougar Queen, my Jason ..."

Ten Years Later

"Hey, Kylie! You're missing your interview!" Kimberly stated.

"Jeez, Kimmy, can't a Cougar spend a couple moments drying her hair!" she said lightly, slipping on her robe and slippers. "We rehashed a lot of what everyone already knew early on anyway."

Kylie walked past her children's rooms with a satisfied smile. She and Kimberly had three children now (Jessica, Tabitha, and James), the last of which, James, born four years ago. They were spending the weekend with their aunt Tabitha and her two kids.

Two tall glasses of mass-produced ejaculate sat on the coffee table before Kimberly, who lovingly smiled in greeting. They both narcissistically admitted not long ago of the job of how they and other Cougar woman outwardly were not aging much at all.

Kylie sat and they smooched with their pillowy lips ...

"... And that's when you became the Director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Disease?" the raven-haired reporter asked. Natural dark hair was rare now in adult women, but the reporter had the otherwise common "Cougar" traits, such as deep blue eyes and massive breasts.

"Yes, it was never my ambition, Jennifer, but was a natural progression."

"You did confirm a conspiracy theory, at least partly, Doctor."

"Well, I guess!" she said awkwardly. "A little complicated. It regardless **was** a naturally emerging zoonotic virus that likely originated from local bird populations, but most variants having little outward effect on those species. Now, as most already know, the first humans infected worked in that lab in Toronto, Canada, or were close contacts. They studied PRS or 'Bimbo Virus' for at least a year, before an accidental infection of at least one of their female techs. Reports from the Canadian government state that they were studying the potential health benefits of the new retrovirus. That said, about half of those infected in the first months were traced back to direct contact with birds, wholly separate from the lab. Of course, the virus has changed over the past ten years."

"Were you the first to report the variant potentially dangerous to men?"

"I was part of the team that confirmed Gamma's existence three years ago, likely thanks to asymptomatic spread of the Beta Variant. It was the first time there was any serious talk about treatments and vaccines. Same effects on women, yes, but the men had dangerous cognitive and testosterone decline. I do not disagree the sexism in how there was an embracing of the initial effects on women, but Gamma was fatal to a significant portion of the male population."

"You were on the team that oversaw treatment options?"

"More a consultant," Kylie shrugged. "I was ... **surprised** that the solution of men becoming trans-women became the solution."

"No vaccine has ever been created for PRS, though."

"And that continues to surprise me to a small extent, Jennifer. PRS does not mutate as easily as many viruses, suggesting a vaccine would not be that difficult to achieve. Still, vaccine research, development, and distribution is always expensive and time consuming. Even today, there can still be hesitancy toward taking vaccines ... I guess the men becoming women themselves was the best solution in the long run. It is now understood that nearly all women now eventually become like us through both the inherited altered genetics or still existing virus. Most of the adult population over 35 are indeed Cougars!" she smiled largely with the reporter. "I must admit, no matter how much I enjoyed being so dominant, having my own subservient husband become my equal wife proved a wonderful thing ..."

Kylie and Kimberly lovingly smooched again.

"That was sweet of you to say Kylie," she stated.

"Kimberly" was actually her husband's middle name before the transition. Kimberly's parents always said it could be for either gender. Regardless, she did not look *that* different from her time as a man. Her dark brown hair lightened only slightly, while her eyes were still turquoise. Perhaps the only notable difference, besides now having a very pink vagina, were healthy and natural 34C breasts. Indeed, her overall appearance was very common amongst trans-women now.

They sipped their meals, and lovingly rubbed their feet until they were fast asleep ...

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