

— Journeys into Passion —

# **Bimbo Virus**

## *Cougar World*

By Mr. Potestas

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Disclaimer

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

Thank you for purchasing this book! This was originally published in two parts on my writing blog, *The Realms of Mr. Potestas*. Elements of this story were certainly inspired by the events of 2020/2021. Most other concepts, such as mind control, transformation, and fetishes, are otherwise common in my works. Overall, this story was meant to be somewhat light-hearted, with the first part more so.

Enjoy!

\* \* \* \*



# Part 1

## Bimbo Virus



## Bimbo Virus

### CDC Daft Press Release on the Progressive Retroviral Syndrome (PRS)

- The first known case is now known to be in Toronto, Canada
- Origins of disease presently unknown
- Total known cases 50 million, as of August 2024
- No known deaths have occurred
- Most predominantly affects women over the age of 17.
- Contagious starting around early signs of infection, and most contagious before late stages.
- Transmission of the virus:
  - Cis and trans-women primarily
  - Sexually transmitted through vaginal fluids (most common)
  - Saliva can hold enough of the virus when subject most contagious, especially in trans-woman
  - Physical contact between woman via oils of the skin and sweat
- Social distancing and isolation most effective in preventing transmission.
- Common early signs of infection in women between ages 17 to 35:
  - Confusion
  - Increased libido
  - Puffing of the lips
  - Weight loss
- Less common early signs in women 17 to 35:
  - Lightening of the hair pigment
  - Slightly increased musculature
- Late signs in women 17 to 35:
  - Increasing of breast, buttocks, and hip size
  - More rounded buttocks and breasts
  - Significant decrease in intelligence
  - Significantly increased libido
  - Change in eye color (ie blue)
- Common early signs in women 35 or older:
  - Confusion
  - Tightening of the skin, primarily face
  - Puffing of the lips

## Part 1

- Increase in hair pigment
- Increasing vigor
- Increasing libido
- Weight loss
- Common late signs in women 35 and older:
  - Slightly increased chest size
  - Firmer breasts and buttocks
  - Slightly increased buttocks size
  - Tightened skin
  - Significantly increased libido
  - Increased musculature
  - Regaining of hair pigment, or shift to a yellowish pigment
- Physical changes occur over the span of two to four weeks from the first noticed symptoms, and are genetic-based and not reversible.
- Trans and cis-males appear outwardly asymptomatic and not contagious. There is reported alterations to brain chemistry, and other internal changes, however. Increase in penis size is also reported in some cases. Present research indicates that the levels of testosterone and related hormones prevent the virus from altering the genes as significantly as in women, and why trans-women experience the same physical changes as cis-women, albeit to a somewhat lesser extent. Hormone treatments to prevent or halt the progressive changes are in late-stage trials.

Dr. Kylie Sutherland sat back after writing her report in her office, and sighed deeply. This was a strange pandemic. It killed no one, and if some news pundits were to be referenced, made no one sick. It merely *changed* those infected, particularly the woman. There were even reports of women *willingly* infecting themselves. It was very common amongst pornstars, perhaps unsurprisingly. There were also verified reports that not only are trans-women no longer needing hormonal therapy after the virus ran its course, leading to many willingly being

infected as well. The world survives one pandemic, only to start succumbing to another.

The strangest part about it all was that there was growing evidence that those infected and permanently changed by the virus were *healthier*. The first women known to be infected nearly a year ago have reported zero illnesses since, as is the case for others being tracked. All that passively hindered research into a vaccine, while a hormone treatment was only just approved by the FDA. The weirdest parts were not even in her draft press release. There were unconfirmed reports that said the women will often *exclusively* eat the ejaculate of others, while there was unconfirmed evidence that some infected could passively *enthrall* those around them.

"The Bimbo Virus!" she huffed sarcastically. The joke was that older women were more like the once mythical "Cougars" by retaining their intelligence. Kylie would probably not be so lucky, being just thirty-three!

Her phone suddenly buzzed. It was her sister, Tabitha.

"Hey, what's up?"

"Umm, could I invite myself to your place tonight?"

"Oh? OK, sure."

"Just haven't seen you in a while ..." Kylie was probably feeling lonely from her fiancé, Lucas, still being on a business trip.

"Yeah, sure happy to have you ..."

Kylie was always a little jealous of her younger sister. That secretly stemmed from how Tabitha's breasts settled on a full but not too large 34C, as opposed to Kylie's 34B. She was even taller, and subtly statuesque. Her deep green eyes were more striking than Kylie's brown ones as well. Well, Kylie beat her by getting married first!

The three were having a casual dinner. Jason, Tabitha's husband, was always very friendly Kylie. If Tabitha was the jealous type, she

would be, well, jealous. Indeed, Kylie seemed more bubbly and flirtatious than usual. Tabitha would be concerned if Kylie and Jason weren't really good friends.

Tabitha loudly giggled at Jason's lame joke, loudly enough for some spittle to hit Kylie's lip. The silently grunting woman licked her lip on reflex.

"Jeez, Tabbie! Can't believe Lucas even joked about wanting you to get the virus!" Jason laughed.

Tabitha giggled.

He looked over to Kylie, and joked, "Hey, I know my favorite sister-in-law is finally geeking married, but ... Can I flirt with her?"

"Oh, go right ahead!" Kylie called his bluff, curious about how far this joke would go.

He looked back to Tabitha with a school-boy grin. "You know, Tabbie," he said somewhat softly, "I really like your hair tonight. What did you do different?"

"Oh, thanks! Wanted my natural dark blonde, and liked it longer. So just had the hair dresser cut off the split ends and wash out the dye. Looking good yourself. Getting that walking in, Jason?"

"Yeah, doin' five miles every morning now ... How's life waiting for Jason to come home?"

"Hey, I was born single!" she giggled.

"So you know all the secrets of being a bachelorette?"

"Yup!" she giggled silly. "What was single life like for you, Jason?"

"Practically was a native of Singlesville until I met your sister. She pretended I was funny!"

She giggled. "How long were you single before meeting her?" Already knew the answer, but blatantly having fun.

"Oh, fuck! Had the girlfriends, sure, but all told, maybe five years between college and Kylie ... What do you do when staying in Singlesville?"

"I'm a surveyor! Like to view the the busses that can get me out safely." She less the subtly looked up and down Jason.

"Cool!" he quietly laughed with a pleasant smile, looking Tabitha over. "Do you look forward to jumping onto Jason's bus, or do you still glance at the others?"

"I donno ... Jason's OK bus will be arriving soon, but maybe it is fun to still look at the others."

"Really?"

"Yeah, why not?" she shrugged.

"Well, why are you waiting for a particular bus, Tabbie? Why not wait for a bus that's *amazing*?"

Loud giggles. "There aren't any other places I considered recently!"

"There's got to be an amazing place out there somewhere."

"Like where?" she asked quietly, leaning closer to him.

"Like ... I donno. If you could find a different bus that could take you anywhere in the world and be happier, would you go *there* instead?"

She leaned in slightly closer, and said quietly, "... Maybe there is another bus I would like to hop onto ... Do you know the *right* one?"

"*Maybe* ... my door isn't locked yet and is ready to open for another ..."

The moment it looked like they were about to kiss, she turned her head to the utterly shocked Kylie. Tabitha giggled like a dumb school girl, and sat back.

"Holy shit ..." Kylie huffed. Not angry, but just amazed.

"Damn, sis! If he wasn't attached to you, I'd just take him home right now."

Kylie felt her sister's bare toes teasingly kick her bare shin.

Jason had an off look on his face.

## Part 1

“Were you really gonna kiss Tabbie, Jason?” Kylie asked in amazement.

“Well, umm, Tabitha’s a beautiful woman like you. We trust each other a lot, I guess. It did get a little too *real*, sorry.”

“Well, thanks, Jason!” she joking said, while lightly punching his upper arm.

There was a brief silence followed by Kylie laughing. They all laughed and giggled ...

That night Kylie and Jason were having sex. She was on top and thrusting on her knees. She found herself thinking about her husband and her sister apparently almost kissing earlier. What amazed her was how that thought did not slow her down. It was strange at first, but in her state of arousal, she rationalized that her sister would be the only one she would trust her husband to fuck, besides herself. She actually came fairly hard, squeezing Jason’s cock inside her until it came a second later.

A while later, the two were spooning. Just before Jason drifted off, Kylie quietly asked, “Would you have kissed her?”

“What?” he asked subtly confused.

“Would you have kissed Tabbie?”

“I ... *Err* ... No, we were just screwing around ...” he answered quietly. “We’re just great friends ...”

Kylie was not really convinced, but decided not to push further. “Good night, Jason ...”

“Goo’nigh ...” he mumble, almost half asleep ...

Kylie found herself dreaming. She often had vivid dreams. They were back having dinner with Tabitha. The main difference was that Tabitha and Kylie were sitting next to each other, while Jason exact opposite Tabitha. Their conversation was casual and light. They were

talking about pizza and cheese, more or less. Dream conversations never really were coherent.

The lucidness of the dream allowed Kylie to know things and not at the same time. She knew what she was unaware of. Tabitha's bare foot began to tease Jason's inner thighs secretly under the table. He did a good job pretending nothing was happening, but his silly smile did grow.

Jason and Tabitha were now having a fake argument over what went best with cheese. They laughed, well, Tabitha giggled stupidly. She said she *preferred* sausage with her cheese. Jason "fervently" rejected the notion. The oblivious Kylie butted in and said both were terrible! "Ignore her!" Tabitha and Jason said in near tandem, causing a laugh and really dumb giggle.

Tabitha was now teasing Jason with both her bare feet. She rather stupidly exclaimed that sausage was "good" and "gripable." She was practically petting Jason's legs and his crotch with her feet, while she went on a nonsensical rant about how sausages were the best thing ever.

Jason, under the guise of adjusting himself on the chair, pushed his pants and underwear down. He guided her feet to his solid member, and began to agree with her about how sausage was "good."

Any semblance of tease was gone. Tabitha was now stoking his cock intermittently with her toes and soles.

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed. "You are really convincing me."

The oblivious Kylie just sat there laughing at the absurd argument.

Up and down Tabitha stroked. Jason did not really speak anymore. He mostly just had a goodly smile that Tabitha teased him about.

Tabitha stood up, and moved to the chair next to Jason. She now stoked his cock with her hand, while saying she always "grabbed" the sausages off the shelves. Then she brought up a foot to his thigh, and he automatically began to rub it.

## Part 1

Their fake argument had somehow shifted to walking. Jason said he did not like them at all, while Tabitha said they were always worth it if there was a foot rub after. Under the table, Tabitha stroked his dick with her sole and hand at the same time. After a while, Tabitha sat back next to the oblivious Kylie. Tabitha quickly finished finished Jason off between her soles.

In a big grunting sigh from the spewing, Jason yielded that Tabitha is always right.

“Yup!” Tabitha exclaimed with a giggle, and placed her cum-covered feet on the table. Her toenails were almost glowing in their pinkness. “Like how I’m right about cum tasting best on feet!”

They all giggled stupidly.

“Well, since Tabitha’s always right!” Kylie exclaimed.

Kylie took her sister’s foot, and happily licked the the thick, creamy, delicious cum off. Tabitha happily lapped the tasty cum off her other foot ...

By lunch, Kylie actually forgot about the dream. She normally took little stock in such things. Indeed, she let herself forget how her husband and sister flirted with apparent success.

Kylie phone buzzed with a next right before she started heading out for lunch. It was her sister asking to meet for lunch. This was somewhat unusual, considering they just shared dinner. Still, Kylie just assumed her sister was a bit lonely

“So, what’s up, Tabbie?”

They sat across from each other in a booth. The diner was almost empty.

“Well,” she started with a sigh Kylie could feel on her face. “I’ve been feeling off lately, Kylie ...”

“What do you mean?”

"Today especially, err, getting kind confused, distracted ..."

"Oh, shit ..." Kylie said quietly, remembering the giggling last night. "Have you been in contact with anyone infected?"

"I ... Not sure ... I think I have ... About a week ago, went to the store for some new bras. I mean ..." she giggled almost lightly. "I know its safer to buy online, but you know how those smaller bras are getting hard to get! Um, like, I went into the dressing room. I pulled open one of the doors, and there was this woman with yellow blonde hair ..."

"Were her lips and breasts larger?" That was not necessarily a diagnostic indicator, but close enough in the moment.

"Well, yeah ... The woman giggled kinda stupidly and said she's been really forgetful. I asked her 'about locking doors' and she just giggled and closed the door. I did feel her breath on me, and she touch my neck when walking past me. *Err*, now I'm starting' to get confused a lot and giggling a lot. Just this morning I noticed my boobs felt a little tight in the bra."

Kylie sat back. "You know you're contagious when you start showing symptoms!"

"I know." Giggle. "Didn't think I was infected until this morning. Was gigglin' a lot last night, too, and we definitely touched"

Kylie administered some quick cognitive tests. Tabitha did not fail them all, but was having a lot of trouble. Not to mention how distracted she was, particularly by the male waiter. She was actually coming on to him. Tabitha was never flirtatious, or not so overt about it. There was no doubt Tabitha was infected, which meant that Kylie was infected. Worse, Tabitha's responses and distraction suggested she was declining a touch faster than average.

"... *Err* ... What do we do now?"

“There’s no way to know the ultimate extent of cognitive decline, but there is evidence to suggest that higher intelligence to start means less of an overall decline ...”

“Than you’ll be fine, sis!” she giggled, and playfully nudged her sisters bare shin with bare toes.

Tabitha was probably right to some extent. Kylie’s intelligence was at least quantifiably higher than average.

Kylie then realized Tabitha was feeling up her legs with that bare foot.

“Tabbie?”

“Sorry, sis! Your legs are just *soooo* soft. Love how they feel!” She then sat back looking incredibly confused. She felt her lips, which looked ever so slightly puffy. “I really am changing, Kylie ...”

“It’s OK. It was probably only a matter of time. If you find yourself unable to work anymore before Lucas gets back, you can stay with us. I can’t fucking get any more infected. Jason’s probably not gonna loose his intelligence any time soon, such as it is.”

“You probably will ...”

“Yeah, but you know there’s more than enough time to prepare before then.”

\* \* \* \*

Just three days later, Tabitha’s condition began to progress noticeably. One could just make out some physical changes already like slightly puffy lips and fuller breasts. Even her hair seemed slightly lighter at the roots. That was not to mention the obvious: she just could not keep her mind focused enough at her job, which she already resigned from. There had been legislation passed six months prior that ensured government support of those infected, and Tabitha and Lucas were already working through that.

Tabitha's discomfort back in the diner was long gone, replaced by an increasingly bubbly demeanor. She was also quite flirtatious now, including with Jason. Luckily, the two were close friends prior, and controlled themselves.

Through it all, they were forgetting Kylie's own predicament. She was still functioning at work, but was already starting to notice subtle distraction. Sex technically did not delay the inevitable, but made her feel more focused. She was *letting* herself become so passive ...

Kylie already gave a week's notice once she was sure she was infected. It was hard to do, but it needed to be done. She was not the first to do so. She was actually the last woman in her department, which really was *her* department. They threw a party for her the last day.

Kylie was rather surprised about her almost stoic reaction to her sister and herself being infected with a virus that will alter their lives completely. The reality was, she finally admitted to herself, that she wanted to know what it *felt like*. All this time studying the disease, and she never knew the other side of the story. Infectious diseases were her life's work. Now, one was showing her what it did first-hand.

She came home early on the day of her official retirement. Her loss of cognition at this point suggested she would be able to function with a degree of independence, but it was already lowered to the point that much of her work just confused her now. Physically she was already showing signs of changes: slightly puffier lips, subtle increase in bust and ass (the bra and jeans felt too tight). Lightened pigment was just visible now at the roots of her otherwise natural dirty-blond hair. That was not to mention the fact that her pussy, nipples, and lips were definitely more sensitive now. The only thing that looked truly surreal was how her dark brown eyes were starting to change. They were lightening at almost random spots, with subtle hints of blue sneaking out in the right light. Regardless, sex was quickly becoming her favorite thing.

Tabitha's transformation almost ran its course now. Her cognitive decline was dramatic, and hopefully bottomed out for her sake. Complete sentences were sometimes a difficulty for her, often loosing her chain of thought. Physically, she was in great shape, very toned from head to toe. In fact, her once prominent bunions apparently shrank to nothing, leaving perfectly high arched, long-toed feet. Her ass and hips were full and prominent. Her stomach was a washboard. Her breasts had ballooned to something close to a 34DD, as her lips looked filled with to the brim with collagen. Those breasts implausibly faced forward like hearty beach balls, without a hint of sag. She grew her hair out a bit, the new growth revealing her pigment was a distinct yellow-blond now.

Of course, the reason why Kylie had such a strong understanding of her sister's changes was the fact that she caught Jason watching a video on his phone of Lucas fucking Tabitha in the bed. Jason apparently plugged his phone into the big TV. For whatever reason, Tabitha's own growing sexual needs never crossed Kylie's own mind in the growing mental obviousness.

Well, they were not completely on the bed, halfway onto the bed, Lucas was taking her from behind with his bulbous cock. His grunts were overwhelmed by Tabitha's own coos and cursing. It was rough and aggressive. Jason did not fuck Kylie at that level, but they were heading in that direction.

"Fuck me, Luke! Fuck me! ERR-GUH ..."

To Kylie's amazement, she was not appalled or angry. It was actually *turning her on*. The pornstar wannabes before her were both pretty hot. The taboo of it almost doubled how hot they were together, as Kylie never saw Jason jerk himself off before.

Like he was teasing Tabitha, Lucas dismounted, and Tabitha quickly brought her mouth to the solid cock. She sucked on it with loud ex-

citement. Her large lips made that natural "O" like she was some kind of sex toy. Indeed, she looked rather passive.

Peeking through the ajar door, Kylie found herself groping her slightly enlarged breasts and fingering her moistening pussy. For all the blatant dumbness now, Tabitha was dick sucking savant. Kylie wondered if she could duplicate that.

Eventually, Lucas guided her back onto the bed, lifted her legs to the side, and thrust into her widely. Tabitha was quite the screamer, especially when he lifted her legs up and to the side.

"Suck my titties! Suck my bimbo titties!"

Lucas guided Tabitha's legs to the sides, and leaned down. He buried his face into the massive globes, making her moan almost orgasmically. He then leaned back, braced himself on the leg now over his shoulder, and thrust just that much more aggressively. Jason played with her breasts, before Tabitha specifically asked him to choke her a little.

"OH MY GAH, GONNA CUM!" she exclaimed wildly. "HAH AH HH ERRRRR GEERRRR," she came loudly, almost insanely.

Lucas then pulled out, and shoved his cock down her throat. He came loudly, Tabitha visibly swallowing large gulps of cum.

Kylie licked her lips, finding herself very hungry.

"Gonna cum, Jason?" Kylie asked hungrily before a distinct giggle.

He quickly turned and stood, looking like he got caught stealing the forbidden cookie. His erection was pulsing subtly.

"Uh ... Kylie," he huffed. "Tabbie sent me the video by accident ... See, it, she mentioned you ..."

Kylie saw he was telling the truth, but was more interested in his cock.

"Sit down, Jason. I'm hungry for dick, tee-hee."

He did so with a school-boy smile

"Wanna record this as your reply?"

"OK!" He began to record.

She smiled at the camera with the eight inch dick on her almost pillowy lips. She licked the shaft, and took much of the girth in and out of her mouth. Her new oral fixation was finally obvious to her!

The hungry woman genuinely loved the taste of the dick and precum it was already covered with. She savored the shaft, partly mimicking her sister, while trying to show she loved the act *more*. Her licks and sucks and bobs were slow, deliberate, passionate. Jason occasionally stroked her hair, quietly moaning.

"Oh, fuck, Kylie, that's awesome! I'm gonna cum so hard."

"Want it all, too hungry!" Kylie said quickly, honestly.

Kylie was able to control herself a bit to enjoy the sucking and stroking, but her hunger was overpowering. She could only increase the intensity of her motions over time.

Eventually, she was stroking and sucking wildly, dick lever leaving her mouth. Without warning, Jason grabbed the back of her head, and blew his plentiful load down her throat. She took it all in big, savoring gulps, eyes rolled back in her ecstasy ...

\* \* \* \*

A few days later, the four of them were having dinner at Lucas' house. Their conversations were remarkably yet unsurprisingly open. The sexting was, thus far, not repeated, but they all laughed about it, as well as complimented the shows.

"How big'r yah titties, sis?" Tabitha, well just "Tabbie" now, asked with a smile as bit as her lips.

"Err, something like 32D already ..." She decided to stop wearing bras for now at least. "Right, Jason?"

"Uh, yeah!" he said subtly giddy.

"What's mine, Lukie? Forgot!"

"Looks like they settled on 34DD," he answered, almost proudly patting her ample cleavage."

"Tee-hee!" Tabbie happily giggled.

It was obvious the more they talked that Tabbie's mental decline was more dramatic than average. She could only speak in short sentences, and really could not follow the conversation. From both her appearance and demeanor, Kylie figured the virus will run its course in Tabbie within a week, if that, and no longer be contagious.

It was becoming increasingly clear to Kylie that her own cognition would not decline that far, if only because of how *aware* she still was. That said, even remembering her PhD work confused her now. And OK, Kylie just lost track of the conversation. Tabbie started playing footsie with Kylie, who reciprocated. Kylie would not be outdone by her own sister!

"It actually was a difficult transition in some ways," Lucas said to Jason. "I'm not exactly spoon feeding Tabbie, but there really isn't much left of who she was, her mind at least."

The sisters loved how their soft legs felt on the wrinkly soles and vice versa. Infected women tended to loose all body hair, leaving very smooth skin.

"How do you feel about that?" Jason asked more for himself, glancing at Kylie.

He shrugged. "At first, I missed the woman that liked long pillow talks. She really can't hold a conversation anymore. The reality is she's still my favorite person. I do still love talking with her, even if there's no *real* conversation. She's still my Tabitha, just changed. Well, what really made me OK with it all is all the sex. We're fuckin' every day! Her skin is so go dammed soft now. She wants it whenever I do. Kinda passive, too ... Tabbie?"

The sisters were staring at each other with stupid, horny grins. Their feet were now groping their warm, inner thighs.

"Tabbie? Hello!"

"Uh, yeah, babe?" she finally responded, barely looking away from her sister.

Lucas just grabbed Tabbie, and made out with her aggressively, groping her massive tits. He pulled away. Tabbie's open mouth with massive lips made her look like a sex-doll.

"You liked that, Tabbie?"

"Fuck yeah!" she said.

Kylie was amazed to see how passive and mindless her sister was. Then again, Kylie was growing rather passive, too. What little was left of the scientist in her realized how the virus was probably affecting Jason and Lucas. Their libidos were roughly matching the ones of their lovers. Those men were not necessarily any more or less aggressive, though. They were just letting out what they always wanted sexually, and the more passive nature of the women allowed for it. Then Kylie wanted to try something with her sister that they might have already been leading to.

She resumed the game of footsie, but this time, Kyle was *more* aggressive in the game. Tabbie responded in kind. They were still having fun, but it was definitely sexual now. Even Kylie was not cognizant enough to care how the men were watching the game of footsie with big smiles. They even high-fived, but again, the woman were barely aware of it.

They suddenly gasped for two related reasons. Tabbie was not wearing panties under her jeans skirt, and Kylie was legitimately surprised to feel her sister's bare, smooth, moist pussy on her toes. Then again, it was a bit stupid of Kylie to be surprised. She went for this after all. Kylie then moaned loudly, feeling her sister's foot rub her jeans cover crotch. She quickly undid her pants, and pushed them down with her pink panties.

"Pussy feel fuckin' good, Tabbie!" Kylie huffed.

“Yours feels so good, too, Kylie!” Tabbie huffed quickly.

They stopped talking and merely huffed and grunted, absorbing the pleasure they were giving one another. They squirmed in their chairs once they began to shove their feet into each other’s tight but remarkably pliant snatches. Kylie already completely forgot why she took the footsie to this level, if there ever was a legitimate reason beyond the virus affecting her mind, increasing her libido in ways she may never understand now. They soon came hard and wet all over their feet.

They lay back on their chairs for a while, feet resting in front of the other’s dripping crotch.

“I ... I think we both won ...” Kylie huffed.

They soon adjusted their chairs to lick their cum off each others feet. It was totally lost on the happy, bubbly Tabbie, but what just happened hit Kylie hard. They just committed incest ... *and like it!* Kylie really wanted to think what just happened was wrong, but couldn’t. The feel of her sister’s sexy mouth all over her feet might have had something to do with it.

“I actually loved that, Tabbie!”

“Incest hot, sis!” She really did just *forget* to use “is” ...

They glanced over to their amazed lovers. Well, their eyes really drifted to the tented pants. They put their feet down, and went down to the crotches. It quickly became a competition between which sister could create her cum meal first. They sucked and stroked like the hungry, wild animals they were now. With a loud grunt from Lucas and loud gulps from Tabbie, Kylie knew she lost. But she did not wait long. Jason came not long after, Kylie hungrily swallowing every drop ...

\* \* \* \*

## Part 1

After the incestuous escapade, Tabbie seemed to stabilize over the next couple of days. Physically, her lips were now even puffier, while her breasts comfortably now filled out a 34DD. Mentally, she actually sunk slightly lower than the trajectory suggested prior. The only thing Tabbie seemed to know or understand or want anymore was sex. Lucas was calling her a "sex toy," and was not wholly joking: empty head, only wanted sex, *very* passive. She could sit on a couch, perfectly still, lips naturally parted in a distinct O, and literally look like some sex-bot in sleep-mode. Her stubbornly green eyes made her remarkably alluring next to all those physical and mental changes.

Kylie, on the other hand, seemed to be retaining much of her mind. There was still a cognitive decline, but the curve was already on track to flatten. She *knew* she was eating cum daily, and *understood* that was the virus altering her wants and desires. Physically, she was on track for perhaps *more* dramatic changes than her sister had. Her breasts appeared to already increase in cup-size over the last few days. In fact, those breasts were just about the size of her sister's *already*. Just about all the brown in her eyes was gone, certainly leading to a very light blue. Other things like bunions on her feet were long gone, leaving sexily streamlined, long toed feet. She also noticed how her light brown hair was beginning to grow out as a yellow-blonde just like her sister's...

Jason and Kylie were eating and sucking one another's crotches. The two were quickly becoming obsessed with the 69: side, Kylie on top, Kylie on bottom. She was on top right now. Up and down she went on the twitching shaft, as Jason inhaled the pussy lips.

Jason's phone buzzed with a message. They would look at after the cum.

Sometimes Kylie would like the shat in a kind of hungry reverence. That act created blobs of pre-cum that led to more excited deep-throating. She had no trouble taking in all the girth, and was still quiet-

ly amused at how she *did not know* if she gagged prior, because she never sucked dick before becoming infected.

The two moaned and cooed joyously at the mutual pleasure. They could not suck up enough of their juices. Without warning, Jason blew his load down her instantly swallowing throat. She came a few moments later in the musky ecstasy ...

\* \* \* \*

Jason picked up his phone. It was a message from Lucas. He said they would be going on an impromptu vacation starting tomorrow. A video was attached with the title "Top this!"

It was another sex-tape.

A black hair, dark skinned, very fully bodied woman (fully altered by the virus) walked into the room. A dark-skinned man with a very large dick lay on the bed the two women were crawling onto. The dark-skinned woman clearly had not mentally declined as much as Tabbie, and was, more or less, guiding the show. The camera flipped to the largely smiling Lucas, before flipping back to the three on the bed.

The women began to jerk off the man, with Tabbie occasionally kissing him. The woman was nudging Tabbie to the solid cock.

"So big! Fit in mouth?" Tabbie blurted.

She went for it without real protest, taking the tip at first. Hand at the bottom of the shaft, Tabbie was taking in almost half the foot-long in her bobs. At the same time, the woman mounted the man's mouth, which quickly began to consume the pussy.

"Wow!" Tabbie remarked

Tabbie was blatantly trying to take in more of the thick member with every bob, perhaps up to nine inches at time. She was not gagging, but she made loud, gulp-like noises when the thing was deep.

Whenever she came up for air, she slide her hand up and down the wet shaft.

The woman was then pushing Tabbie's head down to take just that much more of the shaft.

"Enjoying that?" the woman asked

"Yeah!" Tabbie answered, when she briefly came up for air.

Tabbie was perhaps taking more than ten inches into her with the woman's happy help.

"Yeah, now that's a cock sucker!" the woman teased, moaning from her own pleasure. "Liking that cock?"

"Uh-hmm ..."

"Its great, isn't it?" Lucas said off camera.

Tabbie was now taking most of the girth unaided. Sometimes she would just play with it.

The woman walked over text to Lucas, the cameraman, who was largely out of view. At the same time, the man grasped the back of Tabbie head, and began to thrust the girth in and out of her until she needed air. She really was enjoying that dick like it was her favorite thing in the world!

"She's a champ!" the woman said off frame.

Tabbie looked over with a smile when she came up for air, large blob of spit expoing her mouth. "It's so fun!"

The woman walked back over, and began to grope Tabbie's back and ass, slapping it. The man was holding Tabbie's head in place, and aggressively thrusting into her.

"So amazing, fucking m'face!" Tabbie cooed and giggle.

When he let her go to breath, she almost reverently stoked the cock. At the same time, both the man and woman played with and slapped Tabbie's big ass.

The woman nudged Tabbie to her knees, and both the man and woman played with her ample breasts, the man sucking as much in as

he could. Tabbie made out with the woman and her more ample breasts at the same time. Of course, Tabbie's hand found its way back to the dick, and she was let back down to continue sucking on it. The man began to grope Tabbie and the woman's pussy.

While Tabbie's face was being fucked, the woman went down to her feet. The woman took the foot and began to suck it off, groping the length of both legs.

Tabbie was eventually guided to all fours, the man behind. She squealed and moaned when the dick penetrated, falling to her forearms. Most of the girth actually slipped in. He moved in and out, while the woman hungrily ate out Tabbie's asshole.

"So big ..." Tabbie growled through her teeth. She looked utterly joyous with half her face buried in the blanket.

Tabbie came hard when the man clearly blew his load into her.

"So much fuckin' cum!" Tabbie cooed.

It was clear the man wasn't stopping, and Tabbie clearly did not want him to. The woman went down and hungrily slurped up several of the blobs leaking out, visibly cuming herself from the mean. Tabbie was now thrusting on her own it clear ecstasy.

"She really wants that fuckin' cock!" the woman tease, spanking Tabbie's ass.

The man finally pulled out, and the woman giggle and ordered, "Clean that cum off his cock. You deserve it!"

Tabbie happily slurped up all the musky goo she could find. Eventually, she was just sucking him off again, having her face fucked on all fours. The woman rubbed Tabbie's and her own pussy at the same time to the sight. Tabbie was often just held their again to have her face fucked.

The man and woman chasing things up, they nudged Tabbie to her back, legs up and to the sides. She moaned loudly at the monster dick's

reinsertion. Most of the girth slid in and out. Well, eventually the whole girth explored her.

“Oh m’gah ...” Tabbie cooed.

The man did not hole back after a while, and just thrust without abandon. The woman then sat on Tabbie’s face. She happily ate out the dark, wet pussy. The woman played with her own tits, absorbing the pleasure Tabbie naturally gave. Tabbie squeaked loudly through her moans, the dick *almost* too much for her. The blond bimbo was it tootle pleasure. They all came in quick succession, cum escaping Tabbie’s pussy.

Tabbie licked the remaining cum off the cock, while the woman orgasmically ate the cum leaking from Tabbie’s pussy ...

“Holy shit!” Jason said when he blew his load into Kylie’s mouth.

Kylie maybe watched only half the video, sucking off Jason through much of it. She happily swallowed the larger than usual load.

“Wow ...” he huffed. “How do we top that?”

Kylie thought for a few moments. She was happy she still could. Of course, the virus was guiding her actions until they were just *her* actions.

“I wanna *fuck* others,” she said wide-eyed.

“Really?”

“Yeah! Suck other dicks and pussies!” She giggled loudly. “Its funny to be aware of doing exactly what the virus makes you do ...”

“So, do you have anyone in mind?”

“Don’t fuckn’ care!” she said happily. “*Horny!*”

“Err ... We should be a little careful not to infect anyone. Look at you sister! She can’t think for herself at all anymore ...”

The last ounces of self-awareness left in her knew he was right. “OK, I know I’m not thinking like I used to, Jason ...” She rubbed up

against him more erotically than intended. "From this point on, I'll go by whatever *you* say."

Basically, Kylie forgot the unconfirmed reports on how the virus affected men, too. Jason's increased testosterone levels — and now distinct love of the changes the virus made to women — altered his own judgement. He smiled curiously aroused.

"Yes, Kylie," he said somewhat slowly. "Rely on me. I will guide you through this ..." He smirked. "Read the latest articles on the virus?"

"No," she shrugged. Following the medical journal articles was hard for her now.

"Apparently cum's good for you. The more you eat it the healthier you are after being infected. I know you love the taste of cum now, so ..."

"Wow, that's cool!" she believed him without question.

"Hungry?" he asked, aggressively pulling her toward him for some deep kisses.

"Fuck ... yeah!" she said between smooches

Kylie hungrily giggled when he removed her shirt, revealing breasts now as large as her sisters (and definitely still growing). Jason leaned over, and began to suckle on one of the beach balls. The virus apparently turned him into a boob-guy. Kylie lightly held the back of his head, and moaned from the attention. Her nipples were quite sensitive when erect now. He played with them some more, making her giggle, before they resumed their making out.

She went down to her knees with a big, open-mouthed smile. Jason less than subtly guided her to his crotch. Her tongue partly popped out when she saw his pulsing dick. He grasped the back of her head, and began to thrust into the back of her throat. Now that she *believed* the cum was good for her — vaguely remembering something about that in practically another life, there was just that much more

hunger in her eyes. She could take it all so easily now that she actually loved the feel of a dick brushing the back of her throat.

They loosely traded off face fucking and mouth sucking. At the same time, Kylie found her so desperately hungry for cum that she was almost as aggressive as Jason. Jason was mostly using Kylie's head like a sex-toy, though. Most of the face-fucking was deep-throating. There was no gagging of course, but that *almost* gulping sound was quite prevalent.

Sometimes he would let her breath. That often led to her stroking his cock, which sucking his balls. He rather enjoyed how she played with his cock. Before she knew it, Jason was always holding her almost still to continue the face-fucking.

When Kylie played with her enlarged tits, squashing them together, Jason took the opportunity to shove his dick between them. It did not take long for her throat to be refilled with dick. Their eyes met, Kylie taking the dick like the pro the virus was making her.

"I love you, Kylie," he huffed, thrusting. "I love fucking your mouth!"

If Kylie could respond, she would have reciprocated. Well, she would have agreed to *anything* he said.

He held her head tightly, and aggressively smooched her. Kylie's head was being fucked again moments later. Her drool was everywhere. She wanted to eat so badly.

Jason then moved her back to the edge of the couch. He quickly mounted her head, and thrust just than much more deeply. The dick practically just fell down her hungry throat. Eventually, she was lying on the couch fully, legs up on the backrest.

"UMMM .... UMMMM," she moaned, mouth full. Whenever the dick left her mouth, she often left her mouth wide open to take it right back. She was perhaps having more fun than Jason.

Eventually, she was back on her knees, the face-fuck continuing. She was being allowed some play of her own, but that was mostly just her sucking off his balls. Strings of spit were everywhere.

Kylie did not know when it happened exactly, but she found herself thrusting her head into the shaft.

That did not last too long. Kylie found herself laying on the couch with Jason thrusting all the way down her throat. He leaned down, and began to excitedly eat out her dripping pussy. She loved what he could do with her pussy, but taking the dick alone made her more than happy and hungry enough.

"OOOOOH, *shit, shit!*" Jason suddenly huffed. He came hard down her throat.

"UMMMMMMMMM!" was all Kylie could say in her own hard orgasm.

"Oh, fuck ..." he huffed, dismounting.

Kylie swallowed it all like the hungry slut she was ...

\* \* \* \*

"Holy shit, Kylie! Can't believe how much you've changed!" Ryan, their neighbor, stated.

"Still changin'!" she said with a happy smile.

"Yeah, still infectious at close range," Jason said.

They sat outside by the pool, Kylie in Jason's arms. Lana, Ryan's wife, walked over in her black bikini. Tall, slim, small breast. Kylie casually found herself fantasizing how hot Lana would look with oversized orbs and puffy lips.

"Don't worry about it, Kylie!" she said lightly. She sat between Ryan's legs. "How does it ... feel, Kylie?"

"Kinda fun, Lana!" she said all bubbly. "Retaining a lot of my brain. Sister kinda lost it all, but she's happy."

"The only drawback is these boobs are still growin'!" Jason said lightly, pointing. "Had to buy her this beach dress thing today. Nothing fits her right anymore. Think they're now a bit bigger than a 34DD from a 32B."

"Shit!" Lana said wide-eyed, looking at Kylie's ample chest with envy bleeding through. Lana looked a touch smaller than where Kylie started. "You know ..." she said quietly. "My career's really dried up over the last couple years. Everyone likes *your* look now, Kylie."

Lana was an actor and model.

"Maybe I'm starting to see it, too," Lana said, looking Kylie over. "I mean I just tested positive, and was a little scared. First time I've really spent with anyone taken by the virus. I mean, you look great!"

"Babe, what are you sayin'?" Ryan asked.

"I dunno, Ryan. Been avoiding it ... I know you're looking at Kylie's boobs. I'm flat next to her! Haven't had a contract in months. Maybe it is going to be OK."

"Babe, you always said you were nervous about that cognitive decline."

"Not everyone is that extreme. Kylie's definitely not ... Seeing her now, she's fucking hot! The virus is clearly altering my sexuality already. I do wanna fuck her. Are you OK with that?"

"OK, Lana. I'm here for you, whatever happens."

Kylie slowly licked her lips, eyes moving up and down her supermodel friend. She also unabashedly looked up and down the man's muscular body, lusting over his very dark skin. Lana's husband was the epitome of masculine physique. Kylie felt jealous of Lana feeling his solid dick pressing against her back.

"I think my girl really wants you," Ryan said to Kylie.

"I want her, too," Kylie said with a horny giggle.

Kylie glanced at Jason for approval, which he quickly gave.

She quickly hopped over on top of Lana, and they began to make out.

“UMMM!” Lana happily cooed, likely infected in that moment. “Ahhh..”

Kylie could feel Jason watching, turning her on just that much more. She loved it.

Kylie hungrily looked over to Jason, who said, “That is so hot, not gonna lie! Keep up the show, Kylie.”

The woman resumed their hungry kissing. Being so far along, Kylie naturally made Lana melt beneath her without even thinking. She was like a Succubus feeding on her prey.

Kylie made out with Ryan, too, leading to Lana lightly feeling Kylie’s sensitive melons. Lana felt Kylie from breasts to ass, literally feeling what she wanted to have herself. Ryan kissed and felt Lana’s body at the same time. Kylie then suckled on Lana’s small breasts, before removing her black top, showing off her ample chest to the happy and amazed couple.

Lana moved forward hungrily suck and grope the kind of massive chest she clearly desired. Their moans were loud and true. Lana clearly loved stimulating the massive, natural orbs, sucking in as much as she could.

Kylie moaned and giggled, before smooching the horny Lana. The woman un-sandwiched herself from Ryan, and Kylie began to make out with the dark-skinned man without hesitation. Kylie completely forgot about her own husband, who was not protesting the sights.

From behind, Lana removed Kylie’s bikini bottom, and began to make out with her pussy between the massive ass-cheeks. Kylie then saw the outline of Ryan’s dick through his trunks. The surprising hugeness of it — far larger than her husband’s — aroused Kylie more than she thought possible. Just the thought of it — and Lana’s mouth

on her pussy — alone turned her on. When she grasped it through the fabric, it felt even *bigger*.

Stroking the monstrosity, mouth open wide, she locked her horny eyes on to Ryan, and made out with him in loud, wet smooches. Kylie moaned from the pleasure. She then playfully slapped the dick onto her book, looking over to Jason with a horny, tease of a smile. He smiled back, jerking himself and recording them.

Kylie resumed stroking, eyes locked on the happy Ryan. She looked down, and spit on the dick to store faster. After a deep smooch, she shoved the oversized dick into her mouth, barely half of it. Looking over to Jason, she found herself loving the happy audience.

She went back to stroking, now on her knees between Ryan's legs. Lana was kissing and feeling her from behind. Ryan was feeling Kylie's enlarged breasts and puffy lips at the same time. She even sucked off his fingers. That of course paled in comparison to sucking off as much of the man's dick she could. Nothing felt more right in the world than having that dick inside her.

Lana went over to Jason, kissing him and groping his crotch, but Kylie was barely aware of it. Enjoying that large dick was a top priority.

On Ryan's insistence, they went inside to the bedroom. Jason sat before the three of them. Standing, the both Kylie and Lana were enjoying the strong man, who was groping women's asses. Kylie and Lana lustfully made out, while Kylie stroked the long shaft. Kylie genuinely enjoyed kissing this woman. They were in perfect erotic sync.

Kylie then let Lana take a turn with the shaft, while she instead groped the large balls. Ryan hungrily kissed each woman, one after the other, holding them almost possessively in his arms.

"Oh, babe, suck his cock!" Lana offered.

"Yeah ..." Kylie huffed.

Ryan turned completely to Kylie, making out with her. He eventually kissed her neck, and felt down her body, before Kylie went down on her knees. She started consuming the dick without hesitation, looking up happily.

“Oh, you look so hot with Ryan’s cock in your mouth!” Lana purred.

Kylie smiled and moaned with her mouth full.

“Yes, she does!” Ryan agreed breathily. “Whoah, look at her go! Take notes, babe!”

“Look at me with those bimbo eyes, while you suck that *big* dick,” Lana purred.

Kylie more than loved the encouragement, taking in just that much more of the dick on every bob.

Ryan then pulled Kylie back up to make out with her. Lana took turns making out with them as well, while Ryan continuously groped Kylie’s massive breasts.

When Kylie went down to resume sucking, Lana encouraged, “Keep sucking his cock, bimbo!”

“UMMMMMMM,” Kylie moaned, mouth full.

“That feels good?” Lana asked Ryan.

“Yeah, just like that,” he affirmed.

Kylie increased her bobbing, while Lana less than passively pushed the back of her head to take even more of the dick.

Kylie could hear the two making out above. When the dick was moving down into her throat, making that “gacking” noise, Lana exclaimed, “Just like that, yeah. there you go! That’s so hot!”

She looked up Lana, licking the tip through a feeling of pure ecstasy.

“Hop on that bed on all fours, Bimbo.”

“She so hot!”

Hand behind her head, Ryan guided Kylie back to his dick. Holding her head, he began to thrust deep into her throat, while Lana groped his ball.

“Yeah, just like that, bimbo!” Lana cooed.

Ryan himself cooed loudly.

Lana went to all fours next to Kylie. “You want me to suck it with her?”

“Yeah, babe!”

Lana took the dick into her mouth, taking most of it in without hesitation. It was obvious she knew this dick very well.

“So hot!” Kylie exclaimed. She almost could not believe that Lana could so easily take the whole thing down into her throat like that.

“That’s my Lana!” Ryan cooed.

With Lana just licking the shaft, Kylie could not resist sucking off the top half at the same time. Eventually Kylie found herself holding still to take the dick deep on Ryan’s thrusts. They even traded off letting the dick in. Kylie more than enjoyed the tasted of pre-cum and spit of another woman. But it was being held still while Ryan thrust into her mouth that was her favorite part. A close second was watching Lana do the same.

Eventually, Ryan lay onto the bed. Lana just let Kylie take the dick. She sucked on it slowly, savoringly on Lana’s encouragement, eyes locked onto Ryan’s.

“She’s so good at sucking your cock,” Lana huffed, before making out with him.

Lana soon joined Kylie at the dick, sometimes sucking, sometimes luring up the shaft. Kylie had the dick the most. Whenever Lana had full control of the dick, Kylie would suck off the balls.

“I wanna ride his cock!” Kylie exclaimed, before taking the balls back in

“I wanna see you ride it!” Lana agreed.

Kylie then straddled the dick, and took the entire dick into her pussy with ease. Lana was more than amazed, while Kylie found herself in true ecstasy, practically hooping up and down.

"It's so how that you can handle him!" Lana cooed, having her pussy eaten out by Ryan.

The sensations Kylie felt were utterly intense. She was never filled so much before. Indeed, she might not have ever expected to have something so much larger than average inside her. Lana groping her tits from behind was the best icing on top of it all.

The women eventually traded places, Lana now taking the cock she knew so well. The sex was wild, once unimaginable to Kylie. Before she even knew it, Ryan was blasting his cum down her hungry throat. She never felt so alive before. It was like the cum was everything she ever wanted and more. She made out with Lana, sharing the cum she did not already swallow on impulse ...

\* \* \* \*

A few days later, Kylie found herself casually sunbathing in her new red bikini. Jason was out on a business trip for the next day, maybe. She forgot how long he said. Not much passed through her mind. She did sense, however, that her transformation must have been nearly complete. Her eyes were a very light blue, as here hair was a vibrant yellow-blonde. Her breasts were ... Glancing at the top's tag, always forgetting, her breasts were now a huge and natural 32G, as her ass and lips were gloriously bubbly.

Her mind still worked, more or less. That was pretty remarkable, considering how so many became pretty mindless like her sister. Still, all Kylie could really think about without her mind wondering was sex. It was the one thing that *increased* within her mind. Before Jason left, he said he preferred to be there when she ever wanted to fuck

anyone else. That became frustrating, because she was growing hungry for her lunch!

"Hey, Babe!" Ryan called, casually walking over in just his blue trunks.

"Hey, there!" she hungrily said, less then subtly looking the man over.

"Brought a friend of mind. His name's Jack. hope you don't mind!"

"HEY!" Brett called, following. He was carrying a shallow bowl. "Brought the social lube!"

"Cool!" Kylie called, sitting up.

The stranger was about the same athletic build as Ryan, except maybe a little taller. His skin tone was also a touch lighter than Ryan's. Kylie knew she was grinning stupidly at them both, but didn't care.

Soon, the three of them were casually gulping down margarita's. Kylie was giggling loudly at everything. They talked casually, practically flirting with Kylie and vice versa. Kylie was not really retaining much, but did not want to. Brett being a professional swim coach at the local college, was about all she retained, thinking about sexy figures of men and women at the pool.

Kylie eventually realized they were now moving though a third bottle of tequila. She was having great time, especially because she was the center of attention. The men didn't seem to mind her less then casual gropes of their pecs, as the men were more than happy when she touched her own. They lightly copped feels as well, giving her goosebumps of arousal.

After a while, all she could think about was getting fucked by these two men. Her eyes were often on their thick foot-longs tenting the shirts. She was so horny that she wanted to fuck them without Jason even being there. If her mind was sapped just that much more, she would not have even thought about calling Jason.

She walked over to her phone.

"Hey, babe, what's up?" Kylie heard.

"Um, yeah, kinda random. Ryan came over with a friend, and, like, we're havin' some drinks."

"Oh, OK ..."

"I know, *err*, you said you wanted to be there. But ... So fucking horny and hungry. I really wanna fuck them, Jason!"

"You know we talked about this ..."

"Come on, Jason. I need cum!"

"I dunno ..."

"PLEASE!" she pled cutely.

A deep sigh was audible. "You know what, I'll switch to video call; just prop it up so I can watch."

"Yay!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Almost the moment he switched the call, Kylie scurried over to the men, who probably heard everything, and propped the phone up on table just behind them.

She almost immediately started making out with Ryan, pressing her warm pussy against his tented crotch.

"Oh, you're ready for some fun!" Ryan said deeply.

"Yes," she said hungrily, whole body pressed against his.

They resumed making out with loud smooches and happy moans. He began to grope her plump ass. She began to feel up and down his muscular form.

Feeling the warmth of Jack right behind her, she turned, and began hungrily making out with him, feeling his muscles. She pressed her ass into Ryan's crotch, feeling his dick between her cheeks through thin layers of fabric. Ryan started to undo her bra, so she slipped the straps to the side.

She moaned into Jack's mouth, while he groped her exposed globes. Without even thinking, Kylie began to grope Jack's dick

through the shorts. She moaned loudly at the realization that his dick was somehow *even bigger* than Ryan's.

"Been wanting to fuck you guys so bad ... *ummmm*." Smooch

"Oh, yeah?" Ryan huffed.

Kylie was moaning loudly in excitedly sandwiched between the two strong men. She was at their mercy, not caring what they did to her, loving everything they did to her. Ryan smooched and nibbled her ear, while going her breast and warm pussy *under* the bikini bottom.

"OOOH, hah, ah ..." Kylie cooed.

Ryan knew just how to send pleasure waves up her body. Jack kissed her neck loudly.

Smooching who knows who, the cooing Kylie was now rubbing both massive anaconda's at the same time.

She looked over to Jack, and said, "I wanna see your cock ..."

Jack's dick at full staff, Kylie almost desperately helped him pull the shorts down.

"*Umm ...*" Kylie spit in her palm, and began to stroke what must have been *over* a foot in length (easily over a two inch girth). She smiled largely. "Oh, you're so *big ...*"

"Well, thanks!" Jack said with a smile.

Kylie hungrily made out with big Jack, while excitedly stroking his absurd length.

"Oh ... my God," Kylie huffed, now just making lustful eye contact.

Ryan the pulled down her bottom. She was so enamored and aroused by the dick in her hand and the athlete attached to it that she barely noticed.

She eventually looked behind her to see Ryan pulling down his shorts. Even though his was not as large as the one in her hand, he was still as huge as he always was.

“Oh my ... WOW!” Kylie huffed, now stroking both cocks at the same time.

Jack played with her breasts.

“Oh, my God ...” Kylie huffed. “These cocks are *so big* ... I wanna suck on them, have them inside me ...”

“Uh-hum!” Jack cooed.

“They’re gonna stretch me so much ...” Kylie playfully smooched Ryan and then Jack. Ryan suckled her breasts.

Eventually, Kylie just stood between them, stoking their dicks. She moaned and cooed so excitedly, almost orgasmically with just the dicks in her hand. She gasped loudly when they smocked her neck at the same time. Ryan then playfully slapped her bubble butt, and rubbed her wet pussy.

“Oh my fuck!” Kylie cooed. “Lets go inside ...”

The men happily nodded.

Out of practically the habit of always having the phone nearby, Kylie remembered to grab her phone ...

Kylie quickly propped the phone up on the vanity, and found herself again between the men, stroking. Ryan then began to make out with her deeply, hungrily. She eventually turned to make out with Jack, who was perhaps more lustful in the loud smooches.

“OH my God ...” she huffed and stroked and looked. “You guys have the biggest cocks ...”

“Oh, yeah?” Ryan teased

The men began to kiss and grope her on either side.

“AHH-OHHH, this feels so crazy.”

“Oh, yeah ...” Jack huffed.

Ryan was the most passionate kisser of the two, but she was so aroused she actually just loved kissing both in turn.

"Wow ... Oh, fuck ..." she cooed stroking and being kissed and being groped herself. Ryan knew just how to massage her massive breasts, while she kissed the lustful Jack.

"I want your big cocks in my mouth ... *UMMM*, now!"

She went to her knees. Looking at the dicks in her hands up close, she found it impossible to not keep her mouth open and drool. She licked Ryan's soft top, and quickly began to suck the end, still stroking both dicks at the same time. Her large, naturally pink lips stretched around the shaft.

"*UMMMMM!*" she cooed loudly, pre-cum flowing down her throat. "Oh, my God, so big!"

Kylie was able to take at least half down her throat. The thought that she was not gagging did not even cross her mind. Instead, she just made eye contact with the very happy Ryan.

"Oh, fuck, you fill my mouth!" she said toward Ryan's dick. A string of spit rolled off her chin. "I love your big dicks!" She then hungrily turned to take in the other, larger cock. "*UMMMMM!*"

She stroked both dicks in perfect time, while taking down as much of Jack dick as she could. Her eyes locked on the more than happy Jack's.

"So, good ..." one of them grunted above.

Kylie then forced *more* than half of the monstrosity down her throat. The tip was pressing against the back of her throat. It was in that moment she realized she was holding herself back. So, she pushed her head forward. Her lips and jaw stretched, but not at all uncomfortably. She could feel the soft tip slip downward. Her neck craned oddly, as her throat naturally stretched. It felt comfortably natural to have the well over twelve inch long dick inside her like that.

"Holy shit!" someone gasped above.

Kylie pupped back happily. "Oh, my God!"

She then turned to Ryan's dick, and just took it *all* down her throat without hesitation. Pulling back, she quickly went under the dicks to aggressively suck their balls. Still she mostly just liked having the dicks all the way down her throat.

"Oh, I can't get enough!" she cooed.

For who knows how long she deep throated one and stroked the other. Nothing felt better to her than this, and yet, she knew there was more.

The men eventually brought her back to her feet. Jack lay on the bed, full staff prominent. Ryan groped and spanked her ass, while nudging her on top of Jack.

"Oh, yes!" Kylie cooed, looking at and stroking the monster dick.

Ryan continued to play with her ass, eating out the hole. Kylie was now teasing Jack and herself by just stoking the shaft and sucking the tip.

"Oh, yeah! Lick my ass!"

Ryan's annalingus remarkably felt almost as good as attention to her pussy. Eventually, she could not stop herself any longer. She downed the insane man meat, bobbing up and down on the length.

"OH FUCK!" she cooed when Ryan began to play with her wet pussy.

The pleasure was intense and all but orgasmic. All active thought left her mind. She was now running completely on sexual instinct. She suddenly came harder than she had in her life. However, she did not care. Something changed with that orgasm. She now felt like she was there for *their* pleasure. Feeling pleasure herself was merely a bonus.

Stroking from the balls to the tip, she soon found herself lustfully, hungrily sucking on the large balls. The tasted almost as good as the pre-cum. She especially liked licking the loose skin, and feeling it with her sensitive lips. She audibly moaned from it all.

The men then switched places around her. Jack was soon enjoying her asshole, while Kylie was *pleasuring* the length of Ryan's dick. The men enjoying the actions was perhaps more pleasurable than anything she ever experienced.

She locked eyes with the joyous Ryan, who was guiding her sucking with his hand holding the back of her head. She squeaked and moaned, knowing how much they were enjoying her. Jack's attention to her ass was an amazing bonus!

Ryan then pulled her head up to his for a passionate kiss. She stroked him wildly at the same time.

"Fuck me ..." she said mindlessly.

"Stick it in her, Jack!"

Jack shoved his monstrous length into her pussy from behind. Her pussy naturally stretched to the extreme without issue. She squealed joyously.

"So big ..." she huffed.

Kylie excitedly sucked off the length of Ryan's dick at the same time. Her whole body moved on every firm thrust. This was the first time she had two dicks inside her at the same time, but her mind was not aware enough to process that. Instead, she was just in a world of pleasure from being the source of the men's pleasure.

She moaned and grunted loudly. The world outside did not exist. Soon, she found herself pushed flat on her stomach, with Jack practically moving up and down into her stretch-wide pussy. She continued to pleasure the dick in front of her, now concentrating more on the fleshy tip.

"Fuck, your pussy feels so good!" Jack grunted.

"Oh, God!" she loudly squealed in mini-orgasm. Well, she found herself continuously squealing from Jack's thrust from behind. When her eyes were not locked onto Ryan's, they were passionately smooching.

When Jack ceased his wild thrusts, Kylie no longer even knew who she was. She was just there to be the source of pleasure.

Soon, the sex toy was squatting down onto Ryan, taking his length without a second thought. She moaned and cooed loudly, hearing how much her was growling. Before she knew it, the other, larger dick was being thrust down her throat by the standing Jack. She cooed now with her mouth full. He sometimes teased her by slapping and rubbing the dick on her face and puffy lips.

She was soon flipped around, locking eyes with the man inside her. Stroking the other dick wildly, she was long passed caring who was who. She was just the one giving pleasure. Her massive orbs bounces like heavy balloons.

Eventually, she was on her back, pussy and mouth being aggressively fucked. In loud growls, one pumped cum down her throat, while the other pumped cum up her pussy ...

\* \* \* \*

"I can't fuckin' believe you did that, Kylie ..." Lucas said, watching the video he almost didn't record.

Kylie rather seductively lay half on top of him. She smooched him hungrily. "It was *awesome!* My mind completely shut off. Thank you for letting me do that."

"So, I guess, you're all done changing? I mean, after that ..."

Kylie nodded happily. "I feel like the changes are done. I'm *your* happy fuck toy!"

With a big smile Lucas, passionately made out with Kylie. He fingered her pussy, which remarkably felt tight in spite everything. "My very own Bimbo ..."

####

## Part 2

# *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.

## *Part 2*

In the same press conference, Secretary Oberon stated that PRS is now known to have been about as contagious as the Chick-enpox, 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 effects. 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-blonde 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.

“UMMMMMM!” 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!”

## *Cougar World*

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.

*Part 2*

"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.

## *Cougar World*

“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.

Part 2

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.

## *Cougar World*

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 precum, but she was now making it better for her. Eventually, she deep-throated the cock, while subtly swaying her feet behind. “UM-MMM!” 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!”

*Part 2*

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 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

## *Cougar World*

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 swirly 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.

## Part 2

“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 then 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 than 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.

## *Cougar World*

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, MEEEEEEE!" 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 con-

spicuously, 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 autocorrect.

“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.”

## *Cougar World*

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.

## *Cougar World*

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

## *Part 2*

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 received 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 mes-

## *Cougar World*

merizing 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 ...”

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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.

## *Cougar World*

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 ... hmmmmm!"*

"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 down 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!"

## *Cougar World*

"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

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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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