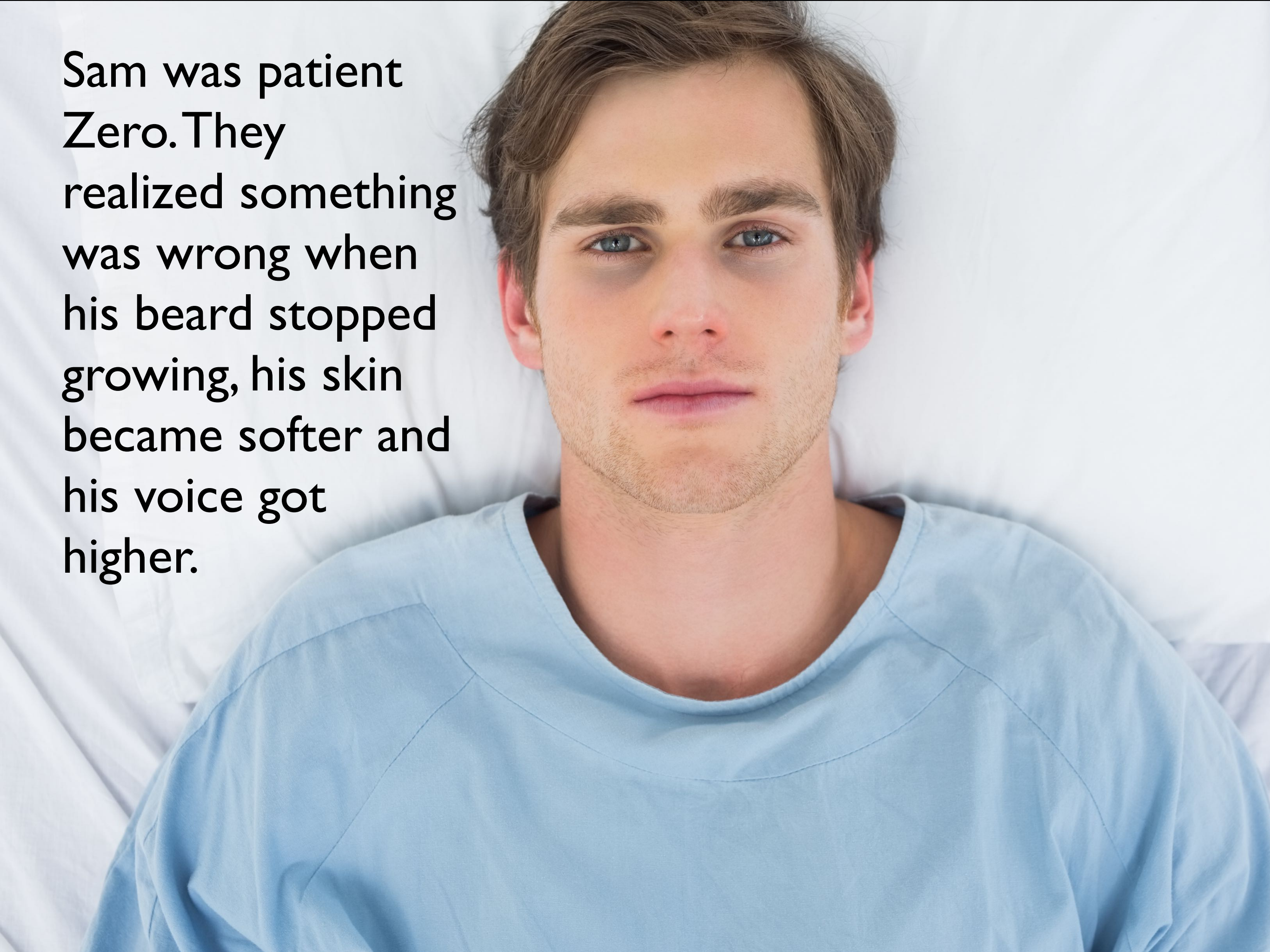


A close-up portrait of a woman with light blue eyes and red lipstick. A hand with red nail polish is positioned near her mouth, with fingers slightly spread. The background is dark. A semi-transparent orange banner is overlaid across the middle of the image.

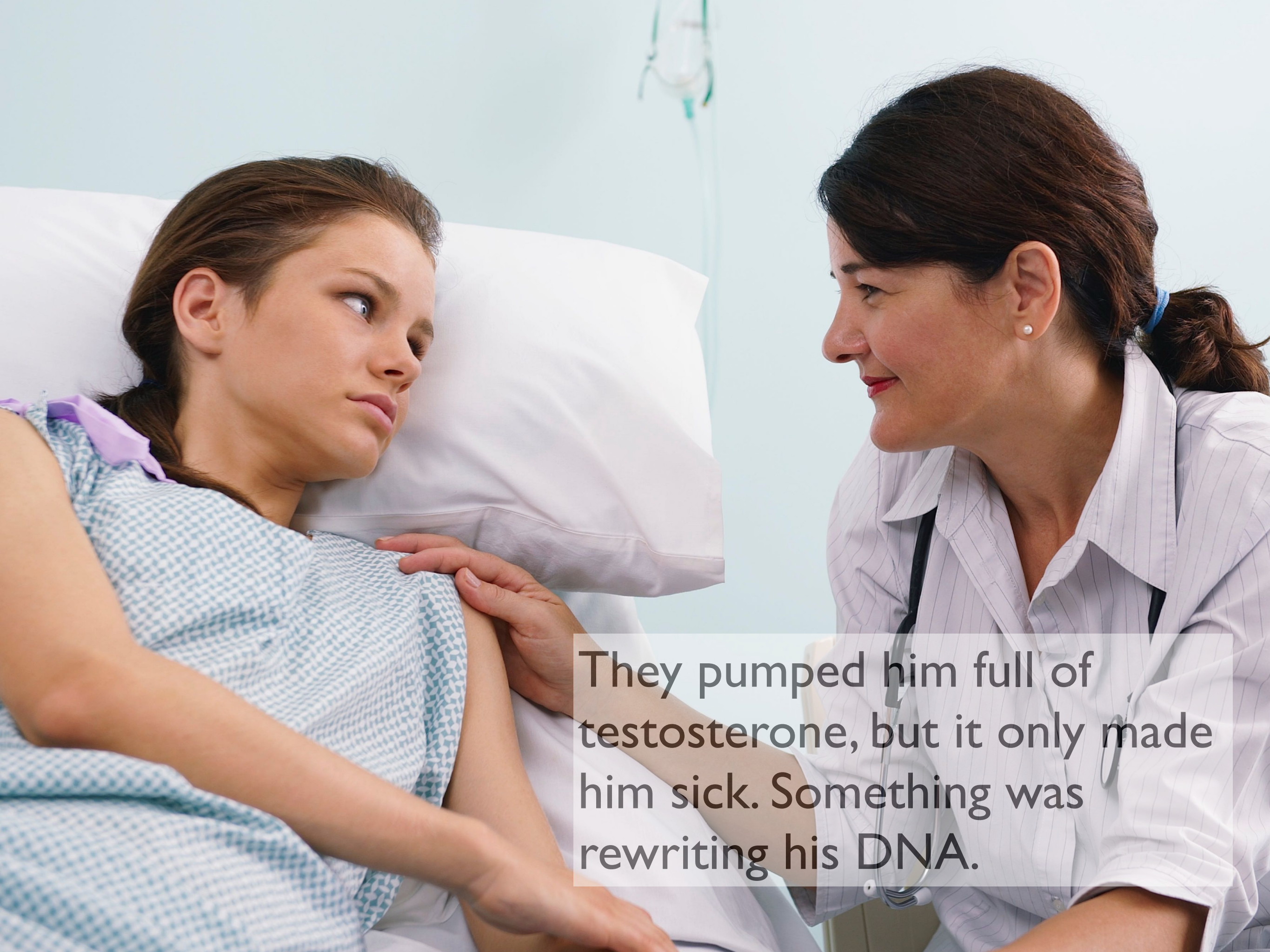
# The FEM6 Virus



Sam was patient  
Zero. They  
realized something  
was wrong when  
his beard stopped  
growing, his skin  
became softer and  
his voice got  
higher.







They pumped him full of testosterone, but it only made him sick. Something was rewriting his DNA.





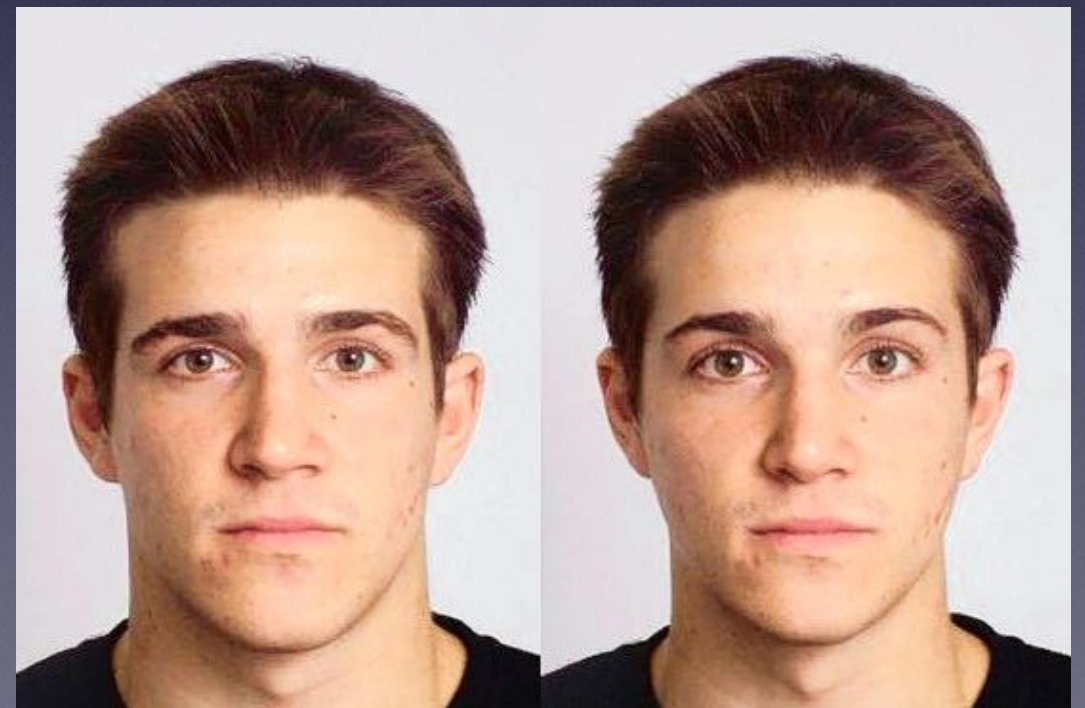
Three months later the transformation was complete. He was a woman. The speed of the process made the doctors suspect that the virus that had caused this was man made. As one of them said: You do not grow hair this long in three months, especially when you have tried to cut it three times.



There was no cure;  
there was no vaccine.  
The only good news  
was that only 4 percent  
of those infected  
developed the  
symptoms: Rapid  
feminization.



In this presentation we  
will give you a glimpse  
into the fates of some of  
the victims of the FEM6  
virus.





Brian looked at the bra his mother had given him after he had tested positive for the FEM6 virus. “You are going to need them soon,” she had told him. He looked down at his budding breasts and his shrinking penis and sighed.

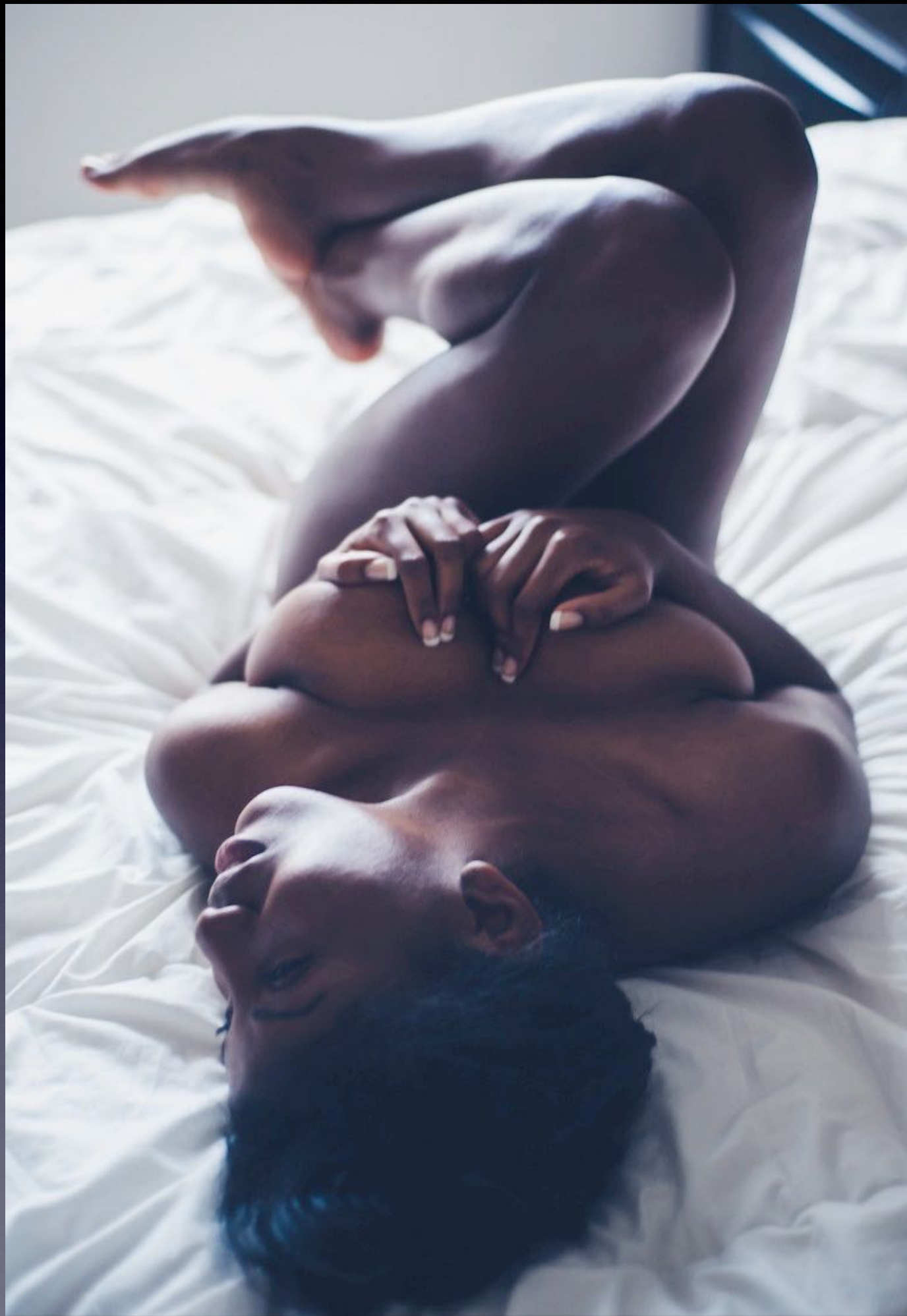






Ron held on to his left tit, trying to wish it away. That did not work. They had been growing aggressively for three months now. For a while he had believed that he might keep his cock, but lately it had started shrinking. His balls had already moved up into his body cavity, turning into ovaries, probably.





Will had cried himself to sleep for many nights now, hugging himself as if this false sense of comfort could somehow cure the infection. Tonight, however, his thoughts were arrested by the soft mounds on his chest. They were huge now, and they felt kind of nice.





He did not get hard the way he used to, anymore. When he did manage to orgasm, it was a strange kind of internal orgasm, warmth and light expanding throughout his body.





The doctors told him that there was no cure for the FEM6 virus, and that it was better for him to try to adapt to his new life. They provided him with women's clothing and lingerie. But when he looked at himself in the mirror he could not recognise himself. This wasn't him! Or was it?





Kennet was so ashamed of his affliction that he did his best to look like a man while going out. Recently, however, he had found himself dancing around in his flat — dancing like a girl to pop songs he never would have listened to three months ago.





He had used to be hard: Hard muscles, hard fists, a hard glance and a hard cock. He was all soft now. His butt got more curvy every day. His chest was all flesh, female flesh, and he no longer managed to look people in the eye.



When had he started linking shopping for clothes? He never had before. Maybe it was when he looked into the mirror and realized that that woman deserved to be beautiful.







“Sorry, Amanda, I am afraid I have to call off the wedding. I took this photo just now, and as you can see, i can no longer be the man you want me to be. I am sorry. Know that I love you, but no more in that way.”





They all expected him to be shy and quiet now that he had become a woman. But he had always been shy and quiet. Looking like this, he did not have to anymore.





The paparazzi could not get enough of him. “Quarterback Turned Sex Bomb! “Have you had sex yet?”  
No, because he had these strange dreams about... sexy quarterbacks.





It was all very confusing, the way his old friend opened the door for him, the way his hand “accidentally” came to brush his back, shoulder, butt. And was he sniffing his hair? Was that it? Was something wrong with it? He had washed it this morning. It had taken a lot of time to get it dry!

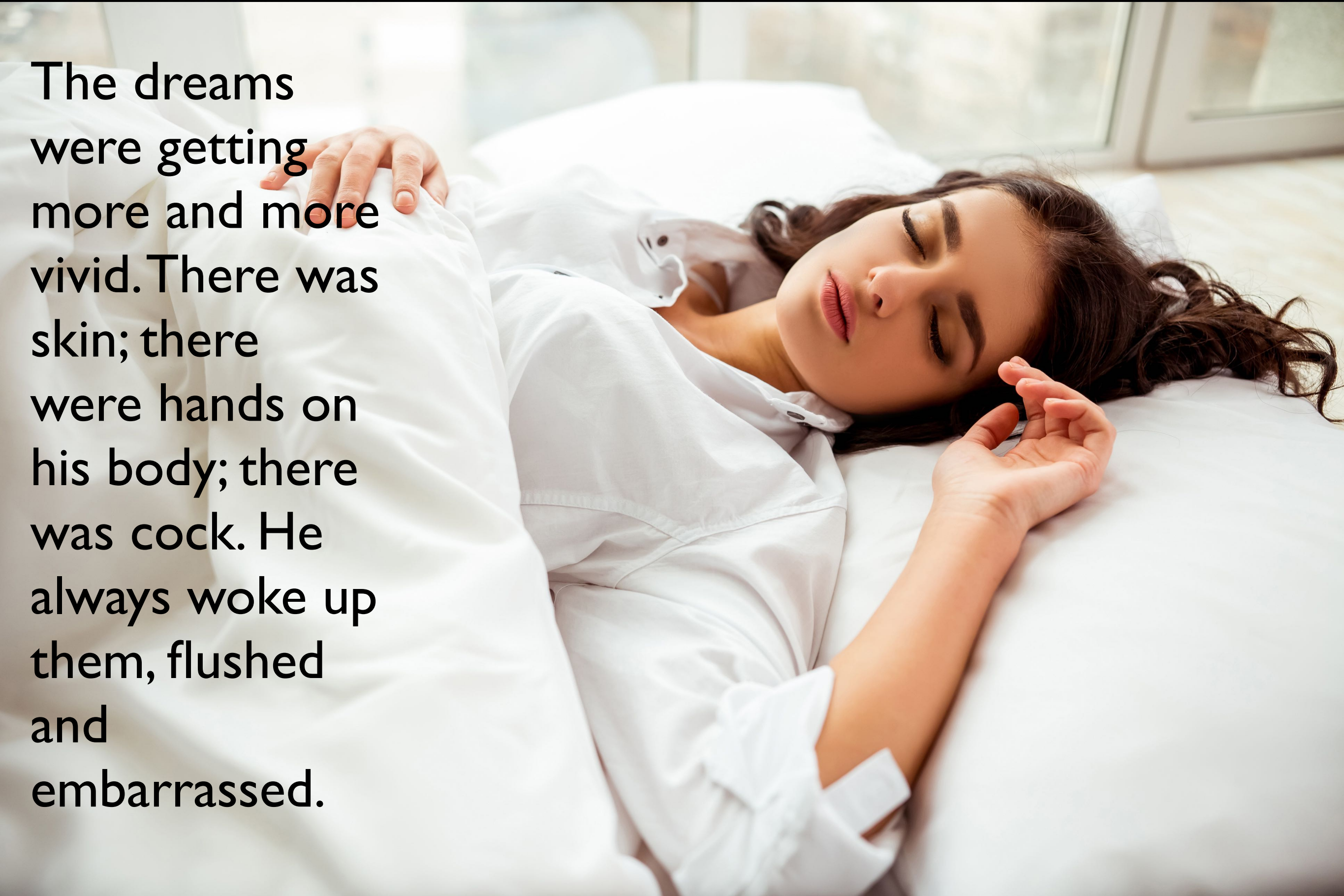




Phil looked at himself in the mirror. He had been fighting the virus for five months now, but he was starting to realise it was a losing battle. These were hips made for childbearing. He might as well admit it.



The dreams were getting more and more vivid. There was skin; there were hands on his body; there was cock. He always woke up them, flushed and embarrassed.

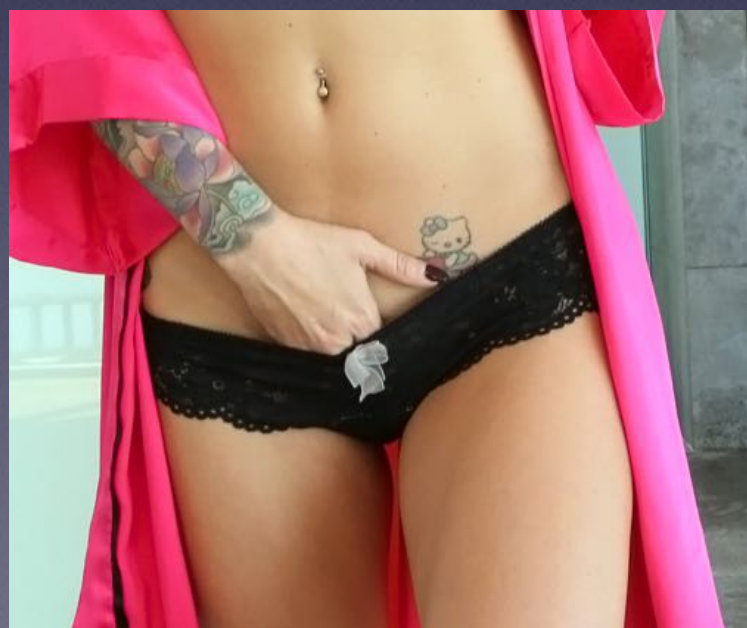
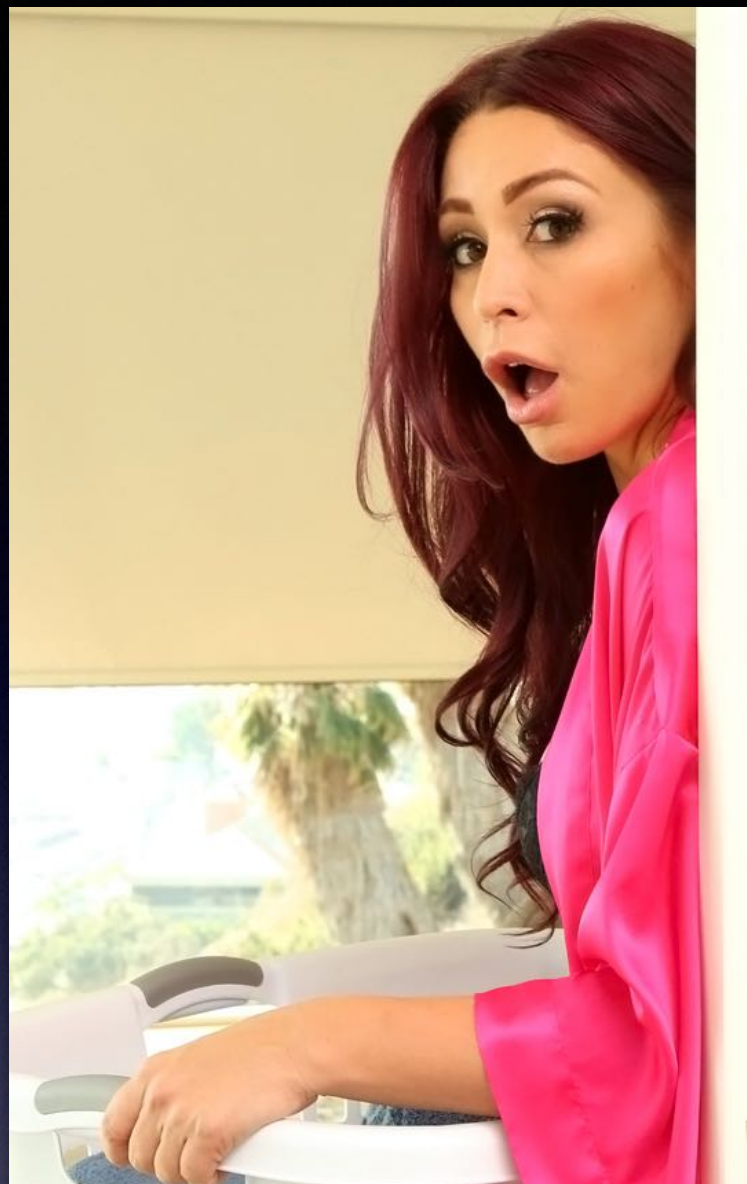




How had this happened? Was it the make-up or the sexy lingerie they made him wear? Or was it the soft tits growing on his chest? But none of this explain why he had ended up in bed with T Rex. Maybe it was his limp, shrinking cock, and the fact that he could not get hard anymore.







He really wished Frank would stop singing in the shower. He always found himself drawn to the bath room when that happened. He had to get a flat of his own.





This morning, when he awoke, Greg realized that the transformation was complete. There was a pussy where his cock and balls had been, a pussy - with strange folds, and a mysterious cavity. What were he supposed to do with it?





The doctor asked him: “Do you ever play with your new body?” “Never,” he said, “never.” He would not have them think of him as some kind of sexual pervert.





They no longer called him Isamu, meaning “the brave”. They called him Ayaka, “colourful flower.” He had to use the grammar of women now. They frowned at him if he did not.







Billy had expected his wife to leave him after the change. The fact that she didn't spoke volumes about how clueless he had been as man.





He was not supposed to like the effects of the FEM6 virus. But he could not help himself. He had to send that selfie to his old friends. What would they say? That he was sexy as hell?





He had lost 150 kilos in three months. He was getting shorter by the day. The doctors was as baffled as he was. How could your bone structure shrink? But shrink it did.





Becoming a woman had made Roger a very religious person. He was praying every night now.





Kevin had never felt sexy before. He had been a geek with thick glasses and pimples all over his face. So, he was a girl now. What about it? He was hot. He pushed his chest forward, knowing that his male friends would notice.



Ben was still struggling, trying to adapt to his new life, presenting as a woman.





His old friend  
Ken wanted to  
fuck him, but  
he resisted. He  
accepted a tit  
fuck, though.  
They were  
good friends  
and he knew  
what Ken  
wanted.





Andy had not expected that a little lingerie could have such an effect on his old friend. How was he going to get out of this?





Bill could not believe he had fallen for it: The step by step seduction technique.

After all, he had been a master of it himself, only a couple of months ago.





When had Ken become so forceful? Why didn't he run away? Why did it feel so good? Bill was so utterly confused, but did not find the willpower to move away.





Life became so  
much better  
when he  
stopped  
resisting. He  
loved the roses,  
the perfume,  
the jewellery.





Life goes on,  
right?







One day they decided that he had changed so much that they had to give him a new school uniform. Something broke inside him that day. He finally realized that he would never get his old life back.





His class mate, John, sensed his new weakness and followed him home. There he found that his parents had redecorated his room. It was all pink and girly now.





This was not the way he had imagined himself losing his virginity.





The boys had continued to meet for beer, pizza and action movies even after Hal started his metamorphosis. This had all worked well, until the day Ken decided that they should see “Gang Bang Volume 6”.







He had stopped shrinking now, at 4'9". He had been a giant of a man, 6 feet tall and 440 pounds, and look at him now. "You are vulnerable now," his therapist had told him. "You need to find yourself a protector. Make yourself attractive." What a sexist thing to say, but he realized she was on to something.



At the same, he felt a kind of thrill from being so small. Sometimes, when he looked up at a tall man, he felt a kind of shiver inside. What would it feel like to be hold by someone so strong? What it feel like to have him take this new body and do what he wanted with it.







Maybe it would be horrible and humiliating. Maybe it would be wonderful.





“We just have to live with your metamorphosis, honey,” his wife had finally told him. “I need cock, and you can no longer supply.” She had invited Jim over. “Do you like the way Greg looks now, Jim?” she had asked him. Jim apparently did.



“This is the only way we are going to save our relationship, baby,” his wife had told him. “You’d better suck that cock as if your life depended on it!”

It hadn’t been so bad.







It had not been so bad, at all.





It is hard to believe, isn't it, that only three years ago I was fighting Taliban in Afghanistan? Jason insists I should dress up feminine now. He does not want to be reminded of my male past.





The Navy Seals could not use me any more, and I had no skills to match this body. So these days I am Jason's girl.





Or, as some  
would say it:  
Jason's whore.





For more feminization  
erotica visit  
[femfluxx.blogspot.com](http://femfluxx.blogspot.com)