

“What? DTV? Dummy Thicc Virus?” I burst out laughing to my friend Derek, who was gawking at me with horror in his eyes.

“I’m not kidding Frank!” Derek squawked, “If you don’t believe me, then take a look at the news!” He rushed to the remote and turned on the TV.

“WHO has reported a virus leak of new kind from the Dawson Labs while finding a cure for COVID-19. It has been named, um, Dummy Thicc Virus, or DTV for short.” The male reporter stuttered. “The lab is found guilty of redacting information and suppressing the outbreak, making authorities lose valuable time to contain it’s spread.”

“So? You still don’t believe it?” Derek inquired.

“I guess I do now. But it’s still hard to believe. I mean, common, a virus affecting only men who then twerk their way to womanhood? Sounds like leftist propaganda.” I crashed onto the couch.

“Its true, man. I saw a man start twerking in the middle of the road! He couldn’t control it! A team of doctors took him in a van. They probably locked him up with other infected in quarantine! I swear man, I’m staying away from twerking bitches in club!” Frank blabbered as he paced in front of me. His last two sentences caught me off guard. “Why? What’s the worst that could happen?” I asked.

“Bro, the only way a man with DTV can stop twerking is by having sex with another man! That’s how the virus transmits itself!” Derek replied.

“Um, dude, I think I met a girl yesterday at the nightclub, and I don’t recall her stop twerking until after we had sex in a private space.” A shiver ran down my spine as I said the words out loud.

My friend tugged on his hair in frustration. “Dude! What on hell?! You didn’t think for a second that this bitch seems crazy to be twerking all the time?!”

“Bro, I was high as fuck, and I thought she was craving for my cock and it was her love language to make me attracted towards her!” I muttered.

“Wow, love language, huh? Well, that’s going to be your language soon!” Frank exclaimed. My heart sunk as for the first time I fathomed that if this wasn’t a hoax, then I was pretty much doomed. Derek sighed and said, “Don’t worry. We’ll figure something out to cure you. I suggest you should quarantine yourself to avoid any speculation. I don’t trust the government either.”

I noticed a mild buzzing sensation intensify in my thighs and buttocks. I stood up and looked at my vibrating ass. “oh, shit! It’s happening!” Derek hollered. I was shocked beyond belief. I turned to Derek and screamed, “What do we do?!”

“I told you! Stay in here at all times! I’ll bring in whatever you need. Just give me a call. Don’t panic. I’m sure there will be a cure soon.” Derek assured. But his crumpled face said otherwise. I knew that my fate was sealed.

I closed the door as Derek left, and immediately called for my servants to take leave for a week. Within fifteen minutes, I was alone in my big house. I released my clenched muscles and flushed red as they started shaking in harmony. I was somehow relieved that I was in the safe and private space of my home

instead of the other guy on the road. My jeans kept tugging at my crotch every time my ass threw itself back. My clothes were soaked in sweat within three hours of intense twerking.

I somehow managed to get them off, except my underwear. I staggered on the stairs, struggling to take every step to my room. I had some control if I tried to focus hard enough, but it wasn't possible to last beyond a few minutes. They shuddered as I forced them to obey my will. That's how I managed to walk, cook, eat, have a dump, etc. I couldn't sleep till 3 in the morning on my first night as my ass kept wiggling in the air. It took me to absolute exhaustion where I fell deep into slumber through it. It was a struggle for a few days, but then I got used to it.

Within a week, I noticed physical changes happening to my body. I had lost some weight overall and my back muscles were lean yet stronger than before. My buttocks and thighs had grown with a better arch to them. In addition to that, I had also developed a sexual appetite that I was unfamiliar with. Wiggling my ass was exciting to me. It was already impossible and impractical for me to wear clothes, but now I was going all naked to feel my cock slap against me as I shook my hips to the silent rhythm. I would spend hours standing and twerking my ass just for the pleasure of it. "Frank! What the fuck are you doing in the shower so long?!" my friend would scold me. "Nothing!" I would shout back, panicking like a thirteen-year-old caught masturbating to porn. I had no idea that indulging in the activity would aggravate the changes at a faster rate.

Over the next weekend, my butt cheeks were thrice the size and the arch in my back was more pronounced. No wonder, since I had a knack to consume fatty foods now. My thighs had gotten thicker with muscles and fat. One morning, I woke up with a bed covered in my body hair. I was practically hairless with smooth supple skin! The spiky hair on my head had grown by six inches and was lustrous and silky to touch. Despite my rigorous burning of calories, I was getting more plump and soft due to fat depositing around, except in my tummy. Derek couldn't keep his eyes off of me which was enough proof that I had the contours of a woman. My sexual urges were more powerful than before, even though they were different. I was getting butterflies in my stomach from looking at phallic objects in my kitchen. Needless to say, I didn't act on them. I held onto my masculinity even though I squirmed every moment the tip of my penis smacked onto my tingling asshole. The least I let myself do was moan in the act to relieve myself from the pent up sexual frustration.

I was unrecognizable by the end of the third week of my quarantine. My face had radically altered to a more feminine version of myself, and it was getting more pretty every other day. My straight black tresses were getting longer as well. My ass cheeks had gained another few pounds. They were so heavy that my twerks had gotten slower. The ripples coursing through my humongous posterior made me moan shamelessly in front of my friend. One day he caught me shaking my ass on the bed. It was surprising to see him walk back without saying a word to try to stop me. He pulled the door shut but left enough gap that I caught a glimpse of him standing out there, playing with his cock. "Oh fuck!" I screamed in ecstasy with my cracking androgynous voice, as a hands-free orgasm washed over me. It was the first time I had climaxed since I started twerking three weeks ago. It was the deepest, most pleasurable moment I had ever experienced, unlike any other ejaculation as a man. Derek was smitten, and I knew how to stop my booty from twerking. But that was not possible, for now. Everything about me was screaming woman except the four-inch cock and shrivelling balls hanging to my crotch. A deep sense of yearning took over me as I felt desperate for a slit between my legs, instead of the pathetic member with wrinkly skin. I had no choice but to wait.

The next day, I woke up with a smaller penis. My hips were wider and my butt was enormous. My puffy nipples had considerable amount of fat under them, causing them to droop like female breasts. My voice was a lot higher to the point that it was indiscernible to the voice of a girl. Such drastic change in a single day brought me to the conclusion that the more I indulged in my feminine self, the faster I was going to get what I wanted. I started pleasuring myself as I wiggled my ass in my bedroom, bathroom, or the kitchen. "Common, Derek, why don't you join me?" I called him as I saw him leering at me with his jaw dropped to the floor. "You know why, Frank," he answered. I giggled and whispered, "Not for long, Derek."

My moans echoed throughout the house as I hit one orgasm after another. The water slithering against my lithe inner thighs as my ass cheeks thundered and caused tiny waves in the bathtub pushed me to my fifth and final climax of the day. My curvaceous figure was exhausted but exhilarated for more. Yet, I knew it was more than enough and I should call it a day.

My fervour anticipation was pleasantly fulfilled as I woke up with natural pink folds crowned with a small sensitive clit! My hair had gotten so much longer that it flowed past my back, and my visage carried a more sultry tone to it with thicker eyelashes, plump lips, cheekbones, and pointy nose. My petite breasts were full of fat, pushing them to massive cup sizes. My nipples were as thick as my little finger, protruding out like buttons on my PlayStation. They jiggled to my twerk, chafing against the bedsheets. I had to hold them, which eventually led to me fondling and playing with them while my sweaty ass squeezed the ovarian nectar out of my dripping pussy. I went down to the futon and waited for Derek to come in.

"Oh God," he mumbled as he barged in to the hall and noticed my squelching tight hole gaping towards him. "Common baby, I know you want it. It's so much better as a woman!" I blabbered through my moans and whimpers. I could see the growing tent in his pants, bringing a smile onto my face. "Don't say no to me, Derek. I want your cock so bad!" I winced in pleasure. I was amazed to feel two hands grab me from behind as Derek shoved his erect eight-inch cock deep into my throbbing cunt. "Aahh!" I squealed in delight. My twerking ass grabbed onto his thick shaft, pulling him further inside me. Derek knew his cock was mine now, that there was no turning back for him. We fell back onto the floor as our knees grew weak from the intense pleasure on both sides. My craving body smashed against his crotch as I rode him with much enthusiasm. My fatty curves were jelly under stress of my powerful twerks. My chirpy voice whispered slurs as I rammed myself onto his pole. It didn't take him long to spill his warm seed inside me. My movements slowed down and I fell beside him. "Fuck you, Frank," he muttered. "Call me Francesca, girl. Don't worry, I'll find someone for you." I assured him while I laid in peace on my cushiony ass cheeks for the first time in a month. A wide grin spread over my face.

The End