

## Polymorph Parasite: Fatherly Concern (MtF TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

*Raymond has a problem: his daughter Tiffany is dating a boy. And not just any boy, but a philosophical type that doesn't understand what it is to be a real man. Already, Raymond has given him the warnings, all for nothing. But when Raymond is infected by a parasite after a sexual dalliance, he does begin to understand the appeal of her daughter's boyfriend, all thanks to his body transforming into a very lusty young woman's . . .*

### Polymorph Parasite: Fatherly Concern

Raymond answered the door with his shotgun in his hands and his handgun on his hip. His sunglasses were firmly affixed, and his cowboy hat sitting comfortably on his middle-aged head. He knew the image he was presenting, and it was the kind that would have sent any reasonable door knocker either running, or at least giving Raymond a healthy dose of respect.

Instead, his daughter's boyfriend Robert - Rob, as he apparently preferred - just nodded amiable and tipped his own hat.

"Morning, Raymond," he said easily. "Heading out to the range, are you?"

"No," Raymond said brusquely. "I'm always ready to defend myself, you know that Robert. And it's Mr Benson to you."

"Just Rob for me then," he said, smiling easily, almost *cheekily*. "I'm here to see Tiffany."

Raymond continued to block the door. "What for?"

"Well, you may be aware that we're sort of dating."

Raymond patted his shotgun. "So I keep hearing. You know, I still don't understand what she sees in you, *Robert*."

Again, the lack of reaction from Rob was infuriating. He just shrugged his shoulders. "You'll have to ask her, Raymond. She's *your* daughter, after all. I would have thought you knew her best."

Raymond grit his teeth, his fingers clenched upon the weapon that hung in his hands so uselessly. Still, despite Rob approaching, he held his position at the door, the guardian to his house.

"Just so you know, Robert," he said, stretching out every word into a threatening Texan drawl. "I would do anything to protect my family, and my little girl. Against any threat. Any, do you understand?"

Rob was all cool and calm and collected, his hands in his pockets as if nothing was the matter. “Well, good luck with that, Ray. If you don’t mind?”

Raymond was about to say something even more overtly threatening, when suddenly his daughter ran up from behind him, her blonde hair trailing behind her, her figure dressed in an outfit that was far too provocative for the modest way he’d raised her. She had *ripped jeans* and a shirt that showed off part of her damned *midriff*.

“Dad, is it Rob? Is that Rob at the door?”

“Honey, what on earth are you wearing? You look ridiculous!”

She sighed deeply at his remark, before pushing him aside. To Raymond’s incredible frustration, she literally *leapt* into Robert’s arms before kissing him, her hands playing briefly with his spiky black hair. Raymond almost dropped the gun. What was the appeal of this man, with his ridiculous motorcycle and leather jacket? It was absurd, and more than that, the motorcycle wasn’t even *American*.

“Dad, you’re the one being ridiculous,” Tiffany finally said, still clutching her boyfriend. She stroked his beard lightly, the one he’d continually failed to shave off his ridiculous black goatee and be professional despite Raymond’s constant insistence. “I’m twenty one years old. I can vote. I can drive. I can drink. And I can wear what I want.”

“Not while you’re under this roof, missy!” Raymond declared.

His daughter just shrugged. “Then we’ll go elsewhere. Town, babe?”

“Sounds like a plan, Tiff.”

“She’s not Tiff!” Raymond barked. “She’s Tiffany. And where are you taking her?”

“Just a date, Ray,” Rob said, already walking Tiffany to his motorcycle and passing a helmet to her. “Don’t worry, I won’t break too many road rules.”

Raymond was too furious to bark out an angry command, except for his standard: “You will respect the authority of your father, Tiffany!”

But she already had the helmet on and was waving him goodbye, with about as much sarcasm and irritation as possible, the ungrateful thing.

“Goddamn it,” he grunted to himself, throwing his gun to the ground rather dangerously. “What the hell does she see in that rule-breaking, disrespectful bad boy? He doesn’t respect his elders or tradition at all!”

He didn’t quite realise that he’d probably just answered his own question.

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The problem, as Raymond saw it, was that his daughter simply wasn’t conservative enough. His ex-wife Margaret disagreed, and was likely the font of inspiration for this latest act of pointless post-teenage rebellion. More than once he’d lamented out loud - even in Tiffany’s

presence - that he'd wished she'd been born a boy. Had she been a Tom, a Dick, or a Harry, he could have taken her hunting, shown her how to replace a tire, talked about cars endlessly. Manly stuff. But with Tiffany it had been frilly dresses and dolls, then pads and tampons and teen drama, and now boys and dating and outfits that were far too showy. It repulsed him, and just as he'd refused to change a diaper in his life no matter how much Margaret had pleaded with him, so did he refuse to wade into the red waters of menstruation aid, or ever try to learn what made his daughter's fascination with bad boy Rob tick. All he cared about was making her come to her damn senses, and getting that Japanese motorcycle-riding freak off of his lawn.

So after his latest setback, during which he'd stayed up late until she'd returned on Rob's motorcycle, then proceeded to bark at her as soon as she'd come in, he was more determined than ever to end this relationship by any means possible. She'd thank him later, of course. Women always came to their senses, except for Margaret. But she had moved states away, and while Tiffany had planned to go live with her mom on a permanent basis, Rob had turned up in Raymond's own home city, sending the damn fool of a girl starry eyed.

"There's gotta be a way to get rid of him but not let Margaret have her," he huffed to himself, drinking beers late one night while waiting for her to return. "There's got to be a way to break it down, find her a nice conservative man, and not let that hussy of her mother get her claws back into her."

But he was damned if he could think of a way, especially not at 11.30pm. But things would change the day following, all thanks to a chance encounter.

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Raymond's pick up needed its service. He could do it himself, of course, but the damn government needed their paperwork when it came to making sure everything was all proper and legal on the street. He hated it, but on the other hand, the engine had been kicking up a bit, so he decided to book it in and swallow his pride. He'd been doing a lot of that lately. His last choice of mechanic had been a total no-nothing - they even had a damn woman on staff! - so he chose a new location this time, one called 'Gabe's Autos.'

It seemed a good enough place as he rolled in and got out, and the two men running the show seemed to have a handle on what they were doing.

"Sure, we can have it all good and calibrated today if you have a spare few hours," the one called Ed said.

"Absolutely," the one called Malcolm added. "You're welcome to hang around."

Raymond raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, look, I've got other things to do, and can't see a reason to stick around for several hours. I figure I'll grab a taxi and-"

“Oh, that would be so very disappointing, mister,” came a new voice, and a very sultry one at that.

Raymond turned, and was shocked at what he saw. He disliked the notion of female mechanics on principle, it being a man’s job and all, but this woman was something else entirely. She had to be in her late twenties, with longer dirty blonde hair that framed her tight mechanic uniform perfectly. Her large, melon-like breasts were wonderfully displayed by the open zipper at the front, and the belt cinched around her waist to reveal her hourglass shape beneath. Her face was partly smudged from working machines, but her lips were still ruby red from her lipstick, and her eyeshadow gave her the appearance of a devilish temptress. A rogue. A rulebreaker. All the kinds of attributes that Raymond should have hated, that he *did* hate in Robert.

But Raymond was nothing if not hypocritical deep down, as all men like him are, not that he’d ever admit it. He gaped briefly at the sight of her, then leered at her perfect tits as she sauntered to him.

“And you are?” he asked.

“Gayle,” she said. “I own this place. And I really, *really* like meeting the customers and taking care of them in private. You look like the kind of handsome older guy who wouldn’t mind chatting to a girl like me.”

He decided he didn’t, and automatically assumed a confident manly pose. It was a bit difficult, given that he had a bit of a sagging gut as of the last few years of his life, and his hair arms, while thick, weren’t exactly building with muscles.

“Lead the way, Gayle,” he said.

She took his arm, leading him out of the main room of the store. Ed and Malcolm gave a knowing grin in Raymond’s direction - was this her usual manner? No, he put that out of mind. Clearly this young fox of a woman recognised a man who was the real deal, old-fashioned in all the best ways. That’s what he deluded himself into thinking at least. She opened a door to a private office with her name on it, though judging from the previous half-removed stencilling on the window it’d once belonged to a man named ‘Gabe.’

“Your father, I guess?” he suggested as she brought him inside the space and closed the shutters to the outside world.

“Hmm?” she said, tossing her hair.

“Gabe?”

She giggled. “Oh, that’s just . . . an old life. You can ignore it. The only thing that matters is that I’m here now, honey, and I want you *bad*.”

Raymond blinked. This woman was indeed forward. By his own proclaimed morality, he should have condemned this kind of behaviour. But he was nothing if not a hypocrite in

private, and his prick was already getting might hard as she unbuttoned her mechanic's uniform further.

"You do, do you, doll?"

She moaned sensuously. "Ohhh, yesssss, I do. I love men like you. I heard you talking to Ed and Mal and they pointed you my way. Older, traditional men make me so fucking hot you have no idea. It makes me want to give you some private customer service, *if you know what I mean.*"

Raymond grinned. If anything was going to make him feel like a man again, it was going to be fucking a hot young blonde with big tits, especially if . . .

"I'll tell *you* what makes an older manly guy like *me* pretty hot," he said.

"Oh yeah?" she replied, moving towards him, letting her breasts bounce in her lacy bra, her hips swaying from side to side. "What would that be?"

"If a girl with nice lips like yours went down on my hard cock. How about that?"

For a moment, just a moment, there was a tension on her features. Then it resolved into an obviously horny excitement. "Wow, I don't do that very often, mister. Back when I was . . . mhmm, that doesn't matter. I'll make it worth your while, don't you worry."

And she did. Good Lord, she did. Raymond was trapped in the most unexpected and delightful ecstasy as she wrapped her mouth around his erect dick not long after unbuckling his trousers. She had directed him to relax in *her* seat, the *boss's* seat, all while she crouched down on her knees and sucked him off. She expertly rubbed and stroked his shaft, even caressing his balls, all while taking him deep inside her mouth. He gripped her hair possessively. His ex-wife had hated him doing that, said it was painful, but this woman simply moaned all the more, her body in sweet ecstasy simply in the act of pleasuring him.

"God, you're a wonderful slut, aren't you?" he asked her.

"Mhmmm," she said, nodding slightly and looking up at him. For just a moment there was that look of regret in her eyes, or perhaps resignation, but then it became excitement again, and she continued to give him the best blowjob he had ever recieved. When he finally came, it was explosively, him grunting loudly and low as he shot thick wads of his seed right down her throat. Somehow, she seemed to climax also, the mere act of making him cum in her mouth causing her to whimper, her body to writhe.

"Looks like you enjoyed that present I gave you," he said, smirking.

She licked the head of his cock, nodding. "I did," she managed. "Ohhhh, I did."

What he didn't realise was that *she* had given him a little present without meaning to as well. One that would change his life more than he could ever imagine.

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The polymorph parasite did not feel pleasure as you and I would know it. It experienced rushes of hormones, of dopamine and ecstasy, but it did not have 'happiness' or 'joy' so much as relief and instinctive satisfaction at having completed a primal directive. This was the flood of feeling it experienced now, having achieved one of these directives, the most important directive of all for any organism on the planet; reproduction.

Currently, the parasite resided inside the one known as Gayle. When it had come from its own parent parasite and resided within her, she had been a male of her species, one known as Gabe. But in order to maximise his potential both as a carrier for the parasite, a deliverer of sexual hormones upon which it fed, and a potential deliverer of future parasitic young to other hosts, the parasite had turned him slowly into an attractive young female, one who couldn't help but follow her own new instincts to mate constantly. This had been the case for years now, not that the parasite had a concept of years. But for three human years Gayle had become resigned to her new life thanks to it, constantly needing to 'service' human customers with her female body and accept her new life, never knowing what had changed her in the first place. This suited the parasite which had bonded fully to her, but as the years had passed, it too felt a further compulsion, and this had led to the creation of a second immature parasite within the host's body, microscopic in scale. It would be doomed to die as a competitor unless a new host was found.

Thankfully, one had just been located.

As Gayle indulged in the sexual act of taking a male reproductive organ inside her consumption receptacle, the polymorph parasite urged its tiny young to swim the vast distance up to the subject's mouth. It was in the throes of pleasure, and it gave that pleasure to Gayle as well as it always did, causing a wonderful hormonal feedback. But far sweeter this time was the completion of that biological directive: its new young completed the transition, travelling up Gayle's throat, attaching itself to the member of the male having intercourse with her, and then sliding into his tunnel. It was a race against time to make it further into the male's system before he could ejaculate, but while the parasite could not feel what we would know as 'confidence,' it experienced a certainty that the transfer had been a success.

Had the parasite been more sapient, it might have been aware that this was the first ever oral transmission of its kind to a host body. But it was not, and it was too focused on its pleasure beside. The deed was done, a new host had been found as a receptacle for its young, and the whole business was over, its pattern now able to return to the usual.

But for the male named Raymond, things were only just beginning.

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Ramond stared at his reflection in the mirror. It had been three days since the strange encounter with that hot piece of ass, and he was still thinking about doing something to bust up his pick up just so he could take it back and have her fuck him again. She hadn't exactly given him a number, but boy had she put a spring in his step, and it was evident from his appearance: he hadn't looked so young or healthy in years!

"Jesus, are those hairs coming back?"

He felt over his hair. While Tiffany had inherited her mother's blondness, he'd always had darker hair himself. But in the last few years a growing bald spot had emerged, and there was little to hide it. Now though, that had seemingly reversed; there was the growth of new black hair along the top of his head, and even his short-trimmed hair elsewhere seemed a little longer, a little thicker, a little lusher.

"Is that even possible?"

He posed to the side, his attention going to his gut. It had thinned a little too, and the weight scales confirmed it. True, he'd eaten less the last few days, and had been experiencing a strange churn within his body, but it wasn't like he was dieting or working out or anything. And yet he seemed more limber, more energetic, like he could take on the world. Even his slightly chubby cheeks had pulled in a bit.

"Goddamn," he said. "Maybe that was just it. After years of Margaret being a damn dead fish in the bedroom, I just needed a woman who knew her damn place to, heh, 'service' me."

It made him chuckle, though a rumble in his stomach gave him pause. That had been happening a bit lately too, ever since the sex. It was probably just all the excitement from days ago; he'd hit a dry spell for too long before hand. What he didn't know was that it was anything but; the parasite within him was maturing fast, and it was already feeding on his hormonal changes and remembrance of the sexual experience. It was changing him to be more virile, more enthusiastic, all to eventually begin feeding on the dopamine produced during a climax. But it had inherited much of the memory of its parent, and knew what kind of body produced those hormones in abundance. As such, a new organ was slowly blooming into being within Raymond, one that would have made him scream to know of it.

Raymond Benson was growing a *uterus*.

Another rumble, and he grunted.

"Maybe I should go see a -"

He halted as the loud sound of a motorcycle pulling up outside his home resounded. His eyes widened, and anger boiled within him. Raymond got up and stormed outside, slamming the door open in time to witness his daughter pulling her helmet off and grinning in his direction.

“Hey Dad!” she said. “I’ve invited Rob over for dinner with us! It’s time you two finally got on.”

“Honey, you can’t possibly expect me to-”

“I’ll help cook Dad, but you *will* let him over. I’m serious. If you want anything to do with me, you and him will learn to get along.”

Rob was still on the motorcycle, clad in his ridiculous leather jacket. He shrugged in Raymond’s direction, as if he too had little say in his girlfriend’s strong-willed plan. Raymond just sneered at the badboy, still finding it insufferable that his daughter would date such a man, especially one that cared so deeply about his own looks, or who had no clear plan for his life. But then he saw Tiffany’s face; resolute and calm, and refusing to budge. She got that look from Margaret, and he’d seen a similar expression before she’d left him too. He refused to let that happen to Tiffany. He had to sabotage their relationship while preserving the one with his daughter.

“F-fine,” he muttered. “Dinner it is. But I’ll cook and do it proper. Ribs.”

She grinned, and actually did something she hadn’t done for a while; she hugged him. “Thank you, daddy,” she said.

But Raymond was staring across at Robert, barely hiding his disgust. Robert didn’t look too enthused either.

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The polymorph parasite was not human, and therefore could not truly understand the interactions its host was having with its female progeny and said progeny’s partner. But it was still intelligent in its own way, and more so than its own progenitor, as each parasite inherited its forerunner’s memories and skill, evolving rapidly to further sentience and maybe even sapience. As such, it did recognise the conversation its unwitting host was having to be an ‘awkward’ one, fraught with tension and carefully laid words. Even as the parasite worked further changes slowly throughout its host’s body, increasing in size itself and spreading its influence through his body, it was able to gain an understanding of what its host was doing.

Raymond Benson was sabotaging his daughter’s relationship, deliberately.

This was fascinating to the parasite; it needed to learn more about host interaction to better its own chances at facilitating mating and sexual energy soon. And so it focused on listening - through its newly developed connections to the host’s auditory systems - to the conversation.

*“So Robert, what do you plan to do with your life?”*

*“He doesn’t really make plans, Dad. He lives life one step at a time. It’s so cool.”*

*“Perfectly put, babe.”*



*“Sure, sure. But you also need to support yourself, and my daughter too if you continue to date her. What are you going to do about fuel? Bills? Shelter? Food and water?”*

*“I’ll find a way.”*

*“Lots of people say that. I hear those Japanese bikes require expensive maintenance though.”*

*“Nah, they run smooth, Ray. Barely need to touch them.”*

*“You should buy American. I want my daughter to date a patriot, not a sellout.”*

*“Dad!”*

*“I’m only being honest, honey.”*

*“I don’t think the type of bike I drive is anyone’s business to be honest, Ray.”*

*“It is when I look at the fatality stats on bike passengers. Honey, did you know that your chances of dying while riding with Robert here is twenty six times higher than with a car?”*

*“I’ll be find, Dad.”*

*“Try saying that when you get spread over the pavement. So Robert, you don’t have a plan, but you have a job, right?”*

*“Yeah, I work at the petrol station on ninth. I get cheaper gas there.”*

*“So, you’re a gas attendant?”*

There was a pause, an almost embarrassed one. The polymorph parasite could already detect some of its hosts lies: the made up statistics, the exaggerated concern, the anecdotes about his own life that he embellished in order to warn his progeny of her poor choice of mate. It was *fascinating* to the parasite. This human, instead of celebrating his daughter’s success in finding a virile mate, instead was horrified by it.

Almost, it thought in a near-human manner, almost as if the father was *jealous* of the daughter. Or guarding her jealously. Or viewing the man as a competitor for the daughter’s affections. *This*, it could use.

The parasite extended its reach, feeding off of the fat and excess tissue of its host to grow further, connecting to the optical nerves of its host. It examined the other male in the room, and instinct led it to conclude that this a mighty virile individual. The male was young, attractive (at least to female host species, he would be), appeared to be in prime fitness, and had some kind of sociological appeal to the female known as ‘Tiffany’ that her father kept referring to as a ‘bad boy look.’

The parasite could indeed use this. It could use this precisely, and it could channel its own host’s frustrations to feed his changes, redirecting hormones and chemicals to all the right places. It began its work immediately.

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Raymond went to bed smiling that night. He had seen the uncertainty on his daughter's face, witnessed her inability to answer questions about how she and Rob would cope on the road together if they ever did take on their dream of living that way. It had been delicious, dismantling the normally confident young man. Whereas out on the porch it had been Raymond continually outdone, here in his own house, within his own walls, he had triumphed. Oh, Robert had never shown it, of course. The young punk had been as calm and collected as ever, shrugging continually when unable to answer a question satisfactorily. But he wasn't stupid, and both men had noticed that doubts were creeping into Tiffany's mind about her bad boy boyfriend. He had done his best to remind her of all the good times they'd had together when she was younger, all the memories of this house, all the *stability* it had offered her in childhood. He had used that as a crowbar to crack upon their relationship, preying on the fact that as rebellious as she was, she had also never truly taken a big leap before.

"That brief look of concern on his face, ha!" he cackled to himself. He had to be quiet, as Tiffany was asleep downstairs, for once in bed on time and with no Rob scurrying around the garden outside like a rodent to try and abscond with her.

"Yes, that look on his face."

Indeed, the image of Rob stayed in his mind for longer than he'd anticipated. For reasons he couldn't quite explain, he lowered his hand down to his manhood and began to stroke it, still thinking of Rob's face, his body, his leather jacket persona. His penis hardened, and the conservative father began to stroke it.

"Mmhm, yeah," he grunted to himself, rubbing ever more firmly, now fully masturbating. "Yessss. I b-beat you. I fucking beat you."

He imagined Rob grinning. Imagined him without his leather jacket on, with just that white singlet. Imagined that smug smile and dark, bad boy look in his eyes.

"Nghh . . . ahhh . . . ahhhh!"

He came, and came hard. His seed splattered into the bedsheets, and the climax lasted longer than he was used to, almost as long as it had been with Gayle. He held his cock, still rubbing it, but even as he did so the realisation of what he'd just done fell upon him like a ton of bricks.

"What the fuck . . . what the fuck was that about?"

He rationalised it quickly. It was the feeling of domination, of course. The sensation of having beaten an opponent, and established his own fatherly supremacy. His power over his dominion. He cleaned up quickly, embarrassed but quickly getting over it.

But when he slept, he dreamed of motorcycles and leather jackets and confident, roguish grins . . .

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As the days passed, Raymond continued to needle at the relationship between Tiffany and Robert. It was surprisingly easy; for some reason, he was able to tap into his daughter's insecurities and feelings with incredible precision, understanding how she felt, what her worries were, and what she saw in Rob as well. He had no idea why this was the case, but the polymorph parasite certainly did, at least on some inhuman level; it was dumping massive amounts of transformative chemicals into his system, flooding his body with estrogen, and leaving him much more emotional. Not only that, but he was also developing a womanly intuition. This manifested as a continual intrigue towards Rob - Raymond often thought of him as 'Rob' and not 'Robert' now. More than once, Raymond actually experienced a strange spike of relief when he turned up on his motorcycle, or when Tiffany invited him around for dinner, or when Raymond would see Rob at the petrol station . . . despite the fact that Raymond had no reason to go *that* way for his petrol. He didn't even work near the city, or work at all; a worker's compensation case for an old injury had set him up, even after the divorce. Yes still, he found himself seeking Rob out.

"Just for research," he told himself, scratching his head. His daughter had pointed out that he was clearly "wearing a wig" lately until he showed her otherwise. When her astonishment about his new full head of hair was expressed, he had to lie on the spot.

"I got some extra money undertaking one of those new pill tests. It's about . . . male pattern baldness, or whatever. Youth drug, y'know."

It wasn't the most convincing lie, but Tiffany had clearly seen enough of her father's insecurities over his own manliness to believe it.

"Well, it looks good. Getting a bit long though, isn't it? I thought you hated guys with long hair, Dad."

"I do, I do! I'm just . . . uh, letting it grow in, honey. Anyway, don't question your father's fashion choices when you're the one who needs to be dressing more modestly. I'm sick and tired of neighbours asking me questions about what nasty business you're getting up to!"

It was enough to sever the bridge that was forming between them in that moment, because she huffed and walked off. "Fuck you, Dad!"

Normally, he would have shouted at her to go to her room, even if she was now twenty one years old. Instead, a funny thing happened: tears formed in his eyes.

"Goddamn it," he muttered to himself as he rubbed his eyes. "Why am I so emotional?"

“Oh, and another thing!” Tiffany shouted, appearing from the top of the staircase she’d just run up. “You always judge me for how I look, but lately you’ve been really weird! Put the goddamn nipples away Dad, no one wants to see them!”

His jaw dropped as she disappeared from view and then slammed the door shut to her room. Looking down, he could indeed see that his nipples were oddly swollen. They had been like that on and off the past few days, but he thought it was just a temporary irritation. Now, they looked bigger than ever, and the flesh beneath them was sore as well.

“Goddamn it,” he muttered. “Right as things were going well. Has this got something to do with why I’ve been looking sick lately?”

He didn’t look sick. Far from it, in fact; he was thinner than ever, though his height had dropped an inch without him realising it. The polymorph parasite was hard at work altering his dimensions, and it had left his limbs increasingly limber, particularly his legs, which had previously developed tree-trunk proportions around his thighs. His face had lost any sag and looked younger, while his lips had puffed up a little. It was hard for him to view these changes too critically though; the parasite was also drawing upon the memories of near-disasters that its progenitor and progenitor’s progenitor had experienced, when their hosts had nearly rejected them entirely and sought medical help. As such, it dumped calming chemicals into Raymond’s brain whenever he got too weirded out or agitated by his changes, making his mind foggy in those moments, and difficult for him to question the changes.

Still, he couldn’t help but examine himself in the shower the next day. His nipples were pinker, and larger, and were developing what looked like rounded areolas around them. Moreover, his pectorals were swelling again, but not in the way they had when he’d had ‘manboobs’ from his beer drinking. Instead, there was a more . . . natural softness to them. A firmness and roundness that was only growing, if he were to judge from the achiness that accompanied them. His body hair had thinned considerably, and his hips seemed somewhat wider. Or was it just that his waist was thinner? (it was both, of course. The parasite knew that an hourglass figure was necessary to please a mate).

“This hair is getting to be way too much,” he said. “Need to cut it. Way too long.”

The fringe alone was easily falling over his eyes now, and when he looked in the mirror after he finished drying himself it was obvious that his features looked almost feminine as a result.

“Jesus, hopefully it all goes down. Don’t want to look ridiculous in front of Rob.” His eyes went wide at what he’d just said. “So I can teach that young punk some damn fucking manners, I mean!”

And yet still, the thought of Rob stirred within him, aided by the changes to his brain facilitated by the parasite. His dick slowly became erect, and the image of that roguish young man leapt into his head once again.

“Nhhgh,” he grunted, feeling the need come upon him again. “J-just need to think of Gayle. That hot blonde bombshell. Yeah.”

He masturbated in the shower cubicle, trying to think of her and those magnificent tits and blowjob she gave. But it wasn't enough. It wasn't attractive at all, in fact. At least, not in the sense that he hoped. Instead, his mind rotated the image, placing *him* as Gayle, prostrate before Rob, bending down on his knees and tugging the man off.

“What . . . no! Ohhhh, but it's so f-fucking hot . . .”

He tried to fight the revolting image, but it wasn't revolting at all to him now. He imagined *being* Gayle, sucking down on Rob's long, thick rod and pleasing him to his full. Even better, he imagined being the kind of girl that Rob would truly want. Not a blonde mechanic, no matter how hot she was, but instead a punk girl. The kind of bad girl that Tiffany pretended to be but never could be. A babe with short, dark hair, facial and tongue piercings, and dark purple lipstick and heavy eyeshadow. A woman who could pull off a leather jacket appearance herself, but no one would ever mistake her for a man because she'd always show off her midriff and tattooed lower back, and her big, beautiful tits.

“B-big tits,” Raymond grunted, imagining them. They were a source of great arousal, but not because he wanted to push his face into them or suck on them, but because he wanted to *have* them. Big, bouncy, heavy boobs for Rob to appreciate. His daughter had inherited her mother's good looks, but Margaret had always been flat as a board.

“I c-could be better,” he said, still tugging on his erection. His cock seemed smaller lately, much smaller in fact, and it took him longer to achieve climax. But it didn't matter; the idea of becoming a hot punk chick who Rob would obsess over was fixed firmly in his mind, so when climax came, it came *hard*.

“Ahhhhh, yesssss!” he groaned, voice cracking at the midpoint to become higher. “Rob, I w-want you - oohhhhh!!!”

His voice rose higher again, making him sound quite effeminate. The last of his cum spilled onto the shower floor, leaving him panting. The cold epiphany of what he'd just imagined and been aroused by began to sink into his mind, and with it came a cold dread that left him gazing at his reflection in horrified shame.

“What the fuck - why did I just - nnggh!”

But it was too late. The parasite had been flooded with sexual pleasure, and this was enough to strengthen it yet further. It flexed its new power, stretching outwards to fuse with more and more of its host's body, and in doing so immediately enacted a bevy of changes on a much larger scale than before.

Raymond gasped as they hit him. He doubled over, feeling the pressure in his waist, in his chest, in his rear and in his crotch. His hair grew longer, turning even blacker, while his face began to rearrange, feminising more completely. The man's age reversed, the parasite bringing him back to the prime of his life. Wrinkles ironed out, age spots disappeared, and tired lines from years and years of hating on everything the younger generations did simply vanished along with them. Ray grunted, reaching back to hold his spine. For a moment he was terrified it was breaking, but then the segments of his backbone began to compress, pushing downward and pulling inward so that his impressive six foot height fell away. His limbs likewise reduced in length, shrinking back even as the skin softened.

"This c-can't be happening! What the f-fuck is h-happening to m-m-meeee!? Ohhhhh G-God! It's t-too muhhhhch!"

His cock, already smaller in size, shrank in size even more, and yet at the same time it also hardened again, his whole body aroused by the power of the changes. The parasite could not keep this up forever, but it fed on this temporary feedback loop, further empowering the transformation. Soon Raymond was developing sharp cheekbones that sat higher upon his face, and even his jawline was softening a little. His neck, always a little flabby, becoming slender and almost elegant. His ass swelled, pushing outwards but losing its paunchiness.

"S-stop this! Oh G-God! Stop thisssssss - nngghh!!!"

Another climax, another orgasm. Very little left his penishead this time; he hadn't had time for a proper refractory period, and his reserves of semen were nearly at an end thanks to the parasite; it was suckering them all up as a food source, which had the intended additional effect of further feminising him.

Raymond panted for a long time, his chest feeling all strange, his body feeling all wrong. He was terrified to look in the mirror, but knew he had to, because with each release of his breath he could hear his own gasping voice, one that didn't sound like him at all. Not in the least. Slowly, he raised his vision.

And stared.

And blinked.

And dropped his jaw.

"No. No no no no no fucking no. It can't be. This has to be some kind of f-fucking dream! What kind of emasculating feminazi bullshit is happening to me!?"

His body had changed more dramatically than before, enough to cut through to his foggy psyche. For one, his hair was now down to his chin, to the point where he had to part it just to see properly. His face was one much more feminine, looking as if he'd had work done on it. His lips were pouty, his chin a bit softer, and the flab of his cheeks were gone. More than that, his eyebrows and nose and eyes were all more female in appearance, looking

almost sultry, or sly, or both. This matched the rest of his changing body, because a new development terrified him more than any of the rest put together.

“Tits. I’ve got actual tits.”

He placed his trembling hands - themselves smoother and smaller and much less hairier now - upon his similarly hairless chest. The sensation that met his grasping gropes made him wince and immediately pull away. His nipples were left stiffened. Erect. Hard.

“Mhmm, why do they feel like that? Goddamnit, did Tiffany leave one of her soaps for me to use without thinking? Is it a damn rash?”

But as stubborn and angry as he was, Raymond knew this went far beyond any rash. His hips had gotten wider, his legs more shapely, his waist thinner. And the breasts on his chest were very much real, perky little A-cups that were just big enough to warrant more than a training bra. Big enough, in fact, to have just a faint jiggle to them.

“Fuck!” he exclaimed. “FUCK!!!”

The parasite went hard to work rectifying this, but it was reduced, lacking energy and power. It did what it could to calm him down, as Ray was on the cusp of calling the emergency health line before something stopped him. He couldn’t say for certain what, so his forever-rationalising mind did it for him.

“No, no way. I won’t have them thinking I’m some sort of Sodomite-looking malformed *freak*. Not some kind of three-gendered metrosexual weirdo. There’s got to be an explanation for this that I can figure out and solve *myself*. Like a *man*.”

He had no idea how ironic that statement was becoming.

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“Dad, what the hell is wrong with you?”

Raymond winced. He’d had his hair cut. He’s done his best to dirty up his face. He’d even done something he’d never imagined doing: he went to the pharmacy and bought some supplements to increase his manliness (the parasite would have scoffed at this feeble attempt, were it capable of doing so). Not to mention he was wearing a baggy shirt and older pair of casual at-home trousers to disguise the changes to his form.

And still Tiffany saw straight through it.

“What are you talking about honey?” he said. “And mind your language! No woman should be speaking that way, least of all to her father.”

She folded her arms and gestured to him. They were standing in the living room, and thank God that Rob wasn’t here. Raymond had Rob on his mind too much lately, and just thinking about it made his small breasts ache with the promise of future growth.

“Dad, I don’t give a shit about that-”

“Language!” he croaked, trying to keep his voice. It was an effort, sounding like he had the ball squeak of a teen boy just starting to go through puberty. “I mean, *language* Tiffany. I hope you’re not picking up those terrible cuss words from that horrible handsome boy you’re dating.”

“Dad, this is nothing to do with Rob and everything to do with - wait, did you just call Rob handsome for some reason?”

Raymond paused in mid-lecture, hanging on that awkward point. “I just meant that ironically, for Chrissakes-”

“Language, Dad.”

“Don’t be short with me, young missy! You live under my roof and-”

“And I won’t be soon, especially if you keep being so weird! What’s going on with you lately? You’ve always been horrible to any boys I date, especially ones I like, but ever since I started going out with Rob you’ve been more aggressive than ever.”

“I’m just protecting my family,” he said, scratching his chest without meaning to, which only made his stiffening nipple obvious against the material of his top.

“Bullshit!”

“Language!”

But Tiffany was finding her voice and putting her foot down. It drove him mad to see and hear it, but something about the changes was making him less able to assert himself, especially in the face of such righteous anger. His daughter cut off his attempt to continue, riding roughshod over him.

“And another thing is what’s in front of me right now! Are you getting surgery? Is this trying to make me feel weird? Is this a goddamn mid-life crisis?”

“I told you that I’m taking a medical trial for hair and-”

She stepped forward and *dared* to poke her own Dad in the chest. To Raymond’s embarrassment, he actually *squeaked* in response to his tender right boob being prodded. Even Tiffany seemed shocked at the strange feeling of his chest, but continued right on:

“Your face is all different! You’ve got obvious frickin’ lip filler! Have you had a liposuction or something? Because you’ve seriously lost weight quicker than is literally possible otherwise. You’re actually looking like the kind of guys you’ve made fun of all your life. Is this your way of coming out of the closet or something?”

Raymond’s anger increased, incensed by her final question. “That’s it! You apologise to your father right now! I won’t have you disrespecting me in my house, especially making comments about who I’m attracted to you. And by the way, *missy*, I’m as straight as an arrow and besides-”

His rage suddenly flatlined. The sound of a motorcycle rocking up outside caught his attention, as well as Tiffany’s.



"We'll talk about this later," she said, moving for the door.

"Not another step! I've warned you about this Rob fellow!"

She spun on the spot, fierceness in her eyes. "Oh yeah? Well thanks for that! Because due to your little sabotage, we're having real fucking problems at the moment. I was actually dumb enough to listen to your little speech the other night and try to push him into finding a plan, and we had a whole argument - he wants to be a free spirit, but I still want a house when I'm older like you always wanted. But now I see that effort for what it was; just another fucking attempt to control my life, all because I'm a woman and you always wanted a goddamn son! Well too bad, Dad! Rob and I will work it out, and then I'll hit the road with him on his motorcycle and never look back. And you know what? I'll be his *punk rock babe*, just like he wants me. Piercings and eyeshadow and leather jacket and tattoos and everything. Ha! See what you think of your precious little modest daughter *then!*"

She stomped off, and Raymond was left momentarily bewildered, though not for the reasons his daughter perhaps thought. Her description of Rob's dream girl had been *exactly* what Raymond had imagined himself after his shower two days earlier. Since then, his breasts had expanded to almost B-cups, and his body had become even more svelte and curvaceous, all while gaining a more petite shape overall. But always that image of a curvy punk rocker of a babe, covered in tats and piercings and makeup, servicing her boyfriend after he got off of his bike, had remained with him.

And now Tiffany had linked it even further to Rob in a way that was unshakeable.

"Hey Tiff! I thought maybe we could go for a ride. Have a talk. You know, sort some things out, babe."

"Babe?" Raymond said. The parasite fuelled him with a cocktail of hormones, bringing him to a volatile, emotional, and *jealous* state. "Babe!? He doesn't call *me* babe!"

The transforming man charged forward, slamming open the door before Rob could say another word. Tiffany spun round, aghast at her father's entrance, but Raymond was undeterred. He *needed* to see the other man, and there he was, all windblown black hair and handsome good looks. Young and virile and manly in that bad boy way Raymond was finally understanding the appeal of.

"Rob!" he exclaimed, trying not to smile brightly. "I - how are you doing?"

Rob paused, looking the older man up and down. Tiffany was burning with blushing humiliation, and mouthing for her dad to get back inside. But for reasons that Raymond couldn't understand, he needed to see Rob. Needed to be in his presence. Just the thought of it was making his nipples hard - an aroused response aided by the polymorph parasite within, which continued to push all his buttons and gear his mind towards becoming this other male's mate.

“I’m doing well Ray,” Rob said, scratching the back of his head sheepishly. “Um, is everything okay with you? You look different.”

“Oh, you know how it is. Trying a different look. Thinking of going to some concerts.”

“Cool, I guess. I didn’t think you were the concert type.”

“Well, there’s that PunkCity Festival in town. I used to enjoy that shit in my youth, and I’m feeling the urge to party hard again, you know what I’m saying?”

Tiff’s face was as red as a tomato by this point, glaring back at her father.

‘*What the fuck are you doing?*’ she mouthed to him.

But again, he ignored her, looking to Rob to see what he had to say. The other man remained awkward, his normal unflappable exterior finally, well, *flapped*.

“Well, cool man. You do you. I’m just taking Tiff for a ride so we can chat about some stuff.”

“I’ll come along,” Ray said, shocked at his own words. “I think it’s time we all spent some time together today.”

“Dad! What the fuck?”

“Fucking language, young missy!”

“Dad!”

But his gambit had failed, and Rob was just finding the whole situation obviously weird. He made some excuse, beckoned for Tiffany to go with him, and in that moment Raymond felt an intense envy towards his own daughter. It should have been him on that bike, but at the same time that was all wrong, wasn’t it? The thoughts swirled in his head, and he could only watch uselessly as Rob took off, the loud engine screaming as he broke the local speed laws. It infuriated Raymond to see, but it was also deeply sexy at the same time.

“No, it’s not!” he growled, voice cracking yet again. He marched inside, kicking over a chair in anger. What the hell was wrong with him? Why was he acting this way? He couldn’t understand it, nor why he hadn’t gone to the hospital or even booked a doctor’s appointment.

“I j-just want to go with them to keep an eye on him. Make sure he doesn’t do anything to my daughter.”

The thought of Rob doing something to *Raymond* was an entirely different matter, however. He could just imagine what it would be like to have Rob shirtless in his presence, holding him, caressing him, *fucking* him.

“Mhmmm,” he moaned, getting hard again. Raymond retreated to the bathroom, still puffed up on envy, confusion, anger, and a hundred other emotions pushed on him by the massive hormonal dumps. The parasite worked quickly to nurture this chemical and mental

dependence on this bad boy that he hated, and soon it was almost literally impossible to get Rob out of his mind, or to end the sexual thoughts.

“I need to look better for him,” Raymond grunted, unbelieving his words but finding release in them anyway. “I need to be his perfect punk babe. I need to be a *bad girl*.”

Raymond bit his fuller lip, and began to moan.

Another set of changes was upon him, and this time he was helpless but to welcome them. The polymorph parasite worked fast to draw upon this need and enhance it further, spiking his body with estrogen and spreading itself through his body until it was fully entangled across all his systems. While it couldn't feel fear in the same way as you and I, it had been briefly concerned that it would fail to make a connection between its host and an appropriate future mate. The 'Rob' individual was perfect, after all, but the host hated him. And yet even as that dislike and distrust continued, it somehow only made the feelings of lust the host now had for Rob all the more overwhelming. The host 'Raymond' was well on his way to becoming a deeply attractive woman, and soon the transition would be impossible to deny. It pleased the parasite, who would feed off that sexual energy in perfect symbiosis with its host, keeping *her* happy and healthy and horny all of her life, and attractive beyond measure even in her older age.

Raymond had no idea of this though. The older conservative father was about to become anything but. He was about to become his own nightmare.

“Ohhhh,” he groaned as the changes started once more. “Why d-do I want this!?”

The parasite knew. It gave him what he wanted.

It began to make him a 'bad girl.'

“Ahhhh, mmmhm, yessss! M-make me perfect for Rob! That punk rocker girl b-body!”

He was saying the words and barely believing he was saying them, but as if he was summoning the change himself, his body started to alter. His breasts expanded slowly, succumbing to a growing pressure that mounted almost *painfully*. He bit his lip, exhaling loudly as he pawed his B-cup tits. Up until this point he had been in denial over what they were, but no longer; the pressure gave way to growth. From various parts of his once manly body the tissue and fat was supplied, and as his bones shrank a little in his limbs and spine, that matter too was broken down and converted by the parasite to increase the developments in Raymond's chest. He sucked in his breath as they pushed forwards, now undeniably womanly in shape, two round shapes that could now be compared to fruit. He clutched at them with his hands, feeling their softness as they went up an entire cup size.

“Mhmmm! B-Big! Ahhhh, n-need to be bigger than my d-daughter, damn it!”

Raymond had always loved a pair of big tits. He was a deeply conservative man, but like many men who professed an obsession with modesty and good morals, he had some rather scandalous skeletons in the closet, not the least of which were a few porn rags with

busty beauties in it. Now those secret fantasies were coming to life on his own person as they stretched the top he was wearing, two rounded indentations making themselves known as quite the full C-cup. They were not as big as they looked from above, but given that he had a vantage point he'd never possessed before when staring at a pair of breasts, they certainly looked large, cleavage and all.

"Wait - this is wrong!" he said, looking down at the creamy flesh which was now bereft of any manly chest hair. He had full on breasts now, and, with a slight moan from Raymond, his nipples became bigger and pinker and with wider, sensitive areolas. "I'm n-not meant to have - what the f-fuck is this? Aww, c'mon!"

The last was said in the stereotypical cadence of a man in his fifties watching a football game not going his way, except that his actual voice cracked higher. He now sounded quite effeminate, to the point where masking his voice was practically impossible. They rubbed against the material of his polo shirt, not only making themselves quite obvious but leaving him breathing a little quicker in response. God, they were responsive.

"H-have to f-fight it! I'm a man, n-not some jumped up, inappropriate s-slut of a - nng!"

But there was no stopping the changes now. Little did he realise that there was a polymorph parasite within him, not that he knew such things existed anyway. It was overriding control of his body, utterly connected to practically every part of his physiology. The parasite had grown dramatically, but it was still comparatively tiny compared to Raymond. What was important was that it had nestled itself like a second brain, a second hormone dumper, a second little computer deciding what programs the grumpy male's body would run. It was running a very feminising program at that moment, and at a rapid pace too.

"My hip! My - mmhm! Ahhhh, why does it f-feel so good?"

Raymond's hips swelled wider, expanding audibly, the pelvis taking on a female configuration. His penis withdrew, pulling into his body yet further so that it was on the cusp of being little more than a micropenis. He staggered back, pressing his own back against the wall and gyrating as his ass inflated, stretching the confines of his khaki cargo shorts. The flesh surged outwards, becoming rounded and wonderful, and his thighs took on a lovely thickness that was matched in beauty only by his delightful new calves, which had a very shapely look to them. His nails grew out further, even his chewed-on fingernails repairing themselves perfectly. His hair extended also, going down to just below his chin and then a little further after a second's spurt. The very landscape of his face bubbled and shifted, rearranging so that it had a softer look that never knew facial hair at all. His age had certainly regressed even further, especially given the lack of wrinkles on his arms, but there was also an even further buoyancy to his being as the changes slowed, an energy that had been lost to him for years and then weighed down his attitude and happiness with its absence.

“H-Holy God,” he muttered. “That couldn’t be . . . is this Satan? Did I sin or something? No, it can’t be that. Something in the air, maybe. That damn *liberal* plan to get the lead out of the pipes or suck the carbon out of the air or something. It *has* to be that, or . . . or all that gender shit they’re throwing out. It’s gettin’ in our food and in our air and drink and now they’re trying to turn men into women for good or something!”

It was a frantic series of excuses, none of which felt entirely convincing. Raymond ran upstairs to his room - actually *ran*, much to his own surprise - and looked at his new changes. The figure in the mirror looked more woman than man by this point, or at least on the hedgeline. He - or she - had darker hair, which was now totally straight. Raymond’s face had a surprising androgynous look to it, as well as more prominent cheekbones and fuller lips. His bust was now unable to be ignored: his boobs were definitely C-cups. He knew that because it was Tiffany’s size and she had had the sheer *temerity* to tell *him* to do the washing the other day, even though he was adamant that this was woman’s work, damn it! He’d always been annoyed at how boys liked to look at her chest, which only encouraged her damn immoral vanity, but now he had a pair that were just as big as his daughter’s, and he was instantly realising that they were prominent enough that even his shirt - looser on his reduced frame - became a little tight around them.

“Maybe she wasn’t lying. Maybe you really can’t hide them. Maybe now I have them, Rob will also look at me and - no! Shit, no!”

And yet the polymorph parasite was already upping Raymond’s libido and bringing down the mental walls of his interests. It was easily severing the last remnants of attraction to the female of its hosts species, and tethering those neurons of desire to images of manliness, *especially* the one deemed ‘Rob.’

Without thinking, Raymond began to pose a little, taking a small delight in how well he now filled his cargo shorts at the hips and in the cheeks. He thrust out his chest, smirking a little at how his new tits bounced, and then he bounced a little more on his feet in order to increase the separate bouncing of his chest.

“Bounce, bounce, bounce!” he declared, chuckling as he practically recreated one of his favourite moments from a recorded VHS porno that started out this way before things went full clothes off.

He stopped himself. “No, this isn’t right. Need something else . . .”

Raymond raided his daughter’s room. The various posters of boy bands and metal singers stirred appreciation in him, but the true prize was her wireless loudspeaker. He synced his phone up to it as he brought it back to his mirror.

“Dead Kennedys. Black Flag. State of Alert. The Misfits. Fuck yeah, let’s give these a try, shall we?”

He began his own custom playlist, and soon he was rocking out as if he truly were a young man again, in a punk concert mosh pit, flinging his arms around. Except he'd never done that. He'd pulled away from such excitement all his life and judged it from afar. But now it was easy to imagine himself - no, *herself* - as a hot young woman in a black jacket and midriff-exposed shirt psyching herself out on the music, flinging her black-gloves hands everywhere and shouting at the top of her lungs.

"Fuck yeah!" he shouted, voice just a little higher again. "Fuck the damn system!"

It disgusted him to say almost as much as it excited him. Was that what being a rebel was like? Was that what *Rob* would like? Just the thought of becoming the kind of punk rock babe that Tiffany's boyfriend wanted made all concerns over his changing body fade away. In fact, even the realisation that he *was* changing in some unnatural way seemed to escape him. The parasite was working on dulling his anxiety and fear responses on this matter, and it certainly worked. Instead, Raymond simply pulled off his shirt, admiring the way his full new breasts bounced and jiggled a little from the motion, and then directed his thoughts to Tiffany's room again.

"I think I'm going to need to borrow some bras. A father has a right to the things in his house, after all."

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By the time Tiffany returned, it was early in the morning, around 3.30am. She entered into the house and was surprised to find that her room appeared a bit tossed and turned. She would have gone into a fit and woken her father for *daring* to get into her stuff, but the fact was that she'd had a really, *really* good night. She'd already had sex with Rob, but the feelings had only been intensified by the amphetamines she had taken, the ones that had made the preceding party and music scene they had visited all the more . . . intoxicating. Every caress, every pump of his impressive dick inside her, had been almost more than she could handle.

"You'd look so hot with piercings," he'd said to her in the aftermath, and she was convinced now that this was what she wanted to do. It was part of her new style, and besides, she was twenty one years old. She could get a few more piercings no matter what her traditionalist, regressive asshole of a father thought. It wasn't like he wasn't having his own weird mid-life crisis anyway, what with the hair and shaving and the clear lipstick he wore the other day.

So instead of getting angry, she simply collapsed into her bed, the aftermath of the drugs still coursing through her system and leaving her feeling utterly wonderful. She was

destined to run away with Rob sometime soon, she just knew it. And no way was her father going to get in her way.

Or so she thought.

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When Tiffany finally emerged from her bedroom at midday, she expected an argument from her father. She felt like shit and probably looked it, and was already gearing up for a bunch of excuses and lies that would make it clear that no, no way, she had definitely not taken drugs, alcohol, and a hefty dose of partying the previous night. Instead, she walked into the eating area and saw her father as she had *never* seen him.

The polymorph parasite had worked further mental magic on Raymond, because he was humming the tune of *Rise Above* and twisting his shoulders as he made himself lunch. He had changed his outfit completely, having left early that morning to go pick up new clothes to fit the aesthetic he was increasingly drawn to. Now he sported a black leather jacket just like the one he'd dreamed about. It was a little too small for him, making him almost *want* to feminise further, and so he left it open at the zip, which was all the better to show off his tight black top with its white skull logo. Around his neck he'd put a number of necklaces, all dark silver with various pendants he'd found: a bullet shell, a 'punk's not dead!' badge, even an Anarchy symbol with the crossed 'A.' The last had taken great willpower to try and resist, the revulsion against any sign of socialism going deep into Raymond's core. But he had still succumbed all the same. Wearing it just felt . . . right.

There were other things to complete the look as well. Raymond now had his ears pierced. The artist who'd done the job had assumed he was a woman with a raspy voice, and Raymond had decided against correcting him. He now sported sharp studs like those you'd find on a bulldog's collar intended to intimidate, and he liked the aesthetic so much that he'd had another stud put over his left nostril, though this one was just a smooth dome of dark metal. He had managed to mount any resistance to getting studs and rings and piercings to his face and tongue and belly button - the last of which still galled him despite the parasite's attempts - but he had dyed his hair even darker and had it styled with just a bit of edge to it. Specifically, it was something called a 'half cut' which he'd never heard of until that day, where one side of his head was shaved up to the bottom of his scalp, and the rest thrown over to the other side. It actually looked kind of sexy, as far as he was concerned.

Lastly, he was wearing ripped dark jeans and long laced black boots that looked ideal for kicking fascist skulls in (this at least also appealed to the conservative part of Raymond's weakening traditionalism). With his shorter and thinner frame, his obvious boobs, and the eyeliner he'd applied somewhat haphazardly in thick scrapes, there was no doubting that he

had changed completely. He really did look like a punk rock girl now, even if he wasn't the most attractive one. Yet.

"Dad!?" Tiffany said as he spun and saw her. "What the - WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!?"

"Tiff! I - I didn't hear you get up!"

"How could you? You're playing fucking *Black Flag* on the goddamn speaker. My speaker! What the hell has happened to you!?"

She shut off the speaker and looked at her father, still utterly astonished at the changes that had come over him. Her gaze wandered over her father's breasts - were they inserts of fillers?

"Dad, are you wearing a bra?"

He swallowed and nodded. A burning humiliation was coming over him, one not even the parasite could push back against. There was something deeply wrong with his daughter finding him like this, even if the parasite was making it so his brain was having trouble processing *why* that was the case.

"Um, I hope you don't mind. I needed it."

Her jaw dropped. "You're wearing *my* bra? What the fucking *fuck* is wrong with you? Take it off! What kind of crazy midlife crisis is this! Take it off now!"

"Tiff, please! You don't understand! I need the support."

She grabbed his shoulder, and it was clear she was recognising that something was off, because he seemed only a little taller than her, instead of a lot taller, and his frame was all wrong. Even his voice was odd; it no longer sounded like a man putting on a fake falsetto, but rather a voice that was raspy and feminine by *nature*.

"D-Dad," she said, stuttering a little as she felt his chest. She didn't care by this point about how it came across to be feeling her father's manboobs, because even through the material of her own bra upon him it was obvious that something had changed. Something was fleshy. She pulled down the collar of his top despite his muttering protestations and found exactly what she feared to be true.

"Oh my God," she said, vaulting backwards and nearly colliding against the back wall of the kitchen area. "Oh. My. God."

"It's - I can explain!"

"You've got tits. What the fuck? You've got *tits*, Dad. Real tits. They're as big as mine, and mine aren't small. What the actual shit is going on?"

She looked over him again, and once more that intense burning humiliation spread over Raymond as he realised just how much he had changed, and even changed willingly. He felt smaller under her gaze, and perhaps it was because he *was* smaller.



“Dad. You’re shorter. You’re thinner. You’ve got *piercings* and *earrings* and - and - and *tits!* You’re wearing ripped jeans! Jesus, are you even Dad!? Are you a freaky weird goddamn imposter? You’re calling me Tiff so maybe you’re not him at all but some goddam-”

“Hey now, missy!” Raymond said automatically. “Don’t take the Lord’s name in vain. It’s sickening!”

Tiffany blinked, and something in her relaxed just a little bit. But only a little, as was obvious to Raymond, who adjusted his shirt to hide the cleavage. The parasite wasn’t happy about that, so it flooded his mind. He lowered the shirt collar a bit to let it show once more.

“Okay,” she said, “so it’s definitely you. But, like, how is this possible? You look like a punk girl chick! You’ve got - holy hell, is that an eyebrow piercing?”

Raymond touched it. It broke up the normality of his right eyebrow in a way that felt sexy and empowering at the same time. But why on earth had he even done it? He struggled to recall the impulses.

“And your entire figure has changed! You’ve got, like, an actual hourglass. Dad, are you getting surgery? But that makes no sense. What is going on?”

There was a long pause as an internal war was fought within Raymond. The parasite wanted him to just go along with this and accept the changes. But this situation was outside of its simplistic understanding of its host species’ affairs. As such, Raymond’s awareness of what was happening won out.

“T-Tiffany,” he said, voice croaking in its new feminine rasp. “I think . . . I think something’s gone really wrong with me.”

It was enough for Raymond to finally break down. His smaller shoulders heaved in big, sagging motions as he sobbed. The tears came and didn’t stop. It was unmanly to cry, he knew, but he cried anyway, aching to find release.

“I don’t kn-know what to d-do. My body’s changing and I keep f-feeling these strange urges. I can’t explain it! It’s all revolting and immoral and disgusting but I can’t s-stop it!”

Tiffany did something she hadn’t done in some time: she actually *hugged* her father. For the pair of them, the feeling of his body was bizarre, and so they didn’t hold the connection long. When she pulled back, she still couldn’t believe what had happened to her father.

“I need you to tell me everything,” she said. “From start to finish.”

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There was no explanation that they could find together. Tiffany, with her understanding of newfangled technology and the internet, was able to do a great deal of research into

anything that could have caused such a dramatic and quick change to Raymond's body, but there was nothing.

"You haven't been on hormone blockers or additives?"

"Of course not!" Raymond huffed, folding his arms over his breasts. It only emphasised them further, though he was starting not to mind it so much. They really were quite a lovely pair, he thought. "You wouldn't catch me dead trying hormones like some Millennial loser."

Tiffany exhaled patiently. "You can't travelled anywhere, or gotten sick recently?"

He shook his head, causing his new hair style to flick on one side of his head.

"The only thing that changed is that I started damn well *changing!* I started feeling weird, like I was thinking about hot boys and punk music and how good it would be to wear leather-"

"Eww, Dad, stop! You're making all the things I like sound so gross when you say that!"

"Well, maybe I like those things too, now!"

"You don't!" she exclaimed.

"It might not be connected to my body changing. It might just be-"

She smacked her forehead in exasperation. "Dad, you're becoming a woman, at least to all outward appearances. Look at you! You've got fucking tits!"

"Hey, don't fucking swear, Tiff!"

He realised in that moment that he had not only cursed back, but called her 'Tiff' again, like she was a peer or sister rather than his daughter.

"Jesus Christ, Dad, look at yourself! Your entire body has changed - you've got more curves than I do, for God's sake. I'd be jealous if I weren't fucking disgusted. How is it you've got more of an hourglass figure? Ugh! This is a freaking nightmare. You can't pretend that you suddenly like punk music and wearing leather and swearing just out of nowhere. It's connected!"

Raymond could see the logic of what she was saying. It was managing to penetrate the mist that the parasite had put up, if only just. He was about to respond with reluctant agreement, maybe even a further plea for help, but the parasite was growing in intelligence and understanding the more it observed its host's behaviour and interactions. It recognised the familial relationship between the host and its spawn, and that the spawn itself was in the way of achieving the desired sexual fruition it needed to maintain its own survival. Thus, it flooded Raymond's brain with chemicals and hormones, linking new neurons up and dismantling older ones in order to make him more pliable. More . . . aggressive.

Competitive.

Raymond felt a warm flush descend upon him. He breathed heavier, breasts rising and falling, even aching for a little more growth. He swallowed, feeling himself over a little. Tiffany watched this with disgust.

“Dad - Dad! What are you doing?”

“I’m just . . . I need to change more. Just a little more. B-become more of a woman. Mhmmm . . . I can f-feel it.”

“Dad, stop doing this! This is goddamn mortifying! What are you doing?”

At that moment the doorbell rang. Then it rang again. Raymond smiled.

“Maybe it’s Rob. Could you let him in, Tiff? I want to talk to him - ahhh . . .”

“No! No fucking way, I -”

It rang again, and then her phone buzzed also. She growled.

“Just - just wait here, and don’t you *dare* change any further Dad, okay?”

“I’ll do what I w-want, young lady! I can b-be a punk rock girl, too!”

She gave an exasperated groan, balling her fists up as if to say ‘I have no idea what to do about this but I absolutely cannot handle it right now.’ Then she walked to the front door and opened it. Raymond could overhear the muffled conversation.

*“Up for a ride, sexy?”*

*“I - I can’t. I’ve got a busy thing on, Rob. I’m sorry.”*

*“Are you sure? After last night’s party, I thought we could do something more personal. And fun.”*

*“Look, I’d really love to. But there’s this thing with my Dad that I need to deal with and-”*

*“Your Dad again? Is he still acting all weird? Just ignore that loser, Tiff. You know that all you need is me, don’t you?”*

*“I know, Rob, but this is really serious and-”*

Raymond could hear no more. He wasn’t going to be thought of as some ‘loser’ by Rob, not when the man of his dreams was so close. Already, his brain was conjuring images of that wonderful bad boy, and it was making his larger nipples hard. He could feel the warmth and pressure of coming changes, and he wanted Rob to see them. Wanted Rob to know he was becoming his perfect woman, even if it was all wrong.

Because it was also so damn right.

Raymond strode forward, one black-booted foot in front of the other, and let his new, wider hips sway. He coughed as he rounded the corner to face the open front door where his daughter and her boyfriend were talking.

“Who are you calling a loser?” he said, making his voice as sultry as possible with that delightful vocal fry of his.

Tiffany turned, outrage in her eyes. “Dad! I told you to stay back, what the hell!?”

Rob pulled off his dark glasses. It was a damn sexy motion from Raymond's perspective. His eyes were wide, curious.

"Wait, did you just say Dad?"

"I mean, I didn't say - shit!"

"That's right," Raymond said, seizing the initiative. His natural aggression had been switched by the parasite, no longer based in impotence and frustration but instead sexual competition. He strode forward, again putting that little bounce in his hips. "I'm Ray, Rob. I look a little bit different now. What do you think?"

Rob stepped forward, Tiffany unable to even form the words that she wanted to say to explain this away.

"This is a bit, right? This is a prank? I mean, she looks a bit like your Dad, and you too, Tiff. Is this a cousin or something?"

Raymond could feel the changes bubbling up. He needed Rob to see. Needed him to *believe*.

"Y-yeah, that's it!" Tiffany said. "She's my cousin Raven. This is Raven, okay?"

"Raven," Raymond said, grinning as he approached Rob, thrusting out his chest a little. "I like that, Tiff, I like that a lot. But you and I both know I'm your father. I'm just ch-changing for some reason. I'm becoming perfect."

"Dad! I mean, Raven! What are you talking about?"

Rob, for once, was stunned. He was smiling, but somewhat awkwardly, clearly not knowing what to make of this situation. He was examining Raymond/Raven, seeing some of the familiar lines that revealed that this really was Raymond.

"No way," he said.

"Way," Raymond replied with a cheeky smile. "What do you think of my new look?"

"No offence, Ray, but did you get plastic surgery or something? Like, this is weird as hell. I thought you were all deep conservative, so is this just some midlife crisis or dress up gig? Is this you trying one last ditch attempt to get me away from your daughter?"

"It is, but n-not in the way you th-think," Raymond said. The pressure was growing over him and he could no longer hold it back. He removed his leather jacket and threw it to one side, trying to show off as much of his body as possible for Rob's benefit. "Just w-watch."

Tiffany's glare changed to a look of horrified realisation. "Dad! Raven! What are you doing!?"

"Just ch-changing for Rob here, honey. Letting him understand - ahhhh!!!"

The parasite within was pleased at the unfolding situation. It flooded Raymond's body with further changes, and he accepted them willingly. The familiar pressures mounted and mounted, the flesh upon Raymond's skin crawling quite visibly.

"The hell!?" Rob said, taking a step back.

But Raymond grabbed his hand and grinned devilishly. "Watch! Trust m-me! You're g-going to like this, Rob! Mhmmm!!!"

This time, the changes were even more pleasurable. The bone structure of his jaw altered, cracking a little as it became softer and rounded, losing its sharp angles. His cheekbones became yet more prominent, but his cheeks gained a pretty softness. His pores shrank, leaving his skin luscious, but that same skin also lost its coarseness as well, and the weathered tan it had gained over the years. It became more and more porcelain, all while his hair became jet black, just like a raven's feathers.

"Holy shit," Rob said, "he really is changing. That really is your Dad! Goddamn! Is he - is he getting younger?"

"Just go, Rob! I told you I had a thing to sort out, okay?"

But he wasn't listening to his girlfriend. Instead, Rob's eyes were exactly where Raymond wanted them; upon the changing man's body.

"Keep w-watching, Robbie," he said, voice becoming even more sultry than before. "You're g-going to like this n-next bit!"

The pressure was in his breasts, and God it was wonderful. Raymond moaned, letting loose a borderline orgasmic sigh as his boobs grew. Rob's gaze was locked upon his chest as it rose up another cup size, gaining a considerable amount more mass and weight that made Raymond greatly pleased. He fondled his breasts as they expanded, stretching the confines of his daughter's bra. He smirked in her direction, pleased to be outgrowing and outdoing Tiffany, and increasingly so at that.

"Ohhhhhh, mhmmm! Yes, b-bigger! Make them nice and big and j-juicy for him! Ahhhh . . ."

His breasts spilled over the cups of his bra, becoming almost painful in how much they were contained. His cleavage rose, and in response Raymond tugged at his loose collar in order to show off his cleavage any more. And what cleavage it was! The kind of showcase that Raymond would have normally sneered at and lusted after in equal measure as his normal reactionary self. Instead, he just felt proud, like he was an increasingly sexual object of desire.

"Like wh-what you s-see?" he moaned as Rob stared, hypnotised by the change. "And that's not - agh! Ngh! - all!"

He actually squealed, eyes rolled into the back of his head as another series of changes came over him. His hips expanded yet further, and his waist narrowed. The last

traces of any flab dissipated, leaving him with a smooth and toned stomach. Thanks to his bigger bust, his shirt rose up, exposing more of his tantalising midriff than ever. His ass cheeks surged in size, becoming the kind of booty that Raymond would love to squeeze, if he were still into that. Instead, he now wanted someone *else* to squeeze *his* peachy rear. His cock withdrew further until it was even smaller than micropenis territory. His balls withdrew into nothingness, eliminating half of his male genitals entirely. Something tunneled within him, just as a new set of organs continued to bloom and grow. It was wonderful. It was goddamn *perfect*. He was on the very cusp of becoming female, and all the better was the fact that his body was de-aging, now entering into what were clearly its twenties, not much older now than his own daughter.

And yet, this was not even the major occurrence of parasite's effects. Biggest of all these changes were the mental ones that followed. As the increasingly womanly man gasped and groaned, moaned and whimpered, the parasite seized on this opportunity to make the most dramatic mental transformation yet. Enough neural connections flipped to drag Raymond's entire identity across the line, away from the masculine and into a completely feminine embrace. Like a switch being flipped, all of a sudden Raymond could no longer see himself as male. He was female. He was a woman. A hot one, especially given that his penis was shrinking into nothing.

"I'm - ahhh - I'm a w-woman!" he gasped, momentarily shocked. For the briefest glimpse of time, the full weight and horror of this change hit Raymond. He was a man. He was a goddamn *man of the house*, large and in charge, never one for emotion or sexuality frivolity or anything but stoic traditionalism. How could he have fallen so far? How could he possibly view Rob with such lust? But one look at the man before him made him trip and fall back into the void of femininity. Made *her* fall, and fall *hard*. She was a sexy punk chick, here to rebel against authority and fuck without a care for the rigid structures of tradition. She was here to wear hot leather and bikie gloves and alternative hairstyles, to ride on the back of a speedster motorcycle and get drunk and drugged up at parties as she cried 'fuck the Man!'

She was, in effect, *Raven*.

"Ohhhhh, yesssss," she moaned, feeling herself over. "S-so close."

She bit her lip, savouring the final aftereffects of the changes as they rippled over her, orgasms in miniature. It only made her want to chase the real thing. She finally looked up, and saw Rob staring at her with astonishment, and Tiffany with a sort of angered shock.

"D-Dad?"

"Ray?" Rob asked. "Ray? Is that really you?"

She raised her arms and stretched them, sticking out her much more impressive chest for emphasis. She estimated them to be Double-D's, not that she was really good at estimating bust size just yet. This position had the effect of showing off her delectable midriff

and wider hips as well. It was a pose that came almost naturally thanks to the unknown input of the parasite.

“Not Ray, and not Raymond either,” she said, voice now a sexy low contralto with a still-raspy edge to it. A punk girl’s voice, dark and aggressive and inviting all at once. “I like what you called me before, Tiff. I’m *Raven* now. And I *like* it.”

“This is crazy,” Rob said. “How the hell is this happening? Shit, is this infectious?”

“Not at all, sexy,” Raven purred, stepping closer and placing a fingernail against his chest. Of course, she had no idea if it was true, but she had the distinct feeling it wasn’t.

“This is just me. Some sort of condition. It’s making me your perfect girl, Rob.”

Again, that look of shock. He was cute when surprised.

“My perfect - what!?”

“Don’t listen to her - I mean him!” Tiffany said, exasperated. She got between them, now looking like she was only the *second* most attractive woman in the room. “She’s got some crazy condition! I’ve got to get her - him! - help. Rob, you need to get out of here.”

“You can stay, Rob,” Raven said, licking her lips subtly. “I want him to stay, Tiff. I regret not having him around earlier. I want to show how . . . *appreciative* I am of him being such a cool bad boy of a man.”

At that, she pressed her arms together, letting her breasts rise to become even more obvious, and her cleavage to take on a borderline canyon-like appearance.

Rob swallowed, and in that moment Raven knew that she had at least had a nibble upon her hook. He shuffled awkwardly, a clear erection building in his pants. Unfortunately, before she could seize on this moment further, Tiffany literally *shoved* Rob backwards, screeching as she did so.

“Out! Out! Out out out out, goddamn OUT, Rob!”

“Okay, okay! Jesus, Tiff, fine. I was just coming by to give you a ride. Clearly you’ve got . . .”

His gaze fell upon Raven’s impressive bosom. She emphasised it a little, just for him.

“ . . . bigger problems,” he mumbled. He put down his shades, regaining his cool. With practiced machismo he regained control of himself. “This shit is wild, huh? Your Dad is becoming a woman? I wouldn’t believe it if I didn’t just see it.”

“Look, I’ll see you later, okay? Maybe tonight? I’ve got to deal with this fucking craziness.”

She glared back at Raven for emphasis, but she just smirked at her daughter, raising one eyebrow.

“Sure thing. Wow. I mean, we’ve got plenty of non-binary and trans people and whatever in the punk scene. Identity is what you make it and all, I don’t give a fuck and you know that, Tiff. But this was something else. Best of luck. Seeya . . . Raven.”

“Don’t be gone too long!” she exclaimed, waving to him as he retreated to his motorcycle. “Soon I’ll be goddamn perfect for you, Rob! And I bet you know it!”

“Dad! Shut the fuck up!”

Tiffany stormed at Raven as soon as Rob had driven off, looking dangerous and sexy in his usual assured manner. She gestured, arms wide.

“Care to explain what the FUCK that was about, Dad?”

Raven winced. The parasite was drained within him, having lost much of the energy it had gained to further that transition and make that bold move. If it didn’t access the flood of sexual release that it needed to feed on soon, it wouldn’t last long, and it would leave Raven in a body that was not yet complete for the rest of the host’s life. In that weakness, it loosened its control over the new woman, and once again the tears came up.

“Shit. Shit, I’m sorry, Tiff! I didn’t mean - I can’t help it! I just want him so badly. It’s the goddamn change, I swear. It’s making me into some kind of immoral punk slut and - ohhhhh - that sounds so fucking hot, I swear!”

Tiffany put her hands on her hips. “Well, you better get control and put a stop to it! I’m taking you to the hospital!”

“No.”

“I am.”

Raven glared. “You can’t. This is still my fucking house. I’m the man of it, even if I’m a woman now. You want to go to the hospital, you do it, but don’t expect me to help you out. Try and get them to pick me up, and I’ll make you look like a fool, young missy!”

“Who are you calling young? You look only a little older than me now!”

Raven smiled, examining herself. “I thought I felt more energetic. Mhmm, I like it. I - shit! These thoughts keep coming. Maybe . . . just give me one day, alright? Tomorrow we can get the ambulance or whatever.”

Tiffany sighed, clutching her head in her hands. “Fine. Fine. Jesus, fine. And then you seek help, because you need it. And stay away from Rob! He’s *my* boyfriend, don’t be freakin’ weird with him. Got it?”

Raven nodded. “Fine. I’ll - I’ll try.”

“You’ll *do*. I am *not* having my goddamn *Dad* somehow stealing my own boyfriend. Jesus, I can’t believe you’ve got bigger tits than me. We need to get you a bigger bra.”

Raven smirked as Tiffany stormed off. She cupped her fine breasts, which were starting to feel a bit painful in the too-small bra. “Maybe they’re not done growing either,” she mused.

But her daughter was right, of course. She had to stay clear of Rob. Who knows how far she could fall if she got into contact with him again? No, she needed to be practical about this. She needed to be a real man.



“Mhmm,” she moaned privately, her lower parts warming, her nipples stiffening. “I need a real man . . .”

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The polymorph parasite was desperate. It needed to experience the sexual release, that flood of specific hormones that gave it renewal. It could access them directly, of course. Hell, it could make its host's body generate them constantly. But that would require the *parasite* to do all the work, and while it didn't have an understanding of physics, it sensed on some instinctive level that in order to thrive, its host had to be the one to initiate the hormone triggers, and thus allow the parasite to feed upon the success without expending more energy than it received. And so the parasite allowed its host to play with itself. It only gave a small trickle of energy, but it was enough to keep it going just a little longer, and to get the nourishment required to make the final changes.

Raven, of course, had no understanding of this. She had left the house and indulged her own instincts once more. Already she had purchased a number of bras, thanking a saleswoman for helping her with the fitting. She was indeed a DD-cup, but part of her wanted to be even more buxom. To be more attractive to Rob, she also had further piercings done. There was only a residual resistance to getting a tongue and belly button piercing, and decided on a second eyebrow piercing as well. While she was at it she also consulted a makeup specialist on giving her a darker, edgier look. This part was embarrassing for the new woman; she'd never done anything like this before. But as emasculating as it was, there was a simultaneous empowerment to having dark eyeliner applied perfectly, to having her eyelashes tinted, and getting dark red lipstick applied professionally to her lips. When she saw herself in the mirror, now wearing a white top that stretched tight over her bosom, her black bra easily visible through its semi-transparent material, she smiled from ear to lovely ear.

“I look perfect,” she said. “Perfect for him.”

That afternoon, she retreated to her room. She wasn't talking to Tiffany much, who was too busy trying to come to terms with it all. She was in the living room with a tub of ice cream, watching some trashy program on television. It gave Raven time to truly have fun with her body, stripping down to inspect it in full. She didn't have a functioning labia yet, with just a tiny clitoris-like penis to allow her to urinate. But the area was sensitive, promising more change to come. The best part, of course, was her boobs. She fell back on the bed and kneaded them with her hands, enjoying the way they rose and fell with each breath, and how lively they were when it came to movement. Her nipples distended, becoming stiff with

arousal. In her mind, it was Rob touching them, grasping her tits and playing with them most passionately.

“Mhmm, yesssss, let me b-be your bad girl, Rob. Let me be your sexy punk rocker chick. I’ll do all sorts of things for you. I’ll even . . . I’ll even suck your big, hard cock and swallow it all. Mhmm!”

The feelings were intense, and even the admission that she would fully submit herself to Rob in that way made her all the more turned on. When she came, it was with a stunned, quiet climax. She shivered as the feelings of pleasure hit her, bolts of bliss one after another that left her pinching her nipples and moaning with feminine bliss.

It was enough to cause the final change.

The familiar pressure came over her, and this time there was no resistance. Caught in the aftermath of one orgasm, Raven was like a life raft upon the sea, already bracing for the next wave. It hit her even more powerfully, a result of the transforming. Her breasts grew yet more, and she hugged them, smiling almost maniacally as they swelled to full E-cups, twice as large as her own daughter’s impressive bust. Her hourglass figure became even more perfect, her legs long, thighs thick in all the best ways. Her hair grew just a little longer, but the best part was the change that occurred between her thighs.

“Yesss, c-complete m-me! Make me a - ahhhh! Yessss!”

It was *magnificent*. She spread her legs wide and her new womanhood blossomed between them like a fast-growing flower. The space opened up, her cock completing its transformation into her hyper-sensitive clitoris. Her labia lips formed not too long after, and her tunnel was already wet with desire, a pussy that was hungry for Rob’s cock.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned, feeling her wetness as she slid two fingers inside of her. “Mhmm, ohhh . . . Rob, I n-need you . . .”

A plan was already forming in her mind. She knew it was a betrayal of her daughter, but she’d been a bad father to her already.

Why not a bad sister too?

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The hill on the outside of town was known as Makeout Point. Raven suspected lots of places had their own Makeout Point, the place where teens and young adults drank booze, got a little high, and fucked like rabbits on the cool grass or in the back of their cars. She had always dismissed such youths as revolting immoral delinquents, damn sexually open liberals who needed to adopt some much-needed morality. A bit different, then, that she was here now, ready to fulfil her own sexual destiny.

Tiffany didn't know where she was, and thanks to Raven's meddlings, he couldn't contact Rob either. While she had been watching television and eating ice cream, Raven had come downstairs to display her complete changes with pride. Tiff, of course, had been a mixture of angry, ashamed, and damn *jealous*. Raven capitalised on, pretending that now that she was fully changed she had finally lost her lust for Rob, and that she would just have to live as Tiffany's slightly older sister now. In truth, she had sneakily taken Tiffany's phone.

It hadn't been hard to unlock. Raymond had known the code, and therefore so did Raven. She found the very, very long text chain going between her and Rob, and decided to organise a little outing.

*'Meet me at makeout point,' she wrote. 'I'll explain everything, and then make it worth your while.'*

Rob had taken the bait, but this time she was determined that it wouldn't be a nibble. His motorcycle arrived at the otherwise empty point. She stood in the shadows by the car, the one she pretended to have taken for a ride without her father's permission, when she was pretending to be Tiffany.

"Tiff? That you?" Rob called. "Keen to see what this surprise is. I'm still taken back from how your Dad is-

Raven emerged from under the shade of the tree, a cigarette smoking on her lips, her hair a gorgeous half-cut with just a little deliberate mess to it, her top tight around her large E-cup tits, for which she was wearing no bra at all. Her nipples were obvious through the shirt, and she kept her biker jacket unzipped just for his enjoyment.

"Sorry, hotstuff," she said. "I was a naughty girl bringing you here."

"Raymond?"

"It's Raven now, remember?" she said, taking a long, sexy drag on her cigarette before flinging it to the dirt. "Do you like how I look, Rob? I'm all finished now. I'm a full woman. *Your* woman, if you want me. Don't I just have the perfect fucking body for you?"

She let her hips sashay as she stepped towards him, emphasising the bounce of her unsupported breasts as she walked one foot in front of the other.

"Holy hell," Rob said. "Fuck. Ray, how is this possible? You were a damn stick in the mud old Boomer before."

"Mhmm, I'm a lot younger now. A lot feistier. And you have to admit, I'm a lot hotter than my sister."

"You mean your dau-"

"I know what I said. I'm young again. I look just like her older, far hotter sister. Did you know my tits are twice as big? I bet they're three times as sensitive. Did you know I'm ready to do *anything* for you, so long as you have me? I want a bad boy, Rob. I want you to be my bad boy. And I want to ride your motorcycle with you. Among . . . other things."

She was now close enough to him that she could reach out and slide her manicured fingers over his crotch, which was exactly what she did. He shivered in response, and his cock was obviously hard already at the sight of her.

“Mmm, that feels good. I bet it would feel even better inside my tight, wet pussy, right?”

Rob swallowed. “Fuck. I don’t understand though . . .”

“Me either. I just started changing one day, and it made me feel all these . . . attractions to you. I wanted to be your perfect girl. Am I your perfect girl now, Rob?”

He swallowed again, and nodded. “Hell yeah you are. This is so weird and freaky.”

“That’s what punk is, sexy. It’s weird and alternative and wonderful. I used to hate and fear it. Now I want to embrace it. Will you help me embrace it, Rob? Admit it, you want me more than you ever wanted Tiff, don’t you?”

His face was so close to hers now. It was so hot that he was taller than her now. Musclier. Protective. She placed her smoky lips up against his and he kissed her back. The tension in the air was palpable. Her heart was skipping every second beat. Still there was a humiliated part of her screaming to stop. She overrode it though, and continued to kiss him.

And then he kissed back.

“Yeah, babe,” Rob said. “This is weird as all shit, but I won’t deny I want you more than I ever wanted her.”

“Then hurry up and fuck me, and make me a happy girl,” she said, breathing her smokey breath into his mouth.

That was enough to get him truly going, because at that point he held her, kissing her and caressing her. Together, they tore off her jacket and then his, flinging them to the grass.

“We could do it in the car?” he suggested as he sucked on her neck.

“N-no! Right here on the ground. F-fuck me like an animal. Mhmm! I wanna be *wild* tonight! Play some music!”

He did, and a playlist of *Black Flag* erupted from his motorcycle before he returned to her. They kissed some more, removing articles of clothing. She tore away his shirt, admiring all his muscles. He removed hers, and instantly got to work cupping her divine breasts.

“Holy shit, they are real.”

“Real and s-sensitive. Suck on them! They’re yours to play w-with!”

He did indeed go to town on them, sucking on her stiff nipples and drawing far greater pleasure than she’d ever managed out of them. His fingers sunk into the flesh of her chest pillows, and soon he was lowering her to the ground, feeling her thighs and working to unbuckle her belt. She unbuckled his trousers in turn, desperate to see his cock. It was indeed big, and hard, and hairy, and she wanted it inside her so bad that she practically *snapped* her legs open, inviting him in.

“God, you are perfect for me,” he said, before plunging into her, she guiding him in with her delicate hands. The sensation was incredible, it was beyond anything she’d ever felt. The new woman moaned in ecstasy, already cumming a little just at the sensation of being entered. There was a minor pain as her hymen tore, but that was just a new rite of passage for her, an entrance to full womanhood.

“S-so big! Fuck me! I’m your punk chick! I’m better than her! I’m - oh ahhh! Fuck yes! Goddamn, yes!”

He began pumping into her, grasping and sucking on her tits as he did so. They continued to kiss, and halfway through the action she got a fulfilling sense of dominance to her new being. She pushed him over, suddenly shifting on top of him so she could ride him cowgirl style. He gripped her hips, clearly into it as she bounced on top of him.

“Tiff n-never did this,” Rob grunted, getting closer to climax.

“That’s why I’m b-better!” she cried, lowering herself to kiss him again, snaking her tongue inside his mouth. He groaned in pleasure, especially as her tits brushed against his chest.

It was all too much. After only a few more bounces on his huge cock, her inner walls clamped down on his cock, milking it for good. She wailed as the first major orgasm hit her, and it got even better when he gripped her big ass *tight*.

“Y-yes, Raven! UGH!!”

He came inside her, his warmth shooting into her depths. The glee and bliss made her arc her back, allowing him to see just how big her pleasurable jugs were. He played with her nipples, eliciting yet more orgasms, and after a while she realised she was damn well *crying out* in pleasure, fully committing to her female self.

In the aftermath that followed, the pair held one another, him idly playing with her tits and she delighting in it. Neither could know how happy they had made a third participant: the parasite within was feeding on all this sexual energy, and already working to increase the supply. Raven would be ready at any moment to go another round, and this time all the more willing to get Rob in the mood by sucking him off. Already the thought was spiralling into her mind over how hot that would be.

It was even hotter when she did it for real, licking and sucking his dick until it was hard again just fifteen minutes later. This time she let him take her from behind.

“I c-can’t wait to p-part with y-you!”

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It made no sense, but she left the car up there for now. The desire to ride on Rob’s motorcycle was too strong, as was clinging to his muscles form as he dodged through traffic

at high speed. He was no hooligan, she realised, but a hot bad boy. *Her* bad boy. She could already tell that he was fully enamoured with her. She was his perfect woman, destined to be with him. They were going to fuck and party, get drunk and high, listen to punk songs together and live a life that rebelled against the system. A far cry from who she used to be, and all the better for it, especially if they had sex going forwards as much as they'd already had that night.

When he parked outside her house, she got off the motorcycle, ready to walk back in. But Rob took her by the waist and the pair kissed intently, remembering just how fucking hot it had been when their lips had been on their partner's lower parts at the same time. Already she wanted him again, but it would be better tomorrow, especially when she brought some spirits to their next date.

"You're the fucking hottest chick on the planet, I swear," Rob said.

"Don't you dare forget it, babe," Raven replied. "Because I'm all yours. I'm your wild child girlfriend now, not her."

"Trust me, I'll take care of that in the morning. I'll break it to Tiff, and then you and I can head out together and-"

The front entrance door of the house opened, and Tiffany exited in her pyjamas, staring with horror at the pair who were still half making out and holding one another.

"Rob!? DAD!? What the fuck!?"

Rob and Raven exchanged a glance, and then the new woman turned to look at her daughter-turned-sister.

"Hey, Tiff, sorry to break this to you, but there's something you should know . . ."

**The End**