

Polymorph Parasite: Frathouse Infection (Men to Nymphos TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Malcolm has had to undergo a brutal series of hazing ceremonies in order to join Kappa Kappa Psi, the most jock-filled and rambunctious frat on campus. But as he starts to regret trying to fit in with the often odious men around him, a parasite begins infecting each of them. Soon, the punching bag of Kappa Kappa Psi is witness to his frat brothers turning into very sexy and deeply lusty women, none of whom can resist him!

Polymorph Parasite: Frathouse Infection

Malcolm couldn't breathe. He couldn't move. His eyes bulged and his throat was sandpaper, and yet incredibly slimy at the same time, somehow. Light passed over his vision. They looked like little angels, flitting past as he soared towards the pearly gates. Only he felt like he was in hell. All was vague and shadowy. All was vague. All was shadows and confusion and a blinding, agonising migraine that pierced his skull. Voices reverberated through his mind, and it took him a moment to realise that the voices were even real.

"Just ditch him, man!"

"Shut up, Dennis. He needs to get to the hospital."

"Dude, he'll talk!"

"He won't be able to say a word, man. Besides, he knows the oath. No fucking snitching and he can't get into the frat. No snitches in Kappa Kappa Psi."

"He's turning blue. Fuck, he's gonna die."

"We'll leave him outside the hospital anonymously. Just use your head, asshole."

Malcolm threw up again, which got a collective groan from the group. It felt as if his stomach was dying. Like it was *erupting*. His eyeballs wanted to pop out of his head. Was this hell? This *had* to be hell, right? All his thoughts were struggling against a river of mental molasses, leaving him swimming in the dark. The tide took him.

"Okay, we're here, Jay."

"Dude, be quick. Can't have them seeing the plates! Shove him out, fast."

"This whole situation is fucked."

"Well, he's earned his place in the fraternity, that's for sure. If he survives. Go on, push him the fuck out."

Suddenly, Malcolm was floating. No, he was *falling*. His body hit the wet cement, and he realised that it was raining. Had he been in a car? But wasn't he at a party? No, it didn't make any sense. He coughed and retched, struggling as car wheels squealed behind him,

and then a pair of red lights disappeared into the darkness. Malcolm tried to speak, but nothing came out but a wretched series of animalistic sounds, like a wounded deer begging to be put out of its misery. He struggled to stay conscious, but only managed to crawl several feet before he collapsed. The doors to the building ahead were opening. People were running out. People in white, running to grab him and pull him onto some kind of trolley.

Malcolm smiled. They must have been angels.

The Polymorph Parasite grew. It had hatched not long ago from the microscopic egg that had been laid inside the host known as 'Malcolm.' Like all parasites of its kind, it carried the genetic memory of previous generations of parasites. It could recall an angry host father who had been infected by one of its ancestors, only for the man's age to be wound back, his figure transformed until he was a gorgeous alternative woman who snatched away his own daughter's mate. It knew of the predatory host who, years ago, had been transformed into a desirable and lustful female of his species. He had occupied his time at a place where the hosts required mechanical transports of some kind to be updated and fixed, something previous parasites did not truly understand, but soon he was made available to every customer that came his way. Even his own coworkers became infected and changed. The parasite even possessed the knowledge of an ancestor that had found its way to a frigid land to the far, far south - as south as the world went. There, trapped in a space, it had infected all the potential hosts it could there, and in doing so made a powerful alpha-male of the shy female researcher, while her predatory coworkers became her submissive harem.

Such was the role of all polymorph parasites. They were microscopic, and yet their tendrils could grow to extend throughout the entire system of their host. The creatures fed off of the cocktail of hormones produced during sex, and so it was in their interest to transform their hosts into creatures of glorious sexual conquest, and/or submission. For many, this meant altering the DNA of a male host to become a female, who would much more readily attract attention and gain partners. Already, this particular Polymorph Parasite readied to do so with its own host. He was of only average height and build, not particularly impressive as a male specimen. His testosterone levels were not at a very high capacity, and his system was wrecked by a recent heavy intoxication that had nearly poisoned him to death. He *should* have been dead, were it not for the parasite's influence, having entered the young man so recently and hatched just in time to make the necessary alterations. Yes, it could turn this one female. It could change him and alter his form, making him a delectable female with all the tertiary and secondary characteristics of a woman that would make males salivate to see her. The parasite would grow strong, and all would be well. It absorbed what nutrients it

could from its host body, and then it extended out from its position in his testes, spreading its fibrous quasi-limbs beyond, ready to begin the process of feminisation.

And then, strangely, the Polymorph Parasite hesitated.

It wasn't sure why it did so. In fact, it wasn't even sure why it *could be* not sure about something. Its ancestors were not sentient, at least not in the same way their hosts were. They did not possess much intelligence beyond the ability to manipulate a host's situation and body in order to achieve its instinctual goal; to grow strong off of sexual hormones, and then eventually reproduce, by that point bonded to its host for life.

Yet the Parasite was not changing its host's body. Something had happened to the Parasite. It was . . . curious. Its host was acting strangely. His body was wracked, shifting a little with heavy sobs. Yes, its host was expressing something like *despair*. The parasite could not quite understand why, so it extended its reach much, much further, despite the danger to itself. Its microscopic yet organic filaments passed up through the host's bloodstream and wound their way up to the host's brain. Upon connection, the parasite felt something like . . . excitement?

Despair.

Anger.

Humiliation.

Betrayal.

Shame.

It pulled back immediately, alarmed by these feelings. No parasite had ever *felt* like this before. Had it changed, somehow? Was this newest specimen an evolution or an aberration? Even the terms were things it somehow knew. Its instinctive drive was still there, but . . . it could control them. For the first time, a polymorph parasite was not bound by its instinct, and possessed its own individual will. It might have celebrated, but what was there to celebrate? In that brief, dangerous connection that drained much of its energy, the Polymorph Parasite learned several things.

The first was that its host's name was Malcolm. Its host had a *name*.

The second was that its host - Malcolm - wished to join some sort of social grouping called a 'fraternity.' One called Kappa Kappa Psi, whatever that meant. To do so required mighty challenges, primal in nature, including dangerous sports, injury, and finally the intoxication of chemicals that had nearly killed Malcolm, and the nascent Parasite with him.

The third thing that the Polymorph Parasite learned was that Malcolm was filled with sorrow over his injuries, shame that it had happened, and yet he still wanted to join this group, despite knowing that they had abandoned him.

The Parasite could barely believe it. This notion *angered* it. A parasite was actually *angry*, and not even for itself, but on behalf of its *host!* This would not do, not for the first

thinking parasite. Its host deserved better. Its host deserved to be mighty, instead of being reduced to simply some sex puppet bereft of brains and controlled entirely by lust.

The Polymorph Parasite made a decision. It would not betray Malcolm as he had been betrayed by so many. Instead, it would aid him. It would take longer, and the path ahead would be treacherous for it, but it would turn him into a true alpha male, and it would allow him to get revenge on all that had betrayed him.

And it knew exactly how to go about that last part. Instinct was still, after all, quite a strong force.

Malcolm examined his reflection in the bathroom mirror. He still didn't look quite right. The bags beneath his eyes were still prominent, and the eyes themselves were still bloodshot, with the slight appearance of being a pair of runny eggs. He had nearly died. Alcohol poisoning. He was so delirious when he'd been found outside the hospital that he was not even capable of words, though he had apparently thrown up a lot. And shit and pissed himself. Apparently, it was a miracle he'd even made it; his system was so overly-intoxicated that his liver should have effectively given up and died right there on the spot.

Instead, he was making a recovery, as much as it was not a kind recovery. He still looked worse for wear; his boyish cheeks a little bit thinner than they were meant to be, his brown hair matted with sweat, his skin flushed far too red. He was only nineteen years old, and he'd missed his chance to join Kappa Kappa Psi the previous year. Too small, too scrawny, too lacking in the jock-like qualities that made them the most raunchy and heavy partying frat on the college campus. The young would-be architect worked his ass off for the next year to get into shape and make himself more impressive, only for his weaker constitution to leave him with a string of illnesses. Malcolm had certainly become healthier and fitter, but he wasn't going to be joining the football team anytime soon. And so he'd been surprised that they'd let him apply at all. That was when the hazing began.

He'd had to run across campus with an entire backpack full of sand on his back, all while frat members tackled him as he tried to make it to his goal.

He'd been stripped and painted bright pink, and then told to march through a women's dorm entirely naked.

He'd been locked inside a basement while blindfolded, all while members of Kappa Kappa Psi tried to scare the shit out of him and pour horrific gunk and trash juice upon him.

But Malcolm had been desperate to join them, to be one of them. To be part of the frat who got all the pretty ladies, and had some of the best networking opportunities thanks to so many of them coming from rich, well-connected families. And so he'd made it through

each challenge even while other aspirants dropped out. He'd even started to believe he *could* join . . . until the event two nights ago, when they'd forced him to down so much vodka and vile shit that they'd ended up dumping him outside the hospital.

Just thinking about it left Malcolm wiping his tears away.

"Fucking pathetic," he said to himself. "You're pathetic."

But when he left the bathroom, he was shocked to see he had a visitor. It was Jay, the man who was the one in charge of all the hazing rituals. He was a tall, blonde Adonis of a man, twenty two years old and the one who oversaw the frat's raucous activities. He looked down at Malcolm, being easily 6'3 in height, and smiled genially.

"Dude, you look like shit. Better than the other night though, eh?"

Malcolm looked down. He was still in a hospital gown, much to his humiliation. He felt weak. Less weak than he would have been if he were *dead*, as the doctors explained he should have been, nor had he destroyed his liver, but he still felt weak, especially in the presence of someone like Jay Reynold.

"I nearly died, Jay," Malcolm said. A mixture of shame and anger stirred inside of him, but he said no more.

"Well, yeah, I guess stuff kinda got out of control, huh? But hey, good news, you didn't! And you know what that means?"

Malcolm remained silent.

"It means you've made it into the frat, buddy! C'mon, dude, don't be so dour! Look, I'm sorry it got out of control, but you know that we party rough."

"Too rough," Mal said.

"I promise, it's never rougher than your hazing. It's all awesome parties and hot chicks and getting drunk when you want, how much you want, and with however many sexy babes who wanna jump your bones at that."

Malcolm swallowed. He chewed on Jay's words, turning them over in his head.

"No more hazing?"

"Dude, of course not! You're one of us now. You, er, didn't mention any of the hazing to anyone else, right?"

"Not yet."

Jay folded his arms and narrowed his eyes. "Well, you won't. Not if you want all of that to have meant anything. Not if you want to join us at Kappa Kappa Psi. Everyone that goes through hazing says *nothing* to the cops or the doctors or admin or - or fucking *anyone*, got that?"

Mal hesitated. He wasn't sure if he still really wanted this. His parents had called him, and his sister Eve was distraught for him. Her visit had been a mixture of distraught tears

over what had happened as well as a strong mix of expletives directed right at him for being so foolish. And yet . . . could he really let it be for nothing?

"I've wanted to join Kappa Kappa Psi for so long . . ."

Jay put a hand on his shoulder, one so heavy that it almost caused Malcolm to collapse. His legs shook beneath him, but Jay's smile stayed fixed to his face as if it were carved.

"And now you have, man! As soon as you're out, we're gonna have a big celebration party, just you wait! And trust me, dude, the babes will fucking *flow*. We'll have you losing your virginity in no fucking time, ha!"

He walked away, leaving Malcolm standing alone in his hospital room again, waiting to be discharged. He still wasn't sure if he'd made the right choice, and yet . . .

"God, I need to lose my virginity," he whispered.

And this was his best chance, especially when it came to finding a gorgeous college girl to make love to. How could he turn down that opportunity? How could he turn down the possibility of becoming a true alpha male?

Kappa Kappa Psi it was.

He could put the past in the past and forget. He was certain of that.

He was certain.

The party raged, and Malcolm could barely believe he was at the centre of it. His new frat brothers raised their beers in honour of his inauguration into Kappa Kappa Psi, and he smiled nervously as they toasted him.

"To Malcolm Chalmer! The newest member of the best fucking frat in town!"

That was Jay Reynold, their leader. He gulped down his beer and the others followed up just behind him. Dennis Holt, his number two, couldn't help but laugh a little.

"Who would have thought little Mallory would have it in him?" he taunted.

His words soured Malcolm's mood more than a little. He was aware that Dennis was the one who liked to tease and insult the most. And while Jay had come up with the worst of the hazing rituals, it had been Dennis who actually cackled the hardest and enjoyed mocking the initiates the most. He was a tall black man with rippling muscles, a total gym nut who fancied himself as an 'uber male,' which apparently was one step above an alpha male, Malcolm supposed.

"Well, I just about managed it, right?" Malcolm said a little nervously.

"Only by nearly getting drunk to death, but I guess crossing the finish line is what matters, right fellas?"

Another cheer went up, and this time it was Alexander Stavros who spoke.

"Enough early celebrations, gentlemen. This man isn't a *true* member until he gets lucky tonight, is that not correct?"

He was twenty one, and everyone knew him as the ultimate Casanova-type of the frat. He had a lithe yet athletic build, his black hair long and, to quote a few of the frat brothers, "quite Jesus-like." Combined with his handsome Mediterranean features, olive skin, and proud Roman nose, he had the kind of looks that really drew women in. Even more than that, he exaggerated his Greek accent and knew exactly how to smolder, charming the pants off of ladies in a way that Malcolm had never once in his life managed.

"Isn't that right, Mal?" he continued.

"Yeah, isn't that right, Mallory?" Dennis taunted.

Malcolm felt his heart beating a little more rapidly. He took a sip of his drink, only for it to go down the wrong hatch, which made him splutter. Several frat brothers laughed.

"Looks like our man is a bit nervous!" Jay laughed. "Todd, can you hook him up with something a little more spicy for tonight?"

Todd, who had been sitting in the corner with several beers already empty at his feet, nodded slowly. He was a large fellow, a professional wrestler who was a veritable giant of a man. Jay was technically taller, but Todd had a build like a bear. He was hairy and had a thick gut, and it would be easy to think he was fat, only it was all muscle. He worked part-time as a bouncer while undertaking his studies, but everyone knew he made his *real* money handling some rather illicit chemicals on the side, especially aphrodisiacs and E.

"Maybe can do, maybe can do," Todd said, a toad-like smile on his face. "Got a few babes who might be interested."

"Finally get this virgin laid!" Dennis proclaimed.

Malcolm frowned. "I'm not a virgin."

"We're just ribbing you, dude," Jay said, catching Malcolm lightly on the ribs with his elbow. "That's how we play at Kappa Kappa Psi! Oh, and look, here's our first entrant! How's it going, hot stuff? Miss me, Becca?"

A rather gorgeous Asian woman stepped into the frat along with several of her equally attractive friends. She smiled at Jay and moved to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and then kissing him *very* passionately.

"Mhmm, I certainly did. Hey, who's the new fish?"

"A recent catch who somehow made it through the hazing."

"Wait, is he the little boy who-"

"Shhh, darling. He's one of us, now."

She giggled, and Malcolm didn't love the implication of that. He *had* earned his place here, just as he would become one of the frat bros by having a fun time, being cool, and making out with a hot woman tonight.

Unfortunately for Malcolm, it seemed that he wasn't the most desirable specimen. As the party continued, various attractive girls paired off with members of Kappa Kappa Psi, but he was left in the lurch, struggling to make small talk with Stacey Ackermann while trying desperately not to look at her impressive cleavage, only for damn *Dennis* to steal her away. He knew he needed more confidence, but all he had was determination, so he continued to push himself, getting a little tipsier until he tapped Jay on the shoulder. The big man was chatting to his girl Becca, but he smirked as he looked at Mal.

"Hey, dude, what's up?"

"You, uh, said I'd be able to have some fun time with a girl at the party."

Jay frowned, then gestured around them. "Dude, you got the pick of the litter here!"

"Dennis and Alexander keep snatching them away."

"Hey man, it's all a competition when it comes to good pussy. Fuck, just go talk to Todd already. He'll hook you up."

Malcolm shrank away, feeling like an idiot. More and more people were arriving and clustering, playing drunk party games and making out on the couch or watching the latest game on the television, while he still felt entirely out of place. All the guys were bigger than him, fitter than him, more charismatic and impressive than him. And a number of his frat bros were giggling and laughing as he strode by.

"Oh, that guy? Just a foundling we took in!" Maximilien Kim proclaimed while a gaggle of college girls surrounded him. He was a handsome model-type with chiselled features, and looked like he'd fallen out of a Korean male model magazine. He was also damn *rich*, and it was yet another reason why women clustered in his presence. "Think of him like a charity case. We'll see if he sinks or swims tonight. God knows we didn't accept him for the money he can bring in for our frat, am I right Mal?"

Malcolm fumed, ignoring the not-so-subtle taunts. He was making his way to Todd, who was relaxing on the couch, his girlfriend pressed up against him. She was sticking her tongue in his mouth, and Mal didn't know whether to intrude or not, but Todd's eyes turned upon him anyway.

"Mhm?" he murmured, still making out with his girl.

"Uh, Jay said you could help me? You know, with, uh, confidence?"

Todd rolled his eyes, then held out his hand. "Mhmm!"

It took a moment for Malcolm to realise that he was being asked to cough up some dough. He was fortunate that he had fifty dollars in cash in his wallet, and he handed it over quickly. Todd chuckled while still French kissing his girl, and then reached into his pocket

and pulled out a little bag of pills. He held up a finger to indicate *one*. Take *one*. Nervously, Malcolm nodded and did so.

“Do I get change or . . . ?”

But it was too late. Todd was already back to making out with his girl, leaving Malcolm to awkwardly move away. He took the pill, wondering exactly what it was, and then decided that he didn't damn well care. These guys had already nearly killed him by forcing him to drink so much vodka. What was a little mystery drug compared to that? He quickly poured some beer into a red cup, stuck the pill on his tongue, and then drank it down.

“Please let this fucking work,” he said, staring around at a party he barely felt like he was welcome at, despite it ostensibly being in honour of him. “I need to get fucking laid.”

The Polymorph Parasite was struggling. It was doing what it could for its host - for Malcolm - but that was exceedingly little. It knew it should just change him, make him an attractive female like its ancestors had done for their hosts, but once more it was aware of how sympathetic it felt towards Mal. He was trying his best! He was no alpha, and his fellow host species were being cruel to him, clearly setting him up for failure. Over seven times now they had worked to terminate any affection between Malcolm and a female he was talking to, and the parasite could do little, because it was so weak and needed sexual hormones to grow.

Now, it received a *massive* influx of them.

It had no idea whatsoever what Malcolm had just purchased from the one known as Todd, but now the parasite was growing rapidly, practically *evolving* thanks to the veritable flood of sexual hormones coursing through its host's body. Malcolm felt excited, but the parasite was *jubilant*. This was its chance to put its strange and very atypical plan into action, one which would leave Malcolm as a true alpha male, and allow him to get justice against his cruel peers.

It absorbed the contents of the strange pill, and the effect supercharged the Polymorph Parasite. Instantly, it began extending its tendrils, growing larger - if still microscopic - inside Malcolm. It produced its own hormones, heightening Mal's aggression, his confidence, his virility. It pushed changes far quicker than any parasite ever had, and in doing so made his muscles bulge. Its host was breathing heavily, panting in the bathroom, but that privacy was good. What Malcolm would lose in self-awareness, he would gain tonight in pro-active sexual pursuit.

This was the first step. Malcolm would become an alpha male.

And then . . . it would be time to change his peers.

Malcolm woke. He'd had the most incredible dreams, ones in which he'd had sex with not just one, but *two* beautiful women, and at the same time! His body ached all over, but it was a good ache. He was about to sit up in bed when suddenly a soft arm fell across his chest, and to his shock he realised that he had a naked woman lying against him, her breasts against his side. Even better yet, someone else moaned from his other side, a sweet and feminine voice.

"Oh God, it wasn't a dream," he mouthed to himself. "It was real . . ."

He tried to remember their names. Lea and . . . Manika? The dark-skinned woman was Manika, he was sure of it. They'd had . . . a *lot* of sex last night. So much sex. He'd never done that before, and yet he could recall now absolutely *ploughing* these women, as if he suddenly had the stamina of a God, and was producing some kind of pheromone that attracted women. One of them - Lea - opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"Holy shit, what a night, huh?"

"Y-yeah," he said. "I think I got carried away."

"You can get carried away any time, lover boy. You were so, sooooo much better than when I used to fuck Dennis. Malcolm, isn't it?"

"Y-yeah. Malcolm Chalmer."

She licked her lips, and then kissed him. The other woman, Manika, was starting to stir as well. "Well, Malcolm, this is gonna sound so fucking slutty of me, but I've seriously woken up fucking *horny* right now. Would you mind taking care of that for me?"

Another body pressed against his back, a lithe black hand snaking down to rub his hardening cock. A pair of full lips whispered sensually in his ear.

"And I'd like a ride too, Malcolm," Manika purred. "I don't usually like morning sex, but after what you did to my body - to our bodies - last night, I kinda want another fucking threesome. Right, Lea?"

"Fucking A," her friend replied, giggling.

Malcolm felt a little nervousness, but not nearly as much as he should have been feeling. In fact, his dick was becoming rock hard, and as it did so, he found that he desperately wanted to fuck these women. Soon any anxiety was fleeing away as that lust expanded. Something primal was awakening in him. An animal need. A bestial *passion*. He breathed more heavily, and then pushed Lea onto her back and crawled on top of her, all while pulling Manika over so that she too was on her back. He'd never been so proactive in his life, and certainly not with women.

"You spread your legs," he told Lea, who moaned in arousal, doing just that. "And you," he continued looking at Manika, "watch and masturbate. I'm coming for you next."

“Fuck, that sounds hot!”

The parasite couldn't grin, but it felt the pleasure of one as its host made passionate love to the two women. It was clearly more powerful than its ancestors, or perhaps simply more creative with its more sentient mind, because it had done something that was far more sophisticated than any Polymorph Parasite had ever done before: it had created transformative *pheromones*. The humans known as Lea and Manika were beautiful girls already, and quite intelligent. The parasite had no intention of taking this away from them, but after the boost from the strange drug last night, it had taken advantage of the mutation-causing rush to make Malcolm fitter, a little more handsome, and certainly more confident. The biggest change, however, had been the development of a new organ inside of him. It had taken all the parasite's energy. In fact, it could well have killed the creature were it not for that rush of chemicals from the drug, and even then it barely managed to cling on. But now Malcolm possessed what no human being in history had ever possessed; a gland that quite literally produced intoxicating pheromones.

Lea and Manika had stood no chance. Yes, they thought Malcolm was certainly more handsome than expected, and yes, he was doing well with his greater confidence, even complimenting their beauty, their hair, their dresses, and making some light-hearted jokes with them, but the pheromones pushed the two women over the line, making them hopelessly attracted to Malcolm. Even when they tried to move on and find jockier guys, they had returned to him, and only the parasite truly knew why.

It had been rewarded for its efforts. To the astonishment of the entire party, and perhaps more than a little anger from his bullying peers, Malcolm had taken both women and fucked them into borderline pleasure comas. At least, that was how the parasite interpreted it. Funnily enough, the more it advanced, the more of its host's culture and vocabulary it was beginning to understand. It even derived actual *amusement* from how well Malcolm performed as he fucked the pair of them.

The effect wasn't long-lasting. The parasite had no sense of ethics yet, but it *did* have a purpose it had created for itself; to boost Malcolm up, and bring his enemies down. These females were not enemies, and so despite the fact that instinct demanded they be further changed and mentally bound to Malcolm, reduced to his nymphomaniac lovers, instead the only permanent effects the pair would have was an increase in the size of their mammalian breasts, and an increased libido for life. Whether they would return to Malcolm, the parasite did not know. In many ways, it did not matter.

The new pheromone gland had worked, and now it was time to make its emissions all the more potent. Now it was time to direct those pheromones towards the members of this strange social group known as Kappa Kappa Psi.

The parasite worked and worked, extending itself further. Malcolm deserved this, it knew. It was doing it all for *him*.

Malcolm couldn't believe how much his life had changed. In just the few weeks after his initiation into Kappa Kappa Psi, everything had turned around. From the lowest moment of his life, abandoned and in hospital and deeply fortunate not to have died, to becoming what felt like a goddamn *stud* who was making waves with the ladies. He wasn't sure exactly what he'd done to impress Lea and Manika so much as to initiate a freakin' *threesome* on that crazy night, but evidently buying that mystery drug from Todd had given him the confidence boost he'd needed to actually approach women, and in turn have them be quite into him.

It was almost *unreal* how girls responded to him now. When he went to his architecture course lectures, a number of girls looked his way with interest, and one even had to get up and leave after looking *very* flustered in his presence. Out on the campus green, young campus girls of all shapes and sizes found excuses to be in his presence, and he too found it easier to conduct conversation with them. It didn't always work out, but the truth was, he was getting laid and laid *well*. Even Stacey Ackermann, the ginger-haired goddess with the most impressive rack on campus, delighted in riding him during a sorority party that his frat had been invited to, and her moans had practically echoed through the building. She'd only parted ways with Alexander Stavros just a week ago, not to mention she'd turned down Dennis Holt, but now she was saying all sorts of hot things, like; "Ohhh, God! You're s-so much better at this than Alex! I'm so g-glad I chose you to fuck over Dennis tonight, because this is d-divine!"

This new sexual charisma felt almost freakish, like it hadn't been earned. It was part of the reason why Malcolm had decided to start hitting the gym and going on runs more often, pushing his body to actually *become* the kind of attractive hunk that these women were now seeing him as. And what gains he was making! These too were occurring supernaturally fast, his biceps swelling, his abs developing, his lats and delts looking deeply attractive to the women he was sleeping with. He could have even sworn he was a little taller lately, though it made no sense, he knew. Certainly, he was displaying more appealing facial features, something he attributed to his workouts and generally brighter outlook on life. It was all he'd hoped for when he joined Kappa Kappa Psi; to become the kind of popular dude

that they took in. A guy who could party and enjoy the college life and have with attractive women, showing them a good time in turn.

That last part was important. Malcolm was very aware of how much his life had changed, but sometimes as he lay there in bed beside an already-sleeping beauty, his thoughts turned back to the darkness of that one terrible night, and all the horrid acts of hazing before it. He couldn't shake the disgust he felt, how degraded and humiliated he'd been, how his apparently loyal frat brothers had discarded him and left him to potentially die. They had taken him on in order to cover their own asses. He knew that. He'd be a fool not to know that. He just liked not to *think* about it. But at night, the thoughts bubbled up unbidden, and it filled him with anger. When Jay talked about all the girls he was going to fuck, or when Dennis spread rumours about the 'sluts on campus,' or Todd joked a little *too* much about dosing some girls to knock them out for 'extra unconscious fun', part of his stomach churned. Even Alexander Stavros, wooer of women, openly talked about how to manipulate girls, especially ones like Delilah Flowers, who recently lost her father and was especially vulnerable.

"Gotta love an opportunity to twist a girl with absent daddy issues," he boasted, a statement that left Malcolm feeling grossed out by.

There were other aspects that were coming to light that he did not like either, such as hearing about the number of times Maximilien Kim had bailed them out with his family's bottomless well of cash. One woman claimed she'd been drugged, another that she'd been sexually harassed online. Another, after sleeping with Malcolm, expressed how safe she felt with him, and that she had no fear of him spreading nude photos of her around like Dennis Holt had apparently done.

And so Malcolm vowed not to be like these other men, even as he existed around them and tried to remain in Kappa Kappa Psi. He treated the women he slept with kindly. He made sure to prioritise their pleasure also, going down on them and making sure they always came before him. He let them talk about their issues, and kept friendly relations with them afterwards. He made sure to always start with foreplay, and soon Alexander Stavros was being left in the dirt when it came to wooing women. Just five weeks after that one fateful night, *all* the girls looking for a nice lay on campus knew that Malcolm Chalmer was a *charmer*, and better yet, he actually *cared*.

Which was a problem for the frat. Mal hoped that the things he'd heard, at least about the non-Dennis members of the frat, were just rumours or exaggerated truths that marked them as malcontents and not the odious figures they were painted to be. But even that veil of illusion began to lift as the days passed. The members of Kappa Kappa Psi had gone from treating Malcolm like he was a pathetic outsider, to acting like he was one of them, to now showing signs of anger and deeply-rooted envy whenever he was around.

Jay kept on saddling Malcolm with the worst duties of the frat, including cleanup and party prep, not to mention being the one to constantly have to run to pick up new drinks. Anything to keep him away from the parties, as well as keep him up at night to try and sabotage his increasingly good marks. Alexander, the charming Greek-American, seemed to do whatever he could to keep women away from Malcolm, and the changing man suspected why; he feared that they would want *him* instead of Alex.

"You are too kind, you aren't a true pickup artist," the man had said. "You're just a fad. Don't forget that. Women will tire of you and want the bad boy again."

Todd was much more direct. He blocked the way to the common room area more than once, and even told Malcolm to take a hike when he tried to get into *his* frat to get access to *his* room.

"Meeting going on. Kappa Kappa Psi business. You understand."

"No, I'm a member."

"Yeah, a fresh member. Doesn't count."

At this, Malcolm became incensed. "I went through the hazing! I was beaten, I was stripped naked and sprayed *pink*. I was drugged and then forced to drink so much fucking alcohol I nearly *died* Todd. Let me through."

It was bold of him, but despite his growing muscle, he wasn't as big as the bouncer-like Todd Schafer. The large man smirked and shooed him off. Later, when Malcolm had told this to Maximilien Kim, hoping the richest member of the frat would give him some support, the slick businessman's son simply smirked.

"You're rocking the boat, Malcolm. Too much success, too many waves. I wouldn't invest in *your* stock right now. Maybe if you agree to grovel a little more. Hey, I need a good drink. Go fetch me one, will you?"

It all reached a fever pitch one morning, two months after that fateful and pleasurable night, when Malcolm entered the common room after another night of passion with the ever lovely Stacey Ackermann, only to literally be tripped over thanks to the sudden outstretched foot of Dennis Holt. Malcolm slammed against the coffee table, much to the laughter of his so-called frat brothers, but then he rose, filled with a confidence and fury he had only started to possess over the last eight weeks.

"Dude, what the fuck is your deal?"

Dennis literally *spat* in Malcolm's direction. "You think you can just fuck your way across campus without sharing some of the pussy our way? Manika and Lea were *my* goddamn sluts to fuck, not your sloppy seconds to steal from under me. Stacey Ackermann was *my* dibs, too. Everyone knew I'd called her. She was *my* fucking catch next."

"Hey," Malcolm said. "They're people, just like you and me. Don't talk about those women like that."

"Please," Dennis snorted, flexing his gym muscles. "They're sluts if they're fucking you. Don't act like you're better than us. You're still a goddamn initiate, okay? You've only been with Kappa Kappa Psi for a few weeks. That means you don't need to get above your station, little dickweed."

Malcolm narrowed his eyes. "If I was such a 'little dickweed,' girls wouldn't be flocking to me, Dennis. Why don't you work on the size of your penis rather than your muscles, unless your steroid use is shrinking that as well as your balls."

"That's it!" the darker-skinned man declared. "You and me. Right now! Outside. I wanna teach this guy a lesson, Jay."

Malcolm looked to their leader for some semblance of sanity, but instead Jay just shrugged his shoulders. "Have at it," he said. "Best way of sorting this shit out."

"You're kidding?"

Again, another shrug. "Dude, sometimes ya gotta know your place. Can't have you acting like you're all above it. Maybe some fists will make you both bury this hatchet. I mean, no offence Malcolm, but it's not like you're a goddamn sportstar or something. You're still not *protected* like the rest of us, got it?"

And so the entire frat that was present made their way behind the building, forming a circle around the pair so that they couldn't escape. Malcolm had never felt so much in overdrive. Even more than that night where he'd had a threesome with Manika and Lea, his heart beat furiously in his chest and his blood poured through his temples. When Dennis strode forward to make the first vicious punch, it was like watching the entire event unfold in slow motion. He dodged it easily, then socked Dennis in the eye, surprising him.

"Fuck you! You're not all that! I'm going to show you what a little bitch you really are!"

But for each blow he made, Malcolm blocked it quickly, or dodged it, then counterattacked. Soon Dennis was the recipient of hit after hit, his left eye taking a particular beating. The crowd gasped with shock, and Jay's face became one of barely-hidden frustration. Despite the fact that Alex, Todd, Max - all of them, really - were cheering on Dennis, the truth was that Malcolm was pummeling him with ease. With one last windup, Malcolm sent the man flying onto his back, and Dennis tried and failed to get back up.

"F-f-fuck you," he said, before lowering his head in a concession of defeat.

No one really spoke. In fact, it seemed there was just disappointment in the air. Jay stepped forward and moved to help Dennis up.

"Okay, fight's over. Mal, you went way too far, dude. Learn to read the fucking room. I'm doubling your chores and your necessary frat commitments for this."

But Malcolm barely heard him, and barely cared. Something very, *deeply* strange had occurred in the final moments of that fight.

He'd been frickin' *aroused*. Hell, he'd had to hunch over a little to hide the fact that his dick was hard. Something about being so close to Dennis, to pulling him in close even as he threw him back, had just *done* things for him. But that wasn't even the weirdest part. No, the weirdest part was that Dennis looked like he'd had a fucking boner *too*. The man was also hunched over in defeat, covering his crotch, and his gaze was levelled at Malcolm, shifting between rage and . . . something very much else. The man bit his lip as if trying to prevent another, strange feeling from coming over him.

"I - I'm heading to my fucking room, man," he said to himself. "No one even look at me, got it?"

He walked away, still hunched over, and Mal watched him go. Perhaps it was just his imagination, but his ass looked kind of peachy. It wasn't a bad sight, considering he'd just beat the guy's ass, after all. And yet, he couldn't stop looking at it as Dennis stormed back inside.

Yeah, very peachy.

He kinda wanted to touch it.

The Polymorph Parasite was pleased. It had grown oh-so-very strong in the last few months. It knew from its genetic memory that previous parasites had worked quicker, and had turned their hosts completely female within just a couple of weeks, sometimes even less. But this parasite was far more ambitious, and it was attempting to evolve beyond its instinctive programming in order to aid Malcolm, whom it loved as its unknowing host.

The gland was now *glands*, plural. Two of them, located above the kidneys, and capable of producing very potent pheromones. They could adapt to draw in females, but the parasite had moved them beyond that immediate function. It was now powerful enough to flood Malcolm with enough transformative chemicals to make him a true alpha-male, and so the pheromone glands had a far more sinister and fulfilling purpose.

They would draw his male peers in.

Already, the process had started. The parasite made sure to emit the right scents from Malcolm's body when he was at his so-called 'Frat House', a communal concept that the parasite was beginning to understand. There were several dozen members of this building-based community, and all of them were being exposed to the pheromones, which were causing them to obsess over Malcolm. It was easy, really, given that they already were quite obsessed. The parasite now understood jealousy, and it could recognise it in the host's 'frat brothers.' They were still bullying him, still mistreating him, and that filled the parasite with nascent rage. But it was also patient. The pheromones carried some of the parasite's

own chemical material, tailored directly to do the work it had initially intended to perform on Malcolm. The process had started, and without knowing it yet, the frat brothers of this 'Kappa Kappa Psi' place were already turning female, bit by bit, gene structure by gene structure.

Malcolm would be pleased, the parasite knew. It wanted its caring, kind, yet increasingly confident host to be healthy, happy, and have a fantastic sex life, all the better to feed it. But this went beyond need. It thought of Malcolm like a friend, and so it also felt that it needed a name to call itself. Friends needed names, after all.

It had decided on Evett.

It was a good name, Evett decided. The kind of name a best friend should have. It had come across the concept of a 'wingman' through its host's experiences, and that concept seemed so utterly perfect to it.

It would be Malcolm's wingman.

Three dozen beautiful and lusty women, coming right up.

Things were getting a little strange at the Kappa Kappa Psi frathouse. Malcolm was still dealing with the aftermath of that fight, as well as the intensely weird experience of being turned on by Dennis Holt and his lovely derriere. He had initially assumed it was just the result of some post-fight emotional molotov cocktail exploding in his system, but soon he found himself looking at the other members of his frat with a strange attentiveness. There were several features of his frat brothers that seemed to be changing, or more exaggerated, or simply had a new kind of allure that he couldn't quite describe.

Jay's hair was growing out longer, fuller, and was looking so very golden.

Dennis' ass was swelling, and this was no feat of imagination, because the man himself was complaining about it quite vocally.

Alexander appeared so much slimmer, and his lips so full and kiss-worthy.

Todd Schafer's large build had gained a new softness, and his chest seemed to be suggesting more and more a pair of growing bumps.

Maximilien's hips seemed to sway, and the normally brash rich guy almost deferred to Malcolm when the man asked for some relief from his sheer amount of chores for the frat.

All these features turned him on, and to his great shame he often found himself retreating to his room to lock the door, unbuckle his trousers, and then begin masturbating to the thought of his own frat brothers. He imagined them coalescing into one beautiful, buxom lady: Todd's tits, Jay's hair, Dennis' ass, Alexander's face, Maximilien's figure. And those were just the main five leaders of the frat. There was also Damian's thick lips, Leon's

increasingly impressive legs, Tyrone's soft neck, Kai's sensual and husky voice, and so many more.

"What the fuck is happening to me?" he said after he'd actually *turned down* Stacey Ackermann's offer of a hot blowjob behind the bleachers, and instead found a bathroom stall to tug on out to the thought of Jay stripping down naked.

But the real question wasn't what was happening to Malcolm, but rather what was happening to the rest of Kappa Kappa Psi. They were starting to change. It had been subtle at first, and Malcolm initially assumed it was down to whatever strange currents of hormones that were currently making him have gay thoughts, but eventually there was no denying it, not when the other frat brothers themselves were starting to notice it.

"No way, *man!*" Dennis exclaimed one morning. "*What the actual fuck!? I'm serious, what the actual fuck!?*"

His voice had echoed loudly from his room, and with such agitation that Malcolm felt compelled to investigate, along with Jay and Alexander, who ran to his door.

"Dude, are you okay?" Jay asked.

"*This can't be fucking happening! Shit! SHIT! FUCK! SHIT!*"

"You should open it," Alex said to Jay, and the fraternity head nodded. The door was locked, but Dennis didn't respond to any shouts to open it. In the end, the man decided to shoulder check the door.

"Watch a footballer at work, gents," he said with a grin on his face that Malcolm, for some reason, found oddly attractive.

Except then he bounced *off* the door, wincing and making oddly girlish sounds as he clutched his shoulder, which looked almost a little deflated compared to how it should have been.

"Jesus, what the hell? That always works."

"Let me try," Malcolm said.

"Yeah, like you're gonna be able to—"

Mal smashed right through with ease, astonishing not just himself but Jay and Alexander. The three of them entered the room, only to see Dennis with his jeans around his thighs and his black ass naked and exposed. Everyone froze, especially Dennis. It was obvious what he was freaking out about, and why he couldn't get his jeans up; his ass had swollen up massively, forming a pair of plump cheeks that still looked ripe and bouncy. Hell, you could bounce a quarter from his ass right to another galaxy. It was the *perfect* thick rear, the kind of layercake that Malcolm had lusted after privately, and only recently had hopes of experiencing. But Dennis outdid even Manika's rotund rear, and his skin was smooth and spotless and utterly female too.

"Wh-what the fuck!? Don't just burst in! Fucking close your eyes!"

But none of them could. Jay coughed. "Dude, why have you got a fucking wagon back there?"

Dennis was freaking out. In fact, his voice was cracking audibly, and he tried to pull up his jeans again, which only emphasised the incredible wobble of his new backside.

"It's some k-kind of infection or something! Like you can talk anyway!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Your nips, asshole! You're fucking beaming your headlights at me! Now stop looking at my ass and wear a jacket or something!"

Malcolm had to really summon a great deal of willpower to tear his eyes away from Dennis's incredible ass, but when he did so he was not disappointed. Everyone - Dennis, Alex, and even Jay himself - was looking at Jay's chest, which indeed now looked different from how it was supposed to. In all the hubbub, Malcolm hadn't noticed that Jay's nipples were pressing quite visibly against his shirt, or that his impressive and well-defined pecs looked softer than they should have. Almost a little . . . fleshy. Soft. Breast-like.

"What - what the fuck!?"

Alexander Stavros chuckled. "Looks like you've grown a pair of titties, Jay."

"Shut up, Alex. You can't talk, what with how you've been looking lately! You look like some gay guy or a trans woman or just a plain chick!"

Alex chuckled and rolled his eyes. "Please, I don't have anything like that. I'm just trying a new style that girls like, and *besides, it's not like - oh!*"

His voice had cracked quite audibly, and he flung his hand to his full, rather pouty lips in a gesture that was surprisingly feminine. Malcolm coughed awkwardly.

"You, uh, do look a bit different, Alex."

"Well, I'm not growing *tits!* Goddamn this voice, I must have a cold."

"We all do," Jay said, cupping his miniature breasts. To his very obvious embarrassment, he actually suppressed an audible moan as his fingers brushed against his inflated nipples, and then he gasped a little. "F-fuck. They're swelling up! Nghh!"

"That's what happened to me!" Dennis cried, still struggling with his huge butt. "It was feeling bigger lately but then my ass just kept growing this morning! I was having freaky dreams and-"

"Did you say dreams?" Malcolm said, who'd had more than a few erotic ones of his own about his frat brothers. "About what?"

The group suddenly fell silent once more. Jay was still cupping his chest. Dennis finally gave up on getting his jeans up and settled for his underwear, which disappeared into his crack and made it look like he was wearing a thong. Alexander brushed his long hair, which looked a little curlier and longer lately. He really did look quite androgynous at best.

"Just . . . dreams," Jay said.

“But, I mean, are these dreams sort of strange?”

Dennis squeaked. “They’re just fucking dreams, Mal! Shut up and get over it, dickweed! We’re dealing with an emergency flu outbreak or something here. It’s a wonder you aren’t looking more like a pussy, but everyone knows you already are one.”

“Despite your nice shoulders,” Alex said.

“Yeah,” Jay said, rubbing one nipple before stopping himself. “Wait, what the fuck did you just say?”

“He just - he’s working out, is all I meant.”

Malcolm had no idea how to react to this. “Um, shall I go tell the other frat brothers that we’ve got a kind of infection going around or something?”

“YES!” they all barked at once, Dennis loudest of all.

Malcolm went away immediately, feeling like he wasn’t welcome but desperately feeling a need to inspect more of their changes. Part of him was actually a little amused; these guys had allowed him into Kappa Kappa Psi, but he still wasn’t one of them. He hadn’t forgotten how they’d nearly killed him, nor his own inner turmoil about his decision not to speak up about that. Now, they’d gotten some temporary condition that was humiliating them, all while he was feeling buffer and manlier than ever.

“Karma is a bitch,” he said with amusement as he went down the stairs to the common room.

He had no idea how literal that statement was to become.

The ‘infection’ spread around the frat quite rapidly. Each day, more members were infected with all sorts of embarrassing physical changes; swelling in all the wrong places, muscle loss in others. Soon all of Kappa Kappa Psi was affected, and any future parties were being put on hold. Unfortunately, that didn’t mean they could get out of their college course requirements. Dennis still had to make an appearance for his sports-science degree, and quickly found that, for all his gym nut toughness, his peers were now snickering behind his back about his very ample rear. Likewise, Jay initially took some sick days off, obviously hoping that his nipples and strange chest developments would dissipate, but instead they only became more obvious, as did his shrinking musculature, which were the primary causes of his team’s recent game loss. More than a few people were calling him a ‘total boob, emphasis on *boob*’ regarding his total fumble during the play, and in the locker room afterwards he actually had to wipe away his tears, all while trying to cover his large pink areolas and fatty chest ‘bumps.’ Even Maximilien was affected; he’d been out on business with his father for a week, but when he returned it was with a smoother face and longer black

hair, and his movements seemed so much more demure, his waist narrow and his legs slender.

Malcolm knew all of this because of the whispers that were being bandied about on campus. He was completely unaffected, unless of course his incredible muscle growth and increasing manliness was a sort of strange counter-condition of whatever was spreading across the frat. He was actually an inch taller now, and that alarmed him a little, though he assumed it was just because he was standing straighter. Certainly, it didn't hurt his chances with the ladies.

"God, I missed my friend with benefits," Manika said while resting naked on top of him after not one but *two* rounds of back-to-back ecstasy. "And this time I get you all to myself."

"Yeah, sorry it's been so long," Mal replied. "I've just been, er, plagued by some funny stuff going on."

"You mean that weird illness in Kappa Kappa Psi? Yeah, what's up with that? Jay looks like he has little tits now. And Todd Schafer, the total creep, is starting to talk like he's some kinda valley girl stereotype or whatever."

"Wait, really? Tell me more . . ."

It turned out that Manika was quite the delicious rumour mill; she and her girlfriends heard all through their boyfriends and connections to Kappa Kappa Psi. So while Malcolm had seen a number of changes amongst the frat, he was only beginning to understand just how deep some of them went.

"There's no way that's all true," he told Manika when she was finished.

"Nope, it really happened. We all thought Burt was such a ladies man, but he was masturbating and saying *your* name. Kinda freaky, right?"

Malcolm bit his lip. "Yeah. Definitely freaky. Strangely hot, though."

"What?"

"I mean, I'm strangely hot at the moment. Do you mind if you lie next to me? I'm overheating here."

Manika smirked and laid down next to him, though still pressed against his side. "I bet we could go another round in fifteen minutes. You get my engine going, y'know? I swear, I was never this libidinous before I met you."

Malcolm nodded along, but her words barely entered his ears, because he was too busy thinking about his strange reaction just now. Why the hell was he finding some of these odd changes and reactions so damn hot?

And why did he feel the need to spend more time with his odious frat brothers rather than some loving sex with gorgeous Manika? It was insane, and he knew it. And yet . . .

“Sorry, I really gotta go. Have to see to this frat business. Take care of the guys while they’re sick. You know how it is.”

Manika clearly didn’t, but Malcolm got dressed quickly and left, returning to the frat house. Sure enough, it was like the entire building was quarantined; frat brothers *only* accepted, not even girlfriends of the members. When Malcolm entered he could see why: the strange illness was affecting the men even more. Dennis’s waist had thickened, but his gym nut muscles were disappearing, giving way to soft, slightly fatty flesh. Alexander’s features were like those of a Greek beauty. One would much more likely view him as a woman rather than a man if one didn’t know him. The others were likewise changing; for whatever reason, Todd’s hair was growing out long and thick and fiery red, and his figure was looking less like that of a bouncer’s and increasingly like a fit *woman’s*, all thanks to the remaining bumps on his chest and his widening hips. They were all arguing, practically *shrieking* at one another in the common room, the core leadership speaking up for the various factions around them. It looked like the total membership of the frat was present, about three dozen members in total, and Malcolm slipped in behind them, shocked by the amount of bubblebutts, nascent breasts, thin waists, long hair, full lips, and other feminine features he could see around the room.

“Fuck off!” Jay cried, his voice higher than it should have been. “No one is leaving, got it? No one! I am not letting Kappa Kappa Psi’s reputation as the sportiest, strongest, and most alpha of all frats become some fucking pussy joke, alright? Bad enough that Mal getting all sick because he was such a hazing pussy forced my hand so we had to take him on. It would be the death of us!”

“Dude, my ass is huge!” Dennis cried, voice also quite reedy. “And look at my thighs! My goddamn hips! The bottom half of me looks like I’m turning into some kinda thicc-ass hottie black girl here!”

“And my face!” Alexander said. “Look at me! Look at Leon and Thomas and Richard! They’re all starting to look like women. This is no ordinary illness!”

“Which is why we can’t become an international situation!” Maximilien shouted, joining Jay’s side, his long black hair swaying down his back. “Have you any idea how this could impact my business? My *father’s* business? I’ll gladly *pay* you all to shut up so you don’t make me look like a fool of the elite class that I’m a part of!”

“We’re growing *tits* here, man!” Todd exclaimed, gesturing to his chest.

“My hair is growing way too fast!” someone else said.

Another joined in. “I’m starting to fucking style mine! My girl doesn’t even wanna see me right now.”

“Same!” Todd shouted. “We gotta get checked out. I haven’t had business for over a week now. I got pills to move!”

"Maybe it was your fucking side job that started this shit, Todd," Jay exclaimed. "Did you ever think about that, moron? Do you even know what's in half of your pills?"

"We could send those off to be examined?" a man with a voice that was entirely female added to the chorus. "At least get the pills checked out."

"See?" Jay said, pushing his longer blonde hair behind his ears. He stepped forward, an action that caused his breasts to bounce a little in his top. "There's a solution! This will all go easier if we preserve the frat. We don't need any more pussies here, especially not with Malcolm already polluting our numbers."

"It was your fault he joined," Dennis noted.

"Well, he's tough enough now," Todd admitted. "Have you seen his shoulders lately? And those muscles?"

"Mhmmm," Maximilien noted. "I can't stop looking at them. Has he gotten taller, too?"

Jay swallowed. "Look, maybe we're just having a good effect on him. You know, like how he's getting all fit and banging chicks left and right."

Dennis whined. "I wish I could be there to watch him, see what I'm missing."

"Ew, that's so gay, dude."

"Shut up! We've all been having the weird dreams. We know who they're about!"

It was at this point that a murmur finally started to spread through the crowd, and one by one everyone fell silent and looked in Malcolm's direction, finally seeing him. Jay practically squeaked, and Alexander was touching his chest and shifting from side to side. Todd rubbed his thighs together. But Dennis? He kept on talking, totally ignorant.

"It's *him*. We all know it's that f-fucking loser! Ever since he joined, things have started to change, and now we're all looking like freaks with female body parts and shit! No one wants to talk about it, but we're all having fucking psycho dreams, and half of them involve *him*. Yeah? YEAH!? No one's gonna admit it, huh? Fine, I'll just come right out and say it, because last night I had a dream he was squeezing my ass and then *sticking his big, hard dick in it!* And I know for a fact the rest of you are having weird dreams like that too, because . . . because . . ."

He had finally noticed Malcolm was present. Despite his dark features, it was obvious that the man felt a heavy rush of blood to his cheeks, because he placed his hands on them, eyes wide and mouth agape.

"Oh fuck," he said, and his voice carried.

You could have heard a pin drop in the silence that followed. Malcolm had no idea what to say. He'd known that he'd been having strange dreams lately, but apparently everyone else was too, and about *him*!? And this dream sounded deeply sexual, just like his own about Dennis, and another about Jay, and one involving Thomas and Leon and Maximilien all together.

"M-Malcolm," Jay said, extending his hands out. "How long have you been standing back there, m-my man?"

"Long enough to hear some weird shit," Malcolm said.

Some looked away, but not for long. The newest member of the frat could feel dozens of eyes roaming across his body, taking in his increasingly developed muscles. It was strange, but he also seemed to be taller than most of the guys here, but that should have been impossible.

Suddenly, Jay cackled. "A joke! A stupid prank! Got you, man! Didn't we, guys? Making our newest little member think he was important and psyching him out! Get a load of the new guy, fellas?"

There was a loud, unanimous, and very forced laugh from the group, much of which by this point sounded like a laughing sorority rather than a deeply jockish frat.

"J-just a joke!" Dennis exclaimed, turning to hide his very impressive backside. "I bet you fell for it, didn't you, pussy?"

Todd chuckled a little, his small breasts jiggling slightly in his top. "Bet you thought you'd been taking my product again, eh?"

The others continued to make statements, but Malcolm remained unconvinced.

"Look, if you guys don't really want me here," he said, feeling that confidence to speak truthfully rising up in him once more, "then I'll go. I always wanted to join Kappa Kappa Psi, but I'm really getting the sense that I'm not welcome. You guys have a problem with me, and if you think I'm *causing* something - something none of you want to talk about - then I can always just leave and-"

"NO!"

Malcolm almost jumped. The shout had come from almost half the room, and the other half were looking very uncomfortable with the prospect of him leaving. Some were biting their lips to avoid pleading for him to stay, while other more silent ones simply had their hands up as if to beg him to remain.

"N-no, man," Jay said. "We need you. We . . . Oh God, I need you. We all need him, right fellas?"

And once again, there was that chorus, only this time it was all of them, and it was entirely in agreement. Malcolm gazed across the crowd, confused. Something horrifying was going on, and he had no idea what it was. It was wrong, whatever it was, and somehow he was at the centre of it.

But just like the rest of them, he felt a compulsion as well. They wanted him to stay. And he *needed* to.

The Polymorph Parasite - no, *Evelt* - wriggled with glee inside of Malcolm's system. The plan was working. It was actually working! Not only had the parasite achieved sentience, personality, *emotions*, but it had enacted a wildly risky plan that seemed to be paying off! Just to thank Malcolm for being such a good host, it flooded his body with more testosterone, and infiltrated his DNA, ensuring that his health would remain paramount, and that his aging would be slowed. It increased his muscle development yet further, and continued making minute adjustments to his bone structure, ensuring he would grow taller, just as human females seemed to be attracted to. The parasite considered increasing Malcolm's sense of dominance, even ensuring that he would view his future mates as his objects, to be his to do with what he pleased. But then Evelt hesitated. Just as it had been developing into its own person, so too had it come to respect Malcolm's own personhood as well. He was sensitive and kind, he respected females of his species, and he did not have the odiousness or cruelty of his so-called 'frat brothers.' This was something Evelt actually *admired* in its host, and so it chose *not* to change these parts about him. It did, of course, increase his libido and raise his attraction to his changing frat brothers, not to mention made his pheromone output all the more potent to transform them quicker. It still had its own needs, after all.

Ah, but what an effect even that change had! In the days that passed after that bizarre confrontation in the frathouse common area, as it was apparently called, the parasite was blessed to be able to see and sense through Malcolm's own eyes, ears, and other organs. It took in how each male around him in the frat was becoming further changed, their own mental and physical transformations completely inevitable.

The one known as Jay, the leader who had exercised the cruelty upon Malcolm in the first place, was particularly enjoyable to change. Evelt made sure to release powerful doses of pheromones upon the male, focusing on secretions that would greatly enhance breast development *and* reduce his intellect. At times, using Malcolm's senses, Evelt could *hear* the man moaning in his room, no doubt because the changes were accelerating.

Yes, some marvelously large mammalian mammaries. Malcolm would enjoy those.

The one known as Dennis, meanwhile, would continue to grow in thickness. With its intimate connection to Malcolm's mind and therefore knowledge of all he found arousing, the parasite was finding great joy in ensuring the pheromone secretions in Dennis's presence were tailor-made in order to craft him into a female with an attractive maternal figure. He continued to whine and complain, even as his hips widened, his waist thickened, and he gained a delightful softness that, according to Malcolm's brain, could be described by the deliberate misspelling of 'thicc.'

The parasite ensured that each figure changed in a suitably ironic way. Irony was such a sweet thing to learn, and once more it thanked its host Malcolm dearly, its kind friend

who knew so very much and that Evett itself could now take on and absorb into its growing mind. Leon was obsessed with his status as one of the stars of the so-called 'football team,' but Evett had learned recently of something called a 'cheerleader,' and while it could not exactly compel the man to follow an *exact* role, it ensured that Malcolm's pheromone secretions in his presence would inspire the part of the brain that enjoyed exhibitionism and displays of dance. It followed this pattern with each of the others, delighting in its own flourishes. The first thinking parasite, and it was already learning, thanks to Malcolm, what it was to create *art*! It adored its host for being one of great intelligence and creativity, for it inspired such delicious ironies!

The one known as Alexander seemed to have great success in conducting mating rituals with the females of the host species, and so the secretions were intended to make him equally seductive . . . but only towards Malcolm.

Todd, the human who had apparently done horrible things to female members of his species, was dosed with pheromones that emphasised submissiveness and a need to be dominated with *force*.

Another frat brother - Maximilien - viewed himself as superior and possessing great resources over other humans. Evett could not stand for this; his particular pheromones were emitted with the intention of making him a very curvaceous figure, one who would drink up Malcolm's seed just as his host had dreamed of. Apparently this was 'low-class' behaviour in their kind, and so perfectly fitting as the fate for that man.

On and on the parasite went, diving deeply into its new art. When necessary, it empowered Malcolm to find other females attractive again, but only so that it could dine on the lovely cocktail of sex hormones that allowed it to enmesh ever closer to him. It never wanted to leave Malcolm. Without him even knowing about the parasite's existence, Evett considered him his best and only friend.

One day, Malcolm would know of this connection. One day, they might even laugh over this amusing tale, or at least take humour in it; the parasite had no organs with which to laugh.

But it did laugh in its mind, at least. Its work was proceeding, and the polymorphosis was continuing. And now, a great triumph was on the verge of arriving. Each of them were primed for the final transformation. The pheromones had done their work, and would combine and mingle in order to create the most exquisite end result.

Malcolm would have his procession of mates, and Evett would have its endless delirium of resulting chemical bliss.

Malcolm was finding it hard to concentrate on his architecture lectures. Normally, the subject truly inspired him, but so much in his life was going crazy right now. Hayley Becker, just three rows down, was looking up at him and winking. He recognised that she was into him, and these days he wasn't even nervous to ask a beautiful woman like her out. But it wasn't Hayley he wanted.

It was Jay.

It was Dennis.

It was Alexander and Todd and Maximilien and Richard and Leon and Thomas and all of his frat brothers, all of them with their increasing curves and beauty which dominated his conscious thoughts when he was awake, and his unconscious ones when he slept and dreamed. When the lecture finished, Malcolm actually left the lecture theatre quickly, moving away from Hayley so he could ignore her advances. Just last week, he'd had sex with a number of attractive college co-ed girls, but now he was back to thinking about the members of Kappa Kappa Psi.

"What is wrong with me?" he asked himself as he marched across the campus green. "And what is wrong with them? Why are we dreaming about each other? Fuck, I'm getting hard just thinking about them. Their illness better be passing! They better be going back to normal."

But even saying it hurt. He didn't *want* them to go back to normal. Malcolm knew all too well now what they thought of him, how they'd treated him, and why they'd taken him in - just to protect themselves, by Jay's own admission. Deep down, he felt like he was dwelling in a nest of vipers, only these vipers were being collectively defanged, and now seemed to be actually *fawning* over him.

"Maybe whatever this is, is just some kind of divine karmic punishment," he said to himself as he reached the fraternity house. "If that's the case, then I'm more than happy with it. Just so long as I don't get any more of these weird . . . thoughts."

He entered the frat, only to immediately enter a scene of unimaginable shock. Almost the entire frat was in the communal area, or upon the stairs, or in the kitchen, and all of them were writhing about and squirming, gripping their body parts and moaning with increasingly sweet voices as if they were undergoing a rapid transformation at that very moment.

"What in the blazes!?" Malcolm uttered, and he swiftly moved into the centre of the room to check on his frat brothers, who were collapsing one by one and continuing to gasp in a mix of discomfort and what sounded like reluctant *pleasure*, of all things. Max Kim was gasping and pulling his shirt down even as his new breasts swelled and swelled outwards, his features turning into those of a *very* slutty looking Asian beauty. Todd was gripping his gut, which was shrinking, his red hair like a wild mane, his own chest likewise becoming a massive shelf that stuck out instead of his stomach. He appeared like an amazonian athlete

of a woman, like a sexy Olympian, albeit one with terrific curves. Alexander was touching himself, having thrown off all of his clothing except for his underwear, into which he was sticking his hand and clearly fondling what had to be a set of genitals that were very reduced in size. His moans were like those of a femme fatale's, and Malcolm was astonished at how much he appeared exactly like a gorgeous Greek enchantress with perfect bronze skin and black curly hair, his lips parted in humiliated ecstasy.

"Oh, f-fuck! It's him! Everyone, it's h-him!"

The writhing horde all looked in Malcolm's direction. They were *visibly* transforming, and those closer to him were changing all the faster. Jay struggled, his breasts ballooning and his lips puffing up to become gorgeous and pouty, the kind of lips made for kissing and sucking dick. Malcolm started to get hard even as the man clutched his leg, while Dennis gripped him from the other side, now looking more like an incredibly stacked and curvaceous black hottie than a buff alpha male gym nut.

"You're d-doing this!" Dennis whined, voice husky and sexual. "It's him, everyone! It has to be! I'm g-getting fucking aroused just looking at him! I know you all are as well!"

"Of c-course we are, just look at him!" someone yelled.

"Malcolm, we're sorry we were cruel to you! We're sorry about the hazing! J-just turn us b-back before it's too late!"

"Oh fuck, my crotch! My dick is sh-shrinking! Malcolm, get your sexy hunky body over here, I need you to change me back! I'm sorry, I swear!"

The pleas rang out, and Malcolm had no idea what to do. Everyone was transforming into beautiful, buxom, and very slutty women right before his very eyes. Every trace of androgyny, let alone masculinity, was vanishing fast. His dick rose, bigger than ever, and several people salivated at the sight of it.

"F-fuck, stop taunting us w-with that!" Max cried. "It's m-making me so goddamn hot!"

"Put it away! We can't stop thinking about your dick, Malcolm! You're meant to b-be the pussy, but now I want to have a p-pussy for you to stick it in!"

He realised those last words came from Dennis. Jay, meanwhile, was starting to look like a total blonde bimbo type, face heart-shaped, nose button cute, and eyes bright and blue. She - he, whatever - was looking at him with desperation, even as he raised a hand to begin rubbing Malcolm's crotch, which caused him to moan and his balls to stir.

"G-guys, what the hell are you doing?"

I - I can't help myself!" Jay cried. "My b-body keeps changing. Ohhhhh, f-fuck, my tits are getting b-bigger again! Look!"

Sure enough, they were growing larger and larger, to the point where they were almost the size of his own head. Nothing about Jay looked remotely male anymore, and

judging from the way he was squirming and rubbing his thighs together, Malcolm was starting to wonder if something was happening *down there* as well.

"Look, you just need to fight it, or something!" Malcolm declared, but he still hadn't moved Jay's hand, and his dick was getting so fucking *hard*.

"We can't!" Alex cried, moaning in a deeply passionate voice. "You asshole! What did you do to us!"

"I didn't do anything. I have no idea how this happened!"

"You're the only one n-not changing!" Todd grunted, cupping and playing with his boobs.

"That's not true!" Dennis interjected. "He's so, so fucking handsome now! So hunky! Ohhhh, sh-shit! I need your cock in my ass so fucking bad it *hurts!*"

"Get in line!" someone called out. It looked like Leon, who was pulling his pants down to reveal a cock that was shrinking. "I'm s-so fucking close to having a wet, dripping, pussy! Help meeeeeee!"

More and more of them were succumbing, changing ever faster in Malcolm's presence. His mind was on fire with lust, his need to seduce and fuck his frat brothers going completely off the charts. Jay was still rubbing his crotch, while Dennis was pulling his shirt down to expose his ripe, brown breasts. Malcolm took a sharp intake of breath. They were so full, so *perfect*. And Jay's were even *bigger*. His shirt was literally starting to rip apart at the seams as his perfect pale breasts pushed the fabric to the limits. What the fuck was happening, and why was he the sudden beneficiary of this?

"I f-fucking hate you, you weak little p-pussy," Jay moaned, even as he rested his face right near Malcolm's crotch, still on his knees as if ready to suck on the man's dick. "But I neeeeeeeded you! Ohhhhh, I f-fucking neeeeeeeded you! I, like, can't even fucking, like, *think* about anything but you!"

"I need to suck your cock!" Max shouted, now looking like a devastatingly slutty Asian beauty. "I need to drink your cum, Malcolm! I mean, n-no! I'd never be so low-class, but - oh fuck, someone help me!"

Alexander pressed himself against Malcolm's side, flashing a brilliant and seductive smile. "Just let me please you, just once. M-maybe that will turn me back? I should be first."

"Fuck you!" Todd exclaimed. "I'll - I'll never give in! It doesn't matter if I want you to d-dominate me and take me *rough!* I'll . . . I'll never . . ."

It was too much for Malcolm. This had to be divinely ordained. It had to be. Or if not, then he could just pretend. He was now a victim of his own strange lusts as much as the crowd. "Jay and Dennis," he declared, pointing out his most hated members of Kappa Kappa Psi. "My room, now. We need to talk."

The crowd whimpered in frustration, but Dennis and Jay followed eagerly, even as they cursed out their own situation. Dennis was still adjusting to his swaying hips, while Jay's breasts bounced painfully as they ascended the stairs. Malcolm couldn't stop looking at them, and when they entered the room he closed and locked the door to give them some privacy.

"Listen," he said, staring at a maternal curvy black beauty and a white, blonde and buxom bimbo, "I have no idea what's causing you to change. I don't know why *I'm* changing. But you know what? I don't even fucking care anymore. I can't stop thinking about the pair of you."

"Mhmm, oh God!" Jay moaned.

"You don't m-mean?" Dennis added.

Malcolm began dropping his pants and removing his shirt, so that his massive dick, far bigger than it used to be, was on display. "I mean that you two left me *to die*. You hazed me, humiliated me, and left me for dead. You treated me like shit as your frat brother, so I guess we're not 'brothers' at all, are we?"

"I'm, like, super sorry!" Jay whined.

"Too late. I don't know what's causing this, so I'll just call it *karma*. I can't get you out of my head, either of you. All of you. I'm just as much a victim of this as you are, but the only difference is I get to be the man, and you get to be my sexy babes who I'm going to fuck and fuck *hard*. Unless you want to back out?"

Jay was panting heavily, huge breasts rising and falling. Dennis was rubbing his own big ass and moaning from its obvious sensitivity. Both looked like they wanted to say no, and yet . . .

"Please, fuck me!" Jay cried. "I'm, like, such a slutty bimbo right now! I need it!"

"And me too! I need to take care of you! Let me be your sexy curvy girl! I promise I'll help make up for everything, dude!"

Malcolm smiled, thankful for this outcome. "Then let's get your pussies filled, babes."

They moaned and ran straight to him, crossing the distance in an instant and tearing off their clothes. A split second later and Jay's massive pale breasts topped by their large pink nipples were being thrust right into Malcolm's face, all while Dennis gyrated his big ass against him. Both were naked, and both were moaning as the final change took place.

"Oh God, we're growing p-pussies! I can, like, feel it!"

"Good," Malcolm declared. "Because I'm going to *fill* them, remember?"

Dennis held his crotch and moaned. "I'm so w-wet already! F-fuck! I need you in every f-fucking hole, dude! I hate you - please make me love you!"

Malcolm did. What followed was a whirlwind of making out; all three caressing and feeling one another passionately. He licked Jay's nipples, he squeezed Dennis' sensitive

ass, and he kissed both women, using his tongue to make them know exactly how much he wanted them. They were both now women, and he delighted in that fact.

"You can s-stay Jay," he told the blonde bimbo as he pushed her back on the bed and spread her legs. "But Dennis, you're going to be *Denise*. Got it?"

"F-fuck you! I - ahhh, I'm your Denise!"

"Good, because you get to watch first."

Denise bit her lip in frustration, but she caressed and felt her man, rubbing against him and pressing her breasts against his side as he inserted himself into Jay. It was obvious that the former alpha male of a frat leader could not believe what *she* was now allowing to happen.

"I, like, shouldn't be d-doing this! I'm not, like, meant to be a bimbo! Ohhhhh, but it feels super, super goooooood!"

It did. She was tight and wet and her breasts bounced with every thrust of his cock inside of her. Malcolm's instincts were in full advance now, the man ramming his massive member into her tunnel and squeezing and caressing her breasts at the same time. Denise moaned impatiently, but Malcolm wanted her to suffer a little for being such an asshole as a man, and instead he focused on fucking Jay's brains out. She played with her own massive titties as he did so, and soon she was gasping with need.

"Ohhhhhh, God! It's not f-fair! I'm not, like, a big-boobie bimbo! I shouldn't want your cum! But please spray your hot c-cum inside meeee!"

He did so. He couldn't hold it in any longer. The orgasm arrived and it was the best he'd ever had. He shot torrents of cum into his new girlfriend, and she literally squealed like a lusty bimbo as he came inside of her.

"Yes! YESSSSS! OH NO, BUT YESSSS!!!"

Finally, he was spent, and he pulled himself out of Jay, who whimpered from the sensation, still playing with her massive tits. Denise was instantly on him, playing with his cock and searching his eyes with a needy expression on her face.

"P-please, man! I'm sorry for everything, but I need your b-big dick in my ass!"

Malcolm was about to chuckle and tell her that he couldn't revive his libido *that* quickly, but then as he looked at her incredible curves and thick build, he found his dick hardening, his balls thrumming with the production of more sperm. Suddenly, the man smiled.

"Never mind," he said. "Bend over, Denise. You called me your bitch too many times. Now it's time to make you *mine*."

She bit her lip, anger and arousal mingling in her mind, but then she followed his directions and leaned against his desk while Jay murmured happily on the bed. Her ass was

fantastic; the best he'd ever seen. He caressed it, squeezing her cheeks and making her cry out already. And then he widened them and readied his hard dick against her entrance.

"I hope you never turn back," he taunted.

And then he entered her, and despite her obvious rage at her situation, he got the sense that part of her didn't want to turn back either. He thrust and thrust just as he had with Jay, only he also took the time to slap Denise's ass and let it wobble. It might have been painful, but each time he did it she produced a loud wail of bliss, and the ecstasy from both of them was obvious from the way she bucked her hips in perfect time with his. Her body wobbled in all the right places, but she couldn't help but try to make sense of her situation.

"I'm g-gonna kill you when I turn back! But right now I n-need you to fill me up with your c-cum, dude! Oh GO-OOOOOOOOOD!"

And once again, another perfect climax hit Malcolm. He gripped Denise's wide hips and sprayed deep inside of her, his member buried between her enormous, perfect cheeks. She raised her head and groaned, voice cutting off every so often as a new orgasm hit her, the first of oh-so-many to come.

"F-fuck yeahhhh!" Malcolm exclaimed, now fully embracing this state of affairs, even more than he had with Jay. "You're m-mine! You're my bitch now, Denise. Say it!"

"Ohhhh, fuck! I'm your b-bitch! I'm your bitch! I'm - ahhhh! I'm cumming so f-fucking hard!"

The pleasure finally started to abate, with Denise and Jay practically sent into pleasure comas. And yet, despite this, Malcolm could still feel a little arousal. He was thirsty, and quickly filled up on some much needed water while the two new women panted and groaned, barely able to believe what they'd just done. These two would have been more than enough, but Malcolm was aware that he had an entire fraternity - no, *sorority* - waiting for him outside, needing him to dominate them. Alexander, so sensual and seductive; Todd, in need of being put in his place like he'd often done to his female victims; and Max, from a high-class ruling elite to desperately wanting to suck his cock like some nympho hooker. And that was just the leadership. So many others were waiting for him.

"Ahhh, I want to fuck them all," Malcolm said to himself. "What the hell could have caused this?"

And that was when, for the first time, he heard a strange voice in his mind. Not in his ear, but *in his mind*.

"Hello, Malcolm. My best friend and my perfect host. I hope you are happy with your mating prospects. Before you head outside to fulfill more of them, I feel I should introduce myself. My name is Evett. I'm a parasite. A polymorph parasite, in fact . . ."

Malcolm made out with Alexandria Stavros, letting her tongue slide into his mouth as he squeezed her perfect breasts. At the same time, Maxie Kim sucked on his cock, practically deep-throating it as she always did to sate her incredible hunger.

“Fuck, I never get tired of this!” he exclaimed as Alexandria moaned into his mouth. He was going to say more, but then Maxie did that thing with her tongue while she cupped his balls, and suddenly he grunted as he came right down her throat. She made all sorts of pleasurable sounds as she drank down every last drop and then sucked him dry, and it somehow made her orgasm too - it always did, in fact. Alexandria wasn’t far behind. He pulled her up and sucked on her tits, and then she vibrated against him, wracked with her own series of climaxes.

“Yesssss, Malcolm! Yesssss! Ohhhhhh, you m-make me f-feel so good!”

That lovely post-coital bliss followed, and then Malcolm set her to the side, all while Maxie whimpered at their feet. He gazed around the common room of the frat, where the new *sorority* (sans him as the only male member allowed, via its charter), were all either rubbing themselves, trying to ignore the delicious sight of sex, or simply doing what they could to pamper him. Denise approached, wearing a very tight black dress that showed off her abundance of curves. She lowered down a tray of cookies and milk, as if he were her personal Santa Claus, giving her the present of divine orgasms each and every day.

“I just got these out of the oven!” she declared. “I - I think you’re going to like them. I’m still getting used to fucking cooking. Shit, I feel so maternal and wifey these days.”

“You’re doing a great job of it, Denise. I’ll thank you tonight when I take you doggystyle.”

Well, she nearly dropped the tray out of the arousal that hit her, and several other women swooned. They were all dressed to show off their female bodies these days, a fact that clearly frustrated and humiliated them as much as it aroused them. In fact, Jay was currently being tutored by several other girls, the former leader now a total blonde bimbo who literally could only wear pink, as per Malcolm’s instructions. She groaned as she struggled with a mathematics problem at the desk across the room, then stood up and stretched, her breasts almost breaking apart her very tight and revealing crop top.

“I’m, like, so sick of this! When can we, like, have a huge orgy again, Mal?”

“Sorry, not today, sexy,” he replied, one arm around Alexandria and the other around Todd, who he squeezed a little hard to show his dominance too, just as the submissive redhead desperately needed. “I’ve got to head to my architecture lecture.”

“Awwwww!” the girls all exclaimed, though a few blushed at this. It had only been a few months, and most of his girlfriends were still terrifically ashamed of their new fates, yet unable to fight them.

“Hey now, I need to get my degree so I can design our perfect house. A nice pool for Jay to wear a pink bikini in, a grand kitchen for Denise, even a place for cheerleading practice for Leon!”

“And a p-private room for all our BDSM stuff, right?” Todd implored, though she was actually called *Tina* these days.

“Of course, Tina,” he said. “Plenty of ball gags and handcuffs for you.”

At this, she swooned a little.

“Now, I’m sorry my gorgeous harem, but I really have to be going. You can indulge in some lesbian fun while I’m away.”

“It’s not the same!” Maxie moaned from the ground. “No cocks to suck! I need cum, dude! It’s not fair, I’m m-meant to be in charge, but I need your seed in my mouth!”

He patted her hair. “Well, sometimes life turns out differently than how we expected it to go. I promise you this, though. I’ll continue to treat all of you much better than you ever treated me. And I’ll make sure you’re all satisfied this afternoon when I’m back!”

Again, there was that disappointment, especially from the girls he hadn’t yet fucked that day. He tried to reach all of them in a day, but pleasing thirty six women was a lot, even for his parasite-enhanced form. He had them on a two or three day rotation most of the time, occasionally making it up for them by organising a larger multi-party lovemaking session.

“I don’t suppose I have too many mates?” he asked himself, or really, something *inside* of himself, as he left the fraternity and marched across campus. Several people pointed at him, and he knew it was because of his reputation as the man who had thirty six of the hottest women on campus all as his personal girlfriends.

“*Disagree*,” Evett said in his mind. “*Can never have too much*.”

“Well, don’t give me any more!” Malcolm laughed. “I still struggle to keep up with them all.”

“*I can’t turn them back. Would you give any of them up?*”

“Not a chance,” Malcolm said. “Besides, why would I turn down such lovely gifts from my best friend in the world?”

Evett vibrated happily inside of him, a sensation Malcolm could now feel. “*I’m very glad you are my host, Malcolm*.”

“Hey, I just wish I’d known about you earlier, Evett. You’re the best buddy a guy like me could ask for.”

“*And you help give me all the best hormones. Appreciate that*.”

“That’s mostly your doing, man. I really can’t thank you enough, especially since you didn’t turn me into a bimbo like all your ancestors.”

“Like being sapient more. Like being thinking and being your best friend, and helping you find many mates. Perhaps we could give you one more, for fun? Never made one together, with your input!”

Malcolm was about to chuckle and turn down Evett’s amusing offer, when suddenly a voice called out.

“Hey, fuckwit! Yes, you! Malcolm Chalmers, you creep!”

He turned. It was Toby Watters, one of the members of the baseball team, and a real chud when it came to his personality.

“You think you can hog all the hot girls, you fucking weirdo! Something weird as shit is going on in that sorority! Used to be a frat, and now suddenly all these new girls arrive and the guys just leave? That’s weird as shit, man. Leave some of the hot pussy to the rest of us, or I’ll make trouble for you, do you understand me?”

Suddenly, another vibration from within from Evett. A bit of excitement growing. Malcolm couldn’t help but smile.

“Okay,” he said, though not to Toby. “Maybe just one more, buddy. Together.”

Evett cheered. *“Yes! Beginning pheromone production! This will be so much fun, friend!”*

Malcolm grinned. It certainly would be.

The End