

The Polymorph Parasite Project (FTM, MTF TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Eve is the only female researcher at the Antarctic research station she works at. Unfortunately for her, her male peers have a habit of infantilising, sexualising, or simply harassing her as the only woman among them. But when she discovers that the microscopic parasite she is researching has the power to transform an individual into a submissive, lustful servant, she begins to get ideas of how to establish not just revenge, but dominance too.

The Polymorph Parasite Project

It was cold outside. And when I say 'cold', I mean it was *negative ninety degrees celsius* outside. But that's what you get when you sign on to be a biologist working at a research station in freaking *Antarctica*. Looking back, I had no idea what I was thinking. My mother warned me several times.

"Eve," she told me. "You're going to be trapped there for at least six months, if not more if the weather's bad, and you'll be the only woman there. Haven't you seen the news about how girls get treated by boys in isolation! They turn into feral animals, honey. I'm serious."

But stupid woman that I am, I didn't believe her. And the initial impression I got from the men who came over on the icebreaker was quite lovely.

Sam was kind-hearted. He was a systems expert. He was short, fairly plain in looks, and was already developing a bald spot that he always hid under his beanie. But he also brought me coffee, talked to me about his nerdy interests, and included me in everything.

Finn was more of an adventurer-type, being a prominent geographer and geologist in his field. He was tough and gentlemanly, keeping an eye over me, and always had a big sense of humour.

Lastly, there was Caleb. He was a fellow researcher focused on climate controls and meteorological patterns. He was spindly and older, being in his late forties, and clearly knew he was intelligent, often testing me and asking me questions about my field, which I took to be a meeting of equals.

And if the dynamics had stayed this way, perhaps my time at the Antarctic research station would have been fine! Wonderful, even. Just three weeks into my stay, and my study of bacteriological life in deep samples of the Antarctic landscape was yielding results, with new life seemingly discovered! I couldn't confirm it all until my tenure here was done, but a

number of specimens seemed to be unrecorded, including a microscopic form of life that seemed to match all the criteria to be considered a *parasitic* form of life. Who knows how long it had lain dormant beneath the ice, but after removing it and placing it in a slightly heated dish, it came to life! Feeding on the nutrients in the dish, it grew slightly, though not much, but certainly became animated. Somehow, using its incredibly tiny antenna, it was always able to sense my position. The same was true for several others of its kind, until I had four in total in the dish. They didn't seem to interact with one another much, but I was recording everything with a feverish intensity and sharing my discoveries with others. It was, for a brief period, the absolute time of my life. Things couldn't be better, and my own love of biology rose to new heights. No matter how secluded we were, no matter that we hadn't been able to go outside for over a week due to raging winter storms, all that mattered was the excitement each day of looking at these little buggers and finding new biological data. The parasites had the potential to be literally *millions* of years old, in fact! The prospects excited me, and I thought for a time that my mother had been wrong, because the others seemed to share at least a piece of my enthusiasm.

For a time, that was.

It was just a little over a month into our six month tenure - six months before resupply could even occur, that was - when the Antarctic winter started to bring out the worst in the men around me, just as Mum had said. I knew that, being a woman, and not an entirely unattractive one (I have sort of cute, mousy-haired, nerdy glasses woman look about me that a lot of academic men seem to go for), there would be some awkwardness. Stops at the toilet, perhaps the occasional flirt or comment that went too far. I wasn't even unprepared for the notion that I might end up having some sex to pass the time - who wouldn't, after all?

But that possibility died away when the three men all began to treat me poorly, or dismissively, or downright creepily.

The first to reveal his true colours was Caleb. I had assumed he was an intelligent, reasonable man, one who put science and learning above all. It turns out I was right, but he was also a massive misogynist on top of that. I had thought him just a bit crusty in his standoffishness when it came to our intellectual sparring, but soon his comments turned dismissive, his assessment of my intellect married to his view that women simply couldn't hack it.

"Off you go then, dear, off to your little bugs," he would say in the morning. "Some of us *men* have real work to get to."

I would bite back, of course, in a way that would make Mum proud. But as any woman knows, the comments can beat you down over time, and soon Caleb was being an asshole, hiding my gear and deliberately messing up the lab we sometimes shared.

"I had more important things to do, *girly*," he would say. "No need to let all your emotions make you hysterical. This is why I hate women on stations like this, all logic goes out the window when they're on their period."

"Why, you sexist, misogynistic, idiotic—"

"See? Primary example right there, an inability to stay calm and logical."

I fumed and stormed off. I knew his point was wrong, but he had a habit of being a total dick about it that it made me actually *feel* like I was being hyper emotional. I asked him what his deal was, and he just told me the following:

"I don't have a 'deal,' girly, I'm just irritated that someone hasn't been making better food and dealing with the kitchen. I was friendly with you because I thought your little biology focus was a side hobby, but you're not pulling the weight we *expect* you to."

I told Sam what an asshole Caleb was being. Sam wasn't exactly the most confident of men, but at least he could be a *confidant*. He was very receptive to me, always encouraging me and even providing a shoulder to cry on. You can probably guess where this is going, right? Yeah, I should have seen it. Every woman right back to girlhood has dealt with that *Nice Guy*, the one who is always there for you but secretly just wants to fuck you, and starts to get quite insistent and creepy when you reject him.

Well, the second he put his hand around my waist and lowered it to my *fucking ass*, I rejected him outright, slapping his hand away.

"Hey," I said. "I'm pouring my heart out here, man. Don't touch me like that, it's not funny."

"I know it's not funny," he said, before getting a real funny (read, *scary*) look in his eyes. "*But don't you think you owe me something for always being your friend.*"

My jaw dropped. "I thought we were just being friends."

"It's been a month now, Eve. I want to be more than just friends."

"I don't really want that, Sam."

"C'mon, how do you know until you give me a chance? You've been leading me on for a month now. I think I *deserve more*."

I asked him to leave, and in the end had to fucking *shout* to get him to do so, with Caleb just chuckling that I was being emotional again. It was Finn who removed him, and I thanked him for that, but I checked my corners going forwards, because Sam was often in unexpected places, or trying to get access to my room. I started carrying a knife.

Finn was my protector during those times, but the danger with protectors is they start to feel paternalistic. Finn had already bragged out loud numerous times about all the girls he'd dated and fucked, and while I didn't quite believe him about supermodels and the like, I tried to laugh along and 'be one of the guys', as they say. This was a big mistake, because soon Finn started to get handsy. It built up over time, and it wasn't like I could fight back,

what with his size and strength. We would pass each other in a hallway, and he would *just happen* to grab my buttocks as he passed.

“Sorry!” he’d say, only to wink and grin.

Other times, he’d get right close to me and lean over me to get something from an upper shelf in the main living room, *just happening* to press his chest against mine or slide a hand against my breasts as he shifted.

“Whoops!” he’d exclaim, laughing.

And so on, that was how it went. I called him out on it a few times, but it was always performed in a way he could plausibly deny. Besides, Caleb and Sam were no help. Caleb just rolled his eyes.

“You’re imagining things,” he’d say. “Go write it in a journal or something and deal with your feelings that way. Sick of women always bringing harassment suits down on good men . . .”

Sam was even worse. He was present when Finn ‘jokingly’ slid across the couch and kissed me on the cheek ‘goodnight.’ I rubbed my cheek, pushing him away as he giggled.

“Couldn’t resist! You were just too cute! C’mon, I’m only kidding.”

I looked to Sam, hoping he would back me up. Instead, he actually sneered.

“Slut,” he mouthed, retreating.

I went to bed terrified that he’d be lurking in a dark corner or something. When I asked Finn to at least get Sam to stop expecting me to have sex with him, he just put a hand against the wall behind me, looming over my short stature.

“I tell you what, I’ll do it if you fuck me first, how about that? I’m only kidding, Eve . . . kinda. But it would be a good deal, right?”

Yeah, this was the shit I had to put up with. No, that’s putting it poorly. I wasn’t able to deal with this shit. My Mum was right, and I was getting terrified. I was getting jumpy while researching my little parasites, and it wasn’t like the outside world could help. I was trapped with a man who dismissed me, a man who stalked me, and a man who harassed me.

What could I do but cry myself to sleep and pray that I could be okay?

Well, it turned out there was a *lot* I could do, to turn the tables so completely that only a biologist like myself could fully comprehend it.

But first, I had to know it was even possible. And it was thanks to a little accident not long after that couch incident that such an accident finally occurred.

I was making no progress on the parasites, frustrated at my inability to find something to feed them. I wasn’t going to attach them to myself, of course, but I had hoped they could

attach to the larger microscopic organisms, perhaps, or the existing living samples I had brought over. But there were no changes, and the parasites were starting to look like they were slowly getting weaker. I was at my wit's end when Caleb came in, the bony older scientists dismissively *sweeping* away my petri dish with his hand and nearly knocking it to the floor.

"Out of the way, girly!" he announced. "I have actual study to be done, and I need the space."

"Fuck off, I was here first. And don't ever touch my samples! There is undiscovered life here!"

"Hmm, well I'm sure *you* think it's important, girly. Fine, I'll share the space if you're willing to get me a sandwich from the kitchen and spice it up with some-"

"Fuck you, get your own sandwich," I said, barely able to control myself.

"Uh-uh," he said, wagging a finger, don't be so - ouch!"

He rubbed his finger, specifically beneath the cuticle of his left pointer.

"Are you okay?"

"I just had a weird spike, like something pushing into me. What have you been leaving on this desk? I swear that petri dish was spiked!"

"It wasn't," I insisted. "Just . . . leave me alone. I'll work over here, then."

I gathered my microscope and other equipment and moved to the minor bench, feeling embarrassed. Caleb continued to wince, picking at his finger, which had a single droplet of blood that he was cleaning away. Served him right, I thought. I went back to my study, only to be incredibly alarmed.

A parasite was missing. A whole parasite. Only three remained. Had one been knocked loose by Caleb? Had it perished? Was it on the floor? Or . . .

I looked over at the patronising scientist, my eyes widening.

Or had it gone *into* a subject worth attaching to at last?

I should have told Caleb, I knew I should have. But the truth was I was sick of being scared and intimidated and looked down upon and sexualised and - and - and everything else! So instead, I *monitored*. And Lord in Heaven, was there a lot to monitor in the days to come.

At first, I limited my observations to the visual, but something was pretty immediately strange the very next morning about Caleb. The thin, bony man was eating a lot more, and while he was still very rude to me, his eyes kept wandering to Sam and Finn instead, particularly the latter. Occasionally, he'd be halfway through a piece of toast and then just

stare at the tall, athletic man, his mouth agape, before slowly licking his lips and making a *moaning* sound.

"There's a specimen," he said once.

"What was that, Caleb?"

He blushed immediately, and his cheeks indeed looked rosier and fuller.

"Nothing. You wouldn't understand. It's girl stuff. I mean, male interests. Ugh, even your presence is invalidating my mindset!"

But that weird alteration to his speech only continued, followed fairly swiftly by some bodily changes that even Finn and Sam began to notice. As the days passed, his ability to conduct research (and push me out of my own lab like the asshole he was) diminished, and instead he actually seemed to be helping out in the kitchen and even volunteering to make meals, much to our shared confusion. I was still dealing with Sam being a creepy nice guy and Finn making his uncomfortable advances, but this was a necessary distraction, and an increasingly big one too, because soon Caleb's *physical changes* began to manifest.

It began with his hair. He was practically balding, but soon it was lengthening at a truly unnatural speed, turning raven black instead of the speckled silver the forty-something year old had developed. His features softened too, and his hands, and every part of him I could see. It truly did seem like the parasite was rejuvenating him in age and physicality, because his boniness disappeared with his weight gain, giving him a soft but supple structure even as his shoulders became more rounded.

"Dude, what the hell is going on with you?" Finn asked at one point. "This is getting really damn freaky. Has he caught a bug or something, Eve?"

Caleb looked over himself, biting his lip. "No, I'm not . . . don't get her help, that useless woman. I'm just . . . trying on a new look. Becoming what I was, er, meant to be. I can't explain it. Please, don't turn on me, Finn! I couldn't bear it!"

Even his voice was sounding feminine, his very nature more like a lovesick young woman than a cold, misogynistic intellectual. Nevertheless, the two other men pressured me to take some tests. A good thing, since that's exactly what I wanted to do.

Caleb came in the next morning, grumbling in his softer voice. I was a bit alarmed when he stripped off his jacket with embarrassment: not only was he following my directions with surprising submissiveness, but his chest betrayed a new development - breasts! I checked him over, pretending to care deeply about his physical condition for his own sake, rather than the science behind it that finally put *me* in charge.

"I - I don't know what h-happened to me," he whined, his Adam's apple almost entirely gone. His face was softer, his nose small, and his figure was looking like it had a bit of an hourglass now: wider hips, smaller waist, thicker thighs. It confirmed some suspicions in my mind. "It's like it's normal to me, Eve. You don't get it! I need, like, a real scientist!"

Someone who can sort this, like, totally out! Not some dumb biologist woman. But sometimes I think it's so okay and I look at Finny and Sammy and - mmmm! Ohhhh, I want to d-do things to them. It's not right but I can't stop thinking about it!"

I took my tests, did my bodily inspection, ran his blood and DNA. I had good equipment, I could do this fast. Still, I peppered him with questions.

"You've developed what looks like breasts tissue, how do you feel about that?"

"What the, like, hell do you think?" he snapped in his old manner, albeit with a cattier voice. "I hate them! They need to be bigger! I mean, go away entirely! But bigger at the same time . . ."

"And any developments between your legs?"

"None of your business! Just because, like, it's shrinking and growing, like, a female hood or whatever doesn't mean a thing! You wouldn't recognise it!"

I smirked to myself. I guaranteed I would, being the owner of a 'hood' myself, but I wasn't going to set him off. Instead, I was interested in the results. And God, were they interesting.

Estrogen. Estrogen everywhere. It was flooding through his system, but so were other chemicals and hormones, the kinds that no longer appeared once a fetus was at a certain point of development. You see, there are certain sexual characteristics that are determined very early on in the womb, and couldn't be reversed. Only now, they were reversing. Caleb's DNA showed rejuvenation, leaving him getting younger, but he was also feminising completely, and becoming more healthy too! But that wasn't all; when I took a brainscan, his pleasure centres were growing while his impulse control diminished. His reasoning was taking a hit too, but his front lobe was experiencing the most changes, as if his whole personality was shifting. The hormones related to arousal and reproduction were being produced at massive levels, and when I did an ultrasound and other visual scans I found out why.

The parasite had grown throughout his body. It was unlike any lifeform I had ever seen. It was integrated perfectly. It was making him healthy, and didn't appear to be laying eggs or causing future harm. Instead, it existed like a series of ultra thin, microscopic tendrils throughout Caleb's form, a series of organic wires embedded secretly within his nervous system and brain and blood work and testes, changing it all to suit a purpose I couldn't prove but could certainly guess.

Reproduction.

It was the only thing that made sense.

The parasite was rewiring Caleb to become not just a woman, but a quite attractive one, so that it might reproduce *through* him. Whether that meant actual birth I was not sure, I had a feeling that like the tiny parasites in my dish had hatched from, it could lay microscopic

eggs to be passed on to other subjects secretly, perhaps during the sex act, perhaps not. One thing was clear though: sex-based hormones and chemicals were sustaining it. It was making Caleb increasingly aroused, to judge from how he absent-mindedly rubbed his crotch or played with his nipples without thinking, and in doing so 'fed' upon these hormones.

I should have been terrified, of course. I should have informed him immediately. I should have blown the lid open. But then Caleb looked up at me with big, doughy eyes.

"Am I, like, still gonna be able to make out with people and stuff? I haven't done it in sooooo long because I'm, like, such a smart scientist, but I bet Finn could totally rock my lab, right?"

And I could only grin from ear to ear. Here was the man who had diminished me entirely, now reduced moment by moment to a bubble-headed bimbo with sex on the brain. Exactly what he thought I was. Fool.

"Don't worry, Caleb," I said, before correcting myself. "Or should we call you *Caley*? Does that sound better?"

"N-no. That's a woman's name."

"But you'd make a lovely woman, right? Think of what Finn would think."

He bit his lip, and I could swear that it became a little bit fuller, the same for his breasts.

"Y-yes, of course. That would be . . . like, fine, right?"

"Of course, Caley. You've got a rare genetic condition. It's not common, but it may go away on its own. For now, your body is becoming female. I'm sure that you'll get used to it."

Caleb didn't seem sure. But I had an idea on how to 'help' him.

Help *her*.

"Now, Caleb has gone through some changes, guys," I said, trying to keep my voice neutral. "I wish we could do more to help him, but the fact is we're still isolated for months to go, more if the season turns bad. Which means we have to deal with his condition."

"What the hell's happening to him?" Finn asked.

"Did you do something?" Sam asked, his voice colder. Almost a little menacing.

"No, it's a very rare genetic condition he has. It's called Alumann's Disease. It has reversed his chromosomal makeup. In short, well . . . Caleb would you like to introduce your new self, and the name you'll be having for now?"

Caleb stepped around the corner, causing the other two to gasp. I couldn't blame them. We didn't exactly have sexy outfits here in the station, but Caleb had still opted to wear a tank top and shorts, revealing a lot of his new form. *Her* new form. The new woman's

hair was lighter than before, starting to turn blonde, and it fell to below her chin. Her eyes were bright and naive-looking, and her figure was very cute. Her breasts had grown overnight to B-cups, easily the size of my own if not a little bigger, and I could confirm that her womanhood was nearly complete, with her penis now withdrawing to become her new clitoris. The polymorph parasite, as I now thought of it, had done a true number on her.

“Um, like, hi,” she said, blushing deeply and waving. It caused her chest to jiggle, which caught Sam’s attention, the little creep. “I’m Caley now. That’s, like, my new name while I’m a girl for the next few months or whatever.”

“Holy shit,” Finn said.

“That can’t be real,” Sam said.

But it was, and I bullshitted with the best biological terms I had to explain it to them, discussing how and why Caleb had changed, why *she* was adopting the name Caley, and how we had to treat her with *respect*. I put that last part very clearly. I was happy to see Caleb humiliated for her former rudeness and sexism, but not to play into the hands of my other two tormentors. Still, I could already see Sam checking her out, gazing at her ass, which was swelling up to become peachy. Damn it, why did she have a better body than mine? Not that it would help, here.

“Respect,” Sam said. “Of course. I always show respect to those who respect me back, isn’t that right, Eve?”

I narrowed my eyes.

Yeah, I’d have to watch how this went down.

For a week, the heat was finally off me. I could study the fantastical organism that was the polymorph parasite in peace without having to deal with Caley. She couldn’t ‘do’ science anymore, her mind was too aroused, and I could often hear her playing with herself, cursing herself for it, then doing it all over again in her private quarters. It made me chuckle. Enjoy womanhood, Caleb, you deserve it.

Unfortunately, the trouble started not too long after. You see, Caleb’s changes finalised a few days after she was reintroduced, and by the time her bodily template had stabilised, she had ended up in a body that was roughly twenty years old, and with a dynamite figure besides. I’m talking real Barbie model here; the dumb bimbo stereotype with the double-D breasts and hourglass figure and flowing blonde hair with the cute curls. She had a habit of curling it in her finger as well when talking and flirting.

Yes, flirting.

Sam was showing her attention, uncaring who she used to be, and getting her coffees and drinks and helping her out.

"You're, like, so nice!" she exclaimed. "I'm still, like, totally getting used to this. It's soooo embarrassing. I'm not smart anymore, and I keep wanting to show off my hot bod, it's seriously wrong! I'm so glad I can have, like, a friend like you, Sam."

And that's when he put his hand on hers.

"Someone else said that to me, you know. She turned out to be a real *bitch*. Someone who couldn't give me what I was owed for being nice to her. But maybe you're a lot nicer than that, Caley. You're nice, right?"

She nodded her head eagerly. I could tell that, situated in the living room with the roaring Antarctic storms outside, that Sam *wanted* me to hear this. I harrumphed, and got up and left. For as much as Caley had been changed by the parasite and my own recordings making it the find of the century once released, I couldn't help but still root for my nemesis.

She wouldn't sleep with Sam, surely?

Unfortunately, the very next morning I got a cold splash of water in the face, courtesy of the truth. I had just had my own shower (thank God for good heating on these bases) and gotten dressed. I wanted a day of study, but headed to the communal area for some breakfast. Finn was in the kitchen, unfortunately, and grinned at me as I stepped in.

"Hey there, cutie," he said.

"Don't call me that."

"Why not? If Sam can get some action with that hot blonde Caleb's become - still can't get over that - then why can't I get with a real girl? You know that's half the fun of these trips, right?"

At that, he squeezed my ass. I slapped him across the face, or at least tried to, but he caught my hand.

"Uh-uh, don't play hard to get," he said. "It's not a good look on you. You know you want someone like me. A big, powerful man in control. It's the way of things, Eve. The dominant male. It's evolution, and here we are at the end of the world, bereft of civilisation. Time to be animals again and give into instinct, like Sam and Caley have."

I froze, and not because of what he was doing, not even because he was slowly pulling me closer and trying to show dominance in the hopes of me just swooning, I guess. Instead, it was what he was indicating.

"Caley and Sam? They wouldn't! I know Sam is a creep but Caley just turned recently. I've barely recorded her condition! She wouldn't sleep with-"

"Don't be so sure," he replied, pointing to the other side of the room. I turned my head, looking across the communal space, and that's when I saw it. Emerging from Sam's

room, his bunk, as we say for such little stations, was the man himself, looking triumphant and sleazy, and Caley following just behind him.

She was wearing one of my fucking bras, one that was way too small for her so that her tits popped out over the cups, and my fucking pink panties too. My favourite ones. I'd given her others and she'd taken these ones. That bitch!

But far worse was the look on Sam's face. He was staring at me, *leering at me*, his shit-eating grin betraying the creepy reality he'd kept hidden away. He put an arm around Caley's bare waist.

"Hey babe," he said. "I think I'd like a coffee. Maybe some bacon and eggs. Think you can whip some up?"

Caley hesitated. "But that's, like, women's work! I'm a researcher!"

"You're my girl now, remember? I mean, you liked being my woman a moment ago. So get me some breakfast."

"Oh, okay! Of course, Sammy! Good morning Finny!"

"Finny," Finn chuckled. "I like that."

Sam kept grinning at me, even as his new 'girlfriend' made him breakfast. At that point, Finn moved closer, placing a hand on my arm and looking down over me. He was uncomfortably close, and his face was expectant, his eyes gazing over me despite me being in a full hoodie and sweatpants.

"It doesn't seem fair that 'Sammy' get to have his fun, and I don't. C'mon, Eve. You know I want a pure woman, and I bet you're just itching to get your pussy wet around a real man like me. Let's stop joking around here. When can I be your 'Finny'?"

He quickly shifted his hand across in a way that obviously let him quickly feel my breasts. Sam giggled in the background, the little shit. I should have been terrified, overcome with emotion.

Instead, a plan hatched in my mind. It was magnificently cold, but then again . . .

This *was* Antarctica.

"Just give me a little bit of time," I replied, pulling back. "Then I promise you, you'll be my Finny. Just like he'll be Sammy."

The polymorph parasite samples that remained were weak, but they were still alive. It wasn't a hard thing to administer to Sam and Finn. From what I had learned of the parasites, they could enter the body through pretty much any orifice. In this case, I simply placed them in the drinks of both men (the non-heated ones, of course) when they weren't looking. I even got Caley to be the one to serve them up to lessen the suspicion.

“Like, of course!” she exclaimed. “I’m, like, a total lady now. That’s what girls do, right?”

“Of course, Caley. Especially wonderfully bubbly-headed girls like you.”

It was quickly done. Both men drank down their juices, and I grinned from the sidelines. Finn had been getting more pushy, but all I had to do was hold him off a little longer after this. I retreated to my lab once more, locking the door so no one could interfere, and went over my plan, what there was of it.

Caley had become a highly submissive and gorgeous young woman, her sex chemicals feeding the parasite.

The same would happen to Sam and Finn, I predicted. They would become docile, silly woman, obsessed with sex and having to do with each other - or me, I didn’t mind a bit of girl-on-girl, personally, though it wasn’t my strict preference. There would be questions when we were resupplied months down the line, but I had a lot of time to make a good story on how a parasite from the snow had done this, and I had isolated a sample. If they could be turned back, whatever, but at least the rest of my stay would see them punished. I almost felt like a mad scientist.

Such a feeling was increasing in the coming days. Finn backed off a little, and I found that when I shouted at him or snapped at him he still showed annoyance, but didn’t push so hard. Likewise, Sam didn’t leer at me so much, or even at Caley. She even complained that he ‘couldn’t get it up’ which had humiliated him so much that he trapped himself away in his bunk for a while. A bad storm was raging outside the station still, but this just allowed me to keep an eye on their changes. To my delight, they were not exactly the same as Caley’s, but definitely more feminine.

For one, Finn was getting a little taller. He was growing, and his body was getting fitter. For a time he clearly revelled in this, thinking it was just a natural growth spurt, the moron. But then his hair began to grow out, getting lots of cute curls, and a pair of thick, luscious eyebrows grew in. His chest began to expand, and soon he was freaking out as he developed wide maternal hips.

“The f-fuck is happening to m-me!? Why am I becoming some kind of Olympic fucking woman?”

“I might have to run some tests,” I explained. “But to me, it looks like you also have Caley’s condition. It could be a rare contagious form.”

My words didn’t calm him, but just as with Caley, he found it hard to fight. One second he’d be moaning and whining like a baby, crying that this wasn’t “fair,” and the next I would catch him feeling his increasingly large breasts, roaming his hands over his body and wearing less and less. He was going from an average, short little man to a tall Amazonian beauty, nearly six feet in height.

“Holy shit,” Finn said. “This is incredible. Looks like you’ll have to make do with *me*, Caley.” He put an arm around her and winked at me. “It’ll be one guy with three woman. Lucky me.”

I smirked, knowing better. I could see a growing softness in his eyes, a thinness in his eyebrows. His hair was thicker, longer, and his form getting less manly, shoulders less wide. Soon he would go the way of ‘Sammy’ and become a woman.

“You’re the fucking biologist!” that Amazonian beauty whined as I studied him in the lab, his member now almost nonexistent after just a week. “You need to fix this! And - ahhh - stop all these dirty feelings! I really want to ride - oh God - I can’t stop thinking about riding Finn’s big, hard cock! It’s all fucking wrong! You did this to me!”

I had, but he didn’t know that. He was just lashing out.

“Hey! I’m trying to help you here and you’re being nothing but a creep.”

“S-sorry. I’m just - oh God, I’m so scared. I’m so scared and I’m so fucking turned on. I want someone to play with my big tits, they’re way bigger than even Caley’s now! I want to fucking go *cowgirl* on Finn’s lap and I can’t stop dreaming about it. He does nice things for me and *he deserves a good fuck.*”

I laughed. “Just like you treated me.”

“What?”

“Nothing. That’s all the tests today. I’ll monitor Finn now. Hopefully, he won’t change.”

It was a lie, not that *she* knew. Instead, Sammy groaned.

“I hope not. There needs to be one man here!”

And there was, it seemed, because when Finn came in, his body was not transforming any further. Yes, it had feminised just a little, but it was as if the polymorph parasite within him had stalled, or died, or given up.

“No offence, Eve, I haven’t given up pursuing you. I know you’ll come around to enjoying a good Antarctic lay with me. But with Caley and now Sammy, I think my hands are full, if you know what I mean.”

My mad scientist mood was ruined. Something was going wrong. In the coming days, it was clear that Finn was now having sex with both women, and driving them crazy. Their orgasmic moans haunted me. Sure, they were obviously being continually humiliated by their own parasite-driven sex needs, but Finn was still there, parading them both, and I knew he would still diminish and harass me. Hell, he was already wanting me to join ‘the harem.’

“Harem,” I whispered to myself as he took Caley and Sammy to his bunk at the *same damn time*. “That’s it. It’s what Sammy said. There needs to be *one man here.*”

The parasite craved the sex chemical. Perhaps lesbianism could sate it a little, but it was clear that *some* heterosexual relations were needed for its full growth and reproductive

cycle. And Finn's parasite must be smarter than I thought in recognising this. I was the only unaffected person, and I was already a woman. Ergo, no more changes for Finn.

I checked my findings on the sole remaining parasite again. I had done my best to monitor its physiology to find out how it administered the chemicals to others. There was a clear sociological component that drove the changes - no way did Caleb *just happen* to transform into a *blond bimbo* stereotype, just as little weak Sam had turned into an athletic Amazonian type, but that was also something the parasite could tap into. Clearly, the brain had some power in this scenario, but it also configured the affected individual into someone the others needed.

"Someone the others needed," I repeated to myself, my voice flat. "Shit. SHIT!"

The awful epiphany hit me. What I would need to do to regain control.

"No, I can't do that. I won't do that. I'm a woman, I was born a woman. It's not like I need to go further than this. Finn can have his fun, and I can find a way to fend him off . . . for four whole months. Or longer . . ."

The prospect was dim. Awful, even. I had to retreat to my bunk to consider it, and this time I did something I hadn't done in a while - I uncovered my hidden vibrator and made my own damn pleasure with it. God, I needed the release, and I kept quiet as a mouse when the mind-clearing orgasm came.

But the weird part was what the mind cleared *to*. I could see it in my mind's eye. Me, finally getting my revenge and triumph, surrounded by a harem of gorgeous, sex-driven women who now did everything *I* wanted, who waited hand and foot on *me* for once. I would be the subject of lust still, of course, but I would be their alpha, their leader, their *God*.

Perhaps some part of me had always been a mad scientist, aching to be released. Maybe it had taken a long, long Antarctic storm and a trio of terrible men to unleash my full potential, my desire to hurl away the ethics of science and discover more than any gentle consideration of a new organism could possibly gain.

Or perhaps, on some level, I wanted to just desserts to be served up more than I wanted to be a good person. Being good had gotten me nowhere, after all.

Slowly, I exited my bunk. Finn was still making love to the girls, and it disgusted me that *he* got to do that with *my* creations. Well, I'd show him.

"I'll show them all," I said, giggling a little at how well I was already playing the part.

I moved to the lab. I had to be careful about all of this. It could backfire terribly. I needed to kickstart this thing by having Caley and Sammy around me more often, to refocus my transformation in response to them. And I could get *them* to start thinking of Finn as 'Faye,' and how pretty he would look. Hopefully, given he had already started becoming a woman before it stalled, he would tip more easily than I. Still, there were many ways this could go wrong.

I looked over the Petri dish, running my finger around the edge. The polymorph paradise scurried around closer to it on my microscope's view. It truly wanted me.

Could I do this? Would it be mad?

The very thought made me chuckle.

"They called me mad," I recited. "Well, I'll show them. I'll show them *all!*"

And with that, I dipped my finger into the dish, and let my little monster come to me. It burrowed below my fingernail, eliciting a brief pain and gasp from me, but it was a good pain. It was the pain of bold decision-making. And fortune could indeed favour the bold.

The final stage of what I had decided to call the Polymorph Project had begun.

"Eve, you look, like, taller and stuff!"

"Yeah, have you been working out? I swear, I can't stop working out now! I'm such a fucking fitness girl ever since this fitness disease made me such a horny bitch."

Finn was having a nap. Lucky guy, to be so flat out fucking two women at once who were all over him. Thankfully, when he'd asked 'the chicks' to go prepare some amazing lunch for him, it gave me a chance to spend some time around them. Time for the parasite to remake my body, and hopefully interact with these two in all the right ways.

"Yeah," I said. "I think I've got the condition too."

Caley's eyes widened. "Like, are you becoming a total hottie now, too? But you were already soooo cute before! It's why I, like, hated you when I was a stuffy old dude."

I smiled. "No, I think I'm going through a different kind of a change. Can you keep it a secret from Finn, as a nice surprise?"

They both nodded eagerly. They wouldn't betray Finn, or even the notion that a surprise was coming his way.

"Well, I think I'm becoming a *man*."

They both gasped.

"But, like, why wouldn't you want to be Finn's?" Caleb asked.

"Because it's fucking embarrassing," Sammy groaned. "I was meant to have a girlfriend out of this trip, and you ruined that, Eve. Now you're gonna be a man. A big . . . hot . . . man. Would you want someone to do things for you?"

"Oh yes," I proclaimed, flexing some of my new muscles. "In fact, I have a feeling things will be perfect for all of us soon. I mean, Finn is great, right?"

"Of course!"

"Yes!"

“Buuuut . . . he can’t fuck you all the time, can he? And while he’s a hot guy, wouldn’t you prefer someone who could really keep up with you? Someone even taller, musclier, *smarter*, and with an even bigger dick?”

The pair swallowed, as if one mind. Caley even licked her lips.

“I - I would like someone who gave me even bigger orgasms.”

“Or cared about our orgasms at all,” Sammy said. Every sentence of hers was so embarrassed and ashamed, I just loved it. Already, I was starting to see her in an attractive light, and the small bulge between my legs proved it.

“Well, have you noticed that Finn is just a little bit girly?” I continued. “He has the condition too, but he won’t progress until you help him. He wants to change, but he just won’t admit it. He wanted to become a short, petite, willowy woman with supermodel looks. A total cutie, in other words. Busty too, and with nice, wide hips. He’d look great like that, because only then can I become the man of your dreams.”

The pair exchanged another look. It was so fascinating to watch the difference between Caley and Sammy. The former had become the dumb bimbo, submissive and bubbly. The latter was an energetic nice girl - actually nice - but still in that stage of trying to resist her changes. And yet now, outlining the best possible sexual partner either could imagine, they began to breathe heavily.

“I - I would finally get to sleep with you?” Sammy asked.

It was a pathetic plea, but it just made me smile. “Of course, Sammy. This is what I’ve been waiting for. Don’t you think it’d be perfect to finally have me . . . compatibly at that?”

The two of them moaned, unable to help themselves.

“Then make sure to spend as much time with me as possible when you’re free of Finn, and when you’re with him, talk *all* about how hot he’d be as a girl in front of him. Go nuts. Describe the ultimate shortstack little cutie. And then the real fun will begin.”

I feared for some time that the plan would go awry, that Finn would catch on. And perhaps he did . . . when it was too late. But I had guessed correctly, and the polymorph parasites within our bodies were taking us in vastly different directions now. Over the next few days, Finn was aghast at the fact that he was reducing in size, the formerly tall titan of a man getting shorter and shorter, softer and softer, his hair long and his face adorably cute. He developed a need for glasses, which we were thankfully able to meet given that Caleb’s lenses were now perfect for him, and his ass blew up. Seriously, she was turning out to have the sexiest pear shape, and I do mean sexiest, because as much as Finn was changing, I was too. My muscles were swelling, my clitoris bulging outwards to become a new penis, my

vagina sealing up as a pair of testes in a newly formed sac began to descend. The power and purpose was incredible: I could *feel* the adrenaline and, even better, the *testosterone* coursing through my system, making me larger, taller, musclier, *stronger*. Aggression was stirring within me; not anger, per se, but a need to lead. I made more showings around Finn, who was clearly devastated. In some ways, he was the smartest of the three former men when is came to discerning what had gone wrong.

"Y-you!" he said, when I finally decided to show myself to him. The storm was near its end, and it was all that was keeping him from marching out into the snow.

"Yes, me," I replied, putting a thumb against my muscly chest. I no longer had to wear bras, and it was wonderful. I was, of course, still getting used to having this fleshy stick between my legs that kept hardening at random, but then again, I had to have known that a great libido would be part of this change.

"You did all of this! You - you changed us with that freakin' lab of yours!"

"Not quite. There really is a condition, but it's more like a parasite I discovered."

"Change me back!"

But I just loomed over Finn, as he had once loomed over me. He was getting so adorable, his voice already tinny and shy, the direct opposite of the man he'd been. He couldn't have even been much taller than five feet at best, but God he was cute. His breasts were nice and large, but it was his rear and hips that had me going wild. It was making my new dick hard at the sight of it. I was really starting to understand the male gaze's dominance, now that I had the gaze of a male, so to speak.

"Do you really want that, Finn?" I asked. "Because I bet part of you - a really, really big part - is liking the deeper sound of my voice, the look of my biceps, and clear outline of this new, big cock I've got. I'm not even done changing, but I certainly feel like a man already, and I can tell you, it's kind of freeing. I wonder, am I making you feel like a woman?"

He whimpered. Out from their bunks, as directed, Sammy and Caley now arrived. They had done fine work in remaking Finn, but now this last act of the play would be directed by me, with them as the delighted audience.

"I - I'm not a woman! It doesn't matter how much I can't stop thinking about your dick! I was meant to fuck you, not the other way around! I mean, what am I saying?"

"Only what you want to say," I said, reaching around to cop a feel of his ass just as always felt mine. I lowered my hand down to between his thighs - he was only covered by a large shirt, it seemed. There was nothing there but a venus mound, and he suddenly moaned despite himself.

"S-stop."

"You never stopped for me."

"I'm sorry!"

"Only because you're the woman, Finn. Just as Sammy is now the nice girl serving others for sex, and Caleb the dumb bimbo instead of the brilliant narcissist. You all got what you deserved, but they really liked being your harem, didn't they?"

"They - they did . . ."

He bit his lip. It became just a bit more full, his hair just a little longer, his breasts that little bit larger. The final changes were occurring to me too, and for emphasis I let my erection show much more clearly in my too-small track pants.

"Then you know you'll love being part of my little science project, my pet. My *Faye*. You like that name, don't you?"

"N-no. I . . . I do, but . . ."

I grinned, motioning for the others to join in.

"Just give in, like, already!" Caley squealed. "I'm so horny I could burst! I want Eve's big dick in me!"

"Adam's," I said, enjoying the turn around, the Biblical terminology. I was making a new little world in our Antarctic bubble, after all.

"Adam's," she said dreamily.

"I'm horny t-too," Sammy said. "I need this. I need to be his soooo badly, but we can't until you give in, Faye. Join us, and we can have endless pleasure together."

I kept my hands roaming Faye's form. I could see her defences crumble. They were collapsing apart. She grit her teeth, clenched her eyes shut, and then began pulling her shirt off.

"I can't b-believe I'm doing this, but I need you so badly! Please, fuck me first!"

"No, me!"

"No, meeee!"

I gestured for the girls to stop, even as they pulled off their clothing to reveal their lovely bodies.

"Calm down, girls. We have plenty of time, and not a lot to do but indulge. For now though, let's all have fun together."

That seemed to satisfy them. And, as I can personally attest several hours later, I was pretty damn satisfied too.

The supply boat would be arriving any day now. We had confirmation over radio, and I got to inform them that some really interesting shit had gone down. Of course, I'd had four and a half months now to prepare a likely scenario for how the parasites got loose. It wasn't like

there was a way to turn us back even if the parasites were flushed out anyway. And frankly, I was just fine with that. Sometimes I miss being a woman, of course. Being able to be a bit cute and vulnerable, being able to wear lipstick and watch girly things. I mean, some of those things I can still do, but I just have so much testosterone and need for dominance in my system now that I just sort of naturally don't partake in those aspects. Yes, Eve the meek and scheming scientist is gone.

But in her place is Adam the conqueror. Adam the dominant. Adam the brilliant, charismatic, and cult-like leader of a trio of utterly delicious women. They go crazy for me, and thanks to the parasite, I have such a bananas refractory period that I can have sex six, sometimes even seven or eight times a day. Twice for each of them, though we don't just restrict ourselves to affairs of the bed, either. I like to ravish one while pleased by the other, but they all have their talents. Faye gives such great blowjobs, for instance, while Sammy is perfect for riding cowgirl and Caley is just the best to take from behind. Sometimes I can see the embarrassment still on their faces, especially Finn's, the former alpha male now crying out in joy as I slide my length deep inside her. But then their ecstasy becomes too much to resist, and they happily submit to me, the one they had once looked so cruelly down upon. Just desserts, I say, especially when I get them to take *my* just desserts. We ran out of condoms a few days ago, which our ship will resupply. There's every possibility that I've managed to get my beautiful women a first row ticket to an even more female experience. I can't say I'd be disappointed. The need to spread my seed is one that the parasite strengthens in me, and I'd love to satisfy it.

It took me some time to get used to having this massive monster between my legs, but the serious rush that comes from my seed exploding from me, shooting deep into my lovers, makes it all worthwhile. I'm addicted to it, but I also let them have their own fun so I can have my study time in the lab. They can make the meals, keep the station running and all that, while I continue my biology work. I'm going to be famous soon, what with all my great discoveries, and I want everything to be just right when I receive the first of many awards. Naturally, my lovers will be on stage, all evidence of the Polymorph Parasite Project.

Yes, life is good. Just a few more days to go until the relaxation phase ends, and we enter the wider world in our continual foursome. But who knows? Maybe I'll be back here again one day. There will be more parasites hidden deep beneath the snow, and while I'm free of a lot of the harassment that women now get, I have to make sure my adoring harem is protected, and that any jealous males know their place. Why not indulge in a little more mad scientist?

There's always room for more women in my ranks . . .

The End