

THE WOMAN WITHIN

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 16: The Venus Flu

What followed was just utter perfection.

There is no other way to describe it. My life had ascended. I was no longer just playing the game; I was the game. The rules were mine to rewrite, and the board was populated by pawns waiting to be upgraded.

That night, after the argument with Dave and Sarah, I didn't stew in anger. I went out. No Sierra to strategize, no Daisy to whine. Just me. Alexa.

I hit a high-end whiskey bar downtown, the kind of place filled with men who smelled of cedar and old money. I was hungry, not for food, but for Influence. And now, thanks to my latest masterpiece of a spell, the one-Influence transformation trigger, I was hungry for chaos.

The first mark was a lawyer named Greg. He was arrogant, loud, and obsessed with his own voice.

He bought me a drink, and twenty minutes later we were in the handicap stall of the men's room. He was rough, eager, pounding into me from behind while I checked my nails in the mirror. But the moment I let my internal muscles clamp down, milking him, pushing him over the edge, the magic took hold.

He groaned, a deep, guttural sound that suddenly pitched up into a high, surprised squeak. I stepped back and watched. It was incredible. His expensive suit jacket suddenly strained at the chest, buttons popping with soft pings as breasts erupted from his pecs. His hips cracked and widened, splitting the seams of his trousers. He fell forward onto the toilet, gasping, as his jaw softened, his stubble receded into porcelain skin, and his cock inverted with a wet, decisive shlurp.

Greg was gone. In his place was a stunning brunette with terrified doe eyes, clutching her tattered clothes. She looked at me, then at her hands, panic rising in her throat. She scrambled backward and bolted out of the bathroom before the changes had even fully settled.

I just smirked and fixed my hair. One down.

I converted two more that night. The second one, a finance bro, ran away crying. But the third... the third was different.

His name was Julian. Or it was. We were in his car, parked in a dark alley. After he came, exploding into a voluptuous, blonde bombshell right before my eyes, she didn't run. She sat there, panting, running her hands over her new breasts, staring at her reflection in the rearview mirror.

"How..." she whispered, her voice trembling but curious. "How is this possible?"

"Does it matter?" I purred, buttoning my blouse. "You're beautiful."

"I am," she breathed, turning to look at me. "I feel... amazing. But my dick... it's gone. God... this has always been a fantasy of mine!"

She started bombarding me with questions. Who are you? What did you do? Can I keep it? She was annoying, frankly. A yapping puppy who didn't realize she'd just won the lottery. I leaned over, silenced her with a deep, tongue-heavy kiss that seemed to short-circuit her brain, and whispered, "Just accept the gift, honey. And stop wasting my time."

I left her there, admiring her new tits in the mirror.

This continued for days. It was an addiction. I wasn't just earning Influence; I was populating the world with better versions of people. One night, I even took two women home. They were straight, or they thought they were, until I flashed my hypnotic breasts. They fell into a trance of absolute adoration. We fucked for hours, and when I made them cum with my fingers and tongue, the magic recognized the orgasm. It polished them. It perfected them. Their skin cleared, their waists snatched in, their tits swelled a cup size. They woke up confused but undeniably grateful.

Back at the office, the seeds I'd planted were blooming. Peter didn't show up for work the day after his transformation. But the day after that, Petra walked in.

She was stunning. She wore a tight, high-waisted skirt and a blouse that showcased her new D-cups perfectly. The office ground to a halt. Whispers hissed across the cubicles. Who is that? Is that a new hire?

Petra walked straight to Peter's desk and sat down. When our office manager, a stern woman named Karen, confronted her, Petra simply smiled.

"It's me, Karen," she said, her voice a sultry alto. "It's Peter. Well... Petra now."

Karen thought it was a prank. Everyone did. But Petra knew the passwords. She knew about the secret office gossip. She knew Karen's coffee order. She convinced them, slowly, methodically. And she loved it.

I watched from my glass office as Petra leaned over a male intern's desk, her cleavage practically swallowing his head. "Gary, sweetie," she purred. "Would you be a doll and get me a latte? My feet are killing me in these heels."

Gary, who used to ignore Peter, practically tripped over his own feet to obey. Peter's work buddy, a guy named Mike, looked at her with a mix of horror and arousal. "Dude... why are you so... happy? Your dick is gone."

Petra just laughed, jiggling her tits with a bounce that was mesmerizing. "Mike, having tits is fucking awesome. The world treats you differently. It's like playing life on easy mode. Watch this." She winked at him, then turned her smile on the delivery guy walking in, who immediately handed her a package meant for someone else.

Sarah and Dave were keeping their distance. They stayed holed up in their offices, avoiding me, avoiding the main floor. They hadn't noticed Petra yet, or if they had, they were too scared to ask. Good. They were buzzkills. They would just try to stop the progress.

But the world outside was starting to notice.

It was a Tuesday night. I was at home, curled up on the couch eating Thai takeout and watching the news.

"Breaking News," the anchor announced, a grim expression on his face. "A mysterious phenomenon is sweeping the city. Dozens of men reported missing have resurfaced... as women."

I chewed a dumpling, grinning.

They interviewed the families first. Wives crying, holding photos of bearded men. "He just came home... and she... she was wearing his clothes but they were ripped," one woman

sobbed. “She says it’s still him. She says she’s happy. But I want my husband back!”

Then they interviewed the victims. The contrast was jarring.

“Honestly?” a newly transformed redhead said to the camera, flipping her hair. “I was scared at first. But now? I’ve never felt more alive. I feel... right. It’s like a fog has lifted.”

“It’s a nightmare for the families,” a doctor opined, looking grave. “We’ve run DNA tests. They are the same people. But their biology has been completely rewritten. It’s as if a virus has rewritten their genetic code instantly. We’re calling it the Venus Flu.”

One of the victims, a former construction worker now sporting massive E-cups, looked angry at the camera. “This... this isn’t a flu. It’s an STI ! I met this woman... we hooked up... and boom! Now I can’t even show up to work, I lost all my muscle, my friends keep asking to see my boobs!”

I laughed out loud, nearly choking on my noodles. An STI that turns you into a sexy woman. The internet was going to eat this up.

And they were. I pulled up X. It was trending. #VenusFlu. #TheGift. #GirlCurse. There were TikToks of men-turned-women showing off their new bodies, doing try-on hauls, talking about how much better their orgasms were. Others were crying, talking about how their lives are falling apart. That’s okay, some don’t see the light as quickly, but they’ll come around. Conspiracy theories were flying. Aliens? Government experiment? Witches?

Most people thought it was a hoax, a viral marketing campaign. But I knew better. I checked my Influence. 2,450. I’d been sticking to mainly men to keep earning influence, so there wasn’t much reporting on the women who I’d altered. But they tended to complain less anyway.

I went to bed that night feeling like a god.

The next morning, the tension in the office was thick enough to choke on. I walked into my office to find Dave and Sarah waiting for me. They looked tired. God, when will Sarah put on her necklace! It’s been days.

“Oh, look who it is,” I purred, dropping my bag on the desk. “Haven’t forgotten about me, I see. You two look stressed. You really should try wearing your jewelry. Sierra and Daisy would love

this chaos.”

“We’re not doing that,” Sarah snapped. “We’re abstaining. We saw the news, Alex. The Venus Flu? That’s you. Isn’t it?”

“It’s Alexa,” I corrected. “And isn’t it beautiful? People are happy. I’m spreading joy.”

“You’re spreading a contagion!” Dave yelled. “You’re erasing men! You’re out of control. When was the last time you took that ring off? When was the last time you were Alex?”

I paused. I looked down at the ring. It had been... over a week. Maybe ten days? I honestly couldn’t remember the last time I’d felt the weight of my dick or the flatness of my chest. “I don’t know,” I shrugged. “Does it matter? Alex is boring. Alexa is... everything.”

“This is ridiculous,” Sarah muttered, stepping forward. “We need to stop this.”

“Stop what?” I asked, my voice dropping. “Be careful, Sarah. Or I’ll flash my tits and turn you both into my personal pets again. I still have that power, you know.”

I reached for the neckline of my camisole.

They both flinched, shielding their eyes and turning away in genuine fear.

I threw my head back and laughed. “Relax! I’m kidding. God, you two are so easy.”

“It’s not funny!” Dave shouted, refusing to look at me. “People are terrified. They’re saying it’s some kind of plague.”

“They’re saying it’s a gift,” I countered. “Look at the TikToks! Look at the joy!”

“You can’t just decide for people!” Sarah argued. “You’re playing god!”

“I am a god!” I slammed my hand on the desk. “You two are just holding yourselves back. You could be ruling this city with me. Sierra and Daisy could be queens. But you’re too scared.”

They stared at me, realizing there was no getting through. With a mix of disgust and fear, they turned and stormed out of the office.

I huffed, sitting down. Buzzkills.

But a commotion outside my door drew my attention. I stood up and walked out into the main

open-plan area.

The entire staff was gathered around the large wall-mounted TV. Breaking news. The banner read: STATE OF EMERGENCY DECLARED.

The Governor was at a podium, looking sweaty. "Citizens, we are classifying the so-called 'Venus Flu' as a critical biological threat. We advise extreme caution. Avoid casual sexual encounters. We do not know the vector, but it appears to be sexually transmitted. Victims are rendered... changed. Permanently. They appear to be brainwashed into accepting the change. We are hunting for patient zero. Reports describe a woman... dark hair... striking features..."

A sketch appeared on the screen. It wasn't a photo, but the likeness was close. Too close. The high cheekbones. The pouty lips. The hair.

The room went silent.

Twenty-four heads turned slowly. They looked at the screen. They looked at Petra.

"Petra." someone whispered. "You... you're not enjoying it, you're brainwashed! Who gave it to you?"

Petra looked nervous. She bit her lip, her eyes darting to me standing in the doorway of my office. It was a look of submission. A look of asking for permission.

It was enough.

"It's her!" someone shouted, pointing at me. "It's Alexa!"

"No fucking way," Gary the intern gasped. "The boss?"

"Where is Alex?" someone else demanded. "Did she turn Alex into a woman too? We haven't seen him in weeks!"

Panic started to bubble. People were backing away. Some were reaching for their phones to call the police.

I realized this was it. The crossroads. I could run, or I could own it.

I stepped forward, my heels clicking loudly on the polished concrete floor.

"Listen to me!" I commanded, my voice projecting with supernatural confidence.

The room froze.

"I am Alex," I declared.

A wave of confusion washed over them.

"That's right," I said, walking into the center of the room. "I found a better way to live. I became this... incredible creature. And I realized I couldn't keep it to myself. I wanted to share it. I wanted to give you all the gift of perfection."

"You're sick!" one of the account managers yelled. She grabbed her purse. "I'm leaving!"

"Nobody is leaving," I said.

"You can't stop us!" she screamed.

"Oh, but I can," I purred. "Because you all want to see."

I reached up to the clasp of my blouse.

"Don't look!" someone yelled, but it was too late. Human curiosity is a powerful thing.

I ripped my blouse open. My bra followed a split second later.

My breasts, massive, pale, and glowing with magical energy, spilled out into the open air.

The effect was instantaneous. The panic in the room evaporated, replaced by a collective, sharp intake of breath. Twenty-four pairs of eyes locked onto my chest. Pupils dilated. Jaws went slack. The spell washed over them, a tidal wave of instant, overwhelming love and obedience.

"You love me," I said, my voice echoing in the silence.

"We love you," they chorused back, their voices flat and dreamy.

"You want to do anything I ask."

"Anything," they agreed.

I smiled, a wicked, triumphant grin. "I want you to experience what I experience. I want you to join me."

I walked up to Gary, the intern. He was on his knees, staring up at me like I was the sun. "Suck them," I commanded, presenting my breasts.

He didn't hesitate. He buried his face in my chest, groaning in ecstasy.

The room descended into chaos. I moved through them like a whirlwind. I used my hands, my mouth, my body. I jerked off the IT guy while kissing the HR director. I rode the face of the sales lead while fingering the receptionist. It was a frenzy of magically induced lust.

And one by one, the magic triggered.

Gary screamed as his polo shirt ripped apart, D-cup breasts bursting forth. His jeans shredded as his hips widened.

The account manager who tried to leave gasped as her body smoothed and curved, her face morphing into a vision of bimbo perfection.

Within an hour, the office was silent, save for the heavy breathing and soft giggles of twenty-five brand new women.

The spell wore off, the hour of obedience ending. They blinked, looking around. They looked down at themselves. There were a few seconds of shock. A scream or two. But then... the magic settled. The secondary effect of the transformation, the gratitude, the bisexual awakening... kicked in.

Gary stood up, running her hands over her new hourglass figure. She looked at Petra. "You were right," she breathed. "This is... this is incredible."

"I know, right?!" Petra squealed, hugging her.

The women started exploring each other, realizing their new attraction. It was a scene of pure, hedonistic joy.

"Are you all happy?" I asked, standing atop a desk, buttoning my blouse.

They looked up at me. Not with fear, but with adoration.

"Thank you, Alexa," they said. "Thank you for the gift."

That night, I was high on power. I wanted to celebrate. But I didn't want to work. I didn't want to seduce or manipulate or calculate Influence. I just wanted to be fucked.

I went to a dive bar on the edge of town, looking for rough trade. I found him quickly. His name was Brock. He was huge, covered in tattoos, with hands the size of dinner plates. He didn't talk much. He just looked at me like a piece of meat he wanted to devour. Perfect.

We had a few drinks. I let him grope me under the table, the attraction magic making his rough touch feel like fire on my skin. I invited him back to my place.

We stumbled out of the bar, the cool night air hitting my flushed skin. We walked down the block, waiting for the Uber I'd called.

A black SUV with tinted windows rolled up to the curb. It slowed down.

I frowned. That wasn't a Toyota Camry.

Suddenly, the rear door slid open. Brock, the man I was seducing, grabbed me.

"What the..."

Before I could react, he spun me around. A thick, heavy bag was shoved over my head, plunging me into darkness.

I screamed, but a rough hand clamped over my mouth, shoving a gag between my teeth. My hands were wrenched behind my back, zip-ties biting into my wrists. I was shoved into the back of the car, sprawling onto the floorboards.

The door slammed shut. The lock clicked. The car peeled away.

Panic, cold and sharp, pierced through my drunken haze. I thrashed, trying to kick, trying to scream. The ring! I had the ring! All I had to do was rip my shirt open! If the driver saw my tits...

I struggled against the zip-ties, trying to arch my back, trying to pop the buttons of my blouse with sheer friction against the floor mat.

Then I felt a prick in my arm. A needle.

"Relax, sweetheart," a voice said from above. Brock's voice. But it wasn't rough anymore. It was

cold. Professional.

Darkness rushed up to meet me.

I woke up in a chair.

My head was pounding. My mouth was dry as sand. I tried to move, but my limbs were heavy, unresponsive. I looked down. I was tied to a metal chair in the center of a concrete room. My hands were bound behind me. My ankles were shackled to the chair legs.

My heart hammered against my ribs. I looked around wildly. I was alone. Trapped.

A door opened. A man in a sharp grey suit walked in. He was older, with silver hair and a face that looked like it never smiled. He pulled a metal chair over and sat down opposite me, just out of reach.

He looked at me with clinical detachment. He didn't look at my tits. He looked at my eyes.

"Hello, Alex," he said.

I froze. He used my real name.

"My name is Stephen Fullerman," he continued calmly. "I'm the Director of the Department of Advanced Research for the US Military, operating in cooperation with the CIA."

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees.

"It wasn't hard to track you down. We've been monitoring you for some time. Since before this... outbreak.. But when an entire office building of twenty-five people simultaneously transformed within the span of an hour? Well, let's just say we couldn't wait any longer."

I tried to speak through the gag, but only a muffled whimper came out.

"We've been watching you tonight," he said. "We saw you pick up Agent Brock. He's very good at his job. Although that's some spell you've cast over him. He really believes he loves you."

"What... what are you going to do to me?" I rasped.

Fullerman sat back, crossing his legs. "Do to you? Nothing, if you cooperate."

He paused, his eyes narrowing slightly.

“What you’ve been doing... the transformation of matter... the rewriting of biological code... the mind control... it defies every known law of physics and nature. It is an impossibility. And yet, here you are.”

He gestured to my body.

“We don’t want a city full of brainwashed , Alex. That’s messy. That’s a threat to national security.”

He smiled, a thin, lipless expression that didn’t reach his eyes.

“But the power source? The ability to rewrite reality? That... that is something we are very, very interested in.”

My blood ran cold. My gaze darted to my hand. The ring was still there. They hadn’t taken it. Why?

“We know it’s the ring,” Fullerman said, following my gaze. “We analyzed the footage. You touch it. You change. But we also know that simply taking it might not be enough. We need to know how it works. We need to know the rules. We need to know if it can be... replicated. Weaponized.”

He stood up.

“You’re going to tell us everything, Alex. Or we’re going to take that ring, lock you in a hole, and spend the next twenty years dissecting you to see what makes a succubus tick.”

I stared at him, the horror settling in. I was trapped. Bound. Surrounded by men who couldn’t see my body, men who were immune to my charms.

If they took the ring... if I lost the connection to the Matron... I was nothing.

Fullerman leaned in close.

“So,” he whispered. “Shall we begin?”

For the rules of the book and the challenges, [visit this page](#).