

MR. PRESIDENT...

I WISH I WAS GIVING THIS BRIEFING UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

LASZLO. YOU'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES.

I DON'T LIKE THIS ANY MORE THAN YOU DO, BUT YOUR REPLACEMENT AS DIRECTOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF RESEARCH AND DEFENSE HAS ASSURED ME YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN EXPLAIN TO ME JUST WHAT THE **FUCK** IS GOING ON.

FEMDEMIC RISING


REL.PINK
SEX-POSITIVE GAMES AND MEDIA

I recognize that my decision-making over the last few days is overshadowing the much more important information I need to share...

*We're dealing with a **virus**... A strain that has the capacity to completely destroy our current way of life.*

I'm not fully aware of the specifics of how it all started, but what I understand is that a woman walked into a local hospital in one of the southern cities, claiming that they were a man named John Decker and that they had transformed into a woman.

Of course this was rejected immediately. However, dental records later showed that she was the person she said she was, very recently a man. Only now with a completely female genetic code.

*She had recently returned from an overseas trip, upon which she had engaged in sexual intercourse with a woman, with the symptoms continuing to develop over the next few days. This culminated in a complete transformation on **day six**.*

TOM REYNOLDS
WORDS AND ART

PATREON.COM/CAPS



THE D.R.D. TOOK JOHN INTO OUR CUSTODY BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH HER.

THIS KIND OF THING IS COMPLETELY UNKNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE.



I took an immediate interest in the young woman.

I don't know why, but she gave off an aura that admittedly intrigued me. It was like a drug, I felt high when I was around her.



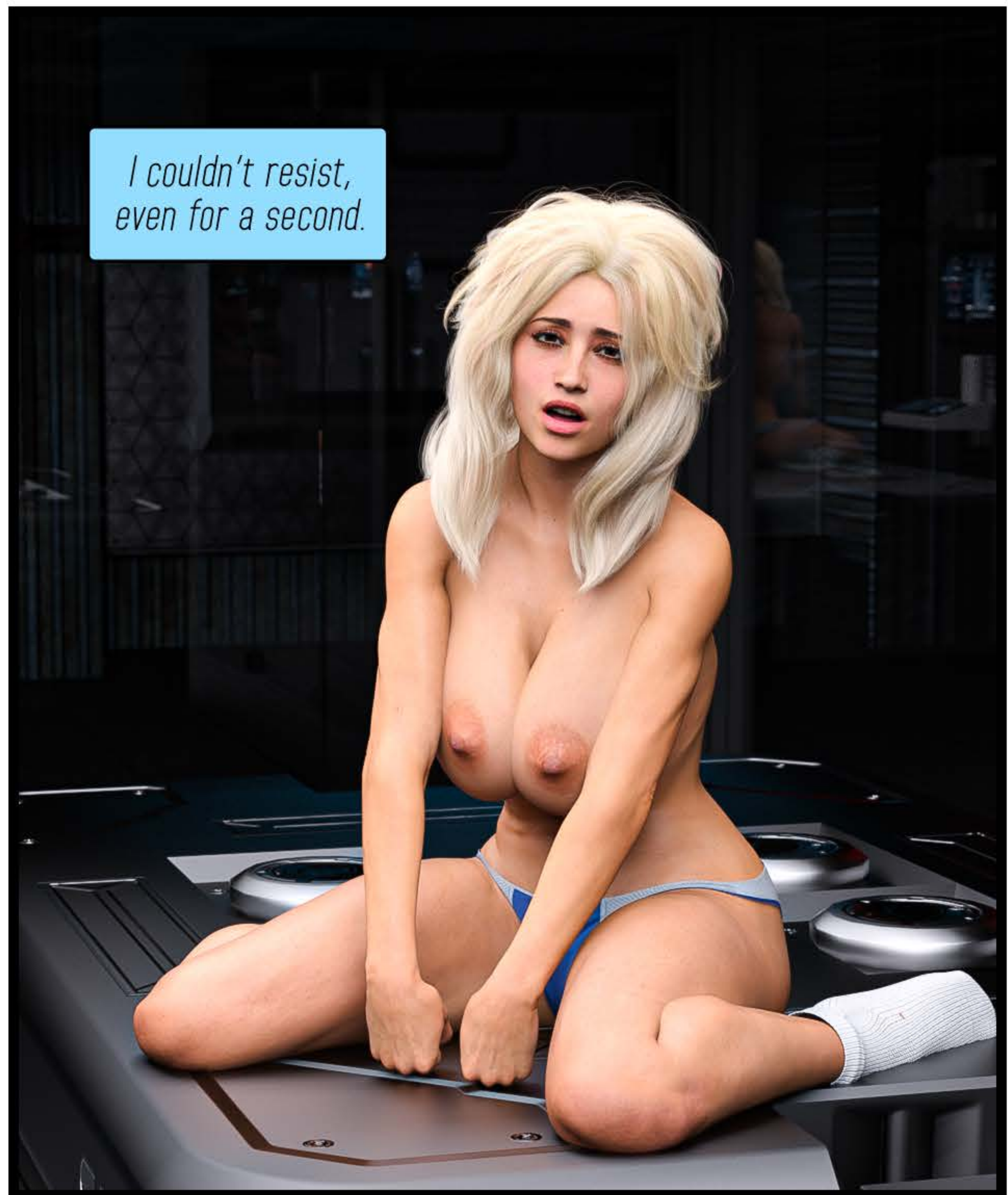
In the process of relating her symptoms, she revealed that she had felt compelled to engage in sexual intercourse with a male orderly in the hospital.

She described feelings of intense euphoria, far exceeding any sensation of pleasure she experienced as a man.



THAT'S WHEN YOU DECIDED TO **FUCK** HER?

She begged me to indulge her.



I couldn't resist, even for a second.

I have begun to speculate that symptoms of the virus include an increased sex drive as well as a significant heightening of bodily sensitivity and sexual pleasure.

I'm not exactly Casa Nova, sir, but she definitely acted like I was.

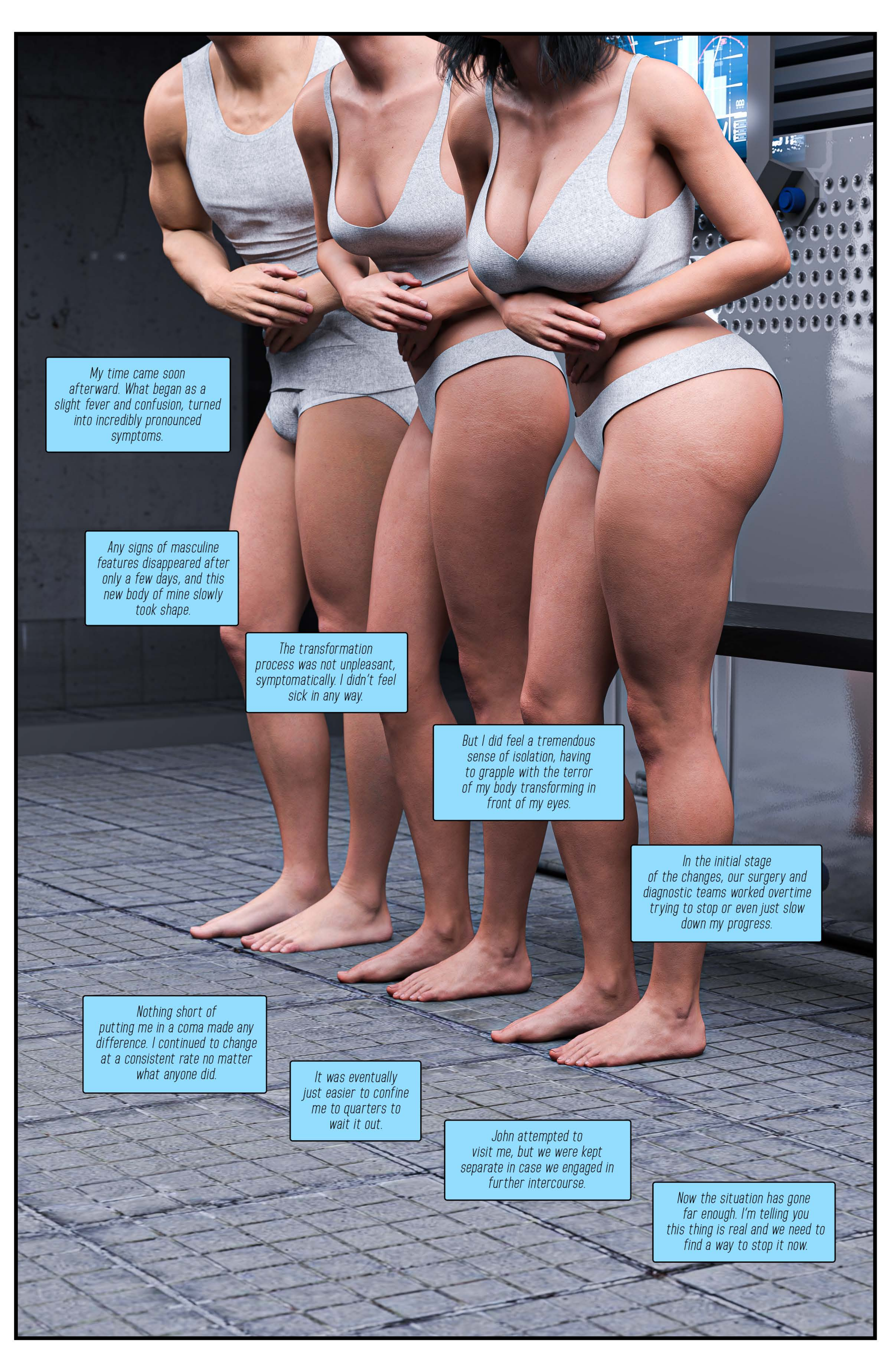
Every little movement resulted in almost exaggerated gratification.

Looking into her eyes, it was clear that she was barely there. Lost in the stimulation.

As we later discovered, this is the virus's sole means of spreading through the human population.

It's a sexually transmitted virus, and it must be attempting to provoke the victim into as many points of sexual contact with as many partners as possible.

Consequently, we're dealing with a barely resistible condition of extreme sexual intoxication.

The image shows three women standing in a line, facing forward, in a futuristic or laboratory-like environment. They are all wearing matching grey, form-fitting, two-piece underwear. The woman on the left is the most muscular, with a very defined physique. The woman in the middle has a more average, athletic build. The woman on the right is the most voluptuous, with very large breasts and thick thighs. They are standing on a grey, tiled floor. In the background, there are dark, metallic-looking panels with some blue lights and a grid of small circular holes. The overall atmosphere is clinical and somewhat unsettling.

My time came soon afterward. What began as a slight fever and confusion, turned into incredibly pronounced symptoms.

Any signs of masculine features disappeared after only a few days, and this new body of mine slowly took shape.

The transformation process was not unpleasant, symptomatically. I didn't feel sick in any way.

But I did feel a tremendous sense of isolation, having to grapple with the terror of my body transforming in front of my eyes.

In the initial stage of the changes, our surgery and diagnostic teams worked overtime trying to stop or even just slow down my progress.

Nothing short of putting me in a coma made any difference. I continued to change at a consistent rate no matter what anyone did.

It was eventually just easier to confine me to quarters to wait it out.

John attempted to visit me, but we were kept separate in case we engaged in further intercourse.

Now the situation has gone far enough. I'm telling you this thing is real and we need to find a way to stop it now.

TELL ME
AGAIN ABOUT
HOW HOT THE
SEX WAS...

MISTER
PRESIDENT!!!

