

TRAPPED IN ISOLATION

A TG Story written by Bewci

Note: Image generated by pornpen.ai and edited by the author. Story is in part generated by openai. The draft has been edited, and compiled according to the author's taste.

Walt sat alone in his apartment, staring blankly at the walls. The only sounds he heard are the distant hum of Black Ops helicopters dropping off his ration of food and necessities on his terrace. He had been stuck in this New York apartment for two endless months, with no end in sight. The world outside his window was a mystery to him, all he knew was that some unknown virus was spreading, and he was trapped.

He spent his days pacing the floors, trying to keep his mind occupied. He talked to his neighbour James through the thin walls that separated their apartments, but the conversation was always short and unsatisfying. James was a bit of a creep who preferred the isolation. Walt was left to his own thoughts, and they were not kind.

He tried to read, but the words on the page blurred together. He tried to watch TV, but the images were meaningless. He tried to sleep, but the nightmares that came were too real. The isolation was slowly driving him mad.

He wondered if anyone was looking for him, if anyone cared that he was trapped here alone. He wondered about his friends and family living on the opposite edge of the country. He wondered if he will ever see them again.

The days blended together, and time lost meaning. He was trapped in an endless cycle of despair and boredom. The once familiar walls of his apartment now felt like a prison, and he couldn't escape the feeling that he was being punished for something he didn't do. The ominous tone of the emergency outside, the isolation, and the uncertainty of his future were all taking a toll on his mental state.

Walt couldn't take it anymore; the isolation and the uncertainty were too much to bear. He made the decision to violate the quarantine, to see what was happening outside his apartment walls. He cautiously opened his door and stepped out into the hallway.

At first, everything seemed normal, but as he walked further, he heard a low moan. He followed the sound and found a red-headed naked woman kneeling on the ground, her body writhing violently. Her curves were huge, making a bulge in Walt's pants. Without thinking much, he put a hand on her shoulder to comfort her. But as soon as he touched her, she lunged at him, her teeth sinking into his hand.

Walt's world turned upside down as he realized the woman was infected with the virus. He pulled away from her, his hand bleeding and the pain searing through his body. He knew he had to get away, fast. He turned and ran, his heart pounding with fear. He didn't stop until he was back in the

safety of his own apartment, slamming the door shut behind him.

With shaking hands, he patched up his wound, his mind racing with fear and confusion. He had been so desperate to leave his confinement, but now he realized the true horror of what was happening outside. He didn't know if he was infected or not, and the thought that he could be carrying the virus back to his apartment was too much to bear. He knew he was trapped, trapped in his own apartment with no way out. The end was near, and he was alone. He decided to write a journal so that his family and friends would know what happened to him.

Day 1:

I can't believe what happened today. I should have never left my apartment. I should have never touched that girl. I don't know if I am infected or not, but the thought of it is driving me insane. I can't tell anyone, not the authorities, not even James. I don't want to be a burden or a risk to anyone.

I feel slightly weak and nauseous, but nothing serious. I am trying to keep my mind occupied, but it's hard. I keep thinking about that girl, and how she looked. She was gorgeous, but also rabid. She had a hunger in her eyes. I hope she's okay, but I fear the worst.

I'm keeping track of my symptoms, and I am monitoring my temperature. I don't know what else to do. I don't want to die alone in this apartment. I don't want to die at all.

I'm trying to keep my spirits up, but it's hard. I know I need to be careful, and I need to be aware of my surroundings. If I am infected, I don't want to spread it to anyone else.

I hope tomorrow brings better news, but I can't help but feel like this is the end.

I'm going to try and sleep, but I don't know if I'll be able to.

Day 2:

I woke up to a dizziness that wouldn't quit. As my eyes focused, I found myself and my bed soaked in sweat. I could see that my muscles have atrophied, and my limbs feel heavy. I struggled to sit up, and when I finally managed to, I was shocked by what I saw in the mirror.

My pants have become too loose to wear, and my shirt seems to be too baggy. I look malnourished, my face gaunt and my eyes sunken. I can see the dark circles under my eyes.

I can't believe how quickly my body has deteriorated. I don't know if it's the virus or if it's just the effects of being confined to my apartment for so long. Either way, it's clear that I am not well.

I tried to stand up, but my legs gave out beneath me. I fell to the floor, feeling the pain of my weak muscles. I managed to stand after much effort, but my feet were unsteady. I struggled to make it to the kitchen, but I managed to find something to eat.

I know I need to keep my strength up, but it's hard. I can feel the weakness in my body, and I know that I am running out of time. I don't know if I'll make it through this, but I am determined to try.

I'll keep writing in this diary, to keep track of my condition and my thoughts. I hope that someone will find it, and that it will give them an understanding of what I went through.

Day 10:

It's been a week since my last entry, and nothing much has happened. Except for one thing, I have developed an insatiable hunger. I eat and eat, but it never seems to be enough. I have gained considerable weight, and I look much healthier now, but something seems wrong.

My body is storing fat in my chest and butt instead of my belly. It's as if my body is preparing for something, but I don't know what. I am worried, and I want to tell the authorities, but I don't trust the government.

I have also noticed that my skin has become very dry, and it's starting to itch. I have been trying to keep it moisturized, but it doesn't seem to be helping. I have also noticed that my hair has become brittle, and it's falling out in clumps. I know that this is not normal, and it's making me very anxious.

I have also been experiencing shortness of breath, and my chest feels tight. I can't help but think that this is all related to the virus, and that I am getting worse.

I have also been experiencing some strange dreams. They are vivid and erotic in some ways, and I can't shake the feeling that they are trying to tell me something. But I don't know what.

I am scared, and I don't know what to do. I feel like I am running out of time, and that I am alone in this.

Day 13:

I woke up this morning to a strange sensation in my chest. At first, I thought it was just my imagination, but as I looked down, I saw that my chest has developed supple breasts! I couldn't believe my eyes, and I felt a wave of panic wash over me. I put on my shirt as that's the only kind of clothes that stays on me now. As I was putting it on, I realized that my hips have also expanded, giving me a feminine hourglass shape. I felt a lump form in my throat, and I couldn't shake the feeling of impending doom.

I stumbled to the kitchen, but the sight of food didn't drive me crazy anymore. I no longer had a strong appetite for food. I decided to take a shower instead, but as I undressed, I looked at myself in the mirror, and I saw that the bald patches on my head was being replaced by budding red hairs. I felt like I was looking at a stranger.

While showering, I felt like my skin was crawling, and I couldn't keep my hands from scratching all over my body. I got out of the shower, and noticed that my body was squeaky clean, devoid of any body hair. I can't stop thinking about what's happening to me. I feel like my body is betraying me, and I don't know what to do. I am scared and confused, and I don't know where to turn.

I know that I need to tell someone, but I don't know who to trust. I don't know if the government would help me or if they would lock me away. I don't know if my neighbour James would understand or if he would be afraid of me. I am trapped, trapped in my own body and trapped in my own apartment. I don't know if I am going to live or die, but I know that I don't want to go through this alone.

Day 20:

It's been a few days since my last entry, and I have been too traumatized to write. I have been trying to come to terms with what is happening to me. The changes in my body are becoming more and more pronounced, and it's hard to ignore them.

My hair, once short and dark, is now long and red, cascading past my shoulders in soft waves. It's as if I have been reborn

with a new identity. My face looks more feminine, with high cheekbones and a delicate jawline. My skin, once rough and covered in hair, is now smooth and hairless, almost like porcelain.

My breasts have expanded further, now as big as my head. My hips have widened further than my shoulders, giving me a pear-shaped figure. My butt cheeks are so round and plump, I can't sit and not think about them. My body has become voluptuous, and I feel self-conscious about it. My voice has become higher, making me sound androgynous. The worst thing I noticed yesterday was that my ball sacs no longer have my balls! I have been so stressed; I didn't notice that I haven't had an erection since the last twenty days! My flaccid dick is barely poking out of my pubes. I don't want to admit it, but I think I am turning into a woman!

I feel too shy to talk with James now. I don't want him to see me like this. I don't want anyone to see me like this. I feel like a freak, like a monster. I don't know if I'll ever be able to go outside again.

Day 22:

It's been two days since my last entry. I have been trying to come to terms with the fact that I have completely transformed into a woman with female genitals! My body has changed in ways that I never thought possible. Within one sleepless night, my nether radically changed, turning inside out with petal-like folds, and a cavernous opening. I dared not exploring too much down there as even a breeze of air felt like a metal scrubber grazing against it. However, the sensitivity has cooled down since then to the point that it is bearable.

My hair cascades down till my tailbone, it's now a fiery red, and it's so long that I can sit on it. I keep tugging myself as they get stuck to door handles, or to the kitchen sink. It is annoying and messy to have so long hair!

My breasts are as big as watermelons, developing into at least K cups. My humongous nipples keep chafing against my shirt and I look weird wearing them. So, I stay naked nowadays. My hips and butt cheeks are so big that I struggle to walk straight as they jiggle and sway too much. I need some kind of clothing to contain these monstrous curves, but I don't want to risk leaving my apartment in such condition.

My voice has become so high pitched that I sound like a young woman in her 20s. I don't want James to hear my

voice and know that I have turned into a woman. But I can't help but yelp as my sensitive curves bump into things. It's shameful that I'm writing this, but I feel a weird sense of attraction towards James. The erotic dreams that I had been having are now oriented towards men with me as a woman getting fucked by them. Oh God, it arouses me!

I feel a lustful hunger, an urge to sink my teeth into James, after getting fucked by him. I am keeping myself in check, but I don't know how long I can control myself. I feel like a monster, like a creature that should be locked away. I am scared of myself and the things I might do.

I try to keep myself busy, but my thoughts always drift back to James. I imagine him, alone in his apartment, unaware of the danger that I pose. I try to push these thoughts away, but they persist. I don't know how much longer I can resist the urge to spread the virus.

I feel like I am losing my mind, and I don't know how much longer I can hold on. I don't know if there's anyone out there who can help me, but I hope that there is. I hope that somewhere, somehow, there's someone who can save me from myself. This is my last journal update.

It was day 86 since the lockdown began, and day 25 since Walt got bit by the infected woman. Walt had hardly slept since last night. The gigantic heavy udders of Walt craved for attention. His mind wandered in heat, looking for a release. He could hardly see anything below those massive racks hanging down his chest. As he sunk his fingers into the plush flesh, he let out a soft moan of pleasure. "Hoh... ohhh." He threw his head back and traced down to the thumb-like projections titillating with desire. His hips rocked back and forth on the bed as Walt cried for a desperate relief from the tension in his womb. The bedsheets curled into knots underneath his spread legs, grinding against his oozing folds. "Aahh... yes," Walt smiled with closed eyes, his body writhing like the woman in the hallway. "Ohh... mmphh... yes... yes!" Walt gritted his teeth and bit his puffy lips in fervor anticipation.

James on the other side of the wall, had been listening to the lustful moans for quite some time. He wondered if Walt had been having sex with a girl from some other apartment. It had been a while since he had watched another girl, or used the internet, since all communication systems had been seized by the government. James was rock hard, eager to see what has happening on the other side. As the moans grew louder, he couldn't keep it anymore. "Hey, Walt, I can hear your girlfriend." He chuckled.

James call brought Walt back to his senses for a few moments. He muffled his moans while his digits kept rubbing the erogenous zones of his body. He shoved his face into the mattress, while his fingers dug deeper into his pussy. His neighbours voice echoed in his ears, turning him on even

more. "Oh, so close!" Walt mumbled sniffing the air, craving for his prey's scent. "Walt?" James asked as the eerie silence bothered him. Then, he heard a knock on his door.

James got worried. He thought, maybe Walt didn't like his snooping around, listening to his private matters. "Walt? Is that you?" As he approached the main door, he could hear soft moans on the outside. It was a hefty naked woman on the other side, with heavenly proportions. James gulped as he peeked through the keyhole and felt his heart skip a beat. "Um, Ma'am, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Oh, James, open the door, please," Walt said in a sultry tone. James cheered in silence, marking it as his lucky day. "Yeah, right!" he said, pushing the bolts open. "Oh!" James exclaimed as the woman barged in as soon as the door was opened. She wrapped her hands around James and leaned onto her. James stumbled a few steps back, trying to catch himself. "Mmm, James, I can't wait any longer!" Walt muttered.

"Whoa! Lady! Is this a prank?! Did Walt send you to do this?! Hey, Walt!" James screamed, looking at the door. Walt stared at James neck, his mouth drooling. "Not before he fucks me," he whispered. James dodged the woman's lips begging for a kiss, and pushed her away. He rushed out of his apartment and dashed into Walt's bedroom. It was empty.

"Walt?" James called his neighbour. "Yes?" Walt answered, standing behind him. James turned around, startled by the crazy horny lady. "Where is Walt?!" James asked, feeling creepy about the whole situation. The bulge in his pants

betrayed him, getting stronger as the girl stroked it over the jeans.

“Why do you care? Am I not enough?” Walt asked with a sly smile on his beautiful face. He pushed James over the bed, and climbed on top of him. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m not gay. I mean, it’s his room, and he’s not here.” James said, making himself comfortable underneath the heavy breasts drooping on him. “Wow, you’re a sight to behold.” James muttered under his breath, gazing at her.

“Walt has gone for a walk and has left me to take care of you. Would you like me to take care of you?” Walt cooed. “Hell yeah!” James cheered with a giddy smile. He pulled his shirt over while Walt went down on James’ pants, stripping him butt naked. Without wasting another moment, Walt knelt astride over James, impaling his throbbing vagina with his neighbour’s seven-inch erect cock. Walt’s massive butt cheeks spread over James’ manhood, engulfing it out of sight, . “Holy shit! James groaned in ecstasy, feeling the warm and soft embrace of the woman’s inner walls. Walt stretched his back, soft moans escaping his lips as he swayed his hips up and down in rhythm. Ripples thundered across his fatty curves, sending shivers down his spine.

“Oh, fuck! Yes! Yes!” Walt’s trembling screams echoed down the abandoned hallway. James wanted to take control, but the bodacious figure kept him pinned down to the bed. He panted in excitement, looking in awe of the goddess on top of him. He raised his hands like a baby, begging for her teats. Walt being merciful of his demands, leaned forward, lowering his breasts within James reach. Overwhelmed by his

