

The Onlyfans was the final nail in the coffin of human history in the attempt to make men weak and surrender to them. It wasn't orchestrated by humans but by those who wanted to rule them. They were extraterrestrial beings belonging to planet Xeb19 in the Alpha Centauri System. They were compelling and intelligent, capable of reading minds and building advanced technology. However, they were physically fragile and were aware of it. They didn't stand a chance against humans in a war. So, they decided to destroy the most aggressive group of humans; men. It took them centuries as they influenced humans in their dreams, invoking them to create the light bulb or discover the periodic table. Weeding out the irregular ones that could actually cause human progress, the extraterrestrials paved the path to modern science that indulged in self-pleasure and distraction. Internet, video games, TV, and highly convenient gadgets; all designed to make humans lazy, weak, and compliant. Once humans were vulnerable, the extraterrestrials, known as the Xebians, initiated the next step to wiping out the majority of the male population. They deployed creatures of mass feminization in a ship and sent them to Earth. Once they feminize the entire world and make them compatible with the Xebians, they will take over the planet and turn it into their colony.

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Taylor is sitting on her bed, looking through her smartphone screen. At the same time, the camera of her phone projects her reflection in the wardrobe mirror onto her screen. Two slimy creatures stare at her, sending subliminal messages into her brain. A green one is attached to her long maroon hair, while a red one rests on her dainty right shoulder.

Taylor was once Terrence, a 6'2" athletic dude who loved to fuck girls. But after six months, he has turned into a 5'7" curvy woman who will love to fuck any stranger she wants. Terrence had no idea how the slimy creatures got him in the first place, but he wasn't complaining. The slime creatures entered his body and hooked themselves to his peripheral nervous system. They induced euphoria better than the most intense orgasms of his life. It didn't take much effort to break his mind. Sooner than later, he was following every command of these creatures.

Terrence did things that he would never do in normal circumstances. He licked his cum-soaked fingers, played with his nipples, fingered his asshole while taking a shower, drooled on men's cock while watching porn, and so on. His visage, along with his body, changed day by day. The slimes acted as specialized organs, emitting testosterone blockers, estrogen, and some alien compounds that hijacked Terrence's DNA. His jaw pinched down with a narrow chin while his lips puffed up. His hairline gained into the gaps of his male pattern baldness. His hairy legs and hands shed off all hair along with the rest of his body, except the hair on his head, which turned auburn red.

His muscular limbs lost all definition, turning soft and supple. His bones contracted, reducing his height. The pelvis detached and spread apart, pushing his hips to the feminine form. His tiny nipples

jutted out, becoming darker and more prominent. They were so sensitive that Terrence would spend hours rubbing them. The creatures rewarded him with multiple orgasms until he spewed out nothing but dry convulsions.

Terrence's friends and family noticed the changes and asked if he was transgender. His response was that he wanted to be a girl. His family protested but didn't know how to stop him as they never found medications in his room. The government was in favor of him, as well as the law. Little did people know that the extraterrestrials had gained control over them first.

After a few months, Terrence had hardly any remnants of his manhood left in his body. Every cell of his body screamed femininity and sensuality. His gonads had retracted into his abdomen along with his penis. They had reduced to ovaries and clitoris, respectively. Accordingly, the scrotum had parted and evolved into his newfound moist folds. He had biologically turned into a female. Finally, Terrence changed his name to Taylor officially on papers. Her clothing preferences had slowly turned androgynous, then unisexual, but now she wanted to wear outright girly clothes. She needed money to buy make-up, clothes, shoes, and more.

Her family left her, showing no support for her actions which they considered delusional. The creatures whispered in her ears, telling her to open an Onlyfans account. She agreed to their proposal. Being a man in her past, she knew exactly what the average man wanted. Even if she wasn't groomed with make-up or wore just a men's t-shirt and shorts, her fingers pulling down the shirt to show her ample cleavage was enough to swoon men in their seats. She leveraged the weakness of a man and made a fortune. Within three hours, she crossed the \$2000 mark.

She went on a shopping spree as the money poured into her account. First, she bought the most promiscuous clothes she could buy, whether it was bikinis, leotards, or pantyhoses. Next, she purchased bright make-up, dark make-up, lipsticks, and nail polishes. Next, she bought high heels and sandals, then purchased jewelry pieces like earrings and nose studs. Nothing too fancy, yet nothing that would get overlooked. Taylor loved the eyeliners and matte. She grabbed everything she could with her first income and walked back home with a gleaming smile.

She put on her make-up, combed her hair, painted her nails, and smacked her lips with dark red lipstick. Then, she shuffled through her new clothes collection and picked up a Hawaiian leotard giving off happy vibes. The creatures guided her through everything according to their master's preferences. They wanted her ready for the day when their masters would arrive.

"Hey, Mike, Larry? Do you think something is missing?" she asks, looking at either of them.

Their voice echoes in her head, "Hey, Larry, do you think what I'm thinking?" the green slime asks the red one. "Exactly," it replies.

Taylor gasps as both of them slurp into her mouth. Her eyes roll back into her head as the creatures start assimilating into her cells. She feels a rush of energy coursing throughout her body. Her body shivers in excitement, making her moan in passion. Her nipples pucker up and poke out, pushing the fabric forward. She bites her lips, looking down and anticipating what will happen. Suddenly she feels a ping in both of her nipples, followed by an intense pressure accumulating under her flesh. "Oh, fuck!" Taylor runs her fingers through her scarlet locks, looking down at her pulsating bosoms. "They're growing... Oh," she whispers, throwing her head back in ecstasy. Piles of fat buzz under her skin, stretching it inch by inch. The areolas spread in diameter, getting lighter in hue as the skin gets thinner and more delicate. "Oh, God!" Taylor desperately cries as her breasts shift under the fabric, stimulating her nipples. "Don't stop! I want more!" she screams.

Her C-cup breasts have grown into DD-cups by now. Her plush cushions bulge out of her leotard like the most delicious cupcakes to be beheld by her Onlyfans clients. "Please, I beg you!" she breathes heavily. As she calls them, Mike and Larry decide to fulfill her wish. After all, the masters don't complain about bigger breasts; they quote, "Bigger is better."

"Ah... Yes," Taylor shudders in pleasure as she feels the influx of more fat into her melons. Shivers run down her spine as the nipples get as thick as her ring fingers. They tent against her leotard while her breasts push out even further. The straps struggle, digging into her shoulders. Her massive jugs peek out from the sides while her cleavage pours out with a robust struggle between the two melons to stay in their positions. The crescendo of her cleavage becomes more prominent, running throughout the curve. Taylor's parasites continue to fill her racks, pushing them to G cups. She moans and dips her fingers into her supple breasts, feeling the warmth of her femininity. "Mmmm," she hums, lowering her shoulders and leaning back to overcome the heaviness of her bosoms. She fondles them, stroking her fingers against the soft tissue. "Oh, they feel so good!" she whimpers.

Mike's voice echoes in her mind, "They will feel even better if they are bigger!" Taylor's eyes widen as she hears that, and her face crumples with a worried expression. "No, guys, it's too heavy!" Taylor protests in a feeble voice. She feels the tide rise again. "Ooohh... Please," she whispers, intoxicated with the pleasure. Waves of incoming flesh and fat push her breasts farther yet again. The leotard straps resist the growing pressure, digging deeper into her shoulders. "Ah!" Taylor whines as the straps cause pain and redness. Veins pop off into the vision as the skin gets thinner. The sore and sensitive nipples chafe against the leotard, making her wince in pain. She suffocates under the growing orbs of fat, putting immense pressure on her lungs. "Good girl, Pain is good," Larry whispers. "Submit to the pain, and you will be rewarded with pleasure," Mike's voice says. "Yes... I should submit... I will submit," Taylor responds with a quivering smile.

Taylor feels the pain subside as her skin heals. The veins still pop out, but they don't cause discomfort anymore. Instead, the incriminatingly massive boobs buzz with a weird pleasure she has never experienced. Taylor holds onto her jewels, struggling to lift them. She is surprised by how perfect they look, even better every time fat increases the circumference of the curves in front of her vision. She has no scars or stretchmarks as a result of all the changes.

Her mind wonders about the attention she will get when the camera turns on. "Oh my," she murmurs as her hands accidentally brush past thumb-like projections throbbing at the top. "Are those my nipples?!" she exclaims, unable to see them until she sits back up with much effort and looks at the mirror again. "Oh my God! They are so big!" she screams with a giddy smile while her hands grab onto the nipples and squeeze them hard. "Oh fuck! Yes!" she cries as she indulges in pleasuring herself. The evolved J-cup breasts churn with a yearning to release. The nipples pulsate hard, getting moist with tiny droplets of milk. "Huh!" Taylor gasps as she realizes her teats are about to lose their virginity. The humming sensation in her expanding breasts overwhelms her senses with a vibrant euphoria. The tensed-up mammaries compel her to press the gigantic orbs with her soft, dainty hands. The milk brimming in her ducts rushes towards the nipples. Taylor wails as the huge suckers give in to the pressure, releasing the pent-up yellowish-white thick virgin milk. The leotard stains itself with the milk, flowing down along the hem to her wet slit, making it wetter. "Mmm," she moans as she keeps squirting milk from her udders.

Mike and Larry speak in unison, "Taylor, you're ready."

"For the Onlyfans stream?" Taylor asks.

"No, you have a much higher purpose, but for now, you must make yourself worthy of our masters. Onlyfans is a part of the process," says Larry and Mike.

"That sounds delightful! I can't wait for what the future holds for me! Being a woman is so much more fun!" Taylor keeps milking herself as the milk puddle around her grows.

Simultaneously, Taylor's father has started discovering his feminine side, and so does his neighbor. Women are turning into a helping hand in their man's self-discovery as they're much easier to brainwash and become a part of the legion. When a man experiences his first female orgasm, he never denies a second one. It's only a matter of time until the entire world is filled with big-titted curvy bimbos begging their forthcoming masters for salvation.

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