



Things in my life changed a few weeks ago. I'd been minding my own business, enjoying my time at a club with some friends. I'd gone off to the bathroom and was in the middle of taking a piss when this young skinny guy came from behind, pulled down my pants and bit me on the ass. He didn't break the skin or anything, but he did leave a lot of saliva. I shoved him hard against the wall threatening him, he just grinned as I walked out of the bathroom and back to my friends.

Since that night things have gotten strange. It started with my Instagram feed being filled with a plethora of shirtless guys. While I am not homophobic, it freaked me out because that's not something I'm into myself. Later on in the week, a shipment of clothes sizes that wouldn't fit me showed up. I didn't even remember ordering this stuff. By the weekend, some of my favorite clothes went missing. I found them in the dumpster later that weekend. My phone started sending me notifications when I'd drive by gay bars like I'd been there before. The final straw for me was when I woke up the next morning to jizz all over my sheets. Fed up, I set up cameras in my room to figure out what was happening.

The morning after filming myself, I sat dumbfounded staring at my screen. Nothing happened the first few hours as I slept, but when the clock struck midnight; my body sits up like someone rising from the dead. It turns and looks at the cameras with a smile and crawls toward it. It then picks it up and walks it turns it to face the chair in my room. My body sits down, gives me a wink, strips and then sits down staring into my soul.



For ten seconds nothing happened and then, the muscles start to shrink as my body crawled closer, hours of gym time vanishing in seconds as my body gets thinner. Horrified I can't stop watching as it stares into the camera. I watch the tattoo on my shoulder fade away. Things start speeding up through the video as this version of me starts to jack off. The face in the video getting younger, biting its lip as it gives me a wink.



Fifteen minutes later and it's done. There's a skinny, hairless, young, pretty boy staring back at me through the screen. I shut off the video afraid to see what else I might've done. "What happened to me?" I whisper horrified by what I saw. I pretended like I

never watch myself transform into a twink telling myself that I'd dreamt it up. Denying it was probably the worst thing I could've done. Things got worse after that. I woke up the next morning with my ass feeling sore. Scared I checked myself out in the mirror when I noticed something dangling from my backside. I wasn't prepared to find that used condom stuck in my cheeks.

I turned to the internet for help, but kept getting diverted to weird pages of guys talking about a were-twink. Things were getting strange. I would wake up in the middle of a work like I'd fallen asleep only to see an app like Grindr open on my phone with ten or so guys talking to me. I was scared and thought about seeking help. At random times I would start talking with a lisp or make my wrists go limp when I was telling a story. It nearly got me in trouble with HR. Going to the gym only made things worse as I self-consciously started checking out guys there hoping I wouldn't turn in front of them.

I tried to deny what was happening to me until one night I awoke during my transformation. I walked to the mirror and stared at myself as I underwent my transformation. It was real, I was truly becoming the were-twink. I had to stand there watching my pecs deflate, my defined abs slipping away until their barely showed. I lifted up my arm flexing it only to see the bicep look puny and small. "No! No!" I started to yell at my reflection as my young cute boyish face took over my once rugged mug. Then a strange feeling hit me. Instinctively I bit my lip and licked my lips. I was hungry, very very hungry. I wanted something, but I wasn't sure of it at that moment. This new desire was taking over and I was partially scared and thrilled by what was going to happen.

My thin young body searched for the clothes it'd been ordering. The ones I'd secretly hid in the back of my closet. I dressed myself trying to make myself look cute and vulnerable. I was on autopilot as I went out on the prowl making my way to the gay bars downtown. I'm not sure how I managed it, but I talked my way into the clubs. Each once was filled with plenty of men looking to have fun with me. The straight part of my mind wanted to stop this, begging me to not do this as I walked up to men without hesitation, kissing them. It was a new experience as I found myself getting hard from the touch of a man.

It didn't take long until I found one who took me back to his car where he pulled down both our pants and tried to tell me it would be alright. My mind went blank for a little bit, but I would come to every few thrusts watching our reflection in the rear-view mirror as I bounced on his cock. I couldn't stop myself from kissing him goodbye. I still felt like I was missing something. I hit up a few more bars, letting men buy me drinks and such while finding a few guys to play with. After a while I grew bored and opted to hit up one of the straight bars.

It was different here. I was more on edge watching guys pass by. I felt like an animal looking for its prey as I watched men dancing with different girls. I spotted a few bro type guys hanging out with each other. I licked my lips and waited for one of them to stray from their herd of testosterone. He went to the bathroom and I followed. I had no intentions of hurting him. I knew exactly what was about to happen. I needed to spread this curse. The world needed more twink like me in it. I stopped standing behind him, the twink side of my mind was giving me the choice. Keep it to myself, or spread the joy. He was a little drunk and had to hold on to the wall as he peed. Silently I strolled up behind him pulling down his pants with a quick tug. He barely registered what had happened before I was biting his tush. I didn't break skin, but I left my saliva as I gave it a lick. He fell over spraying himself with pee as I quickly snuck away, proud of myself for choosing someone to pass this onto.

I woke up the next morning with a note from myself pinned to my pajamas. It recounted the details of last night and I knew I'd left this for myself as a reminder. It was the trigger I'd needed to remember everything I'd done over the past month. All the late-night ordering of clothes, all the drive bys of the gay bars. All the lude dancing. I sat there stunned by the fact that I actually liked it when I turned into a twink. I grinned while pulling out my phone, searching Grindr, excited to find some new guys to play with before work, wondering if I'd find the guy I bit last night on here in the next few days.