

Warning: This one is all about big weird swaps and reality manipulations. It contains boobs, tits and other mammaries, institutional femdom, greek statues, slutty boys, fashionable chastity, alternate histories in the making, cunt-boy x futa, marathon fucking, celebrity m-preg, work place drama, explosions, horse cocks (girls with), cultural feminization, slutty boys, in medias res, and a girl (whose expressed worldview is not that of the author) getting rewarded for bad behavior. Enjoy.

The Device: Media Bias
- A Smutty Fiction -
By Razmagurk

I looked out into the world I had created and I frowned.

Why was it so hard to find a good dick?

I suppose I had no one to blame but myself. I don't think I'd seen a guy with a schlong to be proud of ever since I'd made chastity cages a fashionable underwear choice. The changes seemed to ripple out in weird ways like that.

I sighed and leaned back in my chair, stretching my long slender legs under my desk. The fingers of one hand traced idly over the soft flesh of my breasts and pinched at the stiff ache of my nipples while I looked fruitlessly through this world's pornography.

The throbbing ache between my legs - the hungry horny heat I'd been feeding all night - intensified with each new picture, each new video. The porn itself was hot, sure, but the knowledge that I was responsible for it was all the hotter. It was an inferno threatening to consume me the moment I let it. I don't even know how many times I'd already cum.

I clenched my wandering hand. Not yet. I needed to focus. Dicks. I needed a dick.

Don't get me wrong, there were still lots of hard dicks out there, but they were all on women. It had gotten to the point where a girl not wearing a strap-on was considered an exotic fetish. I'd made cute buxom guys getting their skirts raised and their slutty little holes pounded the foundation of north-american cinema and the truest expression of romance, but I'd made men too soft in the process. For what I had in mind next I needed a real slab of meat. Something to be proud of.

I bit my lip as I flipped back to the Aphrodite of Knidos.

I'd never heard of it before tonight, but apparently it was seminal. One of the earliest and most widely copied works of its kind. If ever there was a statue to swap, this was it. I just needed a dick to give her. Something big, something salacious, something that would bulge obscenely at the very fabric of history. My hand found its way back to my breast.

I closed down Pornhub. This was getting me nowhere. I'd swapped too much of it into the mainstream. All I could find on it now were tender romantic exchanges and crazy explosions. There had to be a better way.

I frowned. I mean there *was* a better way. I just didn't like it.

I looked down at the massive horsecock jutting out lewdly between my legs. I hated the notion of giving it up. Of all the dicks I'd had, this had been my favorite, but I just didn't have the patience to look any longer. I was so close.

I reached both hands around it and gave it a few powerful strokes to make sure it was as hard and presentable as it could be. This wasn't strictly speaking necessary - It was already rock hard and oozing thick globs of aromatic precum as it nestled warmly between my milky tits - but I couldn't resist.

I gave it one final kiss goodbye and fired the device.

The lights flashed and the electric smell of smoke filled the air. I dropped the scalding metal box to the ground and shook out my burnt hand. It started to singe the fabric of my carpet. The farther back I went the hotter it got, much like my arousal. That had been the hottest one yet.

The statue's demure attempts to hide her nudity were now complicated by the presence of a forearm-sized slab of prized stallion meat and two baseball sized testicles, perfectly rendered in lifelike marble. I couldn't stop grinning.

Statues throughout history followed suit.

She had been the epitome of female grace and beauty, a cornerstone of the classical era. All the figures and movements that came after - depictions of Aphrodite and idealized women through the entire ancient period and beyond - all now changed to reflect the enormous equine appendage I had given her.

The Venus de Milo, the Birth of Venus, a thousand lesser known works and all that they had inspired - the very idea of feminine beauty itself - all cowed to my perverted whim.

I sat back, my hand buried hungrily in my new pussy, capitalizing on the euphoric rush of power. I thought I'd been horny with that horse cock, but shit, this new sex was like playing with a live wire.

Maybe stealing the vagina of a sex goddess wasn't such a great idea after all.

I let out a low groan as I edged closer and closer to toe-curling brain-frying orgasm. Overwhelming pleasure wracked my body with even the faintest of caresses, and I was long past the point of being gentle. My other hand itself massaging my tits, a string-plucked accompaniment to the rapturous choir emanating from the heavenly folds of my new, divinely perfect pussy.

No. I bit my lip and pulled my hands away. It was the fall from paradise. I whimpered in frustration. No. No! I couldn't just give into my lust. Not yet. No matter how much I wanted to just frig my brains out, no matter how much I wanted to find one of this world's cute slutty boys and fuck well beyond the point where we could fuck no longer, there would be time for that later. I still had work to do.

I looked at my list. The Farnes Hercules was next. Maybe if I looked hard enough, I could still find a statuette of one of those lewd anime traps to swap it with. Then I could throw in the horniest looking tits I could find. The perfect icon of the new masculinity.

My pussy throbbed at the thought.

I blinked and looked again. My list, that had once seemed so impossibly long, was now almost complete. I'd come so far in such a short period of time; I'd changed so much.

It was almost enough to make me forget how this had all started. It felt so distant. I'd been so petty then. I had been this powerless nobody. God, I had been so angry.

Every day it was the same thing. Overworked in a job I'd come to despise, navigating a toxic work environment, failing to get ahead. I hated it.

I'd spent years thinking that something needed to change, but nothing ever did. Little did I know.

Can you blame me for going as far as I had? For letting things get a little out of hand? My life sucked. I was tired of always being shat on, of being looked down upon. You give me a chance to get out of that - to let off a bit of steam and to get some revenge? I'm going to take it.

I couldn't have imagined when it all started though, that it would all end like this.

It was Friday. I was trying to keep myself from crying. I had been passed over for promotion yet again.

This time had been the worst. This time they'd given it to Karen.

As the only other woman at the office, Karen was the closest thing I had to a friend. We were supposed to be in it together. Kaitlin and Karen: the office's star duo. For years we'd slaved away at our shitty jobs, helping each other when we could. We'd been through so much together. And this is how she repaid me?

It was obvious what was happening. We were both equally qualified, but she was the one with the slim figure and the daring bustline. I fumed at the memory of her dipping out for private meetings with the boss. I'd pretended not to know what was going on. I'd tried to give her the benefit of the doubt, but this just confirmed it. Sluts like her gave women a bad name.

I was furious, but furious was good. Anger didn't count as weakness.

The subway ride home, however, was long, and anger burns fast. I could feel the grief and the anguish pushing its way into the corners of my perception, I could feel the lump in my throat and the hitch in my breath as the betrayal hit home. Don't cry. Just don't cry. Not here. Not now. Not over this.

I looked down at the box in my hands. I don't know who it had been intended for or why it had been just sitting there unattended in the foyer as I had tried not to storm out. I don't know why I grabbed it, I... I wasn't thinking. I'd had half a mind to smash it in a fit of impotent rebellion but I'd chickened out at the last minute.

It was still sitting in my lap now as the subway jostled and thumped and dark thoughts echoed through my soul. If ever there was a time for a distraction, this was it.

The thing inside... that device. It'll haunt me to the day I die. A small black cube with exposed wires, flashing lights and a big shiny black button. It looked so harmless, so stupid. I suppose so does a bomb until it goes off.

I skimmed through the accompanying letter, my brain taking in none of it. There was a lot of technical jargon about new models, intuitive interfaces, and test scenarios. Honestly it seemed more like a children's toy than anything else. I set the papers aside and pressed the button experimentally. The lights flashed and there was a noise like someone ripping a jacob's ladder in half. Then... nothing.

The subway hit a bump. Opposite me, the sickeningly sweet couple standing in the center of the aisle shifted. The guy had his hand on the bar and the girl, jostled by the sudden movement, was leaning on him.

Except, no. That wasn't quite right.

I looked again. The girl's head, with her long flowing hair and her pink pouty lip gloss and her overdone eyeshadow, was sitting on top of her boyfriend's body! He... she... shifted her weight as her masculine body adopted a more feminine pose. The girl clinging to him now bore the short hair and chiseled jaw and rugged stubble that had once sat so proudly atop that handsome body.

My ears went red in surprise. I tried not to jump. What the hell was going on? Had I done that? I looked down at the weird device and pressed it again. The lights flashed and that noise dug into me, rattling my teeth even above the din of the subway. The thing hot in my hand.

To my left, a businessman standing under an advertisement for Hawaii tourism was now wearing a green string bikini, his enormous breasts swaying and jiggling softly with each little bump. Behind him, on the picture of a sandy beach, a model was reclining in the sun in her business suit.

I waited for the scream. I waited for him to look down and realize what was happening, for the other passengers to question the impossibility of this scantily clad commuter. Instead, he looked down at his lack of watch, then asked the woman sitting nearby if she had the time.

The couple opposite me kissed. The now petite boyfriend wrapping his delicate arms tighter around his beaux. No one seemed to realize that anything was amiss. No one but me.

Holy shit. A wide grin crossed my face. I looked back down at the box. What the hell was this thing?

I was reeling from the rush of sudden power. My head swam with possibility, with potential. For the first time in my life I was in control. I needed to see what it could do.

Things... may have gotten out of hand.

By the time the train got to my station there wasn't a single passenger left unchanged. They had become sacrifices to the scientific method and to my own capricious whims. Honestly though? It was probably for the best. That guy looked better in a bikini than he had in that frumpy old suit anyhow.

Shit, the idea had me going in a way I'd never felt before. What a rush.

I pushed my way through the doors into the mall. It was noisy and crowded but it was the fastest way home. Normally I hated the mash of people. Today, I secretly cheered the target-rich environment. My hands itched.

Where did I want to start?

There was a little magazine store done up to look like an old timey news stand. I stopped in my tracks as the happy faces of photoshopped models stared back at me from the racks.

I'd seen them all my life. All these beautiful women that pervaded society, all these girls that everyone seemed to love, always vacuously smiling from behind photographs, judging me with their unblinking eyes, drilling into me the notion that no matter how hard I worked I lacked the good looks to get ahead in life, that no matter what I did I was never going to be good enough. Today it stung extra hard.

Would I have gotten the job if I'd have shown more skin? If I'd dressed better? If I had been a pretty little doll like Karen?

My fist shook.

The worst part was the envy, the jealousy. I hated them. I hated them so much, but I couldn't help but want to be what they were - what they pretended to be. I hated myself for wanting that.

I grabbed one of the magazines. The cover was advertising some designer brand's new fashion line. I looked down at what I was wearing. I frowned. I had enough fashion sense to get by - a girl's got to - but I'd always dismissed it as frivolous. In my youth I had insisted it was a waste of time, unnecessary for those willing to do the work. My naivety had been a defense against the sting of my own inability. I couldn't be judged for my failure if I never tried. I had clung to that excuse until it was far too late to change my ways.

I swallowed the lump in my throat.

I looked at the ratty business clothes that hung gracelessly from me. They were disheveled from a long day of stress and aggression. These were real clothes, working clothes, clothes that endured years of early mornings and late nights. I had thought them so reliable. They had failed me.

I turned my gaze to the shining beautiful girl on the cover, her perfect body dressed fresh and proud in perfectly fitting clothes that were only good to be worn once. Fine. They wanted me to be one of their barbie dolls? They wanted me to play their stupid game? They'd get it.

I pointed the device and fired.

It was like getting kicked by a train. I flinched, but by the time my body or brain could react, it was already over. There was no slow transformation, no gradual shift. One moment I was me, the next I was someone else.

I looked down at my new skinny body, at the elegant lines and creamy skin beneath my designer clothing. I had to pinch at my soft slender flesh to prove I wasn't dreaming.

I looked back at the magazine, at the model now wearing my body. She had a confident grin even in those ill-fitting clothes, even with that old body of mine. I gritted my teeth. Somehow, she still looked so damn good. In her, my frumpy flabby facade looked curvy, cute and confident. How was she able to look so good when I'd looked so awful?

I threw the magazine down in disgust. She could fucking have it. Let's see how she liked having a body that always ached for no reason and put on weight no matter what I tried. I had something better.

I took stock of my new body. I was so light and thin. I grinned and bounced, giggling in excitement. Even my voice was different. Oh yes, this would be much better! A new me, a new beginning. For the first time in my life I felt beautiful. I couldn't stop smiling.

I browsed through the rest of the stack. Why stop at just this body? I could have the best of the best. Any picture could be ammunition in my war against this shitty world. After a lifetime of getting shat on, I could finally have everything I'd ever wanted.

What was this miracle device? Who had it been intended for? I shook my head. It didn't matter. I had it now. No one saw me take it. Even if they did come after me somehow, well, I'd just have to deal with them.

An ad caught my eye. It was a Calvin Klein model: sexy, powerful, rugged. My grin took a mischievous twist. Let's see how this symbol of virility would look in something a little more comfortable. I fished around the magazines for something fun then pressed the big black button.

The perfect chiseled masculinity of the model was now cut by the slender purple silk of the Victoria's Secret bra and panties he now wore. I doubled over laughing, but my laugh faltered as I realized my breath was catching short.

My heart was pounding. I awkwardly shifted my still unfamiliar weight. Fuck. Was this seriously turning me on?

Hot blood pounded through my veins as my eyes roamed over the lingerie-clad male model. I wondered what he'd look like with the strap of his bra hanging evocatively down one shoulder. I bit my lip, then shook my head.

What the hell was I doing?

It had to be the power. This euphoric release of endorphins was just my brain reacting to being in control, right? The girly clothes had nothing to do with it. Could it be that it was just my new body reacting in weird ways? No. I'd been feeling the heat since the subway, hadn't I? I just hadn't been able to piece it together through the maelstrom of emotion assailing my brain.

I shook my head. Power. It had to be. It was a perfectly natural response to feeling truly powerful for the first time. That was all. How naive I had been.

I paid for the magazines and left, trying not to wonder what the overweight salesman would look like in something pink and ruffled.

Then it happened.

It was subtle. I didn't even really notice it at first. It was on one of those center-of-the-aisle billboards that cycled through a half-dozen ads. I only just caught it out of the corner of my eye as I walked past. I actually had to stop and wait for it to cycle back through, just so I could prove to myself I wasn't crazy.

It was a Calvin Klein ad. Similar to, but distinctly different from, the one in the magazine, and yet the rugged cut of the model's sculpted, athletic form was draped with the same Victoria's Secret bra and panties I'd swapped in the other ad.

My heart pounded.

I glanced around. Had anyone else noticed this? No. They were carrying on as though everything were normal. I, the flustered pervert girl ogling the sexy crossdressing underwear model was drawing more attention than it.

Heat flushed through me as I turned away. I needed to see this for myself. There was a male underwear store not too far from here. They were a rarity, but the gauche exaggeration of the synthetic bulges on display had burnt themselves into my memory. I was pretty sure they stuffed the damn things with socks to boost sales.

Today though - to my absolute delight - one of them was wearing lacey panties instead.

It wasn't just the ad that had changed. It was... well, not all underwear, but all instances of that underwear? That product?

Oh my god. I blushed in surprise as a hunky look guy came out with a dark purple bra under his white button-up shirt. It wasn't just that people were oblivious to the changes - somehow, in making the ad normal, the device had made its existence a normal part of real life.

What if I had gone further? Could I make guys go around wearing thongs? Bondage gear? Nothing at all? Small petty dreams danced in my head. My breath was hot and heavy. I had discovered perverted things about myself the likes of which I had never dreamed and now I could make those fantasies real.

I clutched the little box protectively to my chest as I fled the mall, gears turning and ideas forming in my increasingly horny brain.

I tried to act natural, but some part of me was still terrified that the veneer of normality was just that, that the bubble of unawareness would suddenly burst and that all I'd done would catch up to me. I could just picture some little-girl bodied cop chasing me through the mall while the head-swapped couple and bikini-clad businessman from the train looked on stunned.

I laughed. You know what? It was almost enough to make me forget I'd been passed over for promotion. Almost.

I looked down at my phone. I had three missed calls from Karen and a slew of texts. I put it away without reading them. I would deal with that bitch soon enough.

Everyone I saw was a potential target. What would happen if I swapped that father with his baby girl? What would happen if I swapped that graffiti artist with the mural she was defacing? I resisted the urge. There'd be plenty of time for this later. If I stopped to swap people now, I'd never get home and tonight? Tonight, I had *plans*.

I stood in the hallway of my shitty apartment building; key turned in the lock. The darkness beyond was a cramped moldy mess. Both my roommate and I hated cleaning and between the faltering repairs and our own self-interests we had long since abandoned the common space to its squalor. We had had hopes for this place once. We were going to make it our own. I guess that had become a little too true.

I took out one of the home and lifestyle magazines I'd bought earlier and flipped through it, holding each page up to the door and imagining how it would look in the flesh. In the end I decided to keep it simple: a clean, fresh and open space in sharp contrast to the cramped mess we had now.

I fired.

The image of my old trashed apartment - garbage, junk and all - was now displayed in the magazine as the latest trend in modern living. I laughed as I imagined rich homeowners spewing junk around to keep up with the new style. Well, at least other people who had given up on their homes could feel a little better about the way it looked.

I opened the door and stepped into my stunning new apartment. It was spacious, stylishly furnished and most importantly, clean. I twirled in delight as I moved through the new space.

Somehow it extended impossibly outwards, the open-concept kitchen pushing further than the building should have had room. Had the building grown larger to accommodate? Or did this one apartment now just jut into street? Maybe it was just bigger on the inside. I didn't care. I ran a hand along the elegant wood of the fixtures and basked in the stunningly soft couches. What mattered was that for once I got to have nice things. This was mine.

But now was no time to get comfy, not yet. I still had work to do.

I was a little surprised when I walked into my room and saw that it was exactly the same. I must have only ended up swapping the common room and not the whole apartment. I made a mental note to go through and swap the bathroom later.

It was probably for the best. This is where I kept all my stuff.

I sat down at my computer and booted it up. My toe tapped anxiously as it crawled to life. I looked out the window at the cars driving past below. I wondered what would happen if I swapped the speed of my computer with the speed of a car.

Before I could indulge my curiosity though, my computer chimed to let me know it was ready. I put down the device. Maybe next time.

It was time to get to work

I pulled open my social media feed. It was the same banal crap I saw every day. I couldn't remember the last time I'd ever cared about any of these people, though that did little to stop me from constantly comparing myself to them. It all seemed so small now.

I browsed through my online acquaintances, wondering who to add to my list, but none of these nobodies were worth my ire.

I stopped at Karen. My breath caught. Okay, that slut was. I looked down at the messages she left on the phone. She was trying to apologizing that she had gotten the job instead of me, trying to console me, trying to do damage control.

She had posted a picture of herself grinning while drinking wine from the bottle with her arm wrapped around the office hunk, Kevin Jones. The caption read "TGIF - Out celebrating my new promotion!" I fumed. She didn't look very sorry to me. I quickly pulled open Pornhub and swapped the bottle Karen was holding to her mouth with a huge black dildo. I giggled as I read the top comment - "Looks like someone's in for a fun weekend!"

In the background of my computer, the poor girl in the porn was now getting her ass fucked by a wine bottle.

Okay. That was a start.

I pulled open my boss's page. As much as I hated Karen for her betrayal, it was that fat fuck who had chosen her over me. And why? Because she had bigger tits? Because she showed more skin? What had really happened in those private meetings?

My boss was one of those people who played like he was everyone's friend, always chummy, always making those terrible jokes and expecting everyone to play along. He was always so... physical, so close. He was a total pig. I'd seen him staring down my shirt one too many times but I could never make it stick.

I grinned. He wanted to stare at tits so bad? I'd give him tits to stare at.

Finding a good picture of him was easy. I wanted to get him young - a smiling teen fresh out of high school. He was as pudgy and gross then as he was today. The hard part was finding a pair of boobs to do him justice. There were just so many options. Each pair I looked at I put aside for an even more massive rack. I'd leave him with a set of whoppers so big you could crush beer cans with them, specially chosen for the way their dark tone contrasted with his pasty skin.

I felt a little bad for the porn star I was dooming to his gross pasty man-boobs, but you can't make an omelet without swapping a few eggs. The device fired.

I cycled forward in his timeline, laughing as every picture of him thereafter featured those enormous flopping melons bulging out from under those garishly-colored dress-shirts he wore. Somehow, they managed to stand out even above his fat belly. His thumb sized nipples seemed a constant advertisement for his lack of support. That would serve that fucker right for passing me over in favor of that bitch.

Which brings us back to the job.

I looked down at the device. What did I want to do about the job? With this thing I could easily get my promotion back. Hell, I could... I dunno, turn Karen into a bug or something. Get rid of her for good. But no. I sighed as I looked at her profile picture. She hadn't quite earned that.

Did I really want to use this device to for that job? I'd still be stuck dealing with all those shitty people day and day out. I'd been working my butt off for it for years and now it just seemed like such a small consolation. Had I really been wasting my life on this? I could have anything. I could have everything. Frankly, this job was beneath me.

I'd swap jobs with my boss instead. With tits like those I'm sure he'd be climbing the corporate ladder again in no time.

I grinned as I swapped our positions around, LinkedIn page and all. I flipped back over to his Facebook to see a new post complaining about being denied the chance for advancement again. He was much more civil about it than I would have been.

Was that really enough though? All I had done was put him in my position. I wanted him punished. I wanted him to suffer.

He was going to hire based on looks? He was going to make women sleep with him to get ahead? I'd show him what it was like in a world where people looked at you that way. Never respecting you for who you were, just what kind of perverse favors you can offer.

I would turn him into the kind of slut who had to sleep with his boss for a promotion. I would make him the woman no one would respect.

I dug through the internet looking for the biggest, fakest looking bimbos I could find. Big tits, huge lips, dumb vacant eyes. I was ready to swap all the worst of those traits on him one by one until his social media feed looked like a Barbie catalogue, but I stopped. No one would even notice, would they? No one would care. They'd still treat him as though nothing were different, right?

Could I - could I just tell the device to swap how people reacted to him? It was such an ephemeral concept I didn't know if it would be able to handle it. I pulled up a video of a some top-tier bimbo gutterslut and prayed that it would work.

There was that noise and the heat as I fired, but nothing happened.

Maybe that was expecting too much? I took a look at his latest few posts. I was about to try something else when I saw the comments. Instead of getting consoled about his lack of a promotion he was receiving a string of lewd solicitations from strange men telling him what a whore he was, and what they'd liked to do with those slutty lips of his. I balked at the sheer filth of the things they were saying.

I let out a hot breath.

I looked back over at the comments in the porno. There were far fewer of them, but at least they seemed to be treating her like a person. I secretly wondered if I'd ruined this poor girl's porn career, but you know what? Let her have some respect for once. She deserved it.

I looked back at Karen, at that half-cocked smile in her profile picture. What did I want to do to Karen? Did I want to do the same thing to her? Make everybody treat her like the slut she was?

No. My grin turned cruel. No, I could do much worse. She thought she could betray me? I'd show her what betrayal felt like. I would take everything from her. Her promotion, her figure, her beauty. I'd make her pain echo my own. I'd make her think that she'd been passed over by someone who had slept for it, someone more beautiful, someone who didn't deserve it. That would be hitting her where it hurt.

I froze as I saw a picture of us together. It had only been last month. We were at the bar together after work, commiserating over all the bullshit we had to put up with. She had been my friend. She was at that bar right now, celebrating one of the greatest moments of her life.

Did I really want to do this? What did this stupid job matter now?

I could forgive her. I could help her - make it so that she'd never have to put up with the petty advances of perverted men again. We were in it together, weren't we?

My heart pounded, a martial beat to match the raging war of my emotions.

No. She had hurt me. I couldn't let that happen ever again. She needed to pay. She needed to suffer. Forgiveness be damned.

I tore into her. I ripped away her attractiveness bit by bit. Never again would she be able to get by with a wink and a smile. Never again would she have an easy time in life because of her slim figure or soft shapely breasts. Finally, I swapped her career with my former boss. I had left her where I had been. Let her stew in the well of misery I had fallen into. Let her know how I had felt.

I swallowed the anguish in my throat. I had wanted vindication but all I felt was cold and mirthless. That bitch was still smiling back at me from the photo.

I heard the jingle of keys. My roommate was home. I shook my head and wiped the tears in my eyes. Good. I needed a diversion.

My roommate was... well, I guess you could say that Kyle and I were a little more than just roommates. We had history, for better or for worse. On-again off-again was a good way of putting it. Currently very much off-again.

We'd hooked up when I was young and naive and I thought I could change him. I'd stayed with him because - frankly - he was hot and he had the biggest goddamn dick. After that it had just been easier to be together than apart. He said we were fuck buddies, I said it was shit like that that kept us from being more. I know it wasn't a good relationship but it was what it was. He was an asshole, but I got horny sometimes too.

I was mad at him. I was often mad at him. I didn't even remember why any more. It didn't matter. What did matter was that with all his years of bullshit, he'd made my list and I had just the thing in store.

Kyle was one of those chokingly masculine manly men. He was a philandering muscle head with daddy issues who thought his dick made him god's gift to women. He'd be right if he knew how to use it. He was the complete alpha-male douchebag package.

His story would be tragic if he wasn't so unsympathetic. His poor mother didn't know what to do with him after his dad ran out on them so he'd practically been raised on 90s action movies. He had these huge posters up on his wall of Terminator and Bond and James Dean. He idolized that stuff like no one else.

I wanted to see how badly I could mess with him.

I pulled up one of the posters online. Swartzineger. Terminator 2. I fired. The iconic form of the T-800 on his bike in his leather jacket gave way to the waifish body of a beauty-pageant winning bikini model with especially huge tits.

I smirked. The heat of arousal - no longer restrained by the emotional dam of my dramatic angst - washed back through me with a vengeance.

Would that be enough?

I pulled up a clip of the movie itself. To my surprise, my change to the poster had spread out into the movie itself. It was surreal. I bit my lip, trying to hold it together as this bimbo-bodied Arnold delivered all his badass lines.

Still. Something was missing.

I turned back to the footage of the beauty pageant where a muscular girl in a leather jacket and jeans was trying to win a bikini contest. She wasn't doing as bad as I'd have expected. Despite her changed form, she was surprisingly elegant. Arnold could learn a thing or two from her.

I fired.

The terminator's badass walk was now a sultry graceful strut, feminine and sexy even as explosions went off around him. I couldn't stop laughing at how seriously everyone was taking this girlish waif of an action star. The movie had become a parody of itself. She even had her pinky raised as she poured lead out of that minigun, her boobs jiggling with each shot fired.

One hand crept below my panties as I dove in to do the same for the others.

Neo's ability to dodge bullets was now complicated by the pendulous wobbling of his enormous, scarcely contained tits. Jon McClain was crawling around in air-vents in a sheer lace teddy. James Bond had become sexier than any Bond girl. By the time I was done, the beauty-pageant I'd been using for ammunition was starting to look more like a weight lifting competition.

I snickered as I slipped through the nice clean living room, device in hand. I couldn't wait to see the results. I knocked on his door.

I stumbled back in surprise when I saw the creature that answered. The six-foot macho hunk I'd grown to hate was gone. In his place was something lithe and sensuous with the almost-feminine features of a heart-throb pretty boy. My heart did just that.

He stood there impatiently with the door open, hip cocked out coquettishly to the side and chest pressed forward, giving me a view of the enormous breasts beneath his low-cut school-girl blouse.

I think my jaw actually dropped.

"Uh." he looked around confused. "Is everything okay?"

"K-kyle?"

"Yes?"

"What on earth are you wearing?" I blurted

"Oh, do you like it? Doesn't it look just like the one Bond wears in Casino Royale?" His leg raised as he twirled, his tartan miniskirt fluttering around him giving a tantalizing glimpse of the juicy round butt bulging out of his out-of-place boxer-briefs. "I know it's a little cliché but the ladies love it. Why? You've never commented on it before."

"Y-you've got boobs! And - and oh my god, your ass!"

"Oh god, I wish." he giggled. "No, these are just breast forms. The top really doesn't work without them. I have been going the extra mile on the squat rack though." He turned to display his bubble butt, head looking over his shoulder at me as he bounced on his toes and sent it wobbling perkily. "Thanks for noticing."

I was suddenly painfully aware of the simmering arousal which had been building up within me all evening. Seeing pictures, videos, advertisements... It had nothing on actually seeing the changes in the flesh. And what exquisite flesh it was. I had been trying to tell myself that what I was feeling was just a power trip, but there was no denying it anymore. I really did have a thing for feminized men. The perverted things I wanted to do to this poor boy were surprising even me.

"Kaitlin? Are you okay? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Fuck it. I knew what I wanted. And today I was going to have it.

"Do you..." I swallowed. "Do you wanna fuck?"

"Ah-ha!" he laughed. "I knew you wouldn't be able to stay away."

That grin. That sleazy sexy grin of his. I loved and hated that grin in equal measure. He looked so different I'd half forgotten what kind of arrogant asshole I was dealing with. This is why we were never in a serious relationship.

"S-shut up" I said, stepping into his room. The posters of sexy feminine action stars stared down at me conspiratorially.

Kyle wrapped a possessive arm around my waist, pulling me in tighter. I rolled my eyes. He always acted like it was some kind of conquest whenever we fucked, like he had turned me into his private slut and now I couldn't get off with anyone else's dick. I crossed my arms over my chest and gave him a second look over. Was the sex really worth it?

You know what? No. It wasn't. I had too much respect. I didn't have to take that kind of shit from him anymore. I didn't have to take that kind of shit from anyone ever again. Not today. Today I had the power. Today I was going to make him *my* slut for once. I pointed the device down at the bulge in his skirt and fired.

It was an uncomfortably sudden transformation. New sensation played at my brain - an urgent need going off in my limbic system like the ringing of an alarm or the barking of a dog. There was something big and heavy in my pants and it wanted to fuck.

My well-tailored pants had not been designed for an expansion like this. I struggled to get them off as they caught on the rock-hard meat stick bulging out of my panties.

I grabbed a handful of cockflesh as I pulled them and my underwear free. It seemed to strain yearningly in the air in front of me. My breathing grew hot and ragged. Even just gripping the thing sent endorphins flooding through my brain. Shit, no wonder guys were always playing with these things.

I marveled at its heft and weight, swinging it back and forth. I'd never seen it from this angle before. It looked all the bigger on my smaller frame.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Kyle raised an impatient eyebrow as he ditched his ridiculous boxer briefs. "You're acting like you've never seen your own dick before."

I scowled and threw him down onto the bed. He laughed and pulled me down after him.

My heart pounded as the heat of our bodies pressed together. I groaned at the pressure of my cock squeezed against his tight belly. I tried to get it lower, tried to get in position, but it wasn't cooperating.

"What? No foreplay?" he teased. I was always nagging him about that, but let's face it, he was as unlikely to eat me out as I was to suck his dick.

"Shut up" I gasped.

He swept me up as he rolled me over, putting him in a position to grab my hands and pin me while he ran his pouty labia around the thick meaty head of my cock. I groaned at the slippery sensation of his hot sweet sex sliding against the sensitive flesh of my turgid cockhead. I had no idea that thing between my legs could be so powerful. It was so... insistent.

Stroking it with one hand for stability, he lowered himself onto me. It was warm and tight and deep, like a hot velvet glove squeezing tightly at the pleasure center of my brain. I felt like I was going to cum just from that. Then he started fucking me for real. My abs tightened as he began bouncing his hips along the yearning length of my massive member.

I pulled a hand free and started to pluck at one of my stiffening nipples but Kyle brushed my hand aside. He started to lick and nibble at one of my horny nipples while he rolled and squeezed the other breast with his free hand.

My head rolled back. I mewled in need as he ground his wet, salivating hips into my crotch, a fast series of aggressive pumps followed by several slow. Despite the feminine grace of his movements he was being rough and tough, slamming into me with an all-too-masculine passion, seizing control over me, using me for his pleasure.

"You like that, baby?" he grunted.

I growled. No, I did not. How had I let this happen? Wasn't I supposed to be in control here? I rolled over on top of him, spreading his legs as I pulled my dick out of his humping pussy, inch by long inch. I held it up to his clit with one hand and started slapping.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped out.

"Aw you like that, baby?" He tried to squeeze his legs around me, but I pushed them aside. "Maybe if you ask nice, I'll do it again."

"W-what?" there was a coyness to his grin now. Confused but enjoying it.

"You heard me. I'm going to make you beg. I'm going to make you my bitch for once, Kyle."

He laughed. I drove my dick deep inside him, angling it up at the sweet spot of nerves I had found earlier in my own explorations. I was going to wipe that stupid smug grin right off his face.

"Ooh shit!" his eyes went wide, then became half lidded as the pleasure hit him like a tidal wave. I did it again, pounding into him with a rhythm of my own. Kyle had been impatient, concerned only with his own pleasure, but I... I knew how to treat a lady. I knew where to aim.

"Fuck!" he grunted. "Fuck!" I wasn't giving him time to recover, I was keeping him on edge as I racked his body with shuddering bouts of rapture. He tried to buck out a rhythm of his own, but I thwarted his every attempt. He needed to understand that the only pleasure he was going to get was that which I gave him.

"Huh? you like that you little bitch? You like it when I make you *my* fucking slut? How does it feel, bitch? How does it feel to be the one getting fucked for once?"

Kyle laughed again. I slammed my hips into him roughly. The loss of breath sent him gasping. There was a growing impatience in my pace, a rapid rise of intensity and need. I was swiftly approaching a cliff and I had no intention of slowing down.

"You love my big huge dick fucking that sloppy slutty pussy of yours, don't you, Kyle? You love being my girly little bitch? You love the way I fill you up?"

Of course he did. This time he wasn't laughing.

My body tensed up, I could feel something deep and primal surging through me as my rhythm hit a uncontrollable frenzy. Of fuck. Shit. No, not yet! I'd just begun! But I could do nothing to stop myself. All I knew was need and a sharp hot blast of climactic sensation like my brain shorting out.

I bottomed out in Kyle, burying myself as deep in him as a person could go. Blast after blast of hot dripping passion surged through me, the sheer length of my colossal cock carrying it right to his needy hungry womb.

He grinned. Fuck.

I fell onto him as the orgasm subsided to leave a flood of dizzy lethargy and embarrassment in its wake.

"Wow, Kait," he patted my head. I could feel cum oozing inside his cunt around my softening cock. "I don't think I've ever seen you cum so fast."

I looked over at the clock. Less than two minutes. Fuck. I buried my head in his faux-bosom in shame. Why'd he have to be so fucking sexy?

"It's okay baby, it happens to a lot of girls."

No. No, it was not okay. I wasn't about to let this cocky ass win.

I rolled over and grabbed the device and my phone from the bedside table. I pulled up a page of some hunky celebrities and swapped my dick with one of theirs.

I cooed in surprise as I wrapped my hands around the result. It was an entirely different shape - curved and slender but no less long. Most importantly it was hard and ready to go. It felt so powerful. An all-star cock if ever there was one.

"Alright, bitch." I grinned. "Time for round two."

"Huh?"

He squealed in delight as I rolled back on top of him, thrusting home deep.

We fucked for hours. I didn't have to hold back. I didn't have to dance around an edge. I could fuck and fuck and cum and then swap out for a fresh cock.

Kyle screamed out as I pushed him over the edge again and again. Each cock bigger and more virile than the last, each dick harder and hornier and wielded with ever greater skill.

Who ever said guys can't have multiple orgasms?

I sent him spiraling towards the frothing shores at the edge of climax, his eyes rolling up into the back of his head, his whole world a long undulating cry of pleasure. He was close, so close.

"You fucking like that?" I cried.

"Yes! Oh god yes!" he relented! "Make me cum baby, make me cum!"

"What are you?" I yelled, panting from the exertion, gasping from my own need.

"Please, baby!"

"What are you!?"

"I'm your bitch! Your slut! Your cumguzzling whore! I can't live without your perfect cock inside me. Please, just give it to me!"

"That's - ah - fucking right!"

With one final push I sent us both spiraling over the edge, his eyes rolling up into the back of his head as seed poured out of my fat balls like a firehose.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fu~ck!!!" The last one started high and held as a scream, tapering off as the energy drained from him.

"What are you?" I whispered.

"I-I'm your bitch, baby." he blushed.

"Damn straight." I kissed him tenderly on the lips then fell upon his smooth hairless chest. His falsies had disappeared along with his top at some point, though somehow his skirt remained. An orgy's worth of cum surged around my massive log as it started to soften, still buried in his warm tight depths.

"I don't know what's gotten into you," he grinned, "but I should let you do all the work more often."

I glared at him. I had almost forgotten what an ass he was. It was okay - I could fix that.

I made a schlorping sound as I pulled out of him. He grunted at the sudden discomfort.

I fondled my big empty balls with both hands. The length of the horse dick I'd ended up with seemed to have lost some of its charm now that I was half-hard. Pungent pearly seed dripped down every inch of it, further soaking the ill-prepared sheets.

"Holy shit," he gasped. "look at all that cum. I'm gonna get pregnant just looking at that thing! You must have been really backed up. Baby that was amazing."

Oh my god. I fanned at my face with one hand as I tried to shake my fat dripping cock clean. I never knew sex could be so good. No wonder men were such dicks about it. I'd definitely have to try that again sometime.

I smiled warmly down at him. His eyes were half-closed in a daze, rapidly losing the fight against post coital somnolence. Typical.

Something told me that from now on we'd be having a lot more sex. If he begged - I gave my long hard shaft a few good strokes - I'd let the little slut have it.

For now - fun as it had been - it was time to turn back. I pointed the device and fired.

I immediately regretted it. I doubled over in discomfort. I was so bloated from the hot cum sloshing within me that I felt like I was going to burst. It poured out of my aching well-stretched pussy and down my leg as I tried to stand.

Jesus. All these years, I had been yelling at Kyle for going too hard and here I had just run a fucking train on myself with all the biggest cocks I could get my crotch on. I'd be bow-legged for weeks.

Maybe... maybe I'd just stick with the horse cock for now.

In a rare fit of mercy, I gave Kyle his dick back too. I think he'd earned it - He had been a half-decent lay. Chris Hemsworth would just have to keep my sloppy pussy for now.

I stumbled back to my room, my heavy horseballs swinging pendulously between my legs.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I was a complete mess. My new fashionable clothes were in tatters and I was covered in cum. How the hell had I gotten so much of it in my hair? I looked like a whore after a bachelor party. It was just... gross.

I pulled out another one of my fashion magazines and fired. There, now some celebrity could wear the walk of shame look while I was fresh and ready to go.

Legs spread wide to accommodate my fat cock, I sat down at my computer and looked down at the device, still hot in my hand. It was as though I was seeing it for the first time. I just couldn't get the new Kyle out of my head. Seeing my roommate changed like that, it had confirmed one thing: these swaps... they affected people. They influenced whole lives. This was a world where, inexplicably, Arnold Schwarzenegger was a big-titted bikini bimbo and guys had idolized him as this perfect beacon of masculinity all the same.

I stopped dead in my tracks as the ramifications of that hit home. How many lives had I just turned on their head? How many men had I warped to the point of complete unrecognizability? Kyle was probably just the start. Would I be able to change things back?

Did I even want to?

No. No I didn't.

I froze. Was I really even considering this?

I had an ability few people could even dream of. I may not have known who had made the device or how it worked, but I knew it had given me the ability to leave a mark on the world - to change society at large for the better. Let's face it, the world sucked. Now I had the opportunity to make a better one. I couldn't just throw that away. Turn back now? I was just getting started.

Why stop at just Arnold and Bond? Why stop at clothes and behavior? Why be so physical? With this device I could do anything.

Though I'd only just finished a marathon bout of sex, I could feel my pulse quicken at the thought. My nipples grew stiff and my dick stirred. Something within me had tasted blood.

Kyle had been a good start. Having him dressing and moving like that had been one thing, but I wanted to wipe that smug smile off his face once and for all. I wanted it to go deeper. I wanted to change the way he behaved, the way all men behaved.

Kyle and my boss were just symptoms of a greater disease. This whole stupid thing with the promotion had put it all in perspective. This bullshit world was the problem. And I could fix it. I was going to grasp masculinity by the root and pull.

I made a list - a plan.

I pulled up as many of the manliest action movies as I could think of. Predator, Fight Club and Rocky just to start. I gave the leads the most vivacious, hypersexual feminine bodies I could find. Somewhere in the background of my computer, Sylvester Stallone's former body was getting triple teamed by BBC, but I didn't care, what I cared about was the way his naked tits jiggled as he climbed the stairs of the Philadelphia museum of art.

It wasn't enough.

I swapped the way they moved and the clothes they wore. I put Captain America in 6" stiletto heels. I wasn't happy just putting them in women's clothes - I wanted them dressed like the sluts they were. They would be the flagships for my new world.

My cock began to stiffen. It still wasn't enough.

Despite their new bodies, the themes and messages being conveyed were still the same. The violence and the entitlement and the bullshit power games remained. I needed to go deeper. I wanted these things changed utterly. I wanted to scorch the earth

I dug up the girliest movies I could find. Legally blonde, Sixteen Candles, and Mean Girls just to name the most obvious. I had seen more rom-coms than I'd ever care to admit. I started swapping plots. Explosions of fire gave way to flowers. Action gave way to romance. Indiana Jones became Bridget Jones.

As hot as it was, I still wasn't satisfied.

What would this even do? Get men more interested in romance? Hardly the game changer I was looking for.

I wanted a world of weak boys swooning over strong women. I wanted submissive guys in cute skirts begging to be fucked while strong confident women got shit done, and I wasn't going to stop until I got it.

My dick was rock hard now. Its intimidating length nestled snugly between my boobs as musky precum drooled out and soaked through my top. I gave it a few long strokes as I tried to reposition it, but there was no helping it - the only way I could get the damn thing comfortable was to squeeze it between my soft tits.

I turned my attention back to my computer. I needed to start taking more direct measures.

Briefly - briefly - I considered swapping the entire action genre with fem-dom porn, but honestly? That seemed too easy. I settled for swapping it to be the number one search on the internet instead.

If I wanted results I was going to have to reach out and make them happen. I started swapping the roles of the men and women within the narratives. Wherever there was a badass rebellious guy sweeping a submissive damsel off her feet it was now the opposite.

And why stop at action movies? Kung fu movies, spy flicks, the entire superhero genre - they were all part of the problem. I turned the Avengers into Disney princesses.

I stroked my long fleshy shaft with one hand, struggling to extinguish the heat of arousal growing between my legs, but it was like trying to put out a fire with gasoline.

I amped up the sex. Scenes of hardcore pornography became a staple of contemporary cinema. I don't think I left a single popular film that didn't have guys moaning for more as strong women pegged their needy, slutty behinds.

50 Shades of Grey took on a whole new appeal.

I went back further. James Dean, Steve McQueen, Elvis Presley. I tore up the very foundations of masculine cool. I swapped the life of Marlon Brando with that of Marilyn Monroe.

In a fit of particular brilliance, I warped the entire cowboy genre. It was now about busty, twinkly cowboys riding cowgirls cowgirl-style.

With each major change there were more and more side effects. News reports and social media comments warped and swayed with each press of the button. A new world was growing up around me.

It was rough and it was loose and I had no idea where it was going to end, but if I'd wanted precision, I'd be swapping history textbooks. No, I wanted to see the world do its dirty work for me. I wanted to see this new world form around me in jagged chunks, strange around the edges but crackling with erotic potential. A world where I got what I wanted. A world where men had to put up with me staring at their tits for once.

I could have made myself queen, but no, I wanted nothing so crass, nothing so simple. What I wanted was noble and right: hot boys in skirts.

My body shook as I pushed myself over the edge of orgasm. I bit my lip and kept going.

I expanded my criteria. I moved on to other media, other works of art. The smiling stepford husband? Father knew best no longer. The poster boy soldier holding a gun? He now held a very different phallic symbol. American Gothic with tits.

With the internet as my guide I swapped out symbols, genres, movements, whole swaths of culture. All of it now propagating a world where masculinity meant being a demure submissive with slutty tits swooning over any girl with a fast car and a big strapon.

I swapped boxers for cock cages and buttplugs for briefs. Gi Joe and Barbie. Wherever I could find it, blue became pink.

It was a full-on assault on masculinity.

I came again.

It wasn't enough. I didn't just want to change north america, I wanted to change the world.

How far back could I go? I pushed at the limits of the devices power. Hundreds of years? I gave the Vitruvian man tits. Thousands? I swapped my horse cock onto the Aphrodite of Knidos. I turned Hercules into a slutty anime trap.

I looked at my list. I had come so far.

I could smell the smoke coming from the device. It was painful to the touch, but it was worth it. I was so close. The world I'd envisioned - and my own climax - moments from realization.

Before me lay the most ancient of cave art - the earliest recorded media, ready to swap with a doodle of my own design of men serving women.

I worked my hyper-sensitive pussy faster, harder. Climax washing over me as I fired.

But it was too much.

The last thing I remember was the explosion. A wave of force and noise and heat like the spring of reality unwinding, blasting me against the wall. Sharp shards of white-hot metal casing dug into my skin.

I cried out. Through my agony I could see what had to be the core of the device floating hungrily in the air, the world warping and changing at bizarre cross-purposes as malleability spread like a fire around it.

It turned to look at me and I was no more.

Darkness.

I fell forever through darkness.

Had I died? No. That would imply I'd ever really existed in the first place.

I had never been. I never would be.

There was nothing save this eternal moment. The past? The future? They had simply been pleasant dreams. There was only the darkness and the great eternal *now*.

Indistinct voices echoing around me. Close enough to ring in my ears yet an infinity away. I listened but I did not hear.

"Retrieval team Kilo. We've found the woman who ran off with the new model. Tagging location now. She's in bad shape. Looks like the prototype escaped. You want us to erase her memory and start trying to put this place back together?"

"Negative Kilo." the second voice was faint and distant. "This whole timeline's a complete mess. We're pulling out as soon as we can. Get the user fixed up and tagged and we'll keep her and it under observation, but we don't have the manpower right now to be nudging things back on course. She's made her bed, let's let her lie in it."

"What, really? Copy that. Damn shame. She's in pretty bad shape. I might have to pull locally to get her functioning again. You know we really ought to be installing safeties on these things. How many does this make now?"

"Still not enough for you to win the pool. Come on home Frank, we've got a fresh pot brewing. The good stuff."

"Ooh. Copy that. Oscar Mike. Kilo out."

From across the void I could feel something calling out to me. Something familiar. Something irresistible.

The phone rang.

My blissful nonexistence ended. I woke into a world of pain.

I jolted out of my bed, screaming. Memories of torn flesh and broken bones replayed in my mind. I grabbed at my twisted limbs in deft shock. In my half-conscious state I couldn't even tell what I was looking at.

There... there had been an explosion. I ran hands along my skin, searching desperately for the wounds I so clearly, so vividly, remembered.

Nothing.

My head was pounding. I felt like I'd been hit by a truck, but I was uninjured.

The room around me was fine too. No sign of an explosion, no sign of any damage, and no sign of any magic device. I fell back on my bed. Everything seemed smaller than I remembered.

No, I looked down and flexed my hands. I was bigger. I was taller, stronger and... yes - somehow, deep below the pain - hornier than I'd ever been in my life. Some small part of me couldn't help but feel like I had always been like this. Like this was how I belonged. What the hell had happened?

The phone rang again. I answered it more on instinct than anything else.

"Hello?"

"You're in deep shit Kaitlin." the woman's voice was low and powerful. "I don't know what the hell you were thinking, making decisions like that with your cunt and not your goddamn brain. I thought better of you, despite your long and sordid history. I thought you'd finally learned your lesson. But this time you've gone too fucking far."

"Huh? Who is this?"

"Don't play dumb with me, it's Kimberly Michaels."

I snapped to attention.

"You have twenty seconds to explain to me why I shouldn't fire your ass right here and now. Do you have any idea how bad this looks for the company?"

"What?"

"I trusted you to make the right decision on this internal hire and you go and promote this... this bimbo slut? Half the damn company is complaining to HR. I'm suspending you until further notice and you better damn well believe there's going to be an investigation. Don't expect to still have your job when this is all over!"

"You can't do that!"

"I can! This is the third goddamn time I've had to handle serious complaints about you. I told you last time that if it didn't end there'd be action. I don't make idle threats. Look-" a sympathetic sigh broke through her veneer of professional fury. "I know its tempting to hire eye candy to keep around for a quick fuck - trust me we all appreciate having a sweet piece of ass like him around - but this isn't the 1950s. They have to be at least capable of doing the job and not just some ridiculous bimbo joe fuck doll. That's what administrative assistants are for."

"I..."

"I don't want to fucking hear it. Take a few days to clear your head and call your lawyer. I'm going to try to prevent things from getting even further out of hand, but at this rate there *will* be litigation."

"Wait, you have to understand! It wasn't -"

But it was too late. She'd already hung up.

My head swam. The device. Where was it? It had exploded hadn't it? But nothing was missing, nothing was out of place. Had it been real? It must have been. How else could I be... could I be this?

I think it was only then that it really hit me. It had been real. It had all been real. My vision blurred.

The phone rang again. It was Karen. Bileous regret rose up in my throat as I answered.

"Hi Kaitlin."

"Karen!"

"I'm glad I got through to you. I kept trying last night but it was no good. I was worried something might have happened to you. Are you okay?"

Sure enough I had a half-dozen missed calls. I had been so caught up in changing the world I didn't even notice.

"I- yeah, I guess you could say that." I struggled to keep my voice steady. "I'm fine now though." I looked down once again to confirm the lack of shrapnel wounds. "I think."

"Oh, I'm glad! Look," - there was a hitch in her voice - "I just wanted you to know that I don't hold it against you."

"What?"

"The promotion. I thought you might have been avoiding me because you probably think I hold it against you. I mean, does it hurt? Yes. But I understand. You probably have your reasons. When I couldn't get in touch with you yesterday I just... a part of me was worried that you thought I was angry or something."

"You're not angry?"

"I was mad at first, sure." she laughed, "but I think... I think I get it. It was a tough decision. I know everybody thinks that guy's a bimbo skank just because of the way he looks, but you know as well as I do that he works his butt off every day around the office. And its not like we have many men in the company hierarchy, right? I think it was very progressive of you."

"You... you what?"

"Sure, I'm upset I didn't get what I wanted, but I'm happy that it went to someone else who deserved it. The important thing is that I forgive you. We're still friends, right?"

My gut lurched. Oh my god all those awful things I had done to her. She didn't even know; she didn't even realize. She had every reason to hate me even without those things and I had made them so much worse.

Oh my god what had I done? Tears came unbidden to my eyes.

"Karen," I cried, "I'm so sorry!"

"It's fine. Like I said, I forgive you! I'm sure if the positions were reversed, you'd do the same."

"Yeah." I lied. "You're right."

"Great! I'm glad I was able to get through to you. Look, I've got to go. Kevin's waking up so I've got to go get the wine for round two. I'm glad you're okay! We should go get dinner sometime!"

"Y-yeah. I'll talk to you soon."

She hung up. Silence overtook the room.

I sat there staring at the wall, my brain simultaneously firing a mile a minute and not at all. I expected some big emotional reaction, but all I felt was shock.

Finally, the pounding of my head drove me to venture forth.

I poked experimentally at the floor of my new dream living room. It seemed real enough.

I poured myself a drink of water and took some aspirin, I was angry I hadn't upgraded the washroom when I'd had the chance.

The morning news was playing. We didn't normally have a tv. I sat down to watch. It just seemed like the thing to do.

I was having a hard time parsing what I was seeing.

The weatherman was a pretty guy in a yellow sun dress, small and petite but with big creamy breasts wobbling unrestrained beneath the low summery cut of the thin material. The anchor, a tall imposing woman attired much more professionally, eyed him hungrily. Her banter with him had an unabashed sexual dominance to it that he seemed to just eat right up.

"Coming up after the break," the anchor announced, throwing to commercial, "The identity of Chris Hemsworth's baby-daddy revealed? The illicit gay affair no one saw coming." Clips played of the celebrity trying to hide his distended pregnant belly from the paparazzi.

I started flicking through the channels.

Click. Muscular women wearing frumpy work clothes walked down the catwalk, their hair mussed up, their makeup smeared, cum stains dripping down their pants and in their hair. They looked like they'd stopped by a whore house after work.

Click. A petite male bimbo, naked save for the thin strap of his microskirt and the matching pink outline of his chastity cage was giving an oscar-worthy speech while getting his ass ploughed by a strong female superior officer wearing a strapon longer than her arm.

Click. A jockish sorority was planning on sneaking into a frat house and stealing all their pretty pink butt plugs.

Click. An ad for cosmetic surgery to give girls dicks. Hypersensitive lifelike texture so you can feel like the goddess you know you are. Sizes starting as small as 6 inches. Animal variants available.

Click. A girl tanning on a beach in her business suit.

I turned off the tv and let out the breath I didn't realize I'd been holding.

Despite all my changes the world still seemed so staggeringly similar. I had half-expected zeppelins or dinosaur nazis winning world war 2, but the world just kept carrying on, so different and yet so familiar. It was like society didn't even realize it had been changed.

And yet this was a whole new culture wasn't it? Familiar, but alien beyond what I'd intended. I'd been so concerned with trying to topple masculinity I completely failed to notice how it had changed femininity. I'd been so blind. A swap has two sides.

"Kait?" Came a soft sweet voice.

I turned and looked. It was Kyle. Or what remained of him at least.

The Kyle from last night had been one thing, but this bubbling sexpot before me was quite another. I could hardly recognize him beneath the skimpy clothes and the makeup. Two huge jiggling mounds of flesh jutted proudly from his chest, barely restrained behind a brightly colored string-bikini top worn under a gauzy translucent blouse that hung down just below his plentiful ass in a parody of a boyfriend shirt. There was a skirt beneath, but you'd hardly know from how short it was.

Apart from the soft cock dancing below the hem of his skirt, he looked every bit like the kind of vapid slut he was always hitting on.

"Oh my god!" I gawked at him. I tried not to but his boobs were like magnets. "You - You have tits!?" I thought he'd been feminine before, but here was a Kyle with much higher beauty standards.

Every inch of him that had been manly man before, was now girly girl. He was gorgeous. This wasn't just a Kyle who idolized some girly celebrities. This was a Kyle who grew up in a culture of that idealization.

"Wait," I said, scrutinizing his boobs. "Are those things real? I didn't turn you into a woman, did I?"

"Aw, thank you." he set a plate of eggs in front of me and ran a salacious hand over his bouncing pillows. "Best tits money could buy." With a practiced grace he took off his shirt to let the pendulous melons beneath swing free. "But just cause they're fake, doesn't make me any less of a man, sweetie."

"They're fake?"

"Uh, yeah? We can't all be as naturally stacked as Arnold." He giggled. "Or that slutty guy from your office. I got them put in when I was like, 16. Same as most guys, I guess. You like my big pillowy tits, baby?"

"They're great!" I gushed. He blushed. I guess in this world boob job technology had come a long way. "And the skirt..." my eyes drifted down to the thin flippy scrap of silk wrapped around his waist. "It's so... it's so short!"

"Like, duh? How else would you be able to see my big fat naughty butt?"

He spun around and stuck out his juicy round behind, the flimsy excuse for a skirt not even trying to hide his modesty. He wiggled back and forth, his juicy thong-clad ass just begging to be spanked.

"Is everything okay?" he said, looking over his shoulder. "It's not like you to be so sweet."

A muffled grunt was all I could manage. I bit my lip so hard it bled. I thought it had been bad yesterday but it was like I was on a hair trigger.

"Well, if you're enjoying it so much, then how about after breakfast," he grinned that familiar grin of his as he strutted back into the kitchen, eyebrows waggling. "what's say you get your strap-on and you can scramble my eggs?"

I spat out my orange juice. Oh my god. What had I done? I cursed myself for swapping away my dick.

My phone lit up with a notification, a text from some boy I'd never met begging for a booty call.

I pulled open my social media feed. My head swam. Everything was different. People I didn't recognize and activities I'd never heard of. And the porn. The porn was everywhere.

Pictures from last night showed that Karen had put that big black dildo to good use to fuck the now girly-Kevin. Not only was she bragging about it - she'd posted videos. People were liking and sharing. The top comment, which was from her brother, simply read "Totes jealous <3"

Even the tamest of websites seemed festooned with advertisements featuring all-but naked boys, and that's to say nothing of the wild ones.

The man who had been my boss was still kind of pudgy and ugly - even femininity couldn't make him less of a skeezeball - but the clothes he now wore were low cut to show off his garish large tits. He was gloating about his promotion and how it was nice to be taken seriously for once, even as a barrage of comments demanded to see him with his top off on his knees with a face full of cum.

I looked at my own profile in surprise. Was that supposed to be me? Who was this muscular woman in all my photos? She was doing these things I didn't remember, fucking all these guys I'd never seen. My family, my friends... all different.

The phone fell from my hand. My whole life was just... gone.

No, that wasn't quite right, was it? This was a whole new world, but I was the stranger here. I had stolen the life of the me that belonged in this world.

The breath left me.

"You okay?" Kyle wiggled his way back into the room.

"Yeah..." I fell back into the soft plush of the couch. I was dizzy.

"Here," his smile was almost sweet, "I know what always makes you feel better."

I felt hands tugging down my pajama pants and then soft hot breath at my snatch. A shiver shook through me. My legs clamped around Kyle's head as long slow licks of a hot tongue traced a preparatory path around my perfect horny vulva.

"Wh-at are you doing?" I gasped.

"Uh, eating you out?" he giggled. "Why?" he gave a few more muffled licks "Am I doing it wrong? Just pull my hair and push me where you want me to go. You know how much we both love that.

"Oh, fuck!" I rolled my head back as my hands gripped into his soft blonde hair. My eyes crossed in sweet warm delight as I gave myself over to his probing tongue.

This was a whole new world. But you know what?

I screamed out as I came around his face - the first of many orgasms.

I looked out the window into the world I'd created and I smiled.

Maybe life didn't suck so bad after all.

The End.