



Archetypical
- A Genderbendy Short -
By Razmagurk

I don't know how it happened. Maybe it was proof that reality was a simulation, maybe some genie or wizard fucked up some spell, maybe God just got bored. All I know was that I must have been in the right place at the right time.

My body was throbbing. I was lying on the ground. I tried to blink away the halo of sparks in my vision and come to terms with what had just happened. I felt like I'd been struck dead.

There was a vision inside my brain. A woman, tall and perfect like a statue. I could feel myself floating around her, reaching out and touching her, changing her...

What the hell had happened? There was knowledge in my brain, new knowledge, as real as I was. It was digging into my head as surely as any fact. It was telling me that this thing was a function. It was a how. I just didn't know the what or the why.

"Oh, my head."

I looked up to see a woman, rising to her feet just as I was. Not the woman in my head, but similar in a way. She was dressed in a checkered punk skirt and a baggie band hoodie. There was a halo of gold around her head, tinged blue. Another magic, familiar to my own, but somehow its opposite.

"What happened?" I said, as much to myself as to her. Had there been an earthquake? A gas leak? Was that why I was seeing all these lights? But how? We were on the second floor of the mall, this place wasn't anywhere near an earthquake zone.

"You're glowing." The woman said, in much the same bewildered tone. I looked up to see a halo of pink above my own head. That was new.

"You too," I faltered, then kicked myself for not being more suave.

I rose to my knees, intent on giving her a hand, but she didn't need it.

"Yuri," I said, holding out my hand.

"Yvette." She took my hand to return the exchange, but as soon as we made contact the world exploded. Within the shower of sparks around her head I could see a statue of a man, just like the woman in my own.

"What's going on?" I pulled my hand away. "Are you- are you seeing it too?" She had the same look of panic in her eye, the doubt of her sanity.

"I don't know." She put a hand to her head. "I have this vision in my head. It's a man. But it's not a man, it's all men. It's like it's this archetype, this platonic ideal."

"Me too!" I cried. That was the perfect way to describe it. And thank god, because, mad or not, that meant I wasn't alone.

"I don't think I quite understand, but I feel like... I can change it? It wants me to change it. It's silly. God, it's so silly." She closed her eyes and concentrated. "I want to see what will happen."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm giving it high heels."

I shot up four inches.

“Uh.”

I bent a knee and twisted, trying to get a better look at what was on my foot. My Nike runners now featured a rugged four-inch wedge. It was a little like a riding boot, but tall beyond the point of practicality.

“Holy shit.” The girl’s brown eyes glowed a dazzling sapphire blue.

“What did you do?”

She ran over to the railing that looked down on the mall courtyard below. “Look!” she pointed at the sports store. All of the men’s shoes on display now featured a prominent heel. They were still all recognizably men’s shoes, but the shortest was at least three inches. There wasn’t a flat in sight. It wasn’t just the store. Now that I knew what to look for, everybody walking around was in the same boat. All the men were wearing high heels. Some rather extremely so.

I gawked at the ads. They were playing up the rugged sporty nature of the things. Athletes with six-inch heels striding across fields. ‘The higher the heel, the manlier the man,’ one read. What the fuck?

“I was right!” Yvette laughed. “It is the platonic ideal. Somehow, whatever this is... it changes the very nature of manhood to fit.”

I blinked as I let that sink in. I shifted my weight from one foot to another, unaccustomed to how toe-oriented my shoes now were.

“Wait, hold on.” I held up a hand. “Let me try.”

I closed my eyes and visualized that ideal woman. I could see her with high heels. I focused on them, willing them gone. The statue shifted and changed, responding to my will and intent better than any brush or program ever could.

I could feel the changes happening like strings tugging at my body. I could feel how things were now different, how high heels never made the leap into women’s fashion, how they had always been signs of masculinity and status, all the more so in our hyper-masculine contemporary society.

When I opened my eyes, Yvette was standing two inches shorter. I rush back over to the railing to look down. Now the women’s stores were advertising exclusively flats. They were still women’s shoes, still cute and fancy and probably overpriced, but it seemed heels were now exclusively the domain of the masculine.

What a rush. My heart pounded.

“Well,” Yvette said, putting a hand on her hip as she inspected her shoes. “I’ll be honest, I kind of liked heels, but they’re more trouble than they’re worth.” She winked. “You boys can have them. You look good with a bit of height.”

I flushed at the attention. Was she hitting on me? Wow. With everything going on I hadn't had a chance to really get a good look at her. She looked good! She had a kind of undersold punk vibe going on and an undeniable intensity to her, but maybe that was just the magical glow.

"I uh - thanks?" Shit, what should I say next? I clammed up. I had never been good at talking with girls. I had no idea how to take the compliment. She liked the way I looked in these?

I took a few experimental steps to get a feel for them. They were different, that was for sure. I had to be very steady. Was this something I could get used to? Was this something I'd have to get used to? How long were things going to be like this? As the awkward glow of her compliment started to fade, I found myself frowning. I felt like I'd been tricked.

"Hang on." I held up a finger. "They *are* trouble, aren't they? And now guys are stuck with them? Doesn't that make this whole thing... unfair? I feel like I need to something to balance that out."

"Balance it out?"

"Yeah, like, you made things more inconvenient for men, so shouldn't I do the same to women?"

"Is this a competition all of a sudden?" She crossed her arms over her chest. "What are you thinking?"

"I don't know..." I pondered the possibilities. Whatever this thing was, it was calling out to me to make a change, whatever that was. "Like I could make your boobs bigger or something?"

"Seriously!?"

I closed my eyes again and reached for the statue. I willed its modest bosom bigger, fuller, adding not one but two cup sizes. I could feel the changes vibrating like the humming of a guitar string in my ear, reaching back into the past to make a world where larger breasts had been selected for, where some primitive ancestor's neurons fired strongest for the mate with the biggest breasts.

"Men." Yvette rubbed at the bridge of her nose as she looked down at her now broader chest, the material of her shirt expanded to fit her now hefty cups. "All the power in the world and that's what you come up with?" She bounced on her toes experimentally, sending her new mounds shaking in front of her.

"Oh?" I raised an eyebrow mischievously. "You want to go bigger?"

I mentally added a whole extra cup size, all of history altering yet again. Large breasts surviving genetic bottlenecks, large breasts providing bountiful milk to offspring, large breasts getting dicked down and bred.

"I don't believe this." Yvette sighed. "Fucking really?" She grabbed her now enormous breasts and squeezed them for emphasis. "Look at these things!"

"Are they more trouble than heels? Because I'd say we're even."

“Even?” Her eyes flashed, and her sizeable mounds heaved as she put a hand on her hip. “This isn’t even at all. At least you can take the stupid shoes off. We have to carry these fucking things around all the time. Here, I’ll show you! I’ll give you fuckers dicks so big they swing beneath your knees! Balls so heavy they just smash into everything!” Her eyes glowed and flashed as he made good on her promise. “How do you like that, huh?”

There was a tightness in my pants. I reached a hand down past the band of my underwear to see what she had done. Suddenly my boxers were huge, big enough to hold my apple-sized nuts and with a large sheath for the anaconda I was now packing. My new huge cock stirred at the attention. I couldn’t help but laugh, especially as the smug smirk on Yvette’s face fell away.

“That wasn’t supposed to be a good thing, asshole. Ugh, I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“It’s fine, we can call it even.”

“Oh no.” She held up a hand to her boob, gripping it through the sweater. “I’d say we’re far from even. You know what? What’s the point of having men in heels if they’re not showing off their legs.” Her eyes sparked. “There, now men only wear skirts.”

“Hey!”

I looked down to see my already baggy pants had become a wide heavy skirt. It looked more like a kilt than the girly thing that had jumped to my mind, but the offence was still felt. Well, at least it had pockets.

‘Oh, you bitch!’ I grabbed a handful of the fabric into a fist and raised it up, as if I could just pull it off and be done with it. I stomped a foot, but with the high heel it looked like a positively pouty gesture. “If you’re doing skirts, so am I!”

I pulled up that vision of the girl again. She was already wearing a skirt, but I didn’t let that stop me, I doubled down on the specific notion that women could only wear skirts. By the time I was done pants were gone entirely from the equation. But that seemed hardly like a change at all, so for good measure I made it so they were never longer than the knee.

The vagaries of history spun in the back of my head, reshaping. Pants never quite catching on for either gender, in favor of more and more skirts as clothing technology and fashions developed at the turn of previous centuries. I could see snippets of high-class men’s fashion employing heavy draping fabric while bold women in court showed off more and more of their legs to emphasize their femininity.

“Really?” Yvette said, pulling me back to the world, her punk tartan skirt now several inches shorter.

I stuck my tongue out.

“Fine! If you’re going short, I’ll go even shorter!”

Her eyes flashed. I could just feel the cold of my skirt, mid-thigh, barely containing my enlarged man meat. How dare she! I was moments away from giving them all panty-flashing miniskirts, but before I had the chance a breeze ran through and sent a chill through my legs, lifting up the material and

threatening to flash my junk to the world. I had to hold my skirt down like Marilyn Monroe. This was ridiculous!

I paused, taken from the momentum of the moment. When it came to skirts guys had way more to lose. I held back. This was not so fun when it was happening to me.

"Fine, fine." I held up my hands. This girl had shown how far she was willing to take things. "You win this round. God, what are we doing?"

I looked back down at the mall below, careful to not press too closely to the rail lest everybody get a peek up my skirt. Was that going to be my life now? Always having to watch out for errant stares? Me and the rest of the men.

Down below much remained the same, though there was a lot more leg on display. Men in plaid, khaki, denim or black. Understated. They had ample pockets and zero frill. Skirts for men, even if they barely hid the huge bulging dicks beneath. The advertisements were playing it up. Mountain men climbing in sporty kilts and businessmen with formal pencil skirts, none quite able to hide the monsters beneath.

"Okay," Yvette sighed. "I may have gotten a little carried away. It's probably for the best if you don't push me."

"Push you?" I balked. "I'm just trying to look out for men!"

"Oh yeah." She rolled her eyes. "You're really doing them a service by turning us into big titty sluts."

"You started it with your whole heel thing! I'm just returning the favor. Come on, you're hardly one to talk. Look!" I gestured down to my long legs, well presented by my heels and my short skirt. I raised a foot daintily for emphasis.

"As though there's anything slutty about boy legs. Look, you're all hairy. It's gross. You think I want to see that?" a proverbial lightbulb dinged above her head. "And you know what, I can do something about it."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm getting rid of male body hair."

"Oh come on!" I didn't care too much about body hair, but it was the principle of the thing. "Then I'm getting rid of female body hair!"

"Gladly," she laughed. "That's one thing we can agree on."

I focused. It was a minor change, just another adjustment of selection pressures and a reworking of certain genetic triggers. Now body hair had not been a major feature of humanity in a long long time.

I blinked back to reality, examining the back of my hand. It was smooth and supple. I rubbed my legs together, Sensitive, soft and sheer. Not the result of any shaving but naturally so. Like a girl's.

"There, are you happy? Can we stop this now?"

“Not quite. If I’m going to have guys drooling over me all the time I want a little quid pro quo.” There was something ominous about the way she said it.

“What do you have in mind?”

There was a sudden tightness in my skirt. My dick was straining, but it wasn’t from that direction that I was pressing against its limits.

“There. Now boys have something to really show off. You gave girls huge titties, I’ve given men fantastic asses!”

Oh god. I looked down in dawning horror. Suddenly men had butts like Brazilian models, round and peachy and perky. They were fat, thick thighed and wide hipped. They were positively fuckable.

I reached around in surprise to grab at my own dumptruck. It was filling out my skirt so fully it was tugged tight at the front, outlining my bulge.

Yvette grinned lecherously.

Down below, signage changed. Male fashion changed again. A lot more focus on butts. Now it was an attractive feature. Now it’s something men focused on and flaunted. A huge fuckable butt was the ideal of masculinity and men liked to show off.

I should have been disgusted, horrified. I turned over my shoulder to try to get a better look and a chill ran through me. My butt looked great! Spankable, jiggle, round and thick. Who wouldn’t be proud of an ass like that? I tugged at my skirt to frame it. Yvette looked on, smirking. What did she think of it? I wanted her to like it. Fantasies fluttered in my brain of her grabbing it and playing with it, spanking and groping me as she -

I let out a hot breath. “What the fuck was that?”

“An experiment. Turns out I can do more than just physical stuff,” she purred. “Why not take pride in your endowments?”

It was overwhelming, the sensation, the emotions. I was having a hard time even processing them. I was losing this battle for men, but what the fuck was I even fighting for?

I should have responded in kind. I should have doubled down. I should have made it so girls were so desperate to have their asses filled they were walking around with plugs and dildos inserted at all times. I should have given them butts so big and juicy they wouldn’t even fit in skirts.

I took a breath. And where would that leave me, huh? God knows she’d just find something even more creative.

So instead, I was the better man, for whatever definition of man could apply right now.

She was forcing us to go around with big girly asses? That we'd be desperate to show them off, to want girls to look and to play? She found that funny? She thought that gave girls all the power? I'd make it so it was a strength.

I reached into the statue's heart and I made girls just as obsessed with boy butts as we were with boobs and girl-butts.

The change strung out to pre-history, to male apes standing on their toes to seem taller, to strong posteriors being stronger. It was almost easy to pair this new change into a world where men throughout history defined their manhood by their butt. What a small nudge it needed to make women sit up and take notice, to help. Selection pressures quickly lined up.

"I hope you're happy."

"Actually..." She bit her lip as she looked at my huge butt almost peeking out from under my skirt. "Yeah, I kind of am. I was half kidding before but damn, those heels look great on you."

"The heels? Sure." I shifted my weight from one leg to another sending my butt rolling. Her gaze went with it.

You know what?" Yvette gulped. "I think I need a drink." I know this fantastic place down the block. Do you want to get out of here?"

"What?" I flushed. "Are you trying to ask me out right now? After all that?"

"Is that a no?"

God help me, a drink sounded like exactly what I needed.

"Fine." I protested. "But only because I don't want to let you out of my sights."

"Sweetheart," she laughed. "The feeling is mutual."

Ten minutes later we were walking down the street, the mall behind us. Even with the cold autumn air and the firmness of the pavement beneath my feet, it felt so surreal.

I say walking, but between my heels, my wide girly hips, my thick legs and my enormous butt it was more like a slutty little grind. All the men were moving that way, eager to show off their asses as they hung out of their skirts. But I mean – I gave my butt a juicy little wiggle – it's not like it was practical to hide our sweet plump curves, draped in our skimpy little skirts, was it? Especially since flaunting what you had was necessary if a guy wanted to attract a bit of female attention. A little natural sway and strut really drew the ladies' eyes, after all!

No. Fuck. I stopped and let out a soft whimper. What was I thinking? I tried to focus on the humiliation that this should be making me feel, those fleeting true emotions, ignoring how *natural* it felt to just stick my big fat butt out for all the girls to see. I had to cling onto how wrong all this was.

Not that there weren't other humiliations for me to stew in. Somewhere deep down, my brain was getting all kinds of wires crossed. I was still seeing these butts as juicy and fuckable and between the

pleasure I was getting showing off my own butt and all the butts around me I was finding my skirt getting very tight indeed. Would that be considered gay now? My cheeks were burning.

“God!” I put a hand on my hip and frowned. It had been ten minutes, and we’d barely covered half the ground I’d have expected. “How do you girls move in these things?”

“Carefully.” Yvette laughed. She gave my ass a vigorous slap that sent me jumping and my cheeks burning even hotter. She had taken to moseying behind me, getting an ample view of my swinging posterior. “Though we don’t have to worry about it anymore, do we? Now we just have to carry these around.” She had her hand across her chest to keep her extra large boobs under control. “Just be grateful that they’re comfy. Girl shoes barely even have padding. Ooh, there’s an idea.”

We started walking again, Yvette giggling to herself raucously as my shoes turned from masculine wedge-heeled runners to delicately balanced stiletto fuck-me pumps. They were fragile and feminine and sent me wobbling with each step.

“See?” she smirked.

She wasn’t kidding. They pinched like a motherfucker. I quickly looked around at the other men walking by in cute girly styles. Having a heel was one thing, but this was adding insult to injury!

“That’s it!” I cried out. “Now you’re just trying to make me uncomfortable. Just for that I’m going to... I’m going to...”

“You’re going to what?” she challenged.

“I’m taking bras away.”

This change was closer to home historically, the bra-burner movement digging its roots in tight and spreading across the world. The feminist movement discovering that women’s breasts were healthier when allowed to go unrestrained. Soon the bra was demonized as an instrument of female torture that no self-respecting woman would ever wear. Boobs were meant to be free!

“Oh my fucking god,” Yvette cried, arms rising up to catch her suddenly bounding boulders. “Don’t even start. You have no idea what a pain in the ass it is to lug these things around.” But it was too late, the job was done. Her shirt was suddenly cut to cling much closer, to keep the bouncing and heaving of her great mounds at bay, but with little success. “You’ll pay for that!”

“What are you going to do?” I held my ground. “Give us boobs too? Just try it and I’ll make your tits so big you’ll never see the end of them!”

“Fine! I don’t need boys with boobs anyway.” She scowled, her eyes glowing. “But while we’re getting rid of supportive garments...”

“Eep!” The pressure against my huge dick and bouncy ass was suddenly very different.

“Enjoy thongs, asshole. If we don’t get support, neither do you.”

"You bitch!" All around us, the male globes on display bounced around more freely. Some men had whale tails up above their skirt lines, several in camo colors. How dare she! "Let's how you like having no underwear at all!"

My eyes flashed and panties joined bras as a banned instrument of feminine oppression. Pussies, too, were begging to be free!

"Hey!" She tugged down at the hem of her skirt, seriously flustered for what was probably the first time tonight.

"Ha!" I grinned, glad to have the upper hand, but I'd been so caught up in our own little world I hadn't been paying attention. I looked up to see an old overweight lady in a flowery feminine skirt, bending over and flashing me pussy.

"Gross!" I reeled.

"Pfft!" Yvette exploded into giggles. "Serves you right. That's what you fucking get. Change us back, buttface."

"Oh no," I curled my hand into a fist. "I'm taking a page out of your book now. I'm just going to make girls even sexier. All women will age gracefully and be smoking hot, with slutty butts to match any guy. What do you think of that, huh?"

That was a trickier change. The butt stuff was easy, just a broadening of the existing trends in men's butts to apply to everybody. The aging was a lot more complicated. There was a recoding of genetic information, a new chemical delay of the genetic clock. Honestly I couldn't quite wrap my head around it.

"What? You think that balances out? Objectifying women is okay because you spare us old age?" She gestured to the woman I'd been repulsed by moments ago, now a smoking hot milf.

"Just giving you a taste of your own medicine." I smirked down at Yvette's big fat round butt and her thick thighs, now every inch as sexy as my own. She flushed at my attention.

She scowled, but remained quiet the rest of the trip. I guess it was her turn to be the better man. Or maybe she was just too caught up in the sensations of her new body. Although a part of me worried it was just the calm before the storm.

But in her silence, in the absence of something to clash against, the reality of what I'd done started to hit home. What the hell was I doing? There I was, outside the bar, surrounded by hot girls in showy short skirts and all I could feel was guilty.

"You know what?" I piped up. "Maybe we've taken this too far. Here, let me do some good. I'm going to get rid of periods and, I dunno, strengthen women's backs so they don't struggle with huge boobs."

This was another ancient change, a minor flip on the evolutionary change eliminating all the messy business of estrus. And with another mental flick of the wrist, women throughout history were stronger,

more capable, strong back muscles and ease of movement selected for even as ancient ancestors fell in love with bigger and bigger tits.

"You think that makes up for all this?" she flexed and arched her back, suddenly empowered to let her breasts sway free without worry of strain. "Why not get rid of the huge fucking tits, dickweed?"

"Well," I shrugged. "It's a start. And I'm not undoing anything until you undo some stuff first."

"Of fucking course. You know what? Fine. But I'm going to be making you stew a bit more first. Give you a chance to really see what it's like."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You'll see."

I shook off the ominous comment as we walked into the bar. Now I really needed a drink.

We got a lot of unusual looks as we stepped inside. There were more women than I was expecting, all beautiful and evocatively dressed, especially when you took into consideration the lack of bras, and their huge bouncing tits. I swallowed hotly at the sight. It had been one thing to just be seeing the girls changed, it was another to be in a context where I had to interact with them.

They all seemed very focused on me. Some didn't even try to disguise the way they were ogling my ass, as though they could just will my skirt to cross that last little bit of space and flash them completely. I wasn't used to such brazenness, but it sent a flush of heat straight through me. One gave me a wolf whistle as I strutted past and gave her a jiggle. I swooned. They liked what they saw!

I tried not to let it affect me too much. Tried to cling to insecurities about my changed form, but it was so damn hard! We ordered drinks and I looked around suspiciously. All around women were grinning at me, but something wasn't right. Where were the guys? You'd think with girls this receptive there'd be a lot of guys laughing and flirting. Instead, they were seated at tables and bar stools getting hit on. That wasn't right. They were playing it down. They were being demure. Even when these girls were rubbing their boobs right in their faces.

"Wait a minutes..." I turned to look at Yvette. There was the faintest smile on her lips, just barely failing to hide a laugh or a smile. "What did you do?"

"Oh," her smirk intensified. "Nothing much. I made men bottoms."

"Bottoms?"

"Yeah, you know. Good little submissive bitch boys? You turned women into sex objects, I'm returning the favor. Now you're all submissive and breedable and ready to get held down and fucked." There was a raunchy fervor in her voice. "I also made you super into receiving anal, because let's face it, why waste asses like that?"

I gulped, swooning again. That sounded... *good*. Being held by a girl's strong firm hands, being taken back to her place where she could have her way with me, where she could finger my ass and make me scream

and squirm. God, I'd never wanted anything like that before but now it was impossible not to think about.

Fuck, it was the slutty ass thing all over again. I hated having my head messed with. I had to think. I had to counter this. She hadn't been able to make women tops, but by making men bottoms and having society adjust it just made sense they'd have fallen into the role. I had to figure out an appropriate response. I had to get her to change things back! But what could I bring to bear against this that didn't play right into her plan?

Could I make girls even bigger bottoms? But how the fuck would that work? We'd be a race of eager bottoms and reluctant tops and who knows how that would end. Yet I couldn't leave things like this. I'd be letting men everywhere down. The idea of men having none of the power when it came to sex was too much! I gripped a fist. I had to stand up for my gender! Even if -mmf! - the idea of being on my knees while a girl ran her soft skin along my body made me all warm and tingly inside... But I wasn't going down without a fight.

I made my change. I looked at Yvette.

"What did you do?"

"I made girls super horny," I smirked.

The changes reached back, latching on as a hormonal side effect in the new style of ovulation. Women were more fertile and their body wanted everybody to know. Now women were always horny and eager. Now, surely, they wouldn't be able to resist a man long enough to torment him too badly? As fun as that would probably be.

"Oh!" I could see the realization hit her, the wash of lust. Soon she was chewing on her lip and breathing heavily. "You don't say?" She took a step towards me, looking up at me with the same energy as if she were looming over me. Was height a sign of submission now? "Well, what do you say you help with that, huh?"

But she was interrupted, a trio of girls buzzing around me, pushing me away and seizing the initiative.

"Hey cutie!" one cooed.

"Oh, I bet you have a fat cock, don't you stud?"

"God, Beck," said the third. "You gotta romance a guy first. Watch: Hey cutie, I love your ass. I bet you want to get out of that tight skirt and show mama what you're made of? How bout we come back to my place and I show you my strap-on collection?"

"Back off, bitches!" Yvette jumped in. "I saw him first!"

They began fighting for my attention. Across the room it was a similar game, packs of women hunting lone men. The sort of thing I'd seen a dozens of times before but in reverse. What had I done? Men still didn't have a chance.

"If that's the kind of game you want to play" Yvette purred. "Why don't we kick it up a notch? Let's see what you boys can really do."

Her eyes flashed and my skirt fell away. For a moment I thought she'd made us completely naked, but then I realized it was because my huge dick was ramrod, achingly hard. It was like even just a bit of female attention had me harder than I'd been in my whole life, and this was more than just a little attention. The tent of it was lifting my dainty skirt, and I wasn't the only one, the other men were likewise turgid, with the thongs we all wore delicately wrapped to accentuate the huge members. There wasn't a soft dick in the house.

I reached down to grab my throbbing python as though I could just shove it away, but the touch of my hand sent me groaning in pleasure and gave a nearby table of girls cause to cheer as a bead of dewy precum formed at the head.

Whimpering, I tried to repay the favor, giving girls always erect nipples (another rider on the new ovulation) but it was a small consolation. I was losing my cool and my focus was going with it.

"That's a good start," Yvette purred. "But you boys still feel so hard, rugged. We need to make you beautiful to match your new roles. How about we make your faces as soft as your hearts? Yielding and inviting. With thick cuntslurping lips mmm, and lots of slutty makeup. You have no idea how good this feels, to be in control for once!"

"Stop~!" I cried. "Don't."

"Or what?" She licked her lips.

"Or I'll... I'll..." My heart was pounding. I *wanted* her to go further, to turn me into something small and yeilding and weak.

Yvette's eyes flashed again and again, my body becoming soft, my lips painted, my hair long and luxurious. Change by change, she was turning men into works of art, little fuck puppets for her amusement.

But why would I want it any other way? The idea of not wearing a full face of makeup now felt completely humiliating, like wearing a skirt would have before all this had started, a thin and distant memory weakly suggested.

I lashed out in kind, further sexualizing the already hot female population, turning them into doe eyed nymphomaniac Bambies through more ancient genetic tampering and cultural conditioning, but the bimbo look didn't even slow Yvette down.

"Is that the best you got?" She put her strong hands on her now-exaggerated hips and raised an eyebrow. My dick twitched in desire. Fuck. The realization hit me too late. While I was trying to make them hotter, I'd made them stronger and more powerful, better able to hold me down and pound my dick senseless and dominate my ass, because that was what my stupid brain found hot right now.

"Please..." I whimpered

"Please what?"

"Stop!" But it came out as a lusty moan that begged anything but.

"Oh you like this? You want me to turn you into a fuck puppet?" She bit her lip.

"Y-Yes." I called out, falling to my knees with need.

"Make me strong."

So I did. I made women fit and muscular, able to pick up and carry us away. I'm sorry, men. I was betraying my own gender. How had it come to this?

"Sorry sweetheart," Yvette pressed close and gave my ass a firm grope. "But this is how it goes now. Anyone with a dick just can't resist pussy." She winked. "But you did good. I don't think I would have ever gone this far if not for your slutty little ideas. Good pet."

I cooed at the praise and melted into her.

"As a reward, I'll give you some big swinging bitch tits, to make your humiliation complete. You thought these were big?" she pressed her rock-hard nipples into my chest. "I'm totally going to make you pay for the no bra thing."

Her eyes flashed and my frame, feminized and reduced, was suddenly expanded. Breasts appeared on my chest, swelling bigger and bigger with each glow of her eyes. She leaned in appraisingly. The two massive things dominated my chest completely. She was right. They put hers to shame.

I reached up to grab them, somehow still not believing this madness, but fuck~! They were as sensitive and horny as my dick was.

I leaned forward, struggling to figure out how to stand with these heels and all this weight on my chest, but the motion made my skirt ride up and presented my ass to her so fully I'm sure she could see my balls hanging down in the front. I was done. There was nothing I could do but let her carry me off. God, the sight of her had me on fire. I wished I could have let her just fuck me right here and - wait, I could!

Though it was a struggle to focus, especially when her hands started playing with my ass, I could still reach out and make changes. When I was done all the girls were lifting their skirts and rubbing their pussies in eager lewdness. I'd removed any problem with them getting down and dirty in public. That kind of thinking was old fashioned and belonged in the 50s. Now sexually liberated girls were ready to go a moment's notice and weren't shy about that fact. Sure, the guys were hesitant, but they were too horny to resist, and Yvette was right, who could refuse a pussy?

Yvette, victorious, pounced on me.

I stood there trembling and small as her hands ran along my soft body, as she tore my clothing off with a lascivious grin right there in front of the bar. The girls watching gave a cheer as the other boys looked on with envy. I should have been humiliated, but it was too damn hot!

She held a hand out, pinning me to the wall and began to explore my body, just as eager to actually get into it as I was. She was probing me, inhaling my scent as she nibbled and sucked at my soft sensitive boy flesh. I moaned and cried and offered up more and more of my body for her, my dick throbbing and twitching, dribbling precum everywhere, and it just seemed to work her up further.

Finally she slid her pussy into position and made her move. She was tight as a glove and hotter than anything as she slid slowly down my slick shaft, closer and closer and - she stopped.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped. “You’re so fucking big. Make me able to take you fully!”

Of course! I sprang into action, willing that vaginal depth and elasticity could keep up with the monster dicks she’d given us.

And as I opened my eyes, she slid down the rest of the way, the full length of my massive cock inside her, my whole body glowing with lust. Sex had never felt so good in my whole life. I just wished I had something up my ass to make the experience complete.

I stood there, trembling in pleasure, as she got to work, as she topped me for all I was worth, as she played with my tits and my ass and made me scream and dance and as she found her own pleasure, using my slutty boy body for her purpose, giving every inch I had.

I rolled my eyes back as I bounced on her thrusts, each more powerful and than the last. This felt so good! I wished everybody could feel this good. I wished all guys could know what it felt like, even if it meant they were slaves to this irresistible pussy.

Wait, fuck, had that been literal? Had that been a change? Had she really made it so guys couldn’t resist at all? Had she enslaved all of mankind?

Another lightbulb moment hit me. A crazy idea.

I closed my eyes, I tried to focus, but she bottomed out around my cock and the pleasure was too much. I didn’t want to focus, I wanted Yvette to fuck my slutty little bottom brain out. I had to keep trying! I focused again and again and as she spun on my cock to change positions, I managed to push through, to see that statue in my mind.

I hesitated, unsure if this was really a good idea. This was a major change, a huge one! Something that would fuck up the biology textbooks in ways I couldn’t begin to imagine. But what other choice did I have? I gave women dicks.

“What?” Yvette laughed as she saw what I had done. She now had a cock pressed tight against my own. “Why?”

But her interest was piqued, and we were well past the point of stopping. She pressed into me, tit to tit, as we frothed and grinded, swordfighting with our heavy blades as we slid our huge members back and forth.

“Why?” I gasped, lying as best I could. “So I can really be the best bottom!” I turned and shook my fat ass for her, letting it jiggle and shake, letting her see the beautiful glory of my eager boyhole. “But oooh, you know what would make this even better? Don’t you just want a nice hot pussy to fuck?”

I could see the heat in her as she considered it. I could see how much the idea lit a fire within her. Of course it did. I’d put it there. I’d put it in all women, a deep lesbian urge, as much as that term still applied.

Her eyes flashed and glowed and once again the weight of my body shifted. No longer did I have that monster beast jutting out of my crotch. Now I had a tight, eager, dribbling wet pussy. I reached a hand down to explore, to touch, to feel, but she didn’t even given me a chance.

She bent me over, then she fucked me with that enormous beast of a dick, stuffing my new pussy until I burst.

The pussy, it turns out, was far more sensitive than anything I could have imagined, and when she filled me up the pleasure was so intense it brought me to the point of tears. I’d never felt so close to someone, I’d never felt such heat.

She grabbed my tits from behind, fingers teasing my nipples as she pressed her own mountains into my back. Then she started to pull out, and back in, thrusting her whole length in and out, in and out, stirring my insides with each powerful pump.

Any plan I’d had, any thoughts I had left me. I was a vessel for this girl’s pleasure. I was her horny eager cocksleeve and all I could do was writhe and moan to make her feel all that much better. This was what it meant to be a man. All was right with the world.

I don’t know how long she fucked me, one position after another. I guess women have more restraint. All I remember after is how she came like a firehouse, filling the entirety of my pussy, my womb, with her thick girly cum.

There was a pop as she pulled out, and a glugging of cum dribbled onto the floor. We flopped over exhausted onto a nearby fuckbench (because of course there was a fuckbench). Her eyes were intense with post-coital clarity.

When I was free enough of the pleasure to think, I reluctantly made one last change.

Several minutes later, she was changing positions, she was getting back up.

“Stop.” I whispered.

She froze.

“You’re going to stay here and keep cuddling.” I added.

“Like hell I am!” she scowled, but didn’t move. She tried again to no avail. “What’s happening. What did you do?”

"Well, you said it yourself. No one can resist good pussy." I wiggled my pussy lips along her throbbing shaft. "I've turned the tables. You don't have a pussy anymore. I don't have to do what you say. And I made sure the situation would work in reverse."

"Clever." She scowled. "But do you really think that'll stop me? I can just -" she closed her eyes to focus but nothing happened. "Why can't I change anything?"

"I also made it so women can't change the archetype of men."

"You fucking what?"

"I wasn't sure that one would work, to be honest." I shrugged.

"Bullshit!" she sighed. "Fuck, why didn't I think of that?"

"It's over." I pulled her head into my vast cleavage. "Let it go."

"You think you've won?"

"This isn't about winning or losing. I ran a hand down her strong feminine back. I could still feel her huge cock between my legs. "Look what our fighting has done." I gestured out around me at the world of fuckbunnies and futas. It was beautiful and right, but it was broken.

We sat up. Everybody around us in the bar was still vigorously fucking. She bit her lip, the lust in her eyes fading in post-nut clarity. She seemed to appreciate what I was saying.

"Yeah, okay." She narrowed her eyes. "We may have gotten a little carried away."

"A little," I agreed.

"So what do you want to do? Turn back? You know that means giving me back my power."

"I know. Look, I think we got off on the wrong foot. We can probably do a lot of good for the world together, if we're not being so defensive. Let's take a bit to think about it and then we'll see if we want to change things back."

"You sound unsure." She raised an eyebrow.

"Well," I ran a hand over my sensuous new body. "I'm sure we'll get around to it eventually. First..." I stood up and bent over, presenting myself to her. "Round 2? I need to feel your cock splitting my ass open."

"God," she laughed, dick throbbing. "I love a man in heels."

The End.