



Tomboy Trouble
- A Global-FtM-ish Commission -
by Razmagurk

“On second thought?” I said, taking a step away from the threshold. “I think I’d rather wait out here.”

“What, you’re just going to leave me on my own?”

"I'm sorry." I put a hand on Grace's shoulder and gestured at the store before us. "Where you go, I cannot follow."

"Oh my god," she sighed. "You dork. It's a bra shop."

"Exactly!" I took a step back. Beyond was a tableau of busty mannequins equipped in soft pinks and lace. "No self-respecting guy would ever go in a place like that."

"Graham, there's a guy in there, right now. There's three of them."

"Yeah, and I'm totally judging them for it. What are they up to? Seems kinda gay to me."

"Buying lingerie for their girlfriend? I don't believe this. We came all this way to get me some cute underwear, now you're just ditching me? You care more about this than helping me buy lingerie? Are you that insecure?"

I rankled at her accusations. What was the big deal?

"Look." I tried to explain. I'm sure if I could get to her rationally, we'd be good to go. "It's too girly for me. Like the perfume shop or the -"

"I don't believe this," she fumed. "Are you a child? Is this the 90s? I'd thought better of you."

"It's like how you didn't want to go into the arcade -"

"Because I don't want to get ogled and hit on by all those weirdos. It's completely different."

"I don't see how." I crossed my arms.

"God, fine." She rolled her eyes. "Stay outside. You know some guys would be happy to go underwear shopping with a girl like me." She gestured down at her curvaceous body. "You don't know what you're missing."

She had me there. She knew she had the goods alright. She wasn't the bustiest of girls I'd dated, but she made up for it in all the other places. Her body was currently well-presented by the strappy little floral white sundress she was wearing. It showed off her long legs and the cute little cork wedges she was wearing. It was an outfit that would look very good lying on my bedroom floor later. That didn't mean I'd just let her win that easy.

"Grace, I'm telling you. No guy is ever happy shopping -"

"I don't want to hear about it! Fine. Stay out here then where I won't have to see you. Unbelievable!" She stormed off into the store. I stood there in stunned silence. I didn't understand why she was making such a big deal of it.

A part of me wondered if maybe I should make the effort to go in after her. Was I being immature? But the sheer pressure of my 19 years of masculinity left no doubts. Obviously, it was her who was in the wrong. I sighed angrily as I sat back down on one of the nearby benches.

I wasn't the only one out here waiting at least, and the mall wasn't so busy there was no place to chill. They had a whole bench set up right nearby, presumably for just such an occasion.

"Girls, man." I mumbled as I sat down. "I don't get them."

"Excuse me?" came an incredulous voice. "What was that?"

"I said," speaking louder, venting my frustration and annoyance. "That I don't get girls sometimes! They're always getting mad at the dumbest stuff. Why can't they just be normal about stuff? The world would be a better place if they understood guys more, if they acted more like them."

"You don't really feel that way, do you?" It was only then I realized the voice was female. Not that it stopped me. I was angry now.

"I do!" I cried, turning to look at the girl I was talking to. "I really do. I wish girls acted more like guys, that they were more like guys! That they understood what it's like to--"

I froze. The girl I was not impressed. And now that I got a closer look at her, she was making my heart flutter in unease.

Sitting on the bench behind me, was a girl like nothing I'd ever seen before. She had dark hair and skin an uncanny bronze. Was that makeup? Somehow it looked so natural, and goddamn, she was beautiful! I saw her eyes, though, and I could swear they made my heart stopped altogether. Where her irises should have been were instead two deep pits of smokeless fire.

She was ethereal, otherworldly. She was eating a hamburger.

"I swear." She put her lunch down and sighed. "What is it with you guys?" She rose and circled around to my side of the bench, moving and speaking like something from a dream. "I can't even get one day off without running into this crap. Did that wizard put you up to this? You don't seriously mean that."

She had the body and grace of a harem dancer. She was even dressed for it, with the silky-sheer material that looked far too high-quality to have been bought in any costume shop, though the designer coat she was wearing over it spoiled it somewhat. She smelled of exotic spice and the more I looked at her the more I could feel a warm wind blowing over me as though from some distant desert.

There was no denying what she was. Why was no one else acknowledging this reality-defying presence? Was this a film set? Had I missed something?

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself?" I could see the sharp, predatory glint of her teeth.

"W-what are you?"

"I'm off duty, is what I am." She gave a shrug. "I am *supposed* to be taking some time off. But then you come in here with that bullshit zero-effort set up. Like you're just begging me to intercede. You don't really wish that!"

I chafed under her admonition. I didn't respond well to people telling me what to do.

"And so what if I do?" I cried out, matching her energy and cranking it up a notch. I wasn't going to be told off by some... some... cosplayer! What does she know about this kind of stuff anyway? She wasn't a guy! "I'm just saying the world would be better off if girls acted like guys, if they knew the pressures we were under! If they got along like guys did, rather than flouncing around beating around the bush all the time. And what's so great about fruity smelling soaps and gaggingly-pink stuff, huh? We'd be better off without any of it"

"Fine." The burning of her eyes was intense. The desert wind turned cold. "I really shouldn't be doing this. But I just can't pass up a moral lesson like this: what kind of Djinn would that make me? Sure, it's going to be a lot of paperwork on my end, but I think the council will agree you've earned it."

"Huh?"

She snapped her fingers.

"Wish granted."

Her words seemed to echo. There was a disconnect, an abrupt shift. Like a badly edited cut on TV. Suddenly everything was... *different*. The wind stopped.

"What the hell?" I looked around. The girl was gone. What had happened? Was I going crazy? Had she drugged me? Something was different. Something I couldn't quite put my finger on. I sat back down trying to figure out what it was.

I'm embarrassed it took as long as it did for me to lock the specifics down, but in my defence, this kind of stuff didn't normally happen. The answer was as terrifying as it was impossible: all the girls were gone.

All the *girls* were *gone*.

That couldn't be right.

That had to be a coincidence, right? I looked around frantically. Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.

"Graham? Are you alright?"

Grace? Thank god. I spun around to see...

This wasn't Grace. What was I looking at? The wires in my brain were short circuiting. It was like one of those illusion puzzles you have to squint just right. Eventually it came into focus.

They were Grace, but, I was horrified to realize, they were *grace* if she was a *man*. It was the only way to describe it.

He had Grace's face, but it was more natural, like when she wasn't wearing makeup. His hair was its natural dark brown, rather than the blonde curls she spent so much time and money on. It fell messily around their face, too short to be a girl's, too long for most guys. It was too short for the ponytail she

had been wearing it in earlier. Instead of the sundress he wore a pair of white slacks and a big cozy grey sweater. Ironically, he seemed shorter in the Converse than she had in her heels. Big short king energy.

"Sorry that took so long." He held up a plastic-wrapped six-pack of boxers. "There was a lineup at the till." His voice was soft, still Grace's, but lower, raspier, and with an undeniably masculine cadence.

I wished I had the mental strength to approach this delicately, instead I blurted out the first thing that came to my head, like an idiot. "You're a guy?!"

"A guy?" He tilted his head. "Dude, what are you talking about?"

"Look at you!" I gawked at his chest, at the utter lack of my girlfriend's boobs. No, not girlfriend, not anymore. Did I have a boyfriend now? Had that genie made me gay or something? I wanted to scream.

"What about this looks guy-ish to you, G-man?" he followed me gaze down and tugged at his sweater. "It this because I'm wearing your sweater? I thought I looked pretty handsome in it. Are you saying I need to be girlier? Start walking around in muscle tees? Go to the gym more? I thought you didn't mind that I'm so... *soft*."

Soft? That certainly seemed an appropriate descriptor. Despite his clothing, his voice, he had too much of Grace's original gentle face. There were no hard masculine lines to him. The oversized sweater wasn't helping, it seemed to obscure his whole figure.

"Okay, this is a gag right?" I tried and failed to steady my breathing. "You're like, Grace's brother?"

"Are you feeling alright?" he looked around, then held a hand to my forehead. His nails were trim but not painted. His hand was as soft as his face. Not feminine, not girlish, but certainly small. I'd go so far as to call them dainty.

I looked at her, dumbfounded. How did I explain something like this to him? That I'd pissed off a genie and now Grace had been turned into some kind of boy-modeing femboy?

I was grasping for words, unable to say anything. In the desperate scramble for context, I tuned into a pair of voice walking past

"Oh my god girl," the voice was low but femme. "Did you hook up with that yummy slut Jack last night?"

Girl? My ears perked up.

"Hell yeah, sister!" I heard the sound of a high five. "Took him balls deep! Barely remember it though, I was so wasted off my ass. Those nasty Fraternity boys get hella wild."

"I bet! You gotta take me next time, girl." the other laughed raucously. "I wish I could slay cock like you."

"Stick with me, kid. With me as your wing woman, by the end of the semester I'll have you drowning in more dick than you know what do with."

I turned to look at who had been speaking. They looked like a pair of frat boys. One was even wearing a varsity jacket. Why had they said that? Then it hit me. Just like Grace, their skin had a softness to it, they were smaller and softer all around. Femboy fratboys? No. They weren't boys at all. They were just dressed like frat boys. They were *acting* like fratboys.

The girls weren't gone. They were just... different.

"Graham?"

I looked up at the store Grace had emerged from. Victoria's *Statement*? There weren't any of the evocative displays of feminine beauty or body positivity in the store window. All the ads were of muscular flat-chested girls with short hair in tank tops and boxers and binders. In the store all the busts, which had been overflowing with faux-cleavage when Grace and I had been arguing earlier, were now wearing garments that seemed designed to make them as flat-chested as possible. I'm pretty sure bras didn't normally come in camo patterns, but these binders did.

I wracked my brain trying to put two and two together. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

I looked back at Grace, at his still feminine face, his soft hands. Was he not a guy, despite all this evidence to the contrary?

My heart pounded. I felt faint. This had been my fucking wish.

"Fuck!" I screamed out. Why couldn't I have idly wished for a million dollars ?

"What?" Grace jumped, looking around, "What's happening, G-man?"

"I wish it all back!" I turned back to where the genie had been standing. "Do you hear me? I wish it all back!"

But of course, my cries went unheard. She was gone.

"Hey, hey, it'll be all right." Grace put a consoling hand on my shoulder. "What's going on?"

"It's... a long story."

"I was gone two minutes, Graham." The more he spoke the more oppressively masculine his cadence and intonation were.

I stared at him. At his body. His white slacks and baggy sweater. Morbid curiosity coursed through me.

I had to know.

"Forgive me, Grace." I glanced around to make sure no one was looking,

"For wha-!"

I grabbed his crotch.

No, not *his* crotch. I don't think I'd ever in my whole life been so relieved. Despite everything, Grace was a girl.

"Graham!" Her body was suddenly burning red. Her face especially. It was a surprisingly cute reaction. The contrast of it to the rest of her made it all the more so. Grace didn't normally do cute. She leaned more towards elegant, classy, controlled. I'd never caught her blushing like this. I smiled, despite the situation.

"Graham?" she said, softly.

"Sorry, I had to!" I pulled my hand away and braced for the proverbial slap and beat down.

But there was no slap. Amidst the crimson glow of her cheeks, her expression wasn't anger at all, but a look that said she couldn't believe her luck.

"Is that what this is all about?" she said playfully, "Alright, G-man. If you wanna mess around Let's at least get somewhere a little private first." She sounded like a guy who couldn't believe she was about to really score. It was another expression I'd never seen on her face before.

I felt myself flushing too. Maybe I was just desperate to see any trace of femininity right now, or maybe it was the fact I'd just had my hand on my girlfriend's crotch. My heart was starting to pound.

No, what was I thinking? This was wrong, wasn't it? Weird? Wasn't this, I dunno... gay? But no, what was gay about a girl, just because she was dressed like a dude? And acting like a dude. And talking like a dude, even if it was like a soft one. Okay, it was a little weird.

How did I explain this without sounding crazy?

"Grace, did you see..." I stopped and started again. "I ran into this..." I sighed. "Did you see a girl with like, bronze skin and long dark hair? A girl with..." How did I explain femininity to a world that lacked it?

"Why, she owe you money?"

"She owes me an explanation if nothing else! Look, I'm sorry, I know you had wanted to do a bunch of shopping today but it's kind of important I find her. She was just here. She couldn't have gone far."

"Bro, I just had to pick up some new boxers." She held up the vacuum-sealed wrapper containing a dozen grey women's boxers. "As er... *fun* as it has been borrowing yours, you probably don't want to keep laundering all my uh... feminine exuberance."

"What?"

She flushed. "I'm still so embarrassed you caught me sniffing your laundry. Sorry again about that. It's not my fault you smell so good."

"What!?"

"I know! It was super inappropriate. You know how we girls get sometimes!"

I flushed. She thought I smelled good? Grace had never been this forward before. We had never talked about this sort of stuff. She had always been so proper.

A vision ran through my head, giving me the weirdest erotic thrill: This short-haired Grace in nothing but a pair of boxers, boobs out to the world, standing over the laundry machine, getting off to the scent of my underwear.

I wondered what else about her was different?

"Wait," I paused. "Are those my pants?"

"Uh." She looked down to confirm. "Probably? Is that a problem? I mean, you're wearing my shirt."

I looked down to see I was wearing a jersey for the Toronto Sceptres. Women's hockey? I didn't even know they had a team.

"It's not weird we're wearing each other's clothes?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Lots of couples do it. C'mon, everybody knows clothes shopping is pure torture." She laughed. "Why?" There was a twinkle in her eye. She must have mistook my raised eyebrow for flirtation and was returned in kind, "Do you want me to take them off?"

"I mean, I sure wouldn't mind seeing you without them..." I flirted back.

Normally I'd just get a slap in the face, but right now she was biting her lip faintly, as if the idea appealed to her.

"Maybe we really should go somewhere private and I could show you." She stepped forward, getting just close enough to whisper in my ear. "Maybe I can put that tongue of yours to good use..." The heat between us was rising.

Tongue? I was getting all hot under the collar now. I liked the sound of that. The more I did the math, however, the more terrifying that sounded. If girls did things like guys now, that meant, what? They liked getting eaten out the way guys liked blowjobs? What about sex as a whole? She'd want to top? Where did that end? Was she going to want to take me home and peg me? I shuddered at the thought.

I mean, no, come on, despite everything she still had this soft energy about her. Almost cuddly? Or did that just mean she'd peg me softly, then? Was that any better?

I pictured myself laying there on the bed as she loomed over me with an enormous heavy rubber cock strapped to her hip, a complement to her tomboy posture and style, eager and horny to absolutely go town on my poor body. I could just imagine her with the same grin I'd have if the situation was reversed.

We had to find that genie. Fast.

“On second thought,” I gulped, “maybe later. Come on, we gotta find that girl.” I grabbed Grace’s hand and took off down the mall.

“You know,” she called out, sounding awfully disappointed, “I think I’m getting mixed signals here!”

Now that I knew what to look for, all of the differences seemed so obvious. It was all I could focus on. I tried not get distracted, but what was I expecting? That I’d just turn the corner and run into the genie again drinking Starbucks and cackling at my misfortune? Was I hoping to find some kind of magic lamp store or something ?

You’d think she’d stand out in a world like this. The only person with long hair, with form fitting clothing, with boobs on display! Assuming she wouldn’t change too. Was she masculine now too? A tomboy genie with tight abs and flowing pants?

I looked back at Grace. I was pretty sure she was staring at my ass as I went, though she averted her gaze when she saw me looking.

I tried to scan everybody we ran past. It was a Tuesday afternoon, so luckily it wasn’t the biggest crowd in the world. When this had all begun I’d mistaken all the girls for guys. I recognized my error now. I was starting to get the hang of it.

It wasn’t like every girl I looked at was now some raving alpha male douche-bag. There were subtle differences. Just as there was a spectrum of femininity, there now seemed to be a spectrum of masculinity among the transformed girls. Tomboyinity?

Just as there used to be girls who hadn’t been trying to be overtly feminine, there were girls now who didn’t try to be overtly masculine. They were just casual, *normal*, though maybe with shorter hair and a more mannish wardrobe. On the other end of things, there were girls who leaned heavily into it. I’m talking girls in suits, girls in sports jerseys, girls with muscles and male haircuts. I eyed those frat girls again as we passed them, a prime example, they were hitting on some bookish guy who wanted nothing to do with them.

That felt extra weird. What kind of self respecting guy would turn down an offer for sex like that?

Most of the girls seemed somewhere in the middle, like Grace had ended up. Guy-ish, but there was still some aspect of softness to them in terms of how they were dressed and in their hair. Some were still wearing shorts that actually displayed some serious leg, though cargo shorts seemed a more common option. Most were wearing big loose tops, and muted colours. Lots of greys and beiges.

I was relieved to see there were still variations in fashions, still styles. An office girl walked by in a collared shirt and tie. Walking out of the bookstore were girls dressed in dark academic tweed. Inside a piercing store there was a girl with a fauxhawk and a punk jacket. The styles leaned towards the masculine, but they were still there. Hot Topic I was pretty sure the makeup I saw on the tomboy goths in the Hot Topic was the most I’d seen anyone wearing yet.

It occurred to me that there may have been some statistical bias at play. Any number of the people I’d been dismissing as guys might also just be girls instead. Maybe that guy seated at the bench was just

wearing a really convincing fake beard? Maybe there were full on guys out there, save they had pussies instead of dicks? I didn't want to think about it.

It wasn't just the people who had changed either, it was the mall itself.

I mean, duh. I'd seen firsthand the "*Victoria's Statement*". With its black and white display of a muscular woman in her underwear standing tall and powerful with binders wrapped proudly around her flat chest. Were binders the new pushup bras in this strange world?

There were more examples than I could count though. Instead of women's clothing stores, the focus leaned heavily into menswear. I supposed 'menswear' wasn't quite the right word, was it? There were both women and men shopping in the same stores and sections, even if the women tended by buying smaller sizes. The people inside tended to be going about it in a very quick and utilitarian manner. We ran past one store where an older woman with a tight bun was getting fitted for a business suit. She looked powerful, confident. There was just a flair of femme at the waist to accommodate her wider hips.

Some of the stores seemed to cater to the sort of soft style Grace was wearing. Not that it stopped men from shopping there as well. Was 'softboy' a big style in this world?

We were just running past the electronics store when I froze in my tracks. On the display of the crisp 4k TVs, I caught a glimpse of boobs. There was an action flick playing (of course!) and running out of a burning building, wielding an assault rifle in each hand was a muscular girl, completely topless! Jenn Wick? Femme Rambo? I gawked at her jumbling 4k jubbies, bouncing with the recoil of her guns. I wasn't the only one watching, but I seemed to be the only one shocked at the nudity.

Grace stopped next to me. She didn't seem very impressed by my drooling.

"Really G-man?" Grace looked from me to the TV and back again. She crossed her hands over her chest. "I didn't know you were so into those girly girl types."

"Girly girl?"

"Yeah, you know, the real alpha woman's woman. Look at her go." I did just that, watching as she threw down her guns, reloaded her fists, and proceeded to beat the crap out of a whole room full of thugs. I'd give one thing for this world, her competition was a pretty even mix of genders.

"What? Girly? This is girly? Come on, you're way girlier than that."

"Dude, what?" A smile broke across her face. She flushed a little. The comment had evidently taken her by surprise. "Pfft..." She waved a hand to try to deny it. "It's sweet of you to say — you know how I get sometimes — but let's be real. It just feels like the whole world is pressuring me to be this big muscly stoic badass. I've come to terms with the fact I'm not. You don't have to humour me."

"Stoic badass?"

"I mean, come on, look at those girls!" She gestured to a trio of weightlifters stepping out of a protein powder shop, each more ripped than the last. "I mean, I wish I looked like that, but I don't." She sighed wistfully.

My ears pricked up at the word wish. I just hoped the genie wasn't listening in.

"You do?"

"Yeah, bro, just imagine, I could carry you around, protect you from danger."

More visions flashed through my head, of Grace as some kind of jacked amazonian musclegirl, lifting me up and carrying me in her arms like a princess. My heart pounded.

"I think I prefer you like this."

"Yeah?"

"Soft." I pulled her in for a hug. "You don't have to change yourself. You're better just the way you are."

The irony that I was actively trying to change her back was not lost on me, but I didn't want to upset her.

"Aw, thanks G-man." She pulled out of my hug and punched me fraternally in the shoulder. I laughed. Had this been part of the wish too? The pressures of being a guy? It felt vaguely unfair, kind of ridiculous.

"Look, I don't want to talk about my feelings or anything, okay? Its not important." She waved me off. "I'm sorry we didn't find this girl you were after."

"What do you mean?"

"Look."

She pointed. Victoria's Statement was just up ahead. We'd done an entire lap of the mall.

Had she gone the other way? No, it was foolish of me to even think a genie would just walk away. She'd probably turned into a puff of smoke and returned to... wherever genies were from? The brass city? Arabia? Hollywood? I had no idea.

I tried to take a breath to calm myself, to focus, but it wasn't happening. I could feel the anxiety swelling up inside me, I could feel the lump in my throat rising. Was I going to be trapped here forever? Trapped in a world without pushup bras and skirts and bikinis?

"Oh no you don't." Grace put a hand on my shoulder.

"What?"

"You're getting all worked up now, I can tell." She crossed her hands over her chest in a masculine gesture. "Whoever it is you thought you saw, you'll have another chance, right? Let's not forget the real reason we're here."

"To get you new underwear?"

“Yeah, but come on, since when does that take more than five minutes? The real reason.”

I looked at her blankly.

“C’mon, G-spot.” She turned and gestured at the arcade. “So I can kick your ass in Femmefighter 4!”

“But...” “ I blinked. I looked at the glistening, jangling entrance of the arcade, then back around the mall. “The girl?”

“Maybe she’ll be in there?” She gave a masculine shrug. “Unless you’re worried I’m going to humiliate you too badly?”

I laughed, despite myself. What would a thousand-year-old genie want with video games? Same thing as everybody else, I guess? Was she really a thousand years old? Goddammit, how was it life had completely failed to educate me on the subject of genies!?

Grace grabbed me by the wrist and started to drag me in. Her grip was soft but her tug was a little too eager.

Lights pulsed and flashed and whirred as we stepped into the arcade. My attention was soon once again distracted, though, as any red-blooded Canadian would be, by boobs. It seems action movies weren’t the only place muscular half-naked women went around kicking ass. The arcade was full of cabinets and posters featuring women kicking butt.

Some of the characters I recognized as being tomboy-ified versions of characters I already knew - flat-chested Chun Lee in a slick business suit. Others were entirely new. The variety of female characters seemed about the same as the variety of male characters, even if they were all masculine. The end result was as many women were shirtless as the men. There also seemed to be an unusual number of muscular dudes in bulging jiggle-physics speedos. Was this fan-service to the new female demographic?

We picked our way past shooters and sports games and fighting cabinets, all crowded with girls. There seemed less room for the rhythm stuff and there was nothing cutesy. This place was doing bigger business than any of other places in the mall had been.

Grace pulled me up to an empty fighter cabinet. Sure enough, FemmeFighter 4. She pulled out a card and slotted us in for a match. She was grinning. She was enjoying this? Maybe having a guy-ish girlfriend wasn’t so bad, after all? I’d never been able to get Grace to play games with me, let alone violent ones, she’d always been repulsed by the idea.

Alright... let’s see how good this girl was. I’d try not to kick her ass too badly.

What followed was the most thorough beat-down I had ever been party to. I lost 20 times in a row. She wasn’t even taking it easy on me, or, worse, maybe she was taking it easy on me and I got dominated regardless. She fist-pumped in the air each time she finished me off, whooping and laughing.

I was stunned. There was something so *fun* about it, something so genuine. She wasn’t trying to hide how much she was loving it. She was enthusiastic and open, moving and laughing in a way I’d never seen her do before. Normally she was so prim, mindful, demure.

This her wasn't holding back.

I wished I'd had more time to enjoy it but I was fighting for my life. Round after round, an absolute struggle.

"Okay, okay." I held my arms up in surrender. "You win."

"Are you sure you're feeling alright? We play this all the time. You're not going easy on me, are you?" She punched my arm playfully, grinning the whole time. A big boyish grin on that otherwise soft face.

"Just feeling a little rusty I guess. You keep playing, I'll be right back. I've gotta hit the washroom."

"Alright, but you're just delaying the inevitable."

I worked my way back out of the arcade to try to find the washroom. I was somewhat stymied by the fact that that familiar little male/female icon with the skirt was now just the same guy on both sides. I'd hate to see what would happen if I ended up in the girls' room right now. I sat there for a good minute trying to decide which one to go in before realizing they were both unisex now. Inside was a dispenser for condoms and a dispenser for tampons, both with a variety of manly colours and names.

A few minutes later I was making my way back. I stopped and admired, from a distance, Grace completely kicking butt and being free to just be herself. All the cheers and whoops when she won? That ridiculous little victory dance? I was enthralled.

Maybe having girls act like this wasn't such a bad thing after all? She still had that element of softness after all, didn't she? But there was a closeness to it, familiarity. Like she was a bro as well. Not from Venus but from Mars.

Maybe I didn't need to find this stupid genie after all! I could say good riddance to all this anxiety. Yeah, screw her!

And of course, that was when the sea of people parted and I saw her. She was wiggling her wide well-presented butt to the arcade's loud music, that all-too-familiar bronze-skinned beauty. She was an oasis of femininity in a desert of the masculine. And she was playing at a claw machine. Badly.

My eyes went wide. I walked towards her but then jumped as a hand slapped me in the ass.

I turned, red of face, to confront my attacker.

"Hey there pretty thing," a woman stood there, tall and handsome, like something from an anime. "You come here often?" She wore a collared button-up shirt. Her thin face had an element of softness, her hair just long enough to give it a femme kick, like Grace. But instead of the warmth in Grace's eyes hers were as firm as a predator's.

A few other girls were watching on, grinning and eager to see where this went. Friends of hers?

"Uh -" I tried to step back. Nothing in my 20 years of life as a guy had prepared me for how to respond to getting hit on like that.

"I mean, I uh-" My skin was burning hot. She thought I was pretty?

"Speechless, eh? That's okay, I can think of other uses I could put that mouth to. You here alone, sweetcheeks?"

"N-no I'm here with-"

She pushed herself closer, pressing her body into mine. She wasn't even going to hear me out, her firm arm wrapped around my waist. I jumped again and tried to get away, but she was too strong.

"Hey!" a voice from behind her called. "Leave him alone."

"Grace?"

"Oh, fuck off, beta," the girl said, glaring at my girlfriend. "Like you would even know what to do with a boy like this."

"He's mine, cuntbag." Grace made a fist. I don't think I'd ever heard her swear before.

"A little weak thing like you and a cutie like this? I think not. What is it, a pity date?"

"I'm not..." Grace gulped, the comment had obviously gotten to her more than she'd like. "That's not very..."

"That's what I thought." The girl waved her off. "Come on sweetcheeks." She slapped my ass and squeezed so tight I jumped. "Let's see what those lips do."

She started to walk me away, her hand guiding me and me unable to wiggle out of her grip. I felt so small next to her.

"That's it." Grace balled a fist. "Leave him alone, or else."

"Or else what?"

Grace decked the woman.

The woman went stumbling back. Her friends caught her and stood her back up. She was shaken. Blood dripping from her lip, she wiped it with the back of her hand. All around us the arcade had suddenly put all their focus on this new entertainment.

"Oh my god." I gasped "That was..."

"I know! I shouldn't resort to violence." Grace admonished herself. "She was really pissing me off. Seeing her treat you like you're just a piece of hot ass? Girls like that give us all a bad name."

I was a piece of hot ass?

"Grace that was so... hot!" My pulse was pounding.

My heart was racing. I'd never felt anything like this before. Before all this I'd probably consider it weirdly gay but in that moment I was blown away.

"I can't believe I just did that. I'm not some meathead, really."

"Grace. You're perfect." I leaned in and kissed her.

She flushed.

"You'll pay for that!" the woman cried.

"Okay, time to go." Grace said, grabbing my wrist again, this time far more urgently. We ran off into the mall, the tall woman and her entourage giving heart-pounding chase.

As we ran I noticed more changes. There were a million little things. Things I'd missed the first time. A Claire's which sold cutesy accessories and did piercings now sold accessories of a very different sort, with all manner of punk merchandise on display, spikey bracelets and other manly piercings and accessories. There was some ordinary stuff, normal bracelets, gender neutrals, but it really played up the hardcore image.

A classy women's shoe store that had had a big display of elegant high heels and thigh-high boots now had an assortment of big showy men's cowboy boots with fancy leather patterns on them. I suppose that was probably the highest heel around. A flat-chested girl with hair down to her neck wearing a plaid shirt and jeans came out wearing a pair and it occurred to me, that was probably the closest to a blonde bimbo I was liable to see in this weird world.

The toy store was especially strange. I'd have thought that all this would have meant no Barbie, but I'd have been wrong. The big red display for the iconic fashion doll showcased her in military fatigues holding a gun. There were some kids in the front playing and a little girl (or maybe just a kid with long hair?) was definitely having hers fight against whatever toys the boys she was playing had. She looked like she was winning.

"I think we lost them," Grace said, pulling us into the food court. We slunk into a booth near some topiaries and hunched down to avoid notice. There were all sorts of people sitting around eating. A lot of the menus seemed to have changed: more meats and proteins, less healthy stuff.

"I still can't believe you did that," I said, giddily.

"I'm sorry." She buried her face in her hands. I'm such a brute! You must hate me."

"No it was so brave. I just froze." I flushed. It was the truth. "Honestly? It was kinda hot"

I was panting, trying to catch my breath, trying to focus.

At the other tables, I was girls were all sitting around with their legs spread as they ate. We had managed to grab a table with a decent view.

I could overhear conversations all around us. The girls seemed to be talking about one thing. At the table opposite us were a group of nerdy girls gossiping about which anime waifu boy was best. At another the frat girls from earlier were gossiping about their latest sexual conquests in explicit detail.

I felt myself growing warm at the brazen explicit language. I don't know if I'd ever get used to hearing girls talk that way.

"What's wrong?"

"Girls are so... horny? "

Guys hadn't been this bad, had they? They hadn't been copping a feel in the arcade. Although hadn't the old Grace said something about wanting to avoid the creeps there?

"What can I say?" Grace shrugged. "It's how God made us. Doesn't help that you guys are so hot with your stupid sexy bulges." She bit her lip as a guy walked by in tight jeans and a tight shirt. "I mean, come on, look at this. Almost as hot as you."

"You think I'm hot?" I don't know if I'd ever been called that before.

"Uh yeah?" She coughed. "I try not to be all out there about it. Like, I respect you as a person. But you know how I feel about you."

My heart was pounding again and I don't think it was from the run.

Were the girls in this world really so much hornier, or was it just they acted that way because it was the masculine thing to do? Hell, for all I knew this was just the freedom to act on it the way guys would.

I mean... was this a bad thing? Didn't that mean I was going to get more laid? I looked over Grace's tight little body. Once again I found myself wondering if this was so bad... ? I mean, if things stayed this way I'd be getting lots of sex, right?

Okay, there was a price to pay, of course. No skirts, no lingerie, no bikinis or sundresses in summer. Could I really live in a world where boobs were played down instead of played up? Would I trade it all away for the sex?

"I think I'm facing an ethical dilemma."

I looked at Grace. Her eyes were on my chest.

"Huh?" she looked up reluctantly. " Sorry I was... miles away."

"Not helping, Grace."

"Sorry baby, it's just all this talk and the running and my blood is still pounding from the fight."

Was this some kind of snide commentary by the genie about the general horniness of guys? Come on, I was better than that! There's no way I was normally this bad. I felt sorry for Grace.

And of course, now I had the idea running around in my brain.

"Grace..." I was unsure how to phrase this. I guessed beating around the bush wasn't going to be worth it. "Do you... wanna... you know?" I wagged my eyebrows.

"Sex?"

I nodded.

"Okay!" she leapt to answer, like a kid in a candy store. "Wait, why? What's happening?" She tried to clamp down on her enthusiasm. "Not that I'm going to say no if you're offering but like, normally you aren't."

"I think you're worked up, I think I'm worked up. Let's go work some of this off."

"Okay!" she grinned. It was basically the same grin I'd have if I got offered sex. On her face it was really cute. I couldn't help but laugh.

"What? Was that a joke? Are we not - "

"No you're just... cute."

She flushed.

"Bro," she punched my arm. "Where's that coming from?"

She practically dragged me to the bathroom, one of the unisex private ones. As we approached, another girl came out of it, saw the look on our faces, and gave Grace a high-five. I rolled my eyes.

We got inside. Before I could even get a sense of our surroundings, Grace was pressing herself against my body, her arms wrapping around me, pulling me in close. I reciprocated. Grace was normally such a passive participant in our sex but now she was as into as I was.

"Mmm..."

We kissed, deeply and with all the intensity our raging hormones would allow. Her tongue ran along my lips, her teeth nibbled at my tongue, I returned in kind, trying just to keep up. We swayed this way and that, bouncing around the bathroom until she had me pressed against one wall with her strong arms.

"Sorry," she laughed, gently, the softness of her eyes and face at contrast with her firm body language. "A little excited." She tried again. This time she was holding back, this time she was gentle and soft. Not that she didn't still end with me pinned against a wall.

She ran her hands along my body, as though she was as eager to feel it as I was to be touched, the whole of my body, not just my dick. Her hands rubbed at my back as we made out, fondling, reaching. She squeezed at the cheeks of my ass. It was sending me gasping for breath. I'd never been touched like this before.

She nibbled at my neck, pulling up my shirt, kissing at my chest, spending probably way too much time playing with my nipples. She seemed completely enamored with them, go figure. She finished by rubbing at my crotch, my dick tightening in my boxer, all too receptive to her ministrations. She was good if a little over-eager.

Blood pounded through my heart, my body hot and sensitive and eager for more.

Again, she had me playing catch up. I pulled off her sweater, and the tank top beneath. She was wearing a grey binder, like the one I'd seen in Victoria's Secret. I could see the edges of her cleavage within it, the tops of her boobs trying to poke out. Without the sweater in the way to hide her figure I could see the womanhood in her figure, the tighter waist, the wider hips and chest, the curves she'd been downplaying, the soft womanly flesh beneath.

She was beautiful.

Not that I had much chance to appreciate it.

She pressed my shoulders, pressing me down. So this was how it was going to be, eh? I obliged, falling to my knees until I was face to face with her grey boxers. I tugged them down her legs to reveal the pussy beneath. The ultimate proof of her womanhood. It was unshaved, that was new, but it suited her.

Normally I didn't do this. I wasn't this sort of guy, but after the day I'd been having, it seemed so strangely thrilling, so right.

I pressed in close to her and ran a tongue along the hot cleft of her sex.

"Ah!" she grunted, throwing her head back.

"Oh, you like that, do you?" I raised an eyebrow and gave another lick.

"You tease!" She grunted again, locking eyes with me, watching in fascination as I licked again and again.

I kept my gaze on her as I drank deeply of her. Pushing myself closer and closer, burying my face into her sex, deeply licking at her labia, then swirling my tongue around her clit. I tried to think of all the things I liked in a blowjob and tried to apply it in reverse. I reached up to finger her pussy as I ate out her clit.

"Yeah, work my hole, oh god!" She grunted again. There was that softness of her tone, this girl's voice making these very masculine sounds. When we'd started, her body had been alive, running her hands along me, searching, rubbing. Now her attention was far more focused. She held my head, clutching with both hands, pushing me in deeper and firmer against her clit. She was bucking her hips in time, grinding herself against me.

She was so wet, so juicy, so hot. There was no artistry about it, no womanly beauty or mystique, just hot grunting sex.

My other hand was down around my dick, working it in time to this sight before me, but in truth it didn't seem like it mattered so much, all of my focus was going to her. If this was what foreplay was like, I couldn't wait to see how things were gonna be when I had her against the wall a few minutes from now.

"Uhh -oh." Her eyes flashed.

What?

"Oh no. Here it... here it..." She tapped furiously on the back of my head.

"What?" I tried asking through the muff in my face, but as I pulled back, Grace's whole body tensed up, shaking in orgasm. Juice sprayed out her pussy, ram-spraying across my face, dribbling down my chest.

I pulled back, coughing.

"Oh my god I'm so sorry, I was trying to hold back and - I should have given you more warning." Grace looked at me guiltily. She was already starting to put back on her clothes.

"It's fine," I sighed, taking it somewhat as a compliment. I'd never seen her cum so hard.

Wait, hold on, did this mean it was over? One and done? Without her even returning the favour?

"You've got um..." She gestured to her face and her chest. She started to smile despite herself. I couldn't blame her, if it had been me looking at her covered in my jizz I'd be feeling the same way.

I went over to the mirror. I was quite a mess indeed.

Maybe it was just the residual horniness speaking but honestly, that had been kinda fun. My heart was pounding. I felt good. A little used, but good.

I reached for the paper towel and started to clean myself off, to Grace's disappointment, but there's no way I was just going to walk around the mall with her pussy juice all over my face like some kind of slut.

Some minutes later, I emerged from the bathroom. Sex was gonna be different. That's for sure, but it wasn't too bad. Maybe my worries about her pegging me silly were unfounded.

I looked down to see my fly was still down, I'm sure I looked like we'd just fucked in the bathroom, though I doubt anyone in this strange world would be opposed to it. I tucked my shirt in and did it up. I was so distracted I didn't notice the person I bumped right into.

No, not a person. A genie.

"Well, well, well," she tutted. She had a hand on one hip and a plush crane-game rabbit under the other arm. "Look who it is."

"You!"

"Figured I'd come check on you. It's been an hour. Had enough?"

It had only been an hour??

"Finally starting to sink in?" She gestured around broadly. "Ready to take it all back?"

"Take it back?" I blinked. "What, you want me to admit that things were better with girls acting like girls?"

"Surely even you can see that - wait." She squinted at me, then at Grace coming out of the bathroom, though Grace didn't seem to acknowledge the entirely alien gender of the person in front of her. "Not even an hour and you're having sex?" she sighed. "Why do all the wishes I grant always seem to turn out this way?"

I bristled, half ashamed. Being around a real girl was telling my brain to hold back on the machismo.

"Look, I don't know if I learned the lesson you wanted me to." I gripped my fist. "The truth is, I was right. In a lot of ways having girls acting like guys kinda rocks? It's got some difficulties too, but it mostly rocks."

"I don't believe this." The genie rubbed at the bridge of her nose.

"But -" I sighed. "I'm not so big an idiot that I don't see what you're getting at. The world needs gentleness and softness. The world needs femininity, "

"Yes!"

"If only for the eye candy," I laughed. "I mean come on, summer dresses, bikinis, makeup! Beauty and style and skimpy clothes and smouldering hotness."

"Oh no. You stop that right now," the genie glared.

"Honestly, I wish we lived in a world where girls were still acting like guys but we still had all that girly crap back, you know? Best of both worlds. That would be perfect!"

"Of course." She sighed. "Really? That's your takeaway from this? That femininity is only good for eye candy?"

"I mean... yeah? Look, you're the one who put me in this crazy situation in the first place."

"Fine! Looks like you're due for another lesson."

"Hey, hold on-"

She snapped her fingers.

“Wish Granted.”

“Fuck! Wait!”

A chill wind ran through my body. There was a disconnect, an abrupt shift. Like a badly edited cut on TV. Suddenly everything was... Different.

Oh no. Oh fuck. What had I said? What had I done now?

I took a breath. She was gone again! Again! What had I done? I started looking around for her. She had to be easy to find, the only girl in the world.

But... she wasn't.

What had before been so rare amongst the crowd was now there in abundance!

There were girls again! Skirts and pink and blouses and big flowing flowery dresses and the cutest high heels! The full array of femininity was laid out again. There were flushed cheeks and eyeliner, lipstick and mascara! Bodies well on display! Tears welled up in my eyes.

It was all back to normal.

“You alright, babe?” Grace asked. “You’re looking a little overwhelmed.”

“Yeah just a - “ I turned to look at her, to take in her femininity once more, then froze.

She was still the new her. Still this softgirl tomboy. No makeup, short hair, soft grey sweater and white slacks. I could see concern in those gentle eyes.

What was going on?

I turned to look back at the girls out in the crowd. Oh no. Oh no no no. I looked closely at the faces walking past, the bodies, the builds. There was a certain sharpness there. Flat chests, even when cleavage was on display. They were all tall, especially with heels. The final nail in the coffin was the swish around my bare thighs.

I looked down in horror. I was wearing a skirt. A tartan skirt! And a deep-cut V-neck blouse, and bangles and necklaces and rings!!

I rushed back into the bathroom to confront the mirror, my black wedge heels clicking beneath me. The face reflecting in the mirror was my own, but highlighted with contour and makeup to bring out my most feminine features. I had hair running in waves down to my butt.

I reached down and pulled up my skirt to take a look. I still had my dick at least, tucked in my pretty pink panties. I was some kind of femboy? I rushed back out. I looked at the stores I could see. Bikinis and dresses and makeup. All the stores selling girlish goods once more. She'd brought it all back, but for guys!?

I seethed. I had done this. I'd said keep the girls acting like guys. I wanted to scream. Hadn't I learned my lesson the first time? Why hadn't I wished for a million dollars?

But then my eyes locked on a little sign that said 'sale' and my raging heart thrummed. A whole slew of new emotions flooded into me. Those little outfits were *cute*. And ooh, those shoes.

"Ooh, Grace baby." I twirled a strand of my long hair around a finger. "You know I could use some lingerie... what say we go check that sale out?"

"Okay, but I think I'm gonna wait outside," Grace said, flushing. "That's no place for a girl."

"Don't you want to help me pick out something *special*?"

Suddenly the vision of Grace standing over me with her strap-on didn't quite seem so bad...

"Sorry, Graham, but where you go I cannot follow. It's a girl thing." She took a step away from the store. "I think I'd rather wait out here."

I flushed red. Anger coursed up through me. The absolute nerve of that girl.

I took a breath. Girls could be so immature sometimes.

Oh well. Shopping ahoy!

The End.