



Feminine Fate
BY RAZMAGURK

A Feminine Fate
- A Quick TG Short -
By Razmagurk

"And now," the old woman began, playing up her thick Romani accent. "Madame Zinchi shall lay down the cards that will dictate your fate."

I tried not to scoff. As though fate was even a thing, let alone something a deck of cards could reveal. The woman's accent was as fake as the interior of this garishly decorated carnival tent. With a dramatic grace she placed three large cards from the deck face down on the table in front of me. They were thick and intricately adorned. They looked as old as she was. Whoever had made the props had clearly gone all out, but wasn't this all a little much?

"Just three?" I crossed my arms over my broad frame and leaned back in my seat. "You're going to sum up my entire fate with three cards?" I glanced over at Issac incredulously. He was standing off to the side, watching eagerly. He was clearly excited for this, I had no idea why. I couldn't believe I'd let him drag me along to this. This kind of crap had been fine when we were younger, but we weren't kids anymore. With everything going on in my life I didn't want to be dealing with people, but he'd insisted. He practically dragged me out of the door, saying he had an appointment arranged and everything. He could be such a huge dick sometimes.

"Not sum up," Madame Zinchi corrected. "Dictate." She made every word seem so dramatic. "These are the ancient cards of fate, from which all tarot cards are derived. They control all. The past... the present... the future..." Her crooked finger floated above each card. "A simple reading, but a powerful one. What you are, what you have been... and what you will yet become. Do you give yourself over to their decision? Are you ready?"

"Sure, sure." I rolled my eyes for what had to be the fourth time. I didn't have the mental energy to deal with people in general these days, let alone putting on a dumb show for some scam artist. "Let's just get this over with."

"First. Your past. Turn over the leftmost card."

I reached out my hand awkwardly. As I touched the card, a shock ran through me like static electricity. I winced and shook out my hand. Was that some kind of trick, or just coincidence?

"In your past..." she declared, "The Stud."

Sure enough, against a yellow background there was a simple illustration of a heavily muscular - and very naked - man, his massive dick in hand like some kind of rod. All around adoring fans and beautiful naked women fawned over him.

I laughed at the absurdity of it, but the old woman just gave me a look that told me this was very serious indeed.

"The Stud represents masculine sexual force. Mojo, Yang, Virility. It has many names. It is often, especially in this day and age, a toxic masculinity. It means you have a history of sleeping around or of treating women like objects to be used and discarded."

"Shut up, I do not!" I tried to get out ahead of the accusation, but it had caught me so off guard my face was turning red.

"You got him there," Issac laughed. I grew even redder at his betrayal. "Bro spent his entire first year of college sleeping with anything in a skirt. Party after party, girl after girl. Always pressuring them to come home with him."

"This is stupid." I scowled. It had to be coincidence. I was sure every card in there could apply to pretty much everybody. Even if the art did look weirdly like me. "Lots of guys slept around in college. There's more to me than that."

"Still you doubt the cards?" Madame Zinchi pressed harder. There was a fire in her voice. Frustration. Disgust? "Very well. I shall show you. For you, dear boy, this will not be just The Stud." She reached out with her fingers and rotated the card 180 degrees. It seemed to resist her, but that didn't stop her. I felt a twisting feeling inside my guts as she did. "This is the stud *inverted*. In its inverse aspect it represents the opposite of that energy. Yin, an over-abundance of feminine sexual energy and fertility. Not power and dominance but yielding sexual submission."

"Wait, what?" I was finding it hard to breathe. "Are you calling me a virgin?" I raised one of my well-plucked eyebrows and pouted my soft little lips.

"Not a virgin, no." Madame Zinchi corrected. "It represents all the Issace tantric lust and energy, but directed differently, in an overflowing feminine aspect. Not the bull dominating the herd, but the cow trembling to be inseminated."

Inseminated!? I couldn't tell if that was better or worse than being called a virgin.

"That's amazing!" Issac gasped. "Look at you, Ivan! Overflowing feminine energy fits you perfectly." Issac grinned. "She has you nailed. The makeup, the nail polish, the crossdressing. I mean you've been on E since high school."

Great. Now he was teasing me? Just because I believed in skin care and liked the way a dress felt against my bare thighs? That didn't mean I was some kind of...what? What were they saying? A slutty femboy bottom begging to get bred? I licked my plump lips and brushed my long hair out of my face. "I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just a normal guy. I'm on the football team! I sleep with all kinds of bitches!"

Madame Zinchi smirked incredulously at the statement. It must have seemed so ridiculous a claim coming from someone looking like me.

"Did you?" Issac laughed, eyes travelling down my slender body and liking what he saw. "I mean I know your bi, but I thought you much preferred guys. Was this before I met you? Because in the time I've known you you've been absolutely boy crazy. You're always showing up to parties in kinky little skirts wiggling your plump poundable behind for anyone with a nice hard dick."

"Wait..." I struggled to think. I was having a hard time making sense of what he was saying.

His statement surprised me, but the more I thought about it the more correct I had to admit it was. I looked back down at the card, at the central figure. Hadn't I just been thinking it looked like me? Ridiculous. I wasn't nearly so bulky. My gaze was drawn to one of the girls looking on adoringly. She was so cute! She looked more like me than he did. Soft face, seductive features. She was on her back, naked, staring lustfully at the stud's rigid

member. That was more me alright. I could empathize with her, that dick looked so... juicy. My mouth was watering. How long had it been since I'd sucked a cock that big? Too long.

Something about this felt wrong, but the more I dug for it, the further away the idea slipped. I tried to focus. I'd slept with girls, hadn't it? I had very firm memories of my first kiss with Becky Daniels. All that awkward fumbling behind the bleachers in high school? Of course it had been awkward, she couldn't give me what I really wanted. Hell, she couldn't even get my bra off. We didn't know by then how gay we both were. Not that I didn't find girls hot, but there weren't many that had the right attitude.

We'd run into each other a few years later in college, come to think of it. She'd ditched the mousy look for a pink fauxhawk. We had tried again. Me in that cute little black dress and her with her collection of strap-on dildos. We'd really bonded over how deep we could both take them. We'd been total BFFs since - but pillow-fights and gossip-heavy sleepovers were not the kind of sleeping with a girl I'd meant, was it?

What was I thinking about?

"Yeah, you use to slut around all the time, dude. Remember that month you worked your way through every guy in the yearbook? Or that little 'free-use' crop top you'd wear into the locker room after every football game?"

How could I forget? I loved that shirt so much, even if it made things too easy. Leave it to Issac to keep score. He'd been on the receiving end of more than a few of my horny late-night texts. He was probably the closest guy friend I had, even if it was with benefits. I didn't have a lot of people I could really open up to, but I cherished him because of it. Plus he had like, a huge dick, which was always a lot of fun to tease him about.

"Mmm..." I moaned at the memories of being used hard and put away wet. I found myself fondly recalling those happy days, how all the guys would treat me after the games - like I was the only and luckiest slut on earth. Going from boy to boy at all those parties, it wasn't even about the sex, not really. It was about finding acceptance in the real me. Their hungry masculinity validating and sustaining me. Ooh, especially when I wore something tight and flirty, when my makeup was at its whorish best.

Why was I feeling defensive about that suddenly?

"Okay," I pouted. "You got me. I was a little overzealous in first year. But that was all in the past. I don't do that sort of stuff any more. I put the slutty femboy act behind me. I've grown up. You're not holding it against me, are you?"

I sighed. Maybe if I'd been more of a real man Sarah and all the others wouldn't have broken up with me. Maybe she was right that I finally needed to figure out who I really wanted to be. They'd all been like that lately, one bad relationship after another. It was a harsh contrast to the carefree fun of my first years at college.

"Do you believe in the cards' power now?" Madam Zinchi asked, still committed to being as dramatic as possible.

"Should I?" I flipped the hair out of my eyes. "Lots of guys had a slutty fembottom phase. That card could apply to anyone."

"Still you doubt. But you will believe soon enough. The next card. The one that represents your present," she intoned. "Flip it over."

I tried, but I got another shock. I was starting to feel like a real idiot, but I didn't react this time. I didn't want to let on that I'd fallen for this trick again. I deftly flipped the card over.

It depicted an androgynous figure rising up in bed, weeping. Behind them was a black wall upon which were nine swords that looked like they were about to tumble down upon them. I didn't like the looks of that one bit.

"The Nine of Swords," Madam Zinchi recited. "Anxiety. Fear. Depression. Nightmares and suffering."

I rankled. I felt attacked. I glared at Issac. Was this a set up? Sure, I haven't left the house in weeks and I couldn't even remember the last time I'd gotten laid, or slept properly, but that was my business, goddammit. Just because every day I felt ugly and sad and gross didn't give him the right to ambush me like this. Rage welled up inside me, indignation. I shot a dirty glare at Issac. Who the hell did he think he was?

"This is dumb." My words did not come out as confidently as I had intended. Quite the opposite.

"You are plagued by purposelessness." Madam Zinchi tapped the card. "I can see it. Listless doubts and haunting dreams of what could have been."

"I don't want to talk about it." I glared a warning at her. What did she know about my dreams? What did Issac tell her? "I don't have to put up with this." I stood and turned for the tent flap.

"Ivan, please." Issac said, putting a hand on my shoulder. It wasn't to hold me back, it was to reassure me, but I pulled away regardless.

"What if it didn't have to be this way?" Madam Zinchi asked.

"What?" I turned.

"What if you could change that? What if I took pity on you and said you could trade one fate for another? To draw another card?"

"I'd say you're full of crap. As if depression could be fixed so easily."

"Oh please," Issac said, his words cutting right through me, "You haven't tried any other way."

"We've talked about this," I growled.

"No, we haven't. Not really." His words were stern. "You keep pushing me away."

I wanted to storm out, but god help me I did not have enough fucks left to give. I didn't have a lot of friends left.

"Fine, let's fucking go." I turned back to the table. "Show my friend here what the little magical cardboard says I should do. What life-changing magic will the two of clubs unleash that will magically make the world full of rainbows and sunshine?"

"Careful." the old woman warned. "The cards do not like to be mocked."

"Too bad." I waved her off. "Just do it."

"In your present..." She flipped a fresh card from the deck right on top of the center card, as if replacing it, lining it up so well it completely obscured the Nine of Swords. "The Bimbo."

"The what?" I sat my well-padded ass back in my seat. "Don't you mean the fool?" I looked down at the card, but sure enough, against the yellow background there was a giggly pink-clad blonde-haired girl, and what a girl! She had an hourglass figure with tits so massive she probably couldn't even see the ground past those knockers, she didn't even notice she was about to step off a cliff. She had one hand held out inspecting her nails with the other buried in her snatch.

"The Bimbo represents a simpleness of mind and a perfection of body honed into the ultimate expression of femininity and sexual ideal. Confident femininity, to the expense of all else. An empty-headed vanity and positivity."

That was nothing like me at all! The notion was so absurd I let out a giggle.

A fog rolled through me as I stared at the card. I mean, true, sometimes it did feel so hard to think. And the girl in the picture was... cute, like me! I loved her nails, her high heels, the pink-tinged blonde hair that fell in waves down her curvaceous body. A+ for style, you go girl! I adored her boobies most of all though! They were so big I could just imagine how bouncy they must be. I bit my plump lip. I wished I looked half as good.

"This is, like..." I giggled. "Even more silly than the last one! This isn't really a real card for real is it? Is this supposed to be me? This is nothing like me!"

"Oh my god!" Issac chimed again. It's true. Your tits are way bigger."

"Exactly! Right, I'm... I'm... what?" I uncrossed my arms and leaned forward, letting the jiggling mountains that were my breasts rest easy on the table. For some reason, the weight of them caught me off balance. That was weird. Why was I so surprised by my own body?

I blinked in confusion. I poked my left tit incredulously. I reached down to grab at my boobs. Familiar warmth flushed through me as my soft hands ran across the supple flesh. My long thick nipples were stiffening at the attention, and my ass was feeling real empty. With all the girl juice I took, my penis didn't really get properly hard any more, but the feeling of arousal was undeniable.

Was there something wrong with my boobies? I hoped not. I loved them so much. The way they felt, the attention they got. I could sit and watch them jiggle and sway forever. It was this perfect expression of who I was: silly, over the top, in your face, always out in front and so girly and sexy that I wanted everybody to know it.

Yet even so, something about them felt... unfamiliar? Different somehow? "Were these always so big?" I furrowed my brow and pouted my plump filler-stuffed lips.

"You were so boyish in highschool." Issac laughed. He had such a nice laugh. "You hated it. Once you got away from your family in college, you really went absolutely wild with your body. You got lip filler, and you started your crazy exercise routine that really brought out your ass. You had a pic of yourself photoshopped to have absurd tits, you looked at every day praying. You took every pill you could find, talked to every doctor and surgeon to make that dream a reality, and it did. You made that wish come true."

"Oh." I blinked. "Okay!" I giggled again. That sounded about right. Issac was so smart. I felt a flush of pride at that, that I had worked so hard to look so good, that I had earned this beautiful body of mine.

Sometimes it was easy to forget these things. I was glad I had Issac here to keep me straight. He was a good friend. He didn't care that I slept with basically any guy who'd have me, or that I always wanted to look as hot as possible. On the contrary, he was always there when I needed someone to tell me if my lingerie and makeup were slutty enough before I went out on hookups. He had a way of getting decisions through this thick skull of mine. We'd dated a few times, but I wasn't ready to settle down. At least I always made sure to show him my appreciation. I licked my lips. Did I mention he had a huge dick? Like, I've sucked a lot of dick in my day, but his is always the best.

I smiled down at my boobs and gave them a squeeze. Isn't that the whole point? Why get tits if they weren't going to be the biggest ones around?

No one would recognize that the smokingly hot girl was the little scared boy I'd been growing up, the one who had to hide his truth from his parents. There was only so much I could have gotten away with back then, still back at home, still sneaking E under the table. My femboy phase was just a prelude however. Once I'd gotten agency, true agency, I'd gone absolutely crazy with it. Growing up my father had drilled into me that it was only okay to appreciate women under a pornographic lens, maybe that was why my inner girl was such a giggling pink mess. It didn't matter, I loved her all the same!

Sure, maybe I'd fallen off my studies a bit, maybe I'd failed a few classes in the process, but it was all worth it to get a few cup sizes more, wasn't it? My academic advisor certainly wasn't complaining when I showed him the heavy fruits of my labour. That didn't make me a bimbo, that made me a genius.

"A changed fate," Madam Zinchi said. "What say you of the cards now?"

I blinked dumbly and looked back down at the card with the cute girl on it. Had there been another card? I couldn't even remember what it had been now though, something about sadness? Wherever it was, it was buried deep, covered by a sunshine girl with a duck-lip smile, just like me. There were still times I hurt, moments of doubt deep down – I was just human after all – but just like the card, it was buried beneath this happy giggling life. I had so many friends to talk to about things, so many guys who would love to come over and console me, to make me feel good. Who could feel depressed about something like that?

I was living my best life, being the me I was born to be.

"I've never felt better!" I looked down in amazement at the cards. I couldn't believe I'd been calling these stupid. These were so fun! Maybe I could get some crystals on top. Maybe I should start checking my horoscope. "These cards are so great! You know me so well! I really am a bit of ditz, aren't I?"

"See?" the woman smirked at Issac. "Progress."

"There's one card left," Issac reminded.

"Oh, right!" I grinned.

"Your future..." Madam Zinchi pointed her bony finger to the final card, still face down before me.

My heart pounded. I was invested now. Everything felt so real, so mystical. There was no doubt in my heart. But why was discovering my future filling me with such apprehension? The more I stared at that last card the worse it got. I had a bad feeling about this.

I reached out and poked at the card with one ruby red nail. A shock ran through me, but I didn't let that stop me. I flipped it over.

"Oh," I gasped. "Please, no."

The card bore a skeletal rider trampling over the ugly and beautiful alike.

"Death." Madam Zinchi's voice was like the striking of a bell.

"Death!?" exclaimed Issac. "Hey now, come on."

"The card for Death need not signify the end." The woman explained. "But it is an end. At a deeper level, it represents change, transformation." She eyed my body up and down. "The end of one thing and the beginning of another."

Her words were not reassuring. My whole life was going to get thrown into upheaval?

"Please, no," I cried out. "I've only just started living. I don't want to put an end to this. Please, no, anything else."

"Anything?" She raised an eyebrow.

"Anything. Draw another card like you did before. I'm begging for your mercy. Whatever other fate is in store it must be better than this."

She and Issac exchanged a look. He gave a little nod.

"So be it." She reached out and held her bony hand over the deck, pausing to build drama. "In your future instead..." she flipped over the card. "The Love Slave."

"Oh come on!" I cried in my breathy voice. I pouted, squinting at the final card. I could feel it hitting me, I could feel it in my soul. The art was of a girl just like me, except even hotter, sexier. This was a girl who knew what she was, what she needed. She was bound and collared and happily - longingly - worshipping at the thick throbbing shrine of her master. A master who looked suspiciously like..."

"The Love Slave represents -"

"No!" I stood up, dizzy. I looked over at Issac. How had I never realized how handsome he was? My heart pounded all the harder. He was always so sweet, always there to tell me things were going to be okay and keeping me on track. But I'd never... I'd never considered kneeling before him, letting him collar me, him making me his own. Devoting myself utterly to his big dick perfection until the end of both our days.

I flushed.

"No, no." I put a hand to my head. It was all too much for my giggly bimbo brain to process.

"Ivy?"

"Issac, I - I'm sorry." I knew I was pouting, but I couldn't help myself. "I don't want to let these cards tell me my future! This whole thing is like, totally stupid anyway!"

I ran out of the tent as fast as my sky-high pink stilettos would let me. I just needed to clear my head. Heads turned as I stepped out. I'd always loved that appreciative male glare, the way it made me feel validated, feminine, wanted, but this, for once, was no time for boys. I had to think. I looked down at my little crop top stretched across the enormous globes of my breasts. Pink was cute, pink was calming. I let it soothe my thoughts.

I took a shivering breath. What had the cards been saying? I wanted to say it was crazy, but that was wrong. The idea that I was destined to be Issac's made so much sense. Too much sense. He was the one constant in my life. How had I not seen it before? He even had a huge dick. There would be worse paths in my life. He wouldn't care who I was, who I had been. He wouldn't try to change me. If we got together now, if I fell to my knees and swore myself to worship him forever, that wouldn't be us, though, it would be the cards, wouldn't it?

Curse this girlish heart! I didn't want it to be fate. I wanted it to be real, a choice we both made together.

I took another breath in, grounding myself as the cold night air of the carnival cooled the heat and arousal bubbling to the surface. It wasn't enough to quench it completely. I was flushed, hot, horny. I wished Issac was here beside me to fix this, to tell me what to do and think. What was I doing out here when he was still inside?

I turned back towards the tent but hesitated at the threshold. There were voices within. Issac and the old woman, talking.

"Are you sure it worked?" Issac asked. "I can still half-remember how things used to be. Did you need to make him so... extreme?"

"You saw her change. She can not fight her future. Just as she can not fight her past or present. She will be yours, and she will be better off for it than she would have otherwise been."

"He'll be happy?"

"*She* will be. I've seen to that. All I've done is change the direction of her life. Make her see things sooner. Give her a chance to be herself when it most mattered. No questioning of who she is. That's why she's so 'extreme,' as you put it."

I balled my hand up into as much of a fist as my long nails allowed. Anger flashed through me. I charged in through the tent flap. "And what is that supposed to mean?" I cried.

"Ivy!" Issac's eyes went wide, like I'd just caught him red handed.

"Is this true?" I demanded. "You wanted to change who I am? Make me into somebody I'm not? Turn me into your love slave?"

"You are still you." Madam Zinchi tried to reassure me. "A better version. One who made better decisions. Your friend here was quite worried about you when he came to me. Rightfully so. It was a dark fate."

"It's true." His voice was heavy. "There was nothing I could do to get through to you. You were out of control, spiraling into a dark place and you kept pushing me away. I had to do something. I care about you, Ivy. I couldn't stand to see you like that."

"You do?" My heart skipped a beat.

Even as furious as I was, hearing him say that... it somehow took the wind right out from my sails. I'd have expected the person enslaving me to be a little more distant, but I could see he was starting to tear up. I knew him too well. I knew all his tells. He was being genuine. More genuine than he'd been about anything in the whole time we'd known each other.

"You were worried about me?" It was like suddenly the anger fell from my heart. *Issac* was worried about *me!* *He cared about me!*

"More than anything." It wasn't guilt on his face, it was concern. "Night after night! You'd get so wasted you were on the verge of death. One night you told me all about your dreams, the things you kept buried inside: doubts about your gender, dysphoria, hatred. You kept spiraling, there was nothing I could do to help, to get through to you. I was worried one day you were going to actually kill yourself instead of just joking about it. I couldn't get through though. Not with you stuck in your self-hating macho mindset. I needed a way. I... I was desperate. I didn't expect it to end quite like this."

I almost had to smile at the idea of myself with a macho mindset. But that was so like Issac, not afraid to make a joke if he thought it might shake you out of a dark place. "You changed my fate so that you could save my life? You chose to do this? To make me yours?"

"That's right." He looked down at the floor, as though I had pulled some grand confession out of him with those words. "This is all my doing. All my fault. I'm sorry, Ivy, I really am."

I know I should have hated him, but god help me, I just couldn't stay mad at him. That was the most romantic thing I think I'd ever heard. It wasn't fate after all. He had chosen me. And here, now, I was choosing him too.

I ran into his arms. Tears welled up in my eyes. His big strong sexy arms. It felt like being home, it felt like acceptance. The fact that I could feel the familiar warmth of his huge dick swelling as my enormous melons pressed against his chest was just a fun bonus.

"Looks like my work here is done." The old woman smiled as she pulled the perverted cards back into the deck and did a trick shuffle. Her accent was gone.

"Thank you." Issac smiled. "I can't begin to express how much this means to me. To us."

"Eh, don't thank me yet." The old woman smirked. "Wait until you see my bill. Now why don't you two go rent a room or something. Something tells me the pair of you have some reacquainting to do."

"Good idea." Issac's big juicy dick stiffened even harder at the idea. There was a hotel up the street we were intimately familiar with. I gripped Issac's hand as he carried me out of the tent. I couldn't help but smile whenever I looked at him, just like he was smiling whenever he looked at me.

As we stepped out I felt lighter than I ever had before. My entire life my world had been tumultuous, uncertain. But now at last it felt like I finally had some direction.

I gripped Issac's hand tight and laughed into the night. Together at last.

It must have been fate!

The End.