

Mini-Story: Relic of Power (MtF Bimbofication)

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Two nerdy archaeology university students discovers an ancient relic that can transfer physical and mental characteristics between people and use it to try and improve their social lives, but during a fight where strengths and weaknesses are exchanged between the two their mutual bully takes advantage of their distraction to seize the relic and uses it to steal their manliness, intelligence, and assertiveness, leaving them as his giggly, dumb, curvaceous toys that will do whatever he asks.

Relic of Power

Dylan and Jason could not believe their luck, though it was not truly luck that gave them such sweet success. The pair had long been fast friends ever since they had sat next to each other in their first university archaeology class, and now four years on they were still together working on their Master's course, having travelled to Peru on an actual expedition to a newly discovered temple complex. It was there that they had made an incredible find, one that would not only boost their careers to great prominence, but benefit them in so many other unimaginable ways as well.

They had discovered the Relic of Power. It had long been considered a myth, a mistranslation by Portuguese explorers interacting with distant tribes in the heart of the jungle. It was, supposedly, a statuesque carving that had the power to reshape one's mind and body, allowing one to quite literally exchange properties of the flesh and soul. Some of the legends included great warriors taking the manhood of falling enemies, making themselves stronger and stronger, while a haggard old woman siezed the youth of her bullies and the beauty of the women who had mocked her, until she was the loveliest woman in the land. Even intelligence: kings who captured the mindpower of philosophers who were willing to sacrifice their own brainpower in order to make a more perfect monarch.

Naturally, the two friends didn't exactly believe the rumours, though Jason had always been the more fantastical of the two. Since their contract meant that the relics would be returning back with them to America for a short museum stint and because they had technically uncovered the chamber themselves, they were able to exercise control over the artefact, much to the chagrin

of Lee, the tagalong student who had never had good scores like them, and was only coasting through the course without any real chance of getting his thesis done.

"Can't believe you two absolute dweebs get all that responsibility," he whined.

"Maybe if you showed some actual interest in this course, instead of just failing to flirt with the local girls, you might actually have a chance of getting some responsibility," Dylan countered.

Matthew's response was simple: he shoved Dylan backwards into Jason, and chuckled at the result. That was his usual response to things: brute force.

"Don't mind him," Jason said, helping Dylan up. "He's just got a raging inferiority complex. I'll be he wishes the statue was real, just so *he* could steal our smarts."

"Yeah, not a bad point," Dylan said.

"It could be real though. Then we could steal his strength instead. Can you imagine that?"

Jason indicated to his body. He was a scrawny, nerdy Asian man with thick rounded glasses and a very unthreatening figure.

"Well, if wishes were cows and all that," Dylan replied. "But I could stand to have a few upgrades, yeah." He indicated to his own form. He wasn't quite as nerdy-looking as Jason, but was a beanpole of a young man, with messy black hair and annoying acne that had never gone away, even into his twenties.

Jason took the statue carefully in his hands. "Hell, I could take all your computing skills and - holy shit!"

The statue glowed, and Dylan suddenly felt funny. In moments, his knowledge of computing drained away until it was only rudimentary. At the same time, Jason suddenly found himself knowing exactly how to create and run programs.

"What - what just happened?" Dylan said.

Jason marvelled. "Dude, I know how to code now! Holy crap, the statue is real! Let me try something!"

Dylan was confused, and only became more so when suddenly his height began to shrink, while Jason rose taller and taller.

"What the hell? You're stealing my height! Stop it!"

"Don't worry, it's just a test. I'll give it back. Wait a moment."

Jason reverted the changes, and the two nerdy men beheld the statue, unbelieving what they were looking at.

"This . . . this is incredible," Jason finally said. "I was right! The statue is the real deal! Dylan, we can have everything we want!"

Dylan marvelled also, seeing the possibilities expand before him. "You're right, we can. But . . . we have to be careful. We've got another few days in Peru . . . why don't we use the statue in ways that can't trace back to us?"

For just a moment, the moral quandary was obvious, but it quickly passed. The two archaeologists had been put down upon their whole lives - what was the harm in taking a little back now that they'd made such a discover?

What followed was two days of wonderfully hedonistic swapping and draining of skills, the two friends experimenting over and over, recording all their discoveries with the statue, and making themselves into the kind of men they wished they could always be. Keeping the statue hidden from view, they visited random clubs, focusing on draining away the social skills of the local players who were having the best of luck with the local hot women. They absorbed the strength of tougher types, usually ones they deemed anti-intellectual, though Dylan was less discerning in this matter.

"They're all a bunch of total chads anyway," he said, exchanging his hangover from the previous day to an unsuspecting denizen while walking past. "We shouldn't feel guilty! This is us finally getting payback, and what we're due! Look at us, Jason, we're all strong now! I'm not a freakish height - but still a good height - and you're totally well-hung."

"Yeah, I guess," Jason said, as they walked back to camp, where the final packup was happening. "I just feel a little guilty at times. I mean, that singer was pretty talented - I never wanted to sing before, but now I can. But he can't anymore."

Dylan slapped him playfully on the back. "It's just a small thing! Just imagine how it would be if someone like Matthew had gotten it? He'd be way worse. No, let's just make ourselves smarter and tougher and handsomer. It's what we deserve."

Jason nodded, agreeing with the logic, though he still felt some niggling doubts. "Well, do you mind if I have the statue for a bit, at least? You had it all of yesterday. I was thinking I could take some of Amaria's charm. She turned me down, and I was thinking -"

"Not yet, Jason. I still want to get revenge on Matthew."

"Yeah, but you've had the statue for ages now. It's like your being so controlling all of a sudden."

"Well, I did take a bit of dominance from that one alpha guy working as a bouncer. And some confidence from that DJ. But to be honest, Jason, I don't trust you to not store it away. I figure it's safe with me."

Jason looked at his friend in shock. "What the hell, man? You're my best friend! You're meant to trust me!"

"Trust you? You keep having doubts about using this!"

"And you keep using it too much! Give it here!"

Jason went to grab it, but Dylan was quick to use the statue to drain his friend's strength and add to his own, so he couldn't take it away. Jason was fast to respond though: he sucked away Dylan's dominance, leaving him much more submissive, while he himself gained the upper hand in their staring contest.

"Give it back, please!" Dylan said, feeding Jason his empathy. Jason nearly let go, but he warped Dylan's body further, making him tall as a beanstalk again so that he nearly toppled backwards. His friend retaliated by returning his manhood, and shrinking Jason's dick.

This entire scene was happen on the jungle trail path, and the two thought they were alone. Their bodies and minds warped and shifted during their argument, and slowly the two were losing the energy to continue,

Which was just the moment when Matthew, who had been watching with amazement from the shadows and putting two and two slowly together, leapt forth and plucked the statue from both their hands.

"Yes!" he cried. "It's mine now!"

Dylan and Jason froze.

"Matt, wait!"

"Yeah, don't!"

But it was too late. Their bully was grinning, pulling back and keeping them at arm's length. "So, the Relic of Power is real huh, and it swap and take traits? This is fucking fantastic. And you two nerd were fighting each other for its power, when you should have been watching out for me. I know how to work this thing - you may think I'm dumb, but I know the legends. I'm still getting a passing grade. Though, now that I think of it, I suppose I *could* stand to be a bit smarter."

Jason and Dylan tried to leap forward and grab it from him, panic in their throats, but it was too late. Matthew activated the statue, and drained their intelligence away. Both of them felt themselves becoming dumber and dumber and dumber as his mind became ever sharper and stronger.

"Ohhh, that's the good stuff!"

"Like, don't do that!" Jason pleaded.

"Yeah, change us back, asshole! You don't deserve our brains and stuff!"

"Maybe not," he sneered, "but it sounds like you got corrupted real quickly, and have been stealing other people's shit too. So I think I might take all that undeserved manliness away, and also that little dominant power streak you've gained, and instead mould you how I see fit."

The two gasped, but could do nothing as the statue glowed once more. Jason and Dylan moaned in discomfort and a strange tingling pleasure as their manhoods were diminished. Their masculinity wasted away, and the changes continued and continued until they looked more like prepubescent boys. But that wasn't all: they lost height, talents, including Jason's new singing talent and Dylan's musicality and programming. And they became far, far more submissive, to the point where much as they hated it, it was impossible not to see Matthew as their lord and master.

"Oh God," Dylan moaned. "Matthew is my m-master."

"P-please, no," Jason added. "Change us b-back, master."

But Matthew grinned. "Oh, I'll change you alright, but not back. We're leaving this very afternoon back to the states, so we're going to pop back into town just for a short spell, just to make sure you get some traits from the locals that I think will suit you much better. Trust me, you're going to love them. At least, you will once your new libidos come in."

Neither were smart enough at this point to connect the dots, but as Matthew strolled forth back down the trail, they felt compelled to follow him.

"Like, what are you d-doing to us, master?" Jason asked.

"Oh, trust me girls, it's better as a surprise."

When the plan with all its antiquities arrived back in the states, ready for museum display, it was not Dylan and Jason who were able to show off the discovery. In fact, there was no Dylan and Jason at all. They were gone, and by exercising the power of the statue with his super-enhanced statue, Matthew had discovered that even identities themselves could be swapped around and changed, meaning no one was the wiser.

Instead, the tall, handsome, muscular, and dashing intelligent and charming Matthew was the one who came back famous and able to show off *his* discoveries. Not that the statue was one of them - he kept that under wraps for his own personal use. But whenever he gave speeches or was present for award ceremonies concerning the discoveries, he always had two individuals on his arms, ones which got almost as much attention as he did. In fact, from the men in the crowd - even the more academic ones - they probably drew more.

The first was Jaimee. She was an incredibly sexy Asian woman with gorgeous almond eyes and hair that went all the way down to her lower back. She had a fine hourglass figure with nice C-cup breasts and fantastic hips. She was incredibly demure and submissive, always clinging to Matthew and showing nothing but absolute loyalty and devotion to him.

The other was Danielle. She was a full-breasted woman with dark eyes and a similarly perfect hourglass shape. She didn't have Jaimee's hips, but her tits were total knockouts, with her outfits drawing attention to her full E-cup cleavage. She had an amazing ass, and her walk was like pure sex.

Both of them radiated obsession with their boyfriend, and it was clear to all that the lucky man had captured their total subservience. They were always on his arms, kissing him, showing little displays of affection, and it was no secret that when he wasn't at formal events, Matthew was fucking the pair of them silly, often at once.

"We just love him soooo much," Jaimee would often say when asked about the relationship. "He, like, made us into what we are today. He does all the thinking, and we do everything we can to thank him."

"Like, everything," Danielle emphasised. "Ev-ery-thing." And then she would lick her lips and emphasise her proud chest.

Of course, the two of them still knew they were supposed to be men. Matthew had taken them to a number of restaurants, pubs, public areas, and so forth on that fateful day, and simply exchanged as much femininity with the local hotties as possible, 'gifting' them with what remained of their obstinance and intelligence as a mere compensation. The result was that the former male nerds had been transformed over several hours into giggly, horny concubines for Matthew, unable to even will themselves into wanting to be men again, even if deep down they wanted it. And just to seal the deal, he gave them libidoes targeted just towards him - he charmed a few local ladies quickly with his stolen wit, then transferred their attraction specically to him to the newly christened Jaimee and Danielle instead.

The end result was the pair were now devoted to him for life, and could never go back. He was able to fuck the pair of them whenever they wanted, and have them sexily on his arm, and generally treat them as the submissive hotties they now were. They in turn literally couldn't not devote their existences to him, even if occasionally they managed to make their thoughts more resistant. They were addicted to his cock - to sucking it, taking it, pleasuring it in whatever way they could, and both were eager to be the first to bear his children whenever he desired to finally start a family.

But one thing was for sure, at least. The two were best of friends again, able to share a single subject of obsession between them. For all that their lives had changed, and they were now a pair of sex objects devoted to a single master, they never did have to worry about fighting ever again.

The End