

The Feminising Curse (Chauvinist to Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Wyatt is a macho man positively drenched in toxic masculinity. But when he upsets the wrong witch with his endless chauvinistic comments, he soon finds himself with a very targeted curse: every time he tries to do something traditionally masculine, he becomes more and more feminine and girls. As Wyatt's body and behaviour continues to change, the question remains, how much of him will make it out the other side of the feminising curse?

The Feminising Curse

It was a great night at the club once again for Wyatt. The mid-thirties man was his usual self: tall, dark and handsome, his olive Mediterranean sticking out against the pale-skinned losers who hadn't seen enough sun and surf by his consideration. His hair was just long enough to style in that 'just got out of bed and looking good' sort of way, and he wore a slightly too-tight button shirt that emphasised his powerful figure. He just managed to be on the 'smart' side of 'smart casual', but his swagger, the way he carried himself, was all macho man. He was handsome, powerful, and able to push other men around and loom over women that he wanted to interact with, whether they wanted it or not. And worst of all, he *knew* it.

"Look at all these pretty ladies!" he exclaimed, checking out the much younger women near the bar. "Daddy likey what he sees!"

A number of them rolled their eyes at his crass vulgarity, but he still continued onwards, roaming their bodies with his eyes, openly ogling their breasts for longer than any of them were comfortable with.

"Hey, stop being gross and gawking!" one woman exclaimed, a blonde beauty in a pink cocktail dress.

He checked her up and down, eyes laser-focused on her boobs. She covered herself, blushing furiously at his confident chauvinism.

"If you don't like men staring, then don't show off the goods, honey," he said. "You know you wanted those comments, so stop playing hard to get."

"Pervert," she said, but as she turned he reached out and slapped her on the ass.

"What?" he said as she spun around, shocked. "You didn't want me just window shopping, right?"

She moved to slap him but he stepped back out of her reach, laughing. "Don't worry, you haven't got big enough tits to impress me, love. But good luck finding another man tonight. You sure dress up slutty!"

The poor woman clearly couldn't think of a single response to his crassness, and he moved back through the crowd, hunting like a shark for his prey. He made sure to feel up unsuspecting women as he passed, and every time gave the same excuse.

"Hey honey, if you can't take a *real* man, then you ain't worth it."

"A real man would respect my body."

"Oh, I respect your body, that booty in particular. Meow!"

Another woman stormed off, furious. He just chuckled and ordered another drink. A woman was there at the bar, a fancy brunette in a green dress that wouldn't quit. It tight up around her neck, leaving it largely backless, and creating a cleavage window where the bands crossed at the front. He licked his lips as he sat next to her.

"Excuse me, my boyfriend is sitting there," the woman said. Wyatt barely heard her words, he was too focused on her lovely lips with their slight pink gloss. Perfect for sucking dick while she went down on her knees, in his opinion. Exactly where a woman belonged.

"Sorry, I was distracted by how sexy you are," he said with a shit-eating grin.

"I *said*, my *boyfriend* is sitting there."

She turned and pointed to a man who was moving to the bathroom. He was tall and lean and not bad looking, and clearly around her own age, being around his mid-twenties rather than Wyatt's thirty-six. Still, he wasn't nearly as jacked as Wyatt was, and that gave him an entry as far as he was concerned.

He shrugged, uncaring. "I can be your boyfriend."

"I don't think so."

"Trust me honey, I'm a real man, not like that soyboy cuck you're dating now. Look at these guns compared to his."

He flexed his muscles, showing off to the brunette. She looked distinctly unimpressed. Interestingly, she looked decidedly unintimidated as well.

"Not interested," she said flatly. "I've got a guy who treats me right, and I don't like losers who barge in on a woman's space and don't listen to what she's saying. You're making me uncomfortable now, and I'm not into you. So can you go away now?"

Wyatt leaned forward, moving into her space. This was an old move, one that allowed me to check out her tits as well as make a point.

"I can think of a few ways you can make me," he said, taking a sip from her boyfriend's drink. "And they all start with me taking you back to my place so I can show you what a *real man* is like. And trust me, I'm all man, babe. Not like these beta losers who haven't seen the inside of a gym."

She smirked, which only irritated Wyatt some more.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, just that this is so embarrassingly stereotypical. You're like the poster child for a toxic masculinity manchild right now, and you don't even realise it. Let me guess, you listen to podcasts from some roided up ex-wrestler who talks about how feminism has ruined everything? You're addicted to the manosphere? You talk about 'high value males' and dumb shit like that?"

Wyatt stalled. His eyes narrowed in irritation.

"So what if I do? It's all true. You're not some feminazi are you?"

"There it is."

"Look, are you gonna be with a real man or not? Nothing toxic about that, babe."

"And if I reject you?"

"Well, you can either be a girl looking for a good time, or you can be a bitch about it."

She sighed. "Ah, there it is also. Tell you what, my boyfriend may take some time. Tell me your name, and I'll consider a little treat for you. Something that will drive you wild."

Wyatt grinned. This girl was playing hard to get. They always did.

"Wyatt," he said, grinning. "And yours, babe?"

"Morgan. Morgan LaFay."

"A sexy name for a sexy lady."

"Oh, the sexiest. And trust me, you have no idea about sex. I'm going to educate you in all manner of ways about it, starting with your attitude . . . or perhaps your body."

With that, she began to recite some strange words. Wyatt was briefly startled back as her eyes seemed to glow a lilac colour. She flicked her left hand out, and something purple and composed of living light seemed to *dash* into Wyatt, absorbing itself into his body with seeming ease. The man gasped a little, as much from the alien sensation as what he'd just seen.

"What the - what the fuck was that?"

"Just a little something to spice up your life. Call it a curse, though more accurately, it's a *hex*."

"You - was that some kind of special effect? Is that the glowy stuff used to see if I'm spiking your drink or something?"

She threw him an amused glance. "Would I need such a thing in your presence, Wyatt Jones?"

He couldn't remember when he'd given her his full name. The man was uncomfortable, but in that discomfort he rallied back into the comfort of his misogynistic personality.

"Are you trying to scare me, slut?"

"My goodness, I'm a feminazi, a bitch, *and* a slut - the whole trifecta!"

"What was that shit you just put on me?"

Morgan LaFay rolled her eyes. "Like I said, it was a hex. I'm a witch, you know. I don't keep it a secret even if most people don't believe in magic, but then again, you weren't really interested in me, were you? Just my personality . . . or personalities."

She lowered her gaze to her own impressive bosom and chuckled.

"But not to worry, you'll have a very different personality going forward, Wyatt, not to mention *personalities* as well. My hex will make you more and more of a woman, the kind of feminine gal that you look down upon and lust over and despise all at once. Every time you . . . you know what? I'm not going to tell you the rules. You didn't listen to me, so why should I help you? I'll let you try and figure out the pattern. But in the meantime, you'll become more and more of a girl, and every change will be irreversible, unless you manage to fully redeem yourself. But then, are you even capable of change? You might consider that too much of a soyboy type thing, right?"

Wyatt scowled. She was talking nonsense. He got up off his chair, trying not to feel oddly intimidated by her presence, not to mention her malicious smirk. She raised a glass to him.

"Enjoy the curse, Wyatt."

"Whatever, you're a crazy bitch."

"Maybe, maybe. But you'll feel crazy soon enough, as you become a bitch yourself. Enjoy your future feminine life, Wyatt!"

He moved away from her, pushing past her boyfriend as he returned, clocking him against the shoulder.

"Out of my way, little man!"

It immediately set off a strange effect in him. Something *bloomed*. He cringed as he passed through the crowd. Suddenly, he couldn't barge through the next group, no matter how much he wanted. Instead, he found himself saying "Excuse me. Sorry. Excuse me," as he passed through them. It was bizarre behaviour for a bully used to throwing his weight around, but he just chalked it up to that self-proclaimed witch Morgan LaFaye being such a creepy weirdo. To regain some sense of manliness and control he spent the next few minutes politely shifting through the crowd until he could find the hottest single chick in sight on the dance floor. She looked to be Eurasian, which was exactly his type. All the online manosphere content pointed to Asian chicks as being the most submissive and willing to know their place. He quickly found a space behind her and started dancing up against her. Despite their obvious age gap she smiled back at him, showing clear interest.

"Hey there," she said. "Do I know you?"

"Maybe," he replied. "We could get to know each other more, babe. You're one hot chick."

She giggled. "Are you sure you're not a little old for me?"

"You never know until you try me, babe. Trust me, I'm *experienced*. You don't want some guy who won't last. You want a real specimen of a man."

She batted her eyelashes and smiled, clearly a little interested. Wyatt loved it when chicks played hard-to-get. He began to dance closer to her, and she didn't exactly resist him.

"Well, I suppose you're not bad looking. I'm Aimee."

"Wyatt. I noticed you across the club. I love the way you dance, especially in that dress. You looking for a good time?"

She grinned, dancing closer up against him, turning herself so that he was dancing right up against her, her rear almost pressing against his crotch. "Always," she purred, just loud enough to be heard over the music, her voice breathy. Flirtatious.

Wyatt felt like he had regained his mojo. He had to keep clear of the other dancers; they kept getting in his way and for some reason he wasn't able to just push them away. Still, he was more than eager to prove that witch bitch Morgan woman wrong. He was a man. He was *the* man. Macho all the way down to his core. He began to slide his hands down over her, enjoying the feel of her beauty. He would have liked her a bit more if she had a bigger rack, but she still had that Asian beauty. He could imagine her crying out while he fucked her, begging him all submissive-like for more.

"I fucking love hot Asian chicks like you," he said.

She paused, just for a moment, then kept dancing. "How do you mean?"

"You're just the best type of woman. The very best."

"Is that a fact?"

He lowered a hand down to her rear, sliding over her form. She grinned a little. Good. She clearly didn't mind him talking about his fetish for her. That was a very good sign. She turned around, licking her lips. She was clearly a bit tipsy, and it made Wyatt excited to see. Way more pliable like that.

"What can I say? I like what I like. And I like you, Aimee. And I like *this*."

He pulled her against him, dominating her as he forced a kiss upon her lips. He snaked his tongue into her excited mouth, and lowered his hands to cup her ass at the same time. Her dress was damn short, and his fingers sunk into the flesh of that fine rear.

She pulled back. "Woah there, slow down! We've only just met!"

"Then maybe we can get out of here, and get to know each other more."

Aimee bit her lip. "I don't normally do this kind of thing, but you're a pretty damn hot man, I won't lie. And I came here looking for a good time with a confident guy."

"You won't find anyone more confident than me, babe."

Wyatt smiled at her, eager to fuck this Asian beauty and make her moan for more. God, he loved Asian girls. They often hated him, for some reason, but he always managed

to scout out some more. He was about to invite her back to his place when suddenly her eyes widened in shock.

“What is it?” he asked her. “Like what you see?”

“Your lips!” she exclaimed. “I think you might be having a reaction to my lipstick or something!”

Wyatt frowned, but before he could speak, that blooming sensation erupted in his core again. His hands were still on her ass, but he suddenly retracted them. His lips had gone strangely numb, and when he placed his fingers on them he could feel them *growing*, particularly the bottom lip. It really was like some kind of rash or medical condition, but his lips puffed up as if they were totally feminine in nature.

“What the shit?” he said.

The woman now looked a lot less aroused, and just looked at him with concern and pity. “Are you anaphylactic? Do you need to get to a hospital?”

“No! I’m a fucking alpha, I’m not allergic to anything! I - nng!”

He shifted to the side, nearly doubling over as twin pressures mounted in his rear. To the macho man’s horror, his ass expanded almost immediately. It swelled up, tissue and fat pouring into his rear and causing it to grow to the point where his pants actually ripped, and audibly so! It was right in the middle of a break in the music, and so several eyes turned his way, seeing his underwear showing through the break. Wyatt’s mind reeled in shame and shock; his ass had just practically doubled in size! No longer firm and fit, it was juicy and bouncy, and when he grabbed it with his hands, his fingers sunk into the pert yet soft flesh. It was surprisingly sensitive, and made him moan in a mix of frustration and odd arousal.

“Ohmigod!” Aimee cried, hands flying to her face. She was no longer a possible target for his lust; now he was a target for her pity. The young woman was almost silent, not knowing what to say.

“Don’t fucking look at me, you dumb bitch!” Wyatt roared. “Don’t look at me! Everyone, get out of my way! *Please* get out of my way!”

His words were as pathetic as he felt as people parted. Wyatt ran away clutching his backside, but nothing could stop the wobble and jiggle of his pronounced backside. It felt huge, and was noticeably heavier, or at least more bulbous. His underwear felt stretched *tight*.

“What the fuck, what the fuck . . . *please* get out of my way! Please move!”

He had to navigate himself out of the club, moving as carefully as he could around the crowd and tapping people politely on the shoulder. People were taking videos of him. Aimee was out of sight, whispering with her friends, probably about the ‘freak’ who’d just flirted and transformed in front of her.

This was clearly a medical issue. That Morgan bitch, now nowhere to be seen, had clearly spiked his drink, or had some weird hormone shit in the drink intended for her boyfriend that he'd sipped from. He didn't look like an alpha wolf to Wyatt, not at all. It was probably some weird soy milk alco-blend that he was having a reaction to. It wasn't a curse. There was no such thing as hexes and magic and all of that bullshit.

"It's not possible," he grunted as he finally left the club, some people still chasing him with cameras until he reached the exit. The macho man continued down the street, racing straight around the corner to get to the park where he'd placed his car. His seat was more cushioned as he sat, and he rocked on the spot trying to figure out what had caused the soft and oddly comfortable lumb that had raised him up a little in his seat.

And then he realised it was his ass.

"Jesus, it's swollen up. Goddamn it!"

He briefly considered going to the hospital, but it was too embarrassing. He was a man, he could tough out some freak infection. He'd just monitor it and make sure it was down the next day. Nothing was hurting. When he drove off, he couldn't help but look at his lips in his rearview mirror. They were indeed swollen, but it didn't look like he'd suffered an infection. It wasn't an uneven swelling, and didn't even look unhealthy. It just looked like he had a full pair of womanly lips. The kind he liked to refer to openly as 'nice DSLs - Dick Sucking Lips.'

"This better go back down," he whined, before focusing on the road. He sped down the lane, uncaring how fast he was going, until suddenly he started to slow down without even thinking. He had to get home fast . . . but found that he couldn't even hit the accelerator anymore, not to go faster than the speed limit, anyway.

He'd come out tonight hoping to neg a woman or just play things sly enough to have a hot one-night stand. Love them and leave them, as was his way.

Instead, he was just leaving.

Wyatt looked at his profile in the full length mirror in his room with dismay. His ass was huge, and looked totally wrong on his body. It was hairless and smooth and without blemish, and was impressively round and bouncy. He'd gone to sleep and had strange dreams, dreams about *pink* and *makeup* and *giggling* and *dressing up sexy*. It was disarming, and made all the worse by the fact that he could instantly tell something was wrong when he sat up in bed and felt more padding in his rear.

"Why hasn't it gone down by now? What did that slut do to me?"

He shook his hips a little, causing his rear to wobble visibly. He now had the kind of backside he'd dream of fucking . . . if it were on a woman! And that was to say nothing of how anomalous his lips were; they made him look like a damn transvestite or something, in his view. And that was somehow *worse*.

"Maybe I gotta work it off. Still have the weekend before work. Get to the gym. Be a man. Harden the fuck up and work this shit off."

It was the most practical solution to his woes he could think of. Burning off some calories and packing on some muscle always brought him peace. He checked himself out in the mirror, pressing his lips together, and then set off in the car. Once again, he found he couldn't rev his engine or speed as he usually did. In fact, he gave way to other drivers. He occasionally looked in his rear vision mirror and scowled, but thankfully no other changes took place.

He began his workout. It was core day, and he began by doing his regular sit ups with his weights, as well as tightening his ab muscles using various machines. He listened to his warm up music. It always psyched him up, but partway through his early sets he found himself searching through Spotify for other forms of music. For reasons unbeknownst to him, he began listening to Taylor Swift, Sabrina Carpenter, Katy Perry, and other girly pop artists. Wyatt had always denigrated losers who listened to such embarrassment, particularly the hordes of dumb bitches who flocked to said music. But now . . . now he was moving to the beat of *Shake It Off* and finding it so desperately difficult not to move his lips to match the lyrics. He looked around to make sure no one was watching and continued his workout. This was just a dumb anomaly. Hell, maybe it would help as research for picking up hot chicks, particularly after last night's failures.

Eventually, one arrived, right on cue. A few other gym regulars had looked at his rear with confusion, but this girl he'd never seen before, and thankfully was facing his front. She was conducting her workout on the bench press, lifting itty bitty weights that were practically embarrassing. It was cute, really, how dainty she appeared to be, not to mention how much she was concentrating. With a smirk, Wyatt dropped his own weights and approached her.

"Hey there," he said. "Lemme spot you."

"I'm good thanks!" she said, partly annoyed. She was a redhead with nice freckles, and from his position he had a good look at the shape of her breasts beneath her tank top. "I'm just doing a light workout."

"I can give you some pointers," Wyatt said, all confidence. "You're going down too fast with the weights, and you need to keep your back straighter."

"Like I said, I'm just doing a light workout. I'd rather do this on my own."

“Are you sure? Because the way you’re working out, and the tight clothes you’re wearing, I bet you’re just begging to have a man come over here and have a conversation. It’s your lucky day too, because you got me.”

She hoisted up the weights. “Back off, buddy. I’m just trying to do my workout here. I’m more than happy to contact the gym manager over this.”

Wyatt just shrugged. “Hey now, no need to get hysterical.”

“What did you just sa-”

“But if you’re still interested, I’ll be over there, doing my own bench press. Show you how a man does it.”

“Whatever, big lips.”

Wyatt managed to avoid scowling again. He wasn’t going to let one failure get him down. Of course, it wasn’t arm day, but he couldn’t resist showing off. This girl was a wash, probably some dumb insta-thot who wanted to film herself. Well, he’d just show off to the others. One lady was eyeing him across the room and he flashed her a grin as he set up, lying back to push up the weights. He decided to go for an easy fifty kilogram lift just to start off, and really flex those biceps once he packed on more weight. He’d chosen this gym because younger hotties were always looking to pair up, and while he’d ticked off the ginger-haired bitch, he had no doubt others would come crawling to see him, even if his butt was too big.

But then something odd began to happen. Wyatt was halfway through his second set when his strength started to fail him. Once more, that blooming feeling grew within his core and spread throughout the rest of his form. Wyatt kept pushing himself, trying to ignore what he assumed was just some weird post-club psyche-attack or something, but soon he was truly struggling. It was then that he saw it: his muscles were *literally* shrinking, his biceps flattening, even his thighs reducing in heft. It was like he was a balloon, and the air was all going out. His strength was not just fading, but his very musculature!

“N-no,” he stuttered, but it was too difficult to call out for help. The bar was lowering, and there was no way he could possibly keep it upright. He tried to shift it to the sides to allow the weights to slide off, but it was descending evenly, and in all the confusion he couldn’t think properly. It was heading straight for his neck, and immediately Wyatt realised that he could well die like this! Crush by a weight he was supposed to easily handle!

“Woah, looks like *you* needed help, not me!”

The bar ascended with some help. A pair of pale hands were gripping it, pulling it upwards until it clicked up onto the bar, re-racked and no longer a danger. Wyatt’s immediate reaction was once of panic; he slid off the side of the bench press and panted heavily on all fours. The bar had been so close to his throat.

“Holy shit,” he said. “Holy shit.”

“Woah, dude, calm down. Hang on - what happened to your muscles? Is something wrong with you? Do you need to get to the hospital?”

It was the second time he'd been asked that in less than twenty four hours. Wyatt jumped to his feet, causing the redhead to jump back. A small crowd had formed, and the strong man could only gape at them gaping at him. Murmurs were passing through and he could catch glimpses of what they were saying.

“Looked like he just lost all of his muscle all of a sudden . . .”

“Did he lose height? I've seen him around and he should be north of six feet.”

“I didn't see it happen but surely that's not Wyatt, right?”

He gulped, looking down at his limbs. They were indeed thinner, lithier. Years of hard-earned effort at the gym had melted away in seconds. Not only that, but he was shorter too. In all the fear he hadn't noticed his spine compressing, but somehow the redheaded woman was *taller* than him. She wasn't a short woman, but she wasn't a looming one either. Mac the gym manager was stumbling over to see what the fuss was, and his presence only alarmed Wyatt further; Mac was a short guy, and now he looked exactly Wyatt's height.

“Everything okay here?” the man asked. “Sir, was there a problem with the equipment? A safety issue?”

Wyatt almost spluttered. He'd known Mac for years. “Mac, buddy, it's me. It's Wyatt.”

“Wyat?” the man said, eyes even wider. “You - you've lost weight. What happened to you? You looked fine a few days ago!”

“I - I need to go to the hospital.”

It seemed the only sensible thing to do. That Morgan bitch had definitely spiked his drink or something, poisoned him in some way.

But what could possibly take away a man's muscle mass and height in mere seconds?

Wyatt stormed out of the hospital filled with fury. It was all piling up. How could they find nothing wrong with him? And how could their records be so goddamn wrong? He was listed as merely being a 5'6 tall guy according to the nurses who looked up his information, and they even had the gall to claim that his muscle mass was “usual given your last check up with your GP.” How the fuck could that be the case? People didn't just shrink like that! It made no sense!

He tried to keep his head up as he left the hospital. He'd let that dumb bitch nurse have it pretty bad. He'd screamed in her face, bellowing in his deepest voice. Except halfway through his angry tirade his voice had audibly cracked and rose up a whole octave. He

sounded like a fucking *girl* unless he really tried to lower his tone and rasp deliberately. It was humiliating, and the nurse wasn't remotely intimidated. In fact, she and her fellows were trying not to giggle amongst themselves as Wyatt was escorted from the premises.

"Goddamn useless nurses," he muttered in a tone that sounded far too womanly. "Sexless old hags. All past their prime."

He tried to salvage his pride a little. Others were walking past him as they headed towards the hospital from the park. It wouldn't do to feel even smaller than he already was. So Wyatt straightened his back and began to *strut*. It was how he always walked, barging on ahead and showing his manly dominance, head held high like the god he was. It got him places, it oozed confidence, and it reminded him of who he was meant to be; a total alpha wolf of the pack.

Except there was that strange sensation in his core again. At first he couldn't determine exactly what it was. There weren't any physical changes that he could tell, at least. He was still far too short and far too thin, and his lips were full and his butt big. But . . . *butt*. His ass! He was swaying it from side to side, his hips sashaying. And there was also - oh God, the pressures had returned!

"N-no! Gotta get to the car! Just gotta - eugh!"

Wyatt collapsed against a parking lot pillar. His car was one floor above, but he couldn't make it even up the stairs. There was a pressure in his hips, and it ached and pressed and then finally gave way. A cathartic release flooded his brain with wonderful endorphins as the next physical change occurred. His hips, impossibly, spread wider, taking on a very feminine shape. This was accompanied with a further growth of his ass, his cheeks spreading to accommodate the new width of his pelvis. The very bones changed shape, and he groaned as it occurred, his voice going even higher until it was nearly a sweet soprano whine.

"Uh, lady? Are you okay, miss?"

Wyatt tried to speak, but all that escaped his mouth was another high-pitched cry as his right hip popped into his new position. His trousers were even more stretched now; they were too long, and therefore had the cuffs rolled up, but now they were also pulled tight against his hips *and* against his bouncy, peachy backside.

"Miss? Do you need help getting to the hospital?"

"It won't do any good!" Wyatt cried, still looking away. "They won't fucking believe me!"

He turned and laughed right in the stranger's face. The man, a plain-looking fellow with dark hair and olive skin much like Wyatt's own, recoiled. He clearly hadn't expected that Wyatt would be a man with a female voice, or that his longer hair would also include a manly stubble.

"I - um, look-"

"Fuck off!" Wyatt yelled. "I don't need your help! I need that bitch Morgan! I need to find her and reverse what she did to me. So fuck off and get out of my face!"

He began walking away, and as he did so, his entire body language shifted and changed. Despite his every effort his hips swayed from side to side, the effect even more pronounced now due to his widened hips. His ass *bounced*, the extra movement causing its pertness to really shine, and he was just a pair of heels and a proper pair of tight booty shorts away from putting on a damn show. Even the way he swayed his arms was all wrong, and how he stuck his chest out, as if he still had pecs to show off.

"Need to find that witch bitch," he muttered, no longer even trying to hide his soprano voice. "It's magic. It's really fucking magic. Make that slut turn me back. Make her-"

And there she was, right as he emerged from the stairwell, leaning up against a concrete pillar and smoking, her expression bored. She'd been *waiting* for him.

"You!" Wyatt screamed. All intelligent thought left him. He *raced* towards Morgan, running on his weakened, shortened legs, his daintier hands outstretched to tear out her throat. "You did this to MEEEEEE!!!"

Even Morgan looked shocked. And yet she still didn't move out of the way, not even as he closed the gap between them in just a couple of seconds, screaming bloody murder right in his face.

He stopped just short of her, his hands inches away from her throat. She glared at him, and then that glare turned to a look of victorious amusement. Morgan raised a cigarette to her gorgeous ruby red lips and puffed on it, then blew some smoke in Wyatt's face.

"Tsk, tsk, Wyatt. Base violence? Violence towards a woman? Far too much of a brute move, befitting the worst of a *man*. Yes, reliance on physical strength, physical intimidation, and physical violence are all the markers of a man far too high on his own macho brew. But you can't commit to it now, can you? In fact, I imagine you're going to be a whole lot more defanged from now. Aren't you? Like a good boy? Or should I say, a good *girl*?"

Wyatt strained to hurt her, but simply couldn't do it. In the end he dropped his hands to his sides, then folded them weakly in front of his stomach, as if cradling himself. He fidgeted, even his posture becoming strangely submissive. He couldn't even stop himself. Morgan was now looming over him by at least two inches.

"What the fuck have you done to me?" he said. "Why can't I fucking strangle you?"

Morgan giggled. "Oh dear, I definitely hear some changes as well! What a sweet voice for singing you'll have, Wyatt." She stepped to the side. Wyatt could continue to draw close, but the very thought of inflicting violence upon her was suddenly anathema, just as the notion of barging through people at the club and that morning at the gym had become

strangely impossible. He could only follow, his body language submissive, as she sat on the hood of a red sports car and crossed her leg.

"To answer your question of what I've done to you, I only have to give a little refrain of what I told you last night. You were a crass, misogynistic wannabe-alpha male. The exact kind of man I have little patience for. Just dealing with your sexism and bullying attitude made my skin crawl, and trust me, that takes a lot, because I'm a goddamn *witch*."

"You really did curse me," Wyatt said. He raised a hand to his soft neck, which no longer had its Adam's apple. His voice was so wrong; so petite and demure and . . . sweet.

She nodded. "Of course I did. I feel like we're talking in circles here! I gave you a hex that would feminise you in response to a certain trigger. Every time you met the conditions of said trigger, a rather appropriate change occurs to your character, or to your body, or sometimes to both!"

The realisation hit Wyatt like a ton of bricks. "My hips. The way I walk."

"It's very cute, and more than a little sexy," she teased. "And you're stuck walking like that, too!"

"You bitch! Turn me back!"

"Not with an attitude like that, I won't. You need to learn your place. Or would you prefer that I turn you into a brainless blonde bimbo instead, a sex toy who can only watch from inside of her mind as she is fucked by man after man after man for an endless series of raunchy pornos?"

Her hand crackled with purple and pink magic, and Wyatt took a step back. He suddenly felt even smaller than he already was. Whoever this woman was, she really shouldn't be messed with. He tried a different tactic, one that he had never used before: earnest pleading.

"Please," he whined in his girlish voice. "I'm not meant to be a chick! Please, I'm sorry, alright? Is that what you want me to hear? I was drunk and acting like a lad. It happens. Boys will be boys and all that, but I shouldn't have kept pressing on. Or acting like your boyfriend was some kind of cuck or whatever. I'm sorry about all of that, but I don't deserve this! I don't! You gotta change me back, please! I won't do anything to you again!"

Morgan simply rolled her eyes, her attitude sending a chill down his spine. "Oh, but you'll do it to other women, Wyatt. You will. And worse, perhaps, if your behaviour continues to fester. In your mid-thirties and still treating women like prey, it's disgusting."

"I can change!"

"You *are* changing."

"Please!" He fell to his knees, begging for the first time since he was a child. "Just reverse this, I'm begging you!"

Morgan huffed. "Well, I suppose I can offer you one chance. A little bit of sporting fun to try and succeed. You're such an alpha, no doubt you'll succeed, right?"

"Of course! Just give me a chance to earn it!"

She got off the bonnet of the car and circled around to the door. Opening it, she looked him up and down.

"Go three days without activating a trigger."

"What?"

"I told you, there's a trigger that causes your changes. Surely you've noticed a pattern by now that leads to you changing? The Feminising Curse doesn't work unless you spur it on yourself, dumbass."

Wyatt gulped. "What trigger!? I don't know what's causing this!"

At this, Morgan laughed. She got in her seat and started her car. "Have you seriously not figured it out? Well, good luck! You'll need it with that thick asshole brain of yours!"

She began to move, and Wyatt got out of the way of her car. He began to run after her even as she circled out of the parking lot, outstripping him in distance easily.

"How can I change back if I don't know the fucking trigger!?" he yelled, his voice cracking up somehow even *higher*.

But Morgan's car was gone. There was a split second decision in Wyatt's mind. He needed to act. He needed to *follow* her. He ran to his car. He may be cursed to follow the speed limit like some kind of 'good girl' now, but his car was still amped up and even sportier than hers. Wyatt had no doubt he could catch her while technically driving as legally as possible. And then he could follow her home and find some clue or-

"What the hell?" he said.

His car was gone. He looked up and down the parking lot aisle, left and right, but couldn't find it. Drawing his keys out of his pocket also alarmed him: the keychain now had pink fluffy dice attached to it, as well as a key he didn't recognise. He clicked the unlock button, and a car's lights lit up.

It was a *pink* sports car, one with a retractable roof.

"I've got a goddamn *Barbie* car," Wyatt said, exasperated.

Any thought of pursuing Morgan fled him. All he could do was walk over to his car, his hips swaying and his marvellous rear bouncing, and drive home.

He listened to Dolly Parton and sang along to the music. He really did have a voice for singing now.

Wyatt groaned as his nails changed, followed by his hands, then his feet as well. He couldn't figure out the freakin' trigger! What could it possibly be!? Everything was becoming so goddamn dainty! All he'd done was try to feel like a man again. He'd gotten his toolbox out and was working on the car. His *pink* car. The one he literally couldn't bring himself to order paint for. And now his fingers had long nails and were all dainty and stuff! The thought of getting grease on them . . . *yuck!*

"What's the trigger? Is it about the car? Do I change when I've got to go somewhere? What the fuck is it?"

He couldn't figure it out. Checking himself out in the mirror, it was obvious that he was changing more and more. He now had a woman's hands and feet, and his body hair was gone too. His skin was smooth and unblemished, and while he still had the face of a man, it was baby smooth there as well. Coupled with his womanly lips, he looked positively metrosexual or worse.

"Just need to go three days without changing, Wyatt," he told himself in the mirror, aching to fix it all. "Then that witch slut will be proven wrong. I am a man. I *am* a man."

Of course, given his sweet, gorgeous-sounding soprano voice, he certainly didn't sound like a man. It was almost too hard to try to keep his voice low and guttural all the time.

Still, perhaps he was onto something when it came to change happening around travel. He'd changed most significantly at the gym, at the hospital, at the club, and then when working on his car. Those seemed the biggest changes, right? Obviously, Morgan LaFaye was isolating him and trying to ensure he couldn't escape his fate. It also prevented him from being seen in public during his changes, though wouldn't she want him humiliated? Or perhaps private suffering was her goal.

"Just stay in, Wyatt," he said aloud with his sweet female voice. "Stay in and don't change."

He even ordered his groceries online. He tried to get some nice steak and protein-heavy meals, the kind of food he ate on the regular and always made him feel good while he was packing on muscle, but for some reason that blooming feeling grew within him, and he was suddenly ordering lighter meals and even some - gasp - *salads*. Coupled with the flavoured yoghurts he was suddenly purchasing and the ingredients to make pumpkin spice lattes, and it was obvious this was yet another change. He sighed and reset the timer on his phone to 0.

"That's okay," he assured himself after making the order. "Obviously that's me getting outside in a sort of, I don't know, symbolic way. Interacting with another place. Couldn't be helped. Now the real lone existence starts."

He'd already messaged his work. The email was more cloying and kind than he usually wrote. Like he was trying to *make nice* with HR rather than simply make demands.

He was a goddamn manager at a large tech company, the new world for alpha men like him to dominate the future in, and he was reduced to asking for time off for 'mental health' reasons. It was humiliating enough, but he'd even used *emojis* in the email. Ugh.

Still, it was all taken care of. His groceries arrived, and Wyatt grunted thanks even as his voice squeaked. He tolerated the man mistaking him for a woman again, but was quick to correct him still.

"Actually, I'm a man. I'm just sick."

"Oh!" the delivery man said. "I'm sorry! I thought from your voice - but with that hairstyle, I guess you're definitely a guy, right?"

He laughed after the order was signed and then headed off. Wyatt brought the bags inside and began sorting the fridge goods, but something about the delivery man's words rankled him somehow. He'd always put pride in his hair. It was slightly longer than most men, but with his Mediterranean heritage, he'd always cultivated it as a little exotic, his slight curls attractive to women. He moved to the mirror once more and examined himself, and instantly saw what the man was referring to: his hair was now a *wreck*. It was sweaty and spiky and shot up and around in different places in a way no woman would ever tolerate. It was a man's bed hair, born of neglect and stress.

"Goddamn it, I can fix this," he said.

He still had his pride, at least. He took a shower and began to treat it with the new feminine shampoo and conditioner he'd bought. He cleaned his whole body much more thoroughly than he ever had, and even sighed with his womanly voice in a borderline sensual manner from the pleasant warmth of the water. He turned it up hotter, and sighed again. When had his skin gotten so sensitive? Without thinking, he started to stroke it, feeling himself and touching his large ass and wider hips. God, no wonder people were mistaking him for a woman; he was developing a real hourglass figure, and his ass simply wouldn't quit.

"I would have fucked an ass like this," he mused, almost smiling. "Jesus, and these hips. Fucking babymakers. What an absolute stitch up that that bitch gave me these instead of letting me enjoy them on someone else. I was just being a man. That's all I was. You can't blame a man for following his instincts."

He sighed and got back to his hair, rinsing it thoroughly. But then that sensation rose again. He was too relaxed to even truly realise what was happening at first, but slowly his hair began to snake down from his scale, growing longer and longer the more he dwelt upon the delivery man's words. He sighed again, pursing his lips as he relished the sensitivity of his skin against the warm water. His face shifted subtly, though he initially took this just for the calm of a long, hot shower. The macho man's eyes changed, becoming just a little larger, and his irises turned to a gorgeous amber colouring. His eyebrows thickened, becoming

defined and slightly arched, while his nose thinned subtly. It still had its aquiline shape, but was not as long anymore, and had a delicate nature to it.

It was only when his scalp began to tug from the weight of his growing hair and his jaw began to reshape that Wyatt realised something was wrong. He was too busy squeezing his ass and feeling his hips to notice at first, but when he raised his hands back up to feel his hair he found it suddenly touching his *shoulders*, and growing still!

“What the -? Oh shit, or SHIT!”

He turned off the water immediately, and almost slipped on his dainty feet, unused to how small they were. He ran from the shower, his ass bouncing and hips swaying. The changing man caught the bathroom counter and cleared the misted mirror as quickly as he could until finally his reflection showed.

He stared silently, the only sound being the turning of the fan and his own panting.

He stared at the beautiful woman’s face in the mirror, intelligent and attractive and with a face that now matched those lips. With her large amber eyes and cheeky eyebrows so capable of expression, and a jawline that was so very feminine in shape, giving her a heart-shaped face. At the dark hair, now even curlier than before, that fell in wet tresses down to where her breasts should be, long enough to fall to the bottom of her shoulder blades at the back. So very long and beautiful and *WRONG*.

Wyatt screamed. It was a woman’s scream, naturally. A high-pitched cry that would have sent men running to help her were he in a public space. Thankfully, he wasn’t, and so this was just a private moment of terror in which he lost all sense. He tried to summon the will to smash the mirror, but violence was quite literally beyond him thanks to that witch bitch’s curse. He couldn’t do a thing, other than get very emotional. The tears bubbled in his eyes, the flood of feeling surging through him. He knew the cause, because he’d never felt so emotional in his life. This was estrogen. This was *hormones*. It was now overwhelming his system, and he couldn’t fight it. He had to grab a towel to wipe away his tears as he fell into whole body sobs.

“Why me? Why fucking me!? I don’t deserve this! Make some beta soyboy a woman like he fucking deserves, not me! I’m meant to be the goddamn alpha in the room!”

Only when the tears cleared and the sobbing ended did Wyatt fix himself up. He wrapped his hair in a towel in the typical feminine fashion, then cleaned up his face. He was a wreck, so he made sure to clean his features again and check them over. He applied some light foundation and a bit of rose colouring to his cheeks, then used some light touches of mascara and eyeshadow to really bring out the amber in his eyes. Then he applied the lipstick, using some darker edging to give it some dimension and make them look even poutier, and from there he used the gloss. He’d elected for a pale, natural looking pink that nevertheless enhanced his beauty, and by the time he was finished he was ready to attend

to his hair. He used the hairdryer carefully, making sure to maintain his wondrous curls, and decided to let the hair loose at the back, with just two tresses teased at the front that made him look so damn cute and -

Wyatt stopped. He blinked. He stared a second time, now at one of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen, at least from the neck up.

"What. The. FUCK!"

He tried to wipe away his progress and detonate it, but nothing would do. He'd made himself up pretty and feminine just like Morgan intended, and the work could not be erased.

"FUUUUUUCK!"

He marched back into the room and got dressed. He put on the most manly clothing he could find to at least give some contrast: a workout tank top and some shorts that barely managed to slip over his hips. It did nothing to dampen the effort, and he was aware of how much his ass stretched his underwear, his crack swallowing part of the fabric to expose more of his large olive-skinned cheeks, but what was he to do?

"It was just the interaction with that fucking delivery man," he told himself. "Now, NOW I can isolate. Just exist here. Do nothing. Three days."

He set the timer to zero again. It was going to be a long three days. One in which not only his voice, but his very face, was like that of a very beautiful female version of himself.

Things were going well. The rest of the day saw no changes. Well, that wasn't exactly correct - his clothing had changed not long after his vow. His tank top had shrunk to pull tight against his slim dimensions, and even showed off his trim female midriff. His shorts had likewise pulled tight against his ass. It was annoying how good his lower half looked in them.

But *after that*, there were no further changes. Wyatt simply watched TV and laid on the couch and made himself slightly girly food with salads and way too little protein. There were no more blooming sensations, and while he had to pause in terror every time he saw his gorgeous female face in a reflective surface, he was dealing with it. Like a man.

He'd definitely cracked the code, he was sure of it. Moving about, getting outside, travelling, that was the trigger. Morgan wanted him isolated, some kind of dumb punishment for ruining girls' lives or some horseshit. Like he'd ever actually done that! They always came when he fucked them. Well, most of the time, anyway. He hadn't heard many complaints. And if chicks didn't like him hitting on them or grabbing their sexy parts, then maybe they shouldn't make themselves up so desirable and wear tight little things . . .

Like he was currently wearing.

Like he was currently looking, makeup and all.

"It's not the same," he said.

There truly wasn't much to do around the house. Weightlifting was off limits; he couldn't even make good gains with his wimpy body. And he didn't want to venture outside. In truth, he made himself sleep, even went to the bored effort of reading some magazines. The stupid reality changes were starting to seep into his house, because now half of the mags in his living room were girly fashion ones, or celebrity gossip rags, or housing design magazines that showed how to decorate one's space and perform little arts and crafts. Still, it provided some light amusement. His eye was drawn to some of the cute outfits, and part of him could almost imagine wearing them. Of course, he didn't have the tits or the lady parts to pull off the looks, which he was thankful for, but a small part of him had this . . . curiosity.

It was part of the curse, of course. It was making him more feminine. When he realised how overwhelming the sensations were, he threw the magazines aside and simply lay on the couch. How was he going to get through three days of this? He was bored out of his fucking mind!

Day two showed no further feminine progress. He still had an extra-long shower. He still did up his hair (this time in a light ponytail), and performed an elaborate makeup routine. He still wore feminine clothing, this time, to his humiliation, literal *blouse* and *skirt*, but at least his body wasn't changing. He didn't need a goddamn bra, and that was a good sign by Wyatt's consideration. Of course, wearing the nice red skirt only emphasised the natural sway of his hips, and he was certain that his backside tented out the rear of the skirt in a way he would have found a huge turn on. The blouse was a little loose around the chest, but otherwise fit his slim form and small shoulders. He missed his wide frame, but had to view the positives: there was no real change. No blooming sensation. This was just him forced to act feminine and doll himself up. He even had fucking *stockings* on now, ones that emphasised his lovely, shapely legs.

"But I'm not changing anymore," he said, determined. When his timer reached a whole twenty four hours since his last change, he sighed in celebration, and even cracked out a beer. Well, it was supposed to be a beer, but he'd actually bought some girly fruity alcoholic drinks. Well, they tasted nice, and he moaned sensually, almost aroused by his own voice.

"Here's to two more days!"

The rest of the day was as boring as the last. Minimal things to do. Even searching on his phone carried risks; was that counted as contact with the outside world? Possibly . . . so he didn't partake in it. It left him feeling like a prisoner, and whenever he got up to move

he was reminded of his new hips and ass, and his bouncing curly hair. The reflection of that beautiful female was still alien to him; he wanted to fuck her so badly, but she was *him*.

And yet still time passed on, watching television (not the news, of course) and generally being bored out of his mind.

Until . . . *Night City*.

It was one of Wyatt's favourite movies, a true action all-star with a great cast and awesome setpieces. It was *the* macho movie, one for the guys, not with any of that woke shit or need to shoehorn in a woman who can be just as strong as the men for some dumb reason. No, the love interest was played by Sylvia Letty, and was as hot as she came. Wyatt used to have a poster of her in his teenage bedroom's wall: her with her ripped top tied up, her juicy breasts hefted in such a way as to look spectacularly sized, her skin sweaty and moist, ready to be taken. The sex scene with her was a goddamn sexual awakening for him, and he liked to think of himself as the action star, Axel Bennet, when he was fucking women who looked a bit like Sylvia.

"Finally, something interesting to watch," he sighed with his soprano voice.

Wyatt sat back to enjoy the flick. It was just as good as he could remember. The action set pieces were brilliant, particularly the elevator scene and the car chase that followed. And Silvia Letky was even hotter than he remembered! Jesus, her tits were so wonderfully big, and all her outfits emphasised that, from her opening bikini scene to the part where she has to tie her shirt after all the damage. The bit where she panted, that chest rising and falling so dramatically - mmhph!

Wyatt bit his full, lower lip. It had been too long already since he fucked a hot chick, let alone got off to one. And here was his teenage crush, looking divine and busty onscreen right before him. The love scene was coming up, and she was going to get her huge puppies out. There would even be a very brief shot of Axel licking her nipples. They just didn't make films like that anymore.

"Fuck yeah," he said. He pulled down his skirt, irritated to be reminded of its existence. Thankfully, his penis came free. The bush above it was more like the inverted triangle of a woman, but all that mattered to him right now was that he was still technically a man, still virile, his huge balls *aching* for release. He grabbed the tissue box from the table beside the couch, and began to stroke himself off. Silvia Letky was in the bathroom, trying to get ahold of herself. There was even that shot of her adjusting her breasts in her top, her huge nipples pressing against the fabric.

"So fucking hot," Wyatt moaned, just like a woman in heat. He began to rub himself, stroking his cock up and down. The sex scene was so close. Axel and Sylvia - technically, her name was Lola in the film - were having the most crisp chemistry. Man, even *he* was hot. Wyatt hadn't noticed it before, but his looks were positively dashing. Not roided up, but with

a manly strength and comforting jawline, his eyes piercing and protective. It only added to the arousal. Wyatt started jacking off harder. The scene moved to the bedroom. The action climax was after this scene when they'd be interrupted in the post-coital moments, but Wyatt couldn't even care about the action anymore. It was a distraction from this sexy scene with two sexy people having hot, passionate sexy sex. He gripped his hard cock, even bucking his hips a little as he masturbated, almost in a death grip he was so overwhelmed by his arousal. His balls *churned* with semen. Sylvia spread her legs on screen, not quite exposing her lady parts but damn close, and then Axel was upon her. He grunted - what a sexy sound! - and with each movement her bare breasts wobbled and trembled, so full and wonderful on her chest. Wyatt could only imagine that sensation; his own nipples were stiffer than they'd ever been as he took in her chest and imagined her passion. He groaned; he was so damn close, and the pair on screen were just too hot! He closed his eyes, hearing her moans and adding to them with his own.

"Fuck her! Fuck her! Fuck those hot tits! Fuck - fuck me!"

It was all too much, because he didn't even manage to grab the prepared tissues in time when his orgasm arrived. It hit him like a freakin' *truck*, the pressure building and building until suddenly his balls and dick could take no more. His testes swelled for a moment, then pushed a positively voluminous amount of semen up through his shaft, where it shot forth in huge white streams of cum.

"Yesssss!" Wyatt cried, thrashing and wailing from pure ecstasy. Pleasure bloomed within his core, spreading up to his chest from his groin. Another stream of his seed shot into the air and onto the coffee table and carpet, but he didn't care. He was curling his toes and squirming from the sheer release of it. He could imagine Axel thrusting into him, his large dick entering Wyatt's wet opening. It was divine, and the orgasm that surged through only built up a pressure in his chest.

"Ohhhhhh, f-fuck! Yesssss!"

But then he realised what that blooming sensation truly was. Wyatt opened his eyes, realising what was occurring, just in time to feel his cock begin to shrink in his hand and his chest rise right before his eyes. His nipples swelled, and his slim pecs rose, no longer firm but fleshy and plump. More pleasure followed, and he found it hard not to feel a sense of betrayed arousal as two actual female *breasts* grew into place. He moaned, uncertain of whether to keep holding onto his shrinking cock or raise a hand to try to push his rising tits back in. He opted for the latter, only to accidentally rub his nipple, which caused another ripple of sensation. His new boobs *erupted* forward even more, growing heavy and huge. He imagined Sylvia's chest in *Night City*, and how his was growing to be just as big and ripe and *perfect* as hers. The weight was obvious, his nipples oddly far from his chest now, but still

they grew, two large olive orbs that were perfectly sized. They were better than just about any breasts he'd ever touched, and now they were *his*.

"Fuuuuck! Stop! Stop it! Ughhhh!"

His eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head as his penis shrank even further. His balls were pulling back into his body. All at once he was crossing the threshold, and the pleasure that followed was vast and unbelievable. It was wrong. It was so fucking wrong, but it felt *amazing*. In Wyatt's mind, he could imagine having a hard cock between his legs, but not his own - someone else's, thrusting into him.

"Ahhhh! M-make it s-stop! Morgan, p-please! I didn't travel! Stop m-making it feel so - GOOOOD!"

His chest rose, pulling apart the buttons of his blouse. He had to undo the top two buttons just to let his chest breathe and stop from destroying his shirt. Instead, he was greeted with a very deep curve of cleavage that showed just how weighty and round his breasts had become. They jiggled with his every movement, pulling upon his shoulders like two sandbags. They were the size of goddamn *cantaloupes*, the kind of breasts made to be stared out, to be kissed and groped and suckled on by men like him! Instead, they were now *his*, and he was also - NGHH!

Pleasure rose even further. His cock disappeared between his thighs. Wyatt groaned, feeling it disappear *inside* him, a tunnel burrowing deep into his core. Something else bloomed, and even as ignorant as he was, he could tell that he was growing a fucking *uterus*, one that shoved aside the other organs to make room. He moaned again, shaking his shoulders and therefore his massive rack, which looked fit to burst out of his blouse now, which strained to contain his bust.

"Oh God!" he moaned. "This is fucked! This isn't f-fair! OHHHH!!"

Another series of orgasms followed, his fingers now dipping into his new pussy. His *vagina*. They rocked him even more powerfully than his male orgasm, and the bliss came in waves, the delirious euphoria passing over him again and again, keeping him submerged in a state of half-joy, half-terror.

Only after what felt like several minutes did it all pass, and Wyatt collapsed forwards against the coffee table which was still stained with the last of his cum. The last cum he might ever produce.

The new woman quivered, her entire body feeling alien. No, not *her*. *His*. He was still a man in mind, even if he was concerned with makeup and emotion and - and how hot the leading action star currently was onscreen as he protected his woman.

It was enough to make Wyatt scream again.

He'd lasted only a day and a half out of three, and now his body was all female.

And his mind was turned on by *men*.

Wyatt tried desperately to manifest his reality. He looked into his reflection in the full body mirror of his room, saying the same words over and over again.

“Your name is Wyatt. You are a man. You are an alpha dog. You’re a man. Your name is Wyatt. You are a man. You are an alpha dog. You’re a man.”

Over and again, he said those words, even as his reflection showed anything but. Instead of looking like a man, he now looked like the single most attractive and deeply feminine woman he’d ever seen. He was even wearing a fucking pink *cocktail* dress, one that shoved his giant bust up into an enormous amount of cleavage, his boobs shifting with each movement, the upper curve of them so revealed that it was clearly there to entice any male to stare at their sheer size. The dress was also damn short, showing off Wyatt’s luscious legs and curvy ass, not to mention those baby making hips. It was all so wrong, as was the sensual makeup and cute hairstyle he now had. He was even wearing goddamn *heels* like some slut out for a good night, and it made his posture even more slutty, he felt; his ass stuck out more and his huge E-cup chest as well, because now he had a fucking *bra*.

“You are a man,” he intoned, his lips glossy. The Dick Sucking Lips, he imagined, and his brain told him to be turned on by that prospect, which made him only more frustrated.

Suddenly, a blooming. He couldn’t understand the trigger! He tried to force his mind against it, but it came anyway. What else was there even to change at this point?

He soon got his answer. Or, more accurately, *her answer*. Wyatt’s mind raced, new neurons connected, old connections severing. The last of Morgan’s feminising curse swept through the former macho chauvinist’s mind, altering it completely. In mere moments, Wyatt was no longer Wyatt, no matter how much he wanted to view himself as such. Now, he was *Winona*. Now, his mind was *her* mind.

“Oh God, what the f-frick!?” she cried, the realisation dawning upon her. “I can’t be a chick! I’m not a man! I mean, I’m not a man! My name is Winona! My name is Winona! Why can’t I say my name!?”

She was all female now, from her delectable, incredibly curvaceous body to her beauty stylised makeup to her attractive figure-hugging club dress to her own female mind. Wyatt was now Winona, and had no idea why. No idea whatsoever.

Knock. Knock knock knock.

Winona spun on the spot, her chest wobbling again. Did it ever stop? Why were her tits so damn huge!? She grimaced, hoping that the knocking at her front door would end. Instead, it continued.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck! What the shit! I can’t go out looking like this!?”

She quickly readjusted her makeup, before realising what she was doing and cursing herself. It was second nature to her now, and came so easily, the compulsion overriding common sense. The gorgeous, full-chested woman in the mirror was a foreigner to her, and yet she was her.

“Fuck!” she cried again.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

She tried to tune it out, wait out the person on the other side of the door, but her new womanly persona had other ideas. Without even wanting to, Winona’s feet began carrying her out of her room and straight towards the front door. It was the right thing to do of course; a good girl would answer the door and answer it *sweetly*. She moved with a sway in her hips and a bounce in her chest, and the former alpha male failed to summon the willpower to prevent herself from opening the door as the next knocking resounded.

“*Hellooooo!*” she called sweetly, the words slipping out without her own consent.

On the other side of the door was Morgan LaFaye, the self-proclaimed witch who had done this to Wyatt and turned her into Winona. She was as beautiful as ever, wearing a smart red turtleneck and black leather skirt with stockings. Her brunette hair had been curled at the ends, and her green eyes flashed with excitement. Her mouth was turned up in a beaming smile as she took in Winona’s form.

“Well, I’ll say, you definitely look a lot better as a woman, Wyatt! I’m almost jealous of those huge knockers, except I imagine they certainly tug on the shoulders and upper back!”

Winona bit her lip. The woman was taller than her still, and by this point she was deeply afraid of her. There was something else, too; her mental changes had left her submissive and not willing to stand up against such a force. She cowered before Morgan.

“Y-you!”

“Yes, me. Are you going to let me in already? I could really do with a tea.”

Once again, Winona could do nothing to stop herself. She moved to the side and welcomed Morgan in. The witch poked her in the boob and smirked.

“Someone’s going to *love* those, I’m sure. C’mon, I’m waiting. A tea, girl!”

Winona hurried. She wanted to kill this woman, to strangle her to death with all the violence she could muster, but instead she found herself making a tea for her. Winona’s cheeks burned with humiliation as she presented it to Morgan, then took a seat opposite the witch bitch.

“So?” she said, hands trembling a little.

“So what?”

“So are you gonna change me back already! You’ve had your fun, you’ve turned me into a goddamn *slut*. You’ve given me a set of dick sucking lips. You’ve made me want to put

dude's dicks in my pussy. You've made me weaker and less in control. You've had your fun, Morgan! When can I turn back?"

Morgan cocked her head to the side. "I thought we already established the rules on this. Have you been three days without triggering your changes?"

"N-no! But-"

"And are your changes complete?"

"I - no! I mean, yes. But - c'mon! This is going way too frickin' far here!"

Morgan sipped from her tea, drawing out every excruciating second. "So, you don't feel like you deserve this, huh?"

"Of course not!" Winona exclaimed, gesturing out with such violence that it caused her large breasts to wobble heavily for several seconds. "I know I could be a bit of an asshole at times, but that was it! I don't deserve this and you know it!"

Morgan stood, anger flashing in her eyes. "Don't deserve it? Don't *deserve it!*? Let me give you a taste of who you really are, *Wyatt*, and why *Winona* suits you much better, hmm?"

She flashed her powers at the former male, lashing out with vibrant strips of arcane green energy that flooded her mind. Instantly, Winona found herself overwhelmed with imagery.

A young woman in tears, pressured into an act she never wanted to do.

Another feeling utterly unsafe, violated after a stranger groped her forcefully in the club.

A dark-skinned lady's self-confidence shattered, called a 'trashy slut' by a man who'd initially shown interest.

A mother scolding her daughter for her foolishness, how could she possibly get pregnant? What was her life going to be like, when the father was nowhere to be found?

A woman walking faster and faster in the middle of the night, down an empty street, as a tall and looming figure called out the vilest catcalls, hungering for her body.

These and more, so many more, were the images that flashed through Winona's mind. The insecurity, the pain, the anxiety, the humiliation, the entitlement, the fear, the feeling of being reduced to mere flesh, to be touched and discarded with inhuman ease. And she knew that every moment of discomfort, every shame, had been wrought upon the world by her. By *Wyatt*. She felt it *all*.

Tears fell down her eyes in rivers, and she only realised she'd been sobbing when she came to. Morgan was still standing over her, judgement in her eyes.

"Now do you understand why you deserve this?"

Winona choked out another sob. God, her makeup was a mess. She'd need to fix it. No! These weren't her thoughts! And that life - sure, she'd caused pain, but she'd also

caused pleasure! Those girls had enjoyed fucking her when the times were good. They'd been practically asking for it! And they'd dressed up so nicely, and . . .

. . . and as much as she wanted to wear the excuses, none felt quite right or honest anymore. She couldn't retreat into outright denial. For a moment, Morgan's face softened as the realisation of her own guilt manifested on Winona's features.

But then she hardened them. She still had her pride. Her very *male* pride.

"So what?" she said, the last of the tears gone. "Those things aren't all my fault! It takes two to tango!"

Morgan sighed, and turned to leave. Winona stood in a hurry, trying to block her exit but literally being unable to do so.

"What are you doing? Where are you doing? Are you gonna change me back?"

Another sigh. "Oh, I was thinking about it. It usually works, you know. Bring a vile misogynist like yourself to the very fulfilment of womanhood, the very kind of body they once lusted after, their own fantasy. Then, show them themselves. Show them how they treated such a body. Leave nothing left to deny. And then, only then, can they start to make a change. To be better. But *you*. By all the stars in their proper alignments, you really are incapable of change, aren't you? So, here's the change I give you. You can spend the rest of your life as an ultra-feminine girly girl. You'll never hurt anyone again. You'll be sugar and spice and all things nice. You'll dress up sexy and cute and stylish, and always make sure to show off your frankly amazing body. You'll find yourself attracted to men and spaces that have them, and be unable to stop yourself from flinging your body at men and letting them fuck your beautiful little brains out at every opportunity. You'll take up some girly profession to keep your life going, perhaps as a cute receptionist or sexy secretary, or maybe working with children - no doubt you'll have some of your own in due time given the libido I've left you! And always, always, you'll wish you'd never been the absolute *shit* you've been your whole male life, because otherwise you could have kept a dick between your legs."

Morgan giggled.

"Ah, sorry. I guess you *will* have a dick between your legs quite often. It just won't be *yours*."

She turned to leave again, marching to the door and opening it. A terrified Winona followed her, heart beating quickly in her chest, her worst nightmare unfolding before her eyes.

"Wait! Wait, you can't leave me like this!"

"I can and I will."

"But - it wasn't fair! You weren't fair! You said if I avoid the trigger I'd stop changing! I never stepped outside. I've been indoors, isolated, not engaging with any of the places I'd normally go to act like an asshole. You didn't play fair!"

At this, Morgan cocked her head, then burst out into a cackle. “I’m sorry, you thought that *travel* was the trigger?”

At this, Winona’s heart began to sink further into her already quite ample chest.

“It . . . wasn’t?”

“Oh, honey. Oh, you poor, stupid once-man. No, the trigger, which I thought was quite obvious, was that you would become ever more feminine every time you tried to act all *macho man* and give in to your masculine desires. And given how quickly you changed, I’d say you absolutely sucked at holding back, didn’t you?”

Winona’s jaw fell. She tried to mutter something, but nothing came out. Morgan simply gave her a wink as she walked backwards across the front footpath towards her car.

“Don’t worry, Winona. You’ve got a whole new life ahead of you, whether you want it or not! Enjoy being a beautiful, desirable woman for good, and try to enjoy the fruits of passion you just won’t be able to resist as a very heterosexual lady. Of course, there are also a lot of assholes out there. A lot of chauvinists, misogynists, and wannabe alpha wolves. Might want to be a bit careful. It’s not always a nice world for a lady, but I think you’ll manage.”

And with that, Morgan got in her car and took off, leaving the new Winona stuck in her new form for the rest of her life.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed, before some compulsions took over. “*I need to do my makeup again. I have to look sexy if I’m going to find a cute man for a one-night stand tonight!*”

Somewhere within the new woman, Wyatt’s male pride screamed. It would never again resurface, though.

Not when, to all outward appearances, Winona was such a proud, feminine woman.

The End