

Chapter 12



Women. They'd gotten so— arrogant, superior, full of themselves. As you and the rest of the men found yourself petite, skinny little things, women ceased to take you seriously. Your faces didn't help. With your big, bright eyes, pert noses and round chins, soft skin, most men now look like teen age girls or younger. You've been infantilized as well as feminized. The Hive is also

removing men from all positions of authority on the grounds you are too sensitive and emotionally unstable to lead.

It may, you are forced to admit, be true. Your friends, the men you know, are struggling, finding themselves so weak, painting their pretty faces, feeling a little scared of their own wives or girlfriends and demoted to secretaries, nurses, receptionists, waitresses, they are all suffering, you are all suffering, from hysteria. You're emotional wrecks— insecure, neurotic, prone to crying fits at the drop of a hat.

Just about every woman out there no longer doubts that hers is the superior sex.

So, women were bad after you changed. And then they got worse.

You hadn't noticed the swelling of your ass. It was gradual, and you were busy with your new life. Now that you had to wear women's clothes, you'd become obsessed with fashion, and you were still trying to figure out your style. Preppy? Boho? What kind of boy were you? And why were there 20 different names for skirts? You spent hours window shopping and reading articles about the trends for the upcoming season— it seemed like as soon as you'd gotten your Fall outfits together and were feeling good about your collection of cute sweaters, you had to start thinking

about winter, and how was it there was a new trend in how boys did their mascara every month?

So, you were busy, but the signs had been there. Your jeans seemed a little bit together. When you sat down, your butt felt—plump. You started to notice it especially while you were sitting at your dressing table in your teddy, doing your makeup. Your ass seemed to spread underneath you, all soft and smooshy. You started to feel your ass bounce, especially when you were at the gym. It was – disturbing, but you really didn't want to think about it, about the fact that everything you ate anymore seemed to go write to your ass and your hips.

Then, women started to make you extremely self-conscious about your changing body, the way women like to do. It's bad enough you seem to be going through puberty again—this time like a girl, do they have to be so—rude?

You'd been walking down the street, purse tucked under your arm, the breeze tossing your hair, feeling cute and pretty in your angora sweater and leggings, imagining yourself as That Boy from the rebooted old TV show about a cute, perky boy who comes to New York City and tried to make it as an actress.

“Look at the Gass on that one,” you heard a woman say as she walked past you, her head swiveling to check out your rear.

“I'd peg the hell out of that little bitch.”

The words shocked you,
threatened, and you'd
thinking, Gass?

The leggings had
pass a group of teen-
stoop, smoking.
girls says as you
you got the hottest

The girls all laugh.
them shouts.

You stiffen and keep
the hell is going on,
You haven't gone out
the weather hadn't been
thinking about the way
lately, jiggling, and you're
to watch, girls in thongs,
bouncy butts.

When you get home,
the kitchen counter and
sideways to check out

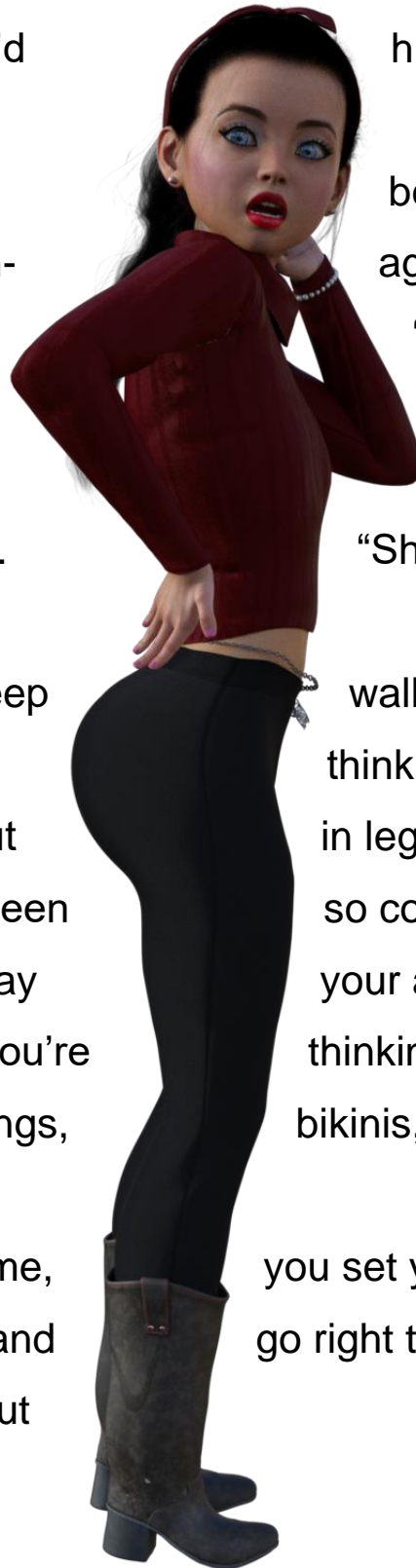
made you feel scared,
hurried your step

been a mistake. You
age girls sitting on a
"Fuck me," one of the
pass. "Hey, cream,
ass I've ever seen."

"Shake that ass!" One of

walking, wondering what
thinking it's the leggings.
in leggings before because
so cold, but you start
your ass has been bouncing
thinking about Gifs you used
bikinis, showing off their

you set your purse down on
go right to the mirror, turning



your profile, making a small, mousy little squeak as you see your plump, round ass, the curve at the small of your back.

You have a woman's ass. A hot as hell woman's ass. It's plump, inviting, and what's left of the man in you is a *little* turned on.

A little turned on? You call bullshit on yourself. The sight of your ass is a total turn on. It's perfect, the exact kind of booty you used to salivate over, still do, even though it's yours now. Jesus, you realize, confused, appalled. Looking at the firm swell of your booty, you actually want to fuck yourself.

You reach back and cup your ass cheeks, and they have the enticing soft yet firm feeling you remember from girls you dated. Shit. Fuck. Hell. You can't believe it. The fucking Hive. Isn't it enough they turned you into this skinny little slip of a man? Do they have to—do this to you, too?

Fuck. It's new information. Another transformation. You finally admit another change you'd been trying to deny— your hips are wider, and they have a gentle curve to them, like the hips of a teen-age girl. You're developing a figure. A girl's figure.

You go to The Internet, and The Hive in their endless generosity has plenty of websites with names like "Understanding Your Changing Body" and, of course, there are new posts, celebratory messages about how boys are so lucky because you



will no longer be “cursed” with boring, flat, angular bodies. No. You will now enjoy the “superior” shapes of females. Hooray for you all. Hooray for Total Equality! Your attempts to curtail your sarcasm collapse under the pressure of The Hive’s bullshit. You know sarcasm isn’t cute, not boyish at all, but there’s no one around so you lay it on.

Reading further, you can’t believe your luck! You, it seems, are an early bloomer. Most guys haven’t started to experience the latest “blessing” bestowed by your wonderful benefactors.

You cry, again, which no longer surprises you, as crying all the time has become as much a part of your nature as obsessing on some new shade of lipstick.

You resolve to wear only baggy clothes, wonder if there is some way you can— you don’t even know— tie something around your butt to make it look flat, but you know you’re kidding yourself. Boys’ clothes are all tight, small, and if you did buy something over-sized and baggy, it might trigger an alert and you might find yourself sentenced to “therapy.”

You do not want that. It terrifies you. Andy, now Angelica, has come back from therapy, and he’s a giggling, flirty airhead of a blonde, a bimbo, and he has tits- big ones. You feel bad for him, for what they made him into, but more, you feel afraid.

You'll just have to put on your tight little skirts, jeans, whatever, and deal with it. You search social media, and #Gass is trending—it stands for Girl Ass, and women are going nuts, loving the guys who have Gass, snapping pictures of guys out in public with plump, heart shaped rears, catching a guy leaning on a counter at a coffee shop, his ass thrust back, and the comments are rude, offensive, terrifying. *I'd fuck the hell out of that. Like he doesn't know what he's doing. Fine AZZ little bitch!*

It's like all the women in the world have turned into the worst version of guys. They are all obsessed with your ass, and they want you to know it. You cringe every time you leave the house, knowing women will be ogling your ass, making comments, dreaming of bending you over and pegging the hell out of you. It's not like women didn't appreciate guys who had a strong butt before, but it had always been, you thought, because they knew it meant you had a lot of thrust. Now, they look at your ass in a new and scary way that makes your skin crawl.

Even Brandy. Especially Brandy.

You're in the dressing room, squeezed into your new uniform—skintight short shorts, the top that reads Curves, and you're starting to live up to the name. You're looking at yourself, your profile, horrified at the sight of your plump, round ass in those little shorts, worrying about all the comments you're going to get from

the customers, when Brandy walks in. “Checking out that fine ass?” She says, her eyes burning a hole in your booty.

“Oh!” You say, blushing, turning so Brandy can’t see your butt. “I was just trying to get used to this stupid new uniform.”

“I don’t think it’s stupid at all. You’re hot as hell,” Brandy says, stepping close, invading your space, brushing a strand of hair away from your face, letting her knuckles graze your soft cheek.

You tilt your head back. Her eyes are hot, hungry. She looks like she wants to eat you, and you feel scared again, not only because she’s standing so close, looking at you like a lion about to pounce, but because you feel yourself getting warm, a little horny. You remember your fantasy— Brandy spanking you, and your entire body tingles. You want to run, to get away from her, from your feelings, but you can’t. You’re trapped here, so you just smile. ‘I feel ridiculous,’ you admit, tugging on your top.

“You shouldn’t,” Brandy says, cupping your chin, and just like that she covers your mouth with hers, pressing her lips against your plump, soft mouth, and her tongue slips in— you don’t stop it, but moan, softly, as you put your arms around her shoulders. She cups your hips, her hands on your ass, and she picks you up and sets you on the counter, and it sends a thrill through you to be picked up like that, to feel so small and light in her strong arms.

When the kiss ends, you giggle. Some of your lipstick has smeared onto Brandy's mouth. "You have lipstick," you say.

Brandy rubs it off with the back of her hand. "Let's go out tonight after work," she says, giving your little shoulder a squeeze.



The thought terrifies you. You are so scared of what you're feeling, what you need, but you also need what you need, and you like Brandy and you don't want to be rude, so you just tilt your head to the side and, looking at her from the corner of your eyes, you whisper, "I'd like that."

"You better fix your face," Brandy says, and when you turn to the mirror, she gives you a slap on the ass.

"Oh!" She slapped you hard, and it stings. You're shocked. She surprised you, and you feel a little embarrassed, your soft bouncy butt jiggling, and you can't deny it—it is such a turn having Brandy slap your ass. You want her to jump you right then and there.

You glance at her in the mirror as you fish your lipstick from your purse, puckering, painting your lips. Brandy's eyes are flickering from your ass to your face, back down again.

"Goddamn, girl," she says. "You're Gass is fire."

Somehow, it seems okay coming from Brandy, so you just wink and say, "Oh?"

You're curled on the bed, naked, as Brandy pulls the buckles tight on her strap on. The dildo is long, thick and hard, and you can't believe you're going to let her do this, but you're salivating as you look at her cock, and your body is stronger than your mind,

and the man you were is no match for the boy The Hive have made you.

You find yourself on your hands and knees, hair swaying with each of Brandy's hard, powerful thrusts. She grunts with each thrust, and he grunts give you chills. She's got her hands on your hips, squeezing hard, and it hurts when she slams into you, but it's a good hurt, better than anything you've ever felt in your life.

After, you lay side by side, and, of course, you find yourself crying. "Oh, babe," Brandy says, caressing your cheek, brushing your hair out of your eyes. "Why are you crying?"

"I don't know," you admit, and you're worried she will take it the wrong way, that she'll feel she didn't get you off. "It's not you. It's—I cry all the time now. I never know why?"

"Oh, you're so sweet," Brandy says, giving you a friendly, comforting kiss. "It was your first time, wasn't it?"

"Yes," you whisper, dropping your eyes, ashamed not because it was your first time getting pegged, but because you got pegged at all, because you wanted it, loved it.

Brandy pulls you closer. "I remember my first time. I cried, too. Maybe it's normal for a girl?"

Girl. She's started referring to you as a girl more and more. You don't know whether to feel insulted or flattered, but as you lay there in her arms, crying, your ass aching, you feel like a girl.

Brandy lets you sleep over. In the morning, you get up, slip into one of her robes, get a pot of coffee going. You dig through her refrigerator and make a couple of omelets. Your ass hurts. You feel like something got torn in there, but you also can't stop thinking about that dildo, about how good it felt when she penetrated you, and you think, *I guess I'll just have to get used to it.*

Just as the omelets are getting done, and as you struggle to decide whether to wake Brandy— because she might find it rude— she emerges from the bedroom wearing flannel pajama pants and a t-shirt, bleary, scratching her ass. “Goddamn that coffee smells good.”

You giggle and toss your hair. “I just thought I'd make some breakfast or something,” you say, making your little voice even higher, more feminine.

“Babe,” Brandy says with a superior, arrogant smile. “You're going to make someone a great little wifey someday.”

