

The Gender Critical Theory

By Bewci



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1.

Fuck, I made a huge mistake. I should have never said yes to him. I should have stopped myself before getting carried away by the debate. But I can be a bit quarrelsome sometimes. All this to prove my point... what was I thinking?

These new sensations and emotions are nothing like I have ever experienced as a man. Yes, don't get fooled. This isn't my natural body. I was a man. My real name was Walter Lexington. I was a PhD student and an activist on critical race theory. I was doing my thesis on black women facing discrimination in the dating market. The current beauty standards are Anglo-centric, leading to most men, including all races, opting for blonde, blue-eyed white girls over black girls. But my roommate Liam begged to differ, stating that he had dated multiple black women.

"Yeah? Keep lying! I have the statistics!" I said, shuffling through the pages of my thesis report.

"Statistics by whom?" Liam asked, smirking at my urgent attempt to find the evidence.

"Well, there are various websites! Why don't you search for it yourself?!" I bawled. If only I had made a snarky remark and moved on. But I kept indulging in his taunts.

“Ooh, the internet! Must be true! Critical race theory, what bullshit! Is that even a real subject?! Would you even get a job?!”

I was boiling in rage when he said this. There are a ton of job opportunities for students studying this subject. I can be a social justice activist, a journalist, a professor! But he was a biotech engineer who spent all his time in a lab like his rats. How would he know what’s going on in the real world?!

I am unsure why I didn’t shift to another apartment as soon as I learnt he was such a racist pig, but I guess I liked the challenge of proving him wrong. So, when he proposed the contest, I couldn’t back down. He told me, “I am working on a revolutionizing pill that can alter the human body based on a merger of CRISPR technology and nanobots. I can turn you into a black woman for a month. All you have to do is go on dates. If even one man rejects to have sex with you, I’ll pay your semester fees for this year, but if you lose, you stay as a black woman forever.”

That’s \$20,000! And if his pill worked, and I went on a date as a black girl, I could always reject the men if they didn’t reject me first. It was an easy win and free money! So, I said yes, and followed him to his lab. He started customizing the pill on his laptop. He typed in random combinations of letters and numbers that I hardly understood. After filling in all the input boxes, he clicked okay, and the machine beside him started whirring. Within a few minutes, the pill was ready. I took the black-coloured pill and said, “You better not chicken out of the deal when I win!”

How naïve I was. I didn't even think there was anything wrong with the pill. After all, it was still going through the experimentation process. I was so blinded by competition that I didn't think twice before gulping it down. The effects started when I went to bed that night, beginning with a slight dizziness. I was flustered with a growing heat in my crotch, so hot that I couldn't contain my groans. Liam had left me alone and slept in the lab, giving me the privacy I didn't know I needed. It was intense, to say the least. My body burned with pleasure, urging me to jerk off and spew out all the cum I had in my balls. My boxer shorts were a mess, and when I pushed them down, my exposed erection sprayed a streak on my shirt and face. I cringed, gagging as the salty, thick fluid running between the crevice of my lips seeped into my mouth. However, the musky smell intoxicated me, and I couldn't help but lick my lower lip. I was astounded and ashamed of the thoughts filling me in. I resisted, wiped it off with the dry part of my shirt, and threw it to the ground. I was stark naked on the bed, writhing under Liam's transformation spell. The buzzing in my lower abdomen soon spread throughout my body.

My muscles spasmed, melting into fat while my bones cracked, some widening while others crushing the contours of my body. I couldn't care less as my fingers traced down my shrinking penis, parting into tender wet flesh. The flapping excess skin tightened into supple petals as my tiny remnant of cock crowned the caving opening, forming my clitoris. I was gawking speechless, my digits tentatively exploring the cave between my legs. I saw the pigmentation of my skin start from my feet as they shrunk narrower with elegant toes. The

dark brown skin enshrouded me, running up my legs as they elongated and slimmed while my thighs plumped, accentuating my thickening hips.

Soon, the dark skin reached my tummy, which sunk from both sides, giving me a streamlined waist. It was a relief that my curves didn't grow to extreme proportions, as most of my fat was feasted upon as energy reservoirs by the nanobots, leaving me with a petite, toned body. My nipples puckered up, tensing blood vessels throbbing around them. I screamed as my curious fingers stroked one. It is humiliating to admit how much I enjoyed it. It was like electricity firing all over me as they expanded, quadrupling in size. They stayed protruding while my areolas stretched in all directions, darkening like the night sky outside the window.

I moaned in a higher tone while the ebony skin brimmed past my neck onto my face. My nose narrowed with a round soft curve, my eyes ordained with dense lashes and brows, and my cheekbones lifted. My lips clenched tight, pushing outward as they puffed up with more flesh. My chin and jawline got more defined with smooth edges. All this time, I had barely spoken a word. But when I did, I almost lost myself in ecstasy. I whispered, "Oh, God," in a sweet feminine voice, watching thick, long beaded hair jutting from my scalp. It was surreal, feeling the tingling nanobots work on my head. The voluminous ropes cascaded on my back, brushing against my tailbone. They were so heavy that I couldn't keep my head craned up for too long. I rested on my pillow amongst the tangled bedsheets, exhausted. Soon, my eyes closed as I drifted into sleep.

2.

When I woke up, I screamed, realizing it wasn't a dream. Liam entered the room, witnessing the pleasurable sight of me naked on the bed. I was paralyzed in shock, my pussy on display for him. I didn't have the instinct of a modest woman who would have rushed to cover herself up. Instead, I was spooked by the growing bulge in his pants. It sent shivers down my spine, overwhelming me with emotions I didn't fathom were possible. He threw a towel on the bed, smiling at me. I flushed red as I returned to my senses and wrapped the cloth around me.

"Slept well?" he asked with a sly smile. "Fuck you! You did something! Why am I so aroused?!" I asked him in return.

"Besides this boner? I don't know. Maybe you were always a slut, and now that your body matches your mind, she's unleashed!" he exclaimed.

"Fuck off, Liam! I'll prove you wrong! Keep the counter-pill ready. I'll be back in my body soon!" I yelled in defiance. I was determined to win.

"Okay, Aleena," he said as he walked away. Aleena. He had the nerve to name me after his ex-girlfriend! I didn't retaliate this time as my mind ran wild with imagination, and it felt nice to imagine myself as his girlfriend. I had never noticed how tall he was, his broad shoulders, or his veiny arms. I wondered how big his cock was behind that bulge. I found

these cravings humiliating. He had changed me more than just my body.

A week passed since I turned into Aleena, and I hadn't set foot outside the house, let alone go out to date men. I could barely sleep, as I spent hours masturbating every night while Liam slept on another bed across the room. I muffled my screams into the pillow so he couldn't hear me orgasm. But a part of me wanted him to hear my moans. This arousal I felt was not natural. Once my fingers started the chain reaction, I couldn't stop. I was scared to admit that I liked men, and if a man agreed to have sex with me, I wasn't sure if I could do my part and reject him instead. I didn't know if I had the will to resist Liam if he woke up one night and decided to mount me and fuck me. Gosh, I yearned to get filled by something thicker than my fingers.

Since my old clothes were too loose, Liam bought me new outfits, deliberately the lewd, skimpy ones that practically gave me a wedgie all day long, grinding against my wet pussy. He also gave me makeup, skincare products, and some classy dresses to wear on a date, "if you ever attempted", he said. I knew he was playing tricks on me, trying to defeat me in the contest. Every time he walked out of the shower naked, as if we were still two men living like bachelors, I gazed at his boner as my lips trembled to wrap around it. I didn't know what to do. Even if I could sneak into the lab, I didn't know how to create the counter-pill myself. I still had over a hundred pages to work on my report on dating discrimination against black women, but I was there staring at Liam's donkey schlong instead.

“Let me do you a favour,” he said one afternoon as he came out of the shower.

I raised my eyebrows to break my lustful gaze and look at his face instead. “Do me a favour? Give me a break!” I said, averting my eyes off of him.

“Listen. If you need my help for once, I am here. I don’t mind paying for your semester fees if I get to calm down your pussy,” he muttered.

“Ugh, can you not be awful for one moment?! Racist creep!” I yelled at him.

“Look who’s talking. You are the one leering at me for days! I get it. You’re mad at me. But let me fuck you, and you’ll feel much better.”

“I’m not listening to your words. Stop talking and go.”

“We both know that’s not true. Just like we both know, your Critical Race PhD program is a scam.”

“Keep talking shit. You’re not worth my time,” I said, looking cautiously at his twitching cock.

“Haha, you agreed to this contest because you knew it was the only way to save money from this PhD scam. Anyways, I feel generous. My offer is always on the table. Come by my bed anytime you wish,” he said, walking into the bedroom.

I breathed a deep sigh, relieved that I didn’t break character. My holes were pulsating, squelching wet hearing his offer. I had to get a hold of myself. There was no return from this. I

had to go on a date and end it once and for all. Or so I
thought.

3.

Going on dates opened Pandora's box for me as I crumbled down to the will of these strong, handsome men I matched on Clinger. It didn't take them too much effort to convince me to follow them to their luxurious apartments, strip for them, and submit to their cock. I would set up a hidden camera to record them rejecting me, but all it recorded was long hours of me sucking them and getting pounded by white cocks, black cocks, and every other ethnicity in between. I was putty in their hands, relishing in different flavours of ecstasy. As I would walk, flushed red, out of their house in the early mornings with the small camera in my hand, I would press the button that Liam said would delete the footage. And so, the cycle repeated.

"Please, Ryan, you know I'll have sex with you. Just act for me a little bit, you know? Please? It's just roleplaying! I want you to say, Aleena, I don't want to have sex with you. Act like you mean it. It really turns me on!" I said, sitting on Ryan's lap on his couch. I was desperate for rejection as my sore pussy had been pounded twenty-seven times in the last three weeks. It was the last day of the challenge.

"But, babe, I really, really, want to have sex with you!" He slurred, having drunk ten glasses of whiskey. "Oh, God," I lamented my foolish way of making him comply with my suggestions by intoxicating him with alcohol. Ryan, on the other hand, was extra horny, and his erection stayed unfazed

no matter how many times he cum inside me. I was a mess, moaning in sweat and tears, gaping with wide eyes at his cock, pummeling and rearranging my insides. It was the best night and the worst morning of my life. I had lost the contest. I had lost the debate and, most importantly, my manhood.

“So?” Liam asked with a menacing smile spread wide on his face.

I let out a deep sigh, whispering, “You win. I was wrong. Black women don’t face any discrimination in the dating market.” It was devastating to say that looking at his smug face.

“I already know that. But what do you think changed your mind?” he asked.

“Well, I went on dates, and asked the men if they would have sex with me, all of them said yes,” I answered him.

“Oh, did you do it?” Liam asked again, his smile turning into a giddy grin.

“What? No! I rejected them, as I had said!” my voice trembled as I yelled at him.

“Are you sure? Because I have all the footage!” he guffawed.

I was aghast and speechless. “H-How?! I didn’t do anything... I swear!”

“Aww, my sweet innocent Aleena, you don’t have to lie! The button you were clicking was not just to delete the files, but also to send me a copy before it deleted them!”

“No! You cheated! Delete those files now and turn me back!” I screamed at him with all my energy. I wanted to punch him in the face.

“Of course! But only if you let me fuck you.”

I wanted to scream at him. I wanted to kick him in his chauvinistic nuts. But I felt weak, vulnerable. I did not have the strength to overpower him, nor did I have the mental fortitude to persuade him with my words.

“Don’t act prude before me. You have proven yourself to be quite the slut of the town! Now, about the fucking part, I promise you, I will change you back if you say you want to, after the sex. And cherry on the top, I will also pay the fees! What do you say?!” Liam cheered, speaking the terms of the new deal.

Damn, he got me. I had already been fucked by twenty-eight guys, one more was not gonna hurt. I would be back in my body, the tapes would be gone, and my fees would be paid. Not to mention, I had been fantasizing about him ever since I turned into Aleena. Every time he called me a slut, my heart would flutter for him. I hated it. I hated every bit of my feelings for him. “Fuck my life,” I murmured.

“No, just your pussy. Believe me, it won’t be anything like you have experienced so far,” he said with such confidence that it sent shivers down my back. “Now, if you agree to my deal, just nod.”

As soon as I nodded, he immediately took control. His hands grabbed my hips and lifted me onto his shoulders as he took

me the bedroom and threw me onto his bed. Fuck, he treated me like an object. I was seeing the true side of him as he choked me and blurted out racial slurs without any remorse. He knew that for the next few hours I would not respond in any negative way at his remarks. I gasped as his other hand traced down into my shorts and dug into my slippery taint. This was so fucked up. He was abusing me with words while pleasuring me, and it was turning me on more than I anticipated.

I had insulted him so many times, but all those words melted out of my mind as he leaned over me. He pulled down my knickers and tore through my top, exposing my tits. “Fuck, Aleena you’re so fucking gorgeous!” he stammered, biting on my nipples. His big, rough hands kept fondling them while his lips locked onto mine. “I’m going to make them big with milk, when I breed you with twins!” he said, squeezing my breasts so hard that I screamed from the pain. I gaped in horror, wondering if he meant it. If he had mentioned it before he rested his cock on my nether, I would have insulted him and laughed it off. There was no way I could say yes to this life, I would have thought. But now, I was conflicted. He had triggered something in me. Something carnal and strong that none of those men could achieve. All of my dates were gentle and caring, passionate about my needs during sex. Liam was ruthless, animalistic, didn’t give two dimes about what I wanted. I was lying there, like a piece of meat while he tossed me around as he wished. He brushed his cock against my wet nether and I lost it, moaning like a shameless whore. “What did you say to me that day? White men don’t like black

pussies? Here's my counter argument," he said, shoving himself inside me.

My limbs went numb as he penetrated me, pushing his dick inside me till his balls slapped against my clit. I loved it so much, even if I didn't know why. I'm supposed to be a man, but this last month had taken a toll on me. As he pulled out, I squealed, and then he smashed balls deep again, forcing all the air out of my lungs. "You sound like a squeaky bitch!" he said. Why I loved his stupid cock so much, I didn't know. Perhaps I loved being used, being dominated, being a woman. Oh God... he wanted to break me, humiliate me, but I had to endure it and resist. His thrusts got only rougher, and I realized, it wasn't going to be easy.

"You'll do as I say, alright?" he commanded me. "Y-yes," I stammered. The rugged surface of his penis titillated the inner walls of my sleek vagina as he railed me, pacing faster and faster, building an intense pressure in my womb. I wanted to snap out of the trance overwhelming my mind. I wanted to be a man, right? Fucking hell, he hit the spot! I screamed in such pleasure, he knew he had to hit it again. And again. And again. I shuddered from the mind-blowing orgasm. "Look at you. Pathetic. This just shows you liberals are all talk," he said, as he kept going. He pushed me to the point of no return. I was his bitch. He had broken me, made me feel things no other man could. All my fancy education, SJW feminism degrees had become useless at the peril of his magnificent cock thrusting inside me. I followed his instructions like an obedient slave.

He guided my dainty fingers to the tip of my womanhood and asked me to rub my clit. The pleasure emanating from the combination of his penis pummeling me while my fingers circling over my sensitive nub turned my brain into mush. My eyes rolled up as I bit my lips to muffle my embarrassing moans. I just couldn't stop. My tongue stuck out, drooling from the mind-numbing sensations coursing throughout my body. His condescending compliments made me go harder and faster on my clit. My body in instinct listened to him without him uttering a word. He was elated as my womb started squeezing against his cock in rhythm, milking him every time he pulled. "That's like a good girl!" He cheered, groaning in excitement. Watching him enjoy it fluttered my soul. Even if he was treating me like a sex object, I had an inexplicable desire to submit to him and make him happy.

"Keep going... Oh... Yess... Put your babies inside me... Please!" I murmured, as our bodies clashed with vigor. I didn't care about anything else. I wanted him to breed me. I needed the release. Any remnants of my masculinity were long gone before I had realized, and the videos he was using to blackmail me only showed my true self. A slut that loved a good pounding. He was deep inside me when my warm pussy clenched onto him, and spurts of his cum coated my insides. I yelped in my high-pitched voice, my hips and pussy trembling, reciprocating his ejaculation with a second wave of orgasm. "Fuck, I love dominating you, both in arguments and in the bed," Liam said, laughing.

I cooed, gazing at him with arousal and defeat. He took some time to recover, went to the kitchen to drink some water while I laid there in the aftermath of sex. When he came

back, I was about to accept my fate and apologize, but before I could say anything, he tossed me around into doggystyle position. He was not done with me. He mounted me, whispering into my ears, "Bitch, we're done when I say we're done!" He put me in the demeaning pose like an animal, and shoved his erect cock again. I was miserable, panting and sweating, but it was the most blissful moment of my life. I moaned and screamed, but I didn't resist him. I just needed to cum one more time. He spanked my asscheeks as he plowed my holes like a ramming piston. "You see? Men don't give a fuck if the woman is White, Black or Asian. For us, you're all the same. Creatures built to give us pleasure. To breed. You should learn to accept this. You'll be much happier." He gathered my long beaded hair in his hands and pulled them while ravaging my holes, just as I wanted. My insides had rearranged, much more open to accept Liam's horse cock.

"Looks like you're enjoying it. I think you should stay as a woman. Actually, you will. The pill I gave you has some side-effects, like, you can get pregnant. And if you do, the change is permanent," Liam said. I turned my head and smiled, twerking my ass against his cock. I whispered, "I don't mind as long as you're the father."

Thank you for reading!

THE END

