

MASCULINITY 2033



Chapter One: A Boy's Life

“Check out the cream,” you hear a teenage girl call out as you walk down the street, and you cringe, because you know how teenage girls are when they see a pretty man walking alone.

“Hey, honey,” another one says. “Show us that pretty smile.”

You want to tell them to fuck off, these children, but you do show them your pretty smile, because it's easier, because they are less likely to harass you if you show them you are sweet and obedient, a proper little man who knows his place. You look right at them and let a bright smile spread across your pretty face, and you wave with your finger tips and say, “Hey, girls,” in a voice higher, softer and prettier than any woman will ever have now that The Hive has come to Earth.

The girls all hoot and holler, letting their eyes roam over your body— your breasts, hips, your long legs, and as you walk past them, your ass. It's humiliating.

“Look at the ass on that bitch,” one says. “I'd fuck the hell out of that.” The words stab at you. You feel so ashamed that you allow this to happen, day after day, that girls and women feel free to look at you like a piece of meat, to talk down to you like you're a servant, or a child.

You had tensed up as you walked past those girls, your whole body, but as you move away from their roving eyes, their jeers, you relax. A little. It's not like women aren't still checking you out. Every single one who walks past you drinks you in, enjoys a good, long look at your breasts. You just keep smiling. It's what's expected of a man now, especially one who is young and pretty and unclaimed.

Women are all assholes now, you think, but girls are the worst. They'd all enjoyed the transition to "Total Equality" initiated by The Hive, had gone from being the hunted, the sweet, the feminine, to the hunters. They loved seeing men in their diminished state, you thought, seeing you forced to be the ones who were pretty and sweet, painting your face, showing off your body to please them.

They loved seeing men made to act like women.

They loved it almost, you felt, as much as you hated it.

When you finally arrive at the Lady Doe's coffee shop, a woman holds the door for you. You thank her with a smile, hoping she doesn't hit on you, thinking, *thanks for holding the door for me, but that doesn't at all make up for the way you're staring at my ass now.*

Your boy squad is waiting for you, gathered in a circle back at your usual table. You all smile and make small, feminine waves as you greet each other. You all wear variations of the same

semi-transparent dress, known officially as the Pretty Boy Dress. All single males are required to wear the same basic outfit. Your dresses and the chain link bracelets and waist chains you wear are required of unclaimed men, 'shames,' you are sometimes called, as in "it's a shame he hasn't found a husband." The Hive says your dresses are to help you, to make it easier for eligible bachelors to identify a boy in need of a husband which, of course, you are told, is the most important thing in the world to a boy now. Your purpose, in the world of The Hive, the only real purpose for a boy, is to become a wife and mother.

You sit, hooking your purse over the back of your chair, and check your makeup with your phone. Then, you join into the feminine chatter, your soft voices overlapping as you talk, and the subject, as usual, is women, and who's dating who, and who might just have a husband soon.

You knew most of these boys— these men, you remind yourself, though in the world of The Hive the word 'men' is not used anymore. You knew most of them before the change, though it's hard now to even believe they were the men you knew, these pretty little things.

Take Micaela— formerly Mike. He'd been a broker, made loads of money, spent a ton of it on cocaine and strippers. Is that blonde with the big tits showing off the bracelet his fiance bought for him.

Really, Mike? Is it even possible, you wonder, as you look at those big, lashed eyes, those plump lips carefully frosted in glossy pink lipstick. Is getting a woman to buy you presents the best you can hope for now?

You wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't watched it all happen, hadn't watched that big swinging dick of a man start wearing makeup as his rugged features replaced by that gorgeous face. He'd called you, crying, the morning he'd woken up to find he'd popped out his little A cups, that he was growing breasts. You'd watched as those A cups had blossomed from an A to a B and a perfect pair of Ds, and that same Mike had gone from dying with shame over his tits to wearing push up bras to make them seem bigger.

That same Mike who'd once planned to make a billion dollars and buy his own island, is now giggling and so, so proud because his girlfriend has money and he's, like, omigod, so hopeful that she's going to pop the question soon, ask him to marry her, save him from his life as an unclaimed boy.

Good for him, you think, both jealous and sorry for him. The way he is now? He will make a good little wife and mother. And, quite frankly, he's useless for anything else.

It's true of all the boys here at the table. Tina had been a personal trainer, totally into mixed martial arts. Now he was too

worried about breaking a nail to even think about going to the gym. He'd transitioned to yoga. Candace had been a construction worker, if you could even believe such a skinny little thing could even lift a hammer. Now, he worked as an exotic dancer at a Lady's Club. Anyone from before The Hive who looked at this table of giggling boys would think they were looking at a table of extremely feminine, impossibly beautiful young women.

The Hive, you think, keeping your feelings hidden behind a pretty smile. The fucking Hive really did a job on us. Your thoughts are interrupted as a woman approaches the table. It's the one who got the door for you earlier.

"Boys," she says. You all stop talking and look up at her, assessing her with your new, feminine eyes. She's tall, broad shoulders, with a sharp, angular haircut. Since masculinity is now defined by things like long hair, makeup, jewelry, women have gotten more butch, not only acting like men used to act, but dressing like them. She has a handsome face, devoid of makeup, and her outfit suggests money. She's probably wearing some sort of low-profile bra, you figure. Women are still women, but with men now sporting D cups and being valued for the size of their tits, women had come to prefer a flatter profile.

"I just paid for another round of drinks for you pretty lads," she says, and she's giving you the eye. She kind of raises her chin at

you, but to your surprise she doesn't ask for your number, but just walks back to her table, where another woman in a three piece is grinning. They talk, glancing back at you, and the boys all start teasing you. She sent all the right signals, signals sure to get any group of boys excited. She'd demonstrated her confidence, her dominance, her money. She'd shown you all that she liked to buy things for pretty boys, to take care of them, and the boys are all drooling over her now, just as she planned.

You play along, giggling, fidgeting with your hair. Yes, she's a stud, and omigod if she asks you for your number? Not one of the boys suggests you approach her. It isn't proper for a boy to approach a woman, ask for her number. It would be just too aggressive, too womanly.

With the attention all on you now, you join in with the conversation, filling the boys in on your love life, if you can even call it that. No, things didn't work out with Max. Yes, she was an incredible lover, so it's a shame because she really knew how to get a boy off. This cute woman did get your number the other day, so who knows? "She was," you say with a smile, "wearing a Rolex. And, well...?" You offer them a devilish smile and glance out of the corner of your eye at Miss Studly over there, talking loudly with her friend, woman spreading, taking up space the way women do.

The boys all ohhh and ahhh. It's every boy's dream to marry a prince, and if not a prince, at least a woman with MONEY. It's supposed to be every boy's dream, you correct yourself. The truth is, it isn't yours. Something is wrong with you, and it has been ever since The Hive came, ever since the changes started.

You know everything about what it means to be a boy now, and you conform, putting on your dress, your makeup, smiling and being sweet and pretty and demure and all the things a proper, good little boy is supposed to be. It all feels wrong to you, though. Unlike most men, who've totally been overtaken by The Hive's brainwashing mind control, you hate what they've made of you, with your big, fat tits and plump ass, your high-pitched voice and pretty face.

Glancing at tall, dark and handsome, the woman who you have no doubt is about to insert herself into your life whether you like it or not, and it doesn't matter what a boy wants, really, you know one thing above all others.

In this new world of The Hive you do not want her. You want to be her. It's your new reality, and you dream of it every day. You may have a boy's body, but you want to be a strong, confident woman.

You would give anything to be a woman.

