

THE SCULPTOR OF OAKHAVEN

A gender-bender story by JohnManTD

This story is for the winner of my Patreon December 2025 competition where the winner got an idea of theirs turned into a completed story.

Part 4: The Plan

The lingerie section of the department store was a landscape of lace, silk, and satin. Under normal circumstances, Caleb would have refused to step foot in here. Now, he felt a desperate, physical need for the support these garments promised.

He stood in front of a rack of bras, overwhelmed. There were so many types. Push-up, balcony, plunge, sports. And the sizes... numbers and letters that meant nothing to him.

"I don't know what I'm doing," Caleb admitted, holding up a lacy red contraption that looked like a hammock for a cantaloupe.

Ryan walked over. He looked around to make sure no one was watching, then turned to Caleb. "Lift your arms."

"What?"

"I saw a TikTok about this," Ryan muttered, his face turning a dark shade of crimson. "I know how this works. Lift your arms."

"A TikTok, huh?" Caleb hesitated, thinking about how hot a TikTok of women trying on bras would be, then slowly raised his arms feeling the weight of his own boobs. The movement lifted them, making them bounce. Ryan stepped in close. He grabbed a measuring tape from a display stand.

Ryan wrapped the tape around Caleb's ribcage, just under the heavy swell of his breasts. His hands were large and warm. His knuckles brushed against the soft under-curve of Caleb's tits.

Caleb gasped. The sensation was electric. His nipples hardened instantly, straining against the thin tank top right in front of Ryan's face.

"Thirty-four," Ryan murmured, his voice rough. He unwound the tape and moved it up,

wrapping it around the fullest part of Caleb's chest. He had to lean in, his chest brushing against Caleb's. The heat radiating off him was intoxicating.

Caleb held his breath, his heart hammering against his ribs. He felt small. Fragile. The proximity of Ryan's new, muscular bulk was overwhelming.

"DD," Ryan said, checking the tape. He stepped back, clearing his throat. "Thirty-four double D. That's... that's big, man."

"Just get me something that holds them still," Caleb whispered, crossing his arms to hide his reaction.

Ryan grabbed a handful of bras in the right size. Black, nude, and a few lacy ones. "Go try them on. I'll find... the other stuff."

Caleb retreated to the fitting room. He locked the door and leaned against it, breathing hard. His body was humming. His crotch was slick. It was humiliating. It was exciting.

He pulled off the tank top. His breasts swung free, heavy and pale. He looked at them in the mirror. They were beautiful. Objectively, they were perfect. He lifted one, feeling the weight, the softness.

He picked up a plain black bra. He struggled with the clasp for a minute before realizing he could hook it in the front and spin it around. He slid his arms through the straps and scooped his breasts into the cups.

The relief was instantaneous. The underwire lifted the weight off his ribcage. The fabric held them firm, stopping the constant, painful jiggle. He adjusted the straps, looking in the mirror. The bra pushed them up, creating a deep, devastating cleavage. He looked... hot.

There was a knock at the door. "I got the... uh... bottoms."

Caleb cracked the door. Ryan handed him a few scraps of silk and lace. Panties.

Caleb took them. He slid off his jeans and the uncomfortable boxers. He stood naked for a moment, looking at his new, smooth pelvis. The slit between his legs was pink and swollen. He felt a phantom limb sensation, a ghost of his penis, but it was fading, replaced by this new, empty ache.

He stepped into a pair of black silk panties. They slid up his legs, smooth as water. They hugged his hips perfectly. The gusset settled against his vulva, the silk cool and soft against his sensitive flesh. It felt... right. It felt like they belonged there.

He put the jeans back on. They still didn't button, but the underwear made a huge difference. He walked out.

Ryan was waiting, holding a dress. It was champagne-colored silk, short, backless, with a cowl neck that draped low.

"For the mission," Ryan said, his eyes dark. "If we want to distract him... this is the nuclear option."

Caleb took the dress. He went back in. He stripped off the jeans and the tank top, swapping the bra and panties to a different set that worked better with the dress. He slid the dress over his head.

The silk fell over his curves like water. It clung to his hips, his ass, his waist. The cowl neck dipped low, showcasing the massive cleavage created by the bra. The skirt ended mid-thigh.

He stepped out.

Ryan stopped breathing. He stared at Caleb, his eyes tracing the line of his leg, the curve of his hip, the swell of his chest.

"Well?" Caleb asked, turning a circle. "Do I look like a bimbo?"

"You look..." Ryan started, then stopped. He licked his lips. "You look incredible, Caleb."

The name didn't sting as much this time. Caleb looked in the three-way mirror. He didn't see Caleb the trucker. He saw a woman who could bring a king to his knees.

"Okay," Caleb said, his voice trembling slightly. "Let's buy it. And let's go get this son of a bitch."

Caleb grabbed some casual girl clothes, changed back into them, and they paid for everything. The cashier, a woman who used to be a nice old man, but was now a hottie wearing a French maid outfit, served them, before they headed back out into the heat with Caleb loving the support his new bra was giving him.

"We need to find him," Ryan said. "See what he's doing. Maybe we can catch him off guard before we go to the mansion."

That's when they heard a large crash in the direction of the high school football field. They looked at each other, and ran in that direction.

When they reached the edge of the football fields, they saw him.

The Sculptor was standing in the middle of the road. His Ferrari was parked behind him. Facing him, blocking the road, was the Oakhaven High football team. Or what was left of it. Ten guys in varsity jackets, holding baseball bats and tire irons. They looked terrified but determined.

"Get out of our town!" the quarterback, a kid named Jason, yelled.

Caleb and Ryan crouched behind a hedge.

"This is gonna be bad," Ryan whispered.

The Sculptor sighed. He looked bored. He checked his nails. "Children. Go home."

"Not until you fix everyone!" Jason shouted. The team charged.

The Sculptor didn't even flinch. He just raised his hand and waved it in a lazy arc.

A ripple of violet light washed over the charging line.

It wasn't like the individual transformations. It was a wave. The players stumbled mid-stride. Their broad shoulders melted. Their varsity jackets grew three sizes too big, then shredded as their bodies shrank and curved.

Helmets fell off, revealing long, flowing hair. Chests burst outward. Hips flared.

In seconds, the offensive line was gone. In their place stood a squad of cheerleaders. They blinked, looking at the bats in their manicured hands. They dropped the weapons.

"Ohmigod," the new Jason squealed, looking at the linebacker next to her. "Becky! You look so cute!"

"You too!" the linebacker giggled.

They ran at each other, not to fight, but to embrace. Within seconds, the entire team was a writhing pile of making out, groping, and giggling.

"Jesus," Ryan breathed.

"Wait," Caleb hissed. "Look. The truck."

Parked behind the team was a beat-up pickup truck. Inside, one player had stayed behind, honking the horn, trying to rally the troops. The Sculptor hadn't seen him through the glare of the windshield.

The Sculptor, annoyed by the noise, waved his hand dismissively at the truck, firing a bolt of transformative energy.

The bolt flew through the air. It hit the side mirror of the truck.

And it bounced.

The violet light ricocheted off the glass at a sharp angle. It flew across the street and hit a man walking his dog.

With a pop, the man twisted. His body softened and morphed into a cheerleader just like the others.

"Did you see that?" Ryan grabbed Caleb's shoulder. "It bounced! The mirror!"

"Reflections," Caleb whispered. "He flinched at the gas station because he saw himself. His magic... it travels like light. It can be reflected."

The guy in the truck, seeing his friends turned into a harem, panicked. He threw the door open and scrambled out.

The Sculptor turned. He saw the boy. He snapped his fingers.

The boy gasped, arching his back. He shifted rapidly, his body thickening, curving. He became a sexy cheerleader, just like the rest.

He looked at his hands, smiled, and strutted over to join the pile of cheerleaders.

"We have him," Ryan said, his eyes gleaming. "We know how to beat him."

They retreated, sneaking back toward the apartment before they were spotted.

Part 5: Mixed Emotions

Back in the safety of the living room, the atmosphere was electric. They had a plan. They had the tools. But the tension between them was a physical weight.

Caleb paced the room in his silk dress, the heels clicking on the hardwood. "Okay. So I go in. I act brainwashed. I get him to focus on me. You sneak up and drug his drink."

"You have to be convincing," Ryan said from the couch. He was watching Caleb pace, his eyes tracking the sway of Caleb's hips, the bounce of his chest. "If he suspects you for a second, he'll turn you into god knows what."

"I can do it," Caleb said. He stopped, striking a pose he'd seen other girls use. He batted his lashes. "Oh, Master, I'm so yours."

Ryan snorted. "You look like you're having a stroke. You walk like a linebacker in heels. You need to be... softer. Slinkier."

"I don't know how to be slinky!" Caleb snapped, frustration bubbling up. "I'm a guy, Ryan!"

"Not right now you aren't," Ryan said softly. He stood up and walked over to Caleb. He towered over him. "Right now, you're the most beautiful woman in this town. You have the equipment. Use it."

"How?" Caleb breathed, looking up into Ryan's eyes.

"Practice on me," Ryan said. His voice was rough. "Pretend I'm him. Seduce me. Convince me you want it."

Caleb swallowed. The air in the room seemed to vanish. "Okay."

He took a step back. He took a deep breath, trying to center himself in this new body. He thought about the heat pooling between his legs. He thought about the way Ryan looked at

him.

He dropped his shoulders. He arched his back slightly, thrusting his chest out. He walked toward Ryan, placing one foot directly in front of the other, letting his hips roll.

He stopped inches from Ryan. He reached out, trailing a finger down Ryan's chest.

"Hey big guy," Caleb purred, pitching his voice low. "You look tense. Maybe I can help with that."

Ryan didn't laugh this time. His eyes darkened. He grabbed Caleb's waist, his hands large and hot on the silk.

"That's better," Ryan growled.

Caleb felt a jolt of pure lust. It wasn't acting anymore. He leaned in, pressing his breasts against Ryan's chest. He looked up through his lashes. "I can be whatever you want me to be," he whispered.

Ryan groaned. His control snapped. He crushed his mouth against Caleb's.

It wasn't a tentative kiss. It was an explosion. Caleb gasped, opening his mouth, and Ryan's tongue swept in, claiming him. Caleb melted, his knees giving out. He wrapped his arms around Ryan's neck, clinging to him. The sensation of Ryan's hard body against his soft one was overwhelming. It was the missing piece of a puzzle he hadn't known he was solving.

Ryan walked him backward until Caleb hit the wall. Ryan pressed into him, his erection hard against Caleb's stomach.

They broke apart, gasping for air.

"Did... did that work?" Caleb asked, his voice trembling.

"Yeah," Ryan rasped. "That worked."

They stared at each other. The line had been crossed.

"I think..." Caleb started, his heart pounding. "I think I need to know. Before we go in there. I need to know how everything works. I don't want to be surprised by... sensation. If he touches

me."

It was a flimsy excuse. A justification. But Ryan nodded.

"Research," Ryan said.

He picked Caleb up, lifting him easily. Caleb wrapped his legs around Ryan's waist. Ryan carried him to the bedroom and threw him onto the bed.

The dress rode up. Ryan stood over him, looking at Caleb sprawled on the sheets, the silk pooling around his hips, his chest heaving.

"You're beautiful, Caleb," Ryan whispered.

He stripped off his shirt. His muscles rippled. He climbed onto the bed.

What followed was a frantic, clumsy, passionate exploration. Caleb discovered that his nipples were wired directly to his crotch. He discovered that having his neck kissed made his toes curl.

When Ryan finally pulled Caleb's panties down and touched him, really touched him, Caleb screamed. The pleasure was sharper, deeper, more encompassing than anything he'd felt as a man.

"Please," Caleb begged, arching his hips. "Ryan, please."

Ryan moved between his legs. He looked down, his face open and vulnerable. "You sure?"

"Yes."

Ryan pushed inside.

It hurt for a second, a sharp stretch, but then it was just... full. Caleb felt filled up, completed. He wrapped his legs around Ryan, pulling him deeper. They moved together, finding a rhythm that felt ancient and brand new.

It wasn't just friction. It was emotion. Years of friendship, of unspoken reliance, boiling over into physical need. Caleb cried out as the pleasure built, a rolling wave that crashed over him, leaving him shaking and clinging to Ryan as if he were the only solid thing in the world.

Afterward, they lay tangled in the sheets, sweating and silent.

Caleb rested his head on Ryan's chest. "We can't tell anyone about this," he whispered.

"No," Ryan agreed, stroking Caleb's hair. "Just... mission prep... although even if we did tell someone, they'd think it was normal since we're technically dating"

Caleb shuddered at the thought. Not at disgust like he expected, but at his own involuntary reaction to Caleb saying that. Did he... want to date Ryan?

"We should go," Ryan said, breaking Caleb's train of thought. "Before the sun comes up. While he's still partying."

Caleb sat up. He felt sore, used, and incredibly powerful. He put on his dress. He fixed his hair.

He looked at Ryan. "Let's go save the town."