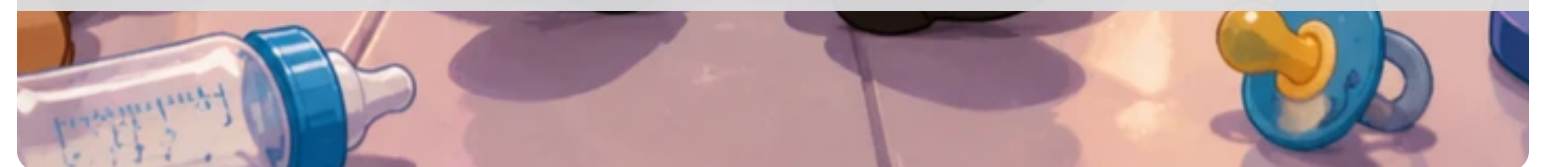




# Rise of the Matriarchy

Kartune Kid





Marky stood on his balcony, watching in awe as colossal, golden-hued ships descended from the clouds, casting long shadows over the city. Tall, athletic women with radiant skin and commanding presence stepped out, their Venusian technology humming with an otherworldly energy.



A shimmering, iridescent mist began to roll through the streets, released from the vents of the alien craft. Marky felt a strange, tingling warmth spread through his limbs as he breathed in the sweet-smelling vapor, unaware of the genetic rewrite beginning within him.



As the mist thickened, Marky gasped as his clothes suddenly felt three sizes too large, his sleeves hanging past his fingertips. He watched his hands soften and shrink, his wedding ring sliding off a finger that was rapidly becoming small and pudgy.



The transformation was swift and unstoppable, leaving Marky sitting in a heap of oversized fabric on the floor. He tried to stand, but his legs felt like jelly, and his coordination was replaced by the clumsy, wobbling movements of a toddler.



A towering Venusian woman with kind but firm eyes looked down at Marky, her shadow engulfing his small form. She reached down with effortless strength, scooping him up from his pile of adult clothes as if he weighed nothing at all.



Outside, the world was being reshaped into a massive, high-tech sanctuary filled with soft edges and bright colors. Marky looked around from the Amazonian's arms, seeing other men being gathered, all of them regressed into various stages of early childhood.



Marky tried to protest, his mind still sharp with adult thoughts and memories of his career, but only soft babbles and coos escaped his lips. The frustration was clear in his eyes, yet his body remained stubbornly uncooperative and helpless in this new state.



He was placed into a vast, luxurious nursery complex where the furniture was giant-sized and the walls glowed with soothing lights. Around him, other regressed men sat on soft mats, their expressions a mix of confusion and the simple, primal needs of the very young.



The Venusian caretakers moved with grace, attending to their new charges with specialized tools and gentle care. Marky found himself being fed a nutrient-rich formula from a sleek bottle, realizing that his basic needs were now entirely in the hands of these powerful women.



As evening fell, Marky looked out the massive nursery window at the stars, watching the Venusian ships patrol the new Earth. Though his body was small and his world had changed forever, he realized a new, strange peace was settling over the planet under the rule of the Amazonians.