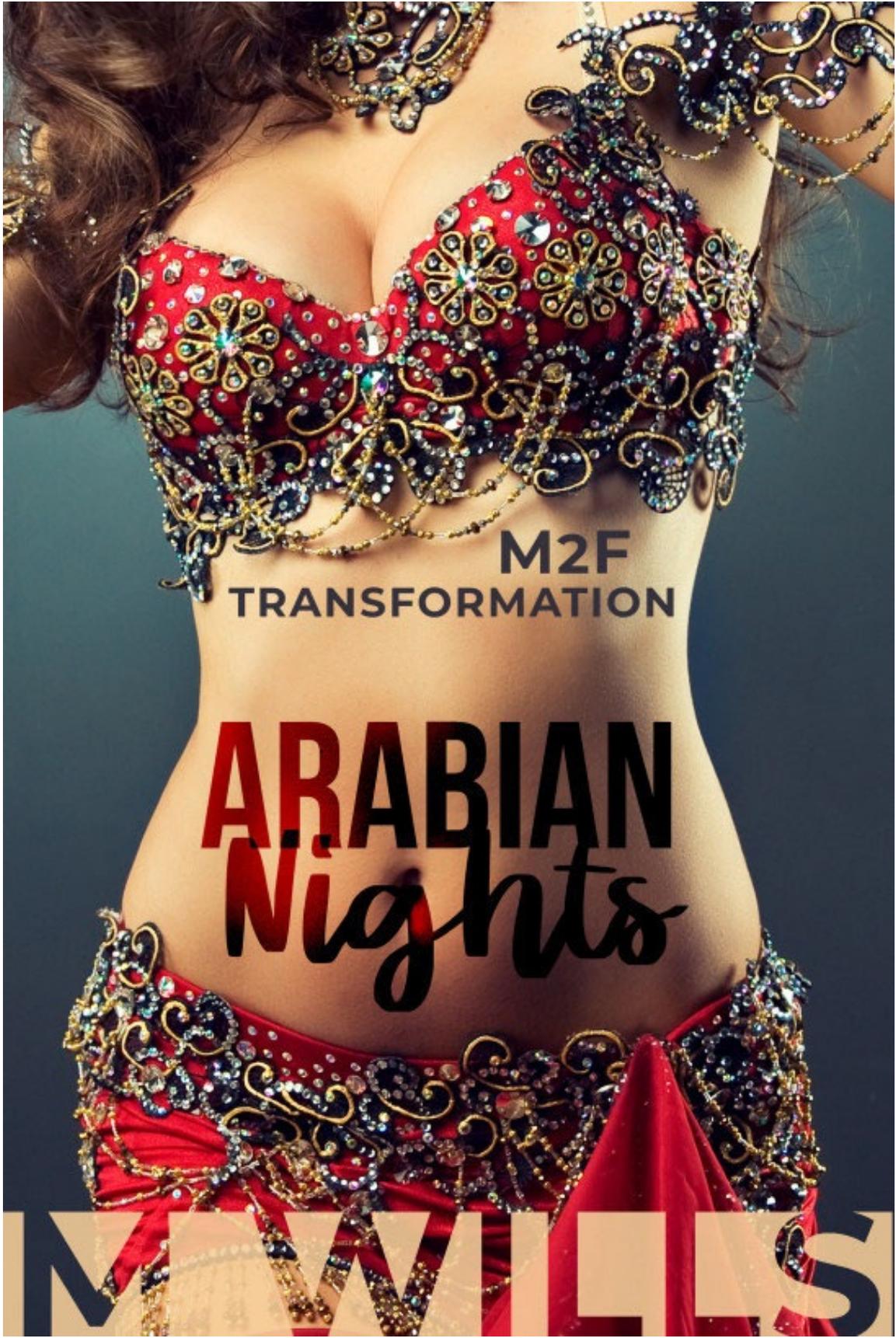


M2F
TRANSFORMATION

ARABIAN
Nights

MWLS



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TRANSFORMATION

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Arabian Nights

M2F Transformation

by M. Wills

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Arabian Nights

“As we begin our descent into London, I’d like to take this opportunity to thank you for flying Virgin Atlantic. Enjoy your stay.”

The PA dinged and Chris watched as the cabin crew began their final pass through the cabin. Turning, he stared out the window at London growing increasingly real and immediate beneath him and tried to get a handle on his creeping worry.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Amala studying him. She took his hand and gave him a soft smile, her white teeth contrasting beautifully with her milk chocolate skin. “You’re grimacing.”

“No I’m not,” he answered reflexively.

She leaned over and pressed a kiss on the tense groove in his cheek made by his—okay, sure!—grimace. “It’ll be fine,” she said sincerely. “They’ll love you.”

“Really?” He turned to look at her and asked skeptically, “They’ll love me?”

“Why wouldn’t they?”

Chris scrubbed a hand over his beard in agitation. “Because I’m white, because I’m American, because they’ve never met me and I’m marrying their youngest daughter.”

Confirmation that he was indeed screwed was provided by the sympathetic arched eyebrow of the guy eavesdropping from the aisle seat. Chris was fairly certain that random strangers offering up unprompted sympathy was a sign that he was in a world of trouble.

But Amala was unflappable. “They don’t care about that stuff and they’re excited to meet you.”

Chris stared into her big, brown eyes. She had the little furrow in between her sharp brows that he found so cute he couldn't help but lean over and kiss. She smiled, and Chris returned his gaze to the window and stared down at the city below. He resisted the urge to point out that, even leaving aside the cultural differences, he probably wasn't exactly the guy Amala's parents were expecting her to go for. Hell, he was still surprised she'd gone for him. When they'd met he was living in a share apartment with three guys all of whom valued partying over promotions. The four of them subsisted on takeout, Coors Light and way too little sleep. Seven years out from college and it was a point of personal pride to all of them that they still managed to hit the clubs at least twice a week.

In contrast, Amala (who was two years his junior) was a consummate adult: mature, forward-thinking and careful. She introduced him to real food, decent beer and adulthood. And, after 18 months together, he was no longer the same directionless party animal. But he still wasn't sure he was what Amala's family would deem a good catch.

She squeezed his hand reassuringly. “My parents were fine on Skype, weren't

they?”

“Yeah,” Chris conceded. “But a week-long stay is very different than four minutes on Skype. And that was only your parents. I’ve never even spoken to your sister.”

“You don’t have to worry about Tara. She is officially unshockable. And it’s not like she hasn’t been with her own share of white guys.”

“But has she brought them home to meet the parents?” Chris questioned.

“Tara isn’t really the bring-guys-home-to-meet-Mum type; she’s more...find the hottest guy in the club and drag him to a convenient darkened corner.”

Chris felt his own eyebrow rising. “She’s...?” He tried to find an inoffensive description.

“She knows what she wants,” Amala supplied diplomatically. “She’s a go-getter. She’s fun and funny and the best big sister in the world. And she’s going to love you.” Her tone turned implacable and she grabbed his hand and squeezed once more. “So stop worrying.”

“Fine,” he conceded begrudgingly, bringing her hand to his lips and kissing her warm knuckles. “But when they boot me out of the house for daring to sully their darling daughter, I’m going to blame you.”

2

It was almost annoying... just how right Amala was. As soon as he walked into her childhood home—a Victorian row house: big and brick, with ornate plasterwork, and planter boxes overflowing with late-summer flowers—he was immediately enveloped in a hug from Amala’s mom, a short woman with a gleaming smile. Her headscarf fluttered about his face and he got a faint whiff of cumin and aniseed. Meanwhile, her dad clapped him on the back and welcomed him to London and the family in a big, booming voice. The couple projected a solid wave of warmth and enthusiasm.

Amala had the decency to not actually say, ‘I told you so,’ but Chris was fairly certain she was thinking it. Chagrined, he leaned over the top of the endless maternal hug and mouthed at her, “Fine. You were right.”

“She generally is,” a new voice piped up.

Chris turned and found himself looking at Amala’s grinning sister standing in the doorway. The resemblance was faint, but there when he looked closely. They had the same features, the same long lashes, the same perfectly shaped eyebrows. They even had the same hair - heavy waves of deep sable that pooled down their backs, gleaming with a healthy sheen. But Tara’s hair was streaked with vibrant threads of crimson, a blood red color that glinted as she turned her head. Their bodies were contrasts too. Amala was undeniably curvy, all boobs and hips; Tara was taller and leaner. And, despite being nine years older, Tara looked fitter. Hers was a runner’s body - sleek and perfectly smooth, with delicate lines of muscle and pert little breasts. She was undeniably confident in her body, and all the more sexy for it. Whereas Amala gave of an air of slight timidity, Tara demanded attention and held it with an entrancing gaze.

Chris glanced away from her, aware that he'd been staring. Tara stepped into the living room and Chris realized her coloring was different too, just a shade or two darker than Amala's light bronze. When she talked, Chris noticed that her British accent was a little thicker than her sister's, though still utterly charming.

Tara ran an assessing eye over him and announced, "Solid work, sis."

"Tara!" Amala rushed over and smothered her sister in a hug. Turning to smile at Chris, she agreed, "Not too shabby, right?"

Despite her jokey tone, Chris could hear the note of sincerity in her question: a little sister in need of her big sister's approval.

Tara shrugged indulgently. "Well, I'll need to do a thorough examination to be sure. Check for webbed toes, pull his bank records, get a full family history... but, at first glance, I'd say he passes muster."

"Tara," Amala's mom said warningly, "Be nice."

"I'm always nice," Tara replied.

Amala gave her sister an extra squeeze. "You probably shouldn't check his bank records. I'm pretty sure he's still paying off the debt from the time he accidentally rented a yacht in Provincetown."

Tara gave him a pointed glance. “I think I want to hear that story later.”

Amala ignored the statement and asked, “Are you staying here the whole week?”

“Yep, school doesn’t go back for another fortnight, so I’m cool to stay.” Tara sighed and added, “Even with the indignity of sleeping in my childhood bed for a week.”

Chris tried some polite small talk. “What do you teach?”

“History and a bit of politics.” Tara rolled her eyes. “Two more weeks and I’ll be surrounded by sixth formers... Which is why you guys had better show me a good time this week; I need something fun to look back on when I’m stuck grading 40 essays on the military, political and social ramifications of the Battle of the Somme.”

Amala’s eyes narrowed just a little. “I’m pretty sure your version of a ‘good time’ isn’t the same as mine.”

“Come on, Na-Na. Please tell me New York has loosened you up just a little.” Tara turned to Chris and asked, “She still wound a little... tight?”

There was no safe answer, so Chris stayed strategically quiet.

Amala's mom came to the rescue, announcing, "You must be hungry after your flight." Bustling her husband toward the kitchen, she added, "Let's start dinner."

He hadn't been hungry. Jet lag always messed with his appetite, leaving him with no idea when or what to eat. So he'd just been planning to eat and enact soon-to-be son-in-law duty. But, when he sat down at the table, the delicious aroma of coriander and cumin brought his appetite roaring up and he suddenly found himself digging into the food.

Busy eating, he left the conversation to Amala and her family, content just to gorge himself on lavash and listen. The conversation meandered happily, from Amala's new job to Tara's recent trip to Turkey. They were interesting to observe as a family: funny and warm. The parents were both clearly besotted with their daughters; lavishing them with affection and seemingly happy to laugh off Tara's amicable teasing.

Amala's mom was small, sweet and archetypally maternal. She quizzed her girls on the details of their lives: the minutiae and trivial ingredients that filled their days. Amala's dad was a little more closed off but with a wry sense of humor that poked through regularly. His questioning had a protective bent: Were his girls content? Safe? Cared for?

They were, in essence, a happy family.

After finishing a huge second helping, Chris decided he was officially full and leaned back in his chair, his stomach tight.

Tara smiled at him conspiratorially and stage whispered, “Excellent work.”

“What do you mean?”

“Two full helpings of dinner and you cleared your plate. That’s some top notch sucking up.”

Embarrassed, he turned to Amala’s mom and rushed to say, “I wasn’t trying to... I mean, it was all great but I didn’t eat it to—”

Amala’s mom smiled and cut him off. “I know. Ignore Tara; she lives to tease.”

“I’ll remember that. But, I will say, if I were trying to suck up, you made it very easy. Everything really was delicious.”

His future mother-in-law beamed.

And Chris was so thankful that things were going smoothly that he didn’t even care about Tara miming an extravagant chef’s kiss in response to his sucking up.

3

The downside of gorging on dinner was that he had exactly no room for dessert. Deciding to accrue a few more brownie points, he headed to the kitchen to do the dishes while the family shared some kind of an elaborate-looking golden cake.

Eventually, Tara joined him in the kitchen toting the remains of the cake. Holding the plate out, she asked, “Sure you don’t want some?”

It smelled amazing but he was seriously full. “No thanks. But it does look incredible. What is it?”

“Sabayah. You’re missing out. It’s layers of sweet dough with honey and butter.”

“Ok,” he conceded. “I might need to take a walk around the block and make room. I frickin love honey.”

Tara arched a brow. “Have you had Yemeni honey?”

“Dunno,” he admitted. “Is it good?”

“Is it good?” she parroted incredulously. “It’s sodding brilliant.” With that, she

rushed to the pantry and emerged with a small amber vial. “This is Kahouf. It costs a bloody bomb and you’ve got to try it.”

Not giving him a chance to refuse, she grabbed a spoon, poured out a tiny measure, and held it out to him.

Unwilling to offend, he opened his mouth and tasted it.

She wasn’t wrong. The flavor was raw and deep, sweet but not cloying. And, as he swallowed, he couldn’t help moaning, “Oh my god. That’s amazing!”

Tara nodded in agreement. “I know, right! It’s from these wild bees in the mountains. The beekeepers actually have to crawl into narrow fissures in the rock to get to the hives.”

He licked the last drop from his lower lip. “Where has that been all my life?”

“Yemeni secret. I’m only sharing it with you because you’re going to be family now.” She put the cap back on the vial and added, “Legend has it, the honey has all sorts of medicinal and potent properties. I wouldn’t share it with just anyone.”

Chris grinned. “Well, thanks. Appreciate being one of the lucky ones.”

He turned his attention back to the dishes, listening to the murmur of happy

conversation from Amala and her parents from the dining room. As he dried up the last dish, he watched Tara grab her bag from the kitchen counter.

Glancing at her phone, she announced, “You were right, we should walk around the block.”

“Umm,” he said, hesitating. His proposed walk had been more metaphorical than anything.

“Come on,” Tara prodded, waving a hand in the direction of the conversation flowing from the next room. “I’m sure my parents want some time with Amala.” Scooping up her keys, she called into the dining room, “I’m taking Chris for quick tour of the neighborhood. Back soon.”

There was the scrape of a chair and Amala appeared in the doorway. Glancing over at Chris, she asked, “You want me to come?”

Before Chris could even open his mouth Tara answered for him. “No, you catch up with mum and dad. I’ll bring him back in one piece, I promise.”

And, with that, Tara marched him out the door.

Tara was a natural tour guide, trailing him around Finsbury Park, throwing out historical tidbits and pointing out the best places for coffee, falafel and ‘a decent pint’. Turning down a quiet side street, she led him past a particularly scenic

stretch of townhouses. Throwing her beautiful long arms wide she announced, “Urban Victoriana at its best.”

Chris looked up at an impressively ornate row of houses and stumbled. Tara caught him lightly and he mumbled a thanks as he got his balance, looking down to see what he'd tripped over. There wasn't anything obvious on the ground, but his shoes felt strange, as if they'd suddenly grown a size. He stopped and inspected the bottom of a shoe. As he lifted his leg it caused his pants to pull up slightly, revealing the bottom of his calves. There was a niggling feeling in the back of his mind that something was off about them. Something was off about everything, in fact.

Heedless of Tara's grinning stare, he pulled up his pant leg a little higher and was stunned to find a gorgeously sculpted—and decidedly feminine—leg. It was completely hairless and smaller than he remembered. There was a creeping feeling in his hands. Still clutching his pant leg, his eyes flew to his fingers, peered closer at them as they appeared to shrink, growing slender even as he watched. He stood and held both hands out, flipping them back and forth, watching with a mounting sense of fear as his hands softened and thinned, the fingers growing skinnier, the nails tapering to soft curves as the hair on the knuckles withdrew into his body.

“What's wrong?” Tara asked sweetly.

“I...I don't know,” Chris replied. “I feel...strange.” The last word had emerged oddly high-pitched and breathy. Clearing his throat, he tried again. “Really strange.” But the voice was not his own. It was a woman's voice, with a soft British accent. He brought his hands to his mouth and felt the alien softness of his lips and chin. His stubble was gone and, even as he slid his hand across his cheek, his face wiggled and rearranged itself, nose growing a little softer, eyes widening, eyebrows arching and forming into perfect, jagged shapes.

Something tickled his ears and he reached a hand up and grabbed a handful of hair that continued growing even as he brought it in front of his eyes. Between his fingers he was now gripping lustrous hair with deep coffee colored waves.

Tara glanced over at him, the slightest hint of a smile at the corner of her mouth.

“What the hell is going on with my voice?” he exclaimed, in soft dulcet tones. He felt his heart start to race, his skin strangely tingly. At the same time, his chest felt heavier. He gazed down at his shirt, watched as two bumps pressed out from his chest, growing fuller, stopping only when the fabric draped over two ripe breasts. He grabbed them in surprised disbelief, jumping as his slender hands wrapped around the slender swell of breasts. He could feel his fingers loosely cupping his new boobs and he let go at once, letting them drop and bounce gently against each other.

Panic struck and he felt goosebumps rise over his skin. “What the fuck?” Still his voice was sexily breathy.

Tara’s smile grew. Completely composed, she said carefully, “You need to calm down.”

“But... What?”

He stopped as the world grew and he reached out a hand to steady himself on a nearby wall. It wasn't the world growing, but Chris who was shrinking. His pants now pooled around his waist and his shirt hung down over a slender frame. At

the same time, his thighs expanded, ass pressing out, growing fatter while his tummy grew thinner. And then he felt cold icewater travel up his spine as his cock began to slide up his leg. No not slide...shrink, sucking into himself. He started to hyperventilate as he felt his dick disappear into himself, an uncomfortable but not painful feeling. His stomach rumbled as his guts rearranged themselves and then, though he couldn't see it, he could feel himself changing beneath his pants. Could feel the growing lips of his alien pussy, the internal changes that were no doubt his new ovaries.

“Tara. What's happening?” He spoke in a panicked rush, the voice of a nearly hysterical woman.

Her tone grew a little more forceful. “Calm. Down.” Reaching into her purse, she drew out the little vial of honey. “Come here.”

Tara's knowing little smile told him immediately that, whatever was happening to him, was Tara's doing. With every fiber of his being, he wanted to run.

But his feet wouldn't cooperate. Instead he took a step closer to her.

Tara nodded in satisfaction. “You can't fight it. Probably best not to try.” She pulled the cap off the vial. “Now, open.”

Unable to resist, he felt his mouth drop open.

Tara poured a few drops of honey onto his tongue and ordered, “Swallow.”

He closed his eyes and felt the honey slide down his throat. Sensation quivered through his body, a dozen random jolts of feeling. Eyes still closed, he felt Tara clamp a hand on each shoulder and pivot his body.

Then she whispered into his ear, “Open your eyes, Chris.”

He opened and found himself staring at his reflection in a darkened window. He was shorter, softer, smaller, curved. His eyes scuttled incomprehendingly over delicate features and long, soft locks of coffee colored hair. The woman in the reflection was wearing men's clothes, but there was no hiding her figure. She had heavy breasts, the nipples two tiny nubs against the shirt fabric. Her nose was elegant, her lips were full, and her eyes were dark and mysterious, with sharp, gorgeously dark eyebrows. Chris blinked once, slowly, and watched his reflection do the same. He was a middle eastern beauty with gentle sloping buttocks and smooth, tawny golden skin.

“Well,” Tara announced proudly. “Aren’t you just the most delicious piece of ass.”

“But... how?”

Tara waved the vial of honey. “Soooo many interesting properties.” She linked her arm through his and added, “Come on, let’s get you home to your fiancé.”

Chris tried to protest but found the words just wouldn’t come.

Tara gave him a consoling squeeze. “It’ll be fine, I promise. Don’t worry, baby girl, Amala won’t mind. Everything is going to rearrange itself around this new reality.”

Tara tugged him back the direction they’d come from, onto the high street and towards home.

Reeling, Chris tried to understand what was happening. One fact was incontrovertible: he was now a woman. Unmistakable and entirely female. He could feel it all; the slight bounce of his breasts at each step, the arch of his feet, the softness of his skin and the sway of his hips.

He shivered, the night air suddenly feeling sharper on his skin.

Tara watched him rubbing his bare arms, prickled with goosebumps, and gave a little laugh. “Colder right?” She was still smirking as she asked sardonically, “Need to borrow my jacket?”

It was humiliating, but Chris found himself nodding. He wondered if he was going into shock.

They paused on the high street as Tara pulled off her jacket and handed it over. Behind them a group of guys piled out of the pub on the corner, loud and clumsy. Chris felt a little quiver of apprehension, suddenly achingly aware of his lack of height, his softness, his vulnerability.

Chris could feel the eyes of one the guys on him as he clumsily shrugged on the jacket and tried to pull it around his body like a shield.

The guy gave an exaggerated sigh and called over, “Aww, don’t cover it up, sweetheart.”

“Ignore him.” Tara took his arm and resumed their walk. “Roll with it, Chris.”

It was an order rather than a suggestion, and Chris already knew he was going to obey. Because the other incontrovertible fact about what was happening: he couldn’t fight it.

Helpless to do otherwise, he let Tara lead him the rest of the way home, up the front steps and into the living room. Amala’s parents were watching TV. Chris watched them, petrified in anticipation of their reaction to his new feminine form, but they simply looked up and smiled as he came in.

Amala’s mom asked, “Nice walk?”

Tara tossed her bag down on the couch. “Yeah, gave Chris a taste of Finsbury Park.”

Desperate for a familiar face, Chris asked, “Where’s Amala.”

Her mom gave an indulgent chuckle. “Your fiancé's a lightweight, Chris.” Her eyes returned to the TV, as she explained, “Jet lag caught up with her; she crashed almost as soon as you two left.”

He was left, standing awkwardly, in an unfamiliar room and an unfamiliar body.

What now?

The question reverberated through his body. He ought to be panicking. Ought to be finding a way to fight and scream and fix whatever it was that Tara had done. His eyes fell on Tara's bag. The ‘honey’ was in there. He should lunge for it and run. Find out what it was and fix it.

But, instead, he was awash with an odd sort of false inertia. A smothering inability to act: despite the aching need to protest and panic, he couldn't speak out, couldn't fight, couldn't question. Instead, he found himself yawning and turning meekly for the hallway. “I think I'll turn in too. Jet lag...”

A chorus of smiles and ‘good nights’ followed him up the stairs. On the top step, he turned back around and met Tara's gaze.

She blew a kiss. “Sleep tight, girl.”

Chris turned away as his face flushed. He made his way through the dimly lit

hallway. Cracking open the door to the guest room he saw Amala lying on the bed, fast asleep. He hesitated. Clearly, whatever magic had turned him into a woman was affecting everyone, as Amala's parents hadn't batted an eye when Tara came home with a strange woman dressed in men's clothes.

Chris closed the bedroom door and proceeded across the hall to the bathroom. He gently shut the door and flipped on the light. He turned to face the mirror and his breath caught in his throat. The girl in the mirror was gorgeous, with a face out of a Scheherazade story: an Arabic beauty with a delicate nose, wide eyes with thick, dark lashes and plump lips. Curious, Chris lifted his shirt and dropped it to the floor. Tossing his long, dark hair out of his eyes he gazed down at his chest in wonder. His breasts were exquisite, shapely and full without being enormous. Two dark brown nipples drew attention as he stared at himself and ran his fingers across his skin. He jiggled his new tits experimentally, watching them bounce. They weren't huge—he could wrap his tiny hands around each one—but they felt heavy.

He looked up at the girl in the mirror feeling herself up. There was a flash of excitement as he realized that the girl was him. That he had this body and could do anything he liked.

Chris unzipped his pants and dropped them to his floor. Then he slid his boxer shorts off his waist and stepped out of them, standing naked in front of the mirror. He looked over his body, a slender feminine form framed by his taut breasts. His eyes traveled down his tummy, found the dark thatch of curly hair framing his new opening. He slid a trembling finger over his slit, not pressing in—not yet—simply feeling his unfamiliar form. He let his fingers caress his soft thighs, tickling lightly but his touch growing ever heavier as his body demanded more. Then his fingers were poised over his pussy once more and he held his breath as he pressed lightly inside himself for the first time. He exhaled in a soft coo as his finger slipped inside himself, enveloped by his pussy lips. And then he was in his own warmth, fingers circling a tiny nub that was calling to him urgently.

He spread his legs a little as he circled his finger inside himself. His other hand came up and caressed a breast, kneading gently, pinching the tiny nipple between thumb and forefinger as an aching need sparked its way down his body. He shivered once, and his finger landed on his dew. He slipped his finger deeper inside his wetness, spreading it over himself, stroking slowly as the spark blossomed into a small fire. He bit his plump lip as he fingered himself, pressing faster and harder against his clit as the urgency grew. Fuck, his pussy felt incredible. Wet and warm, the slight feeling of penetration dazzling in its eroticism.

He added another finger, rubbing his clit harder now, his breath coming faster, breathy little moans escaping his lips. He dropped his breast and leaned on the sink, arching his back and digging his finger in deeper, sliding inside himself up to the second knuckle and gasping as he took his fingers inside his horny little body. He was so hot and wet, and he stared into the eyes of the gorgeous woman in the mirror, watching as she grew hornier, her mouth dropping open, hips pressing forward against her finger. That was him. His pussy he was inside, his musky scent filling the air.

Chris thrust harder, his wet cunt dripping down his leg now, fingers sliding faster, in and out of his luscious body, until he threw back his head and moaned as the fire exploded through him. He rubbed himself furiously, fingering his sexy body as fast as he could, urging the burning orgasm through him as he bit his lip to contain the noise. His entire body vibrated with orgasm and when he opened his eyes it was to see a perfect Arabian woman staring at him with a come hither look. It was made all the more amazing by the fact that Chris was that woman, and he wanted himself so badly.

Instead, he pulled his fingers out of himself and washed off. He took his time brushing his teeth and when he finally slipped back into Amala's bed the urgency of orgasm had been replaced with the soft warmth of contentment. He slipped

under the cool sheets and was soon asleep.

4

Foreign London sun was filtering through the curtains but the arm wrapped around his waist was reassuringly familiar. Still half-asleep, he reached down and stroked a hand over Amala's wrist.

Her sleepy voice murmured, "Morning."

"Morning." The shock of hearing his feminine voice jolted him fully awake. And his new reality came crashing into focus: the curve of his round butt nestled up against Amala's body, his long locks pooled out across his pillow, the rub of the sheet against his smooth cheek. His whole body tensed and his heart rate flared. This was real. He—well, she—was real.

Clearly unaware of his full-body freakout, Amala snuggled him closer. "Sorry I passed out last night. Didn't mean to desert you with my family."

Fighting to keep the tremble out of his voice, he heard himself replying, "It's fine."

She kissed his shoulder blade slowly. "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

Chris shivered, surprised at the sensations flooding his body from Amala's simple kiss. But before she could follow through, there was a pounding on the

door.

“Wake up, kidlets,” Tara’s voice called from the hallway. “We’ve got London Eye tickets.”

Amala jumped out of bed and opened the door. “Seriously?” she asked her sister, disdainfully, “The Eye?”

Tara grinned. “Come on, Yasim’s gotta do one cheesy tourist thing on her first day in London.” She looked behind her sister and caught Chris's eye.

Chris opened his mouth to ask who Yasim was but closed it again immediately on Tara's look. He already knew the answer.

“Fine,” Amala acquiesced. “I’ll get ready.” She stepped out into the hallway and headed for the bathroom.

Tara leaned against the door jamb, her head still half in the bedroom. “You like the new name?”

“Umm...” That was all he could manage.

Tara clearly didn’t expect any more because she continued, “It's a beautiful flower. Climbs up towards the sun.” She gave an elaborate eye roll. “Because,

well, Amala's lovely but she is—you have to admit—the botanical equivalent of topiary. All rigid structure and control.”

She stepped into the room and sat down on the bed. “You, on the other hand, I think there's something a little untamed about you... just below the surface. I think we both know, with just a bit of nudging, you're gonna unfurl. Reach for the sun and grow into something scented and lush.”

Reaching into her pocket, she drew out the vial of honey. “Open for me.”

Compelled to obey, Chris found himself sitting up in bed and accepting the drops of honey she dribbled onto his tongue. It was only after he swallowed that he realized his now-oversized t-shirt had fallen open at the neck, revealing the curve of his breast and a hint of darkened nipple. Scrabbling to pull it up, he felt an uncharacteristic blush flame across his cheeks.

But Tara just laughed. “We're almost sisters, remember. No need to stress about flashing a bit of boob.”

Under different circumstances, it might have been fun. Tara and Amala had very different ideas about how to play tour guide but together they did give him an interesting intro to London. After riding the Eye, Amala led them to her favorite place in the city: the Victoria & Albert Museum. Tara responded by dragging them to a hipster Hoxton pub for lunch, darts and drinks.

But Chris barely took in the sights. Despite the parade of beauty and interest of every street, every park, every building they passed, all he could think about was

his own body. Famous monuments whizzed by, but his focus never moved from his own flesh and feeling.

He was permanently, achingly, painfully aware of his own form. It screamed with foreignness: too slim, too curved, too soft, too fragile. The feelings were intensified by the fact that he was wearing Amala's borrowed clothes: tight jeans that hugged his long legs, and a pink spaghetti strap top that showed off his golden arms, dipping down to reveal his perfect cleavage. When he'd gone to get dressed that morning there was something...off about trying to put on his old male clothes. He felt intensely uncomfortable about dressing so decidedly non-feminine that he finally asked to borrow some clothes from Amala. She'd teased him about changing his style but seemed more than happy to dress him as the woman he now appeared to be, kissing him on the cheek and brushing up against him in a way that made him warm and moist with anticipation.

And now, out and about in the city, Chris couldn't escape the fact that he was different. Every time he moved he felt the graze of his nipples against his bra. Every time he turned his head he felt the brush of soft curls on his back. Every time he breathed he felt the rise and fall of his breasts. Every time he tensed he felt a little tingling thrill in his pussy.

Equally foreign was the feeling of being notable. He was used to moving through the world unnoticed. Just another twenty-something guy: medium height, brown hair, regular, generic. But, as Yasim, he elicited notice. Eyes lingered. Heads pivoted, turning and holding a stare just a little too long as he passed. Gazes moved over him; assessing, judging, examining.

Sitting in the pub, surrounded by a jovial lunchtime crowd, he felt like he was being visually dissected. Pinned like an insect by the male stares and put on display. When Amala excused herself Chris tried to open his mouth and protest to Tara. But nothing emerged. His female form was locked around him like a vice, smothering his will to fight back.

Feeling utterly helpless, he gladly accepted Amala's offer of a second drink. He shouldn't—he was apparently now a total lightweight and could already feel the effects of his first glass of wine—but regardless he responded to Amala's offer with: "Yes, a glass of Chardonnay please."

Tara piped up, "And I'll have another pint."

Amala brushed a kiss on Chris's lips. The warm ghost of her lips lingered on his own as she stood and headed for the bar. At least he still had Amala even if he no longer had his body.

"So you're a chardonnay girl, are you?" Tara smirked, running her eyes over Chris's form. "Suits you actually." She drained the last dregs in her glass and added quietly, "By the way, the guy at the next table has been eye fucking you even since you walked in. I'm pretty sure he hasn't looked away from your tits in the last 20 minutes."

Chris sucked in a sharp little breath.

Tara continued, "I think he damn near came in his pants when Amala kissed you."

"What?" Chris gasped, shocked to his core. But, beneath the horror, he felt an odd flicker of something dangerously like desire.

“I’m just saying,” Tara shrugged, “if Amala’s not getting it done for you, I think you have some options.” She leaned forward. “Does that girly body of yours like dick?”

“I’m engaged!” Chris said, utterly horrified by both Tara’s words and his body’s reaction. “To your sister.” Apparently, while he couldn’t protest the changes to his body, he could lash out about other things.

Tara looked totally unruffled by his outburst. “Whatever,” she grinned. “Just asking.”

Jumping to his feet, Chris tried to ignore the eyes of the guys at the next table. He stomped up to the bar where Amala was still waiting to order, uncomfortably aware that the guy's eyes were skating across his ass as it swayed, watching his perky new tits bounce delightfully with each step. Chris grabbed Amala's arm. “Let’s go.”

“What?” Amala studied his face. “Are you ok?”

“Just, umm... jet lag catching up with me. Can we go home?” He softened his voice, pleading now.

Amala gave him a gentle smile. “Of course.”

They left Tara at the pub and took a cab. Amala was in nurturing mode, holding his hand and casting worried little looks his way. As they arrived back at her parent's empty house, she unlocked the door and glanced over at him. "Yasim, did something upset you?" Her expression turned stern. "Did Tara say something?"

"No." The denial was out of his mouth before he could stop it.

Amala stroked her hand over his cheek. "I know she can be... a lot. She never knows when to stop. But, if she's made you feel—"

A dozen different emotions seemed to be battling for attention: helplessness, fear, the masculine need to take charge, the feminine need to take and give comfort. But stronger than all else was the growing desire pulsing through his body, stoked by anger and alarm, it was drawing his eyes to Amala's tits and making him determined to prove Tara wrong. Determined to prove that (whatever Tara did to his body) what he wanted was Amala. That he still wanted her softness and her curves and her gorgeous pussy.

And his body agreed. Chris felt desire licking its way through him: cinching his muscles, quickening his breath, turning his nipples into sharp little spikes. He took a step towards Amala, relishing the teeny jolt of slick sensation between his legs as he moved.

Amala sensed his need and leaned towards him, their soft lips touching, fingers entwining as they tasted each other. Chris slid his fingers through Amala's hair with his free hand and pulled her close, his tongue forcing its way into her mouth as she opened for him, as if he could deny the existence of his new body through sheer force of masculine desire.

She tasted faintly of beer, and as Chris's slender new nose pressed into her cheek he breathed her in, the delightful smell of cinnamon and spices that was Amala. The warmth between his legs surged upward, carrying with it a desperate need, echoed in Amala.

They stumbled up to the bedroom, closing the door behind them and discarding their clothes onto the floor in a frenzied haste to see each other naked. Now Chris's breasts were bare, pressing against Amala's own as he pushed her back onto the bed and straddled her. His tits hung down, brushing across her body as he resumed his kiss, urgent and needy. Amala's hands came up to his tits, fingers exploring his soft skin, touching here, gripping lightly there, working his body into a frenzy. God, he was so, so wet. A drop of pussy juice slid down his thigh and he moaned softly.

And then Amala's hand lightly stroked his pussy and he sighed into her mouth, the fire inside him stoked by her simple touch. Suddenly her fingers were inside him, stroking his pussy, pulsing through his wet warmth and he thrust his hips gently towards her, taking her in as they kissed, both of them moaning into each other's mouths, soft sounds of feminine desire.

He pulled away from her mouth and stared into her dark eyes, heavily lidded with lust. He kissed his way down her chest, whimpering in need as her fingers slipped out of him. He turned around and straddled her backwards, his face inches from her pussy as he arched his back and lowered himself onto her face. The sight of her pussy right in front of his nose, the lips glistening with desire, pink folds just visible, excited him in a way that it always had as a man. He hungered for her, yearned to be inside her.

His thoughts were interrupted by Amala's tongue on his own pussy, slowly dragging up his slit from bottom to top. He closed his eyes and moaned as his

body burned bright with desire. Amala knew exactly how to touch him and he grew warm and wetter as her tongue circled his pussy, finally slipping inside with a wet kiss.

“Oh, fuck,” he moaned, as her tongue found his clit and lapped gently.

He buried his face into Amala's pussy, inhaling her musky scent, all too aware that this is what he now smelled like as well. His tongue dipped inside her, tasting the tangy juices of her pussy. He lapped slowly, enjoying the scratch of her coarse hairs on his tongue, the silkiness of her rich velvet folds, the deep salty spice of her. His entire body was aflame with lust, more intense, filling him more full than he'd ever felt as a man. He dipped his head deeper into Amala's pussy, bringing in his fingers to help spread her wide, tongue circling inside her juicy pussy.

They moaned into each other and he pressed his cunt down further on her. She responded by sucking on his clit, nipping it gently with her teeth and sending a sharp spike of pleasurable pain through him that made him cry out. He could feel her burying her face inside him as he did the same to her, both of them licking, tasting, teasing each other into ecstasy until at last Chris quivered and moaned, pleasure exploding through him. He came so hard he lost the strength in his arms and fell down heavily on Amala, his nose practically inside her. But she didn't stop, just kept fingering him and sucking his clit until he came again, moaning in a sultry, high pitched voice, begging for more, aware that he'd never felt this good before.

His own fingers returned to Amala's pussy, fingering her like she fingered him desiring to have her share in his pleasure. He followed the rhythm of her body—harder to do with his concentration broken by a series of orgasms—but finally made her cum beneath him. She thrust her cunt up towards him as he licked her, moaning beneath him, her languorous body flexing as the orgasm passed through her and out of her.

When they were both done he rolled off her and turned around, clutching her near to him, the smell of her still in his nose as he kissed her on her back and she shivered and giggled. They held each other close, bodies warm, desperately, deeply in love.

5

Chris woke up to the smell of dinner cooking and the sound of voices downstairs. Listening closely, he could just make out Amala and both her parents chattering away. Stretching, he felt the slide of his bare skin against the sheets and his new reality came crashing back into focus. There was less panic this time. Either he was adjusting or the world was. Even that thought wasn't as scary as it might once have been. His old life was seeming more and more distant.

Then footsteps padded towards the door and he smiled, anticipating Amala coming to drag him out of bed for dinner. But instead, when the door opened, he found himself facing Tara. Again.

“So, she announced, stepping into the room and closing the door behind her. “Here’s the sitch. I’ve got a friend working the door tonight at a fabulous club—I mean seriously exclusive—and she can get the three of us in. But Amala thinks we should: just spent a quiet night in.” Tara rolled her eyes. “It’s Friday bloody night! I don’t want to spend it in front of the telly with my parents.”

Chris held the sheet around himself and tried to give Amala some back-up. “Well, she has traveled quite a long way to see her parents and we only arrived yesterday. So it makes sense that—”

“But it’s Friday night!” Tara repeated. “She can stay home every other night, but is it too much to ask that she lets loose for just for a few hours?”

“She’s, you know...” Chris tried to justify Amala’s homebody tendencies, even though a part of him was ready to agree with Tara. He sort of did want to go out and parade himself around. “She’s Amala.”

“She’s a killjoy,” Tara countered. “It’s like having a particularly officious nun for a sister.” Her eye skirted over Chris’s form. “But, then again, she did choose you.”

“What does that mean?”

“Well, it’s not like your laces are tied exactly straight, is it?”

Chris swallowed nervously. “What did Amala tell you about me?”

“Not much.” Tara grinned. “But I’m pretty good at reading between the lines, and I’m thinking that, before Amala got a hold of you, you were a lot more fun.”

“I’ve matured,” he said defiantly thrusting out his lower lip, aware that it made him look more like a petulant girl than a resilient man.

“You’ve settled,” Tara corrected snidely. “You’ve buttoned yourself up and hidden away the goodies. Just like Amala with her high-necked blouses.”

He wanted to contradict her, but there was a nagging kernel of truth in her words

that kept him quiet.

“I’m thinking,” Tara mused, “that Amala might not be the right choice for you... long term. A few more years, a few more kids, a few more sensible 401k contributions... and you’ll be as bland as she is.”

Tara’s head was cocked to one side, her eyes lifting to the ceiling as she thought aloud. “I mean, when was the last time you stayed out till dawn? When was the last time you told the boring little voice in your head to shut up and just had that fifth shot of tequila? When was the last time you had a stranger’s hands down your pants?”

“I don’t need that any more,” Chris insisted. “I’ve grown up. People change.” He shifted in bed, feeling his breasts move against the sheets beneath his hands and a thought intruded on his head, a wonder at what it would be like to have a man’s hands caress his soft tits, to feel a man’s hard body against his own.

Tara raised a sardonic eyebrow at his feminine body. “People sure do change.” Reaching over she snatched away the sheet, leaving Chris naked and exposed. “Holy fuck. Look at you.” She whistled appreciatively. “You have to admit, I kinda nailed it on the bod. You’re sex on totally fuckable legs.”

Chris scrabbled for the sheet but Tara held it out of his reach. Glaring, Chris demanded, “Give it back.”

“Or what?” Tara asked. “You’ll scream for help? Give me a slap? Scratch me with your elegant little nails?” She leaned forward and continued, “You’re not big enough to hurt me, darling. That body of yours isn’t made for throwing

punches any more.”

Intuitively Chris knew she was right. Tara had three inches, fifteen pounds and a lotta muscle mass on him. There was no way he could take her. He clamped his arms around his breasts, trying to cover as much as possible.

“Look, Yasim, you’ve got exactly two options,” Tara stated baldly. “Scream out like a damsel in distress and hope my daddy comes running...and that he believes in magic. Or close your pretty little mouth and let me see just exactly what we’ve got to work with.”

Reluctantly, Chris let his arms drop and forced himself to sit still while Tara’s eyes meandered slowly over his flesh.

“You’re perfect,” she breathed eventually. “Physically, I’m not changing a sodding thing.” Then she grabbed the vial of honey from her pocket and said contemplatively, “But I think we need just one last tweak.”

Chris felt his whole body tense as Tara removed the cap from the honey, his whole being rebelling against yet more interference.

“Don’t stress, sweetie,” Tara cooed. “I think you’re gonna like this one.” Her tone turned implacable. “Open up.”

Unbidden, his mouth opened. He swallowed the honey.

“Ok.” Tara stood and headed for the door. “Get ready. Wear the gold dress. We’re going out.”

Alone in the room, he had no idea what change the latest dose of honey had made. He hated the suspense but, at the same time, he was loath to open the door and find out. So, instead, he did what he had been told to do: he got ready. He slunk down the hall and took a shower. Delaying the inevitable, he took his time: washing his hair, spreading conditioner through the thick heavy strands, shaving his legs, then massaging vanilla-scented sugar scrub onto his delicate body and washing it away to reveal silky skin that felt over-sensitive to the touch.

Stepping out of the shower, he wrapped himself in a fluffy towel and grabbed the hairdryer. He worked methodically, his fingers seemingly knowing the drill, drying his hair section by section, slowly creating soft curls that hung down his back as he stared at the half-naked beauty in the mirror. Satisfied with the result, he pulled a tube of lotion from his bag and began massaging it onto his shower-soft skin, gliding it over his body. First arms, then legs, then across the flat plane of his belly and up to his breasts. His fingertips teased over his nipples, dragging little sparks of sensation in their wake and arousing the quiet tingle of anticipation between his legs.

Defiant, he didn’t pursue the sensation, just let the feeling simmer gently at his core. Heading back to his bedroom, he sat down on the stool in front of the vanity and crossed his legs, allowing himself just a nudge of sensation as he squeezed his internal muscles tight. Then he turned his attention to his make-up.

He knew, before he even started, what he was doing. His hands were sure, muscle memory guiding them. Step by step he highlighted his features—eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, blush, lip stain, powder—creating a smokey eye,

a warm glow on his cheeks and glossy pout. He did it all automatically, as if he'd done it a thousand times before and knew exactly what he needed to do to make his body look radiant.

Opening his suitcase, he discovered another clue to the most recent change. When he had examined his case earlier that morning, he'd found it filled with relatively conservative clothes. Jeans and cute sweaters, a few elegant summery dresses and a collection of sensible flats.

It was different now. The jeans were tighter, the sweaters were lower cut, the dresses were skintight and the shoes were spiked heels.

He searched for underwear, eventually locating a scrap of lace that was apparently his panties. Pulling them on, he felt the subtle rasp of lace on his pussy and couldn't resist one quick slide of his hand across the fabric, the heel of his hand momentarily pressing the lace against his clit, making him squirm with a quick flare of warmth.

Tara had said he needed to wear the gold dress. He obeyed, taking it from his suitcase and sliding into it. The fabric clung to his body, hugging the curve of his hips and tiny span of his waist. It cinched in under his boobs, glued to them, pushing them together so they sat high and lusciously curved. Looking in the mirror he saw he was radiant. Eminently beautiful in a tight, golden dress and dark eyes, his body practically begging to be fucked.

Tara's voice called from the hall. "Yasim! Let's go."

Grabbing his purse, he shoved his feet into a pair of sparkling gold heels and

opened the door. He was aware that he balanced perfectly on the heels and noted with satisfaction how his posture forced his chest out, beautiful breasts leading the way.

Tara was wearing skintight gold pants and a top that hung dangerously low and open between her breasts. Masculine habit sent his eyes skidding immediately to the little curves of her boobs that the top revealed but, for some reason, his eyes moved on immediately, his body unmoved despite the free show he got every time she gestured. Instead of desire, he felt a creeping appreciation for her beauty. The way her dress complemented her figure, the way her hair and makeup was so gorgeous gave him a pang of jealousy.

Tara gave his outfit a once-over. “Very nice.”

“Thanks,” he murmured, suddenly self-conscious. “It’s not too much, is it?”

“It’s perfect for you,” she flashed him a genuine smile.

Amala and her parents were settling in for a quiet night of board games. Amala’s dad looked up as Chris and Tara entered and his eyes narrowed. “Yasim! Please tell me you’re not going out dressed like that.”

Confused by the stern paternal tone, Chris tried in vain to come up with an answer.

Amala was surveying him critically and piped up, “That dress is a bit revealing,

sis.” Chris realized with a shock that the comment was directed at him.

Tara jumped to his defense. “We’re going to a club, not a convent.” Giving Amala a smile laden with condescension, she added, “Just because you never want to have any fun, doesn’t mean you have to rain on everyone else’s good time.”

“Whatever!” Amala flounced off in the direction of the kitchen, calling over her shoulder, “You two want to waste the night drinking yourselves sick on overpriced cocktails, go right ahead.”

“Thanks,” Tara called, willfully ignoring the sarcasm and tugging Chris towards the front door, “We will.”

Amala’s dad made one last protest. “Will you two please try to behave yourself tonight?” He gave a gentle smile. “I worry.”

“You need to chill, Dad,” Tara replied, dropping a kiss on his cheek. “We’re big girls, we can take care of ourselves.”

As Tara led him out the door, Chris heard her dad’s murmured reply: “Never shoulda had three daughters.”

Three?

Chris ground to halt on the front steps and questioned, “Three daughters?”

“Oh,” Tara responded, “Yeah... that. The honey takes a while but it gets there eventually.” She smiled and squeezed Chris’s arm. “Welcome to the family, sis.”

She linked her arm through Chris’s and began marching him down the steps and along the street.

Finding a shred of resistance, Chris slammed on the brakes and demanded, “Why? Why do this? Why to me?”

Tara shrugged. “Why not?”

He wanted to rage, to scream and beg, to demand a better answer... but apparently he’d used up the last reserves of his free will.

Tara obliged him anyway, elaborating, “You know that I was in Turkey. Well, I was wandering around this dodgy street market in Antalya, when I saw a honey stall. I did the usual sort of thing: ate the free samples and ignored the stall owner's tall tales about the wondrous properties of his honey.” She recalled with a sarcastic tone: “This honey would heal me, this one would transform a person into a deer, this one would make me lucky, this one would make my enemies shrivel and perish... this one could transform a stranger and make them literal family.

She continued as she resumed walking towards the high street, Chris following

behind. “I figured the stories were all bullshit, but the honey was delicious so I bought two containers.”

Chris followed her, eager to hear now and understand once and for all.

Tara waited for him, let him fall into step with her before beginning again. “Anyway, cut to three days ago, I was coming home. I grabbed my suitcase from the luggage carousel at Heathrow and I tripped. Dropped my case, fell and busted open my knee. Big jagged cut, blood dripping down my leg. I opened my bag and tried to find something to bind up the cut... and discovered that I’d managed to crack open one of the honey jars. I reached into my bag and came away with my hand covered in honey.”

She gave a rueful grin. “So, I did what any normal person would do: I licked my fingers... And my knee just healed itself: the cut closed, the blood disappeared.”

“What did you do?”

“Hurried home,” Tara replied, “and jumped on Google Translate to read the second label and learn what the other honey did.”

“Me,” Chris said quietly.

“Yep,” Tara confirmed. “I was hoping it was the one to make my enemies shrivel... but a new sister wasn’t too shabby either. It’s not like Amala is the sister I’ve always hoped for. You, on the other hand...” She grinned. “I knew, the

second I saw you, that you'd be a little more interesting.”

Waving her hand, she hailed a cab. “So, come on, sis. Club time.”

The club was smaller than he'd expected. Tiny, lavish and exclusive. The sort of place he was always trying to get into back when he was 22. Tara led him through the maze of bodies to the bar. He couldn't hear her order but he already knew it was shots. Good. He needed a drink or twelve.

The first round was delicious: short, sharp and sweet. The second round was warm and welcome, sliding down easily. After the third round, Tara grabbed his arm and tugged him out on the dance floor.

He used to dance all the time, before Amala and maturity and Friday night Netflix. He thought of himself as a pretty competent dancer. But dancing was different as Yasim: there was a new fluidity to his limbs and a new eagerness to bend and stretch and move. He let himself sink into it, giving in to the alcohol and sinuous instincts of his feminine body, letting himself vibrate to the music and feeling the weight of the eyes on him. It was magnificent moving his feminine body, the way he flowed with the music, the enticing sway of his hips and his breasts. He laughed out loud, delighted in his body.

Tara moved next to him, studied him, admired his swaying hips. Smiling, she yelled over the music, “God, girl. Way to shimmy.” She cast an eye around the appreciative puddle of guys forming around them and then nodded in the direction of one particularly unsubtle dude. “I think that guy's ready to give it to you all one thousand and one nights.”

Chris took an outraged breath, ready to spew his fury... then realized the necessary ire wasn't there. What was there was a feeling of pride, of unrivaled joy at a handsome man's attention. He turned away from Tara and sank back into the song. When he turned back around, Tara had abandoned him and was focusing her attention on a twenty-something in a pink polo shirt.

Shrugging, Chris abandoned the dance floor and headed up a couple of steps to the nearest bar in search of water. The bartender gave him a rueful smile as he approached. "Sorry, love. Private party up here."

Of course. He turned to head to the crowded bar on the lower level, when a voice stopped him. "Let her order." He followed the voice to a guy with a £200 haircut and vintage Patek Philippe watch that Chris suspected cost more than his car.

The man smiled and leaned against the mahogany bar. "What are you having? Bar tab's open."

Chris knew he should walk away but some fierce feminine urge was rooting him to the spot, making him trawl his eyes over the guy, taking in the hard lines of muscle beneath his dress shirt and the subtle cleft in his chin. "Umm, water please."

"That's it?" The man's eyebrow raised a fraction of an inch.

And Chris heard himself add, "And a shot."

The guy laughed. “Now we’re talking. I’ll join you. What’s your poison?”

Chris grinned and said teasingly, “I like my liquor girly.”

“Just how girly are we talking?” the guy questioned, equally playful and wary.

“Embarrassingly, painfully girly.” Chris realized he was enjoying himself. “Get something sickly sweet and shaming to order.”

It took twelve minutes, from the moment the man ordered them a couple of Alice in Wonderland shots to the moment when Chris willingly took his hand and let himself be led outside to the guy’s Maserati Quattroporte.

As soon as the door shut Chris was on the guy, his feminine body demanding to be touched, to be kissed. The man tasted of licorice as he opened his mouth to receive Chris's eager tongue. Chris pressed his lips hard against the man, pressed his body against the man's chest. A solid hand wrapped around Chris's back, slid down to his ass, fingers digging into taut, young flesh. Chris leaned his hand on the man's chest, felt tight abs beneath the shirt as he was crushed to the man's lips, his body aflame with desire.

The hesitation about being a woman, about being with a man was gone, replaced with an overarching need for the strong hands that were even now creeping up Chris's dress. Chris half straddled the man, his body leaning out from the passenger seat. The guy reached between his legs and pulled the lever, cranking his seat back. Chris took the hint and maneuvered his lithe body onto the man's lap, pulling away from the man's lips just long enough to straddle the guy before

returning to their desperate kisses.

Chris's body was on fire now as the man's solid hands explored his delicate frame, gripping and squeezing. Every touch of the man's fingers sent hot pulses racing directly between Chris's legs. The man nudged him back and yanked apart Chris's top, freeing his magnificent breasts. He was being manhandled roughly, taken by a guy coasting on pure animal instinct, and Chris loved it. They both stared down at his tits for an instant, admiring Chris's body. And then the man's lips were suckling Chris's nipples, tongue eagerly slipping around his areolae, nipping gently with teeth in a way that made Chris sigh and moan, wiggling his little ass on the man's lap, feeling the unsubtle bulge thrusting up from beneath the man's pants until he could take it no more.

Chris reached blindly for the man's pants, fingers scrabbling with the zipper, the urgent manhood begging to be released. And then Chris unzipped the guy's pants and his cock leapt into Chris's waiting fingers, hard and hot in his hand. He stroked up and down as the man continued caressing Chris's tits and, oh god, Chris was one aching, trembling need now. The cock in his hand felt so perfect—deliciously warm and firm, throbbing gently beneath his touch. On instinct Chris shuffled around, pulled his panties to one side and guided the man up against his hot cunt. There was a pressure, building slowly, the head of the man's dick creeping into Chris's pussy, and then with an inaudible pop he slipped inside. Chris released a breath he didn't know he was holding as he adjusted himself, sinking onto the man's fat cock, feeling it slide up inside him, burrowing through the velvety walls of Chris's hot pussy. Chris moaned as he took him in, enjoying each inch of the man's dick as it slipped inside his welcoming pussy.

The man, too, paused as he slipped inside Chris, closing his eyes, a hand heavy on each tit as he enjoyed the simple feel of being surrounded by Chris's hot, wet cunt. And then Chris was all the way on the man's lap, the dick resting deep inside him, making it hard to breathe, hard to think with so much roaring pleasure. But it was still nothing compared to when Chris started sliding up and down, gliding the lips of his pussy up and down the man's shaft. The man

groaned, his head lolling back onto the seat and Chris kissed his neck, the scratchy stubble harsh on his sensitive skin, as he continued riding the man. Up and down, slowly, enjoying each inch of the shaft as it filled him, penetrating into the deepest core of his body, sitting there for a minute, oh-so-full and still so horny, before rising and driving himself down again.

Chris moved his tiny body faster as the pressure built within him, the need driving him on. And then he was grinding on the man's cock, fingers pressed against his own clit, pleasuring himself as they both moaned in desire. He rode the man for a blissful eternity, his only thought of filling himself deeper, harder, of driving the pleasure through his wonderful, slender body. He grew faster, following his body's rhythm, breath coming deeper, tits bouncing madly as he ground roughly against the man's dick, the pleasure escaping from his lips in rising gasps and groans, building, building, until he cried out in a sudden high pitched moan and sank deep, the man joining him in orgasm. Chris came hard, his pussy clenched around the cock inside him, the hot jizz spurting into his wet hole, head thrown back and moaning for more, please, please, yes as the man gripped his ass and yanked him down, thrusting deep, filling Chris's delicate body totally and completely with his white hot cum.

Yasim's orgasm lasted longer than the man's, but she soon came down to earth. Her body was flushed with warmth and she still enjoyed the feel of the cock inside herself, slowly softening, the pleasure soon replaced with a growing embarrassment. She felt like such a slut. She felt like that every time she fucked a man she'd just met. But it didn't stop her from doing it again. There was such variety in the world why limit herself to just one man?

Tara waited until they arrived back home and were out of the cab before asking, "So, did Mr. Maserati know he popped your cherry?"

“He didn’t,” Yasim smiled, headed up the front steps.

“Course not,” Tara agreed, smirk still firmly in place. “Not your first rodeo, right Yasim?”

Yasim looked at her sister, wondering what the mischievous glint in her eyes was for. Surely Tara, of all people, knew Yasim's habits. Of her overarching horniness and desire to party that sometimes overrode her common sense. So Yasim simply took her house key from her purse, unlocked her front door and headed inside. She climbed the stairs and opened the door midway down the hall, the door that sat between Amala and Tara’s room. The room that Yasim knew was hers.

#

Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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Perfect Fit (M2F Body Swap)

Claire is an elegant housewife whose days revolve around organizing and looking good for her husband. Evan does odd jobs for cash while he goes through college. But his oddest job of all is swapping bodies with Claire and giving her body a workout. In every possible way.

Driving Her Wild (M2F Body Theft)

I don't want to caress my friend, don't want to run my hands along her soft curves, press our bodies together and drive each other wild with lust. But we're not in control anymore. There's someone else in our bodies, fondling us with our own hands, making us do anything and everything they want. And all we can do is watch.

The New Girl (M2F Transformation)

Drew is planning to meet up with his ex-girlfriend for a last one night stand. But she has other plans and soon Drew finds himself slowly transforming into the

woman of his dreams: soft, sensual and seductive. Can he turn back into a man before the transformation turns even his own thoughts towards feminine desires?

Little Miss Perfect (F2F Body Theft)

Melody has a crush on Daniel, but Daniel (and every other guy at their school) has a crush on Katie. Maybe it's Katie's delicate Asian features, or her perfect figure, or the way she excels at everything she tries. Whatever it is, Melody wants it. Then one day she wakes up in Katie's body and has it.

Student Body (M2F Body Theft)

Jeff is a sixty year old high school teacher who's disappointed with his life. Heather is a gorgeous, popular cheerleader with her whole future ahead of her. But when ancient magic causes the two to accidentally swap bodies, Jeff finds himself back in high school, and in the body of a petite blonde sexpot.

Hardbody (M2F Body Possession)

Tina's a personal trainer and she's just beginning to build up her client list when she starts losing time. Little instances at first, a few minutes here and there. But then the stretches get longer and she finds that her body has been doing things during these blackout periods. Dirty things. Sexy things. Things she, herself, would never in a million years do.

Long Live the Queen (F2F Body Theft)

Queen Isabelle's daughter is refusing to marry and nothing will change her mind. So Isabelle swaps their bodies, intending to do so just long enough so that Isabelle can marry her daughter off to the prince. But her young, new body is much more exciting than she ever dreamed, and there are so many perks to remaining young and beautiful.

Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)

Vic is sick of his wife, Karen, moaning and complaining about their daughter's wedding. He's annoyed at the way Karen seems to be ashamed of her own body, hiding her curvy figure behind shapeless clothing. Vic figures if Karen's so sick of her body then it's only fair that she gives it to someone who appreciates it. Like him.

Reunion (M2F Possession)

Max is at another boring family reunion. But things get a lot more interesting and he finds a magic stone that transports him into the body of three different family members with very different body types.

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

I've always had the ability to possess other people's bodies and control them, but I haven't used it in so long. Until the day I find Cassie. She's irresistibly gorgeous and I have to hop inside her right away. I'm going to intimately explore her body and help her become comfortable with her sensuality, while having my own fun in the process.

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

Jeremy is about to become a body double for the first female African American president of the United States. He's got to learn to cope with being the most powerful woman on the planet. And for Jeremy, enjoying her shape, her smooth ebony skin, her stunning curves, and her amazingly responsive body is just one of the perks of the job.

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

When brilliant but plain Michelle swaps bodies with the gorgeous, snobby cheerleader, Brianna for a week in order to take her tests, both students have to adjust to very different lives and explore very different bodies.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

The Mix Up (Mother/Son M2F Body Swap) – Smashwords exclusive!

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
[Smashwords exclusive]**

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

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Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories