

## **Belly Dancer Boobytrap (Harem Girl TFTG Preg)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

### **An Anonymous Commission**

*When Carter finds a magic Arabic vinyl record with the power to turn a single individual into a horny Arabian dancer devoted entirely to him, he wastes no time springing this trap on Shawn, his years' long bully who makes his life a living hell. Soon Shawn find himself getting his just desserts, as he finds his former victim is now his master, and he is magically compelled to please him in a variety of ways!*

### **Belly Dancer Boobytrap**

"This is the one," the elderly Arabian man said. He picked up an old vinyl record and blew on it, causing an ejection of dust that left Carter coughing. "I'm surprised you've heard of it. Not many know of the old magic in the world, especially from the old lands of the djinn. Are you descended from Arabia, young man?"

Carter nodded his head, briefly in awe that the object he'd searched for could actually be real. "On my father's side, but it's way, way back and fairly faint, as you can see by my looks. But I've always found its history and mythologies to be fascinating. And, I suppose, I've always been enamoured with the idea of magic. So I still feel a connection to it."

The old man grinned. "I as well. It's the reason I have kept this item all these years, despite it no longer having the power to help me. But it was time to allow someone else to use it."

He rubbed the vinyl cover with his elbow and turned it to show to Carter. On the cover was a sketched and vibrantly coloured image of a wealthy sheikh or sultan resting in his palace, surrounded by nubile harem women. One was pregnant, another was giving a sensational belly dance, others were simply cloying for his attention, submissive to their master. The dancer was in the centre of the image, and drew the eye the most. She had a classical purple harem outfit, with a transparent violet veil, short fez, and a killer body that was only covered by a genie-style crop top that emphasised her large chest, and a set of semi-transparent pants that were loose and flowing, leading down to bare feet. She had magnificent jewellery in her ears and adorning her fingers and wrists and ankles, and her dark olive midriff was perfect. The artist had taken particular care in detailing her, including her incredibly sensual pose.

"Wow, she looks incredible."

The old man smiled. "She was indeed incredible. And if you know the story of the magic of this record - a magic that has possessed a number of different musical items

across the centuries - then you know what it is capable of. Which means I must ask you what you intend to use it for before I can sell it to you.”

Carter gulped. It was embarrassing to tell. But the old Arabian man’s eyes were dark and interrogative, and despite his frail stature there was a stolid aspect to him.

“Okay, this is kind of hard to talk about, but the reason I want it is to use on someone I know.”

“A lady friend? Or a woman you *wish* was a lady friend?”

“Well . . . not exactly. You see, I get bullied a lot. Always have since high school, and always by the same guy and his friends. A man named Shawn. They teased me for everything: my curly hair, the fact that I wasn’t as tall as them, how I used to be a little overweight, the fact that I grew up poor and he grew up rich, and so on. It was terrible.”

“I imagine it was.”

“But after high school, his buddies all went separate ways for the most part, and most of them grew up or got over the bully stage. But Shawn just never, ever stopped, even when we both went to college. He would lock me in the toilets to make me late to lectures, hurl insults and slurs at me because I ‘wasn’t a real man,’ and even trashed my bike - one of the few things I’d saved up for - just so I had to take the bus again. He even beat the shit out of me - sorry about the language - when I was walking from my stop once, all because I was chatting to a girl he was into. I wasn’t going to ask her out, I mean look at me!”

Carter gestured to himself, as if offering proof that there wasn’t really a threat posed by his existence. After all, he was only 5’7 in height, with a light build and a kind of still-young face that his body was taking time to grow out of, a consequence of a lack of facial hair. His hair was light brown and more curly than you’d expect. He knew how to style it now, but Shawn had literally doused it with cordial juice more than once just to mock him, saying, “it’s an improvement!”

“I can imagine that is quite horrible for you,” the man said. “But what does it have to do with the old magic of my country, currently contained within this vessel?” He gestured to the vinyl record.

“Well, the thing is, Shawn recently moved into my neighbourhood. His family are pretty rich, not that he cares about them much apart from the money, and they gave him the best house in the area. I’m pretty sure he chose it just to be near to me, because at every excuse he does something to torment me. He even paid the trash collectors to ignore my house for a month! And he honked his horn as loud as he could when I was riding to the corner shop the other day, then laughed as I nearly crashed into a pole from fright. It’s never going to end, and I want it to stop.”

The man’s brow furrowed. “Is that all you want?”

“Well, I guess - I guess I also want payback. I want him to know what it’s like to have no power. Not that I want to be all abusive or anything! But the thought of using this record on him . . . it’s too good to resist. I guess.”

He realised he’d lost his chance. It was petty. It was personal. It was *weird*. Which made it all the stranger when, to Carter’s surprise, the old man laughed heartily and patted him on the back.

“Thank God! You are not some pushover after all. The power of this item requires you to assume the role of master, and here I was thinking you were some weak homegrown American boy without the scorch of the sands within your blood.” Still chortling, he opened up his wallet and pulled out a photo, passing it to Carter, who whistled. On it, a gorgeous woman with a prominent chest and perfect hourglass figure was dressed in a harem dancer’s outfit, striking a deeply sexual pose. Her hair was long and dark and piled up in an older fashion, and her eyes were dark and mysterious. She was perhaps twenty five at most.

“My darling wife,” he explained, “before she passed a year ago.”

“I’m so sorry. I have to ask, is she . . .”

Carter’s eyes lingered on the vinyl.

“Yes, indeed. She was *my* use of it. I had a boss. All-American, obsessed with profits. Cruel and uncaring. I hated him. Ah, but what a wife she made, and a mother to our seven children. Of course, she didn’t look a day older than the age she was when I ‘made’ her, hm. An accident took her. But afterwards, I realised the power of the vinyl was restored. So you see, young man, I understand very much your motive.”

Carter’s heart leapt. “You’ll sell the record to me?”

The old man grinned. “Just make sure to use it well. Remember, it can only work on one individual, and you must play it to them alone.”

Carter beamed. “I can do that. How much?”

“Oh, just find me a coin. Any coin. The old magic likes that kind of deal.”

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Shawn cackled as he turned up to Carter’s place. Not only was it a total dive, but it was also clearly one of those apartment areas where there are three buildings, all identical in make, and each one home to a crack addict family or gross single mothers living on welfare. The thought alone twisted his stomach. The fact that society propped up such people revolted him, just as it had revolted his parents.

But Carter revolted him all the more. The dweeb was weak, and what’s more never fought back against his weakness. While Shawn and Rob and Harry had left some of the kids alone after a time way back in high school, once they gave a bit of show of strength of

course, Carter just took the blows again and again and again. He was a punching bag, and seeing this poverty-stricken kid who didn't even own his own car walking around their prestigious university all because he got an academic scholarship really ground his gears. It was a simple fact of the universe that little know-it-all shits like that needed to know their place in the order. At the bottom.

So when he'd gotten a message from Carter that the dweeb wanted to meet and talk about how to 'move past this whole bullying situation', he practically busted a gut laughing. After all, Shawn was everything Carter was not. While Carter was short, Shawn was tall. While Carter was twenty one years old and only part way through his degree, Shawn had recently finished his, and was paying a group of desperate nerds to finish his Masters for him. And while Carter had a lithe build and curly brown hair, Shawn was an Adonis: 6'2 in height, with golden hair and confident blue eyes, his face clean shaven by choice to show off his manly jaw.

"This'll be good, I bet," he sneered as he got out of his deluxe Porsche and knocked on the front door of the small house, if it could even be called that. Carter answered quickly, opening it.

"Shawn, thanks for coming."

"I had to see this for myself, dweeb," Shawn said, pushing past him into his house. He immediately made for the kitchen and stole a beer and cracked it open. "Shit quality. Man, you're still poor as shit, huh. What's that, a fucking record player? What, not enough money to buy an iPhone?"

He gestured to where the player lay, already set up with a record to go. The one with the image of the beautiful belly dancing harem girl upon it.

"I like vinyl," Carter said. The smaller man, who was younger by a year, balled his fists and tried to calm his rapidly beating heart. He was nervous. Shawn had that effect.

"Well, you always were into nerdy junk," the bully said. "So, what are you offering me? You said you wanted to talk, like we're a pair of emotional girls or something."

Carter stood a little taller, moved to the other side of the table near the record player.

"I wanted to ask you to end these hostilities," he said, wincing a little internally at the lame use of the word 'hostilities.' "You've been picking on me, bullying me, harrassing me for years now, and it's time we just go our separate ways. I'm not saying I plan to get even or anything, I'm just asking you - telling you - that it's time we put this to an end."

Shawn paused, and for a moment Carter actually thought that perhaps he was seriously considering it. But then the large jock just erupted into a massive laugh, one that was highly exaggerated and clearly intended to be derisive.

“Oh man, or *sure!* Like you are anyone to *tell* me how to act, you pathetic little weasel. You fucking joke of a human being. You think if you invite me into *your* home that this gives you a right to *tell* me how to act?”

He shifted around the table and thrust out a hand quicker than Carter could act, shoving him backwards. “I’m the one with the muscle, you fucking reject.” Another shove, this one nearly toppling him. “I’m the one with the money.” Yet another shove, and this time Carter did land on his ass, eliciting a small ‘oof!’ in response to the pain. “And I’m the one whose fucking popular, all while you’re living in this trash heap. So no, I don’t think I’m going to stop. The truth is, I rather enjoy putting little pathetic shits like you in your place, Carter.”

He sneered, and it was at that moment that Carter lost all hesitation to go ahead with the boobytrap. He stood slowly, looking a little meek and apologetic.

“Okay, okay,” he said. “I guess I can’t win you over by talking, then.”

“Glad to hear you finally admit it. It won’t save you, though.”

Carter looked down, feigning further weakness. His blood rushed through his veins, and the adrenaline of the moment made his actions all the more certain. “Which means I can’t give you any more chances, Shawn. I have to take drastic action. I have to play you some music.”

Shawn looked briefly confused. “The fuck are you talking about?”

But Carter just turned the record player on, adjusting the needle, and let the record player. For the first time, Shawn noticed the lewd image of the scantily clad slave girl upon it, and he broke into a broad grin.

“Dude, really? Is this how sad you’ve become? Jacking off to a fucking foreign record? What, couldn’t find any *men* to fuck.”

But Carter was grinning. He wasn’t sure how he knew, but the djinn magic within the record was real. He could *feel* it, thrumming within the record and beginning to spiral out. Slowly, the melodic sounds of an Arabic oud began to play, accompanied by the light tapping of the riqq to offset it. More instruments joined, all of them traditionally Arabic in nature, including the strings of the qanoon giving light flourishes as the oud took centre stage.

“Oh, I’ve found a man to fuck, Shawn,” he said, as that strange mystical thrumming began to emanate more clearly, affecting the bully as well. “I’ve found *you*.”

“What the hell are you talking about? What is this foreign bullshit?”

Carter smiled ever more widely as slowly a pool of pink and purple energy began to glow in the centre of the record, before causing puffs of that same coloured mix of smoke to emanate upwards.

“This is the legendary magic of the djinn, you over privileged asshole,” he exclaimed. “And it’s going to finally turn the tables in a way you never saw coming. Just wait for the lyrics.”

Shawn tried to step away. Hell, he tried to step *forwards* and knock this moron down again. Except that he couldn't. Even as the pink and purple smoke rose, shifting to rotate and surround his feet, it was impossible to step away. The smoke rose like tentacles slowly enveloping him, one pink, one purple, and as they did so he found that his skin was accompanied by a strange, alien tingle.

"Dude, what the fuck is this?" he said, beginning to freak out.

"I think I'll let it be a surprise. I can't wait to see the look on your face, Shawn. Your new face. I wonder what I'll name you . . ."

"This is crazy! Let me go or I'll fucking kill you!"

But Carter held all the power now, and he simply chuckled, pulling the record player back just in case Shawn could still reach it, then raising the volume. It was at that moment that the singer's voice joined. It was a woman's, soft and gorgeous and sensual, demure and submissive. She did not even sing in the Arabic language that Carter knew just a few snippets of. No, she sang in ancient Arabic, perhaps a dialect long lost to the sands. It was beautiful and lush, and even through the barrier it seemed to speak of desert travel, of vibrant sands, of life-giving oases, and - somehow - of the submissiveness and love of the singer to her lord and master. There was no small degree of lust to her tone, of loyalty and duty and fidelity, and as the instruments gave way to further excitement, it also revealed her intense passion and sexual devotion, mingled with the joy of dance.

Shawn felt all of those things. More than that, as he listened to the music, even as his body was surrounded by the purple and pink fog, he began to understand it.

*"I dance for you, my master. I sing for you and please you. Use me as you will, I am yours and shall always be. My body is nubile and full-breasted, my hips tantalising to your gaze. I shall bear you all the children you wish, yet remain as passionate as our first night, and for all nights to come. I submit to you, and will please you with my dancing. Watch the curve of my belly as I sway my form before your seated form, and take me in any way you wish. I am a woman, and shall always be. Your harem girl. Your concubine. Your dancer. Your lover. I cannot disobey you, my obedience is total, just as you want it to be. Let me please you every day, my body an instrument played to your tune. My will is yours."*

Shawn swallowed. It was beautiful. Strange. Overwhelming. The voice continued, repeating these statements over and again.

Submissiveness.

Beauty.

Delightful curves.

Obedience.

Lust and passion.

These words circled around his head, and no matter how hard he tried to tear away from them and run away from this terrifying situation, it was impossible to do so.

“L-let me g-go!” he cried. “Please! Fucking I-let me go!”

But Carter just folded his arms. He could only see Shawn through the silhouette of the smoke, a dark figure in profile within the vibrant fog. He was waiting to see if the full magic of the record was true. That the ancient song of this particular djinn had the power that was promised.

He didn’t have to wait long.

Suddenly, Shawn doubled over. He regained control over his body but still could not remove himself from the smokey space. The smell of incense and fine perfumes was all around him, and he breathed them in. It was like breathing in the fires of creation itself, because as he did so, the rich smells were accompanied by a strange tensing in the pit of his stomach.

“Wh-what was that!?”

It happened again. And then again. And then again, getting more powerful each and every time. He doubled over, clutching his stomach, expecting to puke. But instead his guts seemed to rearrange, his organs shifting aside.

“OOhhhgghh!!” he moaned, as the feelings travelled up and down his body.

“Wh-what’s happening!? What did you fucking d-do to m-me!?”

Carter was silent, simply waiting and watching, and enjoying the music as the song rose to greater passion. Shawn’s skin itched like crazy, and he began scratching it compulsively. To his horror, it began to darken.

“What the - no! NO! This can’t be r-real!”

But it was. His light Caucasian tone, only slightly tanned, was turning a gorgeous mid-tone olive. His hair darkened too, and to his continued horror it began to slide out from his scalp, growing longer and longer and taking on a gorgeous silky quality. It continued to extend, causing him to try to pull the hair out.

“OWW! It can’t be real! That’s not my hair!”

Carter saw the silhouette grow a very long expanse of hair that easily went down to its ass. “Nice hair, Shawn!”

“How did you - OHHH!!”

He writhed again as his face began to re-arrange, and his limbs altered as well. His spine cracked, reducing in size as his height reduced. He grunted in a mix of pain and discomfort as his height rapidly fell from 6’2, down to just below 6’0, to 5’8, and then finally a short 5’6. He gasped, unbelieving what was happening to him. How had that little nerd done this?

But of course, that 'little' nerd was now taller than him. With another painful collapse of his vertebrae, he was going to be noticeably taller as well: Shawn was suddenly a cute 5'4, shorter than even the average woman. He shook his head, trying to tear free of the magical restraints, but it only had the effect of causing his long curtain of hair to shake, pulling at his head and reminding him of all that heavy hair.

"My f-face! Not my g-goddamn face!"

Of course, it wasn't his face that changed first. It was his arms, followed by his legs. But the tensing of tissue and flesh was in all those areas, and so he understandably tried to prevent his facial features from rearranging. It only had the unintentional fact of letting him feel his fingers and hands becoming dainty and soft *literally* right before his eyes. He pulled them back, nearly in tears as his firm masculine hands became gorgeously slender. A set of perfectly manicured, surprisingly long nails extended from them. He swallowed, speechless at the sigh of purple polish suddenly appearing over said nails, slightly sparky.

"Magic," he managed to say. "This is f-fucking magic! UGHH!!"

He flung his arms out without meaning to, as if under control of some curse. He could only watch as they lost all of their hard-earned muscle mass, deflated to become womanly. Heavenly. The kind of sexy arms that should always be on show. His legs soon followed, and while they were encased in trousers it was soon easy to see the change.

"Clothes!? It's ch-changing my f-fucking CLOTHES!?"

Carter giggled, watching as within the fog his bully's trousers changed shape. They ballooned, becoming softer and - judging from the faintness of their outline - clearly partly transparent. Shawn had a much closer view, witnessing them become the kind of harem pants that were an exact match for the luscious slave girl on the cover of the album. The only part of the material that was totally opaque was the area around his crotch, and that was purely because of his underwear, though even that was becoming uncomfortably tight as it reshaped to become the sexy equivalent of ancient lingerie. It made him feel winded and in pain as it tightened against his package.

And that's when his legs altered. They reshaped rapidly, his thighs losing muscle mass and gaining a smooth female thickness to them. Once again he was reminded of his new olive tone as his feet reshaped also, nearly making him lose balance for a moment. He swayed, groaned, and to his shock realised that his voice had gone slightly higher.

"Not my voice! Carter, I'll fucking kill - NNGhhhhh!"

His legs finished, now a perfectly shapely pair. But the changes were just beginning. The song continued to rise in tone, and the lyrics increasingly predicted his future transformations.

*"Let my face be a gorgeous aspect to you. Let my lips be full, my eyelashes dark and long, my eyebrows thick and perfectly shaped."*

“Oh God, oh God oh fuck oh God!”

But there was nothing he could do. His face reshaped exactly like the description, though he could not see it yet. Carter couldn't make out the lyrics, but judging from how Shawn's voice rose and rose in octave, now sounded much more feminine, he had high hopes for how 'she' might soon look.

*“Let my hips sashay before you, wide and ready to bear your heirs. Let my waist be thin, flat, open to your touch.”*

His shirt shrunk, reducing to become what felt like little more than a tight purple crop top or bra with complex patterns along it. It was ridiculous upon his barrel-like chest, but then so was this whole situation. Ridiculous, humiliating, horrifying.

“OOhhhhhh my h-hips! Agghhhh! S-so much p-pressure! So much g-goddamn pressure!”

It grew and grew until he finally gave into it. With one great bone-breaking alteration, his hips expanded slowly but surely, widening until he had a set of babymakers more impressive than any hot chick he'd ever dated. Carter could see them too, and just for fun he wolf-whistled over the music.

“Can't wait to hold those hips! They don't look like they lie much!” he teased.

But Shawn paid no attention to him: he was preoccupied by the fact that his abs were melting away, leaving a perfectly flat female stomach, an enormous expanse of sexy midriff entirely on display. His waist pulled in, as if tight by a belt, and suddenly he had an hourglass figure that would make even a supermodel jealous, and yet not so pronounced as to be absurd. No, his figure was simply becoming that of a peak sexual creature.

*“Let me dance for you, even when I do not want it. Let me roll my belly that you may see my curves. Take in the jewellery you have adorned me with. Enjoy the bouncing of my rear, the movement of my chest. Be pleased by the sight of the curves of a woman carved for her man's delight.”*

Shawn was malicious, but he wasn't stupid. His eyes went wide, his softer jaw gaped as the next round of changes began. His face finished changing, his features now oval-shaped, his eyes demure, irises amber in colour. He fluttered his long dark eyelashes as he began to slowly dance against his will. Carter's dick began to harden as he watched the sight, wishing he could see Shawn's form in detail. The changing man gasped, moaned in a voice that was now entirely female, entirely *delicious* sounding, as numerous rings, bracelets, anklets, and necklaces came into being. There was a sharp sting, and he was the sudden proud owner of hanging golden earrings studded with jewels.

The jewellery jangled as he continued to move. He extended his soft hands out, shifting his arms about in the exotic bellydancer's fashion, undulating his stomach as he turned and began to shake his ass. A pressure grew within it, and soon there was a spike of

unwanted pleasure as it bloated out, growing and growing until he had a huge round rear that was perfectly contoured to match his wide hips. It jiggled, wobbled, bounced as he shook his hips.

“Carter!? Are you there!? You’ve got to stop this! *I can’t stop dancing! EEP!*”

The transforming bully literally squeaked in response to his voice changing yet again. Suddenly, he no longer just had a sexy female voice, but one that had a gorgeous Arabic woman’s accent to it. “Nooo! Please, Carter!”

“You’re almost finished! Just suck it up, you *girl!*” Carter taunted.

Shawn let loose a moan as another wave of reluctant bliss washed through his warm. His chest bloomed, his nipples expanding to become large and dark. He developed a wide feminine set of areolas, and he shivered in response to them. They were damn sensitive.

“No! Not tits! I am not a woman, I don’t deserve this!”

But the pressure began, and his breasts soon bloomed just as his chest had. His shoulders slimmed, his barrel chest melting away so that his genie-style top was loose upon him, nearly falling off. That was, until the flesh truly began to surge forward. He couldn’t even grasp his chest, stuck in mid-dance, writhing seductively as his boobs finally came in. They began as little conical pimples, only to surge forward faster than either of them would have believed.

“No! Make them stop! Make them f-fucking - OOOHHHHH!!!”

The man was more female than male by this point, and he shrieked as what felt like a powerful orgasm overcame him. His hair curled slightly, gaining that attractive wave women of the Arabian peninsula often had. His toes curled too, and his fingers, his dance only briefly halting as his boobs became a larger, fuller pair than any he’d ever had the pleasure of touching. They rose to not only fill the cups of his genie top but then strain against it, his new cleavage becoming an alluring chasm that rose and rose, no other space to go but up!”

“Tits! Holy shit I’m g-growing f-fucking TITS!!!”

And they were quite the hefty pair. They finally stopped just before the point where they would burst through the fabric, they were so large. Shawn fell completely silent, near-catatonic at the sight before him that easily blocked any view of his belly or toes. His huge boobs were easily half the size of his head each. They must have been full F-cups, which was several cup sizes larger than the biggest pair he’d ever played with. And yet despite their size they were perfectly formed: full teardrops, round and full and flushed with a growing heat.

*“Let the entrance to my womanhood allow your passage! Let you show me the throes of delirious pleasure as you enter the tunnel between my thighs! Make me your slave, your submissive harem girl! Fill me with your seed! I lust for it!”*

There was nothing left to say. Shawn tried to squeeze his eyes shut, but the smoke was slowly dissipating, and his eyes were locked on the form of Carter on the other side. His penis pulled into his body with a sickening audible *sluurrrp*, one that made him groan in an unwelcome mix of pain, discomfort, and increasing arousal. His new vaginal entrance flowered, his clitoris and labia and inner lips forming, a tunnel burrowing all the way to his fully functioning uterus. *Her* uterus. *Her* body.

“Ohhhh! OOHHH! AAAIIIEEEE!!!”

The smoke cleared completely, leaving the luscious female crying out in orgasmic passion. Her dance finished, and she was left posing for Carter, her arms outstretched, her hips cocked to one side, and a see-through veil appearing into place across her lower face, leaving her amber eyes on display.

She was the most gorgeous, sexy woman Carter had ever seen. The very image of a nubile harem girl, with an incredibly full chest and delightfully round rear, and with a set of wide hips that flared outwards, as if advertising her new fertility. Her midriff was entirely on display, and her perfect legs easily seen through the see-through pants. Her arms and shoulders were bare, and more of her breasts were visible than covered. Her outfit was purple with a small mix of pink with gold trim, which matched her golden jewellery. Her face was that of a beautiful Arabian woman's, with dark lips, magnetising eyes, and high cheekbones.

Carter couldn't help himself. He instantly became hard. Well, harder. The entire display was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen.

“Oh God, oh God, I'm a fucking woman,” Shawn moaned in her new, sensual voice. “You've got to turn me back, *master*. I mean, *master*. Why am I calling my *master*, *master*!?”

“Because I am your master now,” Carter said, drawing closer. She tried to shy away from him, but there was something keeping her close, and it wasn't the magical binding anymore. No, there was something about the smell of him, the look of him. It made her new pussy become wet with arousal.

“What? N-no. I'm not - you're not my - my - *you are my master!*”

She clamped her hands over her hands quickly, causing her various mounds to jiggle. Carter stepped forward, and her nipples throbbed. It was like they needed to be touched, caressed. *Licked*.

“I am your master,” Carter declared. “And thanks to the magic of that record you were making fun of just a moment ago, you are now my submissive belly dancer. My concubine.” He ended the record, lifting the needle. “You can feel it, can't you? The need to follow my every command.”

Shawn fumed inwardly, but it was impossible to speak against her master. And he was right, she did indeed feel a draw to him, a pull to please him. To be demure and modest

when he wanted her to be, and seductive and raw when it otherwise would sate his appetites. Despite having been a powerful alpha male all her life, she now couldn't help but look at her former victim's body with lust, her nipples tensing with desire for this man who was now bigger, stronger, and certainly more masculine than she. It was all wrong, and yet under the compulsion of the magic and her new body there was no way to fight it. Her new instincts recognised this man as the one to dominate her, and that her role was to please his every desire.

"Oh fuck, I can feel it, master. I can feel the need to please you. I hate it! Please stop it, master!"

"No way," Carter replied, looking over her luscious Arabian curves, her soft olive skin, her incredible bust that was nearly fully on display. "And besides, I couldn't even if I wanted to. The magic is one-time use on one person only, and now the magic is gone so long as you live, and that will be a long time yet, my gorgeous new girlfriend. My concubine."

"N-no! You have to."

"I don't have to do squat. You pushed me around the last eight years of my life. From now on, you're going to serve my every whim as my gorgeous dancer, lover, and submissive servant." He moved, taking position on his couch in the small dining area. "And right now, your master wants to see you dance, Shawn. No, that's not right. You're not Shawn anymore, not with that sexy Arabian body or that delightful accent. I think a more fitting cultural name is in store for you. How about . . . Samira."

Samira moaned, bit her lip. Her horniness was rising. She could see that her master was fully erect, his surprisingly large cock outlined against his pants, and he was doing little to hide it. And now he had *named* her. She was Samira. Even the thought of being called *Shawn* was repulsive, no matter how much she wanted to have that name again.

"Mhmm . . . Samira. That's my name, my handsome master."

The words tumbled from her mouth. She hated them, wanted to spit in his face instead, but her compulsions were too powerful to resist the need to serve. To please.

"Now, give me a belly dance," Carter said, looking up at her from the couch. "It was a belly dancer boobytrap, after all."

She swayed her hips slightly, sashaying them on the spot and moving her arms in a serpentine motion. An erotic belly dance that slowly became increasingly enticing as she moved around the room before him, shaking her ass near his face, where golden beads and hanging jewels clinked against one another.

"What - what am I doing?" she cried, as she cradled her breasts, letting them bounce heavily before thrusting her chest out and twisting her body around to show all her best features.

“You’re giving me the show of a lifetime,” Carter said. “Fitting, since you’ll be showing me sights like this the rest of our lives together.”

“The rest . . .”

Her eyes widened, but she was unable to stop the dance. She raised her soft arms above her head, intertwined her fingers as she shook her whole body. She drew close to him, rolling her stomach before Carter’s hungry eyes. Her arousal was becoming unbearable. She wanted to kill her former victim. Wanted to bash his skull in. But even more, at that moment, she wanted him to undress her and fuck her. To mount her like a primal beast, and slide his cock deep inside her waiting depths. She wanted him to *take* her, as wrong as she knew it was, and make her *his*.

“Master,” she moaned, “my body . . . it’s so warm! It needs your touch!”

She cursed herself for saying the words. Her entire life had changed in the blink of an eye, and it was horrifying to come to terms with what she was asking.

But her life was about to change a whole lot more, because Carter too could take no more arousal. His dick was *trembling*, his testicles so full of sperm that it felt like they would burst if he didn’t come in this woman. In his former bully who was now his nubile concubine.

“Then come sit on my lap, my gorgeous harem dancer.”

She took a sharp inhalation of breath as Carter removed his shirt, followed by his shorts and underwear.

“You c-cock. It’s s-so . . .”

“Bigger than you thought, huh? Well, I wasn’t about to show it to *you* before, Samira. But now that you have the body of a female genie, well . . . things have changed. Come onto my lap. I want to fuck you.”

She couldn’t fight it. No will on earth could. He had given his command, and she must obey. Carter observed the internal war within her, relishing her struggle, enjoying her punishment, but most of all turned on by her graceful sensuality as she lost to her new nature. She sauntered over to him, still belly dancing, hands up above her head, hips rocking. And then she carefully removed her pants and underwear, revealing her lower half in all its feminine glory. She was so wet she was almost leaking down her thighs.

“P-please. N-no . . .”

“But you want this, Samira, don’t you? You want to take this nerd’s cock.”

She nodded. She did. Oh God, she did. She placed herself on his lap, facing him so that her enormous chest was right in his face, rising and falling with each tremulous breath.

“P-please be gentle,” she begged. “Master.”

Carter smiled, brushing her hair behind her ear, caressing her soft back and then her thighs. It was humiliating for Samira, and yet it also made her squirm with anticipation. “Don’t

worry, my gorgeous servile dancer. I'll be a lot more gentle with you, than you ever were with me." He leaned in close and whispered in her ear. "But I'll also *fuck you* a lot harder too."

She squeaked, barely able to breathe, feeling revulsion at his words. But that revulsion was lost in a sea of desire. "I can b-barely take it! This isn't fair but - but please, master, dominate me! Make me your submissive woman!"

"How can I resist that request?" he said with a chuckle.

And with that he gripped her perfect hips, sinking his hands into the soft flesh of her rear, and lowered her onto his fully erect cock.

"OOhhhhhh . . . mhmmm - ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhhhh!"

She groaned and grunted as his penishead parted her folds, and then his full length slid deep inside her. It was like nothing either of them had ever felt. Carter had not had sex often, but Samira's pussy was perfectly wet and tight in equal measure, hugging his dick as if it intended to suck him dry of every bit of sperm he was sure to shoot deep inside her. Samira in turn found herself utterly emasculated in the role of the penetrated, rather than the penetrator. And yet for all of the humiliation, she couldn't help but shake her long dark hair out and let loose a cry of pleasure as she began to bounce on her enemy's impressive cock. It was like having a hard rod inserted into her, only it was pressing against newly sensitive parts. Her pussy was milking him for all he was worth, and despite her fury, she was intoxicated by female pleasure.

"Oh God! Your dick is in m-me! You f-fucking cock is inside me! And it feels amazing! Oh praise God it feels amazing!"

Her accent was sexy, and her movements as well. She undid her top at the back and threw it to the side, taking her veil off as well. It enabled her to press her huge tits against Carter, raising them against his face, then for her to kiss him deeply.

"M-master! You're fucking me! I'm your h-harem girl now! Oh God, it's so wrong but - it feels sooooo right!"

He gripped her ass, then raised his hands to grope her huge, wobbling breasts. "You're perfect, my love. You can't bully me anymore. From now on, we're going to - ahh - do this every day! Get used to my cock, *Shawn*, because you're going to be pleasing it as Samira for the rest of your life! The curse - ughh! - permanent, and you'll never age a day as long as you're w-with me! This is the new y-you! And it's all your f-fault, so enjoy!"

She moaned. She tried to chew him out, to scream at him, to get off his wonderful cock. But it was all too good. Too powerful. And the magic too compelling. She was in the throes of pleasure, and she needed her master to come inside her. To climax into her womb just as he wanted. It was *her role*.

She bit her lip, placed her hands around his neck in order to bounce on his cock all the more. It slid in and out of her, and together they bucked their hips so that he invaded her

depths over and over and over again. Soon they were almost to the height of climax. She cried out in her soft female Arabic voice, moaning like a lustful woman in heat. He licked her nipples, sucking on them, and it produced bolts of bliss that made her utterly his.

“Yes! Suck on them, master! It feels s-so good! Feel my breasts! They are yours to enjoy! So big and heavy and round and full!”

He did exactly that, and she clutched to him, pushing her huge rack into his face so that he was almost smothered in her cleavage. She had never imagined how wonderfully sensitive a woman's tits could be.

“OOhhh I’m s-so close! I’m going to come, master!”

“M-me too! I’m going to come inside you, Samira! I’m going to - UNGH!!”

He clutched her, pulling her against him so that her tits were once more in his face. His cock throbbed within her, his balls tightening as they expelled torrent after torrent of semen into her love tunnel. She orgasmed, experiencing her first true female climax, followed by a second, then a third as she was wracked against and again by ecstasy. Just the knowledge that her fertile body had made her master come was enough to send her over the edge as well.

They both held one another, both still panting, Samira still unbelieving how much her life - and her body - had changed in the span of just fifteen minutes. It was ludicrous, it was terrible. But nestled against her master, feeling the warmth of his touch, she was also overwhelmed with satisfaction.

It just wasn’t fair.

“Welcome to your new life, Samira,” Carter said, kissing her at the same time as he fondled her ass. “Don’t worry. Your master will treat you well, just as you’ll do the same for him.”

She swallowed. She was emasculated, humiliated, but all the rage in the world could not stop the wave of satisfaction that followed when she uttered her response.

“Whatever you wish, master. I live to please you.”

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Samira’s words couldn’t have been more true. Over the next few days, she found that the passionate lovemaking and sex was not an isolated incident, but rather her new norm. She would always try to summon the will to fight back against her compulsions, but she continually lost to the tide of magical desire and her in-built need to serve Carter. She had gone from the powerful bully to the submissive harem girl, and there was no going back. Carter was riding high from his victory, and was utterly captivated with her voluptuous Arabian form. Even her new accent turned him on, much to her displeasure/pleasure.

"I'm glad you like my Arabian accent, master," she found herself saying that first night. "And what of my skin? My body? My outfit?"

She spun, showing off her fine female form, letting her large bust and prodigious rear wobble seductively.

"I love it all, Samira. I'm going to enjoy it. It's crazy to think after all you tormented me, now I get to have you please me with those perfect tits and that amazing ass and your sexy outfits for the rest of my life."

She winced, but only briefly. She returned to her seductive smile. "Would you like a dance, my master?"

"I absolutely would. And then I would like to take you from behind against the bathroom bench, so you can see your reflection and know who you've become."

"I ha-ha-ha-love you so much, master! That sounds like a *dream*. I want you to show me how *dependent* I am on you."

As before, she danced, twirling about in her delectable and revealing clothing, letting her bosom shake, her belly undulate, and his hips sway. She pressed her dancing body close to him, and once again neither could resist the other long. Mere minutes later Carter was fucking her from behind just as he had promised. He held her juicy ass, cradled her hip as well while he slid deep into her hungry pussy. She begged for more, cried out in reluctant joy as after many thrusts he once more came within her. She felt again that unfamiliar trickle of warm, hot seed within her. And in the reflection was Samira in all her captivating Arabian beauty, her face young and beautiful, even her expression one of submissive longing.

"Oh God, oh fuck. This is me, now. This is me."

"It is, my sexy," Carter replied, slapping her gently on the ass. "And I can't wait to see if you orgasm when you give me a blowjob tomorrow morning."

She groaned, still coming down from her arousal, and just imagining the glorious sensation of her lips forming a seal over his shaft.

"I even want to taste your cum, master," she said in a dismal voice.

That was her life from that first day. In the morning, she woke against his side, her resplendent body already feeling its innate lust. She teased his cock, begging him to command her to serve. For long moments that felt like eons the waking Carter just watched her in amusement, remembering all the torments Shawn had visited upon him. Finally, he gave his position, allowing her to ride him while he lay back, enjoying every moment of her, particularly when he demanded she do her belly dance *while* riding him. He came even more than he had previously at the feel of her 'dancing' pussy upon his cock.

The days turned into weeks, turned into months. To her utter humiliation, Samira was introduced to Carter's family as his incredibly submissive and loving girlfriend, and to his nerdy friends as well. She was able to tone down her slutty costumes, but only just. By

magic, her wardrobe now consisted of sexy harem outfits, but some were more like Indian saris. They always revealed her perfect stomach, showed off much of her bust, the small of her back and her legs, but they were not completely scandalous. The end result was that even in public she was stared at by lustful men, and always kept closer to the comforting presence of the man she was compelled to see as her lover. Carter, in turn, enjoyed seeing her discomfort in public and around others, though not nearly as much as the belly dances she always performed for him. Their nightly ritual was an extended one just before fucking. They tried a variety of positions, but his favourite was to demand she ride him, or to take her from behind so that he felt like the master he truly was.

Of course, with so much sex from his devoted concubine lover, things were bound to happen. Carter and her didn't go big on protection, which was why after only a single year had passed in her new life, Samira found herself at the end of a pregnancy. She was nine months along and growing bigger every day, with the date of birth just around the corner. Being Carter's servile lover was bad enough, particularly when coupled with the outfits she had to wear to please him, but finding out that her exhaustion and sickness were because she was carrying his baby had nearly sent the former jock around the bend.

"It can't be! I'm meant to be S-S-Samira. You know who I mean. I'm not meant to be a woman, or a belly dancer, or to get fucking pregnant . . . *but I love it so much, master. I want to give you all the babies you want from this fertile body.*"

Carter had simply pulled her against him, made her rest on his lap facing away from him while he traced circles over her slim belly. "This is fantastic news, Samira. Once, you were my enemy, always bullying me. But now you're literally going to be pregnant with and give birth to my children."

She paused at that, breathing a little more heavily, which suited Carter just fine: the sight of her bosom rising and falling never failed to make him hard.

"Ch-children? Like, multiple?"

"Why not?" he said, chuckling as he continued to touch her currently flat stomach. "You're too sexy to resist, and your so fucking fertile with those hips of yours. I like fucking you raw, feeling your pussy on my cock. And I know you like it that way too. So we'll just risk it, and have as many babies as we end up having."

"But - but this body is only around twenty years old. And it will stay young until you die! Which means - Master, that means -"

"That you might be birthing a whole lot of beautiful babies from that gorgeous body of yours. Yeah, that might just be the case. But don't worry, Samira, we can afford it. After all, the money you got from your parents is ours now, right? And with all the money we make from your own online presence, we'll be set for life. Plenty of time to have as much baby-making sex as we want. Well, *I want.*"

And so it was that she grew more and more pregnant, her belly rounded out, full with life. Her breasts became even larger, and by the ninth month were full of life-nourishing milk that Carter just loved to drink straight from the source. He still liked to fuck her several times a day, and for her to dance for him. The last was very important.

It was what she was doing at that very moment as she reflected on her new life. She was Samira. She was nine months pregnant, and adorned in a skimpy harem girl outfit that emphasised not just her maternal bustline but also her gravid, full belly. Any day now she'd go into labour and push the first - but not last - of their children from her womb. And she would raise that baby, and be a perfect mother to it, a perfect lover to her master, and a perfect entertainer for his whims. She waddled elegantly as she could up to the man who now dominated her life, her lust, and her passions.

"A dance for you, master?" she asked, stroking her fertile roundness.

"Do so," Carter said, lying back to watch the show. "After all, you're my *belly* dancer, are you not?"

With a meek smile, she began to dance.

**The End**