

## **Kama Sutra Curse (Man to Perfect Lover TG)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

*When Alan shows disrespect to the ancient Kama Sutra text, little does he know that the gods will curse him to perform all of its sexual advice and positions - as a gorgeous Indian woman! But as the new lady learns, the Kama Sutra is also a book about love . . .*

### **Kama Sutra Curse**

Alan Weston was a stuffy figure, and always had been. A professor of English Literature, he enjoyed traveling, but often brought with him a snobbish superiority that lent itself poorly to actually appreciating foreign cultures. Well into his fifties, he had never married, and while he wasn't all that bad looking for a man of his age, the truth was that love had never really found him. He'd tried many times to find a partner, but women found him boorish and often rude, and his approach to lovemaking one-note and one-sided. A few had even told him that, but he assumed they were simply trying to stick the dagger in his back while they broke up with him. He gave up on romance, seeing it as a fool's errand, something that was impossible to strive for and only existing in the minds of the ignorant or worse, the naively stupid.

All that changed, however, when he inspected a certain bookshop in Bangalore. He was enjoying a holiday through India - a solo trip, naturally - and it was soon coming to its end. Still, the professor wanted to pick up a book from a more authentic location to mark his travels, as was his customs. The place he entered had been directed to him by a local, and it bore no English signage.

"Inconvenient," he muttered to himself. Still, he went in, and the kindly owner greeted him in Hindi, to which Alan stammered some awkward reply. The shelves were indeed loaded with texts, only some of which he could read the titles of.

"I'm looking for something in English!" he said to the owner.

The man came around the counter, and talked in a thick local accent. "Hmm, very difficult, sir. We do not have many books in the English language, no. But there is - ah! - a treasured prize of Indian literature, and one that became very popular with the British like yourself, sir!"

Alan took the book and examined it with a condescending smirk.

"The Kama Sutra, hmm? Really, I thought we were past all that nonsense. It's all sex positions and nonsense like that, isn't it?"

The man looked offended. "Not at all, good customer! It is a book of love, and sex is but one part."

But Alan simply chuckled. "I think not. I'm not interested in smut, sir, and especially not rubbish smut that parades itself as ancient wisdom. I'll grab something else."

He eventually did leave with a Guide to the Hindi Gods, a simple academic text that would suffice. Alan couldn't help but have choice words about the Kama Sutra to the bookkeeper, however, especially when he peeked at the *illustrations* inside the book.'

"God forbid, no wonder there's so many of you. This is pure arousal bait!"

He left, heading back to his hotel to prepare for the plane trip in the morning. But Alan Weston had no idea that the gaze of the Hindu gods were upon him, and in particular a great member of the Trimurtie, the Destroyer Shiva. The wise and powerful being looked down upon Alan and saw an opportunity, for Shiva is not just the god of destruction and time, but also *transformation*.

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Alan could barely believe it when he woke up as a woman, let alone a beautiful Indian woman with gorgeous brown skin and a perfect aquiline nose that divided her face. He crawled out of bed, terrified and shocked by the presence of lovely breasts topped by dark brown nipples, as well as the smooth venus mound between her legs which housed a feminine slit.

"What in God's name!?" she cried, but instantly she realised something was wrong. The words she spoke weren't in English at all, but in Hindi. They came easily to her, just as easily as her mind thought of itself as female despite the clear knowledge that she should be anything but. She moved to the mirror to inspect herself and gasped.

"This can't be. It must be some dream," she said, observing her beauty. She was shorter, and her hips had widened, and it was clear that her best features were said hips and her impressive derriere, except perhaps for her face, which had an almost demure beauty about it, with large expressive brown eyes and thick dark eyebrows.

*"This is no dream, Alan Weston. You have been cursed for your disrespect of the ancient text of the Kama Sutra. By the pantheon of the people you now found yourself among, you have been deemed hollow of love and lust, and must learn to value both. As Shiva's judgement, you are transformed, and you are compelled to complete all acts within the Kama Sutra that you so mocked. Only when they are fulfilled will you gain freedom, Chandra Patil."*

The voice left her mind, and in that very moment she knew several things: this really was real, she had been cursed, it was the gods who had just spoken to her.

And her name really was Chandra Patil.

For the first time in a very, very long time, Chandra screamed.

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Chandra Patil was a young woman now; no more than twenty. It was shocking to her how much energy she now possessed, not to mention the sensation of vitality. Of course, having a woman's body and a woman's clothing upon her was also quite alien, as was belonging to an entirely different culture than the one of her true birth.

There was also the *other* cultural element, the one that Shiva had implanted in her mind and was unfurling within it with each passing day of her new life as she flailed about trying to adjust. Chandra Patil wasn't just a woman listed on an Indian citizen registry. She wasn't just a pretty young thing who was grappling with an appetite for handsome men. No, she was also an *expert* in the Kama Sutra.

It was as if the book had been downloaded into her brain, its knowledge spilling out to inform her at the most inappropriate moments. She would see two lovers kissing passionately on a bridge and think, 'ah, but that is only one way to kiss with tongues, there are two others. There are many *chambana* forms, and I know twenty six of them.' Then she would recoil, haunted by the knowledge she now possessed.

Even fleeing into fiction could not help her. She tried to stay in her apartment, watching Hindi programs in all their melodrama and understanding them completely. But as soon as a romantic scene began to unfold, a frustration flared within her: 'No, no! That is the wrong *alingana*, the wrong embrace for such a situation! You have to sell the real passion between lovers. He should take on the *lalatika* form of embrace to properly admire her form and stir lust for him within her!'

It was maddening, like some kind of retrieval system that came up to remind her of her new purpose. With each encounter with romance or affection, however brief - even the interested gazes from men as she passed on the street - she began to feel a hunger swell within her breast; a desire to *know* the passion her own stubbornness had long denied her. She had only been Chandra for several days, finding herself working as a waitress and trying to ignore the comments men made when she was seemingly out of earshot, yet occasionally she found herself looking at an attractive man.

"I must be strong," she told herself, staring in the mirror. "I can beat this! I'm not going to give in to the Kama Sutra."

After all, Shiva had said she would have to fulfill *all* its positions. And there were many; kinds of foreplay, kinds of embrace, kinds of kissing, kinds of penetrative sex, kinds of cunnilingus, fellatio, lovemaking with hands, lovemaking with one's teeth and tongue. There was so very much of it, and when she dreamed she could imagine it; all the positions her body would come to know, if only she could allow herself to train.

Chandra was still resisting these ever-growing compulsions when the distracted woman bumped into a man while walking towards the local grocery store for a stock up. The man nearly bowled her over, but she managed to catch his offered hand and he pulled her up against him, so quickly in fact that she felt his breath on hers.

And my, was he handsome.

He had skin just a shade lighter than hers, and a thick but short goatee that fit his masculine features. His black hair was likewise thick, and had a loose wave to it that suited him well. He was wearing a smart white button shirt and pants, while she was wearing - embarrassingly - a rather brightly coloured red and orange dress.

"I'm so sorry!" he said. "I did not see you there, though perhaps I should have, with your obvious beauty."

Chandra bit down on her lip, trying to avoid her obvious attraction to this man.

"That is fine. I am fine. I am glad you caught me."

"I'm Kamal," he said.

"Ch-Chandra," she replied, still looking into his eyes.

"That's a lovely name, Chandra. Would it be too much for me to ask if I could accompany you, Chandra? You look like a woman on a mission, and I'm happy to help."

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Chandra moaned in pleasure as Kamal entered her. She was on her back - a very standard position, but one that the Kama Sutra told her to be quite a passionate one for lovers, and familiar to most partners. They had conducted all the right foreplay, and she had used the intimate kisses upon him, but not the romantic ones - those would be far too inappropriate. Neither did she use biting; she intended to provide arousal, but biting would be better for later sexual congresses - if such things occurred.

"Mhmmm! Yesss," she moaned. "I c-can feel you inside me! Kamal, don't h-hold back!"

He kissed her breasts - he was quite a good lover, though perhaps some further instruction would be needed - and then thrust again. Chandra's eyes opened in shocked realisation as she realised what she had led herself into, but then he ejaculated within her and a series of powerful orgasms rocked her core. She cried out in ecstasy, but even as she did she caught the distinct sense that she could have done better.

'I have not mastered even this standard position,' she thought to herself. 'But it's a . . . ohhh, it's a start.'

Kamal held her lovingly in the aftermath. That was good. The Kama Sutra advised such aftercare between couples.

Yes, Kamal would be useful. If she needed to go through with this, better to train up one partner than embarrass herself with many.

"I very much like you, Chandra," he told her, kissing her on the neck.

She cooed sweetly.

Yes, as humiliating as this had been, as utterly wrong it was to orgasm as a woman with a man inside of her, at least this man would be the key to her freedom. But God - Gods - there were so many more positions left to fulfil, and even this one wasn't done right.

The thought of all that sex exhausted her.

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The thought of sex had begun to energise Chandra. Just a month after turning, and three weeks after meeting Kamal, their nightly and morning dalliances were the best part of her day, even if it shamed her to admit that to herself. Kamal was proving an excellent lover, but she was excelling far beyond that the more she embraced her understanding of that ancient text. It had become almost like a holy book to her, leading her to freedom with each orgasmic bliss she recreated according to its advice. In the span of just three weeks she had given herself not just over to sex as a woman, but sex in many forms. Chandra had gone down on her hands and knees and let Kamal mount her from behind like an animal. This was a deep intertwining, just as the Kama Sutra said, both bestial and yet full of passion.

"I can't believe I moved in with him in less than a month," she marvelled, looking at herself in the mirror. She had followed the advice of the ancient text, a copy of which was now also in her room for more physical reading, should she desire it. "But at least it will let me turn back into a man faster. I *will* get my freedom!"

She had already followed the advice on how to earn a man's trust and make her own advances, being demure and using her body language to show her affection for him. He in turn seemed to have his own 'inner Kama Sutra', for his brief touches and particular smiles early on had made her heart flutter and her arousal grow. It was horrible how much she found it easy to be in Kamal's presence, especially since he seemed so taken with her! He worked at a car dealership, and perhaps this explained some of his charisma, but it did not explain his sensitivity in bed, nor how gentle his touch was, though it could be wild and possessive when the moment called for it.

"There are sixty four methods to finding happiness in a relationship," she repeated to herself as she found that he had left a gorgeous bouquet of flowers for her one morning. She smelled them and smiled. "And gift giving is one of them."

So was variation, and nowhere was that to be found more than in the bedroom. It was crucial to Chandra that she gain mastery of all forms of intercourse and lovemaking in

order to free herself, and so the weeks turned to months living with Kamal, and she pursued him whenever she had the chance, though the Kama Sutra did also warn to avoid sex when it was not appropriate or conducive, and so she surprisingly held herself back when Kamal was overstressed about work, until her touch could slowly massage him into a loving peace. There were also times when she was on her monthly period, and that was galling to the former man. Her boyfriend was far too kind during this time, supporting her as he could and fetching her ice cream. She promised to use the twenty third form of kissing for him later; it would work very well when she rewarded him with her mouth.

Yes, oral sex was also something she had to master, and soon Chandra had built up the courage to practice it. At first she was serviceable, but Kamal clearly appreciated her, because he placed her on the bed, spread her legs, and put his tongue upon her entrance, lapping at her most sensitive parts. It had driven her to fits of pure ecstasy, and she vowed not to be outdone by this.

Within just a couple of weeks, she knew all the best ways to tenderly bring her lover to his full in her mouth. She stroked his cock just so, licked the head of his penis, drank down his issue while staring into his eyes. The Kama Sutra had many methods of fellatio, and they were often paired well with methods of foreplay, or using it as a form of foreplay. One piece of advice she took to heart from the book was to keep spontaneity in one's relationship, and so when she felt excited in the morning, waking before him, she would sometimes lower a hand to gently teased his balls or slide her tongue along his length. Then, when he woke happily, she could mount him.

Other positions followed, each slowly mastered by Chandra as she increasingly became something of a sex goddess herself. She would lay on her side with one leg raised while an upright Kamal would slide himself into her. She would wrap her thighs around him while he held her by her magnificent ass against the wall, thrusting into her as he kept her in the air. She would sit on his face, letting him lick her most sensitive parts. She would place his manhood between her breasts and slide up and down, letting him cum upon her.

Which is not to say the relationship was perfect. Kamal could often be impatient at times, and she would become easily embarrassed or hesitant to be seen with him.

"Are you ashamed of me?" he asked one day. "We have been together for six months, Chandra! I would like you to meet my friends! My parents! It is so important to me that the woman I love meets them."

She gasped. "You - you love me?"

He rushed to her, holding her - the thirteenth form of embrace, one that indicated romantic love in a public fashion. "Of course I love you, my Chandra. I have loved you from the moment I ran into you. And if you don't love me, then I will wait. Your passion sustains me for now. But I hope I am important enough to you for you to do this for me."

She nodded, emotion welling up in her. "Of course," the former male said. "I'll meet them. I'm sorry. And you are important to me. Just . . . some words are hard to say."

And yet they bit away at her, even as she followed the ancient text's advice on how to use biting in the bedroom to tease one's lover, and in turn encouraged him to use his teeth lightly on her sensitive nipples. She devoted herself more and more to looking beautiful and pleasing to him. The Kama Sutra had many recommendations for hygiene; brushing one's teeth, plucking one's hair, the application of makeup and the ways in which to dress to flirt, to be romantic, to be public and private. It also gave much-needed advice on *endurance*: Chandra found herself wanting her lovemaking to last ever longer with Kamal, and to bring him to the edge over and over again; she increasingly revealed in teasing him this way. She found herself thinking about him often during work, when serving guests, and it made her nipples stiffen with arousal just to imagine the new forms, positions, and combinations they would try. She'd barely had much sex as a man, but now she couldn't get enough of it as a woman, and it was hard to imagine going back to being a man, or even leaving India. It was starting to feel like her home.

Kamal was starting to feel like home.

This was especially true as they massaged any stresses from one another during busy weeks. When Chandra met Kamal's family finally, she was so nervous that he had to work her shoulders lovingly, and she did his back in return. She needn't have worried; the family loved her, even if the word 'marriage' kept coming up and up again. She found herself grinning at the prospect despite herself, looking over at Kamal. They could try so very many positions on their wedding night.

It all came to a head two months later. By that point, Chandra had been a woman more than a year, and knew the Kama Sutra inside and out. She could quote any part of it from memory, and even more easily replicate any sex act and position or combination with flawless ease. She had a smug pride about it too, despite the small embarrassment of her female part in it, but she knew that she truly was one of the world's greatest lovers now, and consequently so was Kamal, who had started well and now learned much from her. They could be animalistic or gentle, full of passion or contemplative care, partake in usual forms of sex or she could enjoy the thrust of his member into her backside, an act she had been so nervous for and yet had come to enjoy deeply the feel of. Other couples looked at them with jealousy, and she found it hard not to shine in his presence, giving those little touches of affection that the Kama Sutra also advised.

But it could not last forever. Chandra was crying out in ecstasy one gorgeous Saturday afternoon. Kamal had taken them on a weekend holiday out of the country to a fine resort, using the bonus he'd earned recently from a series of great sales. She rewarded him with loving foreplay, using every technique in the book and even some of her own design.

They were passionate, and several sweeping intercoursings followed, their bodies trained for short refractory periods so they could keep sampling one another. It ended with her sitting on his lap and letting him slide his full length into her. He grabbed her breasts, cupping their lovely C-cup size, and rubbed her nipples in that way that drove her wild. Soon her gyrations matched his, and the pair held on as long as they could, their lovemaking so very perfect that it could have been ordained by the Gods themselves.

And it was. When the orgasm came, Chandra Patil cried out in the highest bliss imaginable, and her vision turned white. She found herself suddenly standing in the clouds of the heavens, her surroundings glorious and ethereal, the great mountains of India piercing the clouds. A hermit-like figure, spartan in dress, stood beside her on one of those peaks, a sly smile on his features. She knew who it was instantly; one of the more benevolent and wise forms of Shiva, the Destroyer. The master of time and transformation.

“Have I done it, great Shiva?” she asked, kneeling to acknowledge him this time.

The man nodded slowly. *“You have indeed, mortal Chandra. You have mastered the Kama Sutra forwards and backwards. You have become one of history’s greatest lovers, a woman who fulfils all the highest ideals of romance, passion, and the beauties of sexual fulfilment between two lovers. And you have learned to appreciate the culture that has created such fulfilment, have you not?”*

“I have,” she said seriously. “I most certainly have. To speak the truth, I almost can’t imagine going back. Do - do I have to? Go back, I mean?”

Shiva’s smirk remained. *“I said you would be free once you finish your task. How you choose to spend that freedom is up to you.”*

Understanding flooded through Chandra, and it all became clear to her. She bowed again and thanked the powerful god.

“I know how I will spend my freedom,” she replied.

*“Then so you shall. Do not forget the lessons you have learned.”*

The world began to fade away again, but she vowed that she never would.

And then the hotel room was returned to her, and the orgasm with it. She finished gasping, feeling pleasure she had never known before, to the point where it was perhaps *literally* divine. Kamal clutched her, holding on for dear life as he came within her, and in that moment she knew a true sense of enlightenment, a true sense of the good karma she could bring into the world, and it started right here.

Slowly, once the most powerful bliss had passed, she shifted on Kamal’s lap so that she faced him, pressing her warm body against his, her thighs spread to either side of his comfortable lap. Chandra pressed her forehead against him, savouring every part of this man who she had intended to use, and now intended far more with.

“I love you, Kamal,” she said. “I love you so very much.”

He grinned, his smile so wide it almost seemed to make his face stretch. “I have waited so long to hear you say those words.”

She kissed him. It was the most intimate, romantic kiss in all of the Kama Sutra, and she knew how to apply it well. They held that kiss for so long they nearly ran out of breath.

“I’ll say them every day from now on,” she declared. “For I’ll never stop loving you.”

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She kept that promise in the years that followed, embracing her life fully as Chandra Patil and never looking back. Marriage did not take long, and the wedding night - *nights*, plural, given the Indian custom - were even more passionate and intimate than she had imagined in her wildest dreams. And even as pregnancy followed, and one by one Chandra gave birth to their two handsome boys and two beautiful girls, her understanding of the Kama Sutra never faded, nor her practice of it. Every day she found ways to employ its wisdom with her husband, whether finding time for sexual relief while deep in her third trimester of pregnancy, or simply the intimate touches and massages each could apply to one another while her body recovered and sex was off the table. She would remain the world’s greatest lover, her husband alongside her, for many years yet to come, and it was all thanks to the ancient book she had once insulted as pure smut.

Chandra knew better now.

For the Kama Sutra is not a book purely about sex. It is a book about love. And she had found exactly that.

**The End**