

HE'S TURNED INTO A LATINA GIRL

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Fired. This word was haunting Paul as he drove back home that rainy afternoon. How had Mr. Stewart had the guts to do that? It was so unfair. Paul had committed only one mistake. Punching the steering wheel to vent his frustration, he turned one last corner before getting home.

There was already a car in the garage, which meant that Paul's wife had already arrived. He shuddered to imagine himself telling Linda what had happened. Not that she would get angry or anything – she was a very understanding woman. The biggest problem was Paul's own consciousness.

When he entered the house, Linda was in the kitchen, drinking a cup of coffee.

"Hello, honey!" she said. "Is there something wrong? You look worried!"

Paul would have smiled if he wasn't feeling so miserable. His wife really knows him well. He couldn't hide anything from her. So he decided to tell her the truth.

"Oh, Paul, I'm so sorry!" Linda said at the end. "You're right! It was so unfair! Don't worry, though. I'm sure that you'll find a better job soon."

"But what will I do in the meantime, honey? We just bought this house! How will I pay the monthly installments?"

"Paul, did you forget that I have a job? I can pay..."

"No!" Paul shouted. "I can't let you do that!"

"Now you're being sexist."

"I know, Linda. I'm sorry, but..."

"All of this is because of my father, right?"

"Well..."

"How many times do I have to tell you to forget this? I decided to marry you, dear.

And my father can't control our lives!"

"Yes, you're right – as always!"

"Now, come here!"

Paul kissed his wife. Once again, he thought that he was the luckiest guy in the world by having married such a great woman. However, the beginning of that relationship hadn't been easy...

Paul was just a freshman in engineering school when he met his future wife at a party. She, on the other hand, despite being the same age as Paul, was already attending the last year of her psychology college, and was already preparing for graduate school. Because of her intellect, she had been authorized to get into college earlier than usual. As if that wasn't enough, she was incredibly beautiful and hot. She was blond and had green eyes; her body was perfect, with large breasts and graceful legs.

Paul was an average guy, both in intellect and in his appearance. He was tall, had a reasonably athletic body and dark hair. His eyes were brown and his nose was a little too long. He had never had problems getting girlfriends, but, in general, girls like Linda were way out of his league.

Because of this, he was very surprised when she accepted to have a drink with him, and even more when they kissed at the end of the night. After that, Paul and Linda started dating regularly. He had never felt so happy in all his life, but that happiness would be soon shaken...

Linda's father was a hard man, so to speak, who had an important position in government and had raised his daughter by himself after the untimely death of his wife. He didn't like Paul from the first meeting and made no effort to hide it.

"You are in the engineering college, right? What are your plans for the future?"

"I don't know for sure, Mr. Jones. I still have some time to think about it, I guess..."

Paul felt extremely stupid because of that response. In any case, it was very hard not to feel that way when questioned by someone like that man. Mr. Jones had cold, piercing eyes, gray hair and an intimidating countenance.

"Do you think you still have time to think about your future? Really? My daughter has been

planning her career since high school! She is committed, determined and disciplined. Do you really think you are good enough for her? "

"Dad!"

"Do not interrupt me, Linda. I'm just saving you from that good-for-nothing boy!"



"No, Dad, you're wrong! Paul is a great guy. He's just thinking carefully about his future!"

"Foolishness! Don't complain later, when you have to support this bastard!"

After that, Linda tried to calm her boyfriend.

"Don't worry about what he said. That's just the way my father makes new friends. I'm sure deep down he liked you!"

"No, he didn't. And I can't blame him. I really don't have any kind of planning. Also, I'm far from being a brilliant person, while you... "

"I'm what?"

"Well, you're a genius!"

"Oh, you're so sweet!"

"Maybe your father is right..."

"Don't say that! We like each other and everything will be fine, okay? Just trust me..."

The relationship became stronger over time and, despite the displeasure of Mr. Jones, they married as soon as Paul graduated from college.

At that time, Linda was working for the government – like her father – on a top secret project about which her husband knew nothing. At first, she had been reluctant to accept the position because she didn't want people to think that she had gotten this job only because of the influence of Mr. Jones, and the truth was that she also wanted distance from her father. However, that was a field of research that really interested her, so she accepted the offer. Also, it soon became clear to everyone that Linda hadn't needed any kind of fostering to get that job – she was more than prepared for the position.

Paul, to his own astonishment, got a job in a construction firm pretty soon. He hadn't been the best student of his class – far from it, but he expected to go further in his career through his effort and dedication.

Unfortunately, this wasn't enough. Because of a small mistake on a project, Paul was quickly

fired. That made him miserable, but Linda kept up the optimism, saying that everything would be fine, and he would do better the next time.

As if the situation couldn't get any worse, Mr. Jones got wind of what happened, and once again he made sure to tell the young man how much he was inappropriate for his daughter.

Through some contacts, Linda managed to find a new job for Paul, in Mr. Stewart's company. This time, things began to get better for him. Little by little, he gained confidence and began to improve in his occupation. However, once again, a small mistake spoiled everything. Paul was fired for the second time.

In the following weeks, Paul was in a deplorable state. He sent CVs for several companies, but as time went by and no answer came, he started to stay on the couch all day, drinking beer and watching TV.

Linda was very sad about that situation. She believed that her husband had the necessary potential. He had just been unlucky so far.

"What's going on, Linda?" asked Sara, a woman who worked at the same department of Paul's wife. She was a redhead and had a pretty and round face. "You look worried."

"Me? Oh no! I'm fine, Sara!"

"Come on, Linda! You don't need to lie to me."

"Fine" said Linda, sighing. "It's about Paul. Now, I know that you don't like him, but I ask you to be reasonable, at least once."

That was true. Sara really didn't like Paul. As Linda's father, she thought that Linda was too good to marry someone like him. However, there was another reason...

Linda and Sara were friends since childhood. The two were inseparable for almost all their lives, doing all sorts of things together. But that changed when Paul appeared. Suddenly, Linda started to spend more time with her new boyfriend than with Sara.

Of course they had had other relationships before, but nothing as serious as this one, and it hurt Sara pretty hard. Then, she started to try to separate the couple, saying to Linda day after day

that she could get a better boyfriend.

Linda already had enough problems about it with her father, so she stopped to meet Sara. The two women just restored their friendship after college, when they started to work at the same place. But even so, Sara continued to criticize Paul, albeit more discreetly, whenever an opportunity arose.

"He was fired again?" Sara asked.

"Yes" Linda said, "but it wasn't his fault. If you could try to understand..."

"Right, Linda. I'll try. Tell me what happened."

Linda then told her the entire story, emphasizing that Paul was inconsolable because he couldn't afford the installments on the house.

Sara thought about the situation for a moment. In her opinion, what happened just showed once again that Paul wasn't the right guy for Linda. However, Linda loved him, and she was her friend.

"If that is the problem, I think I can help" she said.

"What you mean?"

"Do you remember that I am a recruiter for the experiments we run here? There is a position that needs to be filled this week, but I haven't decided yet between the volunteers. This is a very simple experiment. Only fifteen days, but it pays very well. I think I could fit Paul in if he is interested."

"But, Sara, you know that we're expressly forbidden to use a relative of an employee in our experiments!"

"Yes, I know. But I think that I can resolve this little problem."

"How?"

"Martin, the guy of the records. I know he has a crush on me, so I'm sure that I can convince him to register Paul with another name in our database."

"That would be extremely risky. Why are you so interested in helping Paul?"

"Look, Linda, I know that I have been a bitch about your relationship in the last years, but I know how much Paul is important to you. Maybe it's time to change my attitude. I think that I have to support you, because you are my friend. That's what friends are supposed to do."

Linda looked at Sara's eyes. She seemed sincere. Anyway, what did she had to win lying about that? She was risking her career to help Paul. All that Linda could do was be grateful.

"I don't know what to say, Sara. What you are doing is very kind. I will never forget that."

"That's okay, dear! Just make sure that Paul will be here tomorrow morning. Then, I'll take care of everything."

"Okay! Thank you very much, Sara!" said Linda, hugging her friend.



"Sara said what?!" Paul exclaimed, very surprised, when his wife told him what had happened.

"Exactly what you heard, honey."

"She wants to help me? Why?"

"She said she wants to change her behavior towards us. That's nice, isn't?"

"I think so..." said Paul, not so sure. "This experiment is secure? What will happen exactly?"

"I can't say right now, dear. We're already breaking a lot of laws. The procedure is completely safe, though. Until now, we haven't lost any voluntary..."

"I will work with you, right?" asked Paul, hopeful.

"No, honey, I'm sorry. Someone could find out what we are doing. But the experience will last only fifteen days. Anyway, you don't have to do it if you don't want. As I said before, we can live with my money until you get a new job."

"No!" Paul said. "Okay, I'll do that!"

"Are you sure?"

"Pretty sure!"

"Great! In fact, I think that it'll a great experience for you!"

"Are you ready to start, Paul?" Sara asked, the next day.

They were in a room that looked like a medical office, with white walls, a table in a corner, some cabinets with equipment and bottles, and a stretcher.

Sara was dressed in a very professional manner, with a purple blouse, gray pencil skirt, high heels and a white lab coat.

She took some papers from a cabinet and returned to the table.

"First, I need you to read these documents and sign at the end." she said.

"What's this?"

"Nothing special. You'll just agree not to tell anyone what we do here, under penalty of being considered a traitor... Just routine... As I think you already know, our work is a little confidential..."

"Okay..." Paul said, a little concerned, signing the papers.

"Now, I'll explain everything to you. We work on a top secret project called *Sherlock*. This project has two objectives: the first, of psychological nature, is to analyze the influence of the environment on the formation of personality and individual habits, checking if such characteristics can be modified in individuals with personality already established. At first, that was our only goal, but soon we realized that this experiment also had the potential to be useful in another field – international espionage. That's why the project is secret."

"I got it."

"We select some volunteers who are allocated in various environments to test their adaptation. Some individuals remain in the experience for a long time, like years, and others sign short-term contracts, as will be your case."

"The volunteers are disguised?"

"Kind of... I don't think that *disguise* is the right term. Our scientists have developed a revolutionary technique. It is something that can change the structure of people's DNA. It is also top secret, as you can imagine. It would be a disaster if such knowledge falls into the wrong hands."

"But it's reversible, right?"

"Of course! We had some... hmm... side effects in the first experiments, but now we have everything under control."

"I'm glad to hear that! And who I'll be?"

"Brian Owen, a language teacher. You will be allocated in another town and will work on children's classes for two weeks."

"But I don't have great knowledge in foreign languages."

"Don't worry about that. With our technique, we can also insert some basic knowledge in the minds of volunteers. Nothing extreme, currently. I mean, we can't make you a polyglot who speaks perfectly twenty languages, but we can make you know enough to teach classes for beginners."

"That's nice!"

"Now, we just need to fill in a last form. Look, I know that these questions can be a little scary, but remember that you aren't a regular volunteer and that's just bureaucracy, okay?"

"Right" said Paul, insecure.

"Good. Let's start: do you accept to be a volunteer in the *Project Sherlock*?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand that this is a top secret project and that you can be condemned as a traitor if you talk to someone about it?"

"Yes."

"Do you accept to give up your *current* identity until the end of the experiment?"

"Yes."

"Are you aware that we can extend the period of the experience even against your will?"

"What?! You didn't tell me anything about that!"

"As a said, Paul, these are just standard questions" Sara replied, with a weary sigh. "You will be a volunteer for just two weeks, without any chance of an extension."

"Okay. If so, I say yes."

"Sign here, please. Until you gain your new identity, your name is just *Subject 67*, understood? You can't use your old name anymore."

"I u-understood."

"So, what's your name?"

"Hmm... Subject 67?"

"That's right! Congratulations, you're now part of *Project Sherlock*! Remember that until the end of this experiment, you can't say your old name! I will insist on it because this is a very serious issue. The old identities of all our volunteers are declared dead in all the records of the

government."

"But..."

"No buts! Remember that it's just temporary! In two weeks, everything will return to normal. Now, I'll take you to the lab."

"Are you Subject 67? Nice to meet you. I'm Dr. Cooper, and I'm going to start the procedure."

The doctor was a black, bald man. They are in a large room, with white walls, medical equipment everywhere and some weird machines. There were three beds, and Paul realized that two of them were already occupied by unconscious men.

A nurse gave to Paul a hospital gown, and pointed the way to the bathroom, where he could change his clothes.

After that, he lay down and the doctor and the nurse started tying his appendages with strings attached at the edges of the bed.

"Why are you doing that?" Paul asked.

"Just for precaution" the doctor said. "Some volunteers grow restless during the first phase of the experiment. We don't want you falling out of bed."

The doctor then picked up a large syringe and approached Paul.

"This solution will prepare your body for the DNA change. It will take about 24 hours to take effect and you will be unconscious most of the time. You may feel some discomfort, but don't worry. We will be here to take care of you."

When the doctor injected the solution in Paul's arm, he felt a burning spread through his body. Before he could say anything, his vision began to darken and he soon lost consciousness.



One of the advantages of being someone powerful and influential is that hardly any important information doesn't come to your attention. So, Mr. Jones, Linda's father, quickly heard that Paul had been fired again, and decided to visit the couple that night.

"Dad? What are you doing here?"

"What do you mean? A devoted father cannot visit his own daughter?"

"You know I didn't mean it like that. It's just... Well, you haven't visited me so often since my marriage."

"I know, Linda. But you know what? Maybe I was wrong. Maybe Paul is a great man as you believe. Talking about your husband, is he here? How he's doing at work?"

"No, he isn't here, but he's totally fine."

"Are you sure? Nothing wrong happened recently?"

"Of course not!"

That was enough for Mr. Jones. His forced, sick smile became a serious expression. His daughter had never lied to him before, even though she was doing it now to protect that useless man.

"That's very weird" he said. "I can't understand how it's possible, because I know that Paul was fired!"

"How do you know that? Are you spying on us?"

"That's not the important question here, young lady. I just want to know why you are lying to me!"

"Why? Are you really asking me why? That's because you've always been against my marriage! But I have something to say to you: that's my life! You can't try to control what I do! Also, for your information, Paul has already got a new job! Do you see? He isn't the lazy man that you think!"

"A new job? In which company?"

"It's none of your business. But for your information, he achieved an important position in a big company and he's traveling at service."

Linda knew this wasn't exactly the truth, but she wanted to prove to her father that he was wrong at any cost.

"That's good news! And how long will he be away?"

"Two weeks or so" she answered.

Then, an idea went through the mind of Mr. Jones, but he was reluctant to admit that possibility. Could it really be true? If so, someone had to have helped her, and only one person in the department could have done that...

"Good morning, Mr. Jones" Sara, Linda's friend said to him at the office the next morning. "Can I help you?"

"I don't know, Ms. Evans, but I'll find out. Come with me."

At that moment, Linda was watching her husband, who was still asleep in the lab. He looked so peaceful and relaxed, almost like he was just napping on a nice Sunday afternoon after lunch. Despite all opposing opinions, Linda still loved and trusted her husband. She thought they would be very happy together and no one could prevent this. However, she wouldn't be so sure if she knew what was about to happen...

"I can't do that, Mr. Jones!" Sara said. "Please, you need to reconsider this!"

"I don't think that you understood your situation, Ms. Evans. You have committed a serious crime. You could spend the rest of your life in jail, or even worse..."

"I just wanted to help Linda! She's my friend!"

"That's why I also want to help you, Ms. Evans – you and my daughter."

"But what you're asking me to do is something so... cruel! I don't think that Paul deserves it."

"Oh, really? Don't you realize what is happening? Have you ever seen Linda acting this way before? This man is corrupting her! Turning her into a criminal! And the same is happening to you. You still think he doesn't deserve it?"

"I... I don't know..."

"You better decide soon, Ms. Evans. I won't be so benevolent in our next meeting."

That's it, Sara thought. She knew that she hadn't any choice. She had been very foolish to admit the truth to Mr. Jones, but that man really knew how to be persuasive. In her office, she changed the paperwork related to Paul and then she went to the lab.

"Dr. Cooper, Subject 67 is ready for the DNA change?"

"Yes, Ms. Evans."

"Very good! There is a change of plans. He has to have a distinct identity that we agreed before."

You'll find the details in this file."

"Fine."

"Moreover... He will not be in the project for only two weeks."

"And what is the new term?"

"A very, very long time..."

Paul woke up suddenly feeling an intense pain in his abdomen. What was happening? Something had gone wrong during the procedure? He saw that the lab was empty. He shouted for help, but no one appeared. Realizing that he was no longer tied, he tried to get up, but the pain was so strong that he fell to the ground. Then, he noticed that his hand seemed weird.

"What the..." he stammered, looking at his hand. It was smaller and darker than normal, with slender fingers and long nails.



How was that possible? Paul thought he must be still asleep. This could only be a nightmare. Suddenly, the pain became even more intense and it spread throughout his whole body. Paul had the feeling that every bone in his body was being broken at the same time, and that wasn't all...

With much effort, he crawled to the bathroom, where there was a large mirror and he could better observe what was going on. He took off the hospital gown and finally managed to get up.

What he saw was unbelievable. Right before his eyes, his body was getting smaller and his skin was becoming darker, just like his hand. Before he was 6'1 tall, at that moment he was certainly no more than 5'5. His waist began to become smaller and his hip much larger; his legs became more slender and elegant, with thick and sexy thighs and delicate feet; and his arms and his neck became thin. He then felt something weird on his chest. A strange tingling started in his nipples and soon it spread all over. His chest began to grow, getting a lot like...

"Boobs!" he shouted. "I have boobs!"

It was true. *His boobs* continued to grow, like balloons, until they had the size of small melons. When Paul laid a finger on one of his new large, dark nipples, it became fully erect and Paul felt pleasure wave through his body.

This made no sense. Paul knew he would get a new appearance to participate in that experiment, but no one had said anything about boobs! And if he had those things, that meant he was becoming a... woman? He quickly found out.

"No... Not that!" he said, holding his cock as if it could stop the transformation that was happening. His penis and his balls dwindled and then disappeared within the slit that was emerging between his legs. A hot, wet and deep slit...

Before Paul could think about it, a new change began. His face became smaller, with a less pronounced jaw, high cheekbones, a slightly thick and flat nose, very full lips and big dark eyes. From the top of his head, a cascade of dark, curly hair emerged and went down to the middle of his back.

The twenty-four years old man he used to be was no longer there. All he could see in the mirror was a Latina girl, who looked nineteen or twenty years old and had an irresistible face and a killer body. Her boobs and butt are so big and her waist so slim... Paul was getting aroused with

what he was seeing, but then he remembered that *he* was that girl. That was more than he could handle. Paul just passed out on the bathroom floor.



"Good morning, Subject 67. How are you feeling today?"

Paul opened his eyes slowly. He had a terrible headache and his body was apparently weighing a

ton.

"Sara..." he whispered. His voice was strange. It was very hoarse and softer than normal. "I'm not feeling okay... And I had a bad dream... I was in the bathroom and..."

"It wasn't a bad dream."

"What?"

"We found you there. I'm sorry that this has happened. We didn't expect you to wake up during the procedure."

"But..." Paul looked at his body. That wasn't his body, though! That was the body of an extremely hot woman. The same body that he had seen in the mirror...

"What the hell did you do to me, Sara?"

"There was a change of plans. You won't be a language teacher anymore."

"I don't care about that! I want to know why I have a female body!"

"It's part of the new experiment."

"That's not what we agreed!"

"Agreed?! I don't think that you understood your situation here, Subject 67. Do you remember the documents you signed? You gave up your old life and this will be your new shape as long as we consider necessary."

"I'm not an ordinary volunteer! I'm Paul, Linda's husband, and I want you to stop calling me Subject 67! I'm a person, not a number!"

Sara didn't say anything for a while. She just looked at Paul with a sad expression.

"Very well. I thought I could trust you, but it looks like I was wrong."

"Where are you going?" asked Paul, when Sara stood up.

"Where else? I'm going to call security. You'll be arrested."

"You're mad, Sara. Mad! I want to talk to my wife. Now!"

"Are you sure? Do you really want to involve her in this mess? What we do here is not a child's play! This is a matter of national security! Do you remember what our country does with traitors? Do you really want to end up like that, and also lead Linda along with you?"

"No" said Paul, starting to cry. "I just..."

"You're angry and scared. This is understandable. However, you need to start cooperating and soon this uncomfortable situation will be over."

"But why, Sara?" asked Paul, still crying. He didn't understand that. He couldn't remember the last time that he cried. "Why did you guys have to change me into a girl?"

"Bureaucracy. Someone powerful decided to cancel the other experiment and we were forced to designate a new role for you. "

"But I'll be back to normal in two weeks, right?"

"About that..."

"What?"

"I will explain the details to you soon, okay? You just need to rest a little more..."

The airplane took off in the middle of a dense fog on a cold afternoon. On board, there were only a few civil passengers, among them a young woman, who seemed uncomfortable in the presence of the officers who escorted her.

The girl was wearing a white shirt, blue jeans, sneakers and a simple sweater. Her long and curly hair was tied in a ponytail and she wasn't using makeup or jewelry. Even so, the officers couldn't take their eyes off the girl – she was just irresistible.

Her face was at the same time innocent and provocative, with a natural beauty that could make a model jealous; her body... oh, her body! Even with such a modest outfit, the body of the girl was still phenomenal.

She had in her lap a small brown purse, and she grabbed it harder than would be considered normal. An unsuspecting person might think that she was carrying something valuable inside,

but it wasn't true. In fact, the woman was just too nervous, and didn't know what to do.

In the purse, there were just a few personal objects and documents. If someone looked at such documents, this person would see that the girl was called Rosa Pichardo, a twenty year old girl who had been born in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic – the same place for where she was being taken at that time.

Rosa was so nervous, because a few days before that wasn't her name, and she wasn't even a woman. Previously, she had been Paul Green, an unemployed engineer who was married to a psychologist named Linda.

Obviously, no one would believe in such a story. How that hot Latina girl could have been a man? Therefore, Paul was stuck as Rosa until the end of experiment.

In her last meeting with the unfortunate man, Sara had explained to him some details of what would happen now.

"From now on" she said, "your name is Rosa Pichardo. You're a twenty year old Dominican girl."

"What? I'm not an American anymore?"

"For all purposes, you never were. You do not have US citizenship, and have none of the rights of our citizens. "

Even though it was just an experiment, Paul felt a shudder. Every minute, he felt farther from his old life – his *real* life.

"You will be sent to your homeland and..."

"Do you mean *Rosa's* homeland? Will I leave the country?"

"*You* are Rosa. You never had another name!" Sara said, impatiently. "And yes. You will leave the country."

"Why?"

"We want to check your level of adaptation in an extreme cultural change situation, so you'll live as a normal Dominican girl for the time being. As I explained before, one of our works is to analyze the influence of the environment on the formation of personality and individual habits,

checking if such characteristics can be modified in individuals with personality already established."

"And how long will i stay in this experience?" Paul asked, afraid. "You haven't told me yet."

"This is a very complex experience. So, at first, the period will be six months."

"Six months?! But..."

"The period may be extended, of course. To prevent this from happening, I need your full cooperation."

"I... I don't..."

"Now I will talk about your life story" Sara said, interrupting him. "When you were nine, your mother decided to leave Santo Domingo when your father abandoned you two. So, your mother and you moved to San Pedro de Macorís, where you grew up. During your childhood, you were very close to your three cousins, but you girls have lost contact when you moved. Your mother began working as a waitress and got a new husband, but this relationship also didn't last long."

"When you were fifteen" Sara continued, "your mother became seriously ill and you had to leave school to support her, working as a waitress too. You could never finish your studies, and your mother died when you were eighteen. In the midst of suffering for your loss, you met an American tourist who seemed to be a nice guy. You two fell in love and he convinced you to go with him to the United States. However, just like your mother, you don't seem to have much luck with men... The relationship didn't work out and you saw yourself alone in a foreign country."

"You started working as a cleaner, but a guy tried to entice you into prostitution. When you refused, he reported you to the authorities, because you were in the country without a visa. Desperate, you managed to locate your cousins on the internet and contacted them asking for help. The girls were very happy knowing that you were still alive, and promised to help you. They said that the best you could do was to surrender to the authorities, and then you would be deported to Santo Domingo, where they would support you. So, this is what happened. You'll be deported."

Paul could hardly believe what he was told. How Sara hoped he could simply be that person about who she was talking about?

"But this girl... Rosa..."

"You're Rosa!"

"Okay, of course I am! But... there was *another* Rosa before? And those cousins are real?"

"Yes, they are. And *your* life previously belonged to *another* girl. But the other Rosa died many years ago. Even before her mother. That's why your new identity is perfect."

As the plane crossed the sky taking Paul toward his new life, he remembered again all those explanations. It wasn't a happy memory, but it was better to have something in mind than face the deportation agents who continued to lust after *her* body.



At the airport arrival gate, there were three girls waiting for Rosa. They were all very beautiful and were wearing scanty clothes, probably because of the tropical heat of Santo Domingo. One of them held a sign with the name of *their cousin*.

"Rosa, it's you?" one of the girls asked in Spanish when Paul approached. She was tall, had dark skin, her hair was dyed blond and she looked to be around twenty-two or twenty-three years old. She was wearing a top that left her belly on display, jean shorts and flat sandals. "I'm Anabel! Do you remember me, *chica*?"

"Hmm... Of course!" said Paul, who had never seen that girl in his life. "How are you?"

"I'm much better now that you have arrived! Here are Betsy and Daniela, my younger sisters!"

Betsy appeared to be the same age as Rosa, had dark short hair and was shorter than Anabel. She had bigger boobs than her older sister, but not as big as the Rosa's. She was wearing a red blouse with huge cleavage, flowery legging and flats.

Daniela seemed to be somewhat younger than Betsy. Her hair was dyed red, and she had an angelic face and a butt that seemed to defy the laws of gravity. She was wearing a white top, a mini skirt and low-heeled sandals.

"Oh, Rosa" she said. "You look so pretty! Even with these ugly clothes! Imagine what you can do when you're well dressed!"

"I... I what?" asked Rosa.

"I can see that you're still a little slow!" said Betsy, with a giggle. "You really used to be a little airhead when we were children. Oh, I missed you so much!"

Betsy hugged Rosa, while Anabel and Daniela cheered enthusiastically. The truth was that the feminized man had failed to understand even half of what the girls had said. They were speaking in Spanish, a language that Paul knew very little and, to make matters worse, they spoke very rapidly and with a strong accent. It was no wonder that Rosa seemed a little dizzy.



After the greetings, the girls took *their cousin* to their home. They lived in a suburban neighborhood, with humble houses and narrow streets. Their house followed the same pattern, but it was well organized and the walls were painted with bright colors.

There was a living room with an old TV and worn sofas; a small kitchen with refrigerator, stove and a simple table; a bathroom; and two bedrooms.

"C'mon, Rosa" said Daniela, the youngest of the sisters. "You will stay with me. I see you have no luggage..."

Everything had happened so fast that it was the first time Paul thought about it. Sara hadn't given him anything but the purse he was carrying.

"Yes, that's right" he said, constrained, curling a lock of hair with a finger. "I lost everything when..."

"That's okay, sweetie" said Anabel. "You don't need to talk about it anymore. We promised to take care of you, remember? We can lend you some clothes until you have money to buy a new wardrobe!"

"I don't want to bother you, girls" Paul said.

"That's okay!" Betsy said, lively. "Moreover, it's a big waste that someone with such a body as yours is wearing these boring clothes... You'll be, like, our living doll! I think I will have to lend you most of the clothes, because I have the bigger boobs between the three of us, but it still may be a little tight on you. Girl... your boobs are fantastic!"

The other girls agreed and then, to the Paul's astonishment, they began to touch his boobs.

"They feel natural!" said Anabel.

"Such a lucky girl!" said Daniela. "I could swear you had *bought* these beauties."

Paul wasn't used to being a girl, but he had never imagined that women touched each other that way. Maybe it was something common in that country. They really seemed to be a very welcoming people...

He began to get horny and let out a weak moan.

"Oh, and they also are very sensitive too!" said Betsy.

"That's enough, girls" Anabel said. "We don't want to make our guest uncomfortable."



While Paul was recovering his composure, he was taken to the bedroom where he would stay with Daniela. The place was small, but cozy. There were two beds, one of them a folding bed; a potted plant in a corner; some personal photos and posters of muscular men on the walls; a wardrobe; and a desk with an old computer.

"Please make yourself comfortable!" Daniela said. "I'll give you a towel and some clothes of Betsy's so you can take a bath."

In the bathroom, Paul undressed and again felt uncomfortable with his new form. It was a very strange feeling, as if he were trapped in someone else's body. As much as he faced himself at the mirror, he couldn't assimilate the idea that those perfect boobs, huge ass, tiny waist, shapely legs and pretty face were really of his. Also, there was something else...

Since the moment of the transformation, Paul hadn't had guts to lay a finger into his pussy. However, he knew he would get stuck in that body for a long time, so sooner or later he would have to get used to his *new anatomy*.

With that in mind, he walked decided to the shower. The lukewarm water was delicious and Paul

began to relax. With a sponge, he started to massage his soft arms. Then, he went to the belly, legs and back, leaving the most critical areas to the end. It was a different feel of all that he had experienced. His new skin was so pleasant to touch... He thought that he could stay doing that all day long.

Then, he pressed lightly the sponge in one of his nipples and immediately he felt a wave of pleasure. The girls were right. His boobs were really very sensitive. He did that again, this time a little harder. It was so good! His breathing became mismatched and he started to moan. Instinctively, his other hand came down to his pussy and began to massage his clitoris. He felt a pleasure so intense that his knees shook and he almost fell. He had never felt something so strong with his old body. Maybe he could get used to and begin enjoying this new life...

That thought turned him off instantly. This was wrong. He was a married man and not a hot Latina girl. Paul concluded that he should remember this fact all the time. That was the right thing to do.

After the shower, Paul took a look at the clothes Betsy had lent him. There were underwear, a top and jean shorts. As expected, all items were tight and provocative. The feminized guy wondered if it was worth asking the girls if they would have other clothes to lend, but he decided to not create a big scene. They might be offended and, besides, they didn't seem to be the kind of girls who had conservative clothes in the closet.

He started to get dressed with the pink thong, which was almost swallowed by his big ass. It felt quite uncomfortable, but Paul soon realized that there was nothing he could do about this. He would just have to try to get used to it until he could get the money to buy his own clothes. Anyway, he had to admit that his ass looked fantastic in that thong...

No, he thought, shaking his head. He shouldn't think things like that, or he would eventually being dominated by his sexual impulses again. He needed to maintain control.

The bra was even worse. Since Betsy's boobs were slightly smaller than those of Paul, and he had virtually no experience doing this, he struggled to attach the bra and, when he finally did it, he saw that it raised his boobs, making them look even bigger.

The top was purple, had spaghetti straps, ended just above his navel and was quite transparent.

Paul could see his bra through it easily, which he didn't like so much. The shorts really didn't leave too much to the imagination and were so tight that the transformed man had to work hard to achieve buttoning them.

Fully dressed, he looked again at the mirror and the effect was even more impressive. All he could see was a Latina girl with a sculpted body, dressed to make men crazy. As much as Paul tried, he couldn't see himself as a man anymore – there was just Rosa, that sexy girl...

He shook his head. That wasn't true. He was just physically and mentally exhausted. After a little rest, he would see that the experience wouldn't be so hard. Those months would fly by and when he least expected it, it would be time to return to his real life.

Feeling almost naked, he finally left the bathroom.

"Oh my gosh!" said Betsy, who was in the living room with her sisters.

"What happened?" asked Paul, ashamed. "Something wrong?"

"Something wrong?" said Daniela. "Are you kidding, right? You look fabulous!"

"Absolutely!" said Anabel. "Better than I expected! Girl, you'll be a success here!"

After lunch, they spent the whole afternoon chatting. Paul told the girls about *his life*. Anabel and the others listened attentively and asked about a lot things in detail.

Paul also wasn't used to that. In men's conversations, no one interrupts you every minute to ask something that, for him, seemed unimportant. But the girls were different. He soon realized that in a woman's conversations, you have to tell everything... *Literally!*

Also, the girls were much more expressive in every way. They gestured, changed intonation every sentence and were not afraid to express their emotions. After two hours of conversation, without Paul realizing it, he was starting to sound and act as *his cousins*.

He had to talk about *his adolescence*, the relationship with his mother and her untimely death; his jobs and the move to the United States. Obviously, the story created by Sara wasn't detailed, so he had to invent many things, and hoped he could remember everything later if he was asked about some point again.

The worst part was when he was asked about his old boyfriend. The girls wanted to know how they had met, if he was handsome, how Rosa felt when he kissed her, how she had fallen in love and how was the sex with him.

"The s-sex?" Paul stammered.

"Yes, silly girl!" Betsy said. "C'mon, you don't need to be embarrassed. We are your family, remember?"

"And we like to talk about these things..." Daniela said, with a chuckle. "I mean, what girl doesn't?"

The three girls stood in silence and looked at Paul, anxious. Trapped, he began to improvise.

"Well... Umm... the sex was great..." he said, realizing that it wasn't enough. "He was very kind and gentle..."

Not knowing how to continue, Paul decided to leave the instincts of that body speak for him. Taking on the role of Rosa, the hot Latina girl, it wouldn't be so difficult to create a sex scene.

"He had large hands, you know?" he said, imagining manly and strong hands touching the body in which he was stuck. "And a great body... so brawny... When he got me, I almost lost my senses... Then, he always played with my boobs – first gently, but then with more intensity, until he make me completely horny. It was when his hand came down..."

Paul's breath was again accelerated and his eyes were closed. He could almost feel what he was creating in his mind.

"Oh, when he touched me there!"

"I think we already understood, honey!" Anabel said.

Paul felt his face burning in shame. What the hell was he doing?

"Who could say that behind that shy appearance there was such a dirty girl?" Daniela said. "Oh, don't worry, *chica*. That was a compliment!"

After that, it was time for the girls to talk a little about their lives. Paul learned that they had left the house of their parents a few months earlier, and had opened a beauty salon where the three

girls worked together. The salon was only a few blocks of the house they had rented.

"I'm glad you girls are doing well in business!" Paul said.

"Thank you" Anabel said. "And you know what's best? We think you can work with us!"

"But I've never worked in a salon before."

"Don't worry about that! Right now, we need someone to work as a receptionist and an assistant."

"That's true" Betsy said. "You'll only have to answer the phone, schedule appointments and help us in some simple tasks."

"In the meantime" Daniela said, "I can teach you how to work as a manicurist! I'm the only one in this function at the salon and I'm a little overwhelmed!"

"So, what you think?" asked Anabel.

Being a manicurist really wasn't in Paul's career plans. Not after so many years in college. But he knew he had no choice. Until the end of that experiment, those girls were all he had, and he didn't want to piss them off.

"It would be wonderful!" he said, trying to appear delighted. "Thank you so much, girls! You three are being so good to me! I don't know what I would do without you!"

"No problem, sweet!" said Betsy. "We are very glad you're here!"

"Absolutely!" said Daniela. "You're our cousin and we love you!"

The next day, Paul and *his cousins* went to the salon in the morning. The feminized man had a terrible appearance because he hadn't had a good night's sleep.

He was already living as a girl for a few days, but he still hadn't got used to sleep with his new shape. It was very difficult to find a nice position with those huge boobs. Also, for some reason, the night before he was very horny during sleep, and had woken up several times during the night because of that.

"What's wrong, *Rosita*?" Anabel asked. Paul, really hated that nickname the girls had given to him. It could be even more degrading than his new name. "You don't look well."

"Don't worry" he replied. "I'm fine."

"No, you aren't." Betsy said. "And you don't need to lie to us."

"O-okay" he said. Then, he made up a story that he thought would be believable. "The truth is that I can't sleep well since my boyfriend left me. I know he doesn't deserve it, but I keep thinking about him and it hurts so much!"

"Poor girl!" Daniela said. "And I see that you are unmotivated to even look presentable. Excuse me for saying this, *Rosita*, but your hair doesn't look good. Besides, you're not wearing any makeup... "

"You know what?" Anabel said. "We have some time before our first appointment, so we can give to *Rosita* a complete makeover at the salon!"

"Thank you, but I don't think it's necessary!" said Paul.

"It's more than necessary" Betsy said. "Nothing is better to raise the self esteem of a girl than to feel pretty!"

"I agree!" Daniela said. "Also, when we finish you'll be so irresistible that will have a thousand guys wanting to date you! You'll forget your pig ex-boyfriend in a heartbeat!"

The salon was essentially pink, with photos of Latina girls with fancy hairstyles on the walls. There was a counter at reception, with a phone and a computer; hair and nail stations; three large dryers; a bathroom; and a room at background reserved for the waxing.

This was exactly the place where they started. As much as Paul insisted that he didn't need a waxing, the girls stated that his skin would look even better after this procedure.

The feminized man had experienced the pain a few times in his life, but nothing compared to that. At each hot wax strip that the girls plucked off, it was like they ripped out his skin together.

"I can't believe that you never had a waxing!" Betsy said. "Girl, you have a lot to learn."

After this suffering, Paul had a moment of satisfaction as Daniela rubbed a moisturizer cream all over his body. Then, he was taken to a hair station where Anabel began to curl his hair with small rolls. At the end of the process, she poured a smelly liquid in his head.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Don't worry, honey!" she said. "I know what I'm doing! You'll love the result!"

Paul wasn't too sure about that, but he didn't have much time to think about the issue because soon Betsy began working on his hands.

"Rosita, you need to take care of your nails. Look at them! They are so short... I think I know what I have to do."

She then began to attach acrylic extensions to his fingers.

"Betsy, I'm not used to having such long nails!"

"Oh, you'll get used to them soon! Plus, you'll feel so feminine with long nails that you'll never want to see them short again! Trust me"

After bonding, she dried the glue with a small pistol. Then, she started to file the extensions. Without letting Paul see her job, Betsy applied several layers of nail polish. After that, she took a tiny brush and worked for a while, as concentrated as an artist putting the final touches on his painting.

"All done!" she said, finally. "Now you can take a look!"

When Paul looked at his hands, he was very surprised. His nails were extremely long and pointed. They were polished with red nail polish and decorated with floral designs and a lot of glitter.

Next, Paul was taken to the hairdryer and Betsy began work on his toenails.

"Here" said Daniela, handing him a magazine. "You can read for now. Anabel will call you soon."

The magazine was apparently a publication focused on young women. There were articles about beauty care, fashion and relationship tips. An article in particular, entitled *How to drive your man crazy*, made Paul's face as red as a tomato.

"Hmm... I knew you'd like reading this" said Daniela, appearing suddenly.

"No! I just..." but before he could complete the sentence, she walked away again.

To make matters worse, he soon realized that it was extremely difficult to manage things with these nails. He felt almost like Edward Scissorhands. How could the girls live with long nails? He would find out soon. After all, *he* had become one of the *girls*.

That situation was completely surreal. If a few weeks before someone had told Paul that he would be sitting in beauty salon with a hairdryer on his head, a pink cape over his body and a girly magazine in his hands, he would have laughed and said that the person was completely crazy.



After about half an hour, *Rosita* was taken to the hair station again. After removing all the rollers and pins, Anabel began to cut and style Paul's hair, while Daniela was working on his face.

"I'm going to trim your eyebrows a bit, okay?" she said, taking tweezers.

"My eyebrows?" Paul said. "What's wrong with them?"

"Are you serious?! Girl, having such a natural beauty really made you a little sloppy."

Without giving further explanation, she began to work on Paul's eyebrows. The procedure was a little painful, but nothing compared to the waxing.

"Perfect! Now it's time for your makeup."

"Can I see how I look?"

"Not now. You have to wait until everything is done."

The girls had covered the mirror ahead with a towel, so Paul had no idea about what was happening. He just wanted to make sure the girls weren't doing anything too extreme.

"All right, Rosita!" said Anabel, after a considerable time. "Take your clothes off now."

"What?!"

"We brought other clothes for you, silly" Betsy explained. "I mean, you'll be the receptionist of the salon, right? So you have to dress according to the image we want customers to have about us."

"You are, like, our pitchwoman!" Daniela said.

Without choice, Paul put on a floral blue blouse, which had spaghetti straps and ended above his navel; orange legging, which were so tight that it was possible to see his thong through them; and low wedge high heels.

"I don't know if I can walk in these things!" Paul complained.

"So, let me guess. You aren't used to wearing heels!" Betsy said. "I'm sorry for being so harsh, Rosita, but it's no surprise your boyfriend has left you. I can't understand why your mother didn't teach you all those girly things."

The girls chose a few accessories for *Rosita*, including large hoop earrings, silver bracelets, an ankle bracelet with a flower-shaped pendant and many rings. Fortunately, one of the nurses who worked with Sara had pierced Paul's ears. Otherwise, the girls certainly would be even more outraged by his lack of femininity.

"Okay, Rosita" Daniela said. "Now you can see the *new* you!"

Paul didn't like the happy expression of the girls. It couldn't mean anything good for him. Even preparing himself for the worst, he was in shock when the mirror was finally uncovered.

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed.

"The girl" in the reflection looked like "her cousins", but "she" was even hotter – *so much* hotter.

"I can't believe it's me!" he said, covering his mouth with his hands.

His hair was immaculately curled and volumized, with highlights at the ends. His makeup was dramatic, with blue shadow highlighting his eyes, false eyelashes, blush, red lipstick and gloss. His boobs were practically jumping out of his blouse, and his legs seemed incredible in the leggings, with the high heels emphasizing even more his big butt.

"So, do you like it?" Anabel asked.

"Oh, you girls did a superb job! I look so pretty!" He replied, pretending he was amazed. What else could he say, after all?



The day wasn't easy for Paul, since his responsibilities at the salon weren't as simple as they seemed at first glance. The place had a large client base and it was always crowded. Having to host clients, answer the phone, schedule appointments and do some favors for *his cousins*, Paul felt lost at first. All of this, of course, speaking in a foreign language.

"Oh, excuse us for the mistake!" said Betsy for a client. "This is the first day for Rosita and she is

a little slow. Anyway, you will be attended to now and we will give you a good discount!"

Paul felt extremely humiliated by what was happening. He was an engineer, after all, not a dumb girl who couldn't even work as a receptionist.

In the following days, Paul began to adapt to his new position. He still had trouble talking to people sometimes, because of his limited vocabulary, but he was already managing to do a reasonable job.

At times, when the salon was less busy, one of the girls always gave him a women's magazine, so he could learn more about beauty and fashion. He hated it at first, but gradually he began to get used to that kind of reading. He told himself that he was doing it just to keep in character, but the truth was that he was really starting to enjoy it.

In fact, he was already beginning to look at the beautiful women who frequented the salon in a different way. Instead of coveting them, like any other *man* would do, he was analyzing her clothes, hair and makeup. The women did the same about him, and they always looked at *Rosita* with some envy, because of *her* exuberant beauty, which unconsciously made Paul very proud.



That's right, bitch! he thought once. *Which man would look at you with me around?*

Shortly after, that thought made him sick. What was happening to him? Since when was he interested in attracting men's attention? Reflecting on this issue, he remembered the photographs of strong and handsome men in the women's magazines were making him feel a weird tingling down there...

In desperation, he tried to convince himself that it was just temporary. This was happening because he was exposed to that new reality, which was so different from his *real* life.

But that isn't exactly what they were searching on this experiment? said a cruel inner voice. *Maybe this is right. Maybe it is really possible to completely change a person's personality.* Feeling a chill, Paul thought that perhaps he would be trapped as Rosita forever. He had changed so much in just a few days... How would he be after six months?

He couldn't let that happen. He dropped the magazine on the reception counter and began researching on the computer some of the old sites about subjects he liked, like sports.

But he soon noticed another weird thing. When he opened the first site, one of which he used to visit daily before, he realized he couldn't read anything in English. That was impossible! How could he completely forget a language with which he had contact for a lifetime? He tried to think in English, but even the simplest phrases, such as "How are you?", appeared in his mind with extreme difficulty.

He then struggled more, trying to remember other phrases, but his head started to hurt. What did that meant? He needed to find out. But first, he tried to access a site *for men*, even in Spanish, to try to counteract all that exposure to girly stuff.

Again, it didn't work out very well. He just couldn't concentrate reading anything related to sports or other manly subject. At the end of every paragraph, he realized he hadn't assimilated anything. Also, an anxiety grew within him, and he began to research about makeup for the summer and other stuff like that, which made him feel good again. Definitely, something must to be done.

The opportunity came on a Saturday night. As on all weekends, the girls went to a nightclub and, despite all the insistence of them, *Rosita* said *she* didn't want to go there because *she* was still feeling sad about *her* ex-boyfriend. Finally alone, Paul went to the Daniela's computer to talk to Sara.

During the preparations for the experiment, Sara had told Paul that he should make contact once a month through a secure channel on the Internet to report what was going on. The first month hadn't ended yet, but Paul couldn't wait. After suffering to connect the webcam and

access the right url, he finally succeeded in establishing the connection.

"¿Estás ahí, Sara?"

"Who are you?" asked the woman. "How did you get access to this channel?"

"I... I... can't... understand you..." said Paul, with so much effort.

"Do you know this is a private channel of the US government? You can be arrested and..." Sara stopped talking and peered at the woman on the screen. "*Rosa*, is it really you?" she asked in Spanish.

"Yes, it's me!"

Sara couldn't believe it. She knew that Paul would change over time and get even more feminine, but she wasn't prepared to see the husband of her best friend looking like that.

Rosa was wearing a striped, sleeveless blouse, which was tied just below her boobs. Talking about her breasts, they were raised by her bra and almost completely exposed. *Her* face was perfectly made-up, *she* had an extremely feminine and glitzy hairstyle, and *she* was wearing big and red hoop earrings. However, it wasn't just his look that had changed. Paul was also moving, talking and acting as an authentic bimbo girl.

"Why are you contacting me right now, *Rosa*? I told you to wait until the end of the month to make the first contact." Sara asked, recovering her composure.

"I know, but there's something I need to discuss with you now!"

"Which is...?"

"I can't speak English!"

"Of course you can't! Why would a Dominican girl like you speak English?"

"But..." Paul began to say, with tears in his eyes. "How?"

"As I explained to you before, we can insert some basic knowledge in the minds of our volunteers. I don't know if I mentioned it, but we can also *take* some knowledge..." she said, casually. "That's what we did."

"You hadn't the right to mess with my mind this way!"

"Stop it, Rosa! I think you still are with teething problems. Maybe we should extend the period of the experiment... "

"Extend?! No, not that! Please, Sara!"

"We'll see..." After that, the woman asked some questions about his first days as Rosa. "Do you have something more to say?" she asked at the end. "I'm really busy here."

Paul thought about his recent attraction to men, but he concluded that talk about it would be something too embarrassing for him... He would wait a few days to see if it really was a real problem, or something created by his imagination.

"No... It's all."

"Good. See you in a few weeks."

As soon as Sara closed the communication channel, she heard knocking at the door of her office.

"Come in" she said, and then she saw that it was Linda, Paul's wife.

"Hello, Sara. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"That's fine! I'm really in need of a break. Working Saturday night?"

"It looks like I'm not the only one."

"I have to finish some reports... And how about you?"

"Well... The truth is that I am not being able to stay at home for so long. The place looks very empty and depressing without Paul."

Sara felt a twinge of guilt at that. "I see" she said.

"Can you tell me how he's doing?"

"He's okay, Linda. There's nothing to worry about."

"Thank you, Sara! I just can't wait to see him back. At least the term of the experience is already ending."

Obviously, Linda knew nothing about the cruel plan drawn up by her father. She was still thinking that Paul was playing the role of a teacher in a nearby town, and would be back in a few days.

"That's nice, isn't it?" Sara said. "So, if you could excuse me now..."

"Oh, okay! See you later!"

When the woman left, Sara removed her glasses and rubbed her temples.

"It seems that Linda will have an unpleasant surprise very soon..."

The next day, Anabel, Betsy and Daniela were lying on the sofa with a terrible hangover.

"Last night was incredible!" Betsy said, sipping a glass of water with a drinking straw.

"Oh, yes!" Daniela agreed. "You really should have come out with us, Rosita. So many hot men!"

"You two really had fun with them, right?" Anabel said. "I lost count when I saw each of you kissing the third guy."

Anabel was the only one of the three sisters who had a boyfriend. He was a tattoo artist called Emanuel.

"Of course we had fun!" Betsy said. "And next time Rosita will be with us! No excuses!"

"What are we going to do today?" Daniela asked. "I'm already bored."

"I think I'll just lie down and watch TV" Anabel said. "My head is killing me!"

"Yeah, me too" Betsy said.

"You girls are so weak!" Daniela said.

"We'll talk about it when you're my age" Anabel said, as if she was a sixty years old lady.

"Oh, I know what I can do!" Daniela announced excitedly. "Come with me, Rosita!"

"Where?" Paul asked, suspicious.

"Our bedroom, silly! A while ago I promised to teach you how to work as a manicurist. Why not now? We're doing nothing, anyway."

In the bedroom, she then picked up a box with her working materials and handed it to Paul.

"Pick a nail polish you like. I'll just take a quick shower and I'll be right back."

Paul opened the box and found some scissors, pliers, nail files and many bottles of nail polish.

Oh, that's cool! he thought, remembering an article he had read about the best colors of nail polish for a date. Frantically, he searched for a nail polish which would look nice with his skin tone. "I think this orange one could look lovely on me..." she said aloud, without even realizing it.

"Nice choice, Rosita" said Daniela, returning to the bedroom.

Paul was so distracted that it took a while to him to look at *his* cousin. When he finally did it, his jaw dropped.

"Something's wrong, sweet?" asked Daniela.

"You're... naked!"

"So?"

"Well... I..."

"We're all *girls* here, right? Moreover, it's pretty hot here today! Now, let's work!"

Daniela sat down next to Paul. After so many days, there was a naked woman just a few feet away from him. He looked at her body, feeling extremely powerless. She was naked in front of him without any embarrassment, because at that time he was just another girl. Moreover, however much he wished to deny it, he wasn't feeling any excitement at seeing a sexy naked woman. *This is because I'm a married man*, he tried to convince himself. *I only have eyes for Linda, my wife.*

"Now, give me your hands and I'll teach you what you have to do" Daniela said. "First of all..."

During the next two hours, Daniela taught Paul all about taking care of nails. At one point, Paul even forgot that Daniela was naked. He was fully concentrated on what he was doing.



"Very good, Rosita!" Daniela said, looking at her own hands.

"Did you really like it?"

"Yes! You still have to improve your technique, but you have a natural talent!"

"Oh, thank you very much!" Paul said, truly proud of himself. For a moment, he even forgot about his old life...

The following week, Daniela continued to teach Paul how to be a manicurist. At the salon, sometimes, he watched the girl working while she narrated all procedures. Then, one day, Paul did the nails of a client, who was quite satisfied.

"Nice work, *chica*" Daniela said. "I think you're ready! I'll talk to Anabel and Betsy that we need a new receptionist so you can work with me! And you know what? It deserves a celebration! Saturday you'll go out with us to party all night long!"

"Thank you, Daniela! But about the Saturday night, I don't know if that is a good idea..."

"Of course it is! Look, Rosita, I know that you still miss your ex-boyfriend, but you can't stay locked at home forever! I really think the best way to get over someone is getting a new lover, or a lot of them, but if you think that you're not ready for that, you can just have fun with us! So, what do you say?"

Paul wanted to avoid it in every way, but he was running out of excuses. "Alright, Daniela! I'll go out with you girls!"

"Fantastic! I promise you will not regret it!"

What she didn't know was that *Rosita*, even with that frozen smile on *her* face, was already feeling regretful.

Despite being a few blocks away of the place, Paul could already hear the beats of the music that was being played at the nightclub. The night was warm and starry, and a crowd of young people was moving in the same direction.

Many of the guys were dressed in tight shirts, showing their muscular and tanned bodies, jeans and sneakers. Some of them were wearing sunglasses, even though it was night, and the hairstyles were quite varied.

The girls were wearing dresses and skirts very short and sky-high heels. He was also wearing heels – 3 inch pump heels which were silver and covered in glitter – but his shoes, compared to the heels of the *other* girls, were child's play.

He was surprised by the fact that he had learned to walk in high heels so fast. Not only that, he was also moving as a woman nearly all the time. How was that possible? He wondered that maybe those crazy people of the government had also put such skills in his brain without him knowing.

However, if Paul had made a more *conservative* choice in relation to the shoes, the same couldn't be said about his clothes. The girls had selected for him a red dress with cleavage that literally went to his navel. Over his boobs, there was only one strip, and it was perfectly possible to see his nipples through the material, since the dress was obviously made to be worn without a bra. It was so short that it ended just below his butt, and, as he walked, the dress went up and he had to tuck it constantly to avoid that everyone could see the tiny black thong he was wearing.

His hair was neatly combed and his face was made up with black and smoky shadow, false eyelashes and bright red lipstick. He was also wearing chandelier earrings that matched his shoes, many bracelets and rings and an ankle bracelet.

As expected, the feminized man was very uncomfortable dressed that way. He felt extremely vulnerable and exposed. Also, all men, even those who were accompanied, coveted his body without any embarrassment, as if he were a simple piece of meat.

"What's wrong, Rosita?" Betsy asked.

"Everybody is looking at me!"

"Of course they are, *chica!* You look fabulous!"

"But I don't like to call so much attention!" he complained.

"You will see that it has its advantages!" Anabel said, making Paul even more nervous.

When they arrived at the entrance of the nightclub, there was a big queue to get in the place.

"Now you'll see what I was talking about" Anabel said. "Come with me."

She dragged Paul to the two gatekeepers of the nightclub.

"Go there and convince them to let us in before everyone!"

"What?! How... how can I do that?"

Anabel looked at *her cousin* from head to toe.

"Are you kidding me? I'm sure you'll find *a way!* Go now!"

Paul couldn't believe that. He was about to flirt with two guys! With uncertain steps, he

advanced slowly. The two guys were black, brawny and were wearing black suits. They looked at Paul closely as he approached.

"G-good night, guys!" he said.

"Hello, *mamasita!*" one of them said. "What can we do for you?"

"Well, I was wondering..." Paul said, curling his hair with a finger and rubbing his leg, nervously. He didn't realize that doing so he looked even sexier. "Could you guys let my friends and I go in now?"



Some girls who were close started to call *Rosita* a slut, whore and bitch.

"See?" the other guy said. "We can't allow that. The other people will be angry."

Anxiously, Paul looked back and saw that Anabel was still watching him. She wouldn't be satisfied if he would give up so easily.

"Pleeease, guys!" he said, brushing his red nail over the chest of one of the gatekeepers. "I want it so bad!" he whispered in the ear of the other.

"Oh, really?" said the first one, rubbing her belly. "If so, show us how much you want it!"

The second gatekeeper approached from behind and began to rub Paul's back. He wanted more than anything to move away from those men, but he couldn't. In addition, to his own astonishment, that situation was beginning to make him aroused.

"Oh, guys! You two have great hands!" he said, without believing in his own words.

Paul tried to control himself. He couldn't let that happen – especially there, in front of so many people.

"So... can we go now?" he asked after some time, in a seductive voice.

"Of course, sexy!" said the first guy. "You just have to give us a little kiss!"

Without thinking, Paul approached the guy who was in front and kissed his cheek, hoping he would be satisfied with that. Then, he turned to the second guy with the intention to do the same. However, the man turned his face right at the moment that Paul was going to kiss his face and the lips from the two met. Shocked, the feminized guy tried to pull away quickly, but the gatekeeper held Paul's head with one hand and the kiss lasted for endless seconds.

When Paul finally managed to break free, he saw that the gatekeeper was smiling happily.

"Your friends and you can go ahead, dear. But I'll look for you at the end of the night so we can have some more fun" he said, making Paul even more sick.

He had kissed another man! A *man*! This was a nightmare. Without saying another word, he entered the nightclub accompanied by *his cousins*.

"Good work, *chica*!" Betsy said with a wink.

The interior of the place was stuffy and had dark walls. Bright lights were issued in all directions, while the DJ, located on a small stage in the background, was playing a Reggaeton (a mix of reggae, hip hop, salsa and electronic music, which was the favorite musical style in Dominican Republic) in a deafening volume.

Paul soon realized that the lyrics were obscene, but not as obscene as the dance of the people. He thought that it was almost explicit sex! The girls wiggled seductively in tiny skirts and dresses while the guys rubbed their cocks on their asses. That was a big culture shock for Paul. He had taken part in some *lively* parties in his country, but nothing like that.

He immediately regretted having come to this place with the girls. What would he do if they dragged him to the dance floor?

"I think you need something to drink," said Daniela, realizing *Rosa's* discomfort.

Paul didn't know if that was a good idea. On the one hand, he certainly would be a little more relaxed after a drink, but then, he could lose inhibition, and he knew it could be dangerous. Even so, he decided to drink. Otherwise, it would be impossible to stay there for even five minutes.

"Okay" he said. "Where can we buy the drinks?"

"Buy?!" Betsy said with a giggle. "We don't have to buy anything, silly girl! Follow me!"

Without understanding what was going on, Paul was dragged to the bar, while Anabel and Daniela were looking for a table.

Since the nightclub was packed with people, the way wasn't easy. To make matters worse, all the guys ate Paul up with their eyes and some of them even tried to grab him. Fortunately, Betsy demonstrated knowledge on how to handle that situation and Paul arrived alive at the bar. Then, he quickly understood what she meant before.

"Hello, hotties! Do you two want something to drink?" a guy who was leaning on the counter asked. He was tall, had dark, short hair, and was wearing a sleeveless shirt, black pants and a silver necklace around his neck.

"Sure!" Betsy said, without wasting time.

The guy smiled at *the girls*, especially at *Rosita*, who blushed.

Paul was afraid about what that guy would want in exchange for the drinks. When he returned, he wasn't alone. There was another guy, who seemed very happy to see Rosa and Betsy.

"Here, sugar!" said the first guy, giving a blue drink to Paul, while the other guy walked over to

Betsy.

"What is this?" the feminized man asked.

"A margarita!" the guy said, who was drinking something that looked like whisky. "I thought you would like it!"

"Oh, I love it!" said Paul, embarrassed. In fact, he was too weak to drink, and he would have preferred a beer. However, he didn't want to ask another favor of the guy and get further into debt with him.

"I'm Jose" he said. "And you?"

"What?" Paul asked, unable to hear what the guy had said because of the music.

"What's your name?" Jose asked again, with his mouth stuck in Paul's ear. He also took the opportunity to engage Paul's waist with his free hand.

"I'm Rosa" Paul answered. "But you can call me Rosita."

One second later, Paul wondered why the hell he had said that. Obviously, Jose understood that as a flirt and moved closer to *the girl*.

"A beautiful name for a beautiful girl!" he said. Paul thought that apparently this guy wasn't a genius with words. On the other hand, it was hard to blame him for being a little stupid with those perfect boobs right before his eyes.

"Thanks!" Paul said, sipping his drink to relieve some tension. He knew that he needed to get rid of that guy as soon as possible.

"So, what's your occupation, Rosita?" Jose asked, while his hand was coming dangerously close to Paul's butt.

"I... I..." the feminized man stammered, feeling a shiver down his body. "I work in a beauty salon. For now I'm just a receptionist, but soon I'll be a manicurist."

"A beauty salon? That's nice! Maybe I can stop there for a haircut... or something else!"

"Hmm..." Paul muttered, unable to think straight. "Yeah... I mean... I would love that!"

Without realizing it, Paul had given the worst answer possible. Understanding that as a green light, Jose put his hand on feminized man's neck, ready to kiss him. Just at that moment, Betsy came to rescue Paul.

"Excuse me for interrupting you guys, but I need Rosita for one second" she said.

"Now?!" Jose asked, angry.

"Yes. I need to go to the bathroom, and you know we girls always go there together!"

"Fine! I will wait for you right here, Rosita!"

"Oh, maybe you have to look for her later, you know..."

Then, *the girls* moved away.

"What were you doing, *chica*?" Betsy asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You can't kiss a guy so fast! He will think that you are too easy and will lose interest. You need to tease a little more."

"Betsy, you know that I don't want to kiss any guy!" Paul protested.

"Oh, really? That's not what it seemed. You were practically throwing yourself at him!"

In the bathroom, they retouched their makeup, and then they went looking for Anabel and Daniela, who were at a table in a corner. There was also a guy, who had an undercut, neatly trimmed beard and arms full of tattoos. He was wearing a red shirt and sunglasses. Paul concluded that he must be Emanuel, Anabel's boyfriend.

"Hello, girls!" Daniela said. "Where have you two been?"

"Well, Rosita was busy with a guy, so to speak" Betsy said.

"That's not..." Paul said.

"Really?" Anabel said, interrupting the feminized man. "How about that talk of not being ready for a new relationship?"

"Maybe she really doesn't want a relationship" Daniela said. "Just sex."

Everyone at the table laughed, except Paul, who was extremely embarrassed.

"Oh, I didn't know that Rosita was so pretty!" Emanuel said. "Nice to meet you, *chica*."

"Hey, did you forget that I'm here?" asked Anabel.

"Of course not, babe! I'm not speaking for *myself*, but some friends of mine would love to meet her! Also, have you ever thought about being a model, Rosita? I know someone who could get that for you easily!"

"A model?!" Paul exclaimed. "I don't think..."

"That would be great!" Betsy said, before Paul could complete the sentence again. "Our cousin can be famous! That would be so great!"

"But I..." Paul tried one more time.

"She may even appear on some TV show, like *Noche Caliente*!" Daniela said, smiling.

Paul didn't like that idea either. He has seen this program a few times. It was a variety show with a lot of hot girls dancing and parading around in tiny bikinis. At least that time, he decided to impose his will.

"Thank you, Emanuel, but I'm not interested. I wouldn't feel comfortable working as a model."

He realized that the girls were clearly disappointed, but they didn't insist.

Over the next hour, *Rosita*, Betsy and Daniela returned to the bar at least three times for new rounds of drinks (always paid for some guys), and the feminized man soon was pretty drunk. It was increasingly difficult to resist the advances of the horny men that surrounded him at all times.

"C'mon, Rosita, let's dance!" said Daniela, at a given moment, when they emptied their glasses again.

Being drunk, Paul was easily dragged by *his cousin*. Betsy and Daniela started dancing sexily, attracting the attention of the men around. Ashamed, Paul just rocked his body shyly and looked around with frightened eyes.

"C'mon, Rosita! You aren't doing it right." Daniela said. "Follow my steps!"

Paul wasn't interested in dancing, especially that kind of dance, but he didn't want to go against the will of the girls twice at the same night.

"First, just move your hips slowly "Daniela began teaching. "On one side to the other, on one side to the other... Very nice! Now raise your arms, but do not stop moving your hips! Yes! Now lower your arms slowly and rub your body. You can also put a finger in your mouth! This! Very sexy! Now start moving your hips faster. Feel the music! Yes, Rosita, you're such a naughty girl! Imagine that all men here are looking at you! They all want you! That's a great feeling, isn't? Being coveted by everyone around! I know you like it!"

Paul felt like he was going into a trance. He realized he was really getting aroused by the idea that all men were looking at him. He was moving his hips faster and faster. Suddenly, a big, brawny guy, who was shirtless and was wearing a cap, came from behind him. He grabbed Paul's waist and started rolling at the same pace of the feminized man, rubbing his cock in Paul's ass. However, at that time there was no longer Paul – there was just Rosita, the hot Latina girl.

Realizing that the guy's dick was hard as a rock, she started rubbing her ass against it even more intensely, while the man's hands grabbed her boobs. She looked around for a moment and she saw that Betsy and Daniela were also dancing with men. Betsy was even already kissing the guy. Rosita thought that it was very ironic, after her speech about not being so easy. However, Rosita didn't think about it for a long because she had her own urges to deal...



The man started to kiss her neck, which released a new wave of pleasure in Rosita's body. She turned away and wrapped her arms around the man's neck. Wasting no time, he kissed her deeply. It was a hot, passionate kiss, which made Rosita shiver from head to foot.

Without thinking, she took her hand down to the pants of the guy and felt his cock, which was throbbing. The man returned the favor, rubbing her soaked pussy under her dress.

"How about we go somewhere else?" he asked, nibbling her ear.

"That's a great idea!" she said, breathlessly.

"Nice! I can't wait to see you out of that dress!"

The man began to escort Rosita off the dance floor. Betsy and Daniela were so busy with their own companions that they didn't realize what was happening.

Rosita just couldn't see that this was a stupid idea. If she weren't so dominated by lust, she would know that she shouldn't leave the nightclub accompanied by a stranger without even warn *her cousins*.

A little later, she was finally able to return to reason. Paul had come back, and he desperately wanted to get out of that situation. Unfortunately for him, they were near of the exit, and the stranger didn't seem inclined to simply give up his conquest – not after the way that *she* had teased him.

Paul thought of trying to escape, but he was too drunk for that. In addition, those high heels and tight dress wouldn't help too much.

"Listen, dear..." he said, insecure. "I think we'll have to postpone our fun."

"What are you talking about?" the man snapped.

"I'm not feeling well. I think I should..."

"Don't worry! You just need some fresh air! Furthermore, you will feel much better after we do what I'm planning!"

Without saying another word, the man continued to drag Paul, more abruptly this time. The feminized guy felt sick just wondering what this stranger might be planning.

"Sorry, but I don't want to go out with you. I changed my mind."

"Do you think that I am a fool, your bitch? I don't care about what you want! You should have thought about that before starting to rub your ass on my cock!"

They then crossed the exit door. Feeling helpless, Paul did the only thing that he could do in that situation.

"Leave me alone!" he shouted. "Somebody, please, help me!"

"What is happening here?"

Paul felt so relieved when he saw someone approaching then took time to realize that the person was the gatekeeper he had kissed in the early evening.

"Stay away, buddy. It's not your business."

"I think it is. It looks like this young woman doesn't want to leave with you, right, lady?"

"Yes!" Paul cried.

"So I think that you just should go now" said the gatekeeper to the stranger.

The man thought for a while, but in the end he decided not to continue arguing – the other guy was much stronger than him.

"If you want this crazy bitch so bad, make good use of her." he said, before walking away.

Extremely happy, Paul threw himself in the gatekeeper's arms.

"Thank you very much!" he said, sobbing. "I don't know what I would do without your help!"

"That's okay, honey! It seems that fate is really trying to put us together. Did you think I'd forgotten you? Now, how about a reward for your hero?"

Paul was very upset. Why do all the men have to be such pigs? He tried to kiss the man's cheek, but once again the guy kissed him on the mouth.

"I hope to see you again, babe. My shift ends in two hours, and then I will be all yours. Just meet me here!"

Paul only mumbled another thanks before heading back into the nightclub to tell girls he needed to go home... *Immediately!*

A few days later, the day scheduled for Paul to contact Sara finally arrived. This time, he had to say that he wasn't feeling well so he could miss work and be alone in their house. After the

incident at the nightclub, Paul had decided to be more cautious. Obviously, he had been forced to go out with the girls again, but he tried to stay away from drinks and men. The biggest problem was that he was getting more and more aroused every day. There wasn't a minute that his nipples weren't hard and his pussy wet. Feeling humiliated, he thought he had to talk about it to Sara. She needed to help him.

He had more trouble connecting on the channel and establishing the connection this time. Apparently, he was getting dumber and dumber. He was even forgetting the meaning of even the simplest English words, such as *yes* and *no*. When he finally managed to finish the procedure, it took more than five minutes for him to understand the phrase that appeared on the screen: "Connection established. Waiting response."

"Why is Sara taking so long to answer?" Paul wondered, all anxious.

With nothing to do, Paul looked around absently. Then, he saw something weird on the dresser of Daniela. There was a box that Paul had never seen before. Curious, he approached. When Paul opened the box, he gasped. Inside, he saw a big dildo. He was already closing the box when a crazy idea crossed his mind: What would it feel to have a dildo inside *his pussy*?

He shook his head, trying to convince himself that he couldn't do something like that. He looked at the computer screen again but there was still no sign of Sara. Then, he held the dildo with trembling hands. A minute or two wouldn't hurt, right?

He quickly undressed and lay on the bed of Daniela. His pussy was so wet that the object came into it easily and Paul let out a moan of pleasure. That was wonderful! With his other hand, he began to play with his boobs, increasingly ecstatic... It was when he heard a slight cough. Horrified, Paul saw that Sara was on the computer screen, watching the whole scene.



"Good morning, *Rosa*" the woman said.

"Sara! Hi! I'm sorry... I... I was just..."

Paul was so nervous that he approached the computer still half-naked and holding the dildo.

"You don't need to explain to me *Rosa*! "

Paul got dressed and sat at the computer, still very embarrassed.

"From what I see" Sara said, "you are adapting very well to your new body, isn't that correct?"

"I don't think so, Sara" Paul said. "And I would like to discuss this with you. The point is that I'm feeling some urges... All the time!"

"You mean, sexual urges?"

"Yes!"

"How often are you having orgasms?"

"As a woman? I never had one! I'm trying hard to control myself. I just can't do that!"

"Of course you can, *Rosa*, and you need to. You are a healthy young woman and what you're feeling is pretty normal. If you don't satisfy the needs of your body, these impulses will become even stronger."

Obviously, Sara kept for herself the information that what Paul was feeling wasn't just the needs of a *healthy young woman*. In fact, during the change of his DNA, his libido had been considerably increased.

"Stronger? But..."

"Talking about that" Sara said, interrupting him. "Was there any change in the kind of person for whom you feel sexual attraction?"

Paul really didn't want to talk about it, but he needed to find out what was going on.

"Yes!" he cried. "I'm feeling attracted to men!"

Sara thought that was amazing. Everything was going as planned.

"Why is this happening?" Paul asked. "I do not want to be with a man, but my body..."

"That's normal, too, *Rosa*, you don't need to worry about it" Sara said, taking notes on a clipboard as if this were the most trivial matter in the world. "So, you really haven't had any sexual relation with a man until now?"

"No!" Paul exclaimed, feeling a mixture of excitement and disgust at the thought. "But *my cousins* talk about it all the time, trying to arrange dates for me!"

"Really? And what else are they suggesting to you? "

"Well, the boyfriend of one of them said he could get for me a job as a model, and the girls were very excited about the idea. They want me to accept the offer, even though I always say I'm not interested!"

"I see..." After that, Sara asked other questions about Paul's new life and how he was adjusting to his new reality. Paul tried to ask about his wife, but he saw in Sarah's expression that this was a forbidden subject.

"I think we're done for now, *Rosa*. Just one last thing... I want you to do what *your cousins* are suggesting."

"What you mean?"

"It's time for you to begin to date guys. This will be healthy for you and important for our experience. Also, I think you should become a model."

"I won't do that!" Paul said, furious. "I may be stuck as a girl for the next few months, but I won't do such things!"

"Yes, you will, *Rosa*. Remember that this experiment aims to determine the level of adaptation of people when exposed to a new social context. So, you have to live, think and act as the girl that you are now! As I said countless times, if you do not cooperate, the period of the experiment can be extended. And do not try to fool me. I will know that. Have a nice day."

"Good job, Sara. You were perfect" Mr. Jones, Paul's father-in-law, said when the woman ended the conversation. He was in Sara's office and had seen and heard everything.

"Sir, I have to say that I still think that what we are doing to Paul is not fair!"

"Nonsense! We are doing what we have to do! That's better for everyone! And it seems that *she* is enjoying in *her* new body. Despite this initial resistance, very soon she will be the brainless slut that she is destined to be, and my daughter will be free."

Mr. Jones then left the office. Despite being coerced to do all that, Sara was felling so guilty... Not only because of the conversation with Paul, but also because of what she had done the day before...

Following the diabolical plan of Mr. Jones, she had told Linda that Paul had requested the indefinite extension of the period of his experience, because he was loving his new life. Linda obviously wouldn't believe it so easily, so Sara, *by accident*, had left Paul's papers on her desk, allowing Linda to take the documents.

As expected, Linda contacted the volunteer, who was actually another man who was pretending to be Paul at the behest of Mr. Jones. Some memories had been implanted in the mind of that man – memories that only the real Paul should have, and Linda believed after some reluctance that he really was her husband.

The impostor said he was happy for the first time in a long while, because he was away from all the pressure of being married to a woman as brilliant as Linda. He said he had always felt inferior to her, and so he had never achieved professional success. Now, he could start a new life, and he wasn't even sure if he really had loved Linda. He now believed that everything had been just some kind of fantasy.

Linda was heartbroken after such a conversation, and that was why Sara was also feeling depressed. Her friend had no idea that in fact her husband was living as a girl in a foreign country, completely unable to escape such a fate...

After the last talk with Sara, Paul started to get paranoid. What she meant when she said she would know if he tried to fool her? Could she have spies? Perhaps one of the *Rosa's cousins*? He didn't know, so, after some days, he decided to do what she had said, at least in part, to avoid problems.

Since having sex with men was out of the question, Paul decided to accept the offer to become a model. The girls were very happy with the news and Anabel immediately called Emanuel, her

boyfriend. The guy told the girls to go to his house that night, so Rosa could talk to his friend who worked as a modeling agent.

That was a special occasion and the girls decided that Rosa should wear an indecently short and low-cut pink dress and stiletto heels. When they arrived at Emanuel's house (which was in the back of his tattoo parlor), they saw that the modeling agent was already there.

He was a fat middle-aged man, who introduced himself as Luis Rodriguez. He was wearing a gray suit with a red scarf in one of the pockets, black shoes and big sunglasses. He was partially bald, but still boasted a small ponytail.

"Oh, I see that you have some potential" he said to *Rosa*. "Surely you can be a model. Pretty face, big boobs, nice legs... Turn around, please."

Paul blushed with that request.

"C'mon, girl!" Mr. Rodriguez insisted, impatient. "I don't have all the time in the world! Plus, I'm gay, so my interest is fully professional!"

Paul did what the man asked. Mr. Rodriguez then looked at his ass, and even groped it.

"Amazing! You know what, girl? I will give you a chance. But in this business you can't be so inhibited. You need to relax a bit."

"Don't worry, Mr. Rodriguez" Betsy said. "We will help her to be more *uninhibited*."

"Good! Now, let's drink something to celebrate! I'm thirsty!"

This time, Paul was forced to drink with the group because he didn't want to upset Mr. Rodriguez. Emanuel took out a bottle of whisky and served generous shots for everyone. The guy also took out a strange object called hookah. It was blue, long and looked like a large candlestick.

Paul discovered that it was a kind of giant pipe, coming from the Orient and very common in the Dominican Republic. The feminized guy had never smoked in his life, but even so he was persuaded to try it. When he took a drag, the smoke invaded his lungs and he started coughing. Laughing, Daniela taught him how to take a drag properly.

The combination of alcohol and tobacco made Paul dizzy pretty soon. He started laughing along with the others at the stories told by Mr. Rodriguez. This man was really funny... Eventually, the

agent returned to talk about the potential of Rosa. He said that she had a killer body and could become a very well known model in the country.

"Everyone will want you, girl" he said, smirking. "I hope you can get used to be in the spotlight."

Paul realized that this conversation was making him aroused. He imagined himself in a tiny bikini being coveted by everyone around... At another time, Paul would probably try to control what he was feeling, but not that night. He was drunk and in an environment that he considered safe, so he decided to free himself, at least once.

Just as on the first night at the nightclub, Paul was soon completely dominated by Rosita, his alter ego. *She* was entranced, imagining how wonderful would be *her* life as a famous model.

"So when will we start, Mr. Rodriguez?" Rosita asked, crossing her legs sexily.

"Keep your pants on, girl!" the man said. "First, we'll do a test in a photographic studio, and then, if all goes well, I will begin to schedule jobs for you. However, I think you'll be perfect!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rodriguez" Rosita said, taking a sip of her drink. "I can do *anything* to be a model!"

"Oh, girl, you're almost changing me into a straight man... but... wait a minute! There is something that you can do!"

"Just tell me!" Rosita said with a seductive voice.

"My friend here, Emanuel, is a tattoo artist, right? Models with tattoos are very well regarded in the business around here... I'm not talking about something extreme... just a small and sexy tattoo could work."

Paul almost regained control of the situation. He didn't want any tattoo, even a little one. However, Rosita was so strong at the moment... Also, his current body was just a temporary one. When he recovered his true form, there would be no tattoo. Therefore, he followed Emanuel...

Paul awoke with all his body aching, as if he had been hit by a truck. He realized that he wasn't in the bedroom of *his cousin*, where he usually woke up, but lying on a couch in a living room. He then remembered that place. He was in Emanuel's house, where he had met Mr. Rodriguez

the night before.

"Hello?" he said, but no one showed up. Paul then thought his voice was weird, as if there were something in his mouth. In fact, his tongue was also aching... Paul rose at the very moment that Daniela appeared.

"Good morning, sleepyhead" she said. "How are you feeling?"

Paul tried to answer, but all he was able to do was to drop incomprehensible grunts.

"Oh, I forgot that you can't talk for a while because of your tongue piercing. Emanuel said that some ice may help to reduce the swelling, though."

Paul widened his eyes in horror. Had his tongue been pierced?

"C'mon, Rosita, don't tell me you don't remember it. You practically begged for some piercings when Emanuel finished the tattoos. You said you wanted to be the hottest girl in the country!"

After hearing this, Paul began to vaguely remember what had happened the night before. Stunned, he realized that Daniela was telling the truth. He had said that! Even wearing only bra and panties, Paul ran through the house in search of a mirror. He desperately needed to see his body.

"Oh my god!" he tried to say when he saw his reflection.

He immediately saw three stars tattooed in his right shoulder. There was also a floral tattoo, extremely girly and colorful, which began in his left foot and climbed by his ankle. Paul thought that he had seen it all, but he was wrong. There was also a tribal tattoo on his tailbone that ended just above his butt; a butterfly on the back of his left shoulder; and a fairy behind his right ear. Also, besides his tongue, his navel and his nose had also been pierced.

Even if his tongue wasn't so swollen, Paul couldn't say anything at that time. He was too shocked to do so.

"I think you look *soo* beautiful!" Daniela said. "And the most important, Mr. Rodriguez loved all this! He was delighted with the way that you insisted to Emanuel to do all these tattoos and piercings, and said that you seemed to be a very committed person. Good work, girl!"

"So, Rosita, are you ready?" Julio, the photographer, asked.

"Y-yes" Paul answered, scared.

He was at a photography studio, about to pose for his first photo shoot. Mr. Rodriguez had approved the *Rosita's* test, and then had scheduled *her* first job as a model. The job was for a brand of swimsuits, which meant that Paul would only wear bikinis at that photo shoot. The feminized man was a little uncomfortable when Mr. Rodriguez talked about it and asked the agent if he could start with a simpler job. Mr. Rodriguez said that it was nonsense, because *Rosita* was the right *girl* for that photo shoot.

Hence, there was Paul, wearing just a silk robe over his red bikini and four-inch pump heels as he followed the photographer to the location where the photographs would be taken. His hair was extravagantly combed and his makeup was heavy, with dark smoky eyes and red lipstick.

"Right, Rosita" the photographer said, "Take off your robe, please. I know that this is your first photo shoot, so we'll start slowly, okay? Try to relax."

Paul did what the photographer asked and then he realized, ashamed, that his nipples became hard because of the air conditioning.

"Let's start with simple poses, just to test the lighting."

Paul placed his hands on his hips and smiled, feeling extremely ridiculous. That was an absurd idea. He could never be a model...

"Well, that is... *good*. However, you still seem a little tense. I want you to try to forget that this is a photo shoot, okay? Just act like you're trying to seduce someone you like. Can you do that for me?"

Paul thought it was pretty hard to forget that it was a photo shoot with so many people around and that spotlight on his face, but he had to try. Someone he liked... He thought about Linda, his wife, but it didn't work. He just couldn't imagine himself seducing her as Rosita. It seemed wrong... He realized that the photographer was starting to get impatient. Desperate, Paul thought he was in front of a tall, handsome and strong man. He didn't even know why he had thought of it, but it apparently worked. He immediately began to get excited.

"Very nice, Rosita! That's what I was talking about! Now put your hands over your head and bite

your lower lip. Fantastic! Yes, I love this expression!"

From that moment, the photographer no longer needed to give instructions to Paul. His body just knew what to do. He made several sexy poses, always highlighting his boobs, butt and legs.

"You're perfect, Rosita! The camera just loves you!"

Despite all the excitement, Paul was feeling very humiliated. For all life he had loved to see hot chicks in magazines. But now, he was the hot chick! He was the girl who would be lusted after by all men.

To make matters worse, at some point one of the photographer's assistant took out a bucket of water to wet Paul's body. Then, the bikini became even more bonded to Paul's body, and his boobs were clearly visible through the thin material. The feminized man tried not to think about it as he continued to pose for the camera. He shook his hair from one side to the other like he had seen hot girls doing so often, and then ran his hand from his delicate neck to the top of his left boob. After that, he knelt with spread legs and his boobs projected forward, putting a finger in the mouth.



"Oh, girl, that way we'll make a fortune!" the photographer said, amazed. "Now, it's time for a final pose. Turn around, please, and lift your butt."

Paul did so, feeling even more exposed. However, he knew he had to be a *good girl* to put an end to all that humiliation. So, while he lifted his ass, he also licked his lips, making the photographer dumbfounded... That was more than he was hoping for.

And so Paul's life went on in the following weeks. He was forced to appear on another two photo shoots, he kept working at the salon, and he went to nightclubs on weekends. Then, finally came the day of another chat with Sara.

"Good morning, *Rosa*" the woman said. "First of all, I would like to know... Wait a minute... What is this on your shoulder? Is that a tattoo?"

"Yes" Paul said, ashamed. "I was at the house of Anabel's boyfriend, who is a tattoo artist, and then..."

"Oh, *Rosa*, that's bad... very bad..."

"What you mean?"

"The procedure to which you've been subjected... It doesn't react well with permanent marks on skin..."

"I... I don't understand!" Paul said, panicking. Although Sara was speaking in Spanish, the only language that Paul understood now, his vocabulary was very limited and Sara was using tricky words.

"The reversal procedure of the DNA change is difficult and dangerous when..."

"Tell me something I can understand, please!"

"The point is that we can't change you back within the period established, *Rosa*. You will have to stay with this body longer than expected."

"What?! How much longer?"

"Eighteen months beyond the six previously established."

"But it's..." Paul then tried to do the math, taking a considerable time.

"Two years, *Rosa*." Sara said, impatiently.

"B-but..." Paul stammered, with tears in his eyes. "Just because of the tattoos? You should have told me before!"

"It was written in the documents you signed, *Rosa*. Don't you remember?"

"I... I don't know..."

Obviously, none of that was true. The fact that Paul's skin had been tattooed not entailed any problem for the reversal of the DNA's change. That event had just given to Sara the perfect excuse to tell Paul that he would have to keep living as a woman. Sara knew this was an extremely weak argument, but the poor Paul was getting dumber and dumber and could be easily fooled. She also knew that she would have another sleepless night ahead. What she was doing to Paul was driving her crazy. However, she had no choice –she was completely wrapped around Mr. Jones's fingers.

"Please, help me, Sara" Paul pleaded. "There must be something you can do!"

"I'm sorry. There's nothing, *Rosa*."

"How about Linda? How can I live two years away from her? By the way, how is she?"

Paul knew he wasn't supposed to talk about Linda, but he didn't care anymore.

"We can't..."

"Please, Sara! Tell me at least that! I beg you!"

"Okay... Just this time. Linda is..." she stopped, pretending to be reluctant.

"She is what?"

"She is going out with another man, *Rosa*. I'm sorry."

"What?! I don't believe that!"

"Why would I lie to you?"

"Who the hell is this guy?"

"A man called Edward. He's very smart, you know. Just like her."

"How could she do this to me? I am her husband!"

"Perhaps this relationship isn't something serious. Maybe she is just in need of care."

"And what can I do? How can I stop it?"

"You can't. Look, I'll try to help you with it. However, you'll be stuck as a woman for a while, so maybe you should move on. Maybe you can find a good man."

"I DON'T WANT TO FIND ANY..."

"You are so nervous now, Rosa... Obviously, this isn't the best time for us to continue our conversation. I can understand what you're feeling, but you should think about what I said. I'll see you in a month."

Sara felt even worse after this story she told to Paul. However, it wasn't a complete lie. Linda would actually go out with a man named David that night. Sara had just anticipated things a little. Maybe they really could become a couple soon...

In the following days, Paul was completely desperate. He considered several plans to escape from this nightmare, like telling the truth to *his cousins* (but he doubted they would believe such a story – and who could blame them?), asking for help to local police (but they would think that *Rosita* was just some crazy girl, or maybe something worse), contacting his wife (but, however much he tried, he couldn't remember the phone number of his former house), and he even thought about running away from the Dominican Republic and entering the United States illegally (but he soon concluded that this plan was doomed to failure, especially since *she* had already been deported from America).

In the end, he just decided to push Sara harder in the next conversation. She couldn't leave him in that situation. That wasn't fair. She had to find a solution. Also, he wanted to know everything about this story of his wife dating another man. At first, he had been sure that Sara was lying. But then, after some days, a cruel inner voice began to tell him that this might be true... Sara had said that David was a smart guy, just like Linda. Perhaps, since Linda was away from her husband for the first time, she had had the opportunity to analyze her relationship, and had concluded that Paul wasn't the right man for her. He wasn't so intelligent, and not even that good-looking... He was just a loser who couldn't even keep a job... He didn't want to believe in this, but it was increasingly difficult to think otherwise...

"Everybody is ready? We will go live in five minutes!"

Paul looked around nervously, while the girls next to him were checking their makeup one last time. He squirmed uncomfortably, trying to lower the end of his dress, but unfortunately that was a battle with no chance of victory. The hot pink dress he was wearing was indecently short and tight, and there was nothing he could do to change it.

Paul was at a television studio, where soon would begin the show *Noche Caliente*, very popular in the Dominican Republic. Mr. Rodriguez had said that *Rosita* would be very famous after participating in this show, and *her* modeling career would take off.

Noche Caliente was a supposed game show, in which a group of girls competed for a small cash prize and for the dubious honor of being one of the dancers at a party organized by the television channel. In fact, the goal of the show was to attract audience displaying a lot of hot girls in tiny clothes and degrading situations.

When the show began, the audience cheered enthusiastically the ten contestants, among them Paul, who waved shyly. The host greeted the girls and the judges – five guys who were in a corner of the stage. He then explained the rules of the game.

The first part wasn't so hard. *Rosita* just had to parade around the stage while the judges made comments about *her* beauty. Obviously, these comments were very indecent, and *the girl* had to keep smiling while the guys talked, for example, that *her* boobs looked like two delicious melons and that they would love to touch that wonderful ass. In the end, *Rosita* and three other girls, who were also very hot, received the maximum scores from all judges.

The next challenge was a bit more complicated. Each one of the contestants had to try to seduce one of the judges. *Rosita* saw that the girls were using all possible tricks to get a good score, so *she* would have to struggle too. When came *her* turn, *she* approached the man sensually.

"Hi, handsome" *she* said sensually. "Oh, you have big arms!" *she* then rubbed one of the guy's arms with *her* small, delicate hands.

"This isn't the only big thing that I have!" the guy said, making the audience laugh.

"Oh, really?" Paul said with an innocent expression, continuing his act. "What do you mean, mister? I don't understand!" he was feeling completely humiliated for being forced to act as a perfect bimbo, but he knew it could work.

"Why don't you look for it? You don't seem the smartest person in the world, but I'm sure that you are prepared for *this task!*" he said, and the audience laughed again.

"Okay!" *Rosita* said. "It will be my pleasure!"

She then began rubbing the man's body, starting by the chest and coming down slowly.

"Oh, you have a great abdomen, too" *she* said, massaging it. "Do you work out?"

"Y-yes!" the man gasped, clearly getting aroused. "But I have to say that your body is great too, *chica!*"

The man began to rub the body of *Rosita*, who also became excited. *She* let out a groan, which made *her* even more uncomfortable. How could they allow something like that to appear on TV? It was almost a scene of a cheap porno! Determined to finish it soon, *she* did what everybody was waiting for.

"Oh, I think I found it, handsome!" *Rosita* grabbed the hard cock of the guy and the crowd cheered. Finally, the host said that it was enough. At the end of this stage of the game show, *Rosita* was tied with two other girls in the lead of the competition.

Then, it was time for the *Lucky Roulette*. Each one of the five competitors qualified for this phase would have to attend a surprise challenge, randomly selected. According to the host, the challenges would test other skills of the girls, such as agility and resourcefulness. However, *Rosita* knew very well that there would be just more embarrassing situations.

After the draw, *Rosita* was desperate. *She* was selected to participate in the *bathtub challenge*. *She* had seen it on TV, and it was very, very bad.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the host said, "Our lovely *Rosita* will have to find five soaps that are in the water, and put them in the container standing on the edge of the bathtub. It seems pretty easy, right? But to make the challenge more interesting, someone from the audience will be in the bathtub with her to hinder a little the task of our competitor. Are there any volunteer?"

The presenter had barely finished this sentence when all the men in the audience raised their hands and shouted. *Rosita* just bit her lip in anguish...

During the commercial break, Paul was taken backstage to put on a tiny bikini, chosen by the program production. Then, he returned to the stage, where a young man was already inside the bathtub, smiling amid the water and the foam as if he had won the lottery.

After being authorized by the host, *Rosita* stepped into the tub. *She* tried to remain standing and look for the soaps with *her* feet, but *she* soon lost *her* balance and fell right in the man's lap, who took the opportunity to grab *her* tightly around the waist. Paul tried to break free, but obviously the other guy was much stronger than him now. With the foam covering their bodies, the man began to rub *Rosita's* boobs. *She* could also feel the guy's erection rubbing *her* ass.



Paul twisted desperately, but it only made him even more attached to the man's lap. Then, he tried a different strategy. Slowly, he began to turn his body, trying to free at least his arms. It worked, but also had its downside. *Rosita* was face to face with the man, with their faces practically glued. Then, catching *her* off guard, he gave a peck on *her* lips.

The feminized guy decided to ignore it and began to grope the bottom of the bathtub, looking for the soaps. However, the first thing he found wasn't a soap. It was hard, long and throbbing.

Embarrassed, she saw the man smiling.

So, she had an idea...

"Tell me if you like it, you jerk" *she* thought, as *she* clutched the guy's dick with all *her* strength.

After that, the task of finding the soaps was very easy. Again, Paul received a good score.

Paul felt a little relieved. The program was almost over. He only needed to face one last challenge. Before that, he went to the dressing room to change clothes once again. The last challenge would be a sensual dance competition, and *Rosita* would perform a reggaeton routine. *She* had rehearsed it exhaustively with Daniela, *her* cousin, who wasn't satisfied until *Rosita* was performing all the moves as a professional.

She took the outfit, which was also short, but was still much better than the bikini *she* had worn before. *She* pulled on a sexy lingerie set and the tight black skirt. The last piece of the outfit was a short blouse. The handles of which had to be tied at the back of the neck, and Paul was having trouble doing that by himself. Luckily, there was someone to help him

"Let me give you a hand" said a girl called Kathia, who was the other girl classified for the final.

"Hmm... Thanks" Paul said, a little insecure.

"You're welcome, sweetie. I know we're competing, but I think we girls have always to help each other, don't you think? That is the right thing to do."

The speech of Kathia was beautiful, but her intentions weren't so noble. She really wanted to win that show, and she was willing to do anything to reach she goal. She wouldn't allow that *busty slut* to ruin her plans. So, as she tied the straps of the blouse, she also did another little thing. *Rosita* really would be very surprised...

Kathia was the first to perform. She executed an amazing number which made the audience vibrate enthusiastically.

"Well" the host started, "it looks like *Rosita* will have to push herself if she wants to win the

show! Let's see what she can do!"

Rosita walked to center stage with *her* legs wobbly on top of her sky-high shoes. Then, when the music started playing, *she* began to dance.

She started swinging her hips to the beat, as she rubbed her body. Then, she turned her back and lifted her ass, driving the audience mad. After that, *she* shook *her* ass slowly, allowing *her* skirt to rise so everyone could see *her* thong for a moment.

A little later, the performance was coming to the end and *Rosita* knew very well what *she* had to do. Trying to control *her* embarrassment, *she* took off *her* blouse and *her* skirt. Despite all the humiliation, *she* felt a bit of pride because of the audience reaction. They were completely crazy. Crazy for *her*...

She then leaned on the floor, and started to shake *her* ass again, this time faster. So, *she* turned and sat on the floor with her legs open, still moving *her* body as if she were a serpent. Suddenly, the crowd started screaming even louder.

"Oh, yeah, they love me!" Paul thought.

What he didn't know was that exactly at that time his strapless bra had burst. Obviously, it didn't happen by chance. Kathia had cut a bit the back of the bra, knowing that the piece wouldn't stand so much movement. So, there was *Rosita*, with *her* eyes closed, shaking her perfect boobs on TV.

Kathia knew that nudity was forbidden on the show, so her opponent would be disqualified. When *Rosita* finally realized what had happened, *she* became shocked. *She* had already felt embarrassed a lot of times, but nothing surpassed that moment. Everyone was looking at *her* boobs... Paul was so dumbfounded that he couldn't even cover himself for a while...

At the end, however, the judges concluded that *Rosita* had been the winner of the competition. Nudity was prohibited at the show, sure, but they decided to pretend that this rule didn't exist. They didn't want to be lynched by the crowd, after all.

Another month had passed and Sara had talked to Paul again. In her office, she was thinking about that meeting that had made her further depressed. Completely desperate, Paul had once

again begged for help. He said he could no longer stand that life and that Sara had to do something.

However, as a cruel bitch, the woman said that Paul had no choice. He had to get used to his new reality, and if he kept complaining she would extend the term of the experience. She also refused to talk about Linda again. Oh, the sobbing of the feminized man upon hearing this... It was tormenting Sara incessantly.

Later that day, she met Linda and asked how things were going with David, the guy with who Linda was going out. Sara wanted to hear that Linda was very happy, thank you very much. However, the answer was the worst possible...

"We're fine..." Linda said, with a blank expression.

Sara knew it was a lie. Linda seemed to have lost the spirit to live.

"C'mon, Linda, tell me the truth. I need to know the truth!" Sara insisted.

Linda was a little surprised by that reaction.

"You know the truth, Sara" she said, coldly. "I don't like David."

"So why are you dating him?"

"What the hell can I do? My husband left me..." she said, starting to cry. "And David is a good man, like my father says. Maybe I'll learn to like it. I just have no strength to do something else now... I don't want to fight anymore."

Oh, my God, what have I done? Sara thought. She was destroying the life of her best friend. She had to do something to fix that mess.

"Okay, Linda, come with me."

"Where?"

"My office."

"Why?"

"I'm going to tell you the truth about Paul. The *whole* truth..."

"Oh, Rosita, you've become such a great manicurist!" Daniela said. "All the clients love you. It's a shame that if your career as a model keeps going so well you will soon have to leave the salon! But it will be for good reason, right?"

Paul thanked her for the compliment and continued working. Being honest with himself, he didn't think that working as a manicurist was something so bad. He at least didn't have to parade in tiny and outrageous outfits. In addition, he could distract his mind...

He was completely angry since his last conversation with Sara, a few days before. She had refused to try to help him to get out of that shit, and had even threatened him again. Paul had decided that he would take revenge. No matter how long it took. The US government and everyone involved would pay for what they had done. It had been unethical and criminal, right? Even if he had signed that damn contract. Some international court would have to acknowledge that. However, until he recovered his true form, he would have to go on living as Rosita.

He had begun working full-time as a manicurist because *his cousins* had finally found someone else to be the receptionist – a girl called Yamel, who looked to be about eighteen years old and had come from a small town. She was shorter than Rosita, but was bustier, which was quite an achievement; she had a pretty face and her hair was black and curly.

Paul didn't like her so much from the beginning, because she said she also had the dream of being a model and she kept asking *Rosita* for tips all the time. This forced the feminized man to remember all the humiliations he had already faced. He always tried to change the subject, but that girl knew how to be persistent.

About a week later, Paul received a message from his agent saying that the party of the TV channel would happen that weekend. Paul sighed, resigned to the fact that he would be there. A few days earlier, Mr. Rodriguez had been introduced to Yamel, and he was also impressed by the potential of this new girl. Somehow, the agent also managed to find a place for her at the party, as another dancer.

The *two girls* arrived at the event in the early evening, as agreed. A production assistant explained to them and to the other dancers all that would happen overnight. Since *Rosita* had

been the winner of the latest edition of the TV show, *she* would do a solo performance at the end of the night.

Paul wasn't pleased to learn that. He thought he would perform along with the others, and this way he wouldn't get all the attention. However, the fate seemed to be once again conspiring against him.

The dancers were then taken to the dressing room, where a team of makeup artists and hairdressers were already waiting. Along the way, Paul realized that Yamel appeared to be extremely nervous and scared, which was quite different from her usual behavior. He understood what she was feeling. He had already been through that, when he was about to work as a model for the first time. He didn't have to do this – especially since he didn't like her that much – but he then tried to calm her down.

"Relax, Yamel" he said. "Everything's going to be okay!"

"I... I can't do that!" she said.

"Yes, you can. Anyway, this is your greatest dream, right? I'm pretty sure you'll be fine. No one will be able to take eyes off you!"

"Do you really think so?" Yamel asked. The girl seemed to be suffering a huge internal conflict.

"Of course, *chica!* Look at you. You're so beautiful and sexy!"

"Y-yes... Maybe you're right... I'm beautiful and... *sexy*... Oh, I can't wait for that! I just... I just want to be that so bad!"

Paul was struck by the sudden change in attitude of the girl. She was even shaking a little with excitement now.

In the dressing room, two hairdressers and a makeup artist were assigned to work exclusively on *Rosita*. The place was very hectic and crowded, and Paul couldn't see very well what was happening. All he knew was that women's work was taking forever, and he was a little worried about what they were doing.

At one point, the other dancers were called to the stage. There was a small TV in the dressing room in front of Paul, and he could see the performance of the girls. Yamel was very beautiful,

wearing a pink top and a white skirt. She seemed very comfortable on stage, as if she was already an experienced professional.

However, as the excitement of the crowd increased, the girl started to get a little *too* comfortable. She took off her top and her skirt and began to move her body without any embarrassment. Then, she called two guys to the stage and began to dance with them. She kissed the first man deeply as second and rubbed her body.

"What the..." Paul murmured, impressed.

"Okay, we're done with you!" the makeup artist said.

Before he could look at a mirror, another girl helped him to get in a tight red dress, which barely covered his boobs, and ended two fingers below his crotch. His feet were placed in sky high pump heels, heavy chandeliers earrings were placed in his ears and lots of bracelets on his wrists.

After that, Paul was finally allowed to approach the mirror. When he saw his reflection, he gasped. His hair was fully curly, with large, well-defined curls. His makeup was heavy and exotic, with purple lipstick, dark red blush, black shadow and Arabian eyeliner.

His body was irresistible in that sexy dress and his legs looked incredible with those heels. Paul thought with disgust that once again he would make a lot of success with the audience...

After hearing *her* name being announced, *Rosita* took a deep breath and went on stage sensually, smiling and waving to the people. *She* then started the dance routine that *she* had rehearsed extensively for that party. During the presentation, the feminized man noticed a man in the front row who was looking at him intently, almost as if he were hypnotized. Obviously, *Rosita* knew that everyone was looking at *her*, but there was something different about this man that *she* couldn't explain. *She* could see that he was lusting after *her* hungrily. Although his body remained static, his eyes were on fire. Oh, those eyes...

As much as *the girl* wanted to deny it, *she* was deeply attracted to this stranger too. He was so handsome, with straight, black hair that came down to shoulder height, tanned skin, muscular body and dark, engaging eyes. *Rosita* thought that this man was someone who really should know how to satisfy a woman and *she* became aroused. Then, Paul realized how much stupid

was that thought. He didn't even know that guy. Still, *she* couldn't take *her* eyes off him.

Her presentation was entirely dedicated to the mysterious man. They looked each other as if there was no one else around, and they completely ignored the shouts and applause of the others...

Half an hour later, *Rosita* was back in the dressing room. *She* had changed clothes and was receiving compliments for *her* performance. There was a queue of people eager to talk to *her*, but neither of them was the one who *the girl* wanted to meet. Why had he not shown up? *Rosita* was certain that he was interested in *her*. Was *she* wrong?

A little later, everyone had already left the place. *Rosita* was gathering *her* stuff to leave when *she* heard a voice behind *her*.

"Excuse me."

She turned around, and there was the stranger, holding a bouquet of roses.

"These flowers are for you," he said, with a heavy accent. "Obviously, they aren't up to your performance tonight, but I thought it was the least I could do."

"Thank you" *Rosita* said, picking the flowers with trembling hands. "They are adorable."

"Not as much as you are, you know."

"Do you have a name, *gallant man*?"

"I'm Pietro Rinaldi."

"So, I guess you're not from Dominican Republic."

"Oh, no! I'm Italian and I'm here on business."

"Do you plan to stay long?"

"Who knows? If I have a good reason..."

They smiled at each other. Then, Pietro asked *her* phone number and promised to call *her* soon.

Before leaving, he kissed *Rosita* on the cheek tenderly. Oh, he was so different from the other men that *she* had known so far...

Rosita checked *her* makeup again, just to make sure that everything was right. *She* wanted to be flawless that night. *She* was wearing a black dress which, although short, wasn't as vulgar as the clothes *she* normally wore. *She* had bought that dress herself and *she* was very happy with the choice, certain that *Pietro* would like it.

Yes, *Rosita* was getting ready to go out with *Pietro*. He had called *her* two days before to make the invitation. *Anabel* and the other girls were very pleasure to know that *Rosita* would finally go out with a man again. They all agreed that it was time to her to forget the past and enjoy her life.

Rosita, or rather, *Paul*, was a little scared after having accepted the invitation. He was a man, after all! He shouldn't go out on a date with another guy. However, he was stuck as *Rosita* for a long time, and *Linda*, his wife, was supposedly dating someone else. Moreover, he felt something special for *Pietro*, and a *girl* has *her* needs...

Pietro arrived on time, once again carrying flowers to *Rosita*. He was wearing a dress shirt, suit jacket and black pants. When he smiled at *her*, the feminized man immediately understood why he had accepted the invitation – that Italian man was somehow just irresistible.

They went to a fancy restaurant, where *Pietro* behaved like a real gentleman. *Paul* didn't understand why it was important to him. He had been a man himself for a lifetime and, of course, he had never wanted to be protected and treated well by another guy, but he had really changed since the beginning of that experiment.

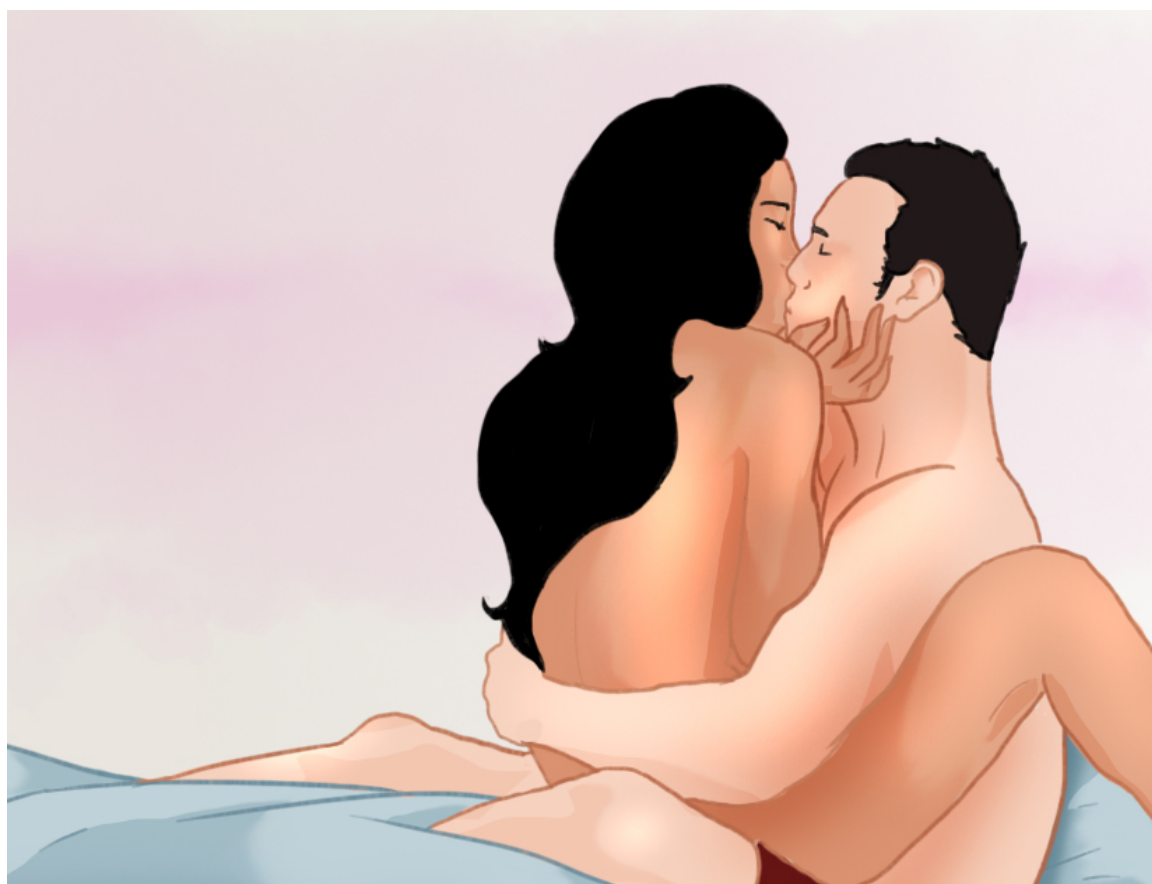
That was really impressive. He had no idea that the human mind could adapt so quickly to a new reality. Or maybe his mind had been manipulated? He didn't know, and he decided not to worry about it at that moment. He just wanted to enjoy that evening – at least for once.

During the dinner, *Pietro* talked about his business, and *Rosita* told him about her work as a model, and how it had started. The man took the opportunity to point out how much *she* was *competent* in such activity. He also mentioned the beauty of *Rosita* several times during the evening, and *she* was flattered.

Even if apparently they didn't have so much in common, the feminized man felt very comfortable with Pietro. Not to mention the sexual attraction... Oh, yes, *she* was dying to sleep with him, and *she* knew he felt the same.

So, it was no surprise when *she* accepted the man's invitation to take a last drink in his hotel room after dinner. Paul knew this could be a point of no return, but he thought it worth the risk.

There wasn't time for the drink, after all. As soon as they entered the room, Peter and *Rosita* began to undress each other hastily. *The girl* rubbed the muscled chest of Pietro while the guy massaged *her* boobs, making *her* moan. His hands were so large and strong – *Rosita* just loved the touch of them in *her* body. He took *her* to the bed and kissed *her* neck at length, making *her* shiver. *She* just closed *her* eyes and relished that moment.



Like in the others times when she was aroused, Paul disappeared completely. This time, however, Rosita wasn't reluctant about that. She just embraced her femininity, wanting it to happen. Oh, she wanted it more than anything!

Instinctively, her hand went down through Pietro's body and found his big cock, which was already hard and throbbing. He groaned when her delicate, soft hands started to rub it, which made Rosita happy. Then, Pietro touched her pussy, and she wriggled with pleasure and scratched his back.

When he finally penetrated her pussy, the girl almost lost her mind. She had already played with it before, but nothing had come close to that feeling. She just loved the feel of Pietro's member inside her body.

A little later they reached the orgasm with their bodies intertwined as if they were one. Rosita yelled for a long time. She had tried to control her urges for so long... But not anymore. That night, she was just a woman... a *woman*...

Suddenly, something changed inside her... or *him*. Paul began to cry uncontrollably.

"What's wrong, babe?" Pietro asked, putting his hands on her shoulders.

"Get away from me!" Paul shouted. He couldn't believe he had done it. He had had sex with another man! How could he go back to being himself after that?

"I don't understand" Pietro insisted. "You were happy a short time ago. I know you were."

"Do you think so?" Paul screamed again, hysterical. "But I'll tell you something: you know nothing about me. Nothing!"

"You're wrong" Pietro said, with a serious expression. "I know some things about you... *Paul*."

"WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?" the feminized man shouted, louder than ever.

In response, Pietro just smiled. For the first time, Paul realized that his smile was very familiar... No, that wasn't possible. He was just going mad. That was the only explanation.

"I have to get out of here" he said. "*Now*."

"Wait, please. I know this will be hard to believe, but I am... Linda. I am your wife, Paul."

"Don't say that!" Paul said, gathering his clothes. "You can't be Linda, your son of the bitch!"

"Yes, I am, and you know that."

Paul thought about it. He certainly had felt a special connection with that man – a kind of connection that he had felt with only one person in his whole life. Still, it was too fanciful to be true. How that Italian man could be his wife? Then, he remembered that he had been transformed into a Latina girl...

It took a lot of time. Only when the sun was already dawning Paul began to believe in the story told by Pietro, or Linda. She explained everything that had happened: how her father had discovered that Sara and she had arranged a spot for Paul in the Sherlock Project; how he had blackmailed Sara so she was forced to change Paul's experiment; and how Sara had been tormented by what she had done until she finally decided to tell the truth to Linda.

After that, the women concluded that there was only one way for Linda to meet Paul without arousing suspicion: she needed a new look and a new identity, just like her husband.

After absorbing all this information, Paul finally realized that it all made sense. The inexplicable attraction he felt for this *man*... It was obvious that somewhere, in his subconscious, he knew that this person was Linda. No one would believe in such a story, of course, but it didn't matter to him. He had never felt so happy and relieved. He was with his wife once again, albeit in an unusual way.

"And what do we do now?" Paul asked, anxiously. "How are we going to recover our true forms?"

Linda, with her male face, stared at Paul seriously again.

"First of all" she started, holding the small hands of her husband, "I want to make clear that, whatever happens, we'll be together, dear. We are destined to be , and no one will separate us ever again."

"I know that, but you are scaring me now!"

"It's okay, honey" Linda said, hugging Paul with her new strong arms. "You don't need to be afraid. What I have to say will be a little shocking, but remember that I'll be by your side. We'll always be together. Thanks to that monster I used to call my father, you'll never be able to be a man again. The change in your DNA was permanent."

THREE MONTH LATER...

"Have you unpacked all your stuff, babe?" Pietro asked Rosita, as he carried some heavy boxes to the top floor.

"Yes" she answered, kissing her husband gently. "Do you need some help?"

"Don't worry. I can deal with it."

"Nice. I'll prepare lemonade for us then" she said, going to the kitchen with her light white summer dress swinging around.

Paul and Linda had gotten married again a few days before, this time as Rosita and Pietro. After that, they moved to southern Italy, where Pietro had bought a quiet resort on a beautiful coastal region.

Anabel and other cousins of Rosita had been surprised and a little worried about the sudden news. At first, they thought that Rosita could be making a hasty decision. However, they changed their minds when they got to know Pietro better and realized that the two were made for each other. There was no doubt he would make Rosita very happy, and would never hurt her.

It was exactly the girls that Rosita and Pietro were talking as they drank lemonade on the balcony of the resort, enjoying the scenery.

"They aren't bad people, you know" Rosita said. "They pushed me to do some things I didn't want to, like that model thing, but I don't think it was something malicious. They truly believed they were doing the best for me."

"Well, at least they have that new girl to distract them" Pietro said, with a mocking glance.

"Wait a minute... What" Are you talking about Yamel, the new receptionist of the salon who also began working as a model? What do you know about her that I don't?"

"Let's just say that she's someone who deserves to be punished – someone who did much harm to all of us."

"Are you talking about..." Rosita started, incredulously. "Your father?"

"I don't think that a girl like her can be someone's father now, but in the past..." Pietro said,

winking.

"No way! How is that even possible?"

"After all he had done, Sara and I concluded that he needed to learn a lesson. Then, he was also turned into a Latina girl. However, we transformed him into a girl with a libido even higher than yours, who can't live without constant male attention. As much as she tries to resist, she will be quite horny always that she knows that a man is looking at her, and she will become more and more addicted to it, like a drug. Also, despite the fact she remembers all about her old life, she can't talk about it to anyone, thanks to a new mental block method."

"And how did you two convince him to be a *volunteer* in the project?"

"Oh, it wasn't so hard. We just needed to some tranquilizers and a few fake documents. I'm sure that Sarah, who is now the head of the project, will enjoy to follow the evolution of *Yamel*. Besides, I'm sure that *she* will love *her* new life too..."

"So, girl, your agent said that you really want to be in our film."

"That's right, sir" Yamel said.

"Do you know what kind of movie we produce here, right?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Good. So, do you really want to be a porn star?"

As much as Yamel tried to control herself, she knew that this was a fight she had no chance of winning. Her pussy was completely soaked when she imagined herself being fucked in a porn movie by a bunch of guys. A lot of people would see the film, and she just loved being exposed that way. She was a little slut, hungry for cum. Oh, it was so humiliating and exciting at the same time... She used to be a powerful man, but now she just couldn't help it.

"Before we signed the contract" continued the director, "I need to make sure that you are the right girl for this job, if you know what I mean. So, come here and show me what you can do, please" he added, opening the zipper of his pants.

Yamel stood up and crossed the room. She was wearing a top that barely covered her giant breasts, a tiny skirt and acrylic heels. She knew she was perfect for the role and she would prove it. Inside her mind, a weak voice was desperately screaming for her not to do it, but Yamel just ignored it. She didn't want to listen to that annoying voice – not now that there was that delicious cock waiting for her.



"It will be my pleasure, sir" she said, licking her lips.

That afternoon, Peter and Rosita made love and then embraced each other in the bed, watching the sunset. Rosita once again thought about all that had happened in her life in recent months. She had undergone a traumatic change, but even so she was well now. She had finally accepted her femininity and was happy as a woman, just as Linda looked comfortable in her new role. The sex was incredible, and she was satisfied being protected and loved by Linda, now Pietro. In fact, she thought, Linda had always been the strongest person in their relationship. He just hadn't realized it before.

"A penny for your thoughts" Pietro said.

"I was just wondering... I know that I won't be a man anymore, but what about you? Will you be a woman again?"

"I can" Pietro said, slowly. "The procedure that was performed on my body can be reverted in about six months."

"And will you go for it?"

"It's something that we have to decide together, babe. I won't do anything you don't want. So, what do you think?"

Rosita thought about it for a moment. Since her transformation, she hadn't felt sexually attracted to a woman. But that could be different with Linda, right? On the other hand, she loved Linda's new body. She was happy being the wife of a man like Pietro.

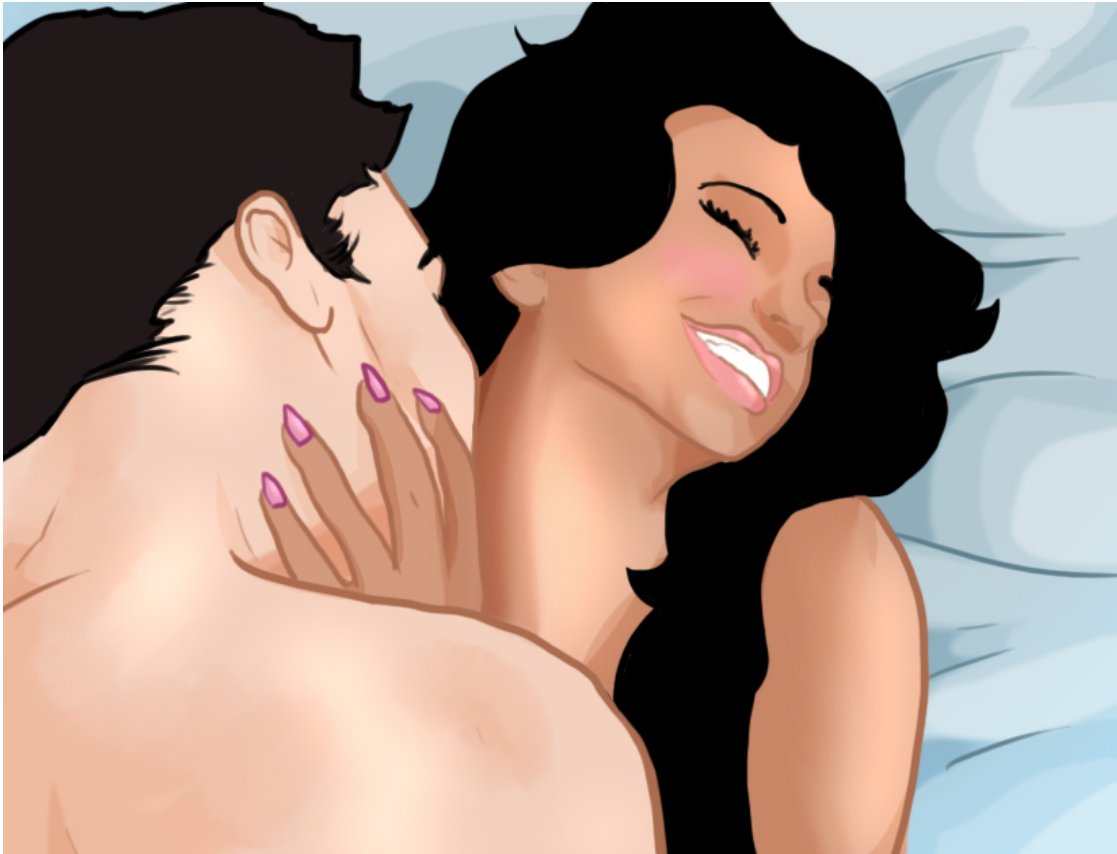
She then brought her hand to her husband's groin and she felt a new erection growing.

"We still have six months to decide, right?" she said. slyly.

"That's right"

"If so, I think we should think about it later " she then kissed him.

"Of course, babe" Pietro said, rubbing her body. "You are entirely right."



The End

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