

## New Partner (Policeman TG RC)

### By FoxFaceStories

*Frank is a bigoted police officer assigned an African-American rookie named Jake. While conducting a night stake on a property their cruiser is struck by the Purple Lightning effect, and to Frank's shock he begins to change into a beautiful, and deeply lustful, African-American female police officer.*

### New Partner

Frank had complained fiercely numerous times, but there was no countermanding it. After the last time he'd 'accidentally' gone too far in savagely beating an African-American male during an arrest, the force was signing him a black rookie as his new partner in order to make sure someone was there to hold back his excesses. Stupid, he thought, sending a rookie. But then, no one who wasn't white could stand him anyway, which was just fine by him.

And now he was here, stuck in a boring night stake out on a property that was supposedly dealing crack to the neighbourhood. Probably the Latinos, he thought to himself. Or maybe all those damn immigrants who had moved in. He sneered at the thought of it. Normally, he'd just pretend to have a warrant and bust the shit out of their front door and deal with the bad PR later.

But this new rookie was watching him. His name was Jake, and he was none-too-happy about this situation either.

"Dude, can you stop smoking in the car already? At least smoke out the window. Or don't smoke at all; this is a stakeout, isn't it?"

Frank smirked. He was in his early fifties, and he was a big man. He gave Jake a big shit-eating grin and took another drag.

"What's wrong? I thought you people were all about smoking. Oh, but this isn't weed, is it?"

"Come on, y'all. Don't give me that racist shit. I ain't even touched weed."

"Y'all, ain't, doooooog," Frank said dismissively, putting a very bigoted and warped accent on for extra effect. "That's what you sound like right now."

"Jesus, I can't believe I got stuck with Captain Klan for my partner."

"Watch it rookie. Or I'll have you bumped down from the force so quickly you won't even be able to afford no chickens or watermelon."

Jake trembled. He was clearly about to start something, and Frank was looking forward to it. He had been goading the black man all night, trying to induce a reaction so that

he could wash his hands of the rookie and flush him out of the system. The man didn't even like old country music. Probably liked that rap garbage, he thought.

But then Jake calmed. "I ain't rising to this, man. First thing tomorrow, I'm demanding a transfer."

"See that you do. And keep your eyes on that property, and I mean the house, not the TV in that window across the street."

"Why, you motherfucking racist son of - woah."

For a moment, Frank wasn't sure what the man was looking at, but then he saw it too. It had been an overcast night, but now the clouds had gathered above, and an electric storm was brewing. It was brewing close, too. And the weirdest part was that the arcs of lightning that were already starting to boom loudly were bright *purple*.

"What in the Sam Hill?" Frank said. "I ain't never seen something like that."

"Now who's saying 'ain't', Frank?" Jake said. "I guess you got a bit of that one drop in you, because-"

Lightning hit the cruiser. The pair of them screamed, Frank even louder and high-pitched than his new rookie partner. He actually wet himself from fear as lightning streaked all over the car, spreading rapidly and then surging into the front seat.

"Woah, man!" Jake called out, dodging to one side.

Frank wasn't nearly so fast. The lightning shot right into his gut, through his internal systems, and then fired out of his shoulder and directly into Jake, who winced at the now-smaller zap.

And then the lightning died away. As quickly as it had come, it was now gone. The storm rumbled, and then seemed to pass. Numerous people ran from the stake house, some in terrible confusion, one a large-breasted woman in a man's coveralls, another a pig dragging a shirt upon it. Neither officer had time to absorb what had happened outside the car; they were too busy checking that they were okay.

"Fuck," Frank said. "That was too close. Shit! I'm okay. Did you see that shit? I got hit head on and I'm A-okay. You can't be the F-Train, boy!"

Jake ignored being called 'boy', because something else was capturing his attention. "Frank-"

"That's sir to you, kid."

"Your skin! It's changing! Look!"

Frank looked down. They'd turned on the interior light to check over themselves, but now it showed that his skin was darkening in shade. To his horror, it was changing from an Irish pink to an olive tan, and then onwards to a light brown, then a deep chocolate brown. Frank gasped, rubbing his arms and hands and even his face once he saw that it was also changing in the mirror. But it made no difference.

“What the fuck!? How does a lightning bolt do *that!*?”

His voice cracked, and suddenly it changed, sounding like a gorgeous husky tone.

“My voice! What the fuck just happened to my voice!?”

“I don’t know, but your whole body is changing, dude! Y’all don’t look right!”

Frank groaned. The rookie was right; there were slithering pressures and ripples all over his body. He unbuckled his seatbelt to try and get out of the car, but he could only moan and groan as the sensations overcame him. He tried to fight them off, just as he had fought off so many other situations in his life, from Internal Affairs investigations to wannabe gangsters to members of the public who tried to film him for whatever reason, but Frank had finally met a force that was far more implacable than his own autocratic nature. His face began to shift and pulse, his cheeks growing, his wrinkles disappearing. His thick body hair shed away into nothingness, and his aging rear began to plumpen up. The effect was pleasurable, and he couldn’t help moan in his husky female voice, struggling as his fingernails grew lovely and perfect, as his lips became plump and pouty. His eyelashes extended, and his jaw reshaped to give him an appealing heart-shaped face. Even stranger was what happened to his thinning white hair: it fell away, and then was immediately replaced with a thick black afro tied back into a puffy ponytail.

“Ohhhhhh!” he moaned. “Make it stop! I don’t wanna be black! It’s disgusting! Save me, Jake!”

But Jake was too astonished even to call this in. Moreover, he didn’t exactly feel sorry for Frank. Jake was a religious man, and he knew a cosmic occurrence when he saw one; the wrath of God made manifest. At least, that was how he interpreted it. He simply gaped as two very large breasts the size of cantaloupes burst through Jake’s top, both a rich brown in colour and topped with dark nipples. Frank cried out pathetically as his thighs plumped and his hips spread, and again as his midriff changed as well, losing his disgusting beer belly. He reached for his crotch and actually squealed.

“No! Not my cock! You can’t take my cock and give me some goddamn pus-EEEEIIII!”

It pulled back into his body, leaving a sensitive and strangely aroused vagina in its place. As a final act of humiliation, a last zap of lightning fled from his being, and in its wake as it dissipated again, Frank’s uniform changed to a *female* uniform, one that could barely contain her gorgeous new female body. She had a pear shape, with fertile-looking hips and lovely lips.

“No, what the fuck? This has to be a dream!” she groaned, cupping her huge tits and then moaning from the sensation.

“*Officer Jake, Officer Ruby, anything to report?*”

“Ruby? My name’s Ruby! I mean, my name’s Ruby! What the shit?”

Jake gasped. “It’s changed reality. Look, your badge even has your new name on it!”

“Fuck! That’s impossible, Officer Hottie.”

“What did you just say?”

The new black woman realised she was also now smaller than Jake, and that she was finding him strangely attractive. She’d always been disgusted by non-whites, and now . . . now her loins were tingling at the sight of this handsome, dark-skinned partner of hers.

“F-fuck. Why am I acting - I’ve always been a beautiful black woman with a hot sexy partner!”

“What are you saying?” Jake said. “Why did you say that?”

The new black woman moaned furiously. “I can’t help it, damn it! I can’t help but be a sexy female officer who wants to feel your big, black dick and suck it dry, Jakey boy!”

Jake swallowed. “Uh . . .”

Frank, now thinking of herself as Ruby, was lost in a sea of confusion and compulsions. She didn’t want any of this, but her body was already moving to touch Jake’s. She felt a strong desire for him, a need to unbuckle his pants and feel his hard cock. She placed her hand on his crotch.

“That fucking lightning!” she said, even as she unzipped his pants and freed his hard cock - which was huge in size. “It’s making me do this! I don’t want - ohhh, I want this sooooo badly. I wanna be the sexiest partner and girlfriend you’ve ever had, Jake.”

Jake was stunned, but unable to resist. He too felt a strange call, a result of the lightning passing to him. He realised in that moment that he was connected to the new Officer Ruby. She felt a compulsion to sexually please him, and he felt a compulsion to let it happen and enjoy it. It didn’t hurt that Ruby was the sexiest goddamn woman he’d ever seen, or that she was lowering her lips to his hard dick.

“Oh shit. I’d say I’m sorry about this, but I think that purple lightning is gonna really reach you a whole lot of lessons you need to learn, Fra - Ruby.”

Ruby wanted to scream at him, but her hunger and lust for this man was too great. She needed to serve him. To be his boyfriend. To be his sexy partner and fuck him while on patrol when things were quiet. And, with the evacuation of that building, things were quiet now. With her male pride screaming in her mind, she descended down upon his member, planting her lips upon it. It was black and long and hard and wonderful, and it made her question why she had ever, ever been so bigoted before.

“Mmmhmm,” she moaned, beginning to taste his cock. Jake played with her hair, making her pleasure rise even further even as the humiliation rose in turn. She wanted to hate this. She wanted to hate him.

But how could anyone hate the colour of a man with a dick like this?

**The End**