

## Mini-Story: Don't Talk Over The Movie (MtF, FtM)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*A film snob couple keeps talking over a cheesy black and white romantic movie. The Movie Genie does not appreciate this, so it's time for the pair of them to get a new perspective inside the movie!*

### Don't Talk Over The Movie

"Well, the lighting in this scene totally lacks verisimilitude," Claire noticed.

Liam nodded. "And the main woman's acting! Completely unbelievable."

"I'm not buying this romance either."

"Hardly Casablanca, is it?"

Claire and Liam were a married couple sitting in the theatre together, watching a cheesy black and white romantic swashbuckler pirate flick at the throwback night at the local cinema. Already, a few patrons had told them to stop talking, but neither of the mid-thirties pair cared about the opinions of others; ruthlessly skewering a film was their preferred hobby. They were, to put it simply, total film snobs, and they didn't care whose experience they ruined.

"Utterly ridiculous," Liam said. "You can tell they're filming on a pool in some LA lot. And I'm reasonably certain that costume isn't period accurate."

Claire laughed loudly. "Ha! Just that *one* costume, Liam?"

*"Will. You. Just. Shut. Up!"*

There was a gasp from the cinema audience. Claire and Liam turned around to see who had called out, but couldn't see who it was. When they turned back to face the screen, they were shocked to see that it was the *couple in the film*. They had paused their romantic sparring and turned to face the audience, jabbing their fingers at the screen.

*"Here I was trying to enjoy this movie!"* the handsome leading pirate said.

*"And now you two talk over it!"* the leading lady, the governor's daughter, continued.

*"Don't you know that you don't talk over the movie!"*

For once, Claire and Liam were dumbstruck. They didn't know what to say. Both of the characters on the screen grinned at the same time.

*"Well,"* they said as one. *"Looks like it's time to teach you a lesson. I'm the Movie Genie, and while normally I need to obtain a verbal agreement and a wish from you, talking in the cinema is a capital offence that allows me to do what I want with you. So, time for you to experience the beauty of old cinema up close and personal! And only once you finish your original adventure will I change you back!"*

Others were gasping again, but soon the theatre turned to cries of surprise and fear as the leading stars reached *through* the screen suddenly. Their hands were enormous, and before Claire and Liam could run, they were literally *plucked* by the hands and pulled through the screens.

"This can't be real!" Claire cried. "It's just - just a bad plot twist!"

"There's no foreshadowing!" Liam screamed in return. "The action is rushed!"

But the Movie Genie didn't care about such considerations; it liked the popcorn experience more than the avant garde. The pair screamed as they were thrown through a strange void of numerous television screens, turning head over heels as they passed film genres of all kinds. But the one they were heading for was obvious: an old-timey television set displaying *The Pirates of the Coral Coast* upon it, the very film they were watching.

"Oh God, we're entering the film!" Liam screamed.

"No! No, take us back! At least put me in something respectable!" shouted Claire.

But it was too late. They hit the screen with a blinding flash, and when the bright light cleared, they were standing upon a ship. An actual pirate ship in a world of black and white. The air smelled of salt, and the ocean was vast and beautiful, the coast of a tropical island passing in the distance. It took the pair a moment to realise that they had changed. Liam looked down and suddenly squeaked. Jutting from his chest were two lovely B-cup breasts, and his hair was curled and long, falling over his shoulders. He was wearing a torn dress, and between his thighs . . . well, he dared not even investigate that. With each heaving breath his new cleavage rose and fell, a corset beneath his dress pushing up his décolletage rather nicely.

"C-Claire!" he cried, voice now a beautiful soprano, just like the governor's daughter Annabelle. "Claire, where are you!? I've - I've become the leading lady! Oh God, my hips! My waist! I feel so different!"

"You're not alone, love!" came a handsome voice.

The new Annabelle looked up at the prow of the ship, past the ignorant sailors who were seeing to the ship's needs. There, dashing and handsome, was the leading man. Captain Thomas Hardin, a devil-may-care pirate who comes to the side of good over the course of the film, and turns on the pirates in order to free his new lady love and start a new life with her. He had short hair and soft eyes, his chest partly bare due to his top buttons being left undone. With his sabre at his side and his loose tunic, he was the very image of a handsome rogue, possessing a Cary Elwes sort of charm to him.

Except his face was currently one of humiliated shock. He was patting his body up and down, noting the complete lack of breasts and the presence of a new and very *exterior* set of genitals protruding from between his legs. He touched his hair, felt his face, including

the goatee he now possessed. And then the pair exchanged a look, fully realising how much they had changed.

"We're - we're in this silly movie!" the new Thomas proclaimed.

"I know! I'm a woman! I've been turned into your role!"

"It's not my role! It's a hack role. Both of them are hack roles! We shouldn't be here at all, and I'm certainly no pirate!"

"And I'm not lovestruck woman! Oh God, we have to get out of here."

Thomas looked over the side of the ship. There was the tropical island. It would have the treasure they needed. But the Spaniards would be there too, and he would have to turn on his crew. "I think - I think we need to play out the movie. This dreadful, ridiculous film. All of it."

Annabelle groaned. She moved to Thomas' side and clutched him automatically. The feeling of her body against his was oddly . . . arousing for the new woman. Her nipples stiffened, and she exhaled dramatically. "Oh, this is terrible! We're in the beginning of the second act. That means we have so much to go!"

"At least we know how to do it," Thomas said. He clutched his woman closer, and a strange urge overcame him, one he gave into; he kissed his woman on the lips, causing a ripple of surprise from the crew around them. She was his captive after all.

Annabele was wide-eyed. "What - what was that for?"

Thomas struggled not to smile. "Just . . . you're very beautiful. As a woman, I mean. And besides, the scene called for it. Was it bad?"

Annabelle blushed. Even in black and white, her excitement showed. "I - no. It was actually kind of . . . sweet. Didn't we just make fun of this scene for not feeling romantic? That felt . . . very romantic."

Thomas considered this. He was lost in her beautiful dark eyes, entranced by the sight of her body. Had he called Annabelle's role shallow? Those curves and that gorgeous expression, that longing in the woman's eyes, it hardly seemed shallow right now . . .

"It was romantic, wasn't it? Maybe . . . maybe the film isn't that bad, you know."

"A fun popcorn flick," Annabelle added, staring up at the handsome captain. "I'm sure we can have some fun as we go through it."

"Appreciate it for what it is."

"And the, uh, the romance. Just for the fun of the perspective."

"Exactly," Captain Thomas said, feeling a bit more confidence in his manly role. "We can just finish the film, learn not to talk over the movie, and maybe not be such a pair of film snobs, right?"

Annabelle grinned. It was a beautiful grin, full of pearly white teeth. She clung to Thomas and the pair looked to the horizon. It really did promise a sense of adventure.

"You know," the new Captain said. "We don't have to follow the plot of the film *right away* . . ."

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Claire struck out with her rapier before slapping aside the enemy pirate who dared try to take their vessel. Another fiend launched forward, one-eyed and scabrous, but her Captain, husband, and love of her life was right at her side, and he quickly parried the strike and forced the man back, before kicking him off the vessel and down into Davy Jones' locker.

"I had it under control!" Annabelle announced.

"Of course you did, my dearest love!" Thomas replied. "But a man owes his woman aid in every circumstance, and besides, you got me this sword as a gift. It would be a crime not to break it in!"

The pair grinned at one another before the action resumed. Cannons fired in the distance, but their main concern was the interlopers on their deck. They thrust forward, rallying their crew, and soon the invaders were pushed back, either running across their planks back to their ship, or being cut down one by one.

There was no blood, of course. No real viscera. This was good old-fashioned 1960's escapism, and the heroes always won, always managing to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Such was the case here, because Thomas and Annabelle, pirate King and Queen of the Caribbean, as they were now known, cut the lashings holding the two ships together and then ordered their vessel to depart with haste. With a salvo of cannonfire, they tore down the sail of the ship that had just intercepted them, and then sank the one in the distance. There was damage to their own *Rusty Jack*, but their ship would survive. Most importantly, they were both safe, and the treasure in their hold was too.

"You were magnificent, darling," Thomas said as they sailed to safety. He picked up his wife, and she giggled as he twirled her about. Their crewmen cheered at this victory, but the couple were at the centre of attention, as was right for the leading man and lady.

"You were even more magnificent!" she declared, moving to kiss him on the cheek. She'd come to enjoy the feel of his facial hair against her lips, the softness of her new female body against her former wife's masculine hardness. Besides, she now understood how wonderful it was to be carried. To be in someone else's protective grip.

"Nonsense, you rallied the crew like you were a Valkyrie!"

"And you battled Captain Taggart like you were a god facing down a mere man!"

They laughed again, and kissed. And then, with a charming smirk on his features, Thomas ordered his second to take the helm while he 'saw to his wife's injuries.' The crew tittered at this; they all knew what that meant. The pair, after some initial self-discovery and

awkwardness several months ago, had come to really, really appreciate their new bodies, especially when they 'connected' with one another. Their previous bedroom had been as dead as the pirates they'd just tossed overboard, but now they were making love twice daily. It didn't hurt that Thomas, formerly Claire, loved the feeling of control as he thrust into his wife. And Annabelle, formerly Liam, loved it just as much, giving herself over completely to the man she loved and squirming with delight as he entered her.

They entered the Captain's cabin with just that intent in mind, kissing one another and starting to remove one another's clothes. But just as things were about to get heated, Annabelle paused and bit her lip.

"Is something wrong, my love?" Thomas asked.

"It's just . . . are you okay with this, my dear? Us going 'off-script' as it were. We still haven't even visited the Pirate Coven. We haven't unearthed the treasure on Dread Island. And the crew we're meant to turn on at the start of act three are now completely loyal to us and love us completely!"

Thomas regarded his beautiful wife. She wore her own pirate's outfit now, though her tunic had a lovely dip to show off some tasteful cleavage. Her hair looked great with a scarf in it, giving her a roguish quality to match his own.

"Well, perhaps we're just improving the story?" he said. "Turning it into an exciting popcorn saga."

She bit her lip, smiling once more. "Including a more complete character arc."

"Exactly! Fixing up the romance so it's more believable."

"Rounding out the support cast."

"Adding a few more much-needed set pieces."

"The third act was the worst one anyway," Annabelle said.

"We'll make a new third act, and keep it going as long as we want," Thomas added. He placed his hands around his wife's waist, and hovered his lips over hers. Electricity was in the air, and neither could hold on for long.

"Perhaps for the rest of our lives?" Annabelle said.

"For as long as we can adventure."

The transformed pair kissed, and soon the moans began, emanating from their cabin and drawing chuckles from those who could overhear their passion.

It's never good to talk during a movie. But perhaps, once in a while, a pair of film snobs can get lucky.

**The End**