

Cooper Kadee



Chapter 5



Our plans for that night had always been to check out one of Dubai's famous discos. Once I'd gotten over my crying spell, Cassie suggested we take a nap. 'It's been such a busy morning,' she said. 'We'll need our energy tonight.'

"Naeam," I said. 'Yes. I'm feeling so tired.'

"Crying spells will do that to a girl," Cassie said.

Oh, for the days when I could just lay down and nap. Instead, I knew I needed to clean off my smeared and messy makeup. Sitting down at the mirror, I saw my mascara had run

down my cheeks while also smearing beneath my eyes, and my lipstick was also smudged. I raised an eyebrow because it actually looked kinda hot, like I'd just had a night of hot, crazy sex. I pulled some wipes out of the container and began to clean off my makeup, then went into the bathroom so I could change without Cassie seeing my sexy new underwear. I didn't want to sleep in my bra, especially, nor the dress, plus I was excited to see how it felt to wear my silky new pajamas, shivering a little as the silky material flowed against my soft skin.

By the time I got done with all that, Cassie was already sleeping, curled up around a pillow, so I snuck into bed beside her and quickly nodded off.

"Colin," I heard Cassie say. "You awake? Colin?"

Who is she talking to? I wondered, hugging my pillow, yawning, brushing the hair out of my face. I felt like I had a slight hangover, an emotional crash after my shopping high and crying spell. I pushed myself up on my elbows and saw she was sitting in a chair on the other side of the room, cross-legged, her phone in her hands. "Who are you talking to?" I asked, thinking she was on a phone call.

"What?" Cassie said, tilting her head to the side.

"Who is Colin?"

"Um, that would be you?" Cassie said, her brow furrowed. "Your name is Colin?"

It struck me as some kind of weird joke, so I laughed. "Yeah right, since when? I'm..." I paused as I was hit with a wave of vertigo. "My name is Yasmeen." I shook my head.

"Oh, no. I hope you're joking," Cassie said, getting up, coming over to me. "Do you think your name is Yasmeen?"

"I mean, yeah. It just feels like my name. I used to be... I mean I remember my name was Colin," I said, confused and a little alarmed. "But it's Yasmeen now. Ya allah, how did they do this to me?"

"I'm not sure I can start calling you that name," Cassie said. "Though..."

"What?"

"It's so weird, I don't even feel like I am talking to my boyfriend. You barely act like yourself anymore."

"I really am doing my best," I said, "but I— well, I'm an Arab girl now. I can't be called by a Western boy's name. It's just— it's wrong."

Cassie just sighed. "I really wish we could get in touch with the embassy. While you were sleeping, I spent a little time looking for a way to get access to a reverse camera."

"And?"

She shook her head. "I guess we should stick to making the best of it for now."

"I guess that means we're hitting the club!" I squealed.

"Well, it's about time to get ready," Cassie said as the afternoon faded to evening.

"So soon?" I said.

"It's not so soon for a girl," Cassie said. "Trust me." She stretched and seemed to be thinking, trying to decide if she should say something. "I'm worried about you getting all dolled up, er, Yasmeen." The word Yasmeen came out of her as if she'd been choked.

"That just sounds so wrong."

"Tell me about it," I lied, trying to connect, but I already felt more comfortable being called Yasmeen. "I guess I have no choice but to go all in, right?" I said, still trying to fake like I didn't want to find out what it was like to make myself pretty for a club night. "Oh," I said, "for the days I could just go without needing to put on my face."

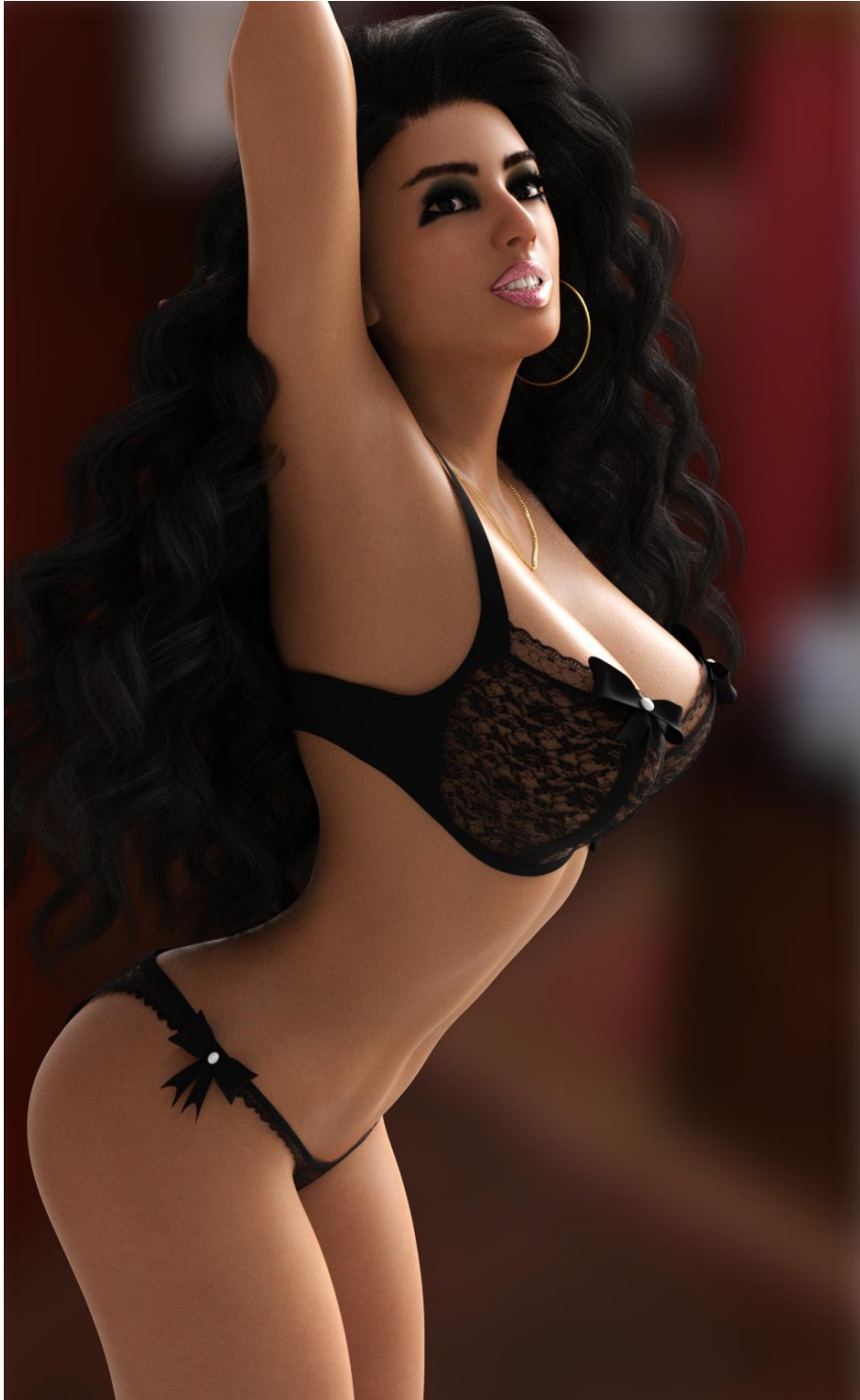
I felt like Cassie knew I was just faking it, but she surprised me with what she said next.

"Guys are going to be all over you, honey. Promise me you'll fight them off?"

"What?" I shook my head. "I don't like guys at all. Trust me, any guy who tries to hit on me will get shut down like nothing."

We both started getting ready for our night out. I found myself getting extra excited as this would be a chance for me to wear one of my new outfits, plus, and I had to sneak them into the bathroom so Cassie wouldn't see, but I would also get to wear the sexy little things I snuck into my new clothes without Cassie's knowledge. I held up the panties— a lace, silk, thong. They were so sexy. I couldn't wait to see how I looked. Stepping into the panties, I pulled them up my long legs, stretching the waistband out to get it over my hips, then pulling it up, feeling the cloth cup my new sex while the thong slid up between my butt cheeks. I wiggled my hips. I'd never worn a thong and had always wondered why women

would put up with such a thing. It did feel kind of annoying, but I also now understood it meant there would be no visible panty line, and that was so important.



I looked in the mirror, admiring the slender little laces, the tiny little triangle of silk between my legs. Damn. I looked good. The bra I'd picked was a black, lace push up bra. I slipped the shoulder straps up my arms, then reached back and found the ends of the backstrap. Without even thinking, I hooked the hooks, feeling the bra draw tight against my breasts, the strap tight against my back as the bra lifted and cupped my breasts. It was easy, just as before, like 'd been wearing bras for years. I felt it lifting my breasts. I adjusted the straps on my shoulders, then pulled the cups out and adjusted my breasts. They'd been riding up my

underboob a little. I looked in the mirror, arching my back and thought, "Damn girl." The bra, itself, was sexy, but seeing the way it lifted my breasts and pressed them together,

giving me a canyon of soft, shadowy cleavage I felt like I was the most beautiful girl in the whole world. I wished I could kiss myself.

It was a testament to how much I'd changed that I didn't feel embarrassed at all that I had breasts now, nor that I was wearing a bra and panties. They made me feel sexy and confident, and I was proud to have such big, perfectly shaped breasts. The other girls will be so jealous I thought, feeling a little wicked as I looked over myself. I put my hands on the small of my back and thrust my breasts forward while lifting one leg, tossing my hair so it fell across one side of my face and brushed the tops of my breasts. Goddamn I'm hot, I thought. I might even have taken a selfie, but, well, there were things a good Arab girl just doesn't do.

Just as I was posing there like that, my ass back, tits out, Cassie looked in on me, shook her head and rolled her eyes. I thought you promised me no slutty underwear?

"Is it slutty or liberated?" I said, biting my lip.

"Ugh."

Not a problem, I thought, as I dusted my cheeks with blush. My already gorgeous face was now elevated to 11 on the hotness scale. I'd drenched my long, curly lashes in mascara, dusted silver, black and blue eyeshadow above my eyes, which I'd also carefully lined, making them pop like crazy. I'd painted my lips with a wet, glossy red lipstick that screamed, "kiss me." Once my makeup was done, I put on one of my new dresses, choosing the fancy one with the semi-transparent sleeves, the embroidered bust, a slender belt that drew attention to my tiny waist. Next, I slipped into a pair of pumps and covered my hair with a colorful, flirty hijab. Lastly, I put on my press on nails I'd bought a set of long, oval shaped nails with French tips. Nail polish was out of the question. In the opinions of most scholars, it interfered with the proper performance of ritual cleansing, so it could not be worn. Even though I had not yet started to perform Wudu, I still didn't want other women to think I was some sort of fallen thing, so I had opted for the press on nails which, of course, could be removed as needed.

Nearly complete, I walked out of the bathroom, putting a little extra sway into my hips. Glancing at the clock, I was shocked to realize how long it had taken me to get ready, and I felt a little guilty for all the times I'd hassled Cassie. Going out as a woman was a lot more work. Confirming my suspicion that I was now taking just as long as my girlfriend, I found Cassie was almost done getting ready as well. She wore a little black dress. I frowned as I looked her over— it revealed her shoulders and ended above her knees. She looked like a tramp, I thought, but I bit my tongue and kept my thoughts to myself, even when she unknowingly tested me.

“How do I look?’ She said, striking a pose.

I took a deep breath. “You look like you could be on the cover of a magazine,” I said, forcing a smile, but thinking, “a western smut mag, that is.”

Cassie had to wear a long coat to cover herself for the journey from our hotel to the disco, which I was at least relieved we wouldn’t be embarrassed here at the hotel. We each grabbed a clutch purse, I giggled with excitement, headed downstairs to get our cab to the disco. We’d decided to try a place called The A Club in the Jumeirah neighborhood, which was sometimes called “The Beverly Hills of Dubai.” Cassie and I had our faces practically pressed against the windows as our driver made his way down the street, craning out necks to look at all the amazing, beautiful buildings. We passed Ferraris, Maserati, Bentleys, all gleaming under the streetlights.

“Maybe we can find some rich boyfriends,” I said, awestruck, but when I looked over at Cassie, she looked a little worried, so I added, “yamzah. I am only joking.” I made a little, loose wristed flipping gesture with my hand, which I immediately realized was quite feminine, so I put my hands in my lap and went back to looking out the window.

“Of course. I know you’re kidding. Haha,” Cassie said, and it sounded fake.

A Club took reservations, and we had one, but there was still a line of people outside hoping to get in as people canceled or left early. Cassie and I walked by, the men calling out, some making little kissy noises. “Hey, ladies! Looking fine!” I felt myself blush slightly. Being flattered made me feel pretty, sexy and desired, and I liked it, even though it was now men looking over me and Cassie. “How about we just skip the club and go to my place?”

I was worried Cassie would notice I was kinda into the catcalls, so I scowled. “It’s so rude the way they just stare at us.” Then, I added something I’d heard her and other women say. “I’m not a piece of meat.”

Cassie raised an eyebrow. “It is rude,” she said, “but some girls like it.”

“Like it?” Had she seen through me? “These women, they must have had very poor parents,” I said, pretending to laugh off her comment.

As we walked together, I realized my attitude toward Cassie had changed, I didn’t think of her as my girlfriend so much, but as my hot friend, and being friends with such a hot girl made me feel superior, too, even if she did have her hair uncovered and looked a little desperate. I realized that being a hot girl was great, and being a pair of hot girls was even greater. I didn’t feel the same attraction to Cassie I once felt, though I appreciated her fit, beautiful body. I wasn’t turned on by her plump rear or her swaying hips. Instead, I found myself respecting how hard she worked in the gym to get that body. Yet, at the same time, I

enjoyed a new flavor of feminine smugness. I was hotter than her, had a better ass, a smaller waist, plus I was not the immodest foreigner she was, but a proper Arab girl. I was a nearly perfect female specimen, and it was important to me now that I be recognized as a thoroughbred and not just some common barn horse.

The doorman pulled the door open for us, and as soon as we walked into the club we were hit with a wall of thundering music, and we could see the main dance floor beyond, swirling lights and gyrating bodies. The air smelled like booze, perfume, and cologne. Cassie took the lead, talking to the bouncer, who waved for a young man to guide us to our tables. He wore very tight pants, and my eyes dropped to his strong, muscular ass, and I thought, "I bet he could really pound a girl" then, gasped and pulled my eyes away, scared at what I'd been feeling.

A young waitress came over to take our orders. Her makeup was exquisite, and long black hair tied up in a high ponytail. She was pretty. I felt competitive towards her and wondered how much attention she was getting from the guys in the club as I eyed her up and down. My boobs were bigger than hers, I thought. Cassie ordered a Cosmo. The waitress said, "the same for you?"

"No," I said. Though part of me did want a drink, but to us, alcohol was forbidden. "I'd like some hibiscus tea. Shakran," I said with a curt smile. As we waited for our drinks, we both looked over the crowd. "Everyone is so beautiful," Cassie shouted in order to be heard over the music. "Naeam, Naeam," I shouted back. "English," Cassie answered. "Oh. Um, yes! Yes!" I yelled. I was scanning the room when Cassie said, "Colin." I heard her, but as before it didn't register that she was talking to me. Then, she yelled "Colin!"

I thought, suddenly, maybe she'd spotted Colin Ferrel, so I looked around. "Where? Where?"

"I'm talking to you," Cassie said. "I forgot. I have to call you Yasmeeen now." She covered my slender wrist with her hand and pointed. It turned out she had spotted someone famous: Bella Hadid. I sat there, watching Bella as she passed by with her entourage, assessing her through my feminine eyes. I wasn't looking at her tits and ass, but her silk off the shoulder dress, her strappy Gucci stilettos. Since when did I even know what a strappy stiletto was? But I did, and I was almost drooling over them. Her hair was full of ribbons and curls pulled up on her head, and I knew it must have taken an hour, at least, for her stylist to make that happen, while she also had the most even, perfect, radiant skin. I could only wonder what she used on it, but most of all, taking in her confident, almost arrogant stride, I had to admire her total commitment to beauty. After my look over, I felt myself in awe of her. "She's a goddess," I said. "I wonder where she got that dress?"

“You would,” Cassie said, then seeing my hurt expression added, “You’re such a little fashionista.”

I smiled. It was true. I was obsessed with clothes.

Cassie and I both pulled out our phones together and checked out makeup. The drinks came. We barely took a sip, then Cassie grabbed my hand and pulled me onto the dance floor. It wasn’t a struggle. The heavy blast of the bass was so compelling, we both just wanted to move our bodies to the beat. We threw our hands in the air, and I found myself facing Cassie, shaking my shoulders, swerving my hips. We both started smiling, laughing, our eyes sparkling. As I moved, my body moved in ways it never had before. My breasts swayed and bounced, my butt jiggled, even the soft flesh on the insides of my thighs, compressed in my bodysuit, jiggled. Dancing as a girl was much more of a full body experience, and I found myself enjoying the way my whole body bounced and swayed as I moved.

There was a time dancing with Cassie like that would have been such a turn on, watching her move her body and sway to the music, her hair flowing over her face, but I have to admit that I no longer felt attracted to her in that way. Now, I only thought of her as my American female friend.

As we danced, my eyes darted around the club, and I found myself looking at the women with new, bitchy eyes. Whereas before I would have just been checking out their tits, ass, legs, thinking how much fun it would be to fuck, I now found myself judging their outfits, their hair. I saw one girl with really great butterfly eyeliner and thought– I’m stealing that look. There was also a tall, Nordic blonde with to die for cheek bones and it seemed like half the guys in the room were checking her out, but before I could even get jealous I noticed she had small breasts, and I arched my back and smiled, knowing I had better tits and sensing so many guys checking me out as well. There were some girls also dressed in western styles, showing off their legs, their arms, the swell of their cleavage. I felt sorry for them, they were so desperate and did not respect themselves.

Meanwhile, I found myself appreciating the guys and the things that made them not like us– square jaws bristling with stubble, broad, muscular shoulders. I noticed a guy with his shirt open, and his chest was covered with a thick rug of curly black hair, and I just wanted to bury my hands in it so bad. I saw a tall guy– maybe 6’ 4” and I discovered I was now so into tall guys, especially ones with cleft chins like his, and dark, mysterious eyes. It didn’t hurt at all he was wearing a 5000 dollar suit and a watch I guessed may have cost 40,000 dollars. Yum. I was totally into guys now, I realized, feeling my pussy tingling, my nipples

getting hard. I forced myself not to stare at any of these beefy boys, though I most certainly wanted to. First, it wasn't appropriate for a woman to stare openly at a man and, second, I knew it might upset Cassie.

Third, until just a day ago, I'd been into women. "I guess I'm into angles instead of curves," I thought, pushing back, or trying to push back against this strange new fascination with muscles. "No," I tried to tell myself. 'I don't like guys, I— Oh, who am I kidding?' I wondered what it would be like to kiss these guys, to smell them. It was like I was seeing men for the first time, enjoying the sight of their bodies, imagining what fun it would be to find myself held in their arms, to be protected by them. This was another thing that was so not who I'd been, and yet so much of who I'd been turned into.

The local custom was often for women to dance with other single women, but the crowd here was mixed with people from all over Europe, Asia and North America. The behavior was open, free, with men and women dancing together in some groups and others adhering to the local customs. Evidently, I was okay dancing with men, because although I found myself so obsessed with clothing and other customs, I found myself wanting to dance with the guys around me. It made sense, I suppose, given that the policewoman had told me they wanted me to become some kind of seductress.

There were two guys dancing a little ways off from us, and Cassie and I both noticed they were making eye contact, asking for an invite with their eyes. Looking them over, my brain made a quick assessment— well-dressed, expensive watch, handsome and fit. Tall. Cassie looked at me. "Those hot guys are checking us out," I shouted. 'I noticed," Cassie yelled back. "What are you thinking?"

I looked back at the guys. "They look like great kissers," I yelled, then added, "not that that matters." It did matter. I found myself particularly smitten with the one in the blue suit. He actually had full lips, and I wanted him to pick me up and kiss me so badly. One of them turned as he was dancing, allowing me to catch a view of his butt through his pants, which was amazing, strong and firm. I instantly felt myself getting flush again.

"What a cute butt!," I shouted.

"Oh?" Cassie yelled back, pretending not to notice what I said.

"Should we invite them over?" I yelled, smiled, then waved at the guys.

The thought of inviting them over and dancing with these guys suddenly scared me, so I shook my head. "Oh, wait let's just—"

"We can't stop them now," Cassie said, and then we both smiled at the guys and nodded. They both kind of smirked like, yeah, we know we're studs, their confidence made me feel

giddy. Cassie, though, suddenly had a surprised look on her face. “Oh, hell,” she shouted. “I forgot you were you. You’re acting so much like a woman now, it was just like I was out clubbing with a girlfriend.” She looked over, but it was far too late. The guys were here.

The two guys came over and started dancing with us. Conversation was nearly impossible. The music was too loud. I found myself grooving, my little feminine movements reacting to his macho preening. Once we’d gotten a little comfortable, he moved in closer, so close that our legs brushed together as we danced, and then the next thing you know he was behind me, rubbing his body against mine as we moved. I felt his junk pressing against my ass and started wiggling my hips, looking back at him and smiling. He put his hands around my slender waist and pulled me closer, and I threw my arms in the air and let out a feminine yelp, the two of us dancing like that I felt my hair and my hijab bumping into his face as he leaned down and was blowing hot air on my neck and in my ear. This was my first time getting truly aroused as a female, and the sensations shocked and thrilled me as I felt myself getting so hot, so wet, my nipples aching. Now, I found myself facing a sweet dilemma. I was not the kind of girl to bend forward and present myself to a man, of course, at least not in public, but having him behind me, feeling his body brush up against mine, I found myself blushing furiously as I imagined myself doing just that. I turned around. I’d become desperate with the need to be kissed. I tilted my head back– he was so tall, and I was not– I smiled – and looked up into his eyes– he had the kindest, dark brown eyes. I was a little sweaty now from the dancing, a little breathless, my breasts heaving as I looked up at him, the whole world seeming to shrink down to just his handsome face. Up close, I saw that his full lips had a kind of Roman sneer to them, that arrogant look you see in pictures of the old Roman emperors, but it turned me on now in ways it never had before.

The floor was packed with people, and they moved all around us like a school of fish. People shifted and moved, but the two of us just seemed to stand still together. Suddenly aware of what I was doing, I glanced around and realized I’d gotten separated from Cassie. It was the first time I’d been away from her since the change, and I was in the company of a hot guy. I looked back up at him. He looked at me, and I could tell what he wanted. I invited him in with a smile. It’s ok now since Cassie wasn’t around.

Then he just swooped in. It was the most confident move, and so smooth. In what felt like one, fluid gesture he brought his hand to my chin, and at the same time leaned down and planted his lips on mine, sending shockwaves of pleasure through my little body. Throwing my arms around his neck, I closed my eyes, and just felt myself melting in that kiss, the music thumping, my head swimming in the smell of his cologne as well as his own manly musk. I curled my toes, felt the tips of my fingers tingle, and my leg just lifted right off the floor. It was so good, and so bad. Would everything be confusing as long as I was in this

body? I'd just been kissed by a man, and I reeled, not because I was a straight guy– I wasn't that anymore– but because I was a proper Arab girl and kissing a strange man in public was haram, but also so exciting.



When the kiss ended, he kept his hand on my chin, leaned back and had the most confident smirk on his face, like he had no doubt he'd just rocked my world. I smiled back, but my smile was one of thanks, of bliss, of astonishment. It was my first kiss as a woman, and I felt it all over but, more, I felt like he had shown me who he was in that kiss, and I liked it. Did the fact it was forbidden make me like it more or less? I couldn't be sure, but I was sure that I liked it.

“Let’s go back to our table?” I yelled to him over the music, hoping that he’d accept my offer. He smiled as I took his manly hand with my tiny soft one and led him to where Cassie and I had sat before. Cassie was already sitting there with a guy, and as she inspected my “friend” I saw her raise an eyebrow. She looked like she wanted to say something, but what could she say that wouldn’t make her sound like a crazy person? It was hard to talk over the music, but it had a benefit as we had to sit really close together. “What’s your name he shouted?” I leaned in and shouted back, “Yasmeen.” I didn’t even have to think about it. That was my name now. “What’s your name?” I called back. “Marco,” he shouted, letting a hand rest on my thigh, which gave me all kinds of shivers. “I’m in town from Rome.” Oh! Rome! How romantic. I immediately began to imagine us frolicking around Rome on vespas, visiting the colosseum. Back in the real world, he ordered drinks for us, and a virgin one for me, obviously. When the server came, I reached for my purse, but he waved me off. “Don’t be ridiculous,” he said. “When you’re with me, I pay for everything.”

“You’re quite a gentleman,” I said. Of course, it was traditional that the man should pay, and it made me quite pleased to be with such a man.

“You have such lovely eyes,” he said, lifting his glass.

“Thanks,” I said, feeling bubbly and light and I loved compliments.

He raised his glass, and I raised my glass. “Agli incontri casuali, he said “To chance encounters.” We clinked our glasses and drank.

It made me feel special to have this man buying things for me. We sipped our drinks, staring into each other’s eyes, the blue and white lights from the disco swirling all around us. Cassie got up and yelled something to me, and I nodded though I hadn’t really heard her. Then, she and her guy went back out onto the dance floor.

Marco grabbed my hand– his hand was so big!-- and he pulled me to my feet and then dragged me to the hallway. “Let’s go to my place,” he said. “I have a hot tub.”

I looked back at the dance floor. I knew Cassie was out there, and I suddenly worried. “My friend?” I said.

“She’ll be fine,” Marco said, slipping his arms around my waist, pulling me to him. My soft breasts pressed against his hard, flat chest. He leaned down and kissed me. “She is with Lorenzo. He is a gentleman. I’ve known him all my life. Since we were young. He will make sure she gets home safely.”

“I’m not sure...”

He kissed me again, I felt his hand fall down and cup my ass, squeezing and lifting as he kissed, lingered, then kissed me again.

“Okay,” I sighed. I felt so hot, so wet, like my whole body was a liquid candle.

He ordered an Uber. As it pulled up, bathing us in its headlights, I looked back at the club, back where Cassie was, back to what seemed now like safety. This was all moving too quickly. I’d only just become a woman, and now I was thinking about going home with a man? I might have turned and run back into the club, but Marco slipped his arm around my waist and pulled me to him. I felt like he claimed me with that gesture, that he’d taken control, and that just got me more turned on. I wanted to be his girl more than I wanted to run from these feelings.

We made out the whole way to his house, and as we kissed I felt one of his hands cup my breast through my dress and bra. Then, he pinched my hard, erect nipple with his thumb, and I heard myself moan, that way women moan when they are getting really turned on, and hearing myself moan like that turned me on even more. My skin was tingling, my breasts, my fingertips. The kisses grew hotter, and he started to slip his hot, wet tongue between my lips, sliding it over mine. I touched his hard chest, let my hands run along his hard, muscular arms. My lady parts tingled, the sensation moving deep within me, a new sensation of feeling empty, wanting to be filled. These new feelings were so powerful, so overwhelming, I once more wanted to get away from them, and I pushed against his chest, but he was too big, too strong. “Marco, I–”

He kissed me silent, and my small act of resistance, the ease with which he persuaded me to keep going, it all just made me hotter. He was a man, and he knew what he wanted, and what he wanted was me.

We kissed our way out of the taxi and kissed all the way to the front door. When he pulled away from me for just a moment to unlock the door, I clung to him, pressing my breasts against his back. “Hurry,” I whispered. “Hurry.”

The door opened, we stumbled in, him guiding me through the apartment until I found myself in his bedroom. My heart was racing. I’d never had sex as a woman, never shown my body to a man. I was a nice Arab girl, but now felt it was immodest, that I should never show even my hair let alone my bare skin to any man other than my future husband. Yet, at the same time, I wanted to turn him on, to be the object of his desire. Could I even take off my hijab for this man? I trembled, hesitated, and he made my decision for me.

Standing together at his bed, Marco turned me around, yanked my zipper down, then peeled my dress off me, causing it to fall to the floor around my heels. I stepped out of my dress, cool air swirled around my body, and I felt shy, self-conscious. I looked down to see

goosebumps form on my breasts, I put one hand across my chest. The other dropped to cover my vagina. It wasn't because I was a man in a woman's body. It was because I was a woman, and I suddenly worried that I wouldn't please him, that he would not find me beautiful.

Marco stepped forward and kissed me, then moved my arm from across my chest. "You're stunning," he said, looking me right in the eyes. "Let me see you." He stepped back and got on the bed, his back against the headboard.

I giggled and covered my face, blushing that he found me so beautiful. Letting one arm drop to my side, my elbow brushing against my ribs, I felt my tiny forearm and hand tracing my wide hips. Naturally, I placed my other hand on my trim waist, sticking my elbow out, and lifted my knee slightly, cocking one hip to the side. And I posed for him. In my black bra and panties, while he let his eyes slowly caress my body from my face to my toes and then back up again, stopping each time at my breasts. He didn't need to tell me. I could see the fire in his eyes, the desire. He wanted me, and that was such a turn on. I softly bit my plump lower lip. "Move for me," he said, his voice deeper, gruff.

Giggling once more, I started to gyrate my hips, then lifted my arms over my head, arching my back and thrusting my breasts forward. I was moving on instinct now, just letting my body do what came naturally. I was a beautiful girl, and I knew what this big, strong man wanted to see as I turned and let him see my backside, then let my hips sway from side to side. He hadn't taken off my hijab, and as much as it felt wrong, I wanted, needed to let him see me, all of me, just as he'd asked. I reached up, still dancing, and clutched the edges of my hijab. Hands trembling, I paused, just dancing, swaying, the excitement of what I was about to do growing, making both of us hotter, and then in one motion I swept the hijab from my head, tossing it aside as my hair came tumbling down over my shoulders. I heard myself cry out, and then I tossed my hair, threw my head forward, then tossed my head back, letting it flow all around me, strands falling across my face, tickling the tops of my breasts. I turned away from him, throwing my hair from side to side, feeling its weight, the thick glossy perfection, and I felt so free, so daring... Wearing my hijab had come to feel so natural and necessary to me I felt naked, just as naked as when he'd first taken off my dress.

Marco made a sound like an animal growling. He came up behind me and I felt him grab the hooks of my bra, undoing it in one quick motion, and then he pulled it off me. Still from behind, he grabbed my unbound breasts and squeezed, lifted then, pressed them together. Then, he slipped them down and cupped them from beneath while rubbing his thumbs against my nipples, then pinching them. Hard. I gasped. My breasts were so sensitive, and his every touch made me tremble. I felt his stiff member pressing into my

soft backside, which caused me to moan softly, my body inflamed with desire. I turned in his arms and we began to unbutton his shirt together, gradually revealing the hard, dark flesh of his collar bone and chest. Our fingers brushed as we got him out of his shirt, and once it was unbuttoned, I eagerly ripped it off of him, leaning in for a kiss as I ran one finger



along the rigid line of his upper abs, ran my hands over his chest, squeezed his bulging arms. I drank in the feel and sight and smell of this man, and I smiled confronting how feminine I'd become, how much this soft little woman, totally turned on by a strong, powerful man.

As we continued to kiss and squeeze and rub each other, my hands found his belt. Now growing almost desperate with desire, I unbuckled it, then shoved his pants down, his black boxers, watching his dick pop out, hard and gleaming with precum the sight of which made my knees go weak. It was one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen, and I bit my lip as I let my eyes dance across those bulging veins. I'd had no interest in looking at another man's cock, but now I wanted to build a monument to this one as I felt myself growing hotter

and hungrier and wetter.

I gazed lovingly at his cock, the way an art lover might linger over a Rembrandt. The tip looked blue, and the sight of it sent shivers through my body. It was like I was seeing a penis for the first time, and I found myself fascinated by the shape of it, the bulging veins. I reached down and grabbed it with my soft little hand, squeezed, lifted, giggling. It was so hard, and I could feel what seemed like pent up need, tension, and the skin had a slightly slick feel to it as well. As I grabbed his dick, Marco grabbed my ass and squeezed and lifted my plump rear, all the while he left hot kisses along my collarbone, and then down onto my breasts.

I felt him inflaming my mysterious new body, a growing ache within me, a need to be filled I'd never experienced before, I was obsessed with his cock and his powerful body. I dropped to my knees, my hips spreading under me, wearing only my lacy tong, one hand still on the base of his cock, and looked up at him, licking my lips.

His eyes gleamed, his lips curled into a smile. I tossed my hair back and opened my mouth. How does a girl give a blow job, I wondered? But I already seemed to instinctively know. I grabbed the base of his shaft with one hand, and with the other I cradled and gently squeezed his balls. It was like I'd grabbed a couple live wires, shocks of pleasure rising up my arms. I drew him in between my lips then began to bob up and down. He was huge, and having him in my mouth, the heft and weight of his cock, was the most intense feeling I'd ever experienced. As I bobbed, I felt him sliding across my tongue, right to the back of my mouth, and I licked and sucked, feeling the ridges of his cock against my tongue. I'd never experienced anything like this, but I loved it. I felt his hands on the back of my head as I used my tongue to... He made a deep grunting sound, and then I felt his dick twitch in my mouth and then begin pumping salty jizz. It tasted like salty pineapple and rolled in my mouth like a wad of jelly as it hit the back of my throat. I started to pull away, but he had his hands on my head and held me there while he finished. Once he did, he pulled his cock out of my mouth, his slippery member gliding out from my lips, its head dripping the last drops of cum, and I felt empty again. "Swallow," he commanded me.

I did, and looked up at him, wiping a little of his semen from the corner of my mouth. "Was that good for you?" I asked, making my voice extra small and pretty for him.

"Amazing," he said. "You're a great little cocksucker."

The compliment thrilled me. I wanted to thank him, so I got to my feet and went to kiss him again but caught myself. I knew he probably wouldn't want to kiss me after he just unloaded his cum into my mouth. Guys aren't into that like I would be.

"Can you wait one second for me?" I purred.

He smiled and understood. I was so hot, and so eager and needy for more, but he was the man. I had to please him and, truly, when I was a man, I would not want to kiss a girl and taste my own semen. I put a little extra wiggle in my walk as I made my way to the bathroom, glancing back over my soft little shoulder to see he was enjoying the view. I took a swig of mouthwash and began to swish it around in my mouth, looking at my pretty face in the mirror, my big, dimpled lips. I was looking at a woman who'd just given her first blow job. The man I'd been never would have done, but the woman I'd become was proud of herself. I spit the mouthwash into the sink and turned sideways to the mirror, admiring my figure, the way my breasts thrust out above my slender waist, my glowing skin. Marco is one lucky man, I thought as I fixed my hair. Any man would kill to have a chance to enjoy a fine woman like me.

As soon as I walked into the bedroom again, he was waiting for me. He wrapped his arms around me and picked me up. I wrapped my soft thighs around his waist and threw my arms around his shoulders, feeling my big, fat nipples rubbing against his little ones. He kissed me, and our tongues met, and then we kissed again. I wanted to taste those lips, that tongue forever. He carried me over to the bed and lay me down, then grabbed my panties and pulled them down the length of my long legs before sniffing them then tossing them aside. I felt the cool mortal air flow over my exposed vagina. I felt it quiver, a powerful desire to have him inside me overcoming me, pushing me into a fever.

I lay spread my legs. "No," Marco said, climbing onto the bed next to me. "Not yet. I must bring you to climax. This ensures maximum orgasms for you."

He began to suck on one of my nipples, while he slipped another hand between my legs, let it slip between the lips of my vagina, then found my clit, and began to move his fingers around me. I moaned and cried out, arching my back, overwhelmed with pleasure, but he wasn't done— he ran his fingertips over my breasts, across my belly... he kissed me arms, my shoulders... he licked my soft inner thighs, so much happening at once, fingers probing, hot lips on soft skin, he came back to kiss me on the lips as well, the caress my cheeks, and I gazed at him in wonder, my hair all in my face, and then he would slide down again, kissing me from head to toe, his kisses burning my hungry flesh as I grew hotter and hotter, wetter and wetter, the need to have him inside me growing more and more intense. I was panting now, moaning, my breasts heaving... I wanted him so bad I started to cry, tears rolling down my cheeks as I pawed at his body, trying to grab his penis as I lifted my hips, spreading my legs wide for him, wanting to guide him inside me, "fuck me" I heard myself plead. "Fuck me hard."

We'd been intertwined, our thighs and calves rubbing together, but now he planted his hands on my knees and shoved my legs apart farther. I felt vulnerable, spread out like that,

and that vulnerability thrilled me. My vagina was open and accessible to be penetrated by him. My hair pooled around me on the bed, massed under me like a cushion. Marco climbed in between my legs, holding his dick, pointing it towards my pussy. I shivered as I lay back, looking up at Marco, batting my lashes, feeling both a little afraid of how big and strong he was, how he'd totally taken control of me, but also thrilled by that feeling, knowing he was too heavy for me to push him off, that he could do whatever he wanted to me.

My heart racing, chest heaving, beads of sweat forming on my breasts, I stared into his hard, hungry eyes and every part of me responded as I moaned softly. He pinned my arms down and said, "You're ready." He grabbed his penis now and guided it into my vagina. Stars exploded in my eyes at the feeling of his manhood inside my womanhood, pushing inside me, spreading me, and I bit my lips and dug my nails into his shoulders as I lifted my hips, spreading my legs as wide as I could, wanting him deeper, deeper...



I arched my back and cried out as he thrusting in and out, in and out, faster and faster, my breasts bouncing with each thrust as I started panting and panting, squeaking, sighing, feeling him stretching me out, thrusting faster and faster the tension building, building... He was so powerful, so strong and he made these deep, guttural grunts that drove me mad, my hair all in my face as I wrapped my legs around his middle and tried to pull him into me deeper and deeper. I love the feeling of him inside me, needed him inside me, slamming into me, his sweat merging with mine, the room filling with the thick musk of our sex. The fact I was being fucked by a man seemed to only enhance the experience. I love that this

man was dominating me, taking me, making me his woman, and I loved that I was so hot he had no choice.

Finally, he did a thrust that took him sooooo deep inside me. He shouted and I felt him explode inside me, his dick spasming, stretching, shooting me full of his hot jizz. “Neaem, Habibi!” I cried out. “Neaem!” The female orgasm? I felt like a ball of fire had exploded in my belly, spreading out over every inch of my body, my flesh signing like the rising of the morning sun. Stars flashed in my eyes, and there was this incredible tension and then sublime release. It felt like a universe had been born inside me.