

Part 6

I awoke the next morning, sheets tangled between my legs. My long silky hair spread out all around me. I stretched my legs, admiring them sliding against the soft sheets. Marco was lying on his back, his body uncovered, one arm over his head, snoring. I sat up, pulling the sheets over my breasts, leaning back against the headboard, running a hand through my thick, curly hair and tossing it back over my shoulders. I caressed Marco's body with my eyes as I became aware of a new dynamic in my personality. If he'd been awake, I would have felt it wrong to so brazenly appreciate a man's body. We, women, were expected to live off glances and coquettish peeks, but with him asleep I was free to enjoy the sight of Marco, and did I ever enjoy it. It was like I was seeing man for the first time, my throat growing dry as I looked at his square jaw, bristling with sultry stubble. He had a muscular, Superman chest also carpeted with rugged, manly hair, a hard, six pack. Looking at his big shoulders and bulging biceps, I smiled thinking how easily he could lift me up, throw me over his shoulder.

The feeling of being turned on was completely different now— I felt it all over my body, but I also felt it between my legs now growing hot and wet, opening, wanting to draw him inside me, my skin tingling. It now struck me as almost absurd that I had once been one of them, a him, a man. Looking at his penis, I felt my cheeks grow hot. I had never really seen one, I supposed, not from a woman's eyes, but it now looked to me like the most fascinating thing in the world. I couldn't even imagine having one anymore, hanging down there between my legs. I couldn't understand how anyone would want one. My body was so much more sleek with nothing at all bouncing around between my thighs, and I loved the feeling of my full, heavy breasts, especially when I pressed them up against his hard, flat chest. I got to wear pretty clothes now, makeup. It was better to be a woman.

I knew I was Yasmeen now. I was a hot, Emirati girl, and I was no longer a virgin. My past life seemed only like a distant memory. And this unreality was enhanced by how aware I was of my new sex, the feeling of being a woman. I could feel my breasts rise and fall with each breath, my sensitive nipples brushing against the sheet. He had silk sheets on his bed, the slick, cool material caressed my soft, hairless skin, giving me tingles, and I couldn't help but be aware of the feeling of my big, plump ass spreading out on the bed under me. The sheets draped over my crotch, filling in the empty space that was there, the smallest fold traced the shape of the lips of my pussy. I decided to roll onto my side, facing Marco, my long hair tumbling across my eyes, and I flipped it back over my shoulder, and propped my head up with my arm as I looked at him. I felt the weight of my breasts shift on my chest and settle on the bed, my round hip rising into the air as I glided my hand down my trim

waist and over it. I could not help but be aware of all the sensations I felt as a woman, naked, and how much the memories of my past life felt so unreal.

Cassie must be worried sick, I thought, getting up, deciding I had better head back to the hotel. I was worried about her. How could I have left my bestie alone at a club in a strange country? What if something had happened to her? It was part of the girl code that you never left a friend alone. But, then again, I had met a hot guy. If she was okay, then all was fine, I told myself.



I sat up on the side of the bed, my knees together, arching my back against the weight of my breasts. Crossing my legs, I dug both of my little hands into my long hair and tossed it back over my shoulders. Glancing in the bedroom mirror I was sitting like a girl, a very feminine girl. It pleased me now. It felt right. In fact, I would be ashamed if I moved in any way like a man.

Stretching my arms above my head, wrists bent, I felt my boobs rise, the bedsheet falling to the ground. I love having boobs, I thought, as I cupped them with my hands. I stood up and found my bra and panties where they'd been tossed aside by Marco the night before. I paused to admire my bra before I put it on– I loved the lace cups, the little bow at the yoke. Putting my bra on backwards, I hooked the backstrap, then rotated it around, hooking my thumbs under the shoulder straps, pulling them up over my slender little shoulders and immediately feeling the weight pulling on them as they supported my breasts. Then, I adjusted the cups under my breasts, glancing in the mirror, pleased with how sexy I looked with my bra lifting my girls and holding them up. Next, I stepped into my matching thong, sliding them up my long, smooth legs, then wiggling my hips as I stretched the waistband out and pulled it up and then let it shrink back down to fit on my slender waist, even as I fought the urge to tug on that little strip of cloth that had now embedded itself deep between my ass cheeks. There was no point. It belonged there.

I took a quick look in the mirror, striking a pose with one hip thrown to the side, my shoulders arched back. Marco rolled onto his back, and I heard him say. “Ummm. Good morning to me.”

“Mmmm, sabah alkhayr, Habibi” I said, smiling, leaning forward, sticking my ass back in a classic pinup girl pose.

Marco didn't answer, but the look in his eyes told me everything. I might even have jumped in the sack with him for some morning glory if I hadn't been so worried about Cassie.

I started to pull on my dress, Marco rolled over onto his back and watched as I wiggled it up over my hips. “There is something so exquisite,” he said, “about watching a woman get dressed.” I just smiled, enjoying the feeling of being held in his eyes, desired, wanted, needed. Once I pulled my dress up to my shoulders, I turned. “Zip me up?”

I took a moment to tidy up my makeup, then fussed with my hair, pinned it back and put my hijab back on. Looking in the mirror, I was satisfied that my night of sin would not be obvious to the other women I might pass. “I must go,” I said, as I did the straps on my heels. Marco walked over and grabbed my hips, pulling me in for a goodbye kiss. “Be good,” he said, and as I walked away, heels clicking, I put a little extra sway in my hips. I could feel him watching me go.

Clutching my purse, I made my way downstairs, replaying the events of the night before in my mind, wondering about Cassie. I was so lost in thought, I didn't even see Officer Rafik until she stepped in front of me and said, "Yasmeen, you naughty girl."

"Oh!" I said, startled. "Alsamawat. You scare me." I put a hand on my chest, not realizing the English grammar mistake I made.

"What a lovely accent," she said. "And your pronunciation is exquisite. In fact, you are exquisite. You move and talk just like a good little Arab girl now— though I think we both know you have a naughty side, don't we?"

I blushed, but I was speechless.

"Oh, yes, we have been monitoring your every move since the time you left the station. I so enjoyed watching you change. In fact, at the mall when you snuck off to buy some sexy underwear while Cassie was in the bathroom? So perfect, and I don't think I've ever seen someone so in love with shoes. And then, when you started dancing with Mario? Priceless. There is nothing even remotely male anymore. You know that, don't you?"

"I do know this," I said. "Though, you have made it so it feels totally natural. I think you've turned me completely into a woman in my mind, and I didn't think it was possible. Like, I know once I would have been ashamed to be dressed how I am. But now I can barely imagine being a man. How did you do this to me?"

"Yes, that's our secret. This is what I call the Exquisite. It would be far less fun otherwise. You have been transformed to be ideal for your new role. Sweet, proper, beautiful with all the feminine characteristics our targets will find irresistible, and yet, you love sex, don't you?"

"Yes," I admitted, briefly flashing back on my night with Marco. "I do."

Rafik laughed. "You were so sure your mind would not be changed." She reached out and brushed a loose strand of hair that had escaped from my hijab away from my cheek. I instantly tucked it away. She took my arm. 'Come. I'll give you a ride back to your hotel. We can talk along the way.'

The morning breeze swept around me as we exited Marco's building. As we approached her car, she opened the door for me, and I climbed in, wondering what was coming next. I slipped into the seat and sat with my knees together. Pulling the seatbelt across my chest, I felt it pull tight between my boobs, and as I shifted in my seat I felt my ass spreading underneath me. After what Rafik said, I felt extra aware of my feminine mannerisms, and I

laughed at myself a little as I pulled down the sunshield and checked my face in the vanity mirror.

As Rafik pulled the car away from the curb, she spoke, occasionally glancing at me. “We’ve been tracking you, of course,” she said. “Now that you’ve naturally had sex with a man, it is time for you to move onto the next stage of your punishment.”

I almost objected that it had not been willing, but who was I kidding? “Now you wish for me to seduce foreign businessman,” I said, not even realizing that I was thinking of myself as an Emeriti girl, and that the western men were actual foreigners.

“Not just some businessman. Your first target is very wealthy and has a tremendous amount of money to invest in *our* nation. However, he needs a little nudge. That is where you will come in and bring your considerable...” she took her eyes from the road for a moment and eyed my body... “talents.”

There was a loud honking, and a scooter cut in front of us. Rafik slammed on the brakes. I made a small, high pitch sound of fright, and she smiled. “You’re so cute,” she said. “Connor is going to love you.” She focused back on the road. “He has a thing for Arab girls, and you are all that and more. Now, just so you know this won’t be so bad for you now, he’s young, quite handsome. And, if our research is correct, very good in the sack.”

I felt myself get a little excited by that last comment, but I frowned. “That does not concerns me at all,” I said. “Inshallah, I only do this so I can get back to being Colin. It is Qadar.”

Farik just grinned. She didn’t believe a word of what I’d just said. I was going to do exactly what was expected of a girl like me.

I found myself standing in front of our hotel room, a changed person. I’d lain with a man, and I did not want Cassie to know. I pulled out my compact and checked my makeup, running a nail along the bottom of the lip to give it a cleaner edge. Then, I adjusted my hijab and smoothed my dress, spritzed myself with some perfume from my purse to make sure the smell of sex was covered– I really should have showered, I realized now, but it was too late. Satisfied, I was about to insert my keycard into the reader, when a new impulse overcame me, and I pushed my boobs up and adjusted my bra. I was not about to have Cassie think she had better boobs than me. Mustahil.

As soon as I opened the door to the hotel room, Cassie came running to me and threw her arms around me. “Colin!” She shouted. “Thank God you’re okay. I’ve been trying to reach you all night.”

“Yasmeen,” I corrected, hugging her back. I was glad to see her, truly, and it made me happy to know she was worried about me. The hug reminded me once more of how much I had changed. The feeling of my breasts pressed against hers, our thighs intertwined. Once, these would have been a turn on, but now I just felt friendship, two girlfriends saying hello and not a boyfriend-girlfriend experience at all.

“Where did you go? What happened?” Cassie said, still holding me, and now she– sniffed me. “I smell sex.”

Oh, well, thought. I tried to hide it. I disengaged, dropped my purse on the dresser, sat and crossed my legs with a worldly sigh. “I laid with a man. He was such an eashiq. A stud!”

“Wait. You mean, you had sex with a guy?”

“Neaem.” I found myself putting a hand to my chest as I remembered. “I will tell you, he made me feel amazing. It was like laying with a sex master, the way he played with body...” I moaned softly as I remembered it all, squeezing my thighs together as my pussy tingled, not even thinking of Cassie now, but just enjoying the memory. “I wish again to feel his qadib in my mouth, to have him make me climax again and again. It was like fire in my almiibal.”

“And to answer the age-old question, sex is *much* better as women.”

“You gave him a BJ and then he fucked you?” Cassie said, using such crude language to describe my blissful interlude. “You’re okay with it? You? I mean, your accent is so strong now, you’re speaking in broken English, and you’re bragging about getting laid, and I thought we agreed you would fight this?”

“I fought, I said. I lost. We have a saying. Hakadha hi alhayaa. Such is life. It means...”

“We have a saying?” Cassie interrupted. “You’re not Arabic, COLIN. This is all controlling your mind. Do you have any idea how hard this has been for me watching you, Colin, the real Colin, being erased? I’ve watched you start to walk like a girl, talk like a girl, you became obsessed with fucking makeup and now you sit here in front of my rhapsodizing about getting fucked by some random dude? I loved the old you, and I’ve lost you, and you don’t even care about me at all. You didn’t choose any of this. It isn’t you. It’s that stupid camera. You’re letting them win.”

“I don’t care,” I said.

Her words stung, and I found myself growing angry. I stood. “YOU are the one who need to understand. I am Yasmeen now. I’m a girl, and I enjoy my new Arab culture. I love dresses and jewelry, the way I look, and the way men look at me, and I love that I am free to be cute

and sweet and I'm proud of how I walk. I am Yasmeen now, and I can't apologize for that. Get used to it." I raised my arms. "And since we criticize each other now, I have been hold my tongue, but you dress like a slut. You embarrass yourself with your waqiha tramp clothes."

"Me? A slut?" Cassie said, shaking her head. "Me? Which one of us went home with a strange man last night and got her brains fucked out?"

"Please. Such language..."

"I call bullshit," Cassie said. "How is it you think covering your hair puts you in some kind of moral high ground when you spread your legs for any random dude who buys you a drink?"

"You do not understand, and you will never understand," I said, grabbing my purse. As an act of defiance, I decided to flaunt my new womanly curves and threw one hip out to the side, while holding one arm out as well, my wrist bent. I tilted my head to the side and planted my other hand on my hip and said, "I so need chai right now." Putting my nose in the air, I pivoted on my heels and headed toward the door, swinging my hips defiantly.

"Mae alsalama!"

As I stormed down the hall, I heard Cassie from the room call out, "Bitch!"

I thought, "Ugh, Americans!"

Part 7

The Skyview stood at the very top of one of the tallest buildings in Dubai, round with floor to ceiling windows that offered panoramic views. On one side, the Palm Jumeirah, the other, the Burj Khalifa, and beyond that, the great expanse of the ocean, choppy with whitecaps rolling on top of green waves. All around were the great skyscrapers and ancient neighborhoods of the old city.

A waiter with a sweaty bottle of champagne placed the ice bucket and bottle on a tray, then carefully inspected two champagne flutes to ensure they were spotless, placed them on the tray and lifted it, carrying it across the room, weaving in and out of the tables, where couples and small groups chatted, and the sound of cutlery clattering against fine China tinkled in the background.

The room was filled with beautiful people, the richest people who could afford the best plastic surgeons in the world to sculpt their features to perfection. Yet, the couple the waiter approached? The most beautiful in the room, and these two had not had any work done. He could tell.

“Foxfonna,” the waiter said in clipped, almost overly proper English as he held what looked like a champagne bottle with a glittering, golden label toward the couple. “Taken from the Foxfonna glacier, this finest of waters is over 1,000 years old, with elegant fizz added via a process patented and exclusive to the Foxfonna Watery. Would the gentleman care to do the honors?”

“Of course,” Connor Sellers said. He’d ordered the most expensive sparkling water he could find in the city to impress his date, the beautiful, young Muslim girl sitting across from him. Looking into her eyes, her hair covered in a beautiful hijab, he knew she wouldn’t drink a drop of alcohol, but like many of the local girls in the UAE, she still demanded the best. He took the bottle and effortlessly removed the cork, not allowing it to pop out and ricochet across the room like at a wedding reception but slipping it out and catching it in a move that demonstrated power, control and refinement. He had a “corporate face” right out of central casting with a cleft lantern jaw, a full head of black hair combed back and cold, ice blue eyes. As he poured, he looked across the table at Yasmeen, who wore a black dress with a lace collar. She’d done her eye shadow in smokey blacks and silvers, generous mascara almost dripping from her long, curly lashes, while her lips gleamed with a wet, sultry red lipstick. “This is the best water in the world,” Connor said. “I demand the best of myself, and I demand the best the world has to offer.”

Yameen smiled and tilted her head to the side just a little, just enough to signal that she liked what she was hearing but was not overly impressed. A man like Connor, she knew, liked a challenge. “Had you ordered something less, I would have walked out.”



The waiter finished pouring. “Will there be anything else?” Connor waved the man off. He leaned forward. Beautiful women were nothing to him. They threw themselves at him. What really turned him on these days was a beautiful woman who seemed like she might not be all that easily impressed. This was a creature worth pursuing, and it would make it all the more of a triumph when he had her under his thumb.

“You like the good things in life, eh?”

Yasmeen let a naughty smile cross her lips. “Good is such a weak word,” she said. “I like to always feel I am enjoying the majestic.” She took a sip of the Foxfanna, the bubbles tickling her nose. She held the glass and examined the color. “Majestic,” she said. “Do you know I would never have thought water could taste so pure and delightful? A date once ordered a slice of reneian beef. He assured me I would enjoy it because it cost 800 dollars a pound. It tasted like tripe. I wouldn’t serve it to a dog.”

“Well, so you are not easily pleased?” Connor said, chuckling. “Like me, you demand the finer things.”

Yasmeen arched her back and lifted her arms, pretending to be adjusting her hijab, but it really was just a way to give her mark a good look at her proud, firm breasts. It was time to reel in Connor. “I am only a woman,” she said, making her voice smaller and higher. “It is not for me to demand these things directly from the world.” She met Connor’s eyes over the fizzing lip of her glass. “I demand my man get them for me.”

“I bet you do,” Connor said, his voice slightly hoarse. He loved being the man, providing, having a woman totally dependent on him. It was one of the reasons he was drawn to traditional Arab girls. Yasmeen, for her part, had come to love being a woman, playing coy, sweet. She loved the power of her beauty and luring men in rather than chasing women down. It was a subtle and beautiful dance and one that made her shiver to be a woman.

They each sipped their Foxfonna, Yasmeen’s hand still covering Connor’s, all kinds of sparks flying back and forth between them as they stared into each other’s eyes. Yasmeen held, waiting, eventually she would drop her eyes, and Connor would get a thrill, feeling he’d established his dominance.

“Colin! Colin!” A harsh, American voice shouted from across the restaurant. “Cooooolin!”

Oh, no, Yasmeen thought, looking over to Cassie storming across the restaurant, looking so gauche with her hair flopping around her face. Ugh. Yasmeen turned her eyes to Connor, letting them go wide, her mouth dropping open as he exaggerated her fear. “She looks like a crazy woman!” She said, putting her hands to her cheeks.

Cassie rushed up to the table, waving papers at Yasmeen. “The Embassy!” She shouted. “The Embassy! They can help! I’ve spoken to The Embassy!”

“What are you talking about?” Yasmeen said, looking at Connor, her eyes begging to be rescued.

Connor stood. "You need to leave," he said, stepping between Yasmeen and Cassie. Yasmeen jumped from her chair, holding on to Connor's arm, peering around him at Cassie. Meanwhile, the restaurant staff hurried over.

"You don't understand," Cassie screamed as she found herself surrounded. "She's my boyfriend! The police used a camera to turn him into a girl. This is all fake! Ask the US Embassy."

"You need to leave," the manager of the restaurant said.

"My boyfriend...!"

"We will call the authorities."

Cassie looked past Connor to Yasmeen, who shook her head. "Get away from me, crazy woman. Put on some decent clothes and cover your hair for goodness' sake."

The restaurant staff led Cassie by her arms away, her head turned towards Yasmeen, tears rolling down her face. Connor sat. "Are you okay?" He said. "I'm sure that was very upsetting for you."

"It was," Yasmeen said, her hands shaking– were they shaking for real? Her secret had almost been blown. She couldn't be sure. Maybe some part of her did feel bad for Cassie. "I hope she gets helped," she said. "She is clearly majnun."

Connor liked the fact that Yasmeen was so sensitive. "So," he said. "Where were we?"

"You were telling me about a new project? Some sort of skyscraper? It sounds so amazing. Can you really make such things happen?"

Connor smiled. Yasmeen smiled. She was back on task and was sure she was going to deliver a very nice investment for her country. Of course, she was no longer interested in being returned to her old life, but she was now working on commission. Once she bagged Connor, she would be able to buy all sorts of majestic things for herself.

They flirted, Ate. Drank. They agreed, without saying a word, they would be going back to Connor's room. Connor helped Yasmeen to her feet, and she fitted her body into his, nuzzling against him as he slipped an arm around her waist and led her toward the glowing red sign above the doorway that read "Exit."

