

Chapter 2

“Yasmeen,” I heard a woman’s voice calling from somewhere beyond the darkness that had overtaken my mind. “Yasmeen, wakeup.”



“His name is Colin,” I heard Cassie say.

“That would be a strange name for an Arab girl.” I now recognized the first voice as Rafik, and I started to remember what had happened to me, though for just a fleeting second, I convinced myself it must have been a dream.

“Wakey wakey, pretty girl,” Rafik said, and then I was shocked awake as she waved some smelling salts beneath my nose.

“Where am I?” I said, my hand immediately going to my throat as I heard the words come out in the trilling tones of a young woman. Everything about my body felt wrong. I felt my inner arm press against the soft weight of my breast even as my hair once again fell into my face. My hips felt like they’d spread beneath me like a huge, soft pillow. My pants strained, battled, and failed as the button popped right off and flew across the room. I didn’t even have to glance at the interrogation room mirror or put a hand between my legs to confirm it had all been true. I really had been turned into a woman.

I couldn't meet Cassie's eyes, couldn't look directly at her. Instead, I glanced at her in the mirror, ashamed for her to see me like this. I was supposed to be her man, and now I had a fucking vagina. I felt completely and totally violated.

"Turn me back," I snapped, still wincing at the feminine sound of my voice.

Rafik, who sat across from me, regarded me with a kind of cool detachment now.

"Yasmeen..."

"My name is not Yasmeen!" I shrieked.

"She- he- isn't a woman," Cassie, who sat to my right said.

Rafik just crossed her arms, her face blank and bored. "You have agreed to this form of punishment. Now, you can listen to the details of your sentence, or you can be sent to prison- women's prison. And, let me warn you, it will be at least six months until your case will even come to trial."

"I'll contact the embassy. You can't do this to an American citizen," Cassie said.

"Prison it is," Rafik said, waving toward the window.

"No. No," I said, gesturing to Cassie. "Let's hear the sentence."

"You are tasked to seduce a foreign businessman..."

"Seduce?" Cassie said, but I waved her silent before she could go any further.

"Seduce a foreign businessman," Rafik continued and entice them to invest money in UAE preferred businesses. "You must raise 100 million dollars in this manner. At such time as you have earned it, you may choose to return to your former name and gender."

"100 million?" Cassie huffed. "Unbelievable." She shrugged. "Why go to all these lengths? Why not just use your own women to do this?"

"It is beneath us," Rafik said, offended. "But you Americans are used to slutting yourselves for money."

"Oh, but there's just one problem with this plan. Colin isn't attracted to men, he wouldn't have any idea how to seduce them, and even if he did, it wouldn't be believable. So, what do you have to say about that?"

"That will come in time. Soon she will start to find men very attractive, and she will know instinctively how to be the woman of their dreams. From this moment, her personality will start changing, becoming more and more feminine until she has become a complete woman, inside and out. Just wait. Our machine did not just give her a seductress' body, but

a seductress' mind. Your boyfriend," Rafik said, and she looked so gleeful at what she was about to say. "She will be quite the slut."

"Okay, wait. I really am not comfortable with liking men and being a slut and—"

"He does not want to be a slut," Cassie shouted.

"She will enjoy laying with men in due time," Rafik said. Her voice was calm, but she had a gleeful glow in her eyes, like Frankenstein when he made his monster.

Seeing the argument was getting nowhere, I decided I just wanted this whole part of the thing to be over, so I decided to pretend I was just going along with it. "You know what? Not even a problem," I lied, though the terms of my sentence seemed even more insane to me than the fact I now had a woman's body. "With this body, I can raise 100 million in one night. Let's get out of here."

Cassie gave me a look. I gave her a look. She understood.

"Excellent," Rafik said with a smile as she slid an ID card across the table. It had a picture of my new face, the name Yasmeeen Fareed, written in English letters and what I assume was also the name Arabic. "Oh. One more thing. In addition to giving you the mindset of a slut, the camera has also implanted more civilized thoughts and manners in your head. You will long to dress like a proper Arab girl, to wear makeup and hijab. In this way, you will attract the right kind of man to fulfill your hunger for men." Rafik stood and gestured us toward the door. "You will begin to think and act more and more like a well-raised Arab girl. This will be a most positive experience, and, perhaps, this one," she gestured at Cassie, "will learn from your example."

"That's so wonderful," I said sarcastically. "Thank you for this gift."

"You will find clothes in the next room," Rafik explained, looking me over. "Truly, you can't go out in public dressed like a sloppy American boy."

Cassie and I went into the next room. "I can't believe this is happening," Cassie said as we looked at the dress that had been laid out on a couch for me as well as a pair of sandals, a hijab and a purse.

"That makes two of us," I said, feeling a little sick looking at the dress. It was bad enough that I was a woman now, but putting on a dress just seemed to me like it would be the last straw. Cassie would lose all respect for me. "I'm not wearing a dress," I said, trying to put some manly weight into my soft voice. "Let's get out of here."

“Hell, yes,” Cassie said.

We walked back out the door and headed toward the exit. Two burly men stepped in front of the doors, crossed their arms over their chests and stared at me. “Let us go,” I said.

“We’re leaving.”

The men chuckled. It was the kind of condescending chuckle men reserved for women.

“You may be an American slut, but you will not leave this station dressed like one, girl.”

“Hey!” Cassie said.

Slut? Girl? I felt my temper rising even as I could feel my embarrassment growing. “I can wear whatever I want,” I said, but now my voice was quavering as I lost confidence.

Two female officers now approached. “Do you want us to take her?”

“It is up to you, little lady. The easy way or the hard way?” One of the men said.

Cassie actually stepped toward the man and pointed a finger in his face. I didn’t want to see her get in trouble as well, so I put a hand on her shoulder. “It’s okay. Let’s just do what they want, so we can get out of here.”

For a moment she looked like she wanted to argue, but then she nodded. We headed back to the changing room. “You sure you want her to change out of those jeans?” One of the men said. I could feel his eyes burning a hole in my pants as he stared at my ass.

I picked up the dress. “Look, just so you know, I don’t want to wear this. That stuff about my mind changing, that’s crazy.”

“Of course it’s crazy,” Cassie said. “I get it. Look, I don’t blame you for any of this,” she said, waving at my body. “I know you didn’t want to wear it, but if you put it on, they’ll let us leave.”

“So, if I put this dress on, you won’t think I wanted to?”

“Not at all, there’s no way to force you to want to do something. I just fucking can’t believe that bitch did this to you. I wonder if we can sue them for this?”

“This is so weird,” I said, still holding the dress.

“Who could even imagine you’d get off the plane as a guy, and a few hours later you’d be standing here getting ready to put on a dress? It doesn’t even seem real. Like a nightmare.”

Cassie touched the dress now, plucked at the fabric. It was soft, stretchy and black. The dress had full sleeves and a long skirt that would go down to his feet. She’d seen women

wearing something similar around town ever since they'd arrived. "In some cultures throughout history, men have worn robes. Let's just think of this as a robe."

"I like that idea," I said. "That's it. This is just a robe." Thinking of it as a robe helped. Guys used to wear and still did wear clothes not much different from this in some places, different times. It was just that in America we wore pants and that made the dress seem so extra feminine, right?

I turned my back to Cassie. I didn't want her to see me change. Grabbing the bottom of my t-shirt, I yanked it up. It was so tight across my boobs I had to struggle to get it up over them. I felt them lifted and being squished as I struggled to get my shirt over them. It was so odd to have all this soft flesh to deal with now. Finally, I got it over my breasts, but then it got caught in my long hair, and I found myself blinded with the t-shirt across my eyes, struggling to get the shirt off. Cassie came around and helped, and when we finally got it off and I lowered my arms I felt my breasts drop, bouncing and jiggling. How do women put up with these things?" I wondered, never having realized just how much they were always THERE.

I finally got the shirt over my head, yanking it free, feeling my breasts settle and jiggle as I brought my arms down, and there was Cassie standing right in front of me, staring down at the huge breasts jutting from my chest, the nipples growing erect in the cool air. "Omigod," Cassie said, planting her hands on my boobs and squeezing. "I can't believe it."

"Stop," I said, pushing her hands away, feeling terrified and self-conscious at the quivering pleasure that passed through me at the feeling of her soft hands gliding against my larger nipples.

Next, I had to get out of my jeans with my now much wider hips. The jeans had been a straight fit, but now, though the waist itself was too big, the rest squeezed me tight, feeling like they were way too small. I hooked my thumbs in the belt loops and tugged down. The jeans didn't move at all. I tugged harder, now wiggling my ass, my boobs swinging as I pulled, and Cassie grabbed the back and started tugging as well. "Oh, my God," I said as we struggled, my jeans creeping down, down. Finally, Cassie yanked them all the way down to my knees and I felt my butt kind of pop free and then bounce and jiggle, almost as dramatically as my boobs had earlier. The pair of boxer briefs I was wearing underneath, now also stretched across my ample butt and hips. The material was stretchier than my jeans, so I was able to pull them down easily, letting them drop at my feet. Leaning forward so I could see past my breasts, I looked down at them on the floor there and at my tiny little

feet– could those really be my feet? It was like I was officially saying goodbye to my manhood as I stepped out of them. There was a slight breeze and as I felt it swirl around my body I felt a chill, and it was different now that I had no body hair, the air moving freely across my smooth, hairless skin. I felt colder and in a strange way, more naked than I had ever felt.

I noticed for the first time a pair of panties. They'd been under the dress. Just a plain white cotton bikini style, but they were still panties. No, I decided. There was no way I was wearing panties. I'd go commando. Similarly, I decided I wouldn't ever wear a bra. Heck, I'd spent more than a few hours scrolling through pictures of braless women on the internet. If they could do it, I could do it.

Keeping my back to Cassie, I picked up the dress, which had a zipper in the back. "Do I step into it or pull it over my head?" I asked, glancing back over my small, round shoulder at Cassie, who I now realized was checking out my booty. "Stop looking at me like that," I said, deciding to just get it over with, stepping into the dress, pulling it up and over my shoulders. The top of the dress was tight and hugged my body from the hips up, while the bottom flowed around my long legs.

I felt like I'd just stepped into womanhood somehow. More than my body, putting on a dress just seemed like the least manly thing I could do.

I reached back trying to zip myself up, struggling first to find the zipper, then struggling to actually pull it up more than half an inch. Cassie watched me struggle, before I finally looked over to her. "Would you like some help?" She said,

"Will you zip me up?" I asked.

"Of course," Cassie said, coming over to help.

"I'm sorry. This is so embarrassing" I said.

"It's ok, let's just get you dressed, and we can figure out what to do later," Cassie said, "and find this whole thing so absurd and ridiculous I can't even process it. I mean, my boyfriend just asked me to zip him into his dress. That's just– insane. Can you lift your hair for me?"

"I can't disagree there," I said, lifting my hair, and I had sooo much hair. I hadn't realized its weight or how it had been pulling on my scalp until I lifted it and felt all that thick, silky hair in my hands. Arching my back, lifting my hair, some strands still draping across my eye. I suddenly realized this was a hot pose I'd loved to see women in online, and I might have dropped my hair, but I'd been on the other side of zipping up a dress enough times to know if I didn't lift my hair it might get caught in the zipper.



As Cassie pulled the zipper closed, the dress grew even tighter around my body, squeezing my breasts, hugging my ribs and my hips. The gown came all the way up to my neck and covered my arms and shoulders completely. In addition to the way it clung to my new curves, the material was softer than anything I'd worn as a man, and it had a kind of cool, exciting feel to it. It moved and stretched with me, almost like a second skin, all the while sending these little chills of pleasure as it caressed me in response to every move. I felt constricted and even a little claustrophobic being trapped in that cloth. I tugged at the dress around my hips, trying to make some space, but it just snapped back, taut against my skin. As a dude, I preferred looser clothes, and it was super uncomfortable to have a sheath of cloth now squeezing me. "It feels too tight on me," I said to Cassie. Looking

down, past my breasts and my flat tummy, down to my midsection, I became hyper aware of another strange new feeling– the feeling of emptiness between my legs. I usually had my junk pushing out the front of my pants, but the dress now fell smoothly down from my waist, completely flat between my things and over my groin, and air kind of swirled up the dress and between my legs, making me very much aware of the space I now had between my legs. I frowned as I plucked at my dress, not liking to even think about the fact I now had a– you know.

I turned, tugging, pulling, feeling ashamed to be wearing a dress, but also super annoyed at how much this stupid dress seemed determined to make me feel every inch of this new body. A glance in the mirror confirmed what I was feeling. The dress stretched across my breasts and seemed to cradle them, but the outline of my now large, plump nipples was plain as they strained that tight material. It kind of helped support them– they weren’t swaying and bouncing as much as before, but they still moved and jiggled every time I moved. With the dress celebrating my tiny waist and flat stomach, I felt it made my hips look even wider, and turning to the side and seeing how it celebrated my plump ass, I cringe to think of what men would be thinking when they saw me.

Lastly, there was a pair of simple black shoes, with a strap and a buckle. Flats, women called them, and they weren’t too terrible but were clearly something only a girl would wear. My petite feet, however, were much too tiny for my old shoes, so I really had no choice but to put on these dumb looking girl shoes.

Just then, the door opened. A man dressed in a police officer’s uniform poked his head in the door. He let his eyes roam up and down my body, and then he smiled, getting this look on his face like he wanted to just have me for dinner. It was the first time I’d been checked out by a man, and my skin crawled. Instinctively, I took a step back and crossed my arms over my breasts. “Jerk.”

He just laughed. “Get out. You’re done.”

“Gladly.”

Cassie threw my stuff– wallet, hotel keycard, phone, into the purse. She put the hijab in there as well. Then, she folded up the panties and the bra and started to put them in as well. Those particularly female garments weirded me out. I didn’t even want them around me. “I don’t need those.”

“You may need them, just in case,” she said, as she slipped the panties and bra in as well.

She reached the purse toward me. “Why would I carry one of those? You don’t.”

“There aren’t any pockets in your dress,” she said, seeming somewhat amused by the idea of me carrying a purse. “Besides, you’ll look so cute.”

“This is just– I don’t even want to–”

“Just take it, and let’s get out of here.”

I took the purse from Cassie and slipped the strap over my shoulder while I slipped my feet into the sandals. Then, I pulled my sunglasses on. “Let’s get the hell out of here.”

“You won’t get any argument from me on that one.”

Walking never felt so weird. I started to second guess my decision to refuse the bra right away as my breasts swayed side to side with each step, swinging in counterpoint to my hips, which as big as they were, swiveled as I walked. My whole body felt like a bouncy house, and that feeling of this tight little dress dancing against my skin intensified and felt so different to having a pair of nice, firm breasts jutting from your chest. They were so far in front and much heavier than I realized. Their weight kind of pulled me along as they swayed with my movements.

As we made our way out of the police station, the guys were checking both of us out. I’d been a man until a few minutes ago or not, but if they did, they didn’t seem to care. They were all just really enjoying the sight of my tits in that tight dress, bouncing a little with each step, sending tremors through my chest every time my feet hit the ground. I never had a chest that bounced before, and now I had these two big, soft bouncy things on my chest, and even squeezed tight by my dress– I couldn’t believe I was walking around in public wearing a dress. Now, having men stare at my bouncy breasts and in a new and gross way my world had been turned upside down. The dress flowed across my thighs, caressing them with each step, and the hem, which came down to my ankles, swished across my skin with each step.

I struggled to change my walk, but with this body, it didn’t seem possible. My wide hips just insisted on swaying, and I could feel little tremors in my big, plump rear. I was at the mercy of my curves, and I was sure to the eyes of these men it looked like I was walking sexy on purpose, putting all this swing into my step as a way to get attention.

As soon as we stepped out the front door, I turned to Cassie and said, “those guys were such assholes.”

“Pretty typical, actually,” she said. “I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but that’s what it’s going to be like until we get you changed back somehow. Guys feel entitled to stare at girls like that. I’ve been dealing with it since I was 12.”



“I never stared at you like that.”

Cassie gave me a look.

“Okay, but it was different because I was into you.”

Cassie gave me a look. Finally, I faced the truth. “So, guys are going to check me out?”

“Yup. Look, you know, maybe this can be good in a sort of silver lining way. You’ll find out what women go through, learn a few things, and gain perspective.”

“What about all of that stuff about me starting to think like an Arab girl, though? Liking men?” The thought made me shiver. Me? Like men? Did she mean I would start loving

cock? No. Not me. No way, right? Yet, feeling myself squeezed into that little dress, the weight of my breasts rising and falling with each breath, I had to at least consider the possibility that she was telling the truth.

“I don’t think that’s going to happen,” Cassie said. “You? Get the hots for some dude? I don’t see that.”

Her faith in my maleness made me feel better. I mean, I wasn’t exactly feeling like the most manly man in the world at the moment, but I still felt like I was still me trapped in this soft body and not, as Rafik called me, a “slut”. The breeze tossed my hair, and it fell into my face. Again. I brushed it back and hooked it behind my ear. ‘Inshallah,’ I said. “I won’t become a woman in my mind.”

Cassie laughed.

“What?”

“You just said...” Now, her amused smile turned to concern. She put a gentle hand on my arm. “Never mind. It’s nothing.”

Just then a horn blasted. Cassie and I both jumped. A couple of men on a scooter racing past us shouted, “Nice tits!”

“Yeah. No,” I said, pulling my purse strap up on my shoulder. “There is no way in hell I’m ever gonna start liking guys.”

Our Uber pulled up. “So,” I said. “What now?”

“Let’s get back to the hotel and try to figure something out.”

“Sounds good,” I said, thinking that at least a car ride was just a car ride and maybe I would be able to forget about suddenly being turned into a woman for a time. I was to discover how wrong I was as soon as I slipped into the cab, struggling with my dress, and then when I sat, I felt my butt and my hips spread under me, reminding me I was very much a woman.

To be continued...