

From Chad to Chav - Light

For Blueblood34h

By TheSpiralledEye

A snobby British man is sent to inspect the council houses owned by his father and ends up being transformed into a trashy chav by a magic tracksuit.

~

The driver opened his door and Henry stepped out onto the street with a grimace; immediately reaching into his breast pocket for a handkerchief to hold against his nose. He did not care what anybody else said, these poorer districts of London stank to high Heaven; it was an odd mixture of decay, dirt and just general uncleanliness. It reminded him of the few trips he had taken on the tube; the smell permeated the walls there and the people; it was part of the reason he was always able to tell when somebody was acting above their station. You can dress a low class imbecile in fancy clothes but that smell would always linger on their skin. He just hoped a good bath tonight would get it off him.

The street was narrow, lined on both sides with full, grey identical buildings all in various states of disrepair. There was even one window that had been boarded up a few doors down like something out of a dystopian film. Children played with muddy sticks in the street and three men sat on a cracked brick wall smoking cheap cigarettes. Disgusting, how could people live like this? How could they stand to sit in such squalor when all it would take to elevate them even slightly was a bit of hard work? With all those government hand outs though they had become complacent, happy to sit in their muddy little well living on government provided houses.

If it were up to Henry, he would never set foot down here but his father insisted; a wealthy businessman, his father had always insisted on giving back to the community for reasons Henry could not fathom. Just last week he had organised for each family in this area to receive a roast meal for the holidays and now, he'd sent Henry to meet with several of the families to ask if there was anything else they needed. As he walked towards the front gate of the main building where the meeting was to take place Henry scoffed; he did not need to meet with these people in order to see what they needed. Soap, some decent dress sense and a little bit of initiative, that's what they needed.

The sound of the car starting made him turn.

“What are you doing?” He growled through the handkerchief, “You’re to wait here for me, this should not take more than five minutes, less hopefully.”

“Sorry sir,” The driver winced, “Your father told me to drop you off and not pick you up until next week.”

“What!?”

The driver looked like he was sweating bullets.

“He uh, said to call him. Sorry sir! Good luck!”

The wheels spun and the car disappeared around the bend leaving Henry with his jaw on the floor. That driver was as good as fired the moment he got home, no matter what his father said; the help did not speak to him like that and they certainly did not abandon him against his direct wishes. He blinked for a moment before diving his hand into his pocket and grabbing out his brand new iphone. Clearly expecting the call, his father picked up on the first ring.

“What the hell, father!? You expect me to stay here for a full week? Are you insane?”

“I don’t know where I went wrong with you boy.” His father’s gravely voice sighed, “It’s time you learned to see those less fortunate than you are actual people and treat them as such. I have organised for you to stay in one of the spare apartments for a week so that you can get to know the locals. 4B.”

“Father, I cannot stay here. It stinks, these people are a bunch of drunks and degenerates!” He yelled, not caring who heard, “You really think they’ll open up to me? Even if they did, I don’t want them to. And what am I supposed to wear? Hm? Do you expect me to keep this same suit on every day?”

“I’ve frozen your card with a \$250 limit, that should be plenty for a week’s worth of food and a few outfits down at their little shopping district.”

\$250? That would barely cover a decent bottle of wine, let alone a week’s worth of food. Not to mention outfits; his suit jacket alone was worth that!

“I won’t do it. Now call the driver and tell him to come pick me up so we can talk about this when I get home.”

“If you step one foot inside this penthouse before the week is up I am cutting you out. Understand?” His father’s voice was harsh.

“You can’t be serious! I am your son!”

“Then start acting like it, boy.” His father said gruffly, “Now, get to it.”

The dial tone rang in Henry’s ears. This could not be happening. Loiters and walkers stopped to stare. Eyes from all over the street looked at him, drawn by his yelling and he felt his blood boil even further.

“What are you all looking at then, huh? You troglodytes! Go back to your day drinking!”

The men sneered, lighting up a fresh smoke each and returning to their wall while the grubby faced children stuck their tongues out at him; he returned the gesture before quickly straightening himself. He’d only been here a few minutes and already these ragamuffins were dragging him down to their level. Well, no more of that, he was going to show these people what true class was. Who knows, maybe he could even inspire a few of them to get off their lazy asses and make something of their lives. With a huff, he folded the handkerchief into a perfect triangle and placed it back in his breast pocket, marching up to the door of the town house and knocking quickly so that the grime on the door couldn’t adhere to his fingers. After far too long, footsteps finally approached the door and the sound of multiple latches unlocking met his ears. God, he’d not even considered how dangerous this part of town probably was. He probably had every pick pocket’s attention dressed the way he was.

A somewhat pudgy woman opened the door in track pants and an unflattering hoodie that bunched under her breasts. Her hair looked like it had been teased every day since 1980 and it took all of Henry’s self control not to gag at the wave of cheap perfume that wafted from her skin. He didn’t know what was worse, the poor people stink or all those cheap, artificial flowers and vanilla.

“Ya?”

“Oh, do you not speak English?” Henry asked, just his luck. Though it didn't surprise him that so many of these lower class ingrates were foreigners.

“Course I speak English ya numpty.” She rolled her eyes, “Wha’ do ya think ‘ahm doin’ right now?”

“Butchering the most beautiful language in the world.” Henry replied deadpan, “I need to speak to the community manager, her name is...”

What was her name, he flicked open his phone and quickly located the document.

“Nathalie Banks.”

“Oh ya, tha’s me.” She smiled, “You Mr. Holloway? Ya daddy said you’d be comin’, come on in.” She waved him inside, “We use the ground floor of good ol’ number seven here as a sort of community centre. Great innit?”

There was a large open plan living style lounge and kitchen with half a dozen people sitting around the television. All the furniture was faded, cheap or both, there was even a little girl sitting at the plastic table eating cereal straight out of the box. It was a nightmare.

“Ya daddy set aside a room for ya, small apartment up the top that we subdivided a few years back. We cleaned it up right good for ya.”

“You.” Henry corrected with grit teeth, “It’s pronounced you, not ya.”

“That’s what I said, ya snob.”

She looked at him with her nose screwed up in disgust as if he was the one who was repugnant to look at. The boys from outside came barreling past, barely missing his expensive suit with their sticks. Two of them weren't even wearing shoes, leaving muddy footprints on the floor as they ran through to the kitchen to try and snatch some cereal from the girl.

“Oi!” Nathalie called, “Trixie was eating ‘em first you share now!”

Who on earth named their daughter Trixie?

“Look.” Henry winced, “I don’t want to be here, you don’t want me here, why don’t we just agree to lie to my father and I will go?”

“Nu-uh, he promised us a new tv for the community centre if we made sure ya stayed. There is a new season of Queer Eye comin’ out and I wanna watch it in 4k.”

Nathalie dangled a key in front of him with 4B written on it before grabbing him around the wrist and Henry froze in disgust; he could feel her cheap, chopped nail polish digging into his skin. He swore he could feel her sweat sticking to his skin.

“Unhand me!” He demanded, ripping his arm free, “Never touch me again you little wench!”

“Fuckin’ hell, you’re a right piece of work.” Nathalie stuck her hands on her hips, “Well, touch mista. You’re in our neck of the woods now and if you think ya can just go around insulting people like that and not get a punch in the mouth ya got another thing coming.”

“You wouldn’t dare.” He seethed, “You need to show me the respect I deserve.”

Nathalie gave him an arrogant smirk.

“Just did. None.”

A girl in the next room leaned over the couch and yelled.

“Oh!! Burn!”

There was no reasoning with these people. Without another word Henry snatched the key from her hand with a scoff. He was getting out of this mess one way or another, he stormed past and up the stairs. This trashy little building may be awful but at least his room would have a lock to keep the riffraff out. By the time he reached the fourth floor he was panting heavily and damp under the collar; really, was installing an elevator too much to ask? The door at least looked decent, it had been painted in the last few years and wasn’t yet peeling.

After cleaning the handle with his handkerchief he unlocked the door and braced himself for his new home but nothing could have truly prepared him.

A single room, divided by cheap linoleum to serve as both kitchen and living room, then a small square bedroom that could barely fit the double bed and a tiny ensuite style bathroom that didn't even have a bath! Only a dinky little shower with a plastic shower head. He turned it experimentally and found the water pressure basically nonexistent, not to mention the temperature freezing. The walls were a dull grey that, once upon a time, had probably been white and he spotted no less than three stains in the carpet. That was Nathalie's idea of cleaning 'real good'? Pathetic, these people were so used to living in filth they wouldn't know what it felt like to be truly clean.

The only furniture was the bed, a couch, a cheap box style tv and a tiny dining room table. Henry flopped down onto the bed only to wince at the lump mattress and cheap cotton sheets that may as well have been sandpaper. He had assumed his father would at least give him a two bedroom, not a box. How did anybody live in a space like this? It was so tiny and plain it was hardly even the escape he needed.

After a minute or two of wallowing Henry forced himself to take a deep breath; he could fix this. All he had to do was say a few honeyed words to Nathalie, charm her and maybe a few of the others here a bit into covering for him, then get a taxi back to civilization. His father had frozen his cards but surely one of his friends would be willing to spot him a week in a hotel. Judging by her grasp of the English language Nathalie was dumb as rocks, he was sure somebody of his superior intellect would be able to fool her into liking him. Hell, with his strong jawline and dark eyes, he was likely the most handsome man in a ten mile radius; he would have her eating out of his palm in no time. Clearing his throat he stood, filled with renewed purpose ready to get out of this hell hole.

He walked down the stairs with his best, most charming smile to find Nathalie trying to wrangle the gaggle of kids still fighting over the marshmallow pieces of cereal. She and the rest of the adults gave him the stink eye as he approached but Henry maintained his smile.

"I am so sorry about before," he lied smoothly, "I have had a terribly frustrating day and I took it out on you, that was unfair of me."

He offered her a hand to shake but Nathalie did not take it. Her eyes narrowed; if he didn't know better Henry would suspect she was seeing through his act. That was impossible though, there was no way this low class shrew had two spare brain cells to do that.

"First impressions are very important." Nathalie said sourly, "Ya only get one!"

Henry bit his tongue; considering how she opened the door she was the one who should be lectured on first impressions.

“You are so right,” He nodded, dropping the hand, “I was very rude to you, I am sorry.”

She still said nothing, he said sorry didn't he? What more did this bitch want? Fine, if he had to lay the honeyed words on thick then that is what he would do. He opened his mouth to compliment her on the rat's nest that was her hair when all of a sudden there was a yell from the kids at the table; cereal went flying and splattered against his suit, thankfully it was dry.

“Watch it you little brats!” He hissed, “This suit is worth more than your entire disgusting house!”

“Oi! Don't talk to them like tha'!” The girl from the couch yelled, “They's just playing.”

Oh my God, could none of these people speak proper English?

“Yeah ya twat! Get off ya high horse!” one of the boys yelled, leaning backwards before pegging something mushy through the air.

Henry could not act fast enough, the ball of milky, mushed up cereal hit him square in the chest, sour smelling milk and crumbs instantly soaking through to his skin. Henry saw red; he didn't care what society said about hitting kids, he was going to show that little mongrel what happened when he messed with somebody of the higher class. He only managed a single step in his direction though before more balls of soggy cereal were flying, his friends and even the girl each grabbing handfuls of the stuff, dunking their fists into bowls of milk and throwing. Milk splattered across his face, ore wet patches of slop stuck to his suit and Henry yelled in rage.

“Fuck all of you!” He yelled, turning and heading straight back up to his room.

He was going to call his father; once he heard about how they were treating him there was no way he would make him stay here for a full week. His father may be eccentric but surely he could not be that cruel.

~

Sometimes; Henry missed the days of flip phones and physical wall mounted sets. Slamming your thumb on the hang up button just was not nearly as satisfying as slamming the receiver down. Still, as he hung up on his father after nearly half an hour of yelling his thumb was almost white with pressure against the screen. His father had refused to budge, no matter how well he argued his case. The man would not even give him the money to get his suit properly cleaned, insisting it was high time he learned to use a washing machine himself! As if that was ever going to happen.

It was official, nothing short of a miracle was getting him out of this situation. He could not be cut off, the thought was unthinkable. So here, in this stupid little unit, with his soggy, cereal stained suit he would stay. The suit was already starting to stink even after he'd scrapped the cereal off with a fork. He would ever put such fine Armani in a regular old washer but seeing as this unit had no machine, that was not even an option. No doubt they all shared a single machine and the idea of his clothing mingling with the rest of the house's inhabitants was...upsetting to say the least. So for now he was stuck in his underwear feeling as sour as the milk. Still filled with indignant rage he opened his door, yelling down the hall and stairs.

“Your brat kids ruined my only clothes, so you had better start organising me a replacement! I expect you to pay me back in full!”

He slammed the door for emphasis; there was no way these people could afford to get him new clothes that were of his high standards but the least they could do was provide him with *something* until he could get some for himself. In the meantime, he explored his barren little living space but found there was little to find. A few bare side tables were hidden away in corners and his fridge, cupboards and oven were all empty too, unless you counted the dust. His father could have at least gotten some bare essentials put it, a kettle for example. How was he supposed to function without his afternoon tea and biscuit? Tiny fists pounded on the door and young voices rang out.

“Hey mista!” The boy from before, “Ma fished this ol’ thing out of the cupboard downstairs. Belonged to the old lady who lived her yonks ago. Ya can have it to wear!”

“She was totally batty too! You deserve it!”

He opened the door a crack to see the kids scampering down the hall in fits of giggles, at least their little pranks were at an end. At least that is what he thought until he looked down at their offering. With a sneer he snatched up the fabric and drew it inside, unravelling the outfit in all its glory across the floor.

A tracksuit; once upon a time he was sure it would have been bright neon pink and blue but it had since faded to much duller tones. The black zipper was chipped in a few places and matching dark fabric bands were at the end of each sleeve and leg. It looked like something out of a 90's fitness video. Worst of all, judging by the elastic on the hips and baggy front, this was a woman's tracksuit. As if he had not suffered enough indignity today? If they thought he would wear this they were dead wrong; the fabric was so cheap he was getting static shocks just touching it.

His determination began to wane as the sun set though; stubbornly refusing to go out for food he was tired, hungry and increasingly cold. The thin blankets on his bed did nothing to keep the cold night air at bay and as far as he could tell, the eating system was broken. No amount of fiddling, hitting or swearing made it produce a single puff of warm air. Grimacing, Henry stood over the track suit; it really was an offence to the eyes. But he was cold and so long as he didn't go out, nobody needed to know he'd stooped low enough to wear it. Hopefully tomorrow his suit would be dry and he could duck down to the shops to get something clean. For now, this was his only option.

Scowling to himself with cheeks red from humiliation he grabbed the pants and pulled them up his legs. Surprisingly, they were actually quite soft on the inside and if it weren't for all that static electricity, they might actually be comfortable. The elastic was loose around his hips, and the back of the pants sagged thanks to his toned, flat ass. Something several hours a week with his private trainer had achieved. The track suit had no shirt so he could only thread his arms through the sleeves, ignoring the little snaps of static and zip it up the front. It was just as ill-fitting as the pants, with the front sagging and the sleeves feeling far too tight around his muscled arms and broad shoulders but at the very least, the outfit did give him a bit of protection from the cold. The pants hiked up his ankles, making him feel like a teenager bursting out of his clothes during a growth spurt and leaving his toes freezing, but it was better than nothing. Even those little sparks had stopped now, leaving him surprised at just how comfy he felt. The outside may be faded and worn but the inside felt like a warm, fluffy cloud.

With a sigh of comfort he settled himself down on the couch, digging around a bit until he found the remote hidden behind one of the lumpy cushions. Even if they only had basic cable he was sure to find something to pass the time. As it turned out, they didn't have any sort of network outside public access. Ridiculous, but what else did he have to do? He didn't bring his phone charger and did not want to risk it running out of battery overnight. Idly

he flicked through the channels; a cooking show, TopGear reruns, local news, reality dating show; all complete drek. This was why the masses never amounted to anything, they spent their days absorbing this infantile drivel. He stopped on the dating show, watching with a scoff as one of the women passionately described her love for Bella from Twilight and her dream to have a life just as beautiful. He hoped this was one of those shows that paid people to act like crazies because jeez, that woman was all sorts of messed up if it wasn't.

He grunted, shifting on the couch a little to try and get comfortable. His butt was sinking into the lumps in the strangest ways, it almost felt like it was getting more sensitive to them as the seconds passed. A horrible thought occurred, what if this ratty old thing had fleas? He jumped up with a start, pulling down the pants to examine them in the fluorescent light of the room. No bugs, no matter how hard he peered but interestingly, his ass was still tingling. He placed a hand against it, treasuring the feel of his silk boxers, the one piece of decent clothing that had survived the cereal attack. He couldn't feel any irritations though they were a little tight. Henry's brow furrowed; he would have to talk to his trainer about improving his glutes, they say the first place a man gets fat is his stomach but he must have put on some weight in the rear without even realising judging by the way the fabric felt somewhat stretched. He pulled the pants back up and sat down only for his frown to increase. The couch felt...better, slightly more cushioned perhaps? And...was he slightly higher than before?

That tingling was changing, turning to almost a stretch, like that or a sore muscle and it was spreading across both ass cheeks now. He gaped, feeling himself raise ever so slightly almost as if the couch he was sitting on were growing; or perhaps he was the one growing. Back on his feet in seconds Henry could tell something was capital W wrong. He felt it this time as he moved, a subtle bounce to his butt that only came with extra weight. He twisted and turned, finding the baggy back of his pants now fitting far more snugly. Beneath he could feel his precious silk boxers straining to contain him as his butt continued to swell.

“What on Earth...?”

His mouth was agape but no other words came out, he was simply too shocked by the whole situation to comment. This had to be some awful, poor person disease right? That would explain why he'd never heard of an illness that made your ass grow. It was the only explanation. He pulled down both layers around his cheeks, twisting awkwardly expecting to see red, infected skin. But instead, all he saw was smooth, creamy skin, tinged pink at the widest point almost like a blush. A shapely mound befitting a beauty queen really. He flushed in embarrassment; his own ass reminding him of a woman's? He must really be sick. Maybe this tracksuit really was getting to him. Speaking of, as he snapped the waistband back into

place against his sides Henry couldn't help but notice it was no longer loose. He placed his hands at his hips; for a moment he was sure he'd imagined it but then, he felt the skin and muscle move beneath his fingers, widening to accommodate the new weight in his rear.

Okay, this was getting weird now; it was one thing for muscle and skin to swell like that but he could feel his bones moving. His entire structure was changing; shouldn't that be painful? The lack of pain as his hip bones became more prominent and wide was almost more disturbing than if it did hurt. He wobbled on his feet as his legs began to tingle as well and he watched as the tracksuit began to fit better there as well. His feet shrunk, the skin there smoothing and hair falling off only to disintegrate into dust. His nails lengthened slightly as his toes became more uniform and he almost fell over trying to keep his balance; his whole centre of gravity felt out of wack. Eventually he toppled, landing hard on his knees and making his heels dig into his newly plumped ass cheeks. He could feel them changing, the hell smoothing over and his legs shifting beneath him as his thighs widened and calves shrunk.

This was madness, he had to be hallucinating right, the stress of the day had finally driven him insane. Or, perhaps this was a dream, yes that was it! He must have fallen asleep on the couch and now he was having a nightmare, one of those ones people talked about where it all felt real, what was it called again? Lucid dreaming! Staggering to his feet he ran to the tiny bathroom, leaning heavily over the sink to catch his breath as he looked at his reflection. He slapped a hand against his cheek hard enough to sting but he didn't wake up. In the mirror, his cheek was turning pink from the force of the blow yet his body continued to shift and change.

"What is happening?" He whimpered, terror streaking through his veins.

Henry could feel his heart pounding against his ribcage; his chest felt heavy and sore. Oh God, was this a heart attack? He was only twenty four! Surely men didn't have heart attacks this young, and were the hallucinations part of it? He staggered back, wincing when that strange weight came with him. Henry looked down to see the saggy front of his jumpsuit was no longer quite so empty. In fact, it was starting to fill in and become tight.

"No."

The image of his pretty, feminine looking ass flashed in his mind.

"No, it can't be..."

Surely not, surely that swelling wasn't...

"Tits?!"

He yanked down the zipper to the halfway point and his newly swollen mounds fell out. Heavy, teardrop shaped breasts with huge dark nipples jiggled against his chest, still growing right before his eyes.

"No! Stop! S-stop!" He begged whatever God deigned to listen.

He grabbed hold of them, expecting his fingers to pass through the hallucination, instead they met soft, warm flesh. He pressed them down, as if he could stuff them back into his chest but they only continued to grow; growing in cup size at an alarming rate. His butt continued to swell as well, as if they were competing with each other and Henry ended up bent over double, tits hanging free and ass in the air as he tried desperately to stop them. There was nothing he could do; his body was turning into a woman and he could only stand back and let it happen.

He could feel his hard earned abs melting away, leaving him with a smooth, yet slightly pudgy belly. All those hours at the gym toning his body to perfection; gone.

"Please." He begged, crossing his arms across his chest, "Stop!"

Whatever magic or entity was causing his change paid him no heed though and he felt that tingling spread up toward his neck. His strong, manly shoulders sloping in the mirror before his eyes. He looked like a freak, with those big tits and smooth shoulders while still having a man's face, but whatever curse this was would make short work of that.

"No! No-oh ah, wha'?"

His adam's apple disappeared, melting back into his throat leaving nothing but a smooth, pale curve and with it, his voice was changed. His baritone, full of authority and masculine pride was gone, replaced with something higher, more breathy and...crude.

"Wha' the hell?"

He sounded almost like...Nathalie and all the rest, all of a sudden, pronouncing the t in what seemed so much harder. His tongue felt fussy, like it was reshaping.

His chin smoothed, his heart spinning as it too changed shape. All his solid sharpness melting in smooth, soft curves. His eyes turned almond shaped, his lips plumping and his nose turning pointy and prominent. Compared to his usual, handsome self he looked like gutter trash.

“This can’ be happen’n.” He muttered, slapping himself again for butchering on the words that left his mouth. His cheek was even pinker now, showing off his high cheekbones.

As his nails scraped across his face he couldn’t help but notice how wrong they looked. His fingers were dainty and thin now, tipped with nails that were far too long; Henry always kept his nails clipped and short, as one should, not they were almost half an inch long! He could see them sprouting out of his fingers before his eyes!

He wanted to scream, each change was happening at once now, he could barely keep up. His scalp was itching and as he raised his new nails up to try and gain some relief his dark hair began to sprout between his fingers. The short, cropped style disappeared into a black forest of split ends and what appeared to be badly dyed tips. Ben’s hair had always been black but somehow, now as it grew it looked almost artificial and painfully cheap. Like a blonde who tried to use alcohol and sharpies to darken her hair.

“Stop, stop growing!”

It just kept going, reaching his chin, then his shoulders and finally reaching halfway down his back. It scratched at the nape of his neck and shoulders, reminding him of that awful plastic hay they put in kid’s Easter baskets. How could anybody stand having hair that felt so artificial and damaged?

The strange feeling of muscles shifting and bone reforming finally settled and Henry breathed a sigh of relief that sounded nothing like his usual voice. His hair stopped growing, his butt and breasts stopped swelling and he finally had a moment to simply breathe and figure out what the hell just happened.

At least that is what he thought.

The strange stretching sensation began again but this time, in a very concerning location. Right between his legs.

“No.” He gasped. “No, no, nonononono!”

He ran for the bedroom, practically falling on the bed in his haste to remove the pants. This all started when he got dressed, surely if he took them off he could save the last vestiges of his manhood. He kicked them off only to have the elastic cuffs keep them stuck to his ankles. He yanked and pulled but no matter what he did, they stayed put. Well, the fabric was only touching his feet now, his legs were bare and as he wiggled his briefs down as well he was relieved to see his proud dick still intact. It still felt odd though, that muscle stretching sensation spreading through it and down to his balls and then-

A cry escaped his lips watching, horrified, as his cock began to shrink. Slowly regressing down into the curly hair between his legs until it melded into the smooth flesh there. His balls were next, deflating like balloons until they too, melting into his skin. For a horrifying moment, he looked like a ken (Or perhaps more accurately barbie) doll, totally smooth and featureless save his hair. Then a strange thrum began to make his skin vibrate ever so slightly and the skin opened up to form warm, wet folds. Henry got around, he knew what he was looking at but the fact that he was seeing a pussy form between his own damn legs was too horrific to comprehend. His bud appeared, a slick little clit already bulging and pink at the top of his folds while a hole buried deep into him. He could feel the inner walls as they formed, the rough, damp passage already leaking juices and that distinctive womanly smell.

He was breathing heavily, chest heaving under the weight of his new tits as he stared. He was gone, his whole body changed into this...this freak! Still full of panic he tried to return to the bathroom to properly take in his new face only to trip over his loose tracksuit pants and end up on the floor with his ass in the air, shivering as the cold night air brushed his pussy. This was beyond emasculation, this was without a doubt the most humiliating experience of his entire life. With his cheeks burning he pulled the track suit back on properly, zipping up the front and wincing as the weight of his tits made his back strain.

“Okay, Henry just...breathe.” He told himself, forcing his tongue to pronounce everything properly despite his new voice, “There will be a way to fix this with your dignity intact just...take things one set at a time.”

The idea that those kids or any other locals could see him right now was unthinkable, let alone anybody who knew him. No, he was not going to let this...prank, get under his skin. He would show them just how high above them Henry Holloway was. He stopped with a start as he reentered the bathroom; the previously empty sink now had several little bottles sitting on them, how did they get here? With a furrowed brow he searched the room for any window

or vent somebody could have snuck through but found nothing. They had not been there before and the only entry to the ensuite was in his bedroom so how...?

He peered at them, all different shapes and sizes, filled with brightly coloured liquid with black caps. Nail polish; in a variety of tacky colours ranging from neon blue to dusty pink, half of which were full of glitter. Some were half empty, many of the lids were clogged with dry polish and there were even a few telltale stains on the benchtop where it looked like one or two had been spilled in the past. Henry felt a strange sense of familiarity seep through him, these were his. He never bought them, never even seen them before and certainly he had never used them, yet somehow he knew; they were for him.

He reached out for a pale, glittery blue bottle with fascination, turning it over in his hand and wincing when he saw his grossly long nails. He had no clippers or nail scissors to fix them but this polish did give him an idea. Perhaps a layer would help them look a little better? It took a bit of effort to unscrew the clogged up lid but eventually he managed it, taking the delicate little brush out between his thumb and forefinger. He paused, brush poised over his opposite thumb.

“What the hell am I doing?” He shook his head slightly.

This was...wrong. He hated makeup and nail polish! Like any proper man should, so why did he feel so compelled to paint his nails? Again he scowled at the hideous long nails; that was why, anything to distract him from that ugliness. He could buy clippers and polish remover tomorrow and nobody need know his coping mechanism in the meantime. Confidence in his mental state restored, he set about applying the polish. It was much colder than he imagined and quite difficult to get right. No matter how careful he was, he kept spilling little patches onto his skin and cuticles. Had he always had them, so unseemly. Without thinking he bit them off, spitting them into the sink and ignoring the sting as polish seeped into the hole left behind. He was not sure how long the whole process looked but when he was done, all ten of his fingers nails were a glittery pale blue, sure it wasn't perfectly even and he'd smudged it here and there but it still looked quite nice if he did say so himself. He rapped his bare toes against the hard bathroom floor and peered down at them. His toenails were a little long as well, and well, it would be silly not to go all out right? He may as well match. Sitting himself on the toilet he previously balanced himself, one foot at a time until his toes were finished, humming a little song that was suddenly stuck in his head. He grinned, stretching out his foot and wiggling his toes, watching them sparkle under the artificial light. Much better.

Hang on, that music, the song he'd been humming under his breath while he worked. It was still floating in the air even though he had stopped. Henry strained his ears and realised it was coming from the living area. The bass was deep, a constant rhythm that was

overlaid with artificial sounding beeps and blasts of sound. Rave music, he sneered, common rabble sounds that were used in clubs for dumb broke kids to get high too. He'd always hated it, along with most modern sounds. Classical music had well, class. This song didn't even have any lyrics, at least none that were understandable. A rough sounding voice warbled from time to time but Henry couldn't understand a word of what was being said. He followed the irritating music out into the living room to find a cheap looking CD player radio combo, the kind that he had not seen since the early 2000s. The sort that always sounded staticy no matter how well tuned it was to the station.

"That was Jaxie Trace with her new single," Called a stupid sounding presenter, "Up next, Gonzales and his classic 'Gettin' High'!"

Music faded in and at first, Henry rolled his eyes. This sounded almost identical to the other song, how did people even tell them apart. Then he realised his foot was tapping to the beat; alright, it was a little catchy. He must have heard this at some point because without thinking he found himself humming along again. The presenter said it was a classic right? That probably explained it and the longer it went on, the more of an earworm it became. Maybe a little music wouldn't be so bad, the more he listened the more relaxed he felt, the panic melted away entirely now with the distractions he'd found. He closed his eyes; taking a deep breath in and out and ignoring the way he could feel his tits rise and fall with him. He was going to work this out.

"Oi!"

A voice and loud banging at the door ruined his peace and Henry jumped.

"Turn down that damn racket! My kids are tryn' to sleep!" Came an angry male voice.

"Oh get bent ya dumb fuck!" Henry's hands flew to his mouth, what the hell was that?

"Wha' did you say, you bitch?"

Again he spoke without thinking.

"Ah said get bent!" He yelled, "This's ma place 'ah can do whateva I wan'!"

The man swore and stomped down the hall, yelling something about reporting him to the building manager but Henry scarcely noticed his leaving. His hands were wrapped over his mouth once more, eyes wide with shock. He sounded just like those awful trashy chav women he'd met down stairs. All trace of his high class, British accent gone the second he'd lost his temper. Even Henry had to admit, he had always had a short fuse but that was a new low, even for him. Trying to steady his breathing he shakily took his hands away and swallowed. It was just the heat of the moment he could still sound like himself if he actually wanted to.

"Ma name-fuck, no *my* name is Henry." There we go.

He tried again.

"Ah'm," He cleared his throat, "I am a man. Ma name's Henry, ahm a man-fuck!"

He kept repeating the sentence over and over, each time his chav accent only got stronger. When he did manage to use his proper, normal diction it sounded forced, like somebody trying to sound high class rather than somebody who actually was. He had to get out of here, something was seriously wrong with him. He ran back to the couch and grabbed for his phone only to realise it wasn't his phone. It was old, at least five years old, hardly the latest model and it was stuck in a crappy, cheap looking case with a cracked screen. Bewildered, he turned it over in his hands, taking in the oddly pretty looking sparkly case covered in faded stickers. How had this gotten here? No matter, the more he thought about it the more he realised he couldn't call his father. Even if this was some sort of weird medical emergency, his father would never believe the voice on the end of the line was his son.

"Okay Henry, get it togetha." He mumbled, "s'not so bad, ya just need to make a plan and stop getting distracted."

Now that the man had gone his music was uninterrupted. He let it flow over him again, letting the beat pulse in time with his heart. He started to hum again, his foot tapping turning to little jumps as he started to sway and move on the spot. When was the last time he danced? He couldn't even remember. Maybe that's what he needed, a way to release all this physical anxiousness building up. Remembering the rude neighbour he grinned to himself and twisted the dial to the max, filling the whole room with pulsating rave music.

"Oh yeah!"

He gave a kick with his new, powerful legs, enjoying the way his but bounced as he moved. Man, if nothing else this body felt great to move in. It was a few moments later, when he started to unconsciously sing along to those barely audible words that Henry froze in place. What the actual fuck was he doing? He had just been transformed against his will and despite vowing not once but twice to do something about it he was dancing to rave music. Frustrated with himself and the situation he slammed the aerial on the radio down, turning the music to loud static until he twisted the volume off. He dug his painted nails into the rats nest that was his hair now; why could he not just focus. After what happened it was no surprise he was on edge but there was something else, something gnawing at him.

“Okay Henry, time to focus.” He told himself, “Do not move from this spot ‘till ya come up with a plan.”

He stood stock still, thinking hard.

A minute passed.

Then five.

Then ten.

...It was really boring standing still for ten whole minutes actually; especially when you had no idea how to proceed. He didn't even know how this had happened, how was he supposed to figure out how to fix it? Other than the jumpsuit being that instigating factor of course. Now that the change was complete maybe he could take it off and revert back!

“Tha's usin' ya noggin'!”

He winced at the affectation but then refocused; he could worry about his voice later. He peeled off the pants, wincing when he reached the ankles but relaxing once they came off without any issue. Same with the jacket, the seemingly impossible to remove elastic cuffs sliding off as they normally should. For a moment he stood in his briefs and waited for that tingling to start up, but nothing happened. Maybe he needed to be full on naked? Maybe his underwear was infected by whatever it was inside the tracksuit that did this. He peeled them off, staunchly ignoring his new pussy, refusing to even look at it.

He waited another minute or so before his eyelids drooped. This was so...boring and it wasn't even working! Still, maybe it just needed time. Lacking any better ideas or options

he reached for the tv remote again. The grainy screen showed some reality show set on an island, at first he hoped it would at least be something vaguely interesting like survivor but it turned out to be Ex on the Beach; the premise being exactly that, a bunch of randoms having to live on a tropical island with their bitter exes. He laughed as one of the women reacted with horror to see her biker ex arrive via boat, as if this was not exactly what she signed up for when she joined the show. God, who bought this crap? Jessica was now facing the camera, impassionately telling the viewers at home how Harvey spent all her money on new bike parts.

“Wha’ a fookn’ loser.”

It was only when the credits rolled that Henry realised he had become absorbed; almost an hour had passed and he had spent it totally naked watching people hate their lives. Stupid, it wasn’t like he was invested in Jessica and Harvey, no matter how great their chemistry was. In the real world they could just talk it out, Harvey would learn from his mistake and they could be together again. Oh, that would be lovely; they made such a handsome couple.

The opening song started to play again and he jumped, it was a double episode! Henry bit his lip; he didn’t want to watch another, it was complete garbage. The trashiest of trashy TV, nobody but complete idiots got invested in it. Yet he could not bring himself to reach for the remote. His eyes remained glued to the screen, eagerly awaiting the next scene with Harvey and Jessica and groaning every time that vapid bitch Anna took the stage. The episode was quite enjoyable, really fun actually, or it would be if he could just get rid of this strange anxiety that was building in his stomach. It was impossible to ignore now, it almost made his skin itch. The need for...something. As the credits rolled around again he found himself chewing on his nails, biting off the polish in several places.

His stomach growled and he clicked his fingers as realisation hit him. With all this chaos, he still had not eaten since arriving. He glanced down at his naked body; still as curvy and female as when he last checked. With a sigh he picked up the tracksuit and got redressed; at least it fit now. His card still had a measly amount of money on it, according to his father, he could at least sneak out to the shops and get some food to settle this odd craving. He reached for his dress shoes only to find them gone, yet another item mysteriously replaced; this time with a pair of faded white sneakers that were much closer to grey. There were a few smudges of pink here and there that suggested they once had highlights but they were so worn it was hard to tell. Henry huffed; better than nothing, it was not like his old shoes would fit him anyway. Quietly as possible, he stuck his head out the door finding the hallway abandoned.

Thankfully for the quiet sneakers he crept along the hall and down the stairs, gratified to see the only people in the main area were Nathalie and the rude woman from before, both utterly absorbed in the television. They were watching another dating show, the one that came on after Ex on the Beach and for a moment he felt the television's strange allure once more. The girl on screen was describing her perfect date to three hidden young men. What an interesting premise, the idea of taking looks out of it to try and find your most compatible partner. Henry didn't even realise he was walking forwards until one of the old floorboards gave a tiny squeak and he snapped out of whatever weird strange it was. Fortunately, the two women were still staring unblinkingly forward and he was able to sneak out without them ever knowing he was there. The night air was bracing, and he felt his nipples harden as cold air blew through the worn fabric of his tracksuit; better make this a quick trip.

The kids were still playing out on the street like the rats they were, two boys fought one another with sticks and a little girl picked flowers from the cracks in the concrete. Henry braced himself, nose in the air but they did not turn to stare or sneer, in fact, they did not acknowledge him at all. That was almost worse; in this outfit, with this body, he was doing the absolute last thing he would ever want to do in this sort of neighbourhood; blending in. The working men nodded to him as he passed, more than one pair of eyes looking him up and down as he passed. Henry felt hyper aware of the heavy bounce of his ass and unsupported breasts, the sway of his hips. He was also strangely tempted to...increase it. He did so, adding a little more movement to the natural sway of his hips and found his ass moved in return. One of the men wolf whistled and Henry's cheeks burned pink at the attention and the behaviour that earned it. There was also a pressure at the back of his throat, similar to when that man had banged on his door, a compulsion and no amount of willpower was going to keep the words at bay.

"Get a fookin' life ya latches!" He yelled, turning and frowning at them only to be jeered in return.

"Don't pretend you don't love it, sweetheart!"

He growled under his breath, spinning on his heels and doubling his pace to the shops; hating that the man was right. Henry couldn't resist, all these new temptations; the tv show, the voice, the attitude, they just kept happening no matter how much he wanted the opposite! He just needed to get some food and then he'd feel better. Then he would have the energy and willpower to fight whatever these weird compulsions were and figure out how to turn back into his fabulous normal self.

The shop was old, or perhaps just poorly maintained; likely both. The signs were fading, the only modern thing the newspapers stuffed into the windows bearing today's date. As he walked inside he was hit with the smell of decades of slightly stale food and cheap lemon scented cleaner. It was a scent that made him a strange mix of disgusted and nostalgic. A girl who couldn't be older than fifteen sat behind the desk, with horrifically dyed black hair and twice as much eyeliner than was necessary.

"Let me know if ya need any help." She said without looking up from her phone.

Henry got the distinct impression that were he to ask for any assistance this girl would take it as a personal insult. He didn't bother to acknowledge her further, simply moving down the aisle trying to find anything that could wet his appetite. The cramping in his stomach made him desperate; he was craving something specific, yet for the life of him he couldn't figure out what. He passed shelves and shelves of awful, cheap food; instant noodles, sugary biscuits, tinned meat and veg, none of it was what he was after. Deciding it was the lesser of two evils, he grabbed a basket full of instant noodles as well as a small single cup kettle from the dinky little section at the back labelled 'Gadgets'. But as he made his way back to the counter to pay Henry felt keenly aware that he was lacking whatever he really *needed* right now.

Then, just as he was starting to unload he saw them; all in little cardboard packs behind the counter; cigarettes. Henry had never been a smoker; not really. The occasional cigar with a cognac perhaps but he'd never let cigarettes touch his lips, especially not those nasty cheap ones. But right now, all he wanted in the world was one of those little sticks, so much so that he pointed upwards at them without thinking. The unenthusiastic counter girl grabbing the closest pack and chucking them on the counter along with his meagre meal and a lighter he did not remember picking up. His stomach cramped once more, his fingers twitching in anticipation as he handed over his platinum card. The counter girl raised an eyebrow at the fancy card but said nothing, the sum total of her emotions apparently. He didn't care, he grabbed back the card and little plastic bag and speed walked outside, already fumbling open the packet and shaking out a stick.

It took a few attempts to get the lighter to work but the moment the tiny flame touched the end of his smoke, Henry felt a great wave of relaxation pass over him. He breathed in with practised precision he should not have had, holding the smoke in and revealing in the burn it caused in his throat and lungs before breathing out through his nose. His stomach unwound itself, the trembling in his fingers disappearing instantly as he fully relaxed for the first time since this whole nightmare began. He took another drag, leaning against the dirty brick walls of the shop and letting his eyes flutter closed.

“Ah don’ know wha’ she was think’! Gettin’ back together with that louse!”

“Ah know! Harvey was such a tyrant!”

“Ty-wha?”

“It means a bad guy, like a real controlling tosser.”

The words broke Henry’s reverie, two woman were standing in the tiny dirt patch that people in this area called a front yard. A blonde and brunette, the later of which had an ugly butterfly tattoo that somehow looked smudged covering most of her right shoulder. Absentmindedly, Henry itched at the skin on his own shoulder there as the skin began to tingle in a solidarity staring at the awfully attempted ink job. How anybody could stand to have such an ugly thing stamped on their skin was beyond him. Even well done tattoos were trashy but that was something else. They were smoking too, talking loud enough that overhearing them was the only option.

“Point is, she’s an idiot.”

“I know, they’ll be miserable together.”

Were they talking about Ex on the Beach? Surely not, Harvey and Jessica were soul mates, sure they argued a bit but they were working through their issues, like people should! A strange, second hand rage filled him, how dare they bad mouth those people. After watching the episode Henry felt as though he were overhearing people bitch about his own friends. Just because they were on TV didn’t mean they were not human beings with feelings. He took the two women in; their cheap, badly applied makeup, the dyed hair, their tracksuits which were, frankly, much uglier than his own; who did these women think they were? Oh no, that pressure, the compulsion was coming again! He wanted to cover his mouth but the cigarette was still burning there.

“Harvey’s a sweetheart!” He yelled out, clenching the smoke between his teeth, “Were ya braindead louts even watchmen’ the same show?”

“Excuse you?” The blonde gapped, “We was havin’ a private conversation here!”

“Loud enough for tha’ whole world ta hear!” Henry took a drag, “You guys are just bitter, cause no man would ever fight to have ya like Harvey would Jessica.”

“You’re one to talk,” The brunette sneered, looking Henry up and down before curling up her nose, “Ya look like a cheap whore, maybe invest in some eyeliner or lippy, hun.”

Henry felt his cheeks flush; his bare face suddenly feeling so naked and boring. Women never walked out of the house without makeup, so why had he? How embarrassing, to be seen in such a state, she was right! He shook his head free of such thoughts, stamping out the butt of his cigarette.

“At least ah I know to do my make up, ya clown!”

He felt a rush like nothing he’d ever experienced; bitching in the street like this felt exhilarating. He wanted to keep going, he wanted the whole neighbourhood to come and watch him tear these women apart while he defended Harvey’s honour he-what the hell was he doing? The taste of ash was in his mouth, lingering grunt from the cigarette still in his teeth even as he was compelled to light another. This was getting out of hand, he needed to get out of here. It took all his willpower to turn and stomp down the street, each barb and jeer the women slung after him like an arrow in his back. The urge to turn around and give them more barbs in return was strong but for the first time he managed to struggle through.

He was in such a state; anger boiling in his blood as he returned that he didn’t even bother to sneak back upstairs. Stomping down on each creaky wooden floorboard with purpose as he stormed his way back to the tiny apartment that was his home for now. If anybody heard him they said nothing; Nathalie and the other girl still glued to their show. He unlocked the door and collapsed against the other side breathing heavily. Those fucking bitches! They ruined his relaxation with their stupid droning and even now he was fighting the urge to run back down the street. This whole thing, it was a mess. He wasn’t even hungry anymore. Then again, maybe he never had been, the cigarette had given him all the substance he needed. His skin was still itching though but it had nothing to do with the craving; had this cheap tracksuit started to irritate his skin. He unzipped the front and slid out an arm and gaped; where clean, creamy skin had once been was now a splash of colour. Swirling rainbow coloured mist surrounded a cluster of birds which disappeared down his arm, converging at the elbow in a ring of pink and white doves. The ink was faded, the images warped in places, with some of the ‘birds’ being nothing more than mishapen blobs at certain points where the skin pinched or joined. The colours were nauseating, there was no cohesion and yet, the more he looked at the strange tattoo that had somehow appeared

on his skin the more he found it strangely appealing. He balked at the ink; trapped between horror at having something so trashy inked onto his skin and that strange feeling of fondness. There was surgery you could get to remove things like that, right? So when he fixed this even if the tattoo stayed on his body he could get it removed.

Henry ran a finger along one of the slightly wonky birds, looking at the squiggles that passed for feathers with a strange feeling of fondness. Maybe...maybe he would keep it. It just needed a little retouching. He could brighten up the colours a bit, fix a line here and there and it would actually be quite fetching. He continued to study it even as that strange tingling spread down his back all the way to his butt; that feeling of acceptance still flowing through him. Now that he took the time to really look at it, the rainbow of colours was actually quite pretty. There was a sort of artistry to it, a homemade quality. Sure it wasn't perfect but neither was life! He shrugged the top of his jumpsuit off so that only his forearms remained inside and made his way to the bathroom to better examine his new sleeve. In the reflection it looked even better and he found himself smiling. Said smile widened when he realised that tingling meant even more pictures were appearing!

He turned, watching as beautiful cursive letters began to become clear across the back of his hips; a tramp stamp. Despite the pretty cursive, the words themselves were crude;

“Bad bitch.” He breathed.

It was so...tacky, so mundane, so gaudy...so him. It suited this body so well, as did the little red heart that was tattooed on his shoulder blade, matching the one on the side of his breast. He looked on in anticipation and actually felt disappointed when no more appeared. He had never really liked tattoos before but now the idea of expressing himself so intimately, making his very skin into a work of art...it had its allure. His eyes flicked up to his face and caught the look of admiration there before it fell in an instant. Quickly he covered himself and backed away from the mirror, looking at his own reflection in fear.

This awful, tacky woman staring back at him, he would never have given her the time of day. He would have thought her so ugly and poor yet he had been admiring her body, his body, with happiness mere moments ago. Whatever was happening to his mind was becoming more and more frequent and his power to fight it was shrinking. He stared into his own wide eyes and saw sallow skin and rings beneath them. The beginnings of crow's feet on either side of his dusty lashes. This is not what his face had looked like before! Sure he had been a woman but he'd been the same age but now, it was as if he'd aged ten years in the time it took him to take that trip down to the shops. They say that smoking ages you but

not like this! He placed a hand on his bare cheek, grimacing at the wrinkles before turning away, unable to bear the sight.

He wandered back into the bedroom only to startle once more; just like his bathroom beforehand the room had changed. The bed now bore a faded purple duvet; the closet was overflowing with bright, cheap clothes, half of which looked stretched and faded and most intrusive of all, a tiny table was crammed in the corner and completely covered in hair ties, make up and brushes. The only spare space housing a cheap looking plastic mirror in a pink frame. It felt as though it were calling him; he could almost hear a voice in his mind beckoning him forward to sit upon the fluffy pink stool waiting. Henry bit his soft lips, tasting the bare skin and imagining how they would feel slick with gloss.

“A-ah need a smoke.” He breathed, fleeing the room and racing for the nearest window.

It was half jammed but eventually he managed to jimmy it open and poke his head out into the fresh night air. It tasted awful and the need for something more robust filled him as he lit up again and took a deep drag. He looked out over the street, feeling his tits rest against the chipped wooden frame as he took deep, smoke filled breaths. It made him feel calmer, more at home and Henry found himself relaxing and laying his head down on his arms across the sill. Voices echoed up the streets; kids yelled, couples argued, junk cars backfired. It was so loud here compared to the silence of his penthouse, so why did that racket make him feel more at peace than silence ever had? Still, he felt the draw; even as the cigarette burned to cinders and he dropped the stub out into the night it had not quieted the compulsion in his mind. He felt hyper aware of every wrinkle on his face, every bare patch of blemished skin on display.

The voices of those two chav’s outside the shop filled his mind and even though he was alone he felt embarrassed to be so...plain. Now he knew about those aged wrinkles he felt even uglier and despite his best efforts his body began to move toward the make up table. He couldn’t help it, he just had to cover up these age lines, he had to be beautiful again! He twisted open a small round container and scooped up the concealer, dabbing it on his crows feet and laugh lines before smoothing it over. It took several layers, till his face almost felt thick with the stiffness of it before he was satisfied.

“Tha’s enough Henry...” He told himself in the mirror, “Stop.”

But he didn’t. His hands were already reaching for the mascara, wiping the half bent brush on the table to try and get rid of the clumps. With each flick his lashes got longer and dark; it

felt wonderful. He let these new instincts take control, picking a shade of pale blue eyeshadow to match his nails and carefully applying it. He fussed with lipsticks and glosses, throwing away the boring and obvious shades of red and pink in favour of bold plum purple. It matched his eyes and outfit perfectly. He pursed his lips, making little kissy faces at his reflection and sighing in relief to see he had taken a few years off his face.

He thrust his chest forward, raising his freshly plucked eyebrows and smiling; for the first time confident in this new body. This whole chav style, it wasn't half bad really. He pulled it off that was for sure and he chuckled to himself imagining what those bitchy women would say if they saw him now. They would think twice before bad mouthing Harvey, that was for sure. He took out his cracked old nokia to check the time; almost nine, perhaps another episode would be on! He had never watched public tv before, he had no idea of the schedule but with glee he skipped across the apartment and flicked on the tv, pouting when none of the channels had Ex on the Beach playing. There was some boring news report on instead; Henry rolled his eyes, there was always news on, the whole point of tv was to be *entertaining*; why did the stations not seem to understand that?

Lacking any better ideas he lit up again, idly flicking through the channels in an effort to find something interesting. He had lost track of time when the sound of a key in his lock made him jump.

“Wha tha fuck?”

A man walked in as if he owned the place and indeed, a small silver key to match Henry's own was in his hand. He looked around thirty, with messy hair and baggy clothes and grey eyes that reminded Henry of dirty dish water.

“Sup babe?” He grinned holding up a plastic bag, “Thought ya might like a sesh.”

He flopped down on the couch before Henry had a chance to answer and started to empty the bag of its contents. He was about ready to tell the guy to fuck off when he noticed the durries; a bit of weed would be nice about now, especially since he had made his way through half his pack of cigs already. He really should have bought two at the very least. Whoever this guy was, if he was offering him free drugs he was not about to say no. After the hellish day he'd had and all these strange feelings, he deserved some relaxation.

“Ah I was just talkn' to Nat about the pipes in ma room, says they are gonna take another week to get fixed.” The man said with that same stupid grin on his face, “So she said I should crash somewhere...I didn't think you'd mind since ah'm here most nights anyway.”

Most nights? That was impossible and yet...so many impossible things had happened over the past few hours. Was this some sort of weird alternative universe? Or was he changing the world around him, either way, this man seemed to know him or whoever he was now and was waiting for his answer.

Henry took in his greasy hair and uneven teeth; he should have been turned off but just like the tattoo, the longer he looked the more familiar and warm the man's face made him feel. Those grey eyes went from dirty to cool, like the sea on a rainy day. He was...oddly handsome he had to admit and he seemed nice enough. Maybe having company for his week here would be nice.

"Sure." He nodded, "But'cha gotta keep me in supply."

He picked up the joint and lit it, taking a drag and sighing as a familiar sense of warm relaxation turned his bones to jelly. He hadn't smoked weed since college, it was almost nostalgic.

"Sure thing babe."

He lit up in turn, leaning close to light his joint on the smouldering end of Henry's on. A strange thrill passed through his body as the closeness of it. Their noses almost brushed and he shrunk back desperately trying to sort of what this new feeling swirling in his guts was. When they were done with their joints the man got up and gave Henry the chance to quickly snoop, spotting his licence sitting on his discarded wallet; Leon James. His address showed this same building, but a different unit number, that made sense then, they were neighbours. This had to be some sort of reality warping; an idea which should have made Henry laugh but frankly, after witnessing his transformation first hand he was much more inclined to believe what was happening was magic in nature.

Only a day ago he'd have dismissed magic being real all together; now it was his reality. Leon returned with two plastic cups filled to the brim with something noxious. Henry gave the clear liquid a sniff and gagged immediately much to Leon's amusement. All at once his mind was filled with memories of teenage parties, wild college years and hangovers.

"Fookin' hell." He coughed, "Everclear?"

"Everclear." Leon nodded, clinking his cup against hers and taking a deep gulp, "Best way ta get fucked up, righ'?"

He shouldn't have done it; Everclear was the nastiest, cheapest strong alcohol there was but once again he felt that compulsion, a need for the drink and he swallowed it down. It burned his tongue, searing away the taste of smoke and weed entirely as it hurtled down his throat and immediately warmed his stomach. Between the smokes, the alcohol and the sheer audacity of his own actions Henry almost felt like a rebellious teenager again. Or at least he would were he not in the body of a thirty year old; judging by the strange ache in his knees, perhaps even older.

They sat in silence for a while, staring blankly forward at the television without taking in what was on screen. Each time they finished their little glass, Leon would fill them again and the bottle began to steadily empty over the hours, as did their little pile of weed and papers. Henry felt as though his bones were made of soup; he was so relaxed and filled with that artificial, blissful happiness that alcohol always bought. He wasn't sure when Leon put an arm around his shoulders but once he noticed he couldn't stop. His skin felt hot from all the drinking and Leon's bare skin against the nape of his neck felt like a white hot poker. His eyes slid to the man's hand, dangling in the air only inches from his breast, the tracksuit being the only clothing between them. His mind began to wander; aided by the substances he had imbibed. He wondered idly what it might feel like to have those rough palms on his skin. He was too drunk to really fight himself on it, indulging the day dreams or perhaps they were even memories of this other life, who knows. His imaginings slowly making the heat under his skin grow and spread through his whole body, especially between his legs.

Henry tried not to think about it, but those thoughts kept slipping into his drunken mind and as Leon began to lean more heavily against him the struggle only increased. He grit his teeth; he had been out of control all day, at the whim of whatever this tracksuit had turned him into. What he needed was to take a hold of himself but what he wanted was very different. What he wanted was for Leon to move his hand just a little further down; but if that happened, if he indulged this particular compulsion Henry knew he would not be able to stop himself. He was already so turned on and the hormones were mixing with his drunken mind; said mind was telling him to do such naughty things.

Maybe...just one little touch wouldn't be so bad. He could feel his nipples brushing against the rough inner lining of the tracksuit and he felt a burning need to be out of it; even stronger than when his change had been happening. Perhaps it was part of the spell, perhaps some sort of new instinct but he had no doubts that he could remove it now. As if reading his mind Leon's other hand, the one not around his shoulder, appeared before him. It came to rest on the zip, fiddling with the warm metal while they both stared at the screen with blank expressions. He could feel the silent invitation in the air; both of them hyper aware that the tv could be turned off and neither would care. Henry swallowed, once again

reminded of the lack of lump at the front of his throat; his new female body was burning, yearning to be touched and who was he to deny it. Maybe...maybe he could stop, though he knew he was lying to himself. He reached up to clasp around Leon's wrist and for a moment he hesitated before pulling it, and the zip, down. The man gave a throaty chuckle in response.

"I was wonder' if I'd done something wrong." HE whispered, slipping the hand inside to gentle stroke along the top of Henry's breast, "Normally you're all over me the moment I walk in."

"Ah've...h-had a long day." He stammered, that lone finger stroking his sensitive skin was enough to make thinking almost impossible.

"Is that a hint to stop?" Leon whispered, warm breath wafted over the shell of Henry's ear.

This was it, his last chance; he wanted to say yes or more accurately, he *wanted* to want to say yes. But then Leon would stop and his touch just felt so good.

"Don't ya dare."

If he couldn't control these urges, Henry decided he would at least fulfil them on his terms and pressed his chest out so that Leon's full palm cupped his tit. Leon needed no further invitation, grabbing the soft flesh hard and eliciting a deep moan from Henry. He'd never known how good it felt on this side of the fence; how damn sensitive these breasts would be. As Leon's fingers massaged into his skin Henry felt that fire under his skin transform from an ember to a full on blaze. Just one wasn't enough; he pushed forward, turning to straddle Leon on the couch and fully unzipping the tracksuit so that both his heavy tits were on full display. Nipples hard as diamond and this time, it had nothing to do with the cold air from the open window. Leon traced along the curves, lifting and pressing into the flesh and tracing the little heart on the left one with reverence.

Henry couldn't get enough of Leon's face, the way he was looking at him with blown pupils and a hungry gaze; like he had never seen anything so sexy. He pressed himself forward, positioning one of his pink nipples against the man's lips with a silent order. Leon grinned, tongue flicking out to lick at the sensitive nub before taking it in his mouth.

"Oh...Ah...tha's so-fuck!"

Henry had always been quiet during sex; he didn't go flying off the hook like most people but now foul words were escaping his pretty lips at lightning speed. He had never felt something quite so exquisite as having his nipple sucked. Each time Leon pursed his lips a bolt of pure ecstasy moved through his body, making him shudder and instinctually grind down on the bulge he could feel beneath the man's trousers.

His pussy was throbbing, hole aching and for the first time in his life he was keenly aware of an odd emptiness and a brand new need. The need to be filled. His hips began to stutter as Leon switched to the other nipple, hands braced hard against Henry's hips to keep him steady as his body tried to writhe. One palm left him, trailing down to the elastic waistband of the tracksuit and stroking the fabric there. Even through the fabric of his underwear and the pants the touch felt magnificent and another string of curse words escaped him.

"Get in there!" He ordered, feeling desperate and close to...something.

Leon groaned, sending vibrations all over Henry's tit as he slipped a hand into the pants. Henry raised himself up on his knees allowing him better access. The moment that rough finger pressed between his folds Henry felt his eyes flutter closed; surrendering to the sensations. Slowly, far too slowly, Leon stroked back and forth, curling his hole and back again while leaving his clit unattended. It throbbed with need to the point where it was almost painful but each time Henry opened his mouth to order Leon to touch him, he would suck down hard on his nipple and all that came out were breathy moans. That finger continued to tease him for a few minutes before finally, pressing inside his aching hole. It felt so different to anything he had ever experienced. The rough pad of Leon's workman's fingers felt so wonderful against his inner walls and the further it pressed in, the stronger the pleasure.

Leon curled the finger, brushing the pad of his finger against the inner lining as he began to slowly thrust it in and out. Each time the intensity of the feeling would force all the air from Henry's lungs and strange flashes to appear before his vision. His inner walls were tightening as orgasm approached, with each stroke of pleasure a strange new knowledge seemed to fill him. Almost like false memories, about this trashy chav life. They slotted into place alongside his real ones until he was almost two people in his own mind; one the chav, the other the rich boy.

"Fuck! Oh fookin'-AH!"

He came, a gush of slick wetness gushing over Leon's fingers as he came. It was so much better than cumming as a man, it just kept *going*. Even as Leon's finger withdrew and Henry collapsed down onto him he was shuddering, that warm bulge pressed against the sensitive folds, with only a few scant millimetres of fabric separating them.

"Damn, Harriet, you have the best damn O face."

"Call me, Harry, you know I hate ma full name." He groaned, "So...prissy."

Leon just laughed.

"Fuck those snobs, don't worry there ain't so way you could ever be like them, *Harriet*."

Henry ground his hips down hard against the bulge, grinning with glee as Leon groaned and threw his head back.

"You'll pay for tha' ya prick."

Henry felt so wild, so unhinged. It was glorious, to let go and give in to these temptations, to not even try to fight the chav accent and rather revelling in the crude, sharp sounds as they rolled off his tongue. He continued to grind them together, running his tongue along the curve of Leon's neck and shivering at the scrape of cold metal. When had a tongue piercing appeared? He hadn't even felt it until now. The little ball of metal left slight red trails across Leon's skin and he shuddered in pleasure each time it dragged across him. Henry loved it; even though he was a woman now he was still in control, at least of this part of himself.

It did not take long for that hunger to start building again, that aching emptiness. A finger could only fill him so much and now Henry was keenly aware of how much more he could take. He'd never found men attractive, not once but in this moment he wanted nothing more than a thick cock inside him, stretching him to the limit. Just the thought had him moaning as he pressed his lips to Leon's. Their tongues danced, the taste of cheap alcohol and smoke mixing in the most delicious way. They both moaned, swallowing down the sounds and Henry nibbled on his partner's lips. Leon's stubble scratched his face, it felt so odd, to feel it from the other side. His now smooth cheeks tingled as the rough hair scraped against it and Henry found that he liked the sensation.

Hands wrapped around his back and hips, pulling them close together and crushing Henry's tits between them. His nipples felt like diamonds, hard and pointed. Their kissing

became rougher, teeth scraped and moans echoed through the room as they hurried undressed further. Leon practically ripped his shirt off and pressed Henry's bare breasts to them causing them both to shudder. It felt wrong, to take off his tracksuit but for the first time the compulsion to keep it on was outweighed by the burning need to be fucked. Fully naked for the first time since he changed, Henry pulled away from Leon for a split second to look down at his body. Admiring the heavy curves, the pretty tattoos; part of him was horrified, the other loved it; not that he wanted to admit it, even to himself.

Leon stood, kicking off his pants and letting his erection hang free in the air. Just looking at it filled Henry with want and shame. He so badly wanted to be turned off, to be disgusted but...he needed that cock too badly. He rushed forwards, wrapping his arms and legs around the man and allowing him to lift him off the ground. Leon's hands cupped his wide ass, squeezing the soft skin there tight as he carried Henry to the bedroom. For a moment, Henry was weightless as Leon dropped him before landing with a loud squeak on the bed before climbing down to join him. The mattress groaned, protesting each and every moment; the whole building was likely to hear the screeching of the cheap springs and Henry found himself quivering with the thought. The whole building would hear him moaning, know exactly what was going on. It was so humiliating; it was so *hot*.

Leon's hands were all over him, running down his sides, touching his breasts, tweaking his nipples; it was all too much.

"Just fuck me already!" He groaned, "please!"

"Wow, 'please' ya must be really horny." He teased, pressing his tip to Henry's hole.

This was it; there was a strange bolt of energy that flowed through him from head to toe. Somehow, Henry was aware that letting this man fuck him was the final nail in his coffin; if he let this happen, he would never have the strength to fight of the change in its entirety. But he wanted it so bad! He raised his hips, pressing the head of Leon's cock inside and groaning; knowing this was just the beginning, that there was so much more to come, how could he resist? Leon sunk down, thrusting his hips slowly forward so that Henry could appreciate every single inch as it slid inside. His walls stretched, a pleasant, pleasurable burn forming as his inner walls opened to accommodate the girth.

"Ah, fuck, yes, more!"

By the time he was fully sheathed Henry felt like a madman, right on the edge of ambrosia and being denied.

“Ah told ya to fuck me!” He growled, biting down on Leon’s shoulder hard enough to bruise.

The man didn’t seem to mind and he finally started to move, thrusting fast and hard so that Henry was forced to wrap his legs around his hips and hold on for dear life. Each time he thrust back in he swore or moaned, his breathing coming hard and fast, completely out of his control. Leon seemed to love him swearing like a sailor, nibbling on Henry’s ear and growling each time another profanity escaped.

A tightness began to form deep inside him and the ecstasy began to build. Henry could feel it coming; he wanted it so badly but also tried to hold back. For some reason he felt as though this was his final chance to hold onto some dignity, to not fully become this trash bag of a woman. But as Leon changed the angle of his thrusts, the tip of his cock pressed against some deep, unknown part of Henry and he saw stars. For the first time the pleasure was so great he could only gasp, even his swear words having left him and the pleasure continued to build and build and build-!

White flashed across Henry’s vision followed by darkness as his eyes rolled back into his head. Pure pleasure washed over him in a wave, every muscle spasming and relaxing over and over again as his pussy throbbed and pulsed. Each time it would squeeze the cock inside him harder, milking it for all it was worth as Leon groaned and hot seed splashed inside him. The realisation that a man just came inside him made Henry groan with pleasure and humiliation; all the emotions feeding into one another as the residual ecstasy of his orgasm to push him over the edge again.

Leon collapsed atop him and Henry sighed, squeezing his body close and enjoying the heavy weight crushing down on his breasts as he pressed into the mattress. He felt exhausted; the intensity of the day washed over him like a wave. What was the time anyway? In the gloom he couldn’t spot his phone or any clock. Leon rolled off him, his softened cock leaving Henry with a wet sound as seed and slickness flowed out and into the sheets. They really needed a shower; they stank of sex, drugs and alcohol but he was just so tired and the bed was so comfy. A warm arm wrapped around his torso, pulling his back against Leon’s strong, hairy chest.

“Fuckn’ incredible babe.”

“Too righ’.” He giggled.

Tomorrow, he will sort this all out tomorrow. He was just too tired to think now; the exhaustion and alcohol settled over him in a warm, sleepy haze to the point that he barely heard the sound of another key in the door and a set of steps walking through the living room.

~

Harry woke the next morning groggy; his head was pounding with a serious hangover which was not helped by the sound of loud music. He opened his eyes and immediately regretted it as light filtered through his lashes, sending a stabbing pain into his brain.

“Bloody everclear.” He groaned, forcing himself to sit.

He looked over himself, still naked and sticky from the night before and very much female. Whatever this reality warping magic was, it seemed permanent at least for now. The music continued to pound, loud enough that he could feel it through his feet as they hit the thin carpet. Leon was still blissfully unaware of his impending hangover, snoring like a walrus in bed. For a moment Henry was confused, if they were both here, who turned on the radio?

Then, another flash of memory followed by irritation; he knew exactly who it was. The very person who snuck in late last night well past their curfew.

“Brandy! Turn that shit off!”

“By muuuuuuum!”

Wobbling unsteadily on his feet Henry threw on his tracksuit and opened the door to the main living area; a small curtained off section having now been added where his eighteen year old daughter was sitting on her bed, blaring the music while she teased her hair.

“Ah’ve got a headache. Turn it off.”

“Ya so unfair.” Brandy pouted, “I ain’t ma fault you got fookin’ drunk last night. If I have to put up with all those awful noises you guys make, I should be able to listen to ma tunes.”

“Well, getcha own apartment then.” Henry grumbled, rummaging around the cupboards for coffee, “ah had ma own by the time I was your age.”

“Only cause grandma kicked ya out for getting knocked up.” Brandy whispered, Henry shot her a look.

His daughter hit the off button on the radio, glaring at him the whole time. What was he going to do? Henry grimaced at the instant coffee, thinking of the fancy, hand ground beans in the machine back in his penthouse in his real reality. Even as he tipped the brown flakes into a chipped mug, he knew he was going to love the taste of this more and he hated it. He didn't want this life, as a trashy chav woman but when else could he do? Perhaps...

He looked down at his body; if the tracksuit did this, maybe if he resisted wearing it for a while he would turn back! It seemed logical enough, as far as magic went. He put down his coffee and returned to the bathroom, ignoring the way Brandy stuck out her tongue as he passed. He stood before the mirror, taking in his aged form and placing a hand on the tracksuit zipper.

He wanted to take it off; he was sure this was the answer; if he went a day or two without putting it on, he would turn back into his proper self, he was sure. So why could he not pull the zipper down? The outfit was just so comfortable, he felt compelled to keep it on, despite the desperate wish to change back. His hand trembled and finally let go with a sigh; he couldn't bring himself to do it.

“Muuuuuuuum, ya used all the milk!”

“Then go buy some ya lazy girl!”

Henry swallowed; he hadn't planned the words, they just came out. It had only been a day, maybe he just needed some space to clear his head. After all, yesterday had his emotions running so high and then he *got* high which was probably a mistake.

“Tomorrow.” He whispered to himself, tomorrow he wouldn't put the tracksuit on again and everything would be fine.

Taking a deep breath he lit up a cigarette just in time for Leon to wander into the cramped bathroom with an apologetic smile to relieve himself. Henry fled back to the main room where Brandy was signing with her earbuds in; a small victory. If only her voice wasn't so high pitched.

Henry opened up the window and breathed the smoke out into the midday air; he had slept half the day away. Not that it mattered, he didn't have a job, his paychecks covered the rent, smoke and food so what was the point? Especially since he would be taking the tracksuit off tonight and changing back. Yes, he would definitely be doing that. Totally.

Leon crept up behind him, wrapping his arms around his waist and laying a kiss at the nape of Henry's neck eliciting a moan. In the Background Brandy made a gagging sound.

"Mum can ya not be so gross with your boy toy in fron' of me?"

"Ya show Leon some respect, he's the reason ya can spend extra now." Henry chided while Leon chuckled.

"I gotta head off ta work, have a good day. Anythin' planned?"

Henry thought for a moment; his plan was to try and take this damn suit off but that would not occupy all his day.

"Ex on the Beach." HE replied after a moment, "Nathalie and I are gonna watch a marathon, she saved up and got one of them recorders so she has the whole show ready to go."

Leon whistled, seemingly impressed.

"Fancy shit."

"Ya."

Before he could stop himself, Henry found himself turning and kissing the man full on the lips; much to Brandy's annoyance. The action was out of habit of course, not because he wanted to, no matter how lovely it felt. He told himself it was the last time today, for a lot of things; the last kiss with Leon and most importantly, the last time he would wear that tracksuit.

But it was not, the next morning he woke and put it on without thinking. And the next day he did the same, and the next. At one point he tried throwing it away only to feel compelled to pick it out of the trash, lovingly washing it afterwards and sighing as he zipped it back up. No matter how hard he fought, he simply could not resist the allure of it. Slowly

but surely, he began to settle into this new position; after all, if he changed his reality back what would happen to Brandy? She was a brat but she was his brat after all. And Leon wasn't so bad either; he provided smokes and fun times and never wanted to settle down which was just fine. Not to mention the sex, which was amazing. Every time he tried to fight his need he would end up giving in anyway; this body just felt far too good to ignore.

Every morning as he woke and felt that compulsion to put on his favourite track suit he found himself fighting the urge less and less. Each time coming up with a new excuse; Brandy wanted to go dancing that night, Nathalie was coming over to watch Ex on the Beach, Leon had a special 'date' planned in two days; eventually he stopped using excuses all together. Even if he wanted to, Henry, or rather Harriet, knew she could not fight the compulsions. This was simply who she was now and if there wasn't anything she could do to stop it, she was just going to have to learn to live with it.