

Witnessing a New Life

For Jack4716

By TheSpiralledEye

After witnessing a crime, college student Ira must be put into a special witness protection program. Now he faces spending the rest of his life as a middle aged Hispanic woman and learns to make the best of it.

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Ira pulled back the blinds to gaze out at the city far below. The windows were darkly tinted, making it impossible for anybody looking in to see him. Still, it made him feel vulnerable and he dropped the blind back in place a second later. He'd been staying at the FBI headquarters for a week now, every day spent in this tiny, hotel style room as he waited to find out what his fate would be.

It's funny, he mused, how the tiniest, most flippant choices can change your life in huge ways. Had he taken his usual route home to his dorm last week, nothing would have changed. He'd be there right now, the biggest concern in his life would be the upcoming English midterm. Now he couldn't bring himself to think of school at all. He'd decided, on a whim, to head to the shops after class that night. He wanted barbeque chips as a late night study snack and decided to take a shortcut through the old factory district to reach the shops quicker.

There he had made his second mistake, investigating the sound of footsteps close by. There he had witnessed men loading up a truck with bricks of what could only be drugs; he'd seen enough border security shows to know what cocaine wrapped in plastic and paper looked like.

He was fortunate that he was a track star and managed to run away, all the way to the police station six blocks away while doing the occasional bullet and Russian sounding curse. He'd given his statement, described the men and thought that would be it. Unfortunately, the next morning two suited federal agents had been at his door to inform him that he had to come with them for his own protection.

Turns out, he had described several high ranking members of the Kuznetsov Syndicate. One of the biggest, world spanning arms and drug runners in the world and now, he was on their hit list.

Now a week later he was still waiting for his placement into witness protection. He hoped whenever they sent him would be warm, he hated the cold. The last thing he wanted was to spend the rest of his life in a tiny, middle of nowhere town where it snowed all year.

A knock at the door and one of the agents who collected him from his dorm, Peters, appeared.

“We’ve got a placement for you.” He said seriously, taking off his sunglasses, “But it’s not going to be an easy one.”

“What do you mean?” Ira asked, getting to his feet.

“Come, we’ll explain everything.”

Ira nodded, following the agent down the winding halls with trepidation. Loads of people wished for a clean slate, the ability to start over. Ira had decided to view this as such; rather than dwelling on all he’d lost. But now, after hearing those words from Peters his anxiety began to build and he just prayed whatever identity they gave him wouldn’t be too much of a shock.

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Ira couldn’t understand what he was looking at. The dossier in front of him was supposed to be his new identity but...it was for a woman. An older woman at that; according to the date of birth she was almost forty years old, twice his own age! Not to mention her ethnicity was listed as Hispanic? Place of birth Puerto Rico?

He looked up at Peter’s with confusion, the man cleared his throat awkwardly and took a deep breath.

“The Kuznetsov are a mean bunch and well connected.” he sighed, “We’ve looked into several covers for you, none of them would hold up for a lifetime. We’ve decided the best way to keep you safe is to disappear your identity completely, and place you in a life so unlike your own the Syndicate will never find you.”

“You expect me to cross dress for the rest of my life?” Ira complained, “And what, wear black face? That’s fucking disgusting!”

“No, of course not.” Peters said calmly, “We have technology, hidden tech only the highest members of government know about. It involves DNA Resequencing and Gene splicing.”

Ira felt his stomach roll.

“What do you mean?”

“We will use this technology to artificially age your body, change your cells down to the genetic level. Your mind will remain the same but your body will be unrecognisable. Even if the Syndicate was to find you, they would never know who you had been. Your blood type, your fingerprints, everything would be different.”

“And what, in exchange I lose twenty years of my life?” Ira yelled, pointing into the date of birth. “Skip all the fun stuff and go right to middle age?”

“We’ll make sure to invigorate the cells so that you live just as long as you always would have, hey, you might even break the world record for oldest woman! You have the potential to live to a hundred and twenty!”

Ira slumped back in his seat.

“Isn't there any way I can stay more...me? Why not at least let me stay a man?”

“These measures are for your own safety. I am afraid it is either this or living alone in a guarded bunker your entire life.”

Ira blanched, gripping the dossier so hard the paper tore in places. The words began to blur as he blinked back tears of frustration. He wiped them away and grit his teeth.

“Fine.” He ground out, “But at least let me pick my own name.”

“Of course. Why don't we get the procedure done and then you can decide.”

“Right now?” Ira paled, Peters nodded.

“No time like the present.”

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Ira hadn't been sure what to expect the procedure to be like but the fact that it was nothing more than a series of needles administered to various places across his body was surprisingly simple. So here he sat, back in his tiny room, alone, waiting for his body to change. Other than a few sore spots from the needles, he felt nothing so far and the wait was starting to get to him. His foot tapped and his fingers drummed against the mattress. Peters had suggested he sleep through it but there was no way he would be able to fall asleep when his heart was racing and his mind buzzing like it was.

He itched at his skin as the hairs stood on end. He'd long stopped jumping at the slightest tingle or twitch as they were yet to show any major changes. The itching kept up though, starting at the nape of his neck and spreading downwards, as it reached his chest he released with shock that his skin was darkening. Going from white to a light olive tone. It was happening.

Immediately he was on his feet, heart racing even faster. He stripped off the hospital style gown they had dressed him in so he could see every change in detail. He watched the skin continue to spread until his entire body was the new darker hue. He expected his shape to be next but to his surprise there was a strange pulling sensation in his skull then another, and another; each tug coincided with a long lock of curly brown hair sprouting from his head. Some of it flopped over his face, others down his back and soon his head felt almost like a fountain, long hair shot out in every direction.

It tickled at the nape of his neck and he reached back to run his fingers through the long locks, finding them soft and wavy. As he pulled his hand back he gaped, watching as before his very eyes his callouses disappeared and his nails lengthened.

After such a long wait it was all happening so fast now. He groaned as he felt his thighs thicken, the hair on his legs repressing back under his skin and the rough edges of his feet flaking off leaving only smooth skin behind. Years of track and field melted away as muscle gave way to long legs that were slightly plump, especially his upper thighs where his legs met his ass.

It was growing now, swelling and turning almost teardrop shaped; heavier at the bottom with enough heft that it jiggled even at the slightest movement. The stretching of his skin felt odd, not painful, yet not entirely pleasant. It was like having sore muscles massaged, nice, almost pleasurable with an undercurrent of soreness that left him groaning.

On the opposite side of the spectrum, instead of stretching out certain parts of him being sucked in. He felt his middle cinch slightly as if tightened by a corset and between his

legs he could feel something being pulled upwards. He sat himself down on the ground, cushioned by his new rump and spread his legs wide to watch as his cock disappeared. Sucked back up into his body and leaving nothing but hollow feeling behind. He couldn't help but whimper, feeling emasculated and embarrassed as his manhood disappeared. Even the warm, pleasant feeling tingling between his legs couldn't distract him from how embarrassing this all was.

Despite the humiliation burning through his blood though he couldn't help but shiver slightly, watching as his new pussy formed. It was odd, watching the lips turn pink and his new clit emerge and bulge forward. The skin swiftly turned slick with moisture and he resisted the urge to touch it. The air in the room was barely moving and yet he could feel the slightly breeze brushing against the open folds. He could only imagine how sensitive it would be to a proper touch. Such a thing was far too terrifying to think about, especially right now as his body was continuing to warp and change.

He was distracted when his vision of said pussy was interrupted by the ballooning of his chest. His breasts were forming but not quite as he imagined them. They started off firm and pert before the weight began to take its toll. They sagged ever so slightly yet, to his delight, not nearly as much as he thought a middle aged woman's chest would. If anything, they looked quite attractive, large and round with none of the stretch marks so many older women had. They hung on his chest just slightly and as he twisted left to right he watched them bounce despite their weight.

He stood and almost stumbled, the added weight on his chest and butt changing his centre of gravity. He ended up with his palms and feet flat on the floor with his ass in the air to avoid falling over. He flushed, giving a huff of nervous laughter and secretly praying that whatever cameras were no doubt hidden in the room had been turned off for this.

He finally regained his balance and stood, noting the way his wide hips naturally slid to one side. He felt his shoulders drop slightly as they sloped and he found himself posing. Stretching out his long legs and twisting to try and get a better look at his new bouncy curves.

Little changes were still happening all over, he could feel his toes shrinking and his eyelashes lengthening and as he ran his fingers across her face he had to pause to touch his lips. They were soft and full, not overly so like the botoxed women on the front of magazines, bump plump and pretty. He traced a nail lightly over his more pronounced cupid's bow and hummed in thought; he had been imagining something far worse than this.

In fact, as he posed and turned, taking in every inch of his new body he found himself smiling. Yes, it was humiliating to be aged and have his masculinity taken but the body he'd been gifted was not bad all things considered. He'd been expecting a used up, slightly wrinkled old thing; a woman well past her prime. But instead he found that all the extra years

seemed to have added to him was a little plumpness; most of which was on his ass and chest; one of the few places women never minded getting bigger.

He raced over to the bathroom and leaned against the sink to stare into the mirror. Peters had been right about one thing; he certainly didn't recognise the woman staring back at him. There was no trace of his old self left. His blue eyes were down a dark, almost black brown with large lashes and the slightest hint of laugh lines beside them. His hair had gone from reddish brown to dark black and curly and his sharp, masculine features had all been smoothed over into a heart shaped face with high cheekbones that became even more pronounced when he forced his face into a smile.

He ran a finger over the black spot on his right cheekbone, a beauty spot. Ira had always been an optimist; he believed in taking his licks and rolling with the punches. This...was a big punch but he could learn to roll with it. After all, it was better to be a middle aged Hispanic woman than dead in a ditch. He took a step back and held out his hand as if to shake it with his reflection.

“Nice to meet you I'm...”

He trailed off, still unsure as to what name he was going to use. His voice sounded alien, if it weren't for the vibration in his throat he would have assumed it came from elsewhere, not his own mouth.

It was higher, with a slight rasp and the tiniest hint of an accent. That last part might be hard to explain when he couldn't speak a lick of Spanish; something to ask Peter's about perhaps.

All in all, the woman looking back at him was middle aged, but far from ugly. He took a deep breath, they say crossing thirty is just a new beginning and even if he had crossed that threshold far earlier than he would have liked he was ready to face it.

After the exhausting journey that was his transformation, sleep came easily to him for the first time in weeks. The next morning he dressed in the simple jeans and shirt that had been laid out for him, taking his time to ensure he got the bra done up correctly and set about finding a name. Several hours of books and internet searching later Peters arrived, giving him a proud nod as he took in Ira's new appearance. In his hands were documents, a passport, birth certificate and other such faked papers he would need to start his new life.

“Have you decided on a name?” Peters asked as he shuffled the documents in front of him.

Ira thought for a moment; he'd gone through many books and been caught between a few in the end though there was one that caught his eye.

“Esperanza.” he said quietly, “It means hope.”

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Esperanza's home was a small suburban neighbourhood in Florida. The streets were lined with modest family homes, each with a little garden and many were decorated with tropical flower beds and plants. One even had a palm tree, as if Florida didn't have enough already. Dogs were walked, kids rode bikes and several households were clearly of Mexican or Hispanic descent judging by the decorations and people she passed on the street. Overall, the neighbourhood was humble, but it looked like the sort of place where people got to know their neighbours and looked out for one another. The perfect place for a single, middle aged lady to start a new life for herself.

Now, if only she could stop worrying. Ira was trying to make an effort to think of herself as a she but still, the name hadn't fully sunk in. Even after weeks of living here, getting to know the neighbours and doing her best to settle into her new job at the local supermarket. It was a quaint quiet life, a good one really, but the knowledge that this is all she would ever be now thanks to those damn drug runners still stung.

She vowed to make the best of it though, so when lanterns started to be strung and a street party was announced, she decided to attend. All the others brought food to share that smelt delicious; traditional foods Esperanza probably should have known how to make but had no idea. She felt sheepish, putting down her almost stereotypical bowl of store bought guacamole and corn chips next to the homemade empanadas and wraps.

“Don't worry about it, just pitching in is enough.” A kind voice spoke, she turned to find Jack, one of the neighbours who ran the local bar smiling at her.

He was fit and tan, with slicked back dark hair and a wide smile. He handed her a cup with something strong smelling in it and clicked it against his own before taking a sip. Ira took one herself and almost choked.

“Is this straight tequila?” She coughed.

“I put some fruit punch in it.” He laughed, “No fun if it's weak.”

“Yeah I guess.” Ira wheezed, suddenly aware of the hand on his shoulder.

“I’m glad you decided to come,” Jack smiled, voice dropping an octave deeper, “I’ve been hoping you’d come down to my little bar ever since I saw you move in.”

That hand on her shoulder suddenly felt like a red hot poker. This man was flirting with her! A blush spread to her cheeks and she took a step back; she was still coming to terms with existing in this body, she hadn’t done anything...naughty yet. She hadn’t even touched herself, the idea of somebody else doing something like that was...odd. Though to her surprise, the idea did not repulse her as she’d first thought it would.

“Come on, Espie. Can I call you Espie?”

“Um, sure.” She stammered, “Espie it is.”

A giggle, burst from her mouth, unbidden. Was she...getting flustered? Seriously? A middle aged man flirting with her would have been a total nightmare back in her old life but for some reason, whether it be the genetic changes or just weeks of no sexual contact whatsoever, her body was responding whether she liked it or not.

“As I was saying, you never come down to my little bar? Why not? Clearly you drink.”

“Oh I’ve just been so busy settling in.” He stammered.

“Is this place so different to where you lived before?”

“You have no idea.” She replied dryly, taking another sip of the burning alcohol and finding that it went down much easier now that she knew what to expect.

Jack continued to chat, talking about the various patrons who frequented his establishment and inviting her to all the events he held weekly, like pub trivia night. Ira felt her heart hammering in his chest, she had no idea how to handle this situation; but not because she didn’t want to be in it. That was what made things so damn confusing. If she wasn’t interested in Jack’s advances, that would be a simple matter of excusing herself.

The truth was though, she was. Even before the advanced ageing, she had been an adult and knew what arousal and attraction felt like. The fact that she was feeling it for a middle aged man was...a little odd, but considering her new body not out of the question. Judging by the casual way Jack flirted and the sparkle of the smile, he was a silver fox. Somebody adept at seduction and assumably, the stuff that came after.

Ira had only had sex a handful of times since losing his virginity a few years ago. He knew what he was doing but the idea of going to bed with an older more experienced partner intrigued him and he would be lying if he wasn't curious as to what it would feel like; not only to let somebody else take the lead but what this body would feel like under somebody else's fingers.

If any of that was going to happen though he needed to get over this damn flustered state! His whole body was going red; from face cheeks to ones much more south and with that rushing blood came heat. It built between his legs along with a warm slick feeling that stuck his panties to his pussy walls and made him shift slightly on his feet.

"Are you okay, Espie?" Jack asked, "AM I coming on too strong, sorry. I've been told I do that."

He gave her a rakish smile and Ira felt her heart flutter.

"No! I just, I'm not very good at this." She laughed awkwardly, "I didn't expect anybody to flirt with me."

It was true, he assumed with so many lovely, young, pretty women around that nobody would be taking note of his middle aged self.

"Bah! You're the hottest one here." Jack waved his hand, "Besides, if I was into those skinny, young things I am pretty sure I would definitely turn into a creep in the eyes of most don't you think?"

"Probably." Ira blushed, Jack wasn't just being a flirt, he was serious, he thought Ira was the most beautiful woman at the street party and that felt...nice.

Ira had never been the most desirable person in a room before, well, street in this case.

"Plus, you've got the look of somebody who's lived a life, I like that." Jack said sincerely before going a little pink himself, "I don't mean you look old! I just meant-fuck, I ruined it didn't I?"

Ira couldn't help himself, he burst into laughter, snorting in a very unladylike fashion. He tried to stop but then Jack was joining in and they were both giggling like a couple of school girls, all the while Ira's heart began beating faster and faster.

'Fuck it' he thought, downing the rest of the drink for confidence before moving into Jack's space.

He had no idea how to flirt as a woman but he could try dammit. This was supposed to be his new life right? What was the harm in letting off some steam and trying something new and kinky? That's what college was all about and if he was going to miss out on his wild years he was just going to have to make up for it now.

Jack put an arm around his middle, giving her hip a little squeeze as they continued to talk. Ira felt the alcohol slowly melting into his muscles, helping him to relax into the embrace and hold back a grin as Jack's hand began to subtly wander southwards. Soon it was sitting right atop her plump ass cheek, occasionally giving it a squeeze. Each time Ira would stiffen slightly as little sparks of pleasure danced across the skin and Jack would smile teasingly.

She started to lose track of the conversation, mostly just watching Jack's lips as he talked; studying the way they moved and wondering what they would feel like on her own. Without thinking she started to lean forward and a moment later she no longer had to wonder. They were surprisingly soft, yet strong. She felt the scrape of his teeth on her bottom lip as they deepened the kiss and that hand was joined by another as Jack gripped her ass tight.

They broke apart before anybody could notice but Ira was already hooked; there was an ache between his legs now, more than just simple arousal. Want had turned to need and as embarrassing as it was to think about; he knew only a mature man like Jack would be able to satisfy him now.

"Let's go back to my house." He whispered, nodding over to the little house the government had gifted her.

"That sounds like a great idea." Jack grinned.

Ira felt like he was walking on air; he felt so...taboo. Jack's fingers linked with his own and they walked away from the party, if anybody saw them, nobody said a thing and if they did, Ira didn't care. Once his front door was closed Jack wasted no time. Pinning her to the door and pressing their bodies together so quickly all the air was knocked from her lungs.

It was exhilarating in a way Ira hadn't considered. He'd never given much thought to sex between older people but he'd always assumed the wild, heart racing wildness was the realm of the young. Here she was getting a first hand lesson in just how racy those with a

few more years under their belt could get as Jack's hands wandered up and down his sides; stroking the sides of his breasts, down the curve of his hips and along the edges of his ass.

She delighted in how sensitive this body was. After weeks of showering and living in this new skin she had become accustomed to her curves and the way over and clothing flowed down them. Yet there was something about a man's touch that made everything come alive. Jack's hands moved to the front of her jeans, unbuttoning but not removing them, instead returning to her ass and slipping his hands inside to cup at her bare skin as he pulled her from the door.

Ira decided to take the initiative and began unbuttoning his shirt, fumbling slightly due to the never ending parade of kisses. Their tongues intertwined just as she managed to get Jack's shirt open and smoothed her palms across his muscular chest. He finally let go of her ass long enough for Ira to push the shirt off and let it fall to the floor, instantly forgotten as Jack began returning the favour.

She felt suddenly awkward as he revealed her plain white bra, though thankfully Jack was not deterred. With deft and experienced hands he reached behind and unhooked it causing Ira to blush. It had taken her weeks to master weathering a bra and even now it gave her trouble to undo each night. Yet here was the man making a fool of her by doing it without even looking. Part of Ira was tempted to ask Jake just how many women he'd been with but then his fingers brushed against her exposed nipple and she promptly forgot *how* to think.

It was unlike anything she had experienced as a man, little bolts of pleasurable electricity arced through her body, all pooling together between her legs as he began to tweak and play with her breasts. She could do nothing but moan and try to keep her breathing under control. It was embarrassing, to be taken so off guard and be overwhelmed. She almost sounded like a blushing virgin, then again, in a way she was.

Somehow, they managed to stumble to the couch, shedding more and more clothing as they went until all that remained was their underwear. Even through the loose boxers Ira could feel the bulge of Jack's cock and it sent a thrill through her. Confidence growing, she grabbed his hips and pressed them against her own, crushing her mound against that bulge and moaning as they both fell down onto the couch.

Out of eagerness and some new feminine instinct Ira found herself sitting atop his hips, cock upright and pressing against his cli and folds as they kissed. Jack's hands reached between them to continue playing with Ira's breasts as they hung down over him and Ira quivered at the touch.

His hips began to rock, pressing more against the hot length and Jack's hands once more slid down to her hips. This time as they gripped they gently lifted upwards, helping to guide Ira until her hole was just above his tip.

She hesitated; unsure of how to prepare herself but then Jack's hands slipped as the tip pressed inside her. A gasp escaped her lips; even just that small part of him inside her felt exquisite and she found herself dismissing all hesitation as she slowly descended. Her inner walls burned as they stretched and a low moan escaped them both until she found herself fully seated back on Jack's hips.

For a moment they stared at one another wordlessly and then, through some silent unknown signal they both began to move. Jack bucked his hips up as Ira rolled her own down, each time slamming them back together and making her see stars. Her inner walls were so sensitive she found it unbelievable that up until this point she had resisted using her fingers. Now though, that would be ruined for her, there was no way fingers could ever live up to the girth and might of a proper man inside her.

Her insides began to tighten and a wail escaped her as Jack once again tweaked her nipples. Those bolts of pleasure flowing down to mix with the ones caused by their coupling and Ira was aware she was not going to last long. Unlike when she was a man though, that was no longer a concern. She didn't try to hold back as the ecstasy built and instead ground down harder. She could feel the tip of that girth brushing against her new G-spot and the feeling it elicited was so unlike anything she had ever experienced; her need for more was insatiable. At least until Jack bucked up that one final time and pushed her right over the edge.

She came loudly, shuddering and nearly collapsing due to the sheer intensity of the bliss flowing through her entire body. It was only Jack's strong, steady hands that kept her upright enough that he could continue to thrust, finally cumming himself while she was still in a haze of post orgasmic bliss.

With a gasp they finally pulled apart, collapsing into the couch and breathing heavily as Jack's fingers crept up to play with her hair. Ira hummed in contentment; she may not be fully Esperanza yet but any doubts she had about this new life were swiftly evaporating. If this is what being a middle aged Hispanic woman was like; she could certainly learn to live with it.