

Culture Clashed

Commissioned by Anonymous



“I’m so excited,” my girlfriend, Cassie, said as our airplane descended toward the runway. She had the window seat, so I leaned into her as we both stared out the window. Off to the left, we could see the rising buildings of Dubai, all soft pinks and tans, looking every bit the modern wonder city we’d been reading so much about over the last year.

“Me, too,” I said, giving her shoulder a squeeze.

“I’m just sure something amazing is going to happen while we’re here,” Cassie said.

“You’ve never been wrong,” I said, now kissing her on that same shoulder.

I have to say, even the airport seemed magical. It was so clean and new and bright, and it almost felt like being inside a seashell with the design. I was so used to the dark, grimy utilitarian style of JFK airport that I found myself gawking in wonder as we made our way through the airport with our luggage, looking for the exit where we had arranged for a cab. As we walked, a couple about our age approached. The woman wore a hijab and a long dress that stretched to the floor. She had big, bright eyes and the most perfect, glowing skin. Her tight dress showed off her curves. I had never seen a woman so beautiful, and in spite of knowing better, I stared, stunned, frozen by her beauty. The guy was tall with thick, ropey muscles. They were both gorgeous, and they walked right up to us. “Hey, guys,” the man said, “Welcome to Dubai! You are Americans, right?”

I was a little nervous, but Cassie piped right up. “We’re here on vacation.” They paired up with us, the woman coming over to me. “You guys into clubbing?” She asked.

I looked over to see the guy standing really close to Cassie. He wasn’t touching her, but he had a smile on his face and a gleam in his eyes. “I bet you’re a great dancer.”

“Is that allowed here?” Cassie asked, since we’d spent quite a bit of time researching the rules of the country, not out of fear or anything, but just to be respectful.

“It is allowed at certain clubs,” the man said.

I must confess, I’m a little insecure about my relationship with Cassie. She’s gorgeous. A ten. I’m a decent looking guy, and I keep fit. I get my share of attention from women, but there’s part of me that’s always kind of felt maybe I wasn’t interesting enough for Cassie. I’d even floated the idea of dying my short, brown hair at one point.

Cassie’s response? “I like you just the way you are.”

The guy Cassie was talking to with his middle eastern good looks, preternatural white teeth and exotic clothes, struck me as just the kind of super interesting guy I might lose her to someday, so I moved over and stood close to Cassie, putting my arm around her waist just to make it clear to this guy we were together. He and the woman seemed unfazed, but just

kept smiling and talking. “You should meet us later at Club Dubai,” the guy said. “We’ll introduce you to our friends. Really cool people. They’ll love you.”

As we watched them walk away, I asked, “Do you think they’re for real?”

“I’m not sure,” Cassie said. “They sure were friendly, though.” She paused. “I appreciate you being so protective and all, but, really, you don’t need to worry about me getting swept off my feet by some dashing stranger.”

“It’s just—”

“Colin.” She crossed her arms and gave me her look.

“Okay. Okay,” I said, raising my hands in mock surrender. We’d had this conversation before. She called my protective moves “benign sexism.” I’d lost the argument and didn’t want to get our vacation off on the wrong foot. Besides, she was kinda right. Really, I wasn’t so much protecting her as myself.

We caught our cab to the hotel, The Arabian. The exterior looked like something from ancient times, with arches and minarets, but inside everything was, much like the airport, all modern and bright. The lobby floor was blue marble with pink striations, there were low, leather couches and abstract, modern painting on the walls.

I went to the desk to check us in, and by the time I turned around with our keycards I saw Cassie talking to another model-perfect young couple dressed in what looked like matching tennis whites, the only difference being that he was dressed in shorts while she wore a pleated skirt that came down past her knees. Apparently, in Dubai, though the dress requirements are less strict than in some countries, shoulders and knees must be covered and men and women alike are expected to wear looser fitting clothes.

As I walked up to take my place next to Cassie, the woman she’d been talking to looked me over and said, “Congratulations, Cassie. You landed a good one.”

“Well, thank you for that, but she’s the better looking one.”

“I must agree,” the man said in a British accent. “She is a rose.”

“So nice to meet you,” the couple said as they walked away.

“They invited us to what they called the 4s. It’s a cocktail party by the pool at 4 o’clock.”

“Do people here seem weirdly friendly to you?” I asked once we’d gotten to our hotel room. While Cassie was unpacking her things, hanging some of them in the closet, I was going through my usual routine of inspecting the hotel room, opening and closing the dresser

drawers, examining the bathroom for cleanliness, looking for the coffee pot. I also checked the vents for hidden cameras.

“I’m starting to wonder if all these beautiful people work for the tourism department,” Cassie said. “They always say, Welcome to Dubai, and I notice they keep inviting us to things.”

“Hmnnnnnn,” I said. “It seems possible.”

“Did the room pass inspection?” Cassie asked, smirking. She found my need to inspect our rooms endearing.

“Indeed,” I said, putting on a terrible British accent. I walked up to her and wrapped my arms around her. “Perhaps you would like to join me, American girl, for some crazy sex in the shower?”

“Later.” Cassie giggled but pulled away. “I want to see Dubai!”

You remember those commercials with the bunny playing the drums? Cassie was the real life version of that—full of energy, always looking to see and do and experience everything all the time. She’d planned out every minute of every day we were going to be here, and so I soon found myself zipping down the street on a rented scooter, right behind Cassie, as we made our way to the first item in her itinerary: The Miracle Garden.

Soon, she was doing her goofy poses beneath a pair of giant kittens made out of flowers, while I posed beneath a huge flower squid. Of course, we wanted some pictures together, so when yet another gorgeous young flirty couple approached, Cassie asked them to take our picture. I took notice of the girl right away—light green eyes, full lips, and I could help but take a quick look at her firm breasts that had the little uplift I loved. When I looked back at her face, I realized she’d caught me checking her out, and she smiled a mischievous smile. “Maybe you want to take a picture of me?” She said, raising one perfectly manicured eyebrow. I found myself a little tongue tied, but not totally surprised. I’m a good looking guy. Before I could answer, the guy she was with said, “Let’s get this picture taken.” We smiled. They clicked. Once they’d snapped our picture, they asked our names and did the usual pairing, the girl talking to me, the guy to Cassie. I remembered what she’d said about me coming over to her earlier, so I stayed talking to the woman, who was telling us all about this amazing “secret” beach. As she was speaking, I noticed that she had an eyelash on her cheek. We’d flirted, and I felt comfortable with her, so without even thinking, I reached up with my left hand and brushed the eyelash away with my thumb.

“Ahhh!” The woman shouted, stepping back, looking horrified.

“What did I do? I didn’t mean—” Suddenly I felt the guy grab my arms from behind, twist them behind my back and then I felt cold, hard steel circle my wrists as handcuffs clicked shut.

Part II

I found myself sitting in a small, poorly lit interrogation room that could have served as a set for any cop show ever made, even down to the rectangular mirror on one wall. Cassie was with me. Neither one of us had a clue what I'd done wrong, but eventually a police officer arrived. Like all the female police here, she wore all green, including her hijab, a jacket festooned with medals and patches and a loose skirt that reached almost to the ground. She had a cold, stern look on her face, that told me I better just keep my mouth shut unless she asked me to speak.

"I am Officer Rafik," She looked at me, frowned. "You have been found guilty of two violations," she said. "First, you engaged in a public display of affection."

"She had an eyelash—"

She raised her palm toward me and narrowed her eyes. I got the message and shut up. "Secondly, you used your left hand to touch a woman. These violations of Emirates laws demand punishment."

I raised my hand. She nodded. "Do I get a chance to explain my side?"

"No," she said flatly. "You are guilty. You do, however, get a choice of punishments." She paused as if thinking. Then nodded. "You may choose either five years in prison, working on a chain gang in the blazing desert sun..." Cassie and I both gasped. We couldn't help it. "Or, you can work in the hospitality industry here in Dubai, completely free to do as you please when you are off-duty—as long as you do not break the law. Which one would you—"

"The second one," I said without hesitation. "The second one for sure."

She smiled. "Are you certain, Jamilah?"

"Oh, yeah. Yeah."

Rafik clicked the intercom device on the long steel table in the middle of the room, saying something in Arabic neither of us understood. Then, she turned to me. "Stand in the corner facing me. You," she gestured to Cassie, "stand behind me. The fluidity rays can be dangerous."

"Fluidity? What is this?" Cassie asked.

"Get behind me."

Another female officer entered and handed Rafik what looked like one of those big, old-fashioned cameras you might have seen in a movie from the 1920s, even down to the flashbulb. The woman who'd just entered, looked at me, covered her mouth and giggled, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Meet Betty," Rafik said as she raised the camera and pointed it at me. "I know she looks like a prop from an old Omar Sharif movie, but this is actually the latest cutting-edge technology. It is a reverse camera. Instead of taking a picture of you, it makes you become the person in the picture." She looked through the viewfinder, nodded. "We're going to turn you into a perfect aimira-a- what in English you might call a hottie. Loaded into the camera right now is a gorgeous Arabic woman with perfect brown skin, big brown eyes, wide, child-bearing hips and big, firm breasts. We need to turn you into what you might call a "sex kitten" so you will be able to serve your sentence. It will also change your personality so that you will begin to think and act more and more like a proper girl. So--"

"Hold on," I said as I tried to process what she'd just said. "Reverse camera? Breasts? Hips?" It sounded crazy, impossible, yet the image of me as a woman flickered in my mind, and the thought terrified me. "I didn't agree to--"

There was a flash. I was blinded. There was a brief moment of silence before I felt my skin start to tingle, my whole body feeling like it was vibrating. I looked up trying to find Cassie.

"What's happening to him?" Cassie shouted, her voice charged with fear.

"Hold her back," I heard Rafik say, and there was a sound like a scuffle.

I was blinking, trying to get my sight back. "Cassie?" I called. I held up my arm and watched, amazed as the hair on my arm seemed to pull back into my body and my arms seemed to melt and shrink away until I had the skinny little arms of a girl. The room and everyone in it seemed to be getting bigger. I'd been the tallest one in the room, but now as my eye level dropped Cassie and I were looking eye to eye, and then I was tilting my head backward slightly to look up at her as well as Rafik, who seemed not just taller but bigger than me. I could feel my body getting smaller. I felt my shoulders shrink, not just the muscle melting away like butter, but they drew inward, as if they were pulled together by an invisible string. Looking over, I saw not my broad, building shoulders but a round, soft little shoulder- cute, pretty and shameful. Before I could even begin to process that that sexy little shoulder was mine, I felt my neck stretch, my eye-level rising even as I could also feel my Adam's apple shrinking and shrinking, while it also felt like invisible hands wrapped themselves wrap around my neck not choking me, but squeezing my neck more and more slender. "What's happening to me?" I said, but it wasn't my voice. I heard myself speak in a buzzy, squeaky voice like a woman.

Of course, I had no time to contemplate those changes. I felt my hips spreading like a butterfly's wings opening. I could feel them spreading, growing wider and wider, softening and then rounding. Looking down, I yelped as I saw them now jutting out from my sides, curved like a woman? I put my hands on my new hips, and they were soft. I could squeeze the new fat there now like it was newly risen dough. Even as I tried to comprehend what had happened to my hips, I felt like an invisible vice wrenched in my waist, pushing my internal organs. Looking down from above, it looked as much like my hips were getting even bigger as my middle section shrank and shrank, my belly tingling as the invisible vise squeezed tighter and tighter, the flesh that had been there squeezed down to my hips and butt, which seemed to swell, growing tight against my shorts. I could feel my butt expanding, not only growing tighter and tighter against my pants but thrusting out behind me now feeling like a big, bouncy bowl of Jello strapped to my formerly flat backside. Reaching back I planted one hand on each butt cheek and squeezed, surprised at how soft and bouncy my ass felt, at the sudden wave of pleasure, at how much I could have sworn I was squeezing a woman's ass, and then, I wobbled as I felt my thighs seem to swell, soften, round. Everything felt too big or too small now, and when I touched my hips, my ass, even my thighs, the one word that kept popping to mind was "soft."

"Omigod," I heard Cassie whisper.

"Do not blaspheme," Rafik said.

My flowing body continued to change. My vision was starting to come back, the room coming into focus, and I saw Cassie staring at me, eyes wide, the other police officer holding her back. My neck stretched further upward, my head rising. "What's happening to me?" I said, but instead of my usual deep, manly voice or even the buzzy squeak from before, I sounded like a young woman. "My voice?"

I could feel my face flowing. My lips tingled and grew puffy. I could feel them getting thicker and also plumper. They felt to me like I'd gotten some kind of super injection of collagen. I touched them gingerly. They were soft and plump, and I could tell they'd grown pouty, like some hot girl's mouth I would want to kiss. My eyes bulged, or that's how it felt, and suddenly I was seeing more clearly than ever, like my vision had improved. Even in this drab room the colors seemed brighter and more numerous. Even it felt like my chin narrowed, pulled in as my face seemed to somehow round while my cheekbones rose, impossibly, and jutted slightly forward.

Remembering the mirror, I looked over and made a high-pitched squeak like a frightened mouse as I saw myself, only this was not my face. I saw the face of a beautiful young woman. She—I—did have big eyes, they were just sexy as hell with long, curly lashes. She

had plump lips, high cheekbones and a small chin. The only thing that was still me was her pink skin, I thought, but even as I thought so her skin began to darken. I glanced down at my skinny little arm and watched as it shifted from pink to a gorgeous brown glow, like I was getting spray tanned.

No, no... I thought as the last of me vanished, replaced by glowing brown skin that reminded me of Turkish coffee. She, this girl in the mirror, this girl I saw when I looked down at my own body, she was so stunning I wanted to kiss her, even though I knew she was me. I put one now dainty hand to that of my smooth, soft cheek, my eyes dropping down to my slender waist, my round hips.

I hoped, foolishly, that maybe the changes were over. That this was done.

I felt my chest begin to ache, to grow warm, and then I could feel my nipples getting bigger, spreading, growing hard as they rose poked at my t-shirt. The flesh beneath my aching nipples then started to swell, to rise. I felt my shirt growing tighter, struggling to restrain the two swelling mounds of flesh. I grabbed them with my hands thinking, somehow, maybe I could keep them from growing, but they kept swelling, rounding, lifting my hands and pushing them out and away even as my areolas and nipples popped, expanded, got bigger and more sensitive. I squeaked again as I watched two firm, pillowy breasts surging, rising, rounding into a pair of gorgeous, heavy breasts, cupped in my hands, they were large, jiggly, heavy both hanging down on my chest and heavy in my hands. The feeling of my nipples growing hard, pressing against my palms shook me, and I pulled my hands away, letting my breasts bounce free, shocked at the strange female pleasures I was experiencing.

Staring down at the impressive bust now rising and falling with my every breath, feeling the soft flesh jiggle, my sensitive nipples now floating so much farther out on my chest, tingling as they rubbed against my shirt, I started to hyperventilate. "It's impossible... this can't..." Something about having breasts, feeling them and having them felt, well, to my shame, my Johnson started to grow, to get hard. "Oh, shoot," I said, offering an apologetic look to Rafik. "I don't..."

"Enjoy it while you can," Rafik said with a predatory grin on her face. "You won't be feeling yours again for some time."

"Wait," I said in my girl's voice as the meaning of what she said sank in. "You mean I'm going to lose my—"

"Eeeeeee!" I screamed as it felt like a hand had grabbed my junk and squeezed. I could feel my dick getting smaller both in terms of width and length, smaller and smaller. No. No. What else could I think as one of the foundations of my whole identity began to shrink. I covered my groin with my hands, not wanting Cassie to see, and then squealed with shame

as I felt the invisible hand cup my balls, which began to shrivel and shrink the way they did when I swam in cold water, shrinking, shrinking until they felt like a pair of raisins, and then they seemed to recede inside me. My body opened up like a clam, making this space, and then my balls slipped up into this wet, soft gap like a pair of marbles, and it hurt and felt good at the same time, my mind reeling with confusion as they seemed to rise up into me. Meanwhile, my shaft had shriveled down to a small noodle, and the invisible hand now pushed that up into the slit that had opened between my legs, pushing it, nudging it left and right, and now I felt total pleasure as that hand seemed to move it in a circular motion and I saw stars as my knees got weak and I could hear myself moaning softly, my hands now grasped over a soft mound between my legs the fingers sliding inside me, inside a slit I shouldn't have between my legs. I felt myself growing hot and wet as those fingers moved, my nipples throbbing, getting harder still as the new space between my legs sent shivers of alien pleasure lashing through my body.

No. No. I knew what had happened, but I didn't want to believe what had happened. Terrified, I felt around, terrified, desperate but instead of my balls, my cock, my hands cupped a soft mound. My vulva. "Eevee! Eeeee!" I screamed. "You took my dick!"

"Oh, be positive," Rafik said. "We gave you your own almihbal." She made a V shape with her hands. Rafik and the other woman laughed. Cassie struggled, trying to get to me. I looked in the mirror and saw myself there, my new breasts squeezed together between slender arms, bending over, my hands between my legs, every sensation feeling wrong from those soft mounds on my chest to the emptiness between my legs. It felt so wrong, so impossible to have my hands between my legs and feel nothing but emptiness, my junk gone, everything gone, one of the things that made me me was now—nothing.

I was still panting, making soft little sounds like a chipmunk. My eyes and my hands were telling me I had somehow been turned into a woman. My mind reeled, refusing to believe it because, well, it's impossible, right?

Overwhelmed with emotions, I started to cry.

"Let me go to him," Cassie said.

"She isn't done yet." Rafik said.

She. I looked up at her face, the world blurred by my tears. "She?" I whispered. It was the first time in my life I'd ever been referred to using a female pronoun. It shocked me. Offended me, even. I was a bro not some bit—suddenly, I found I had a distaste for that word.

The changes hadn't finished. Those fingers I'd felt slip inside me pushed deeper. It felt like they were forming a canal right up my center as they pushed whatever had become of my balls up and then off to either side. They came back down and as if working clay seemed to be forming inside me, a new space, as I felt them make that little nest in my belly, giving me a womb to go with my newly formed ovaries and birth canal.

Finally, I thought, bracing myself against the wall, shaken, thirsty, hot. "It's over."

"Almost," Rafik said. "You Americans are so impatient. Rush rush rush even when undergoing a gender change."

"What more could possibly—?" I started to say, but then I felt my scalp begin to tingle. Next, I could feel my hair grow, lengthening, feeling almost like a mass of wires flowing from my scalp. I felt it tickle my ears, then my eyebrows, and then strands of dark hair fell across my eyes. I felt it tingling my cheeks, cascading down my neck in soft undulations, growing not just longer but thicker, and then it tumbling down over my shoulders, gently flowing down my smooth back, and then curling at the tops of my soft breasts, seeming to caress my sensitive new mounds. Looking in the mirror, I saw it growing darker and glossier, wavy, felt the thick, soft weight of touching and then flow over my slender shoulders. Reaching up with one small hand, I touched my new hair, thinking it felt just as pretty as it looked. I had a gorgeous, feminine face, and now framed with all this glossy hair, I just looked all the more like some kind of pampered super model. I shook my head and watched as my hair flowed then seemed to fall right back into place, the feeling of the long hair tickling my neck.

I stumbled forward wanting to run, to get away from this horrible reverse camera, the one that was erasing me and replacing me with this woman. I took two steps and froze as everything seemed different—my breasts jiggled; my butt jiggled. Even the soft flesh on the inside of my thighs jiggled, and I had to brush my now long hair away from my face, wobbling, off balance, not sure how to move with these wide hips, long legs, with these big breasts on my chest. It was such a foreign feeling to have my breasts were sticking out in front of me, bouncing and bobbling on my chest, and they were heavy. I could feel them pulling on my collar, and I had to concentrate on keeping my back straight to keep from slumping over. I took another step, my now wide hips swiveling, strangely making my legs wider apart than what I was used to, focusing, trying to keep my hips from moving in what felt like a very feminine manner, my big booty wagging behind me like an advertisement, but I couldn't walk like a man anymore even if I wanted to, not with this bombshell body, not with these epic tits and these wide hips of mine. I was breathing hard, panicking, and I looked down at my heaving breasts, struggling to believe that these melons straining my t-shirt were mine.

My hair fell across my face again. I glanced in the mirror as I reached up with a slender little hand to brush my hair back, and the gesture, the way I brushed my long, beautiful hair away from my face, the way my breasts rose with the gesture, it was utterly feminine. I had just made a move that was sexy, female, and seeing myself move like that, seeing this stunning girl I had been turned into make such a sweet, feminine gesture, the look of it made me gasp.



“I’m a woman,” I called out as it fully hit me, as I was forced to confront the impossible. The room spun. I fell into darkness. It was only later that I found out one of the first things I did after becoming a female was faint.