

## An American Chav in London - Part 2

For BimboBlarg

By TheSpiralledEye

*A nervous American arrives overseas for the first time hoping to reinvent himself. Being turned into a trashy, wildly flirtatious and overly confident Chav wasn't exactly what he had in mind though...*

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The walk back to my room at the hotel was agony. Every step in the tight skirt forced my legs to rub together, gently stimulating my pussy the whole way back. It didn't help that as I walked I felt my Ashleigh side preen every time a pair of eyes wandered over my body as I passed people in the streets.

The women would sneer; I could tell they were looking down on me but secretly, they were jealous. Jealous of my big, beautiful tits and bubble butt. Their envy only fed Ashleigh's confidence and I found myself walking with my head high and a sway in my step. I knew deep down I should be embarrassed but honestly, I couldn't remember the last time I felt more confident. Ashleigh was hot to trot and she knew it and she was me so it all sort of bled together like wet paint on a canvas. The line between her and I was a lot less distinct than I would have liked.

Finally, my teasing walk came to an end and I was back in my hotel lobby. The receptionist met my eye and raised an eyebrow, taking in my appearance and opening her mouth before shrugging and waving me through. At first I was confused but then I remembered how I looked and how I was *dressed*.

"Oh ma gawd, do ya think I'm like, a hooker or somethin'?"

The woman behind the desk face went bright red.

"Oh well, uh, r-room key please?"

...*fuck*. Didn't think that through. I reached for my back pocket only to remember I didn't have one anymore. Crap, where did that witch make my ID and stuff go? It was then that I realised there was something lodged deep between my breasts. Oh my god. The receptionist held out her hand expectantly and I cringed as I forced my hand into my own cleavage and fished out three cards; my ID, my room key and my credit card the later two I managed to keep mostly hidden behind my fingers so the woman wouldn't see. The receptionist didn't look impressed, especially not when she saw the room number.

"This room is currently occupied with a Mr. Basset." She said smoothly, "I don't think you're him."

"Ah'm his friend!" I lied quickly. "He gave me 'is room key so ah could come visit."

"Ah huh." She nodded, not sounding like she believed me at all. "Well then, I am sure you wouldn't mind going and fetching him so I can get his permission to let you into his room."

"P-permission?" I spluttered, "Ah got the key, don' ah?"

"Yes, and it wouldn't surprise me if I see Mr. Basset in a few hours with a tale of how a cheap floozy nicked his key. I think you should leave."

"Cheap floozy!?"

"Do I need to call the police, ma'am?"

I grit my teeth; why didn't I just keep my damn mouth shut and walk into the elevator? My mind flashed; my passport and the rest of my stuff was up there. Not to mention my phone which I'd foolishly left behind. I needed that if I was going to find Smythe street and fix this! The receptionist's eyes were hard and I realised there was no way I was going to convince her I was a 'friend' of Henry's; and it wasn't like I could tell her the truth! That left only one option.

I let my Ashleigh side fully take over and leaned up against the desk, letting my tits rest on the shiny polished wood.

"Okay hun, ya got me." I grinned, "Henry paid me to spice up 'is stay, ya feel?"

“We do not allow-”

“Shhhhh, hey I getcha, you got a job and you don’t want no trouble, but maybe you can say ya had to go to the bathroom and didn’t see me go up, eh?” I reached over to lay my hand on the receptionist’s badge. “Linda, is it? Whaddaya say?”

I pressed against the badge, making it push into the receptionist’s own chest a little. I could see desire in her eyes; she swallowed and her eyes looked me up and down once more.

“Ah’m real good at keepn’ secrets.” I whispered, leaning in close. “If ya worried ‘bout quality you could always...inspect tha’ goods.”

I couldn’t believe the words coming out of my mouth, or how confidently I was saying them. It felt...good. I’d never been this self assured before and it turns out the old saying was right; confidence is king. I could see the desire growing in the woman’s eyes, but also confliction. I wondered if she’d been with another woman before and the idea that I could tempt her into something new was so delightful I felt myself getting wet all over again.

“Well...I...ummm...”

She was right on the edge, I lowered my hand just a little so that my fingernails were resting on the woman’s chest, just a feather away from touching her bare skin. I could feel her heart racing and a sense of power and authority flowed through me; I’d never felt more out of control and yet simultaneously in control in my life.

“C’mon sweetie, Ah can do wonderful things with ma tongue.”

“T-tongue?”

“Yeah, haven’t ya ever had a girl go down on ya?”

Linda flushed.

“Well, not really...”

“Then I’ll show ya on the house and in exchange you can let me into ma client’s room.”

I hopped up onto the desk so that my ass was level with her face and tossed my blonde hair over my shoulder with a flirtatious laugh before sliding down next to her.

“I-I can't leave my post.”

“That's okay, we can do it right here.”

“What is somebody walks in!?”

“This desk will hide me easily enough, you'll just have to keep ya cool.”

Then for the second time in an hour I sank to my knees, shuffling so that I was between the woman's spread legs where she sat at her post. I could feel her body trembling as I pushed up her skirt and pulled her panties aside.

The smell was different to a man, yet no less delicious. I eagerly buried my head between her legs. Gently I scraped my teeth along the sensitive skin there before my tongue found her clit and started to lick, gently at first, then harder, varying the speed for maximum teasing.

“Oh! Oooh okay Uhhhh...ahhhh....That's so-!”

I smiled at her; the poor woman was helpless against me. She wouldn't last long. Once again I felt a surge of confidence and continued to pleasure her slowly, before spending up and feeling her hips begin to buck against my mouth as she got close. My own pussy was burning; fuck, I really wanted to switch places right now.

My fingers twitched by my sides and I found them slowly moving towards my own sex as the woman got closer and closer to the edge.

“Oooh yesssss...” She moaned, “Fuck, s-so close-!”

My fingers pushed my own soaked panties to the side and slowly began to stroke. As my tongue flicked Linda's clit, my finger flicked my own. I pleased us both in tandem and moaned into her pussy.

My hand was soon slick with my own juices; touching myself had never felt so good. The pleasure built quickly after an entire evening of anticipation and just as Linda's body

went rigid I felt my own pleasure peak. I orgasmed, moaning loudly against Linda's clit as she came and we both shuddered before relaxing into a heap.

I was panting heavily and I could feel Linda flinch with overstimulation with each fast, hot breath that left my lips. She moaned and I chuckled.

“So Ah can go up to the room now?”

“Y-yeah...”

I wiped my mouth on the back of my hand and stood up with a grin. Linda looked utterly blissed out and relaxed; I did that to her. Even as my Ashleigh persona faded into the background that pride and sense of power stayed as I walked with confidence to the elevator and pressed the button to return to my room.

I was buzzing, my whole body was a mess of excitement, shame and aural. I could still feel the juices in my panties cooling now that I'd finally found release but the orgasm had piqued my curiosity. That orgasm had been fast, satisfactory but over far too quickly. What would it feel like to tease it out a bit more, or even better; what would it feel like to have that empty hole within me filled.

I shook my head free of the thoughts and tried to focus on the task at hand, turning back. Being back in my room felt surreal; not just because hotel rooms always had that weird slightly off feel to them, but because nothing had changed in the few hours I had been gone.

My passport was still where I had left it, sitting on that little table where I'd picked up the pamphlet. Outside the streets were going quiet as the night became early morning and I picked it up and clutched it tight between my fingers. The jetlag was finally starting to catch up with me and exhaustion washed over my body like a wave but I forced my eyes to stay open.

I focused on my passport photo; nobody really looked good in a passport photo but I couldn't help but study every detail of my old face. The tiny cleft in my chin, the square jaw, the short, cropped hair. I ran my fingers over my face now and felt the smooth chin and soft cheeks and felt...conflicted.

The bathroom was tiny but it at least had a mirror big enough that I could look at my reflection while holding up the passport photo. My eyes were the same; surrounded by huge, almost fake looking lashes, but the same nonetheless. It was oddly comforting and I felt oddly comfortable looking at all the new features.

The blue eyeshadow was a bit much but my Ashleigh side loved it; it was striking, and made what could be a boring face memorable. Without thinking about it much I started to strip off the tube top and skirt; there was no bra and the moment the tight shirt was gone

my new, fake, *heavy* breasts rested against my chest. They were definitely fake but my disgust with them was disappearing rapidly by the second.

They were just so...characterful. A grin started to form as I turned from side to side, lifting and dropping them to watch the skin bounce. They were a little too round to be real but it wasn't like that made them ugly. Eye catching; yes that was the right word. With their lovely shape and big, dark pink nipples.

"Why do peeps always look down on fake boobs?" I wondered aloud, "These are fab! I wonder..."

I shimmied out of the tight skirt, though eventually I had to resort to tugging the tight fake leather off with my hands. Which wasn't easy thanks to the ridiculously long nails. Eventually though, it was off and I proceeded to peel the wet panties away from my pussy and drop them to the floor as well so I could admire my fully naked body.

I turned my back to the mirror and twisted so I could see my bubbly butt and my Ashleigh side actually made me squeal with delight. At least I hoped it was my Ashleigh side; the idea that I could make a sound like that was a little embarrassing.

"Ah'm hot to trot." I muttered to myself. "Fuck yeah!"

This new confidence was like a drug, I never wanted to give it up. If only I wasn't so exhausted from the day I might even try something else, but that first orgasm had me satisfied enough that I could avoid the temptation to let my hands wander and finger myself in front of the mirror just to see my O face up close and personal. I had to try and keep some of my dignity, right?

Even as I thought about it I noticed the drying fluids on my neck and cringed. If I had any dignity left I really had to work hard to keep it. Ashleigh surfaced though and I tossed my hair confidently before admiring the marks with a newfound respect. They were like badges of honour I'd worked hard to earn, why did I want to wash that away? I shook her off again and stepped into the shower, turning the hot water on full blast.

A soft moan escaped as I felt the water trickle into all my crevices and bounce off my round boobs. It took all my strength to switch to cold to try and get rid of the lingering arousal that seemed to be a permanent part of me now. When I stepped out of the shower, drying myself took twice as long and in the end I left strange pale stains on the towel from my badly dyed hair.

Normally I would have felt bad about it but I just...didn't. Yeah it would probably be annoying to wash but that's what the laundry people were paid to do right?

“Who cares?” My Ashleigh side sighed and I for once agreed.

I spared a single glance to my suitcase and rolled my eyes; no way any of my pyjamas would fit this body. I'd just have to sleep naked. I giggled to myself, feeling oddly naughty as I slipped into the clean sheets with nothing on. I could feel the fabric rubbing against me and the sheet slipping into my ass crack as I wiggled myself into a comfortable position. I was about to try and fall asleep when I remembered the original reason I'd rushed up here.

“Oh fuck ah forgot.”

I grabbed for my phone and typed up the address for Smythe street and sighed in relief; it wasn't too far away. I'd have to take the tube but other than that it wouldn't be hard. Then it was just a matter of finding where the coven was, but I had all day to do that. Right now, I need a good sleep to keep me fresh and focused enough to resist my Ashleigh urges tomorrow. I expected it to be hard to sleep but instead I drifted off almost immediately and dreamed of things far too naughty to be repeated.