

An American Chav in London - Part 1

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 man behind the glass stared down at my passport with disinterest. I swallowed nervously, this was my first time in an international airport and nobody had told me it would be quite so nerve wracking.

“Henry Bassett?”

“Yes?” I squeaked.

My mind was racing, did I fill out that little card on the plane wrong? Did I forget to declare something? I had headache pills in my back, what if I'd accidentally bought one of those medications that was illegal outside the United States? Cold sweat rushed down my neck and I marvelled at just how slowly the clock on the wall behind the security checkpoint was moving.

“Welcome to the UK.” The man announced with all the enthusiasm of a wet towel, flinging my passport back to me and calling the next person in line forward.

I clutched the document close to my chest and felt all my nervous energy melt away as I made my way through the rest of the airport and outside for the first time. I took a deep breath; my very first breath of international air. Okay, maybe the plane or the airport were technically but there was something about being outside that made all this feel more real.

I looked around me at the bustling crowd, everybody else seemed to know exactly where they were going. I could hear other American's my own age excitedly talking about

their hotel and which bars to visit. Everybody seemed so effortlessly confident and the last thing I wanted was to look like some gormless tourist.

I'd practised everything I needed to say quietly to myself in the aeroplane bathroom so I put on my best confident smile and slid into the first taxi I saw.

"St Vincent Hostel, please."

I sat back and watched as the London skyline became London streets and my chest bubbled with excitement. I'd always wanted to go overseas; the idea of an entirely new culture and people who didn't know I was a meek little mess I was deep down. I could totally reinvent myself here; American's were known for being loud and confident right? I just had to act the part and sooner or later it would become real, at least that's what the internet told me.

I checked in and dropped my bags off in the quiet little room that was mine for the next eight nights. That gave me nine days to properly find myself and go back to the States as a new man. There was a little plastic sheet on the tiny dining table the hotel had squashed into the corner with a list of sites and places to visit, including a selection of bars, no wait, pubs.

"Don't go looking stupid now." I reminded myself, "Pub, not bar, taxi not cab."

I'd looked over the slang a number of times just to make sure I didn't come off as too touristy. So with a spring in my step that felt almost alien I made my way down the street to the first pub on the list. The Green Dragon sounded like exactly the sort of traditional place I was interested in, but when I arrived I winced. It reminded me more of the restaurants in Disneyland, so British it couldn't possibly be authentic. My suspicions were confirmed the moment I stepped inside and saw American football on the TV in the corner and the familiar loud drawl of voices just like my own. Half the wall was full of pamphlets advertising the London Eye and Buckingham Palace; this was a tourist bar. The sort of place I'd sworn to go out of my way to *avoid*.

Lacking any better ideas, I started to walk. They always say to get off the beaten track right? So I started following the crowd in a random direction. The sun was setting as I passed restaurants and other shops until finally I stumbled upon what looked like some sort of nightclub district. Loud music and clubs lined the streets and despite the night being fairly young they were all attracting a crowd.

Feeling hopeful I picked one at random and headed for the door. I could get a drink and then maybe even find a nice girl to chat to. I had a whole hotel room after all. Maybe I could make good use of it.

“Oi ya ffffucks, Yer gonna uh **hic** regret this!”

A woman flew past me, so close that I could smell the peroxide in her hair. She was wearing a dress made out of what looked like plastic and hoops so big they had to be a risk to her earlobes. She was also clearly, completely sloshed, struggling to stand levels of drunk. I was about to offer her a hand when another body slammed into me, thrown by the bouncer and I ended up on the ground. No, the ground wasn't this soft that was-uh oh.

“Get off me ya pig!”

“Oh!! No, that's not what-”

I scrambled, and of course my hand found the woman's chest but in my defence, there was so much of it, it was basically impossible to avoid touching it in some way.

“Perv! Fucking perv!”

“No, I'm not!” I protested weakly, this could not have gone more wrong.

Finally, I managed to get to my feet, hands up defensively ready to explain. I should have known better, I should have protected my groin. The kick to the nuts was swift and painful enough to send me awkwardly staggering backwards into the alley where I crashed onto the ground with a groan. The woman in the plastic dress stood over me looking far more righteous than anybody as drunk as her had any right to be.

“There, learn ya lesson? Ya want this reversed, come see me tomorrow at midnight and ma coven *might* change ya back.”

She kept talking but I could only make out every other word, my whole body was still reeling from the kick to the groin. I groaned and caught her mention a coven and a...something street. Sutton street? Softy Street? It didn't matter, she stepped over me like a doormat and disappeared down the alley, her round ass wiggling behind her.

I laid there on the ground, both hands over my cock as the pain finally dissipated and I groaned; so much for a fresh start. This start was about as fresh as a McDonald's salad; I was tempted to just go back to the hotel and book myself a flight straight home. She'd kicked

me hard enough that it almost felt like my cock and balls had started to recede back into me. I got to my feet and blinked; hang on, something felt...off.

My cock and balls actually did feel smaller and there was an odd suction feeling, it was almost like they were being pulled up into me again. The feeling continued and a strange pins and needles sensation started to spread from there to the rest of my body. Fuck, just how hard had she kicked me to cause this?

“Wha-hey wait is that...what’s happening to my butt!?”

That tingling sensation had intensified there and where I felt a strange suction between my legs it was a pushing pressure in my ass cheeks. It felt like they were being pushed out and inflated like balloons! My jeans were getting tighter and tighter as I turned on the spot, trying in vain to twist my spine in such a way that I could see. The fact that what little I could see was so round was concerning to say the least.

“Wha’ the hell? Hey ma voice ma...fuck wot the fookin’? Why can’t ah talk proper no more?”

The words were just spilling out of me, I couldn’t stop it, my accent changed and mirrored the woman from before and no matter how hard I tried, trying to speak with proper grammar was impossible. Maybe it had something to do with the way I could feel my lips swelling. Maybe it was my imagination but I swore I could even feel the prick of phantom needles injecting the botox into them right there.

My hand flew to my throat and felt a suspicious absence of an Adam’s apple, which might explain why my voice was getting higher pitched. What it didn’t explain was why I was finding it harder and harder to balance. I stumbled and my ankle wobbled as I desperately tried not to break my six inch heels-wait, my WHAT!?

I gaped down at my feet and saw my sensible sneakers had been somehow replaced with a pair of plastic, hot pink strappy heels that looked like something off a Barbie doll. They looked ridiculous, tacky and...sort of nice. I felt my panic starting to dissipate as I was momentarily distracted. The shoes were so shiny and actually sort of nice.

I twisted and turned, feeling my whole body shift and move in odd ways. My hips jutted out to support my new ass and I felt something scratching at the base of my skulls. I whipped my head back and forth trying to catch every same change that was happening but it was impossible to keep up. My vision swam slightly as my eyelids grew heavy with fake lashes that I desperately tried to blink away but it was no use. My eyes started to water

slightly as the fumes from the thick mascara that was forming on the lashes stung at them as well.

Then a jolt, I felt my chest starting to grow heavy as that pushing, tingling sensation seemed to double over it. I looked down to see my chest starting to grow two round mounds at a rapid pace. I wanted to yell in shock but then the suction between my legs doubled. I felt a hole forming at its core and the pushing sensation on my ass tripled as I felt my bubbly butt finish forming. I turned to try and see;

And then my whole body seemed to jolt and I fell flat on my face.

No actually, flat on my tits, which were so big and round that my face was half an inch off the ground. Also, why the fuck did I have a giant pair of knockers?! Also, since when did I use the word 'knockers', even inside my own head? I also realised that probably should have hurt, landing so hard on them. Boobs were just tissue right? Well not these ones. I could feel them beneath me, almost like they were inflated or something.

I rolled onto my back and looked down at my body as it continued to warp and change. I could see my pale skin starting to gain an odd, orange glow. Even my skin wasn't safe from whatever magic was affecting me as I turned fake tan orange. Well, I assumed it was my whole body, those damn fake tits were sort of blocking my view.

Not even caring how weird I looked I grabbed for them, kneading the flesh between my fingers and feeling how stretched the skin was; yes, definitely fake. And judging by the same numbness that was in my butt cheeks and lips, they were the same. That absence between my legs was the strangest feeling though; I was so used to there being a subtle weight there but now instead all I could feel was warmth and a bit of moisture.

I had no explanation but somehow, I'd become a woman; a trashy, fake looking woman at that!

"Tha' bitch! It had to be her!" I cursed, whatever was happening to be it had to be her fault.

With a groan I stumbled to my feet like a newborn deer; the heels made walking hard enough without these damn, fake feeling tits that made balancing impossible. Not to mention the ultra tight, short skirt my jeans had somehow morphed into. It was black and shiny, like fake leather and meant I couldn't take a step further then maybe a few inches. She couldn't have at least given me clothes that fit?

I did my best to run but ended up shuffling as fast as I could in the short skirt. The small, jerky steps made my shoulder swing from side to side rapidly and my new chest along with it. I felt ridiculous and my cheeks burned with humiliation.

“Wait! Come back ‘ere!” I yelled, “Ah don’ know wha’s happen’ to me.”

I stepped out of the alley and back onto the street only to get blasted with a sudden gust of cold air that sent my teased, peroxide blonde hair flying right into my face. I could taste the hair dye on my tongue and fat lips; oh God just how many changes was I going to go through!?

I spat the hair out as best I could but it was hard with these new bubbly lips. Just how much fake botox had that witch pushed into me? Witch! Yes, that had to be it, magic was the only explanation for just how insane this had all become and hadn't she mentioned a coven? Fuck why didn't I listen instead of holding my now non-existent cock?!

I looked back and forth desperately trying to find the woman who had done this to me but she was lost in a sea of other chavs and night owls. My heart pounded against my chest, enough that I could see the subtle jiggle as the plastic and skin was bounced from beneath. My shirt was now a tube top and I could feel the distinct ache of piercings in my ears. I tried to reach up and gauge their shape but my half inch fake nails got in the way.

Nervously I started to chew on one, trying to get my bearings. What was I going to do? She mentioned something about meeting her coven at midnight but where? I had a single day to search all of London for what was likely a totally secret place. The taste of varnish coated my tongue and I spat it out in disgust, looking down at my now mangled fake nail.

“Ah great! Fook’n brilliant!”

I put my hands on my now wide hips and huffed.

“You alright there?”

It was the bouncer who’d thrown that witch into me in the first place, leaning against the door with a raised eyebrow.

“Oh ya, just grand.” I pouted. “I don’t suppose ya heard what that bitch was yelln’ about a few minutes ago in the alley.”

“How could I not?” The man chuckled. “She wasn't exactly subtle about ripping into that guy.”

A tiny kernel of hope formed in my chest; this could be my way out!

“Did you hear a street name, where she said for him to meet her?”

“You some jealous friend or something?” The bouncer asked.

“Something like that.”

“Well, as a matter of fact, I did hear her so maybe we can work out an exchange.”

“An...exchange?”

That kernel of hope turned to an ice cold stone; was he implying...yes I think he was, judging by the lewd grin on his face.

“That mouth of yours looks pretty nice, I bet you can do all sorts of things with it.” He continued, leaning off the wall and walking a few steps back to that same alley.

My whole body was buzzing with emotions, just the idea of sucking some random strangers thick cock made me...salivate. No wait, I was disgusted but, no I wasn't. I blinked rapidly, trying to clear my head of the conflicting emotions but I could feel something shifting in my head that was impossible to ignore.

A name and a persona was filling me; not a split personality, or possession but something in between. I'd heard stories of actors falling into their characters so much they almost became them, that's what was happening to me. All of a sudden my lips spread into a smile as arousal flooded me and I felt a new side of myself being born as I followed the man to the alley.

“Do you have a name?” He asked as he leaned back against the wall and unzipped his fly.

“Ashleigh.” I replied without hesitation, my eyes were glued to his crotch as he slowly pulled out his length.

Just the sight of it made me rub my legs together in anticipation. My newly formed pussy was growing warm and a strange ache was forming as well. I realised a moment later it was my hole. God, it felt so weird to have a hole in me, it was like being incomplete; I felt a desperate need for it to be filled.

“Well Ashleigh, if you want to know where your friend is going, I’d be happy to tell you once you’ve put that mouth to work.”

I dropped to my knees slowly, letting my eyes lock with his as I went. We were only just inside the alleyway, so close the club door. At any moment we might be caught and the risk added an illicit thrill to what I was about to do.

His cock was hard and dripping for me already; I’d never sucked a cock before and yet I knew exactly what to do as my tongue snaked out of my mouth and licked at the slit. My tongue seemed to have a mind of its own, licking along the head until I was forced to move closed and stroke down the length with my hand. My fake nails skimmed the slightly rough surface of his manhood and I grinned as he started to shudder.

“Ah’m just gettin’ started.” I whispered before finally forming my mouth into a perfect circle and swallowing the head.

My tongue and mouth were instantly coated in a thick, heady flavour that should have been disgusting but instead was utterly delicious. I pushed my tongue under the length and pressed it into the roof of my mouth before hollowing my cheeks and proceeding to suck.

“Fuck me, Ashleigh you’re amazing.” The man groaned, placing a hand into my hair and forming a tight fist. The slight pricks of pain didn’t deter me though, if anything they made me wetter.

I was literally held in place now, even if I wanted to stop fucking his mouth I couldn’t. Oh, it was so good. I could feel his head hitting the back of my throat and his balls slapping my chin. What would somebody think if they caught us, part of me actually wanted it to happen so I could make him cum for an audience.

“Ah-Ashleigh of fuck, I’m gonna-”

I could feel it, his cock starting to spasm, he was about to cum. I had to pull away, on some level I knew I had to pull off his cock because I should have been disgusted. The idea of

swallowing down all that hot cum shouldn't have me feeling so horny, I shouldn't want it; but I did.

Another spasm, here it comes; I pulled off at the very last second only for a spray of hot seed to hit me right in the face. I couldn't help it, I moaned the feeling of all that hot viscous liquid running down my cheeks and lips, then dripping off my chin and getting tangled in my hair...fuck. I felt my whole body shiver as delight ran through me; I almost came myself.

The bouncer groaned, leaning back against the wall with his eyes closed obviously revelling in the afterglow of the best orgasm of his life. A strange sense of pride welled up inside me knowing I was the one who did that to him. I got to my feet and brushed the gravel from my knees and blushed seeing just how red they were. Anybody with two brain cells to rub together would know what I had just been doing.

"So?" I asked after a minute of silence. "Wha's the address?"

"Smythe Street." The bouncer said happily, "Didn't catch the number."

I felt my cheeks heat with rage.

"You sneaky lil bugger!"

"Hey, how big can one street be?" He held up his hands. "I'm sure you'll find your friend in no time."

"Ya lucky I didn't bite ya, next time you won' be so lucky."

The bouncer grinned and raised an eyebrow.

"Next time?"

I gave him the finger and he laughed as I stormed off; the truth was, I couldn't bring myself to be that angry with him. Sucking his cock had been so much fun and he had given me the most important piece of information. As I made my way back to the hotel the realisation dawned on me that I'd just sucked a dude off for a street name.

My new persona seemed to disappear in an instant and once again I was fully Henry and burning shame rushed through me like a wave.

“Wha that fuck did ah just do?” I whispered to myself, “How could Ah have enjoyed tha’?”

Because I had enjoyed it. A lot in fact; so much so that right now my new pussy was still burning with need. What sort of woman, hell, what sort of person got so damn horny sucking cock that it was almost painful. I did my best to steel myself; I had to stop that Ashleigh persona of mine taking over again, even now I could feel her desires and refused to believe they were my own. I’d go back to the hotel, find Smythe Street and then get the hell over there tonight and get this all sorted out.

My heels clicked along the path as I walked and I watched my own distorted reflection in the dark shop windows as I hurried back to my room. Curiosity burned inside me; I’d look up where Smythe street was...after I’d gotten a good look at my new body. Maybe even played with it a little, after all, there would be no shame in just having a peak or a little touch here and there...right?