

Transformation

Crimson Rose

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Transformation

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I was a complete asshole growing up and I'm not afraid to admit it. Slight of build with what some might call feminine characteristics, I proved my 'manhood' by running my mouth, constantly getting into fights, and screwing every girl that showed even the slightest bit of interest. But that all changed when I met Caitlyn at my eighteenth birthday party. She came as a guest of my good friend Drake, but when I laid eyes on her I knew then and there she was the one I would spend the rest of my life with. She thought otherwise and barely paid me any attention other than to say hi and to wish me a happy birthday.

As the party died down and the guests trickled out, I noticed Caitlyn was still hanging around but her boyfriend was not. And when it was just the two of us standing awkwardly in the living room of my small apartment, she walked up to me and gave me a once over.

"You think you're big shit, but the only thing big on you is your mouth," she smirked. "You smoke, drink like a fish, cuss like a sailor and have the personality of a damn jackass. Please, for the love of God, give me one reason I should waste my time on you."

I had never been spoken to like that by anyone and my first instinct was to punch her in the mouth, but if I had one rule it was to never, under any circumstances hit a woman no matter how much she pissed me off.

"What's the matter, Aiden, cat got your tongue? I'm waiting."

"I honestly can't give you a single good reason," I said after another minute of silence.

"That's probably the only honest thing you've said in your life. I've known people like you all my life. My father and four uncles were Hell's Angels. My mother worked the streets to make money to fuel her drug habit until she was arrested and put in prison for being a drug mule. I was raised by an abusive asshole that calls himself my grandfather but isn't worth the air he breathes. I've seen your kind time and time again and the end is always the same. Prison or an early grave. Which direction are you headed?"

"Neither."

"And here I thought you were going to be honest with me," she said, shaking her head with undisguised disappointment. "Guess I was wrong. Oh well, I suppose I'll see you around." Walking towards the door, she stopped with her hand on the knob. Turning, she stared into my eyes and for reasons I could not explain, I felt shamed. "So that's it, huh? You're just going to let me walk out of here just like that? I thought you were a man that took what we wanted no matter the consequences."

"You're my friend's girl and that's one thing I don't do."

"Drake? I'm not his or anyone else's girl. He's my cousin. I made him drag me along tonight because I've heard all about you from him and wanted to see what all the hype was about. Sadly, I'm not really impressed. At least with your attitude. You do look pretty though. Some work on the hair, makeup and a sexy outfit and you could make a passable woman," she grinned.

"Fuck you!"

"Oh, seems like I hit the soft spot. Tell me the truth, do you want to have sex with me?"

"I'd be lying if I said no."

"I'll make you a deal. You're rough around the edges, but not beyond saving. If you're tired of living life as a complete jerk I'll do everything in my power to help you change. But if all you want is to fuck and move on to the next piece of ass too stupid to see you for what you really are then tell me now and I won't waste my time."

“Who the hell are you to come into my home and tell me I need to change? Maybe it’s your stuck-up ass that needs to change. Ever think about that?”

“Nope. I’m not the drug taking, alcohol drinking asshole always getting into fights for no reason what so ever. I’ve graduated high school with honors and will be headed to college in the fall. What do you have? An apartment mommy and daddy pay for to keep you out of their house, no education beyond the ninth grade and a future of flipping burgers if you’re lucky. Can you seriously look me in the eyes and tell me that’s how you want to spend the rest of your life?”

“I don’t need some stuck-up bitch telling me how to spend the rest of my life, or turning me into some pussy-whipped sissy” I replied, barely containing the anger welling up inside. “I strongly suggest you get the fuck out of my house before I lose my temper.”

“Probably for the best,” she shrugged dismissively. “A girly-man like you probably couldn’t get it up for a real woman if she were butt naked and taking you down her throat.”

“HA! Like a prissy cunt like you knows anything about pleasing a man.”

To my surprise, she grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it off over her head. Dropping it on the floor, she smirked. “Show me what you’ve got, girly-man,” she said as she pulled her panties down her long toned legs. After stepping out of them she walked over and knelt in front of me. “What’s the matter? Afraid of a real woman?” Reaching up, she unbuttoned my pants and pulled them and my boxers down. My cock sprang free and she fell back on her ass. “HOLY SHIT!”

“What’s the matter? Afraid of a real man?” I smirked. “I believe you said something about taking me down your throat? Good luck with that.” I may have a somewhat feminine body in that I’m slight of build, but my dick was well above average at ten and a half inched erect. Holding it in my right hand, I placed my left on the back of her head and pressed my cock to her lips. Her eyes went wide. There was a moment of hesitation and then her lips parted. Her big blue eyes locked on mine, she bobbed her head back and forth while cupping and gently playing with my balls. “Not bad for an uppity bitch.” Her teeth sunk in and scraped along my shaft as she pulled her head back. “What the hell are you doing you stupid fucking cunt!”

“Call me a bitch, cunt or any other derogatory names again and I’ll fucking bite it off,” she said, giving my balls a hard squeeze. “I strongly suggest you just shut the fuck up and enjoy the damn blowjob.”

“I’m going to enjoy a lot more than that.” Pushing her head to the floor, I raised her hips and placed the head of my cock against her pussy. With a quick thrust I was balls deep and she let out an excited gasp. After six or eight more, I pulled out and slammed all ten and a half inches into her tight ass.

“Aahhgghhhh!” she screeched, jerking forward as if I had taken a hot iron to her plump behind. “Wrong hole! I don’t do anal.”

“Felt right to me. And since my cock was just in there before you so rudely pulled away that’s no longer the case so get your ass back up here so I can finish.”

“Hell no!”

“If Drake told you all about me then you know I don’t take no for an answer so you might as well accept the fact that your ass is going to get well-fucked.” I saw her eyeing her clothes and the look on her face told me she was deciding if she wanted to stay and accept the anal reaming or chicken out and leave. My sadistic side coming out, I went to the kitchen and grabbed a pair of scissors. Returning, I picked up her navy blue dress and proceeded to cut a hole in the left breast.

“What the fuck are you doing? That’s a three hundred dollar dress you’re cutting up!”

“Don’t worry, you’ll still be able to wear it home when I’m done,” I said, moving to the right breast. When there was a three in hole in each, I cut a slit in both sides and then up the front and back so that even the slightest wind would give anyone watching a clear view of her pussy and ass. As for her panties, I cut them into pieces which I tossed on the floor. “Here you go,” I said, holding the dress out to her. “You want to go home, or do you want to stay and get fucked by a real man?”

“I can’t believe you ruined my clothes! I can’t wear that out in public.”

“That’s not what I asked.”

“I...will you at least use some damn lube and go slow next time? Maybe loosen me up with a finger or two first?”

“Where’s the fun in that? I’ll use lube since you asked nicely, but I don’t have any here and I’m not in the mood to go out,” I lied. I had three bottles of it in the bedroom for when I pounded other women’s asses, but there was something about her that made me feel sadistic so I was not about to make it easy on her.”

“Then I guess we’re done here,” she frowned. “Taking the dress, she put it on and no matter how she adjusted it or her breasts, her nipples, areolas and about an inch all the way around her thirty-six cee’s showed. “You owe me three-fifty for the clothes you ruined.”

“I don’t owe you a damn thing. You’re the one that left them on my floor where anything could happen.”

“Look, asshole, I don’t like playing this card, but my father is a cop and my mother a judge. You’ll pay me the three-fifty or I’ll make your life a living hell.”

“Drake probably should have also mentioned I don’t like to be threatened. Get the fuck out of here and if I ever see you again I’ll forget you’re a woman.” Grabbing her by the arm, I opened the door and pushed her out. I heard her feet running down the hallway a moment later. Unfortunately for her, I lived on the ninth floor and the elevators were currently out.” About three minutes later my phone rang. Seeing it was Drake, I answered. “Hey man, what’s up?”

“Don’t ‘what’s up’ me you bastard! My cousin just called and told me what happened.”

“What, that she ran her mouth and then stripped naked to give me a blowjob? Or the part where she said she didn’t want to have anal so got dressed and left?”

“All of it and the part you cut up her clothes and sent her out exposed. I knew you were an asshole, but that’s a new fucking low, man. If she gets arrested because of your bullshit I’ll kick your fucking teeth out.”

“First of all, if she gets arrested her daddy’s a cop and her mother’s a judge so I’m sure she’ll get off which is more than I can say for me right now since she so rudely left me with a serious case of blue balls. And second, if you think you can kick my teeth out then come on over and we’ll see who needs dentures in the morning.” There was dead silence and after thirty or forty seconds the call ended. The mood gone, I tossed my phone back on the coffee table and plopped down on the couch to see what was on TV.

About to light a cigarette, I not only recalled Caitlyn’s words, but her gift of nicotine patches. She was not the only one trying to get me to quit, but for some unexplainable reason I wanted to do it for her. Confused why I was having these feelings for a girl I only met, I walked into the kitchen where most of the presents still lay on the table and sorted through the pile until I found the box of patches. Opening it, I was surprised to find a handwritten note inside. Taking it out, I unfolded and read it as I walked over to the trash can to dispose of the unlit cigarette – not thinking I should have just put it back in the pack in case the patches didn’t work.

Aiden,

From someone that used the patches to quit smoking herself, these are best worn on clean, dry, cool skin in the lower stomach area below your waistline. Best of luck. I really hope they work as well for you as they did for me. If you have any questions, comments or concerns please don't hesitate to let me know.

Caitlyn