

## An American Chav in London - Part 4

**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 wonderful thing about day drinking was that it had a way of making time fluid. Each time I looked out the window I was aware of the time passing and yet ignorant of it the same time. So when I stepped outside for the fresh air, heels in hand after dancing for hours and found it was dark my jaw dropped. Had I spent the whole day drinking, dancing and flirting without even realising it?

I glanced back over my shoulder to the party in motion; I'd met so many people today and just clicked. My head was a mess of new names and faces in a way it never had been before. Was this what it was like for those popular kids back in college all the time? I really had missed out.

I turned back to the street and gazed towards the corner where I knew Smythe street was. I still had to check the whole thing and who knew how many hours I had left now. I tried to care, really I did. I knew on some level I was supposed to but I just didn't anymore. The line between Ashleigh and Henry had become basically nonexistent. I loved her; her confidence, her temper, her bravado; even her trashy habits. It was all so freeing and the idea of going back to being stuffy old Henry without those impulses to drive me on was beginning to fill me with dread.

"Ashleeeeeeeigh." An arm found its way around my shoulder and I grinned at Aimee, she was so wasted.

"Ya really can't hold ya drink." I teased and she gave me the finger with a fond smile.

“How are ya keeping all that down and not even swayin’ in those heels?” She gasped.

“High tolerance.” I grinned, it was true, I was really only tipsy.

“Well missus fancy drinker, Braydon over there has been looking at that hot piece of ass all night and if you don’ do somethin’ about it soon I may just take it from ya.”

Braydon. The young fella with the badly dyed black hair and earring. He’d been dancing with me earlier and using the flailing dance moves as an excuse to subtly feel me up. I was reminded of the moment on the train and my pussy moistened.

“Ah actually had to get goin’...” I started, “But Ah should probably say goodbye, this is his party ain’t it?”

“Oh yeah, his share house.”

“Maybe I should thank his roommates too.”

Aimee cackled wildly.

“Girl, I fookn’ love it, you’re wild.”

Secretly happy to have an excuse not to start my search again I turned back into the house and breathed in the hot air. It was so different from the cool, fresh air outside; in here my lungs burned slightly with the tinge of alcohol and cigarette smoke. It felt oddly comforting; like home. Braydon was sitting on one of the couches out the back of the house, arms spread across the back and legs spread; almost like he was waiting for me.

“Hey Braydon!” I called, with a cocky grin. “Didja think I was gonna leave without sayin’ anything about the way you’ve been staring?”

The man blushed a little but kept a confident smile on his face.

“Well when ya dress like that who could blame me?”

I giggled and slid down into his lap, wrapping my arms tight around his neck and pushing his face into my cleavage.

“Ah just realised I should thank ya for the party.”

“Oh what did you have in mind?”

I just chuckled and pressed a hand between us; pawing at the bulge already forming in his pants. That hole deep inside me continued to ache and I was sick of it. I had no reservations left, I wanted to know what it felt like to be properly fucked. I felt the couch shift slightly as others left, giving us the privacy of the back room.

I easily undid Braydon’s fly without even looking and with a quick shimmy of his hips, his cock was out and hard for me. My pussy quivered in anticipation as Braydon’s hands slid down my back and into my tight jeans to cup my ass before slowly lowering them.

I tried not to look too eager as I stood up briefly to kick the jeans and panties off entirely but I don’t think I succeeded. Not judging by the cocky look on Braydon’s face. But I didn’t care, my pussy was desperate to be filled and I didn’t want to put it off a second longer.

I practically jumped back into Braydon’s lap and didn’t hesitate for a second to sink down on his length. A ecstasy filled gasp escaped my lips as all the air left my lungs; this felt even better than I’d imagined. I tensed, letting my inner walls squeeze the cock tight inside me before rising up and sinking down once more.

“Fuck, you’re tight.”

“Shut up and fuck me.” I growled, latching onto his lips and kissing hard while I continued to bounce.

Braydon gripped my hips hard and bucked his hips, pushing his tip right up against the deepest part of my vagina and making me see stars, even with my eyes closed. I forced my tongue into his mouth and swallowed down the groan Braydon made as I took charge.

I wanted to revel in taking things slow but I couldn’t make myself slow down. It just felt so good having my inner walls stretched and rubbed while my tits bounced up and down. I was practically forcing Brayton to motor boat me until he leaned forwards and captured my nipple between his teeth, teasing it lightly as I continued to ride him.

“Ahhh oh ya feel so good!” I moaned, “Yeah, oh fuck, yeah, almost there-!”

The orgasm filled my entire body, making me shudder and shake with the intensity of it. I could feel every muscle tighten and then release before turning to melted butter. I continued to bounce up and down on his cock, making it last as long as I could while my pussy squeezed him tighter till Braydon came. Probably should have used protection, oh well, I could deal with that later. Right now I just wanted to bask in the afterglow of the most mind shattering orgasm I had ever experienced.

I collapsed against Braydon and let him run his fingers up and down my spine. I could feel him turning soft inside me but a little teasing would be all it would take to get him ready for round two. Lazily I gazed around the room and my eyes found the red glowing numbers of a digital clock.

10:30pm

The sight should have struck fear into my soul but instead it brought a smile to my face. I'd find the witch tomorrow, or maybe the day after. Not to change me back but the least she could do was give me some fake ID or something, to help make this new Ashleigh persona more grounded in reality.

"I'm up for another go if you want." Braydon whispered huskily and I nipped at his ear.

"Sure, but I need to thank your roommates as well..."

"I could call them in here."

My mouth watered and sinful ideas began to flow through my head. I had only just started to scratch the surface of what this new body could experience. The more men I had around to experiment, the better.

"Sounds like a plan."

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Krystal sat, waiting as the clock ticked past midnight and gave a huff; he hadn't shown up. Odd, normally they were here early begging to be turned back into men. She'd have her fun,

pretending to um and ah over it before turning those jerks back into their stupid male selves and sending them on their way with a warning.

But this one hadn't even bothered to show up.

With a bit of curiosity she reached up and grabbed the crystal ball from its place on the shelves, muttering under her breath as the fog inside slowly cleared to show the trashy woman she'd created the night before. She was sleeping, two men on either side of her and a soft smile on her face.

Krystal raised an eyebrow and watched as the new woman rolled over onto one of the men's chests, smiling as her eyes fluttered open. She muttered something in his ear then disappeared beneath the blankets and began to bob up and down while the man laid back in ecstasy. In less than two days Ashleigh, as she'd named her, seemed to have adjusted quite well.

"Well I'll be damned." Krystal giggled, "A satisfied customer."

She could see the former man's passport sticking out of the side of his purse, half crumpled and filthy looking. With a wave of her fingers the document changed to match his new name and face. After a moments thought she also conjured up a business card between its pages for him to find tomorrow. She didn;t want to spoil his fun. Or her fun; perhaps that would be the more correct term. If she wanted to change back, Krystal would do it but something told her she wouldn't be seeing this one any time soon.