

New Music in the Hood (Black Hip Hop Couple TGTF)

By FoxFaceStories

Harvey and Karen are a nosy white suburban couple in their mid-fifties who ruthlessly work to enforce the gentrified policies of their Home Owner Association. But when the pair make some unsavoury racial remarks about the new neighbours' taste in hop hop music, they suddenly find not only their genders swapped, but their races changed! And what's more, they both find themselves compelled to enjoy the sounds of hip hop, as well as playing it.

New Music in the Hood, Part 1

Harvey snarled.

“Karen, come look! Those kids are in the front yard playing their so-called ‘music’ again.”

His wife practically ran across the room and stood beside her husband in the living room. Harvey let her have some space as they glared at the neighbours across the street.

“Just vile,” Karen said. “What has the world come to that we get *those people* as neighbours?”

Harvey and Karen Johnson had lived in their gentrified neighbourhood for thirty years. The two were both blonde haired, blue eyed, white-skinned WASPs, comfortably upper-middle class all their lives, though even in their two story suburbia, they always claimed to be ‘working stiffs.’ The two had met in high school, and had been together through their ups and downs, even staying together after Harvey cheated on Karen that one time with the woman neither of them ever talked about anymore. Ever.

Neither of them had travelled far beyond their own insular town, and they all knew not to go to *those* places, where *those* people congregated. The truth was, for all that they would claim to be the most antiracist people in the world, the pair were very quick to give the side-eye to a black man walking through the neighbourhood, or reconsider their food orders when an Asian woman was their server, or to tell a young Latino man to ‘go back where he came from’ for daring to comment on politics, even if the man’s roots went back four generations. Karen was far more willing to be open about these comments: she had nearly gotten into trouble at several restaurants and clothing stores with her demands to ‘see the manager’, while Harvey was generally more subtle, preferring to use his status as one of the Home Ownership Association board members to shut down any ‘unwanted’ that tried to move into their neighborhood. But when roused to anger, he could be mighty direct with his comments.

Their attitudes had alienated their son Kevin and daughter Maggie. The two sometimes visited for Christmas and occasional dinners, but they were off in the big city, and unbeknownst to either of the parents, Kevin was in a gay relationship while their daughter was a 'latte sipping elite liberal type.' In typical fashion though, neither Harvey nor Karen blamed themselves. It was always the fault of 'mainstream media.' Always.

"Can't we do something with the HOA?" Karen asked. "Something we can use to sell the house out from under them?"

They peered at the neighbours. Deshawn and Yunique, they were called. The names alone made Karen scoff. Why couldn't people have ordinary, good western names like James or Penny? They were both young - in their mid-twenties - and black-skinned. Both were attractive, and while Harvey claimed he was just peering out of frustration, he couldn't help but notice that Yunique had a wonderfully frizzy afro and curvy body. It was wrong to be turned on by her - he used to laugh at comedies about such a topic before political correctness went mad and ruined all those great 'yellow fever' films - but he still couldn't help but stare. He just hoped Karen never noticed. Deshawn, on the other hand, Harvey hated. From his muscular body to masculine confidence, to his 'street talk' which didn't belong, the man was a threat. In their few interactions Harvey had actually felt a nervous twisting in his gut, particularly since the man was taller and fitter, making him aware of his own sagging belly and deflated muscles.

Karen, for her part, found herself jealous looking at Yunique. Her youth incensed her, as did her carefree manner and habit of showing her midriff. It was so improper! And those breasts! A decent woman would not have a stripper chest like that, no show so much cleavage. It revealed the woman, in Karen's eyes, to be an utter slut. It repulsed her to see that Yunique sometimes visited church, and Karen did her best to gossip about all the bad things she'd seen her do, even if some of them were exaggerated or entirely made up.

Deshawn was a different story. She'd always grown up fearful of men like him. Her father had taught her to call such people 'boy', but in his presence she found that difficult, and so she opted instead to simply call him 'you' or 'hey you', as a deliberate act of dehumanisation. She was not attracted to him, finding his looks to be barbarous and uncivil, particularly the way he shaved his head and wore his trousers too loosely. And that backwards cap! It all disgusted her.

"I'll think of something, don't you worry dear," Harvey said as she reflected on her disgust at their unwelcome neighbours. "The second that grass gets too tall, I'll serve them a notice. And I'll keep serving notices until they get the message. And if they don't get the message."

"Good," Karen said. "They don't belong. Their kind never does. It's not racist, it's just about what's *proper*."

“Exactly.”

In the yard opposite theirs, Yunique Hallem and Deshawn Williams (neither of them were married, another big strike in Karen’s religiously fanatic book) were simply dancing on their porch while listening to a horrid series of lyrics - horrid, that was, to Harvey and Karen’s ears. The couple were unable to discern the lyrics, but were horrified to hear the word ‘ass’ in their, as well as the words ‘black beauty.’

“What’s wrong with white beauty?” Harvey asked. “All beauty matters. Singling one type of beauty out is the *real racism*.”

Karen nodded, always the first to agree with her husband.

“If they keep playing that ghetto trash, I’m going to go over there and remind them that there are *kids in this neighborhood*.”

There was not, in fact, any kids in the neighborhood, with Deshawn and Yunique being the youngest individuals in the gentrified area. This did not interfere with Harvey’s twisted logic, however.

“This is the same one as the other day,” he grumbled. “Cardi B or some nonsense.”

“No, that was the one about the . . . woman’s area.”

“Ugh, that filth. At least they turned it off and apologised.”

“They showed their true selves.”

Harvey smirked. “They did. You know, I think I’ll go over and check their grass tonight, just to make sure they’re following our HOA guidelines.”

Karen grinned. Her face was hollowed out by years of self-inflicted misery and frustration, and it was not a good look. Harvey tried to avoid thinking of his wife as unattractive, but it didn’t stop him from having his private porn collection. The one with the more . . . exotic ladies, that she must never be allowed to find out.

“Harvey, I’ve never been more attracted to you,” she joked.

He gave an awkward grin. “That’s nice, dear.”

The two continued to stare through the window at their neighbours, who spotted them. Yunique and Deshawn gave a friendly wave, but the two gave their practised stares.

“Yes, I think I’ll see them tonight.”

That night brought an unexpected infuriation: a house party. Karen was incensed, and Harvey decided not to tell her that the couple had actually mailed out not only notices to the neighborhood that the party would be coming, but *invites* also.

“Ghastly,” Karen said, looking at the majority non-white partygoers while the loud hip hop and rap blared in the background. “I bet they’re all on drugs. How did they even get this party? Surely this is a violation of the HOA?”

Again, Harvey decided not to tell her that they had actually gotten approval despite he and his buddy’s vote against. It was all above board.

“No idea,” he lied, “but I’m heading over right now to shut this down.”

“Good,” Karen said. “And if that doesn’t work, I’m calling the police and I won’t stop talking until I’m on the phone with the *chief*.”

Harvey doubted she could achieve such a thing, so instead he grabbed his coat and stepped outside into the warm evening air, and strolled to the other side of the street. Several partygoers looked his way a little oddly, perhaps sensing his mood, most likely viewing him as not ‘hip’ or ‘cool’ or whatever kids thought these days. Harvey couldn’t stand street slang, and most of these kids - latinos, latinatas, blacks and Asians - were using it. Many were scantily dressed, and to his shame his eyes lingered over one of the latinatas, until she scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“Put some damn clothes on and have some decency,” he spat, even as he went red-faced. He stormed on up to the porch, trying to find the couple.

“Yo Harvey! How’s it goin’ man?”

Harvey turned, and saw that Deshawn was standing practically over him, wearing a casual white shirt and jeans, the gorgeous Yunique on his arm. He could barely hear them through the pulse of the music.

*‘You don’t like my kind, you don’t like my race,
Still got that tight ass, still got that bomb face
Shit I don’t care watchu carry on bout me,
You know my looks are fire, I’m not your B’*

“Mr Johnson,” Harvey replied.

“I’m sorry man, I can’t hear you, hang on!”

Deshawn grabbed a little device, one of those stupid gadgets those damned Millenials were obsessed with. The music went down a bit, accompanied by playful booping.

“I said that’s Mr Johnson to you.”

Deshawn took it in stride, but Yunique cringed.

“It’s great to have you here, Mr Johnson,” he said, giving a white-toothed smile. “We even got the Daniels, can you believe it?”

Harvey couldn’t. To his astonishment, the pair that were even older than him were fraternising with a young Mexican couple. He assumed they were Mexcian anyway. The sight disgusted him.

“Well, that’s their choice,” he said. “I’m just here to tell you that your lawn is too long. It’s a breach of the HOA requirements.”

Deshawn’s smile vanished. “Oh, okay man. Is that the kind of visit this is?”

“It is.”

“Well, I’ll mow it first thing in the morning. Not a problem, dude.”

“I’d like you to mow it now. Stop the party and get it sorted. It’s a breach, and it should have been sorted already.”

Deshawn was silent, regarding the older man. It made Harvey nervous. Yunique tore from her boyfriend’s arms and gestured wildly.

“Are you fucking kidding me, man?”

“Hey, Yunique, it’s alright okay, we’ll just -”

“Nu-uh, this ain’t alright at all, honey! Not this shit. I’ve had enough of this racist ass shit.”

“I am not racist, and watch your language!” Harvey snapped. Slowly, people were gathering around. Several of them were holding cell phones, ready to record. He knew he had to watch his language. He knew he wasn’t racist, but ever since that little slip of that forbidden word last year . . .

Yunique poked him in the chest. “I will watch my fucking language how I fucking damn want, *thank you very much*. Did your wife put you up to this? I see ya’ll staring at us, just because we’re different. I see the way you stare at me like a total perv!”

Harvey clenched his fists. “I will not be talked about this way in my own damn neighbourhood! You need to sort out your lawn, or I swear I’ll do my utmost to have you kicked out of this suburb!”

Deshawn stepped forward, crossing his arms. A number of members of the crowd were oohing and ahing by this point, and now several phones were indeed out. Several voices called for calm, others for violence. The homeowner put them all in their place.

“Shut up, ya’ll. This ain’t gonna be a violent thing, okay? That’s what he wants. That’s how his type works. Isn’t it, *Mr Johnson?*” He gave the older man a hard stare, but didn’t step any further forward. “Now I’ve tried to be polite, and I’ve tried to be welcoming. I even made you white people brownies, and your wife made a crack about fucking KFC and watermelon, right in my face. Well, I’ve been coming up against racism like that my whole life, but I won’t have it on my doorstep.”

“My wife wasn’t being racist, she didn’t understand that -”

“Oh, she *knew* she was being racist,” Yunique pitched in. “She even called my hair - my *fucking hair* - a ‘slum do’, whatever the fuck *that* means!”

Her temper was fiery, and in a weird way, it turned Harvey on. He had to struggle not to look at her chest. Or her ass. God, he couldn't help but love how big black women's asses were. Karen's was flat as a damned pancake.

"You get away from my husband!"

Harvey turned, and saw that Karen was crossing the street. She had her own phone out, and was shrieking at a high-pitched volume.

"You get away from him! We don't allow thuggery in this neighborhood!"

"Then I guess you'll both be going," Deshawn said. "After all, we didn't start nothing. It was all your husband here."

"He did nothing of the sort."

"Yes he did." Deshawn looked back to Harvey, but made his voice loud enough for everyone to hear. "You both have been starting stuff ever since we arrived. Now I've been patient, and even had to hold back my gorgeous girl's anger at times. She keeps telling me to just unload and let you know what's what, but I thought you might come around. We're both hardworking. We're both educated. We're both doing decently. Fuck man, I'm the boss of my own construction site, and Yunique's a successful local artist. But even if we weren't all that, even if we were just 'from the hood' as you like to say, then we would be worthy of some damned respect."

The crowd gave a series of claps and applause. The couple were horrified to see the Daniels join in.

"You need to know your place, mister!" Karen called.

Harvey closed his eyes. Goddamnit, Karen, he thought. She had no understanding of the value of subtlety, or of regrouping. The crowd gasped, and someone shouted out.

"I got that on video! I got that on video! Racist bitch said the quiet part loud!"

Harvey stepped back, incensed. The crowd was already against him, and now it was actively hostile. No one was being violent, and that was the worst part; there was no way to regain the advantage. Instead they were simply booing him down, demanding he and his wife leave.

"You heard 'em, get the fuck out of here," Yunique said.

With one last snarl, Harvey left. Karen tried to argue, but he took her arm and practically dragged her back into the house. He closed the door behind them, and in moments, the music resumed.

*'You don't scare me with your racist shit,
I can take the hit and hit and fucking hit,
Baby you don't know what's coming your way,
You gotta pay you gotta pay,*

*Your bitch white asses are on the line,
Soon you'll get chocolate skin like mine.'*

"What even is that disgusting music?" Karen spat.

"Don't listen to it," Harvey said. "You know dear, you made a fool out of me there. I had it handled."

"It didn't look like it. You were letting that repulsive beast tread all over you."

He growled. "I was playing the long game. Demanding to see the manager wasn't going to work here. Or calling the police."

"Well," she said, a little smugly, "I'm uploading this video to the internet. Soon everyone will see how terrible they are."

Harvey coughed on the water he was imbibing. "You're doing *what?*"

She gave him a confused look. "Uploading the video. Then everyone will see what utter trash we have for neighbours. The world will be on our side."

Harvey gritted his teeth. God, his wife could be fucking stupid sometimes. This was going to be a nightmare.

"Shut it down," he said.

"What? I can't hear because of that terrible street trash they call music."

"I said," he spoke slowly, "pull the plug. We can't upload the video. We'll be in a river of shit."

She looked confused, and her look only made Harvey angrier.

"But dear, my blog -"

"I don't give a shit about your blog. Are you uploading right now?"

"It's already uploaded."

He smacked the table. "Fuck! Pull it, before anyone sees it!"

The music flared again, louder than before. Karen said something in response, her expression deeply stubborn, but Harvey couldn't make out what she had said through the strange song that was echoing out into the neighborhood.

*'I said you gon have chocolate skin like mine,
Nice black skin bitch you know it's fine.'*

Suddenly the two of them gasped. It was like they both experienced a whole body itch at once. Their skin writhed and rippled, and *darkened*.

"H-Harvey! Your skin! It's changing!"

He looked in astonishment at his own arms, which were rapidly turning a chocolate skin colour. His wife was changing likewise.

“You as well!”

*‘Big black muscles makes me so hot,
Let’s make sure that’s what you got,
A wet and ready pussy will take that right in,
Bitch you gonna love to sin*

The changes continued as they stumbled into the living room, trying to reach a place in the house where it was easier to hear. It was like the music was following them, as if it were coming from inside the house somehow. Harvey gritted his teeth as his penis - never the mightiest specimen but still an essential part of his self-image - began to pull back into his body. He groaned, clutching his crotch and screaming in fury.

“No! No, no, what in the everliving fuck!”

Karen was experiencing the opposite. She squealed in her nasal pitch as something long and thick pushed out of her. Her panties stretched as an enormous package extended outwards, followed by a large set of balls. She unzipped her trousers and screeched at the sight of a big black dick - the biggest member she’d ever seen. And it was all hers.

“Harvey - oh God I have a cock Harvey! I have a black cock!”

*‘Now you in your proper place
Let’s fix up some hot ass face
And speaking off ass let’s make yours big,
While he gets muscles she can dig!’*

They both exchanged a look of horror. The song was reverberating not just from next door, and not just from within the room, but inside their minds as well. Harvey grabbed his ass, holding it in both hands as if it could possibly hold back the tide. Already, his pussy was finishing developing, and he was too frightened to explore that strangely empty space. But soon a pressure began, and accompanied by several agonised grunts his ass began to expand in full.

“Holy f-fuck! This isn’t right! What the hell is happening to us - NGHH!”

It inflated like a beachball, becoming rounded and peachy and soft; exactly the kind of ass he’d always fantasised his wife would have and then some. It strained his trousers, and he was forced to unbuckle them just to allow the space, which only made his absence of a penis even more obvious.

Karen stared at her husband’s ass in confusion, but then experienced her own shock; her meagre breasts melted back into her body while her muscled inflated. She strained,

squirming against the living room table as her biceps expanded, her thighs rippled with muscle, her pectoral muscles and abdominal muscles swelled to become incredibly impressive.

“NNnnooooo!” she moaned, and to her shock, her voice lowered several octaves, becoming that of a black male’s with a deep, baritone brass. Her face shifted, hair falling away until only a dark frizzy covering remained, her reflection in the mirror above the fireplace looking nothing like her now. Her nose broadened, lips thickened, and her jaw become square and manly.

Harvey moaned also, but his voice became increasingly feminine, almost sensual. No, definitely sensual. He felt his cheekbones become more prominent, his jaw soften, his hair begin to spiral out until it was patterned in a set of long black dreadlocks that hung down his back. In the mirror was a gorgeous Afro-Latina woman with long eyelashes and incredibly full and pouty lips. Her skin was flawless, a little lighter than Karen’s now.

“I’m a chick! I’m a fucking black chick!” he cried, his voice now a purring rasp.

*‘Gon get you done up fine in what you wear
And make sure yo girl has a big titty pair,
Then you a real hip hop couple from the hood,
You’ll live that life no matter where you stood,’*

“Stop this fucking insanity!” Karen screeched. “Is this the devil!? Is this Satan? What did we do to deserve this!”

“Shut up Karen!” Harvey snapped, but his voice no longer carried authority when compared with his wife’s low, commanding tone.

The two glared at one another, no longer recognisable to their partner, but soon they were overwhelmed by the final round of changes as the song built to its crescendo. Harvey gasped as his body shrank, his height slipping away. His shoulders pulled in a little painfully, and his hips flared out impossibly wide. His waist pulled in, internal organs shifting around and even accompanying a new one that bloomed into existence, causing him to whimper at the alien sensation.

Karen grunted, clenching her fists as her body grew, becoming even more muscular, her feminine figure becoming far more manly. Far more manly, even, than her husband when he had still been a man. Even her feet swelled, and soon she felt like a tall and powerful giant.

“Harvey, I’m huge! And you’re tiny!”

“I can tell, you idiot!”

“Don’t call me an idiot, when you’re becoming such a - such a bitch!”

Harvey was appalled, and yet oddly intimidated. His wife was so much bigger than him now. Moreover, there was a weird compulsion entering into his mind. A new kind of dynamic that he didn't quite understand yet. Karen felt it also; her snappish words weren't right, despite being par for course for them on an ugly day.

"I'm s-sorry," she said, partly against her will."

"That's okay, honey, this shit happens," Harvey replied. He clasped his hands over his mouth; even his accent had changed! He didn't know how to think of it, other than it sounded like it was from the very 'hood' he made fun of. It had that sassy twang that turned him on as a man but Karen hated.

"I can't stay mad at you," Karen said, "specially when you got such a fine ass and such nice titties."

They both shared another glance. Both of them realised they were on some sort of autopilot. But the word 'titties' had terrified Harvey. He looked down at his chest, where a pressure was forming. Sure enough his nipples swelled. He shuddered as his areola bloomed, followed by the flesh behind them. They stretched his male shirt, becoming larger and rounder and heavier, until he looked like he was smuggling cantaloupes. They looked to be Double-Ds in size, if not even bigger! They were brown and large and perfect, and it horrified him that they were *hers*.

His. She meant *hers*. His! She grabbed her head, trying to sort out her new pronouns, and Karen did the same. As they did so, their clothes altered and shifted just like the song foreshadowed. In mere moments, Harvey was wearing a midriff-baring black crop top and denim minishorts that hugged her ass, and Karen was wearing a tight black shirt that emphasised his muscles, and a set of loose jeans that was overly-casual. Hoop rings materialised in Harvey's earlobes, as well as a painful bit of a tongue piercing, a belly piercing, and a tattoo of a love heart on above her right hip. Karen winced as a matching tattoo appeared on his left hip, and a single piercing in his left ear.

And then the changes were finished, and the new couple were christened by the final words of the song.

*'Nia you a sexy hip hop bitch,
And you a goddamn rapper Andre.
Oh you wanna turn back and switch?
Well too bad bitches time to pay!'*

Nia and Andre. Their new names. They could feel it in their bones, and it was impossible to think of themselves otherwise. Still running on autopilot, the two bodies approached each other.

“You know Nia, this music is fucking chill.”

“You’re so right honey, it’s a banger.”

Their bodies grinned, arms around each other.

“Why don’t we go have some fun in the bedroom while listening to it, baby?” Nia said.

“Hell yeah. You gonna let me suck on those fine titties of yours?”

Nia gave him a sexy look. “Oh honey, you know it. I want to fucking cum from you sucking these fine tits.”

“Then what are we waiting for?”

The two of them ran to the bedroom already stripping off their clothing, their gorgeous altered bodies already pressing against one another and producing alien sensations.

Inside, Harvey and Karen were screaming helplessly, trying and failing to regain control as their new transformed and transgendered bodies verged closer and closer to fucking one another. Neither could do anything to stop it.

The next song began to play.

New Music in the Hood, Part 2

Andre woke with a strange feeling between his legs. It was impossible to describe, it was unfamiliar. It was like a hardness intermingled with a need. He’d been having a strange, sexy dream, but not one of the normal ones. This was far more involved, and far longer, and it involved a gorgeous black woman making love to him. It wasn’t right - it should have disgusted him, made him afraid, but instead he felt utterly *turned on and hard*.

“Mhhmm,” he grunted, feeling something stroke at that hardness. Something wet and soft was positioned over a sensitive body part he could have sworn he didn’t possess the previous day, and it was slowly waking him up.

Wait, him? *Him*? He wasn’t meant to be *him*, he was meant to be a *her*! For a moment, he assumed it was just part of his lingering sex dream, but as he woke further from unconsciousness his awareness of that hardness between his legs only increased. He opened his eyes and saw that the bed sheets were over him, but a large human lump was

positioned between his legs, hovering over his crotch and stroking at the firm body part that was there.

“OOhhhh - Oh God. Oh, what is this!”

He flung the sheet to one side, and his eyes widened in shock just the same as the woman’s eyes that met him.

A curvaceous, sexy, naked Afro-Latina woman was positioned over his body, her mouth clamped over the head of a very, very long penis that was just as incredibly hard. A penis that somehow belonged to him.

“Wait - oh no. It wasn’t a dream. It was real.”

The woman - she was Nia. No, she was Harvey! But she was Nia, it was impossible to think of her otherwise. She had gorgeous dark hair and a pair of thick lips that were sliding up and down his penis, sucking at it sensually. She reached out with a manicured hand and began to tease his hairy balls, and it made him shudder.

Why couldn’t he fight it?

But then, they couldn’t fight it the previous day either. He could see in the woman’s eyes the desperation of her husband, the fear and discomfort and humiliation of her husband Harvey. But her actions were entirely that of Nia.

“Yeah, baby,” Andre found himself saying, “you love waking me up with good head, don’t you?”

She nodded again, staring up at him as she began to stroke his shaft. The feeling was heavenly. No, it was hellish! It was wrong! He was meant to be Karen, not Andre! But he couldn’t deny the pleasure, and soon she was beginning to deep throat him, taking more and more of his thick black cock into her mouth. Oh God, he was black now! A strong, young, muscular black man who couldn’t be older than twenty five at the very latest. His abs were a six pack, his pectoral muscles deeply masculine, his biceps well built. He could feel the power in his form, and despite his fear of it, he reached out a hand and grasped his lover’s hair, reluctantly revelling in his dominance over her.

Nia continued to suck, giving the kind of amazing blowjob that she had often fantasised about receiving when she’d been a man. It was strangely alluring, which only made her internal shame all the deeper. She was unable to stop, having woken up on ‘autopilot’. Before she’d even come to grips with the fact that she was still an Afro-Latina woman with big tits, wide hips, big thighs and a damn pussy between her legs, she was already moving to wake her former wife up with a blowjob.

Suddenly Andre tensed. The pleasure had been building, and he’d been trying to hold it off. He was helpless to avoid sex, but the thought of ejaculating inside his former husband’s mouth was all sorts of wrong. But Nia’s ministrations were simply too skilled, and the ecstasy was only increased when he automatically reached down and began to massage

her soft titties. God almighty, he was even thinking of Nia's breasts as 'titties' now. They were big, soft Double-D's, and even to his remaining mind it was a sexy experience.

He came. Like a cup being overfilled, he could hold it in no more. His dick throbbed, and suddenly it ejaculated its semen directly into Nia's mouth. The woman moaned sensually, eyes rolling in her head as if she were orgasming too. The warm, salty issue shot down her throat, and she swallowed every last drop, licking her lips to prevent any of it escaping. To her horror, she was even compelled to lick and suck Andre's penis, seizing up every remaining bit of sperm.

"Mmhhmm baby, you always cum so much," she said with a beaming, white-teethed grin that just radiating beauty.

"Oh, you know it Nia," Andre said, his voice a deep, masculine baritone. "You sing such sweet music even when you got no voice."

"And you play me like an instrument," she said back, moving up to nestle against him. She pressed her soft, rounded ass against his cock, shaking a little for emphasis, and he in turn placed a strong arm over her, grasping her soft tit and sinking his fingers slightly into the flesh. Neither of them could say what they wanted to say, and instead Andre buried his face in her hair, smelling her sweetness. He reached down a hand began to play with her pussy.

"Mmhm, how 'bout I return the favour, Nia?"

"Ohhhhhh . . . I wouldn't c-complain," she said. "So long as you squeeze this big, fine tits of mine. You know I love that, A."

Nia bit her lip. She only had the most minute control of her body, mostly in her face. She was so completely female, changed not only in sex but race as well! Everything was alien, from the wobbling weights upon her chest to her slim waist to her wide hips and thick thighs, and her -

"Ohhhhhh, my p-pussy! You know how to play with it!"

"Like an instrument," Andre joked, calling back to her earlier comment. He was stroking her inner folds, and she was becoming wet with arousal. Soon he was stroking her clit and causing her to writhe, the former racist man trapped in the body of a near-orgasmin Afro-Latina woman.

"Yes! Oh damn honey, right there, right on my clit - Oohhhh fuck yeah, fuck yeah!"

Her body shook in orgasm, and an unfamiliar type of orgasm too. It was not the incredible and immediate rush of a manhood spurting its seed, but instead a series of gentle yet overpowering gusts, like wind coursing through her body and stirring her various erogenous nerves into action. She trembled, whimpering, unable to speak. Finally, unable to stop, she let out a low groan of exquisite ecstasy.

"MMmhmhhh . . . ahhhhh. Oh, honey, that was good. That was good honey."

She reached back and patted her boyfriend's hip. Her boyfriend.

Her. Boyfriend.

They'd just had sex - in the wrong bodies of the wrong gender of the wrong race - and they weren't even married? The male mine within Nia, the Harvey struggling to escape, could have screamed. In his masculine form, Andre felt quite similarly.

Suddenly, a feeling came over them, like an ominous energy that had bound their voices away allowed them to be unshackled.

"Honey?" Andre asked. "Is that really you?"

Nia gasped, pulled away from her 'boyfriend.'

"Of course it's me Andre! I mean Andre. Andre! Damn it to heck, I'm trying to call you Andre!"

"Let me try, Nia. I'm Andre. No, I'm Andre. I'm Andre and you're Nia! Oh Lord, this is not good. That music has done something to us."

"It's must like *them*," Nia said, trying to ignore the wobble in her chest. "Look at our clothing on the floor; it's all 'jive' and 'hip' and 'hop.'

"And so much gold, it's too showy!" Andre agreed, lifting his voice higher in register as if trying to adopt its formerly feminine tone.

They would have been a comical sight for someone else lurking in the room: two attractive black individuals talking in stereotypical white people speech, alarmed at anything different, including their own forms.

"And we had sex! Oh God Nia, why did we have sex? I've got a - I've a *thingy* now! Between my legs!"

"You can say 'penis', Andre."

"It's so big!"

Nia blushed a little as she looked at it. It really was a monster, and much bigger than the one she'd ever had. It infuriated her just to look at it. As a man, Harvey had always hated the suggestion that black men had larger penises. It was, in his opinion, just woke propaganda that was another way white were being oppressed. Now, looking at one, he saw that he was wrong. And the worst part was the way it made him feel slightly fuzzy, slightly warm.

"It's, uh, perfectly normally-sized, dear," she said.

"Are you sure? It feels far bigger than yours!"

"It's just perspective. It's normal sized."

"Well, I can tell you Nia, your chest *is* far bigger. It's scandalous. Any woman would be embarrassed."

Nia rolled her eyes. Bad enough to have the fact that she now had tits thrown in her face, but also big ones? Of course, no woman would be anything but proud, but then Karen had always been a jealous bitch when it came to other women. Catty, would be the word.

"How could this have happened? And why did it force us to have sex? It was so wrong! It's disgusting. Is it the devil?"

"Don't be stupid K-K-Andre! It's not the damned devil, you've been reading too many of your sermons. It was that music, remember? The hiphop that those two blacks were playing last night. It turned us into a pair of blacks as well. I think they must be behind this."

It was easy for Andre to believe. After all, Deshawn scared him; a big black man like him for a neighbour was just asking for trouble in her racist mind.

"Black magic," he whispered.

Nia nodded, annoyed at how her curly hair bobbed. She placed her hands on her hips, trying to look assured, but in her naked form she actually looked quite attractive to Andre.

"Exactly," she said, "and literally too. Black magic. It's the only thing that could explain it: they're not exactly rocket scientists. But some cursed music. You heard the lyrics: they literally called us by name! It told me I'd grow a big pair of titties and now here they are - big ole boobies, honey."

They exchanged a sympathetic glance. Evidently, the spell or curse or whatever it was liked to come down and alter their language from moment to moment, just to mess with them.

"You know what I mean," she said darkly.

"Well, I'm not staying like this!" Andre exclaimed. "This tall, this muscled, this ridiculous thing between my legs! A woman shouldn't be like this - that's liberal type thinking! A woman is a woman is a woman, not a man!"

Nia sighed. Even as a man, her boyfriend was too much. Her wife. She meant to think her *wife*.

"You're not wrong dear. I don't want to be stuck like this. I look ridiculous - this ass is huge!"

"Far too huge. Scandalous."

"And think of what the HOA will say about us! They'll think we're dirty squatters while the real us are on holiday. We've got to get turned back. We've got to confront Deshawn and Yunique."

Andre nodded, still following his former husband's lead.

"Anything you say, baby, I got you."

Again, that look of irritation at being forced to act a certain way.

“Let’s get dressed,” Nia said. “We’re gonna go over their and demand our bodies back, or else I will unleash the might of suburban HOA rules upon them, as God as my witness I will gentrify this neighbourhood!”

As a plan, it was easier said than done. The two required changing into clothes, and it seemed overnight that their closets had changed considerably. Instead of the boring green and white polo shirts and beige trousers that Harvey favoured, now Nia had to contend with short shorts, miniskirts, or stylishly torn tight jeans, as well as revealing crop tops, sports bras, or small shirts that outlined the curve of her perfect breasts completely. Andre, on the other hand, had gone from modest dresses and boring red-pink women’s suits to track pants, hoodies, sleeveless shirts and exercise shorts. Regardless of what they chose, they would be revealing their new, shapely black bodies to the world.

“This is ridiculous!” Andre whined.

“I know. Let’s just wear something baggy, like those hoodies.”

“Disgusting clothing.”

“But it will hide these bodies we’ve been thrown into, long enough for us to sort this out. Let’s not give them the satisfaction of our humiliation, dear.”

Andre nodded down at his former husband. It was an odd feeling, being so much taller and more powerful than his partner, particularly given how traditional the two were about gender roles. She in turn felt weak and ‘jiggly’ - her ass, her thighs, her boobs all jostled and wobbled, making her feel ‘for show.’ It was humiliating for the two racist former whites, but even worse, it was difficult not to look at the other and feel an immoral attraction. Try as they might, their bodies had it bad for each other.

And try as they might put on loose clothing, they soon found that whatever curse was upon them came down arbitrarily against their plan.

“I can’t put these damned trousers on!” Nia protested.

“And this hoodie! I don’t care if it’s warm out, I’ll wear it, but something won’t let me!”

It was like an invisible force was preventing them from putting their clothes on, causing them instead to lose control of their bodies completely and instead move to other items. Nia tried to fight her body as it reached towards a set of bras for her double-D cups.

“No, no, no! I *ain’t* wearing a bra, I’m telling you baby!”

But even as her voice took on the role of Nia, so did she take on her clothes as well. Her body expertly settled her large breasts into the cups, then adjusted them carefully as she clasped the strap. She breathed a little tightly, annoyed at how it lifted her womanly chest, but feeling oddly nice about the support it offered. She was certainly bustier than

Karen had ever been. Once she was finished, she put on some tight short shorts that conformed to the round shape of her impressive backside, then a neon green crop top that outlined her breasts while revealing a vast expanse of her slim brown stomach.

“This is ridiculous, I look like a damn whore, *baby*.”

Andre didn't feel much better. He was unable to cover up his strong, muscled black form. So strong was the former woman's racism that even the sight of his own black skin was difficult to stomach, particularly since the merest smidge of paradoxical pride on his muscles kept creeping into his mind. He adopted a white sleeveless shirt that showed off his strong shoulders, and a set of loose shorts that were downright unprofessional in his mind, though admittedly quite comfortable.

To complete the effect of their new appearances, Nia was forced to place golden hoop earrings that jangled in her ears, and wear lipstick and eyeshadow that emphasised her gorgeous half African, half Latina face. She also wore a golden bracelet and necklace. Andre had less to add, but did wear a gold chain and a few rings upon his fingers.

The two regarded themselves in the mirror, horrified.

“We look like thugs,” Nia said.

“Me especially! It's not right! We don't belong in this neighbourhood, looking as we do.”

“It's *their* fault. Deshawn and Yunuque with their unAmerican names and their criminal ways. They should never have been allowed here, and as a value member of the HOA I should have stopped them.”

“Maybe . . . maybe we shouldn't have argued with them,” Andre suggested. “They might be doing this to punish us.”

“We were in the right.”

“I know, but what if they change us further?”

“It's a risk we'll have to take,” Nia said, adjusting her crop top for the hundredth time. It felt far too revealing. “We'll have breakfast - I may be a woman now but I've got a man's appetite at the moment - and head over and demand they change us back, or else.”

“Good. I don't want to be in this ugly body anymore!”

Nia looked at her boyfriend, and that same unwanted shiver passed through her form. Whatever Andre thought, there was no denying that he was in fact an incredibly handsome man. Nia didn't want to feel this way, but her heart skipped a beat as she took in his muscled form, and remembered the big cock she'd sucked that morning.

She licked her lips.

Andre, in turn, tried to avoid looking at Nia. He couldn't stop thinking about those large, ripe, bouncing breasts, and how nice it had felt to suck on them. He'd never liked having his breasts played with as a woman, it had felt too unnatural and unholy, but now he

wanted to pull down Nia's crop top and stick his face right in there. Even her dark skin was alluring. He forced his mind from those impure thoughts.

"Let's eat," he said. "I don't want to look like this a moment longer!"

"Agreed, *baby*."

They said this without a trace of irony. The truth was, to any reasonable outsider, the couple looked not only incredibly attractive, but quite stylish too. Certainly not to the WASPy standards of people like Karen and Harvey, but they clearly not only took care of themselves, but wore clothing that suited their forms, showed off their best features while also being quality in make. But of course, as they were in a different style than the former white couple were used to, they deemed it to be poor taste.

The two had breakfast, trying to ignore each other's forms. Occasionally their 'new personalities' rose into being, forcing them to discuss matters that were not their real hobbies and interests. Nia and Andre were evidently musicians - Nia couldn't stop humming to herself even when she was aware of it, and her voice was beautiful, with a sassy edge to it that simply oozed sexiness. Andre, on the other hand, kept tapping on the table to a new rhythm every few minutes, keeping in time to his girlfriend's voice.

"This isn't me," Nia explained.

"Me either. At least you sound good."

"I'd rather not be singing this diseased hip hop at all."

Andre agreed, though despite his hatred for the ungodly genre, he had to admit the sound of it was nice at that moment.

"Let's just finish eating."

They did so, trying to avoid looking at each and repeating their little musical experimentation. Nia found numerous tunes and songs playing through her head, most of them hip hop or rap and somehow now familiar to her. Andre heard chords and lyrics that could match his partner's focus.

Neither let the other in on their thoughts, and instead finished their food in something approaching silence. When they were done, they quickly brushed their teeth - it was a habit, after all - and together stepped out of the house, Nia in the lead like the alpha male in the relationship she had once been.

"Let's go teach them a lesson!" she declared.

"Agreed. They don't belong in this neighbourhood, *we do*. I tell you Nia, I don't want to spend one second longer as a black man."

"You let me take the lead, K-Andre."

But to her shock, Andre actually stepped past her and rapped his knuckles on the door of their new neighbours.

“Get out of here, you disgusting perverts! We know what you did! We demand you change us back!”

As usual, the woman formally known as Karen lacked subtlety. Nia could have killed her. Instead, they waited, until finally some footsteps echoed from within, coming up the basement stairs. The two waited with worry, trying to ignore how revealing their clothes were to their perfect black bodies.

Finally, the door opened, and a woman they didn't recognise was on the other side. She was Asian, with a sort of punk rocker vibe to her, tattoo sleeves and all.

“Hey guys! Took you long enough! Rest of the band's inside. Let's get this thing going.”

She ushered them to come in, then shot back down the stairs briefly.

“Hey guys, the others are finally here, ya'll!”

A small cheer came up from several voices, and the woman came back up.

“Now, hurry up you two and get down here, so we can start making some music!”

“M-music?” Andre asked.

“Course man, we need our back up singer. And our lead, Nia. We can't exactly hit it big if we don't practice, right? Especially with our first big performance next week? So get down here!”

She moved back down the stairs, leaving a very confused Nia and Andre standing at the top, at the threshold.

“Just what the hell is happening to our lives, baby?” Nia.

“I don't know Nia,” Andre replied, “but I think we're about to make our own damn hip hop music.”

The stairs waited for them to descend. They could only hope that Yunique and Deshawn were down there with answers, along with this woman they'd never seen or met. They took each other's hand, and stepped down into the basement.

New Music in the Hood, Part 3

Nia/Harvey and Andre/Karen descended down the stairs, led by the punk rocker Asian woman with the half-cut. Both of them were nervous, confused, and trying to understand what was happening to them. Less than twenty four hours ago, they had been an ordinary suburban couple in their mid-fifties, with their biggest problem being the ‘thugs’ that lived opposite them. Now, they had somehow changed genders and race, becoming an unmarried, black-skinned couple with very prominent assets, and forced to play out their new roles.

Andre, formerly Karen, whispered in Harvey/Nia’s ear. “What band? I don’t understand this shit?”

Of course, he hadn’t meant to put his question quite so . . . colloquially.

“I don’t know baby,” Nia replied, shrugging, her large breasts bouncing heavily with each step into the basement. “All I know is she thinks we’re in a band. She *recognises* us.”

It sent a chill up their spines. They may be bigots, but that didn’t mean they weren’t intelligent in some ways at least, and both of them were now worrying just how much of their lives had been transformed.

They reached the end, and the Asian rocker - one with far too many piercings for Andre’s still-feminine sense of fashion - gestured for them to go through the red door.

“Let’s get the party started,” she said with a grin.

Andre tried to ignore her good looks - her damn penis was reacting to everything apparently! - and stepped through.

“A party starting is what started this horrible mess,” Nia whined to herself, before following her ‘boyfriend’ in.

The two of them entered something quite surprising: a semi-professional in-house recording studio. Neither had seen anything quite like it before, at least in a neighbourhood setting. It had a glass soundproof screen separating the sound artist from the singers and musicians, and a nice wide space with plenty of sockets for equipment. Several professional speakers were built into the walls, and some fancy headphones were hung on slick racks in the corner, the kind that blocked all sound so the singer could belt his or her tunes out without worry.

“Fuck, this place is amazing,” Nia said automatically. To her irritation, she was genuinely impressed: as a man she would have loved it just as much, being a big believer in the ‘man cave’ where big hobby projects could be worked on. She’d had no idea this was what the neighbours had been building when they had all the extra trucks around after they moved in.

“Yeah,” Andre said in disbelief, though true to his continuing Karen nature, he was forcing himself to find it repulsive. It irritated him to see how clean and well kept the space was, and he looked around as best he could to find a single stain to mock.

“You guys are acting like it’s the first time you’re seeing it,” the punk woman said with a bit of laughter. “Or are you two just too mindblown from all that Saturday morning sex, huh?”

The two blushed, looking at each other, then looking away.

“*Yeah, well, you know how Nia likes it,*” Andre said automatically, “*she’s a real morning person, if you know what I’m saying.*”

“*Yeah baby, but you always rise to the occasion, don’t you?*” Nia replied, drawing her body close to him and giving him a passionate kiss. Once again, Andrew felt his large cock harden a little as his girlfriend’s breasts pressed against his chest. It was like a dream and a nightmare at once, like dancing on puppet strings.

The Asian rocker just groaned before laughing. “You two! I can’t believe it. Is there a time you *aren’t* going at it?”

“*Hey, sex makes the world go round, right?*”

Nia pressed herself closer against Andre, and the two briefly exchanged a look of fear. Neither had forgotten what it felt like to reverse the roles of penetrator and penetrated the previous night, or that morning.

The other woman just laughed and rolled her eyes. “I’ll fetch D and Yunique. They’ll want to talk to you. We gotta get prepped for our big performance.”

“Uh, performance?” Andre asked.

“Duh! The festival at Mayer’s Park in two weeks? The one that’s gonna be our ticket to actually start getting on the money train with this little hood band of ours?”

“Oh, uh, yeah. Right. I dig it.”

The woman raised an eyebrow at Andre’s attempt to appropriate slang.

“Sure. That’s great. You two feeling okay this morning?”

They exchanged another glance.

“*Never better,*” they were forced to say.

“Coolio! I’ll go get the others, anyway. You two lovebirds stay here and try not to make out too hard.”

She opened a separate door that must have lead to a separate little recording booth, leaving the two alone.

“What the hell is happening, *baby?*” Nia said.

“I have no idea, *sexy,*” Andre responded, “but we’re in deep shit. This girl knows us, and thinks Andre is my real name.”

“And we’re in a band.”

“A loud, gross, *hood* band,” Andre said, screwing up his face in disgust. “I bet they do drugs a lot. Lots of weed. They probably overdose on it all the time.”

Nia sighed. She loved her wife - well, boyfriend now - but her hysterics often irritated her. Even she knew that no one overdosed on weed. But then, he was still furious to be stuck as some revolting black bimbo, so the seas of racism were churning within him just as much.

A few more moments of awkward waiting passed, and then Deshawn and Yunique came through the door. Something must have changed in the mood of the room, because the Asian woman looked shocked, and the two others just looked confused.

“What do you mean you don’t know who they are, D?” she said. “They’re right here! Nia, our lead singer! And Andre, the best rapper in the burbs! Is this some sort of prank?”

The two looked at the transformed couple with utter shock. There was no recognition on their faces, and the changed man and woman felt an icy stab of realisation that they might not be behind this at all. They might not even have any idea on how to fix it.

Deshawn spoke. “Monica, I got no idea what you’re on about, but I swear I got no idea who these people are.”

It at least answered the question of who the other woman’s name was.

“D, you’re joking here, right?”

Yunique gave an awkward laugh. “Um, is this is a prank or something? Look, I don’t mean to be rude to you two, but have we met before? I’m Yunique - that’s the name, though the adjective suits just fine.”

She gave a winning smile as she extended her hand, and both Andre/Karen and Nia/Harvey shook it reluctantly and awkwardly.

“And this is my partner, Deshawn.”

Again, they repeated the motion. Andre couldn’t help but test her manly strength against Deshawns, until the two women pried them apart.

“Don’t be stupid *honey*,” Nia said, “you know that *you’re man enough already*.”

“Sorry, *babe*,” Andre replied.

“We do know you,” Nia said. “Trust me, you do. Please, can we talk in private or something?”

“Uh, sure,” Deshawn said. “Do you mind, Monica?”

The other woman threw her hands in the air like she was the only sane person in the room. “Go for it! I’ll just be upstairs in the living room, wondering if I’ve gone cray cray or something. How could you not remember each other? I call bullshit!”

She stomped off, leaving the four of them alone, and in silence. Neither Andre nor Nia knew how to start, so it was Yunique who did so instead.

“So, we know each other? Like, you two sorta seem familiar, but I can’t place it.”

“Yeah,” Deshawn added, “it’s like I’m feeling something, but not getting the whole picture. We’ve definitely met right?”

“A number of times,” Andre said, taking the unexpected lead. She normally let her husband take that natural position, but her system was being flooded with testosterone, and taking charge was beginning to feel natural. “But most recently you saw us at the party.”

“We looked . . . different then, right *baby*?” Nia said.

“A whole lot different, *honey*.”

“Yeah, I got that feeling,” Deshawn said. “Were you part of the argument? Did you help us deal with that crazy racist white couple when they started callin’ us thugs and shit?”

Both Nia and Andre’s eyes went wide.

“Holy fuck, they remember us, Nia!” Andre exclaimed. “You remember us before we changed, right?”

He was so excited that he grabbed Deshawn by the arms. Nia strode forth too and took Yunique by the shoulders.

“You remember us then, *sister*? The white couple across the street? K-K-K-UGH! The one that started with K and the other one that started with H?”

Yunique looked at her like she was a mad woman. “You talkin’ bout Crazy Karen and Hateful Harv? Yeah, I know who those crackpot racists are. Even their own kids don’t talk to them!”

“Hey, watch your mouth missy!” Andre spat.

Deshawn puffed his chest up in anger. “Don’t you *dare* talk to my woman that way, dude. You two need to get out of *my* house, *right now*.”

“No! No please!” Nia implored. She felt strangely submissive, like her busty, bodacious form was made for convincing instead of intimidating. “We don’t mean to offend *ya’ll*, we’re just looking for answers! We’re those people! The white ones you’re talkin’ ‘bout! Something happened last night. There was strange music - your hip and hop rappist lyrics-”

“That is the fucking whitest way of saying hip hop and rap I ever head,” Yunique interrupted.

“That’s just it! We’re meant to be white, aren’t we *baby*? The music told us we were changing, that we’d become black and beautiful or something. And that we’d be forced to live like this!”

The other couple looked to one another and gave that shared expression of ‘okay, we’re dealing with crazy people here.’

“Well, that’s great to hear,” Deshawn said diplomatically. “Look, if you’re coming down from some sort of high-”

“We’re not the druggie thug kind!” Andre cried, “that’s what *you* people do! You with your ‘hoods’ and your ‘crack’ and your ‘hip and hope’ and your unmarried lifestyles and your

missing fathers! You've gone and turned us into something we're not meant to be - we know it was you! We demand you turn us white again! And make me K-K-K - the one that starts with K again!"

Yunique burst out laughing. "Okay, first off bitch, *no one* talks to my man like that. Second of all, are you telling me in this crazy made up fantasy of yours, that you two switched *genders*? That Hateful Harv got a damn pussy and tits? And you got a big black dick? Nuh-uh, I ain't buying it!"

"It's true!" Nia declared. "Ya'll gotta believe us."

"Ya'll ain't even sounding like the real 'ya'll'," Deshawn said with a smirk. "Unless you were some jive-talking fuckers behind closed doors when you were mighty whiteys."

"It's the curse, or whatever!" Nia said. "Back me up, *baby*, it's making us talk all hood!"

"First of all, no it ain't. You don't sound 'hood' because I don't hear no Hard Rs, and I'll tell you now you won't hear us drop any either - I don't go for that shit outside of song lyrics, and even then I place 'em careful."

"Whatever! It's the spell or magic that changed us. It's making us sound - sound - sound . . ."

"Black. The word you're looking for is black," Yunique said, her eyes creasing.

"You said that, not me! You have to believe it's us, *ya'll*. Just ask us anything."

Another exchange of looks, a sigh.

"Fine, fine. Let's end this crazy prank cam shit. I bet Monica is setting us up, Yunique."

"I bet."

"But whatever. What was the first thing you said to me when we met?"

Nia wracked her brains, trying to remember.

"You were mowing your lawn and - and I told you that you needed to keep it regulation height or else the HOA would be all over your ass."

"That's not what you said."

Nia blushed. "I said 'all over your black ass,' specifically."

Andrew frowned a little. "Okay, weirdly accurate. I told other people that, though."

"Give us another one then!"

Yunique stepped forward, looking Andre up and down, as if trying to visualise Karen beneath the skin. "I got one, *Karen*. You came to my door with what sweet? And what did you say when you left them? I'll give you a clue, it was racist as all fuck."

Andre could have cried. "It was brownies. I always make them for the neighbours. Except for you I said 'Brownies for brownies, right?'"

Nia was aghast. The damn woman/former woman didn't know the meaning of subtlety! But Yunique was clearly surprised, as was Deshawn, who hadn't been told about this.

"I didn't want to worry you, baby," she said. "I could handle that racist bitch all on my own. But I didn't tell nobody about that, so how could you know?"

"Because it was me!" Andre said, gesturing to his tall, masculine body. He still wasn't used to his deep voice or dominating presence, and it felt strange to be bickering with this woman who was suddenly so much smaller than him! Still, a kernel of doubt was being seeded.

"We can answer anything!" Nia said, clutching to Andre like she was his loyal woman. "Throw anything at us! We swear it's true."

And so they did. Every interaction, every encounter, every little thing that only Karen and Harvey would know. They even tested them on their knowledge of what Deshawn and Yunique called 'white people stuff' - older shows like the Brady Bunch and the like, which Karen had watched religiously as a youngin. Increasingly, they became convinced, but what made it more and more clear was when Monica was brought back down to recall the neighbours across the street.

"This *is* them!" she protested. "Is the whole world goin' crazy or what? Nia Costa and Andre Eastley, the only other black couple in the burbs is what you call them!"

It was clear that Yunique and Deshawn had no real recollection of this, but they accepted it after a pause, and Monica went back upstairs muttering something about them having 'drunk too much memory away last night.'

From that point, they actually began to ask the pair about what happened to them. Nia and Andre recounted the full story, though their telling of it was more hyperbolic and filled with unfamiliar slang than they would have liked. They still couldn't say their original names, but were able to tell the story with enough clarity to make the logical leaps. Nia even talked about how they were forced to act out their roles.

"Even . . . in other ways."

Deshawn's jaw dropped. "Ya'll mean sex."

Neither of the two responded, but the silence was clear enough.

"This is fuckin' crazy," Deshawn said, taking a seat in a recording chair. Yunique sat on his lap, and to their embarrassment, Andre and Nia positioned themselves similarly, with her big bubblebutt situated on Andre's lap, her breasts pushed up against his side and making him feel all sorts of aroused again.

"Damn, this is comfy," he muttered.

"I know *baby*, I just can't help myself," she replied meaningfully. She felt as if she were being some showy bimbo, particularly in her current outfit.

“You two really are Karen and Andre.”

“And you’re the only one that remembers the real us,” Nia said. “So you gotta help us!”

Yunique burst out laughing.

“What? What’s so funny?”

“Oh, *everything* honey! This is just the sweetest karma, ain’t it babe?”

“I’m not sure I follow, baby.”

“Oh c’mon D, think! A racist, misogynistic dinosaur like Harvey, who was always perverting on my tits when his wife weren’t around, is now suddenly stuck not only as an Afro-Latina chick, but one with a big set of tatas herself now! Not to mention that ass! And a pussy as well!”

Nia balled her fists. “This isn’t funny!”

But Yunique was in hysterics by that point. “But it is! Karen Johnson, who was always bitching me out, complaining about how ‘unladylike’ my hair was - ‘cause I had it in an afro at times and she’s a damn racist - is now a big strong black man. I know *this* lady well enough to know she was scared of men like you D. Well, now she *is* one. And you two are getting *freaky!* Have you sucked his big black dick yet, Nia?”

Nia went wide-eyed.

“Oh, the silence tells me enough girl! This is hilarious! And I bet you took it right up the pussy right - did it freak you out, finding out that a hot black guy has a bigger dick than you ever had? I bet it did. And I bet Karen felt all kinds of awkward when she was firing cum right up inside you.”

Andre put his arm protectively around Nia, who was feeling overwhelmed with emotion. Mainly shame.

“Stop this! Please!”

Deshawn patted Yunique on the thigh. “No need to taunt them, honey.”

“But don’t you see this is the universe punishing them, baby? It’s given them a new role so they can appreciate how racist and horrible they’ve been. They’re even part of our band!”

Deshawn seemed to weigh this. “I guess that’s true. ‘Cause we definitely didn’t change you - I’m not responsible for magic music, I can tell you that.”

Nia sagged. “We’ll have to go elsewhere. C’mon *baby*.”

They made to go, but then halted at the door when Yunique spoke.

“Where do *ya’ll* think you’re going? We got music to play!”

The two spun. “But-”

“But nothing but you’re fine ass, Nia. The universe, God, Mother Nature or whatever has changed you, and I aim to teach to follow the instructions they clearly laid down for us.

You two are meant to be part of our little hip hop band in this new reality? Well, I'm gonna make sure you play your part."

Andre coughed, horrified. "You - you can't do that!"

"I'm willing to bet that what you told us of the rules is right, and that you two won't be able to fight it. Right?"

It was true - because she'd told them to stay, they couldn't move out the door.

"But - but Monique!"

She shrugged. "I'll tell her we accidentally took some drugs or something last night - coming down from a high. That's what *we people* do, right Andre?"

The new male was speechless, unable to think of a way out. Deshawn looked a little uncertain. "Babe, should we really do this?"

"Think about it, D, how else are we gonna help them? They stereotyped us, treated us like dirt, refused to understand us. Well, why don't we give them a crash course in what it's like to be us, and what our culture is really like?"

The man weighed up their futures, and seemed to arrive at a decision. The smirk that appeared across his face made Nia feel like she knew she wouldn't like it.

"Okay then, Nia and Andre," he said, using their new names. "Let's get Monica back down so we can hear ya'll 'old friends' sing. We're doing hip hop and rap, which I imagine you're probably good at now."

"We're looking forward to seeing what you think of it," Yunique said. "I'll just go get Monica and explain what's happened. In the meantime, you guys can start practising."

To their astonishment, Nia and Andre lost total control of their bodies again. They set the microphones professionally, even put on the headphones, and Nia began rocking her body side to side in a sexy manner, as if warming up for a passionate song. Andre breathed deeply, his mind suddenly racing with a series of complicated rap lyrics, words he somehow knew. With a grin, Deshawn stood behind a keyboard and mixer, and with a slight chuckle, watched as the two transformed former-white couple prepared to jam.

"Well then, maybe Yunique's right. Maybe you guys will enjoy this. Why don't you show me what you got?"

Nia and Andre exchanged a terrified glance, unable to speak to one another.

And then Deshawn started the music, and the two began to sing to the beats that followed.

New Music in the Hood, Part 4

For the next several hours, their bodies took over. Andre and Nia were helpless but to sing and dance, reciting the lines for their apparent band with ease. Andre in particular was disgusted by his role, trying to avoid slinging what he perceived to be horrid slurs and ghastly language, including a couple of what he would have terms, back when he was Karen, as 'F-bombs.' Nia, for her part, was repulsed to learn that as the accompanying singer, she was expected to get 'right into the vibe' and shake her booty for the imaginary crowd. After all, Deshawn and Yunique and their fellow member Monica had real ambitions of becoming a genuine hip hop band.

And now, thanks to them, now Andre and Nia were wrapped up in it too. They continued to exchange horrified glances, their expressions those of a flirty, loving young black couple, but their eyes telling a different story. They were puppets once again, dancing on the strings of some malevolent curse that was forcing them to play their new roles. Andre spat lyrics with an alacrity that his inner Karen would have thought impossible, contorting and twisting words into rhymes that were incredibly creative, even if it was through an accent and musical approach he had never appreciated. It was all about force, about power and manhood, about finding the right woman and treating her:

"Like a woman needs to be pleased and to be seen if you please if you see and know you can show a good time 'cause she fine with that ass and those hips and the lips you wanna kiss and jiggle when she shakes what it takes to take your mind!"

He was astonished the words were leaping so quickly from his mouth, and the blatant, raw sexuality of them. As Karen, he had always been quite reserved with sex, turning it down quite often, and viewing open displays of it to be an act of degeneracy. And now, she was preaching it in rap verses with more power and divinity than the woman that spoke in tongues in church last week.

The lyrics infected Nia's body. The former male gyrated her hips, shaking her fine ass. It wobbled in her tight clothing, and she stuck it out against Andre's crotch, humiliated that her new female body was act so aggressively sexual. She thrust out her Double-D cups, letting them wobble deliberately with each shoulder shake, and as she danced, she seemed to pose her body in such a way that if there was an audience, they would think she was initiating some sort of mating call.

"Babe, you gotta be there for me! You gotta get strong for me! You want to feel this bod? You wanna grab this ass? Then go touch grass, ya'll! I need a man who'll please me the way a woman should be pleased ; who'll lick and suck and *fuck* me in all the right places. Then I'll shake what it takes to take your mind!"

That was the name of their song, apparently: *Shake What It Takes (To Take Your Mind)*. It was full of lyrics like that, an odd mix of romantic (“I want man who’ll stand on his own, cause a man who stands alone can *stan* this queen!”) to incredibly sexual (“Yours tits so fine, your ass so fine, you shake them both I lose my mind”).

It went on and on, with that just being one song among many. Monica came around to them, clearly believing they had simply been stoned prior to the beginning of their music, and it infuriated the former white couple that they were presumed ‘druggies’ in their mind. But still, they played and sang. Monica rocked the drums, while Deshawn worked the keyboard. Yunique, with her own gorgeous appearance, sang lead on some songs, back up in others. Her and Deshawn were clearly having the time of their lives, letting their former white neighbours soak in karmic justice. They continued to make a number of comments that clearly implied as much, particularly the more vindictive Yunique.

“Lovely black sound you got there Nia. When we take off, the guys are gonna go wild for that big brown ass of yours. And those tits!”

“Good work on the lyrics,” Deshawn said to Andre. “You really conveyed the soul of hip hop there. The *genuine* black experience, ya know?”

All Nia and Andre could do was show a false sense of approval to their statements, even an energetic agreement from Nia in particular. Harvey’s new personality overlay was ludicrously showy, happy to let her chest wobble about as she danced, and being generally far too outward and outspoken for a woman, in her male opinion. But it wasn’t like they had any choice: they had lost all control again, and were as much lost in their roles as they were in the thrum of the music and their gyrating bodies.

Finally, after several hours, it was over. Monica had to go first. The Asian rocker hung up her drumsticks and cracked a smile at the two of them.

“Glad you two weird love birds came out of that stupor. That must have been some fucking mad strong weed you two were smoking. Or something more powerful.”

Nia and Andre felt some control return, but both recognised the need for caution.

“Yeah,” Nia said. “It was . . . uh, some mad bangin’ stuff. Er, ya’ll.”

Monica just laughed, giving a shrug to Yunique and Deshawn.

“Good luck with these two when they’re not singing. Whatever they’re on, I’d like to try some of it, ha! See ya’ll around.”

She took off up the stairs to head off, leaving only the neighbours remaining. Nia and Andre were stuck for words, but the newly male of the two felt the pump of testosterone, and so acted first.

“Turn us back, or . . . or else!”

Deshawn and his partner laughed. “Or else what? You’ll put the beat on me? I thought you were a nice, civilised woman who looked down on us ‘hood types’ for doing

that? Not that I've ever been in a fight where I wasn't just defending myself or someone I cared for."

"But *you two*," Yunique continued, barrelling forth in such a way that the much larger Andre reeled back, intimidated by the woman's manner. "You two fight for *no reason*, ain't that right? You sling insults, trash us just because - what? We're black? We don't share your culture? Fabric of the country is made of different cultures, but you just want everything white, don't you? White picket fence. White panel walls. White folk with old white hair and white sentiments and white-makes-right mentality, ain't that so?"

"Bullshit!" Nia said. "We ain't - I mean, *aren't* racist. We're just - all that music you played-"

"Half the fucking neighborhood turns up to celebrate our music!" Deshawn interjected. "It's you two who always complained. You two who called the police on us, claiming we were selling crack. I ain't touched anything worse than a bong in my life, and I got nothing on Monica when it come to that shit. I just like my Friday relax. We're straight edge hop, man! Woman, whatever."

Yunique continued. "You straight edge honey, I liked a good shot from the bar now and then. But even if we were weed-smoking, cigar chomping, whiskey-downing, orgy-running, what business is it of *yours*?"

"We have a right to know as neighbours," Andre said, in that stiff voice he'd adopted as Karen. It sounded ridiculous coming from his strong, black male body.

"You have no right to know what doesn't concern you! We was just being good folk to our neighbourhood, trying to make the American Dream and be successful, like all folks do. It's *your* prejudice and *your* bigotry and hate that got you into this. I don't know what cursed you, but maybe the universe finally called in some much-needed karma."

Nia panicked. Her large chest wobbled in her tight top as she tried to absorb what was happening. As usual, her wife - well, her husband now - was tearing it all down. Wait, he wasn't even her husband now, was he? They had different last names! She shook that concern away and tried to regain the situation.

"Please," she begged, eyes wide, "we're sorry, okay? We won't bother ya'll - I mean *you* - ever again, if you just help us turn back."

"We don't know how this happened," Deshawn said.

"Even if you don't, just to help us. We can't control ourselves. Just then . . . just then I was forced to shake my damn ass, and these ridiculous tits! And I could feel Andre getting hard against me - we had sex this morning! It's like we have these compulsions, and sometimes something else takes control."

Deshawn gave a sympathetic look, and for a moment Nia Costa was hopeful she might still escape her body. But then Andre ruined it.

“If you don’t, my girlfriend - I mean, my baby - agh! You know what I mean. If you don’t help us, Nia here will use the Home Owner’s Association to force the sale of your home. We know the bylaws up and down.”

Nia cringed. In that moment, she hated Andre. When he’d been a woman, she’d always let her anger fly out, failing to use it smartly. He’d planned to use that bylaw *after* they’d changed back, but because she’d said it, now Deshawn stepped back to let Yunique take the lead in the conversation. It was not a good sign.

“Is that so?” she said, eyes creased in suspicion. Suspicion, and a dark look of victory. “Well, in that case, maybe ya’ll should stay like this for a bit. After all, how could we look you go, with those looks and those pipes? Ya’ll will help catapult us at the concert, isn’t that right, babe?”

“I’d say so,” Deshawn said, folding his arms. “Why don’t you two head home. We’ll talk again soon. Maybe have some sex again to relax. I know that’s what Yunique and I are going to do.”

The other black woman grinned maliciously, sending a chill down both of their spines. She stepped up to Andre, once again intimidating the much larger transformed female.

“And if you two *do* the nasty, then can I recommend taking your lovely Nia from behind, right up that fine, *fine* ass of hers. I know white folks like you two used to be are all antsy about that sort of thing. Too sinful, or something. But maybe whatever divine force that transformed you both will make you act it out anyway, just for kicks.”

“We would never-”

“Buh-bye now, you two. See you tomorrow for practice, and every day after.”

“Oh, and don’t forget,” Deshawn said, as the two of them were puppeteered once more to walk back up the stairs. “We’re having a party next Friday. I think you two will love dancing to the music. It’ll fit your new tastes.”

Neither Nia or Andre could do anything. Their bodies smiled, waved goodbye, and headed home.

Already, the two of them were feeling highly aroused against their wills.

Nia cried out, initially in pain, and then in surprising pleasure. It was all wrong. Bad enough that she’d been fucked in her new pussy by Andre’s huge black dick. Bad enough that she’d gone on to give a long *blowjob* to that same big black dick. But now She was bent over the kitchen table, crying out in a low, sensual tone as that same dick ploughed her again, this time right up her ass.

“F-fuuuuuuck! Oh God, it’s n-not right! But *don’t s-stop honey! I want you to cum right up my big, perfect ass.*”

She couldn’t help but say the words, and in a sultry, aroused tone too. Andre was similarly forced to go along with it. The prospect of committing such a sinful, foul sexual act as this was anathema to him, and yet his new and huge manhood *hungered* for it. His erection was so hard that it practically throbbed and pulsed, his big balls itching to shoot their load. He had reluctantly enjoyed sucking on his former husband, now girlfriend’s tits, but now she was bent over, her huge ass pressed up against him. The feeling of her wide, soft hips was incredible, and though he wanted to stop there was a growing part of him that wanted anything but - the sensation of thrusting his hard cock into her was too good!

“F-fuck! Nia, it feels so good. I don’t understand. I just *love fucking you in the ass, baby. Your hips are just made for it!*”

It wasn’t what he wanted to say, but it wasn’t wrong either. Her wide hips and round backside made for perfect fucking, her soft bottom bouncing against his own hips as he thrust. Nia couldn’t believe it. She had never imagined putting her dick anyway near Karen’s as a husband. No, that wasn’t true. It was, in fact, one of her fetishes as a man, but one she knew was pointless with her wife. But to *experience it herself* was something she truly never thought of. Andre’s dick felt huge in her, even bigger than it had been in her new pussy. She shook with anger at the thought that Yunique and Deshawn had somehow set this new sex act in motion, but then she trembled in pleasure, grunting and growing as her breasts slid against the kitchen table.

“Ohohhhhh,” she moaned. “It’s s-so big! You’re fucking me right up the ass, *honey. It feels too good. You need to stop going so slow and thrust even harder!*”

Andre obeyed, the two of them locked into their new roles. He thrust just as she said, sending the two of them to ever greater heights. He couldn’t help but revel in her weaker state, her softness and submissiveness. Whereas he had once been the one that had to be talked into sex, now he was utterly dominant and thirsting for it. He thrust again, and she bucked madly against him, like an animal in heat. The sight of his former husband’s incredibly rear, the feel of his childbearing hips, was just too much.

“I’m going to c-cum again!” he cried. “I’m going to cum *right up your magnificent ass!*”

“Don’t *stop, honey! I want you cum in me! I want you to cum too! I want to cum just from you fucking me in the ass!*”

The words were too hot, her dirty talk vile to his original Karen mind, and yet far too enticing to resist. He came, shooting yet another spurt of sperm right into her, this time in her ass. She wailed in pleasure as his balls throbbed again, his dick ejaculating several more times. Nia was overwhelmed: how could something so wrong be so damn right? She’d

mocked couples that did this, once. Called it something only 'degenerates' did. Now she felt degenerate, in the best possible way.

"AAAIEIEEEE!! NNGGHHH!!! OOHhhh YES YES YES YESSSS!!!"

She orgasmed, *hard*. She'd never felt anything like it before. It was even more alien, in some ways, than having a dick in her new pussy. It was taboo and wrong, and that made it feel all the more right.

After the two of them cleaned up, they snuggled up in bed together, facing one another, their legs intertwined. Andre had a hand over her *rondure* hip and ass, and another resting on her soft yet rounded chest. She in turn cradled his powerful shoulder muscles, trying not to get turned on again. They could help but be coiled up together: whatever curse was upon them wouldn't let them part.

"What on earth are we going to do?" Andre asked weakly. He felt wrong, placing his larger, stronger hands around the softness of his former husband. He didn't want to feel engorged at the sight of her, but she was perfectly curvaceous. Once, he had mocked and insulted 'whores' that looked like Nia. Now, he found them intoxicatingly attractive, against his better (or worse) judgement. Her Afro-Latina features did not disgust, but rather entice.

Nia looked up into his handsome, manly face. He was powerful, and she couldn't see him as Karen. No, barely at all. Instead, this was the *man*, the boyfriend who had thrust into her body in several ways, played with her generous tits, and cummed in her after the most passionate fucking of their entire lives. It made her hate herself, to have become the submissive one, and yet in his arms she felt oddly comfortable.

Both of them hated this dichotomy.

"I don't know," Nia finally answered. "But I refuse to stay like this K-K-Andre. I am *not* going to be some dark-skinned bimbo for the rest of my life, or end up in front of some stage shaking this ridiculous big ass. We need to find a way to get out of this. We need to get back into our bodies before that concert in a week's time."

"Agreed, honey," Andre said. "I am appalled at having to live as a black man! It's horrible!"

But his penis told another story. Nia's skin and shapely features were too gorgeous, and he was getting hard already. That, of course, meant Nia was beginning to become flushed with heat as well.

"Oh God, no. Fight it, Andre."

"I can't. I can't fight it."

Nia found herself puppeteered again. To her horror, her body lowered itself beneath the sheets as Andre turned over. Soon, her face was hovering over his crotch, and she was licking her lips in horrid anticipation.

"We have to! We have to fight - Mmmhph!!"

And soon the two were moaning again, as Nia began to deepthroat Andre's huge cock, the two of them trapped in horror and pleasure.

They'd have to start fighting it in the morning.

New Music in the Hood, Part 5

Over the week leading up to the concert performance Nia and Andre continued to try to fight their new roles, only to always lose. Whatever karmic injustice had been laid upon them made sure they were *very* sexually active, much to Nia's disappointment. For Andre, as a former white woman in her later age, it was a very wrong experience to have a big black cock and hairy balls, and to feel the intense urge to plough his enormous dick deep into his former husband several times a day. But at least there was the satisfaction of control, of being dominant for once, and the power that came with being the penetrator. Male orgasms were powerful, and he couldn't deny that there was something intoxicating about having a soft, supplicant body before him, receptive to all his demands.

Nia, on the other hand, had it worse, at least in her own mind. As Harvey, she had always been a traditionalist. A take-charge figure who had a seat of importance on the HOA board, and always took the lead and expected Karen to follow along, which she almost always did. He had believed men were above women - it said that in the Bible, didn't it? - and that as the breadwinner throughout their marriage he was the one to make the big decisions.

But now, *she* was the submissive one. Each morning, to her horror, she woke with a deep hunger for his cock. She couldn't help herself; she always woke aroused, her pussy moist from the sexual dreams she had of being ravished by her big black boyfriend. It was like she was turned into a parody of what she had assumed about sexy latinas and 'breeder blacks', as he had once quite racistly called them. Because no matter what, she couldn't fight that terrible need to rub her backside slowly against her partner's cock. After all, they always went to sleep with him spooning her, and the feeling of his massive member hardening between her cheeks drove her wild in a way that made her want to weep in despair. The longest she'd managed to hold out was thirty minutes as he snored against her, but in the end she had to extricate herself and begin stroking his shaft with her soft fingers,

teasing his hairy balls. God, he had fantastic balls. It was all wrong to think so, but when she was horny as hell it was impossible to think straight.

And so Andre would wake, aghast that once again his former husband was between his legs, slowly working his semi-erect to a raging, throbbing boner as she licked it lovingly.

“OOHhh - N-Nia. We got to fight this, woman. It’s so s-sinful.”

“I know,” Nia murmured between licks of his penis head. “But I c-can’t help myself. It’s all f-fucked! I need you to cum down my throat. You have to s-stop this Andre!”

But Andre couldn’t. Instead, as if puppeteered, his hand went down to push her mouth further down on his cock, practically deep throating her, and soon the two were simply moaning and gasping as she gave him another beautiful blowjob. She rubbed his shaft perfectly, and try as he might, he was unable to do anything but grip her hair, working with her motions and ensuring that he was practically ramming his member down her throat.

“It’s - all - w-wrong!!!!” he shouted, but then he tensed, and his balls squeezed what felt like gallons of semen out of his testes and out of his penis, sending streams of warm cum down Nia’s throat.

The former male wanted to gag and cry out. Wanted to rage and destroy the world. She felt utterly humiliated every time she did it, but no matter what, she *always* swallowed his seed, moaning in a miniature orgasm as she pleased her man, before licking him dry of every last drop.

“That was fucking *awesome, baby*,” she said afterwards one morning. *“I just love how much you cum when I suck your big cock off. Giving me all that protein, baby.”*

“We have stop this,” Andre wheezed in response, still floppy from receiving the blowjob. “We have to *make sure I cum in your tight pussy next time. After all, we gotta start a family some time, baby.*”

Neither of them wanted to mention or discuss what that particular statement might mean. All they could do was use their brief moments of regained control to ensure there was plenty of contraception available, because as much as Nia feared and hated being a sexy black woman who was addicted to being fucked, the notion of being pregnant was all the more terrifying. Andre too felt it would be the ultimate sin. Already they were indulging in sinful positions - anal, blowjobs, even going down on Nia several times - and the thought of someone who was meant to be a man being gifted with the miracle of life and childbirth . . . it was unholy!

But still the sex continued, in numerous positions. Nia was evidently a woman with a hefty creativity when it came to sexual prowess, and it almost rendered the former male catatonic in shame when she was forced to do a sexy striptease for Andre while he sat in a chair before her, until she ultimately gave him an enticing lap dance that ended with her facing him on the chair, riding his dick while he sucked on her huge, soft tits. She orgasmed

harder than she ever had before during that particular act, and for the next hour the male Harvey inside her was stunned silent, refusing to speak except for the robotic Nia lines that occurred automatically. She wished the sex was painful, because feeling so much pleasure just made it all the more shameful, particularly since she couldn't stop looking at how strong and sexy and powerful Andre was.

They didn't just fuck in the bedroom either. Almost any room was fair game, and in their backyard they even had some frisky fun. Harvey and Karen were very proud of their backyard hot tub, though they would never have descended to the sheer scandal of having sex in it. Not so for Andre and Nia. The former soon found himself naked in it, while Nia wore a tight revealing pink bikini and large sunglasses that made her look like a slut - at least to both their bigoted, judgemental minds. Certainly her form made Andre hard, because he drove her to crying out much too loudly in pleasure as he fingered her pussy in the tub, and she returned the favour by giving him a deeply passionate titty job.

These acts continued over and over again across the week, and the worst part for the two of them was how accustomed they were growing to their bodies. Sometimes the puppeteering and compulsions would stop mid-thrust, only for the two of them to keep bucking their hips, too overcome with arousal and need. Other times, one of them would regain control, but simply fail to fight off the other, as they were so close to orgasm already. Nia even found herself crying out willingly when she came, and a reluctant part of her even looked forward to having Andre's warm cum inside her. Andre felt the same way, but similarly said nothing.

After all, they were too trapped in their own shame and judgemental natures to own up to their increasingly real passions, and the fact that they dressed in revealing clothing - singlets that revealed Andre's muscles, crop tops that revealed Nia's big bust and flat stomach - only made them hate their new selves more.

"It's not right," Nia cried as once again Andre began to stroke and squeeze her tits from behind, "*but I can't stop wanting it!*"

"I know, dear! I promise I don't want to do this to you. I don't want to be a terribly sexy *black man with a big cock. But I love parting your pussy walls with it too much!*"

And so it continued, again and again for a full seven days.

Both of them had tried to contact their children, Kevin and Maggie, but neither recognised their voices. To their memory, the real Harvey and Karen Johnson had died years and years ago in a car crash that thankfully took no other lives. Their son spared no words to describe them, in a manner that shocked them both.

"I wasn't close to my father, he was a sexist ape who only cared about himself. And my mother was even worse. A self-righteous shrew who used her Bible to thump everyone around her, all while being the most intolerant person next to Dad. May they rest in hell."

"You - you don't mean that, right?" Andre said on the phone, wrenching it from Nia. They had quickly adapted to the cover story of trying to find out about the previous occupants for a repair issue when it was apparent that they would be unable to claim they were who they really were. But they didn't expect to be chewed out by their own son.

"Of course I fucking do. Trust me, they would have hated you guys. You're black right? That's kinda stereotypical of me, but I can kinda catch it in your voice."

"Yeah," a stunned Andre muttered. "I'm black. So's my girlfriend."

"Well, that's just a wonderful irony then. They die, and the house is occupied by the very people they would have hated, no offence. Seriously, I'm glad about this. I'm sorry I can't help you with details on the house repairs, but Dad usually kept it in good shape. I'm not sure who owned it between them and you guys, but best of luck with it. Glad the neighbourhood is a lot nicer and more diverse now."

"Y-yeah."

"So what do you guys even do, anyway?"

"We're *musicians*," Nia cut in. She hadn't wanted to say musicians, of course, but it was what escaped. Andre shot her a look, but then confirmed the same.

"Yeah, we're hip hop artists. Trying to take off, in fact. We're singing and playing at the Ansen Rock Concert this coming Saturday."

"No shit! That's fucking awesome. I might even come along and see - my husband and I are big hip hop fans. Never told the parents though, I can tell you that!"

"We'd love to see you *there*," Nia said, tears welling in her eyes.

"*Totally*," Andre said automatically. *"It'll be a hell of a performance.* It'd be great to see you guys."

"Sure thing. Nice to see some new music in the neighbourhood, huh?"

"More like new music in the *hood*," Nia said on speaker. She cringed. She had most certainly wanted to insult her apparent new style of music, but clearly that was impossible too.

"Well, you guys have a great one!"

The two of them slumped at the kitchen counter where they'd had the call together.

"I can't believe he'd be that entitled and awful to us," Andre said. "Did you hear what he called me? He said I was a shrew! A Bible-thumper!"

Nia didn't want to say the truth, which was that Karen was exactly that. But the comments about her being power-hungry, and racist and intolerant.

“It was too much. Ungrateful,” she said. “I wasn’t racist, just cautious! You know these types, the types this stupid curse or whatever has made us. They can’t be trusted!”

“Well, you did want to get them kicked out of their homes.”

“We both did, Andre. You asked me to, in fact!”

“And I don’t regret that! They’re not even helping us!”

They shared an awkward glance. Both of them knew why Deshawn and Yunique weren’t helping them. After all, they had been not only uninviting, but actively hostile to their new neighbours, culminating in the party incident. And now they had new black bodies, new genders, new lives to pay for it.

“We’ve got to get them round to our side, somehow,” Nia said.

“Yes, and then turn them out of home once we’re back, just like you planned, *baby*.”

“And after that, make some things very clear with our kids and the inheritance, too.”

They exchanged a brief grin, only to both glance away again. Nia’s gaze had fallen to Andre’s muscles, and his gaze had rested upon her very blessed chest.

“Think pure thoughts, dear,” Andre said. “Think pure thoughts.”

But it was too late. Nia’s nipples were already throbbing with need, her pussy becoming wet, and Andre’s cock was already hardening.

Just a few minutes later they were on the floor, Nia’s legs around her boyfriend’s strong waist as he fucked her without a condom.

“You. Better. Not. Get. Me. Knocked. Up!” she cried.

Music practice continued over at Deshawn and Yunique’s house. The two neighbours were clearly savouring the situation with Nia and Andre, and Yunique in particular was happy to comment on it when their friend Monica was out of earshot.

“Oh my Gawed, Nia, that top is just too sexy, girl! You are seriously working it!”

Nia couldn’t help but give a big grin, even as she was dying inside.

“*Thanks so much, Yunique*, I literally couldn’t help but wear it.”

The other woman grinned. “Oh, don’t I know. But seriously, whatever curse made you this way certainly made you know how to show off your sexy bod. Those fine double-Ds are well on display, and the tips of the bra and the straps being shown off are a great touch. And with an ass like that, those short shorts that hug those cheeks tight are just delicious! Seriously, you have no idea how funny this is to me.”

“Oh, I have *some* idea,” Nia said. “This is how you all like dressing, isn’t it? Scandalous and revealing? Showing off your bodies like - like *hot sexy babes*.”

She giggled. "Imma gonna assume that's the curse speaking on that last part, and you were gonna say something hella racist or sexist or both instead. Still, I bet it must be pretty damn embarrassing to not only have a pussy and tits, but also have to show them off all the time, huh?"

Nia fumed. She placed her hands on her hips - unintentionally emphasising her curves with her posture - and pouted a little sexily. "It's not fair. You gotta turn us back. Please, I believe you said you weren't behind this, but if you can help us-"

"And what? Get evicted thanks to your rules? Your 'wife' already spilled the beans on that. How is she by the way? Is she enjoying her big black dick? Are you enjoying it too?"

Nia blushed. Even on her dark skin, her embarrassment was evident, because Yunique giggled again.

"I knew I heard you two the other morning when I was on my run! I bet it feels nice, doesn't it, having a big *black* cock ramming up your wet pussy? I know I love it from Deshawn, but you must love *and* hate it at the same time, just like Andre does, I bet."

"*Oh, I'm just so addicted to it,*" Nia said, before she could stop herself.

Deshawn, on the other hand, was not nearly as taunting to Andre, instead torturing him another way: accidentally. Whereas Yunique was all fire and passion, and certainly unwilling to forgive or forget Harvey or Karen's slights, he on the other hand was occasionally trying to ease Andre into his new life. He would give him advice on matters of dress and sex, how to act like a proper man, what ladies respected, and how to keep his muscles "looking fine and mighty."

It wasn't clear to Andre how much of what Deshawn was saying was in jest and how much was serious. It was clear the man was having a lot of fun introducing the former middle-aged woman to being, in his words, "a strong, virile black brother." But unlike Yunique, he seemed to be less malicious in it, and more teasing. He hated his condescension, the way he gave all sorts of unseemly sexual advice.

"And when she orgasms, you make sure to squeeze that ass tight, ya'll understand? You will not believe how much harder she comes. And the harder she comes, the tight she is on that new big dick of yours, right? Trust me, you're in for a hell of a ride when you try it."

It was humiliating for him. As a woman, he'd always been fearful and disgusted by African-American men, finding them repugnant in looks and violent. He wasn't stupid, he knew that his former husband had been attracted to darker skinned girls, but as a loyal wife she had always taken it as just a red-blooded male thing. But now he was a red-blooded male. A powerful, dark-skinned one. And it was getting harder and harder to deny the pleasure, the *power* that came with being a man. More than once he had caught himself flexing in front of the mirror, or admiring the girth and length of his manhood, or even getting lost in the lyrics as he rapped. Even his voice, which was a low, powerful baritone, made him

feel strong. The same kind of voice he had once fled from and viewed as 'uncouth' when he'd been female.

"Yeah man, trust me, there are perks to being a black dude. But some downsides too, and a lot of them you'll just have to learn to put up with, trust."

"Downsides?" he asked. "I'm meant to be a woman! I'm meant to be K-K-K . . . you know who I mean! I *ain't* meant to have a *dick* at all!"

Deshawn just smiled. "Yeah, but from what Yunique tells me from what she overheard on her morning jog, you were having plenty of fun using it in your backyard. Probably in the bedroom too, right?"

Andre felt that rush again, that surge of testosterone that made him want to fight. He pushed against it: after all, he'd begun to learn that he couldn't just be angry at anyone now and not expect to take abuse back.

"Yeah," Deshawn said, "that's what I thought. But seriously, good for you. After all your racism, maybe becoming a black man is what you needed. And with all of Harvey's power tripping, maybe becoming a sexy mixed race chick will give him perspective. The both of you, upsides and downsides."

And with that, Monica arrived back, and rehearsal started. Nia and Andre sighed as the puppeteering magic took over, controlling their forms once more. Soon Andre was rapping, Nia shaking her ass as she sang to her man. The two were becoming more used to the profanity and themes of hip hop, and to their shared horror they were even starting to find a nice rhythm to its tune.

The downsides were clear, and both Nia and Andre soon learned exactly what Deshawn was referring to, especially Andre. Both of them had lives outside their music-making and their constant sex. They had *jobs* as well, as it turned out, and not ones they well appreciated. Both were very happy in retirement, having pulled themselves up by their bootstraps (with only a small hand-me-down of a few tens of thousands from their respective parents, and then a sizable inheritance on Harvey's side, of course, but that shouldn't count in their opinions). As such, the notion of going back to work was very much not appreciated.

Andre, predictably given his powerful body type, was actually a fitness instructor working at the local gym. The former woman was startled to enter 'puppet mode', being only able to passively experience his body helping others reach their physical peak, showing them how to use the machines, crafting plans for them. It made him realise just how much effort and artistry went into maintaining such a form: he had foolishly assumed most men like him were brutes who simply were 'made that way.' It was the most hard work Karen had ever

done in her/his life: she'd gotten married young, and had believed in the 'breadwinner husband and housewife' tradition. Now that he was a man, it was working against him.

Nia on the other hand, worked as a grocery store clerk. It was a much more working class job than Harvey had ever experienced, and all the more demeaning because she was now an incredibly attractive woman. Even the modest outfit she wore for serving customers still conformed to her body shape enough for everyone to know she had an impressive figure . . . especially around her hips and rear. She knew this, because already she had put up with a number of disgusting comments, ranging from the flirty and perverted, to the racist and harrasing.

"Nice ass, checkout chick!" one white man called as he took away his load.

"Man, you should work at Hooters, if you know what I mean," said another.

One awful old Caucasian man looked her up and down and with a sneer simply said, "I think I'll take another check out thanks. I didn't realise this store's standards were so . . . street level."

It made Nia feel a white hot rage, especially when others insinuated she was stupid, and another woman in her late thirties with bleach-blonde hair and too much lipstick implied she had 'ugly features'. It didn't take a genius to know what she was referring to there.

Another man had even quickly grabbed her ass as she passed, but she gave him a piece of her mind.

"It's not goddamn fair," she whined, "I'm doing the same hard work as anyone, but they treat me like an idiot. Or a piece of ass. Or they're just plain . . ."

"Racist," Andre finished, as they sat at home. He too had experienced a disgusting interaction, this one with a police officer. As Karen Johnson, he had always enjoyed the company of local cop Darrel Hardworth. He was a good friend of Harvey's, and perfectly civil with them. He shared a lot of their traditionalist values. Which was why it was quite a terrible shock when, while out for a run (something he was compelled to do and surprisingly found enjoyable) Darrel ran the siren as he passed, pulled over, and then pulled something else.

His gun.

It was the most terrifying experience of Andre's life, even more than being changed. Staring down the barrel of a gun, being screamed out to stay silent, and hold up his hands and say nothing, all while dealing with contradictory orders.

"DON'T MOVE AND PUT YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD!"

"Which one do you want me to do, man?"

"I SAID DON'T MOVE! SHOW US YOUR HANDS! GET ON THE GROUND!"

Andre had nearly been reduced to tears as Darrel came over, checked him, prodded him, searched him. Then, without an apology, simply looked him in the eye dismissively and

said, “you don’t look like you belong round these parts. Maybe you should run elsewhere, boy.”

It was the same day that Nia was followed into the parking lot as she left her work, and catcalled repeatedly.

“Hey sexy girl! I like black girls! Wanna come see how much I like ‘em! Show me your titties! If you show me your titties I’ll leave you alone!”

It was Nia’s most terrifying experience. As a man, she’d led a life of privilege, but even when she’d felt threatened as a man, others had always stood in to protect her. As her eyes searched around for anyone to speak against this man, she saw not one or two but three different strong men who could have intervened and did nothing to help her. They were all white. It was only when a man of Hispanic descent stepped in to help her and practically shoved her harasser away that she felt safe again.

“Um, thanks for that. I - I didn’t know what to do.”

The man just gave her a smile. “Hey, we gotta stick together, right?”

She knew exactly the ‘who’ they were sticking together again, and it wasn’t a pretty sight. It certainly didn’t make her feel good about her former self. In fact, it conjured a number of times she’d seen a similar scenario play out as Harvey, and she’d done nothing to help the woman being victimised. In fact, she was certain she’d blamed them.

The two comforted each other in their home, unbelieving what they’d experienced, and yet unwilling to talk about it too deeply. Both situations were like axeheads driven deep into their former privilege, into their former ways of thinking. Addressing it just yet was too painful, or simply too humiliating.

That night when they went to sleep, they didn’t have sex for the first time. Instead they simply held each other. And in many ways, it was a more loving embrace, a more passionate one, than they’d actually had in all their former years of marriage.

As she drifted off to sleep, Nia actually realised she was looking forward to Deshaw and Yunique’s party tomorrow, even if it signalled a practice performance for their concert the next day. At least it would bring some levity.

New Music in the Hood, Part 6

Nia woke Andre with a blowjob. She hadn't wanted to, especially after the events of the previous few days, but it seemed her body was back in full swing. She woke up earlier than her boyfriend, incredibly horny, and with a deep-seated need to suck his cock. This time, instead of letting him blow his load down her throat, they instead changed positions. Andre was grateful - even as wonderful as it was to receive them, giving head was far too sinful in his mind! - but soon Nia was riding him and giving him a great look at her bouncing Double-D's, groaning every time he touched them. The two climaxed together, as it seemed they were destined to always do, and Nia pressed her boyfriend's face into her breasts. The last part was a cruel joke: it was a coital position she'd always wanted to try when she was a younger Harvey, but Karen had always vetoed it. It made her resent the woman's current form as Andre all the more: the best sex Karen/Andre would ever have and he was trying to categorise it as a constant sin! The man didn't know how lucky he was! Thank goodness at least that she got multiple orgasms out of the deal, but it wasn't enough to stem the humiliation of sucking cock.

Afterwards, the two got dressed, both of them miserable.

"Is this gonna be everyday, then?" Nia asked. "Me going down on your big black cock and swallowing your cum?"

Andre shrugged. "I guess, unless we turn back somehow."

Nia groaned in annoyance. "It's not fair! At least go down on me sometime!"

It was a genuine frustration. If she truly had to put up with being a sexy woman of colour, why couldn't she at least experience that joy more often?

Andre felt the puppeteers strings come over him. "That's a terrible act. You never did that to me even when you asked, because it's sinful. *Which is why I'm totally gonna eat you out tomorrow morning, babe. Just you wait.*"

Nia raised an eyebrow, but she too was controlled by the next compulsion.

"Thank God, bae. I've been needing your perfect tongue on my throbbing clit. I'll make a noise just for you, honey."

Another weary sigh for both of them, and they got dressed for the day. Another day of final practice for the day to come, another day of having to put up with Yunique's smirks and Deshawn's little bits of manly advice. Another day of pretending to have to be Monica's friend. Another day of being taught some cosmic lesson that neither believed they fully deserved, but were finally beginning, at least, to appreciate the reasons for.

The party was on, and Nia and Andre crossed the street to Yunique and Deshawn's place. Already the music was blaring, far too loud for Andre's old tastes, but clearly good enough for his new body, as he couldn't help but do a little jiggle as he drew closer. Nia did so with him. She didn't like hip hop - at least she kept saying she didn't, despite increasingly being sort of captivated by it - but she was compelled to do a joking shake of her ass in time to a particular beat as she approached.

It was 6:30pm, and to the surprise of both former WASPs, they were actually sort of relieved to be able to go to someone else's house, relax a little, and drink some alcohol. Stuck as they were in their bodies, with new company they would have been ashamed to keep in their white, racist forms, it was still better than being followed by the clerk at the supermarket for no reason, or the intensity of a full body workout at the gym as a fitness trainer . . . even if Andre was starting to understand a little the rush that came with a good workout.

There were dozens of people, both on the front lawn and in the house, and likely in the backyard as well. Hip hop music was playing, a fast rhythm with numerous words Andre would never have approved of in his previous life. Nia had never liked hip hop either, finding it degenerate, but even now, she found a nice swing to it.

*'Got them hips, got them thighs, and I know they tell no lies,
Girl you want it, I know you do, no drug can you a high,
Like I do, girl. Like I do.'*

"Stop dancing!" Andre said. "We're not even *at* the party yet!"

"*I just fucking love this song!*" Nia declared. The worst part was it was sort of true: she'd heard it so many times in the car on the way to and from her new work that she knew the lyrics backwards and forwards, and had been Stockholm Syndrome'd into liking it. Loving it, in fact.

"We can't give in," Nia," Andre said. "We can fight this. I'm not going to have this *big black dick you love so much* forever. I'm going to be a proper woman again. One who lives a good, moral life."

Nia laughed, causing Andre to swing his head down to her. She was dressed in a two piece outfit: a crop top that was more like a sports bra, and a set of denim short shorts that conformed to her wide hips and big ass. She was a sight that the male in his tank top and board shorts found utterly enticing, but his irritation was now evident.

"What *the hell* you mean by that, *girl*?"

"I mean that, and no offence dear, you were a condescending, gossiping, rumour-mongering witch of a woman."

"I was not! How could you say that?"

“Honey, you used your self-righteousness as a hammer, and you know damn well you did. You practically chased a homeless woman out of church. *C’mon!*”

“That was a special case. She smelled awful!”

“Uh-huh. Look, I wasn’t perfect either. Okay, I was pretty bad. Neither of us deserve this, and the second we change back I’m going to evict these fuckers from their home. But for now, let’s not pretend we were angels. Maybe if we own up to it, we’ll change back.”

Andre raised an eyebrow. “Own up to it, huh? Like maybe you could own up to how much you love sucking this ridiculously *huge big cock* in the morning?”

Nia felt herself blush. She knew she shouldn’t have said anything. As a wife, Karen had been small-minded and petty, whereas he at least had wielded power in his pettiness she simply gossiped and spread foul stories. But he’d always been the man, and let her know her place. Now the shoe was on the other foot, and all she could take consolation from was that as Andre he was just as miserable. It was almost enough to give her an epiphany.

“What the fuck are we doing?” she said, still standing on the street, stopping before they entered the party.

“Going to a party, like we’re *forced* to.”

“No, I mean. Maybe . . . do they have a point? We were intolerant to them, and this is a punishment?”

Andre breathed deep. “No way. Not a chance. We were good, righteous people, and they infested and invaded our neighbourhood. They did this, or someone like them, with dark magic. I won’t be changing my mind just because of how terrible this is, and neither should you.”

Nia nodded sadly. “Yes, you’re right, dear. I’m forgetting myself. It’s this stupid female body. But . . . some of the ways we’re treated now . . .”

Both fell silent, knowing exactly what she meant. Neither were willing yet to see the other side, to form an empathy for those they hated, and once could treat in highly racist ways from a privileged standpoint. But small cracks were beginning to show. And as a partygoer gestured excitedly for them to join their company, the two were forced to march forward, with that armour-piercing consideration burrowing ever more deeply.

Nia and Andre drank, at, socialised, and danced. The two were quite popular evidently, in this new reality. Numerous friends of Yunique’s and Deshawn’s were now also their friends, and even their neighbours who were in on their change were having trouble keeping track of the old memories that Nia and Andre were now a part of.

“It’s so good to see you two back together again!” one man said, whose name was apparently Rob. Andre, by instinct, gave him a fistbump followed by a hug. “Man, I won’t lie though, I was totally hoping to snag up Nia before you came back to her bro. That body is wiiiiild!”

Nia grinned, despite inwardly feeling like a slab of meat on display. Still, she thrust out her large chest, allowing her prominent cleavage to be seen by this Rob, and he couldn’t help but grin as he looked down.

“Yeah, real wild,” he repeated.

Andre placed his large hand on her ass as he pulled her towards him.

“Wild, and *all mine, Rob.*”

“*Yeah babe, all yours. The whole damn package.*”

Rob chuckled, taking it well. “Like I said, jealous as hell, and still happy for you! Now are you gonna stay here talking to an old would-be flame, or are we gonna listen to some of that sweet music?”

“Gotta pay at the concert tomorrow!” piped up Monica from the couch, sitting next to her girlfriend. “That’s the deal! We’re gonna blow up, just you watch.”

“That I got no doubt on,” someone else said, “you guys are sick. And Nia’s voice, and Andre’s lyrics? Not to mention Deshawn and Yunique. That’s a band, right there!”

“It’s the future of hip hop,” Yunique called, even as she made out with Deshawn on the couch. “And we’re sticking together, all five of us. Isn’t that right, Nia and Andre?”

The two gave the affirmative, unable to say anything else.

“*That’s right.*”

“*Hell yeah!*”

The party continued on, with them meeting more of their neighbours’ friends, and even drinking and dancing a few more times. Nia was forced to strut her stuff in the backyard to the music, along with several of the girls. A number of them were as young and hot as her, though in her opinion, she would have taken the cake. Harvey’s own fetish for dark skinned women would have gone to eleven at this party, not that he would ever have attended it. But despite many of the men clearly looking at her with lust, and the fact that she was unable to *not* feel a little smug in her enjoyment of that aspect, she was shocked most of all by how much of a community was present. All her life, she had denigrated these communities of black and minority subcultures as being crack dens, drug gangs, miscreant immoral youths, gatherings of too young parents who should have their kids taken away.

But now, seeing people enjoying themselves, even if there was some weed being passed around, he had a different perspective. They talked politics, they discussed music and film. They talked about ways to help out a struggling friend, or raise funds for a local girl

with health issues. They supported one another, danced and laughed together, and talked about all kinds of petty shit together.

In effect, they were people, and a tight community of people at that. She smiled, and it was a strangely earnest smile, for once devoid of malice, as she looked at the array of couples together, and brothers and sisters, and people from all around the wider neighbourhood of colour to which Yunique and Deshawn belonged. Harvey had never known such a community. Sure, it existed around him, but he'd always sought for ways to topple it, to lead it, to push others down within it. Now, being offered a drink and a dance and complimented on her looks as people partied and caught up together, she was wondering if she was missing out all this time.

"Hang on," Andre said, stopping that thought. "That can't be. Are you for *fuckin' real*?"

Nia looked about. "What? Who is it?"

"The Richardson! And the Haverwalls! And the damned Lyman's! They're all turning up! H-how could they? Are they here to stop the party?"

Nia spun to see what her wife-turned-boyfriend was seeing. It was true, and it shocked her as much as him. Several white neighbours, including some who were older in age, were turning up to the party. But instead of demanding it end, they approached Deshawn and Yunique, saying hello to them and meeting their friends.

"They - they can't be like this," Andre said. "I know for a fact they held our views."

"I'm not sure they ever did," replied Nia. "Look at how they're greeting our dark skinned 'friends.' Did you ever get a smile like that from Sarah Lyman? Did she ever bring *cake* and fine red wine to us?"

Andre fell silent. In truth, he was grappling with feelings of deep hurt. He's always assumed as a woman that he was the top of the pyramid, the woman who kept in touch with all the women, and knew which ones to peck and which ones to reward with her compliments. Who was moral and immoral, and how to chase out who, or bring into the fold. Or both, if it meant teaching them to stay in line.

And now that self-image of herself as the queen hen, the matriarch of the neighbourhood, was falling to pieces. Like mafia members kissing the new don's hand, their white neighbours were showing up with gifts, presents of alcohol, and treats. There was a sort of amusement from the other members of the party who had colour to their skin. Clearly, the introduction of cake and biscuits and red wine was a "very white guy thing," as one person murmured. But even that came with an amused sense of congratulations and welcome, like the guy who keeps hitting gutterballs in bowling because he doesn't quite get it, but hey, at least he was trying his hardest!

"I can't believe this," he murmured. "They - they *hated* us, didn't they?"

Nia nodded, trying to avoid the tears from spilling from her eyes, all because of her damned female hormones. She clung closer to Andre.

"I think they did, Andre."

"I thought I was in charge. I thought they *liked* me."

"I'm starting to think we were the Scrooge and the Grinch, *honey*."

Andre stared a few more seconds, until finally he couldn't even find the right words.

"Fuck!"

"Yeah, *honey*. Fuck."

The party continued around them, but that revelation hit hard. Both their revelations did. They barely even noticed when Yunique and Deshawn halted the proceedings to thank everyone for coming, and to remind them to come to the concert the next day. It was only when they were pulled up to the backyard door to 'stand with the band' that they were shaken from their strange stupor.

"Like we was saying," Deshawn said. "Come tomorrow! We're just one act of many, but I got it on good authority that the performances are being scoped out by some interested parties. We want a big cheer, not a forced one but genuine, to get that crowd going. We're gonna make it to the top, people!"

There was a huge cheer that went up, and Yunique took over.

"And also everyone, we're gonna show everyone what the black neighbourhood experience is like! Our music is gonna be for us, about us, and to make people know how strong and unique we are in our community!"

Another cheer. Yunique turned, smiling over to Andre and Nia, who were forced to smile before the party crowd.

"And we're gonna be famous! Everyone's gonna know us as successful black musicians! Thanks to you! And thanks to Monica, Andre, and Nia here! They're gonna be famous stars sharing their experiences, ain't that right! Ya'll are gonna show the world what change is!"

The sentences were dripping with double-meaning, and all Andre and Nia could do was absorb it. The concert was tomorrow, and it had the feeling of finality to it. Whatever happened when they played and sang the next day, both got the feeling it would define their fates for good.

And as their white neighbours clapped earnestly, cheering for them, both the transformed individuals were starting to finally let it sink in that their former lives might not be worth returning to at all.

But then the music started up again, and the drinks were in their hands once more, and the two were on their puppeteer's strings, dancing and drinking and laughing their way through the night. All the time their fears followed them.

New Music in the Hood, Part 7

Nia and Andre were nervous. The concert was not far from beginning, and they were going to be on soon. The pair had yet to find a way out of their life. Despite every attempt, they had similarly been unable to escape this moment. The party the previous night had been full of celebrations and song, much of which they had inevitably taken part in, but there had always been the slightest hope that if they played their cards right, they would be returned to their rightful bodies, instead of being cursed to play before this crowd.

“Looks like ya’ll are nervous,” a voice came from behind them. It was Yunique, who had her arms crossed, and an amused look upon her face. “First performance jitters? Or do secret white folk just not like the idea of performing hip hop and rap before a large crowd?”

Nia balled her fists, and Andre stepped forward. But Yunique stood her ground, still smiling. Andre couldn’t do a thing, he knew it.

“You know we ain’t supposed to be like this,” he said.

“Well, you two could’a fooled me. After all, those were some sick beats we were dropping last night to warm the party. If you give half as much effort when we go on stage and perform in half an hour, then we’re as good as famous. Turns out you two were the missing ingredient to our little band. Who would have thought old Harvey and Karen next door, the colossal racists, would end up being a main attraction, huh?”

Nia blushed, and Andre turned away, feeling humiliated.

“We just want our lives back,” Nia said. “We learned our lesson.”

“That so? Because last I recall, you were planning to chase us out with the HOA on our asses. Not exactly possible now, is it? Besides, I don’t control this weird freako curse. Seems just like the universe finally giving some well-deserved karma to a couple of racists if you ask me. I especially like the part where the prude Karen gets to rap about going down on all the ladies, but then the bit where Harvey shakes his ass and hips before the crowd while singing about her curves also makes me laugh a lot.”

The two were silent. Deshawn approached, put his hand on Yunique’s shoulder.

“Everything all good here?”

“Just fine, baby,” Yunique said, pulling him into a kiss. “That was for good luck,” she said when finished. “Maybe our transformed friends should do the same.”

The puppeteer’s strings pulled tight, and soon they were doing exactly that. Nia moaned in Andre’s mouth, utterly turned on by the way her big nipples brushed against his strong chest, their thin shirts no barrier. She’d opted against her will to go without a bra, in order to let her big titties bounce all the more, and put on a show for the guys. Similarly, Andre was wearing a low cut singlet that showed a great deal of his muscles. It disgusted the two former white individuals, the way they were showing off their sexy, well-muscled and

curved black bodies. Andre in particular still felt a virulent disgust at being a powerful black man. His racism had always been even stronger than Harvey's, and so it was a fitting punishment that he now was forced to be a dominant, yet compassionate individual. Something he feared before, and yet simultaneous never believed could be true. The fact that he was forced to act more moral than Karen ever was also bit hard.

"Well, look at those two, they play hard," Monica said as she passed. The Asian punk rocker chuckled. "Damn I gotta find me a hot chick to keep up with these couples. But then, maybe I'll be the one all the groupies know is actually available."

The four laughed, though Nia and Andre only because of the strange spell upon them. She moved back to check over their gear, making sure all the sound levels were right. It gave room for Deshawn and Yunique to talk to them, much to their annoyance.

"How else can you debase and humiliate us?" Andre asked.

"All sorts of ways," Yunique responded, "but I don't want that shit. Sure, it's fun to tease, but frankly I kind of hope you actually fucking learn a lesson from this. We're about to perform. If things go well, we could go big league with the sound we got. And that means you two are gonna have to learn to really live the hip hop life, and realise what being a good fuckin' neighbour actually involves."

"She's not wrong," Deshawn said. "I meant it in our talk the other day, Andre. I mean, you were a foul bitch of a woman before, but this could be a second chance."

"Same for you Nia," Yunique said, "if you can learn to accept how nice it is being a beautiful Afro-Latina woman."

Nia pouted. In truth, some parts of it were incredible. And perhaps if she learned to accept it . . . she could change back. And then get revenge. Then find some way to punish how uppity these people were being. The thought stirred in her head. If she could just humiliate herself now, then maybe she could leave this whole thing behind her, and go back to the whiteness and privilege she was used to. That she *deserved*.

She plastered a grin on her face. "Maybe . . . I guess I can try."

Plus, sucking cock really did make her orgasm. God, it tasted so fucking good. It was making her horny right at that moment, just thinking about it.

Andre looked at her, aghast. "Are you kidding me, Nia? We're not trying anything! Whatever it takes, we are getting back to how we were!"

Yunique and Deshawn sighed. Nia tried to motion for Andre to stop, listen to the only plan they hadn't tried: embracing the change in order to 'learn a lesson,' like in all the old cartoons, then going back on it all later. But Andre was having none of it. Like always, when he got in a rant, he got in a rant.

"I am *not* being stuck as some ugly, disgusting, hairy black man, ya hear!? I am gonna go back to being a proper, respectable, *civilised* white woman."

“A total racist bitch, you mean,” Yunique said.

“It’s not racism if what they say is true!” Andre declared.

“And what is that? Huh? Go on, say it!?”

Nia tried desperately to get him to stop, even kicking at his ankles. But Andre’s mouth was running, and there was no stopping it, even as it drove him right off a cliff.

“That you two and people like you are nothing but a bunch of low down dirty -”

The eyes of everyone sans Andre rose at the word that followed. The word that certainly should never be uttered by a white woman, even if she was inhabiting a black man’s body, and even if she were a black man, never in the way he was using it. He seemed to realise what he had said, because the silence that followed had the weight of a great mountain, and Yunique and Deshawn shared a look that seemed to say, ‘okay, well, they deserve everything they get now.’

“Ho. Lee. Fuck. You did *not* just say that,” Yunique exclaimed.

Andre stammered. “Um, I - I didn’t mean - it just slipped out, and -”

But Deshawn was already barrelling forth, pulling back a fist, ready to strike.

It was Nia and Yunique both that stopped the blow, jumping in front of their partners for separate reasons. They only just managed to avoid a punch-up.

“Don’t babe,” said Yuniue. “That was just Karen speaking, and she don’t matter no more. Andre does, and he’s the one that’s really in the driver’s seat, right?”

“Yeah, you’re right. Better punishment that way.”

“Exactly.”

Nia looked at her former wife. “Are you insane? What if that’s the kind of thing that means we never turn back?”

Andre gave a guilty look, but one flooded with anger. But before either could say anything further, a technician ran into the room.

“Everyone clear to go on in fifteen? Got quite a crowd out there, and you guys are our opener.”

Instantly the strings were in charge.

“Absolutely, we’re ready,” Nia said. “We’re gonna bring the house down, right Andre?”

“Damn straight,” he said.

Yunique and Deshawn laughed.

“What they said!” he added. And while he was generally the much nicer of the two, even he recognised how far the recent action had gone. When the man left, he put his hand on Andre’s shoulder. “Yunique is passionate, but she’s a damn good woman. She put up with a lot of your shit before this boiled over. So I tell you what. You are going to take Nia into the back for a nice little last second lay, so you can appreciate what it is to be a strong black

man. And when you've both got a bit of humility from that little fun, then you're going to apologise to my girl, and never talk like that to her again, got it?"

"G-got it."

He smiled. "Good. Now you kids go have fun. I hear your son is out there in the crowd. I didn't realise how far he'd strayed from the family tree. He's got a man on his arm, and he don't look white."

Andre scowled, infuriated by this piece of information. But then he felt his erection flair at the sight of Nia in her tight braless crop top and short short denims. He took her hand, led her to a backroom, and they spent the next five minutes fucking like their lives depending on it.

"Oh G-God! You idiot!" Nia cried as he pounded her from behind. "You're probably t-trapped us like this! I was p-playing the long game!"

"You enjoy - ahhh - this too much! It's disgusting!" Andre replied. "They deserved to be told that. I'm not going to be stuck with this big black dick forever!"

Nia moaned as she orgasmed, and him with her. They didn't have a condom this time, but she could barely think about it. Something told her that they had lost at the moment that word was used, or perhaps they never would have turned back anyway.

"You've d-doomed us. N-now we have to live like this f-forever - Nghhhhh . . ."

"N-no! I refuse - ahhh! I want my body back!"

But soon they were getting ready, chucking on deodorant and quickly cleaning up before heading back to the others. Monica smiled as she saw them, thinking them just another horny couple cooling off before the show. But Deshawn and Yunique knew better.

"I'm really, really sorry," Andre said, feeling like an idiot, and not too sorry at all. He could hardly meet their eyes.

"Well, maybe once we're famous, we'll forgive you," Yunique said. "I'm still set on you guys being good neighbours eventually. Once you learn your lesson. As many years as that takes."

Deshawn shrugged at Nia, who simply felt deflated.

The man returned, and motioned for them to come on stage.

'Introducing the Neighbor's Hood!'

They headed out to the huge crowd. The show was about to begin.

The crowd went wild as Nia shook her ass, twerking between lyrics. Already, the band was making heavy splashes, and not just because of Yunique and Deshawn's friends and relations mingled in the crowd. No, even Andre and Nia felt the thrum of the music in their

core, the power and ferocity of it, but also the clever rhymes and playful wit inherent in the lyrics. Out in the crowd they could see their son Kevin, bopping his head to the music in a way that made him look very, very white. His husband was beside him, a tall Asian man with piercings who was much more animated. It infuriated the pair of them to know that he'd kept this part of his life from them, but at the same time, they both knew why.

"Are we having a good night tonight people!?" Yunique shouted into the mic after they finished the last song of the night.

The crowd roared in approval. Several of them shouted at Nia, complimenting her ass and hips, with many talking about her bust. Even some of the girls were going wild for her. Andre, on the other hand, had numerous girls cheering out his name: his effortless masculine appeal was clearly having a potent effect, much to his hidden disgust. Of course, Deshawn and Yunique were quite good lookers too, and they had their own share of praise, which they soaked up. Already they had played a couple of songs as the concert opener, and soon another band would have to take over. But they'd made their entry, and anyone coming after them would have to be pitied, especially since they had to top the moment where Nia and Andre danced up on one another as they rapped their lyrics increasing speed, a sight as impressive as it was sexy.

But now it was their final song, *Black Destiny*. Nia bounced on stage, letting her tits flop about and her perfect midriff show. Andre cracked a grin at the sight without meaning to, and with a smooth gesture of his hand over his head, flexed his muscles for the women in the crowd.

"Okay everyone," Yunique yelled into the mic, "this is our last song for the night. It's called *A Real Hip Hop Couple*."

There was a moment where her own eyes went wide, and she exchanged a look with Andre and Monica, who both looked surprised. But then Deshawn and Monica began playing the music, and Yunique took up her position as backup, despite their evident confusion. Nia and Andre exchanged glances. They both recognised that look: Yunique and Andre and Monica were being *puppeteered*. But to what extent they had no idea. For a brief moment they were both hopeful of being turned back, Nia especially.

But then the lyrics began, a duet between Andre and Nia with the others providing the music and backup. Instantly chills rain down their changed spines. They had heard this tune before, the night of their change. And now it was returning in the form of their own voices.

"Oh fuck," Andre said.

"Yeah, fuck," Nia said.

The crowd tittered, thinking it was some private in-joke, but before they could think of something to say or do to prevent what was coming, they began to sing. Nia, followed by Andre.

*'You don't like my kind, you don't like my race,
Still got that tight ass, still got that bomb face
Shit I don't care watchu carry on bout me,
You know my looks are fire, I'm not your B'*

*'You don't scare me with your racist shit,
I can take the hit and hit and fucking hit,
Baby you don't know what's coming your way,
You gotta pay you gotta pay,
Your bitch white asses are on the line,
Soon you'll get chocolate skin like mine.'*

*'I said you gon have chocolate skin like mine,
Nice black skin bitch you know it's fine.'*

*'Big black muscles makes me so hot,
Let's make sure that's what you got,
A wet and ready pussy will take that right in,
Bitch you gonna love to sin*

*'Now you in your proper place
Let's fix up some hot ass face
And speaking off ass let's make yours big,
While he gets muscles she can dig!'*

*'Gon get you done up fine in what you wear
And make sure yo girl has a big titty pair,
Then you a real hip hop couple from the hood,
You'll live that life no matter where you stood,'*

*'Nia you a sexy hip hop bitch,
And you a goddamn rapper Andre.
Oh you wanna turn back and switch?'*

Well too bad bitches time to pay!

They yelled the last line together with a fury that would have seemed utterly earnest from the outside, instead of utterly horrified. Yunique and Deshawn also came in at the end, both beaming smiles upon their faces as they realised what was happening.

The crowd roared and clapped, but there was something more than just joy in the air. This was not as lyrically complex or interesting as their previous songs, nor as catchy. There was meaning in it, yes, but not enough to garner such a reaction. But there was a magic to the music, an essence to it that only the two couples actually knew existed, but that the audience clearly felt in some intangible way. Both Nia and Andre shuddered as some of that magic infused their bodies. It didn't not change them, alter them, make them grow or change or revert in any way. Far from it. Instead, the two former WASPs felt a solidifying influence upon their bodies. In that moment, the two of them knew for certain that there *had* been a chance to change back, and that the chance had come and gone.

They were stuck as Nia and Andre for life, and Yunique and Deshawn clearly knew it as well, from their surprised and somewhat victorious expressions.

"Looks like you two are with us for the long haul!" Yunique shouted over the roar of the crowd. Her mic was off, but as she raised a fist to the crowd, they cheered with her, including Andre and Nia's own unknowing son, Kevin.

"Oh God," Andre said. "We're stuck like this."

"And it's all your fault," Nia said.

"My fault, you're the one who had the plan to ruin them after we changed back!"

"And you're the one who said that nasty thing to them just before!"

"Moron!"

"Idiot!"

"Bitch!"

"Dick!"

"I want a divorce!"

"Finally, I've been thinking of one for twenty damn years!"

"You used to have a tiny dick!"

"Well, you were a limp fish in bed!"

The two squabbled, until finally the puppeteer's strings took over, and they embraced and kissed passionately, the two of them becoming aroused right on stage. With one last wave, they began their exit, stuck in their new bodies, their new black lives, and their new careers. And for all their misery, the crowd continued to cheer them on.

New Music in the Hood, Epilogue

Nia cried in orgasm, clutching Andre's hair as he licked her wet, hungry pussy. Being eaten out was one something she just readily accepted these days, and it didn't take long for her to orgasm, particularly when his powerful hands were massaging her perfect, sensitive breasts.

"Yesss . . . ohhhhh . . . Oh God, fuck baby! Yeah, right there! That's my G-spot! MMHHHM!!!"

She seized, shaking as the orgasm pounded through her being, reduced her to a quivering puddle. She trembled, before finally going loose. Andre pulled himself up, looking over his babymama and caressing her prominent belly. Yes, babymama.

They had managed to avoid falling pregnant for so long, but eventually their wild life of sex had caught up with them after four years. The band, by that point, had taken off to great success, and to their great frustration Yunique, Monica, and Deshawn were all still part of it. They still lived in their neighbourhood, but already the group were touring across the country, sharing their now-famous rap and hip hop songs, and the magnetic dancing that came with it. And through it all, the former WASPs had continued fucking like rabbits, their horny, attractive bodies all over each other.

The result was now obvious.

"Ughh, that was good," Nia moaned as Andre helped her up.

"It wasn't bad, I guess," Andre admitted, rubbing his hair with his hand.

"You used to hate doing that. You called it sinful."

"It is sinful. It's all wrong. But . . . I guess it's not *too* bad, *baby*."

"Mhmmm . . . not too bad at all. Almost makes up for you knocking me right up."

Andre rolled his eyes as he headed for the shower, her following after. "Takes two to tango, *baby*. You were moaning very loudly each time I *fucked your tight pussy*. Besides, I've been through it, remember?"

Nia shrugged, admitting defeat. The two shared the shower space as they turned the shower on, and during that time they caressed each other, particularly Nia's belly. She could barely believe that not only was she still a woman, but now a pregnant one, and a *famous* pregnant one at that. She'd seen herself in the gossip rags and online, wearing those tight revealing outfits that showed off her bump. She didn't want to wear them, but as usual the strange magic that had controlled them for four years even controlled her wardrobe while heavy with child.

Of course, Yunique and Deshawn were happy for them. They weren't ready to start a family yet, but something about the former white racists getting knocked up and giving birth to gorgeous little black babies just made them smug. Yunique especially. But worse than that, it just seemed that the two neighbours - and they did indeed still live just across the

street, so that they saw each other every day even when not working in their band - were genuinely happy for them.

Nia sighed.

“What’s wrong, *sexy*?”

“Just remembering what life used to be like.”

“Huh. Me too.”

“Back when we were white. And the right gender. And not forced into this damned life of singing.”

“You nervous about the concert tonight?”

Nia looked up at her man. The one that had once been a short, angry, spiteful little woman. “No, that’s the weird part. I’m not nervous at all. Even five months knocked up, I know I’ll kill it. Hell, I’m fucking practising my twerks even with this belly. I feel like I’ve got the energy for it no matter what. Don’t you?”

Andre nodded. “Yeah, totally. Like, I got this drive to get out there and kill the performance, even more than usual.”

They turned off the shower, began to towel each other off, as was their usual routine.

“Then what you worried about, honey?”

Nia chuckled darkly as she went out into the main room to dress. Her boobs were even larger than usual, and her chocolate brown skin glowed in pregnancy. She looked deeply sexy, even the middle of her second trimester. She had no stretch marks, and her face was just as pretty as always. Her hair was longer than it had been, and its curly nature framed her face perfectly.

“I guess just how used to this I’m getting. Being a woman. Being black. Being a hip hop singer.”

“I know what you mean,” Andre replied, getting dressed too. “Sometimes I forget I was ever Karen. Sometimes I even forget how much I hate - hated people who were . . . black.”

“Yeah, that’s what I mean.”

“Yeah.”

They stood in silence a while, contemplating each other, deeply attracted to the other’s body and strangely satisfied with their own. It was hell. They both yearned for their old lives, but those might as well have been a century ago. Ever since that fateful first concert, they had become stuck in their new forms, and they both knew it. Their success was guaranteed, and the following years had become a whirlwind of concerts, album and single releases, interviews and glamour photoshoots and marketing and modelling and public appearances and television interviews and on and on. They were in the spotlight, and *Neighbour’s Hood* were soon one of the more popular hip hop bands in the region, and were

not far off becoming nationally recognised. Soon, their neighborhood would be a thing of the past. It almost was already, and that was saddening enough. Even Yunique and Deshawn admitted they would miss it.

After some time pondering this, the two felt that push again. The puppeteer's strings rising.

"You know, if you're feeling down," Andre said without any power to control his words, "then why don't I use my big black dick to make you feel better, huh?"

"Mhmm, it works every other time. And you know I love you fucking me while I lie on my back."

Soon they were doing just that: Nia lying on her back on the bed, crying out in pleasure as he pumped his massive rod into her. They were well used to this by now, and could only try to relax and enjoy it, even if it still occasionally brought the taste of humiliation.

"What took you so long? Nevermind, I bet I know."

Andre and Nia looked at Yunique, feeling sheepish and embarrassed in her presence. She was wearing a gorgeous sequin dress that showed off her best features, while Deshawn was in a designer hoodie and ripped jeans. They were ready to play before the crowd, but Nia and Andre had arrived later than expected, a fact which had clearly irritated Monica.

"Always you two," she complained, rolling her eyes. "I don't care how long me and my girlfriend make out, I'm always on time for a concert."

"Well, I'm pregnant," Nia muttered, "that's my excuse."

"Must still be quite interesting for you," Yunique said knowingly."

"Still, I imagine it's quite a blessing, having a beautiful black baby on the way," added Deshawn. It was partly a shot across the bow, but in truth, he actually seemed quite happy for them. Without even meaning to, Nia clutched her stomach protectively. Soon several makeup artists were upon them, adjusting their makeup and getting the transformed pair ready. Andre was going shirtless for this performance, something the former Karen would never quite live down. Meanwhile, Nia wore a dress that was little more than a transparent nylon covering with a black lingerie set beneath. It revealed her perfect form and full, dark breasts, pressed together into a bountiful set of cleavage.

"God, this is too much," she whined, before her automatic response kicked in. *"But I fucking love it so much. I'll drive them all wild, won't I, baby?"*

"Oh hell yeah, sexy. You're driving me wild."

Yunique giggled. She'd long come to recognise those moments where they couldn't help how they talked. Still, she wasn't as hostile as she used to be, and placed her arms over the shoulders of her two 'friends.'

"Well gang, are we ready for another performance of a lifetime? I've got a feeling this is the one that takes us national. Hell, international!"

The two nodded, a little sadly. They were broken, defeated, resigned to their forms. Were they redeemed? Were they made better? Perhaps that was still years away, or just a beautiful child away. Perhaps they would always harbour a bit of self-hate, knowing they deserved this fate. Or maybe they were always being chipped at, their formerly bigoted exteriors being cut away day by day, until there would only be Nia and Andre left, and perhaps a chance to change.

But as usual, tonight was not that night. They had surrendered to their new lives, but it would still take some time to love and accept them. For now, they were prepped to go on stage, their bodies and voices and personalities wired to drive the crowd wild. Nia looked over Andre, admiring his handsome form, and he did the same to her, admiring her voluptuous curves. The desperate attraction remained, and would for life. It was a small compensation, and the same was true of the beat they could both feel in their hearts, this new music they had come to adopt.

They were ready to play it now.

"Introducing the featured band of the night: the Neighbour's Hood."

A roar of approval echoed from the front stage, and the technicians backstage informed them it was time to go up. Monica went first, then Deshawn. With a wink and an amused smirk, Yunique followed. It left the transformed pair together.

"Well, time to go," Andre said, sighing a little. He mounted the stage, and the crowd roared approval.

"Yeah," Nia said, rubbing her belly, thinking of all the ways her life had changed, and wondering if she would ever accept it. There was a slight stirring in her womb, and it brought a brief smile to her face. A part of her had come to love performing on stage, and respect the hip hop and rap she performed with her boyfriend. Perhaps, just perhaps, she could change her view a little. For Andre, and for this little, one.

"Time to face the music," she said in her sweet, sultry voice.

She took to the stage, and the neighbours began to play.

The End