

# Elite Orgy

For CB

By TheSpiralledEye

*An arrogant man is invited to a private party by his boss, not realising that by accepting the invite he has agreed to transform into the event's star attraction; a sexy Latina.*

~

As I stepped out of my sleek black limousine, I revelled in the surge of power that comes with wealth. The doorman at the entrance of the luxurious hotel greeted me with a deferential nod, but I barely acknowledged him, too preoccupied with the excitement of the exclusive party awaiting me upstairs. I'd been working for Mr. DeFoe's company for months now and finally climbed my way into his good graces. This invitation was the proof. Even though I had all the pedigree and wealth that came from being born into an old money family, it had taken me a suspiciously long time to get invited to one of these events. Whatever the reason, I needed to make sure they all knew it had been a mistake taking so long. Mr. DeFoe's parties were legendary and secretive; nobody who attended them would breathe a word of what the festivities entailed but all wore knowing smiles for weeks after. Tomorrow I would be the same.

I sauntered through the grand lobby, my tailored suit drawing envious glances from the other guests milling about. The hotel staff scurried to attend to my needs, but I waved them off dismissively, my mind already soaring with anticipation for the evening ahead.

As I approached the private elevator reserved for guests attending the elite party, I found myself growing impatient. The attendant manning the elevator door looked up expectantly, a polite smile on his face. But I didn't return the courtesy.

"I'm heading to the top floor." I said dismissively as I flashed the badge provided with my invitation.

The attendant didn't look nearly as impressed as I'd hoped and I scowled. Didn't he know how to treat his betters? We looked about the same age, but the difference between us couldn't be more stark. Him, a lowly elevator attendant while I was a rich and powerful

executive with limitless potential. My suit probably cost more than his entire year's salary; the least he could do was look impressed.

I stepped inside with him and straightened my lapels; he probably just hadn't been to the top floor yet. Perhaps he just started his shift and had no idea just how exclusive this event was. When those doors opened at the top floor and he saw what I was in for he was sure to turn green with envy.

Finally, the elevator dinged, and the doors slid open to reveal the opulent party venue. The air was thick with the mingling scents of expensive perfumes and fine cigars. I gave the elevator attendant a knowing smile before stepping out. As I stepped into the room, I did my best to keep my cool, before me were wealthy elites and power players, just like me.

I plucked a flute of champagne and took a sip, humming in contentment. Now, time to mingle and prove I belonged here. It was an oddly small affair, people ate the canapes and whispered to one another but there was a strange feeling in the air; like they were all waiting for something.

People kept glancing at me and whispering behind their hands and I bit the inside of my cheek in annoyance. Clearly, everybody else here knew something I didn't. Before I could figure out a "polite" way to ask what was going on Mr. DeFoe appeared, clinking a small fork against a glass.

"Welcome everybody, I know you've all been looking forward to this night as much as I have."

There were a few murmurs of agreement.

"Now, for those of you who know the drill, please file into the next room and make yourself comfortable."

To my irritation, everybody but me seemed to 'know the drill' as it were. They slowly lined up and entered behind a black curtain that covered the back wall, leaving me standing at the very end of the line feeling oddly apprehensive. Perhaps Mr. DeFoe had organised some sort of special entertainment? The man himself gave me a wink as he approached and clapped me on the shoulder.

"So glad you could make it, son." He grinned. "You're the guest of honour."

He sounded sincere and I felt my nerves beginning to dissipate; of course I was. He probably had something special planned as an apology for keeping me out of these events for so long.

“I’ve been looking forward to it, sir.” I replied politely.

“I’m sure you’ll fit right in. Now, drink up and enjoy yourself. Leave the glass out here, safety protocols. Can’t have glass back here after all.”

He handed me a fresh glass of fizzing champagne and walked through the curtains. I did as he said and felt my brow furrow; that hadn't tasted like any champagne I'd ever had before. In fact, I didn't even feel tipsy despite having downed three flutes already.

I put the glass down and pushed aside the curtain to find another small curtained off room lined with...benches? The benches had outfits, all neatly folded with a name tag atop them with a blank space for myself. I felt my heart beginning to beat in my ears; I recognised these clothes, they were the ones worn by the party guests. On the other side of the curtain I could hear voices giggling, gasping and...moaning.

“No way...” I breathed.

Surely this couldn't be...an orgy? I peaked out between the curtains, bending over slightly so that I wouldn't be at eye level. All I could see was naked people; all entangled with one another. Couples fucked lazily before rolling over and starting with a new partner. One woman was sandwiched between Mr. DeFoe and his business partner. Breasts bounced and cocks were hard; including my own.

My stomach twisted in knots; I'd never been in an orgy before. No wonder people were so secretive. If I was the guest of honour, did that mean I would have multiple women offering to service me. The idea sent a thrill down my spine, finally I would have the recognition I deserved. I almost wished there were more of the secretaries and lower class workers here so I could get the satisfaction of watching them suck my dick.

I quickly started to strip off, my excitement building as I removed every layer as quickly as possible. I shimmied out of my pants and felt something...off. My Butt felt far bigger than usual. I maintained a strict work out routine that kept my glutes tight and hard but now I could feel them moving as I shimmied my hips back and forth. I was concerned but quickly forgot all about it as I stripped off my boxers and realised I had something more more concerning to think about.

My cock was gone.

I stared at the empty space, unable to comprehend the slit that had replaced my manhood. Logically, I knew a vagina when I saw it but seeing it between my own legs short circuited my brain for a moment. As did the darkening of my skin.

I watched, as those folds turned a rich brown colour that seemed to spread over my legs and up my stomach, changing my shape as it went. My butt continued to swell as my hips widened and my thighs thickened. I was still horny after watching the orgy start and a sheen of wetness formed between my legs and began to dribble down my inner thighs.

“Oh...Oooh no...M-My voice!”

That wasn't my voice; the voice that had come from my throat was exotic and beautiful with a hint of Hispanic in the accent. It was so utterly sexy; I'd have gotten hard if I could but instead I just got wetter.

I stumbled a little as two round tits began to grow on my chest, forcing my centre of gravity lower as they got big enough to force me to lean over and grab them with my now soft palms just to support the weight.

Golden brown hair began to flow down my back as I felt my face and head change in more subtle ways and I finally realised what was happening. I was transforming into a woman, not just any woman either but a hot Latina!

“How...my drink?” I muttered, twisting this way and that just to feel my new curves jiggle a little.

I was still so turned on after seeing that orgy and knowing it was happening just on the other side of this curtain. But how could I step out there now in this body?

“Are you almost ready?” Mr. Defoe's voice made me jump. “I heard a few moans, I imagine my little potion did its work?”

Potion? Is that what the champagne flute had been filled with? A little voice in the back of my head told me that maybe I should have looked at those other papers that came with my invitation.

"I...I think I'm ready." I said in my new voice, half expecting the boss to come in and demanded to know who I was and how I got here but instead I heard him excitedly clap his hand.

"Oh you sound fabulous, I knew you'd be great, now get out here and let us all see you!"

Oh God.

I could hear excited murmuring and I felt my stomach churn with nerves. Knowing there was a whole crowd out there ready to lavish me was such a turn on but...how could I go out there in this body? Especially if they all knew who I was? I took a deep breath; if this is what it took to be part of the elite then I would just have to gird my loins and get it over with. How bad could it be?

I pushed past the curtain and shivered at the feeling of the fabric brushing against my bare side. The room beyond was plush, littered with pillows and beds, half of which were occupied by couples making love; but at least half the room was watching me. Mr. DeFoe grinned ear to ear when I stepped out and ran a finger down my side, across the edge of my breasts.

"Incredible." he breathed.

I felt my body shudder involuntarily; a feather light touch from a single finger had me fighting back a moan. This entire body was so sensitive; surely it was just a side effect of the change though right. If I was this sensitive all night I didn't think I could stand it. A blonde woman with fiery brown eyes approached me. She didn't seem the least bit bothered being naked around all these people.

"Oh you look darling." She purred and I realised I recognised her, she was the head of marketing, a real ball buster.

Her long nails reached out and trailed down my stomach, stopping just above my new mound.

"Thank you." I whispered and the woman moaned.

"What a voice, come, I want you first."

“O-Okay.”

I didn't know what else to say as she led me over to a plush looking pillow big enough for three people to lay across comfortably. All my bravado seemed to have melted away under her iron gaze, she began to run her hands all over my super sensitive body and I felt overwhelmed by the simple touches, especially as she slipped her fingers along my inner thighs.

“So lovely...” She cooed.

Another pair of hands came up behind me but as I turned to look the woman took my head in her hands and forced it forward.

“It's more fun not to look.” She grinned before leaning forward and kissing me.

I'd kissed plenty of women but never as a woman myself. It somehow felt even hotter, feeling full lips press against my own. She led me and I submitted without meaning to as those new hands roamed over my back and cupped my ass.

The woman continued to make out with me as she slid her hands from my face, down the contours of my neck to play with my new breasts. Whoever was behind me slid a hand up my inner thighs and into my new pussy causing me to gasp. The woman took her chance to tangle her tongue in mine and I moaned.

I was being fingered by a total stranger; while another kissed and played with my body. God it felt wonderful. The finger inside my inner passage slowly pressed deeper and deeper, pressing into a little bundle of nerves deep inside me. My muscles spasmed with pleasure and I felt something building inside me.

Just as orgasm was about to hit the fingers disappeared and I groaned in frustration, letting the woman push me down onto the pillows. She dropped down with me and dove between my legs herself, tongue swirling on my new clit and I cried out as my back arched and pure ecstasy flowed through my entire body.

God that sound; was I really the one making it? It was the most erotic noise I'd ever heard. The woman pulled away, licking my juices from her lips and smiling in satisfaction. Something about that smug smile lit a fire inside me.

I wasn't about to take this lying down; I needed to prove I was still in control even if I was in the body of a smoking hot woman. That and I had a desperate need to sate the

empty feeling between my legs. Now that I knew how good it felt to have fingers inside me I couldn't help but wonder what a cock would feel like.

Luckily, at an orgy you never had to spend long looking for one of those. There was a man already sitting a few feet away with his legs spread, hard member on full display. My eyes were so focused on the cock and what it could do for me I didn't even realise it was Mr. DeFoe until I was crawling into his lap ready to mount him.

"I knew inviting you was a good idea." He groaned, threading his fingers through my hair and gently pushing me down.

I groaned, sliding down his cock slowly and feeling it stretch my inner walls.

"Yes, oh yes!" I cried, enjoying the lilt of my new accent as well as the waves of pleasure that came from being penetrated.

Maybe it was instinct, but somehow I already knew exactly how to move my body to gain maximum pleasure. I rode up and down, bouncing on my boss' cock so hard that my tits and ass made a slapping sound as they bounced.

All around us more couples were fucking; I literally had live porn to turn me on. It was so damn sexy. As I fucked Mr. DeFoe I was already picking out my next target; there were plenty of people watching us with hungry eyes but I knew they were all for me. Everybody wanted a piece of the star attraction and I couldn't wait to give it to them.