

Pete's Spicy New Reality – Part 2

For TJ

By TheSpiralledEye

“Okay, Pete. No need to panic. You’ve just been swapped into an alternate reality that’s all. Nothing to worry about. Nothing at all.”

He was muttering to himself; he knew he must have looked like a crazy person, walking barefoot through the streets in an evening gown whispering to himself but right now he couldn’t bring himself to care. He’d run down the street in search of that witch and come up empty, he may have started yelling and cursing at one point. Loud enough that when he noticed a police officer walking toward him, he knew better than to stick around so he could be charged with disturbing the peace. The good thing about panic, is that it can only last so long before the body had exhausted all its adrenaline, so by the time he made his way back to the bordello that was now his home his breathing had evened out and he was able to string more than one or two thoughts together.

Pete was nothing if not adaptable; you had to be when you lived your life on the streets. What he needed was to gather himself and make a plan. Normally, Pete was more of a follower, the muscle behind Jake but that was not an option right now. He was going to have to take charge like the man he was deep down. He walked back into the brothel, hoping to find that foyer empty but to his chagrin, the whole gang, or former gang as it were, was waiting for him. Ginger rushed forwards, hugging him so tightly their breasts crushed together almost painfully.

“Dios mio Pepper, we’ve been worried! Where on Earth have you been?”

“Just...walking around.” He replied awkwardly, “Sorry for worrying you I...had a really weird dream last night and it started my day on the wrong foot, y’know?”

Ginger raised an eyebrow and Jackie shooed the other girls away; not looking like she believed him for a second. Jake always had a way of reading people; Juan and he had never been able to lie to him, not even about his own damn birthday presents. It seemed that skill has passed over to this realities version and Pete swallowed; that was going to make things a whole lot trickier.

“Alright,” Jackie peeled Ginger off him, “Let’s pretend for a single second I believe that; do you think you’ll be having this ‘dream’ again?”

“Nope!” He answered too quickly, Jackie’s eyes narrowed before she sighed and shook her head.

“Look, I can tell you’re dealing with something and don’t want to talk about it. I’ll let this slide because I am busy but if anything like this happens again or your work is effected we’re going to have a serious talk. Understand?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Jackie blinked for a second and then threw back her head in a laugh, it was a deep one, the sort that came from her belly and Pete felt himself relax a little; Jake laughed the same way. Maybe there was more of his friends in these new girly bodies than he’d originally thought.

“Ma’am, holy shit girl, you kill me.” Jackie wiped a tear from her eye, “Go rest up, your first appointment is in a few hours and I want you looking like hot stuff. I don’t know what this barefoot formalwear look is but it’s not for you, honey.”

“Yeah, maybe I should at least add some shoes.” He chuckled, making his way to the stairs. Ginger was still staring with a strange look in her eye, Pete looked away.

That had gone about as well as it could have, never mind the fact that he was supposed to start working in a few hours and that meant sex. For the first time in his life sex was the furthest thing from his mind and absolutely not an attractive concept. He’d cross that bridge when he reached it though. He closed his door behind him, leaning back against the cool wood and sighing.

“Alright,” he whispered to himself, “Time to get started.”

The first thing on his list was a thorough inspection of his room; it was the same four walls but the décor and items inside it had changed significantly. His bed was twice the size, big enough for two or three people comfortably, and made up with soft silken sheets. He glanced underneath and found a pull-out trundle bed, the mattress missing and in its place several boxes. He opened one and immediately slammed it closed upon finding a number of what were clearly sex toys as well as condoms, tissues and lubes. It was fairly clear this was his ‘workstation’ as well now along with being his personal room. The bed and a huge, soft rug took up half the room, the other half hidden behind a bamboo screen of some sort. It seemed this somewhat hidden area was where ‘Pepper’ kept most of her personal effects; clothes, jewellery, a mirrored vanity laden high with make up of various types. He rummaged through the drawers and managed to find a notebook where he began to take stock.

He hadn’t the foggiest idea how any of these products were used; what was the difference between eyeliner and lipliner and why did Pepper have almost twenty of each? Inspecting the closet helped none; Pete couldn’t even figure out how to put on half the outfits there. As a man, he’d

visited ladies of the night from time to time but none of them had ever been dressed in head to toe rubber suits, or in skimpy bunny outfits, just what sort of place was this? Thankfully, now that he was calm and taking his time he found a selection of regular clothing, hidden away in a bottom drawer. Including jeans and some normal t-shirts which he happily changed into. He'd hoped wearing clothing close to his norm would make him feel more like his old self but the pants hugged his curves, and no shirt short of a turtleneck could completely hide his cleavage.

Pete had hoped that familiarising himself with this room would help him feel more at home but if anything, he felt more like an interloper than ever before. He sat down at the vanity in a huff, sweeping aside the make up and placing down his notebook ready to jot down any ideas for how to fix this that came to him; but before he could put pen to paper there was a knock at his door. He gripped the pen, forcing a smile onto his face as he turned.

"Come in."

Wild eyes appeared in a crack in the doorway for a moment and then Ginger entered. It was easier to think of Ginger as a separate person to Juan; especially when she was dressed in a bright orange mini dress and heels.

"Are you okay, amiga?" She asked, "Jackie may be content to let you go but I know something is up. We're best friends, partners, Pepper, you can tell me anything."

Briefly, a stab of panic went through him. When she said partners did she mean...more than friends or just work partners. He couldn't date Ginger; she was technically Juan for crying out loud! Even if he was in this, admittedly, smoking hot body, that didn't change the fact that he was still his best friend. A beat passed and he did his best to keep the soft smile on his face.

"Honestly, Ju-Ginger, I just had a weird dream and well, maybe I was a bit hung over." He giggled nervously, hating the girly sound and that it was coming out of his own mouth.

"You're sure?"

"Positive."

Ginger scrunched up her face the same way Juan did when he was thinking about something really hard but then relaxed, happy, almost bubbly smile taking its place.

"Okay!"

Seems like she had just as many brain cells as Juan as well, something Pete was infinitely grateful for in this moment.

“Well, in that case, what shall we wear tonight? We’ve got a few clients to share.” Ginger mused, walking over to his cupboard and riffling through the dresses, “I am thinking we go our classic black and red, Jackie told me this guy wants the ‘classic spice girls experience’.”

Pete nodded as if he knew what the hell that even meant, frantically trying to come up with some excuse to get out of work tonight. Sleeping with men for money was awful on its own but doing it with Ginger as a shared partner was way too much.

“You pick for me.” His voice wobbled slightly and Ginger’s eyes narrowed a little.

Fuck, he’d just got her off his trail and now she was right back on it again. Then, suddenly Pete saw the silver lining and coughed into his fist a few times before clearing his throat.

“Sorry about that. It’s my damn throat, been sore all morning.” He coughed a few more times for emphasis.

“Oh no! Your nose isn’t stuffed, is it?”

“Oh yeah,” He added a nasally twinge to his voice, “I reckon it will be totally blocked in a few hours.”

“Well, you can’t give any blow jobs like that.” Ginger pouted, “I suppose we could skip that part but still, we can’t have you sniffing through the whole thing. Nobody likes a snotty whore. Especially not when they are paying premium prices for the best girls in the district.”

“Maybe I will have a lie down, I’m sure I’ll be better in time for work.” He coughed again, “But just in case, maybe let Jackie know?”

Ginger nodded and went to leave, giving his shoulder a supportive squeeze as she left. God, she was even dumber than Juan and that was saying something, not that he didn’t love the guy, platonically. Alright, that was at least phase one complete, he wrote it in curly letters across the paper;

GET OUT OF SEX WORK

He pressed the pen to his soft lips, musing on the next stage of his plan before writing.

LEARN MAGIC

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Doing that was a lot easier said than done of course. Up until a day ago he didn't even know magic existed in the real world but since he was now living proof that was the case, he had to figure out how to wield it himself. That bitch had made it quite clear that, should he ever manage to find or run into her again, she wouldn't restore him to his proper reality no matter what he did. So, he was going to have to learn it himself. The question was, where to start. He searched his brain for a few minutes before settling on the library; he'd not set foot in a library since he was a child but where else was he going to have access to so much information? If nothing else maybe there would be some occult or history books that could point him in the wrong direction. Perhaps he could stop by the community centre or something and see if there were any wicca groups or similar in the area; it wasn't likely, but it was something.

He was just slipping on his shoes when Jackie walked in without knocking. She regarded him a moment, then raised an eyebrow.

"You certainly don't look sick." She said, "Ginger informed me you had a terrible cold."

He coughed once or twice before meeting her eyes, ready to put on a show to put the oscar to shame when he decided against it. Jackie was even more shrewd than Jake and had already decided not to trust him, nothing short of a spontaneous nosebleed or being physically ill was going to be enough to convince her, neither of which he could pull off in the split second he had. He had to take a different approach.

"I'm just really not up for work tonight, Jackie." He sighed, running his hands through his hair and immediately snagging a nail on one of his dreads.

"So I see." She crossed her arms, patiently waiting for him to awkwardly tug the nail free.

"Please, could I just have one, maybe two nights off?" Deep down he knew that wasn't going to be enough but he also knew better than to push his luck, "I'm one of your best earners, don't I deserve a night off once in a while?"

“You get every Tuesday night off.” Jackie replied unimpressed before sighing and sitting down on the bed next to her, “Why don’t you just tell me what’s actually wrong? You may be able to misdirect the others with a quick smile and some charm but not me, honey. What was all that yelling about, being called Pete?”

He bit his lip; Pete would be lying if he said he desperately wanted to talk about everything he’d been through today. He and the boys were never the soft, mushy types. Your crap was your crap, and you took care of it yourself for the most part. At least when it came to emotions and all that. Jake would never sit down and insist he explain why he was feeling down, unless it had the potential to affect all of them or their profits, of course. He had to admit, it felt...nice. Telling the whole truth was not an option though, God knows how Jackie would react if he told her. She’d probably think he’d gone off the deep end, he almost believed he had himself.

“It was...my dream.” He said after a long moment, “I had this dream that I was a guy, we were all guys. We had a cool street gang and we didn’t have to sleep with people for money. We got it through mugging and shit instead. I guess I just...want that life.”

“You want to live your life being a lowlife who robs people?” Jackie scoffed, “I know our work isn’t as glamorous as some might think but this isn’t some dingy charge by the minute whorehouse. We’re a good establishment and you’ve always loved working here. Why the change of heart?”

“I just didn’t know any better.” Pete sighed, “Now that I’ve had that dream, I do.”

Jackie had a funny look on her face, like she was trying to hide her annoyance.

“Look, we all get disenchanted from time to time.” She shrugged finally, “You can have tonight off, sort your shit out. I want you back on the floor tomorrow understand. I don’t have time to be dealing with this.”

Maybe Jackie was not so different from Jake after all.

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Walking into the library felt so wrong; even dressed in a normal pair of jeans and a hoodie he felt as though each person he passed glared at him. Like he was projecting some sort of aura, he didn’t

belong here in this world of academia; hell, he'd not picked up a book since he was in grade school. Everybody else seemed to know exactly where they were going and there was no way he was going to make himself stand out even more by standing their gawking at the shelves like an idiot. Every book had a stream of numbers at the bottom though he had no idea what they meant; he was fairly certain he wanted the non-fiction section though.

After much trial and error, mostly error he found the history section and picked out a random book with a dragon on the cover, dragons were magical creatures, the logic was sound. At least until he opened it and was met with an incredibly thick tome that seemed to be about the origins and analysis of Arthurian legends, whatever the hell they were. Not useful. He picked up another, this time with a wand, also, not helpful. His frustration must have been showing on his face because an old woman who looked like a stiff breeze could blow her over approached and asked if she could help him finding something.

"I'm looking for a book on...magic." He admitted.

"Oh I see, well we have some in the children's section--"

"No not like, party tricks I mean real magic." Even as he said it Pete could tell it was a mistake.

"We don't deal with the occult here, young lady." She said stiffly, "Now, why don't you try this."

She reached up and placed a thick book into his hands, The Salem Witch Trials.

"That's what your soul needs."

Pete grit his teeth and resisted the urge to throw the book at her head. He couldn't risk getting thrown out though, did libraries have security? He was not about to test things and find out. Pete gave her a stiff wave and walked over to the next aisle to keep up his own search. He ended up finding a few books on Wicca which were little more than herbalism and star charts; even his attempt to use the computers and fledgling internet proved ineffective. He sighed, was it really so surprising? If you could just learn magic at your local library, more people would know it was real. In a last ditch effort, he printed out a list of addresses; occultist clubs, voodoo temples and other such niche interests. He'd visit each one in turn, one of them had to have the answers he sought.

Right?

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He'd spent the rest of the day taking busses to the first few locations on his list; one of which just seemed to be a local Dungeons and Dragons group who wanted to sound cooler. If he'd still been in his proper body Pete would have been able to walk off with all their wallets; as it stood, all he achieved was several sets of hungry eyes on his chest, pervs. So, it went without saying that when he returned to the bordello Pete was in a foul mood and fell into bed with aching feet from all his walking. Moans echoed up the hall; he may have the night off but his fellow hookers did not. He could hear womanly gasps from them as well as deep groans from their patrons.

Pete felt his face turn pink and despite the soreness of his feet he quickened his pace. Those primal sounds somehow made him hyperaware of each step he was taking; how his hips now had a subtle sway to them now, how his thighs brushed together. He could feel an ache forming between his legs along with a dampness that turned his pink cheeks beet red just as he slammed his door closed. Even as he leaned against the door, pressing his cheek into the cool wood in a vain effort to cool the heat there he could still hear them. It was as if his ears could hear nothing but the moans of pleasure emanating from every wall.

He dove under the blankets, silken sheets feeling almost sensual against his skin. Desperate not to feed that desire slowly building within him he blocked his ears, curling into a ball, eventually falling into a fitful sleep filled with dreams he would never admit, not even to himself, of having.

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He woke the next morning with a sticky substance between his legs, much to his shame. He'd showered, doing his best to avoid looking down at his naked body and letting the water wash away the evidence of his humiliating dreams. Blissfully, the house was silent, all the girls sleeping in after a hard night's work and so there was nobody to stop him slipping out, list of addresses in hand. He walked, taxied and bussed all over the city; visiting the cities strangest and most niche communities and locations and even a Chinese medicinal shop at once point as his options dwindled. Everywhere he looked, he found only charlatans and dead ends. One woman, who somehow made a living selling rocks insisted that a crystal that exuded the right energy waves was the answer to his problems. By the time he reached the final location on his list Pete was beginning to feel hopeless and the tiny, unassuming little bookshop didn't inspire confidence, aside from the pentagram on the front door.

He paused for a moment with his hand on the doorknob; praying that this was the place. He didn't have any other leads to follow. Pushing inside his hopes didn't raise, it looked like a normal bookshop, the only difference being almost every single book seemed to be bound in either leather or black fabric giving the whole area a dreary vibe. He found books of curses and spells of fortune, all of which seemed like complete farce to him; if poking a little doll with needles was all it took to kill your enemies hit men would be out of business by now.

"Can I help you?" A deep baritone queried and Pete spun around to find a handsome man with tanned skin leaning against the bookshelf.

One arm just above his head so that his body was looming down over Pete's, not in a threatening way, but his smile was predatory and all of a sudden, Pete was very much aware of how close their bodies were. He sprung backwards, his stomach full of butterflies.

"Oh, uh, maybe?" Why was he so flustered suddenly? Why was looking this man in the eye so difficult?

"Looking for something to piss off an ex-boyfriend perhaps?" He chuckled, eyes slipping to the book of curses in his hand, then up to his face, pausing briefly on his chest.

Warmth bloomed inside Pete, a strange pleasure at the man's attention; there was desire in his eyes and the knowledge that somebody wanted him made Pete feel even more flustered. Such attention should be disgusting to him, but there was no way to deny how his body was reacting in kind. He tried to explain to the man what he needed but kept fumbling over the words, eyes slipping to admire his broad shoulders and muscles chest visible thanks to the top buttons of his shirt being undone.

The man took another step forwards, Pete could feel his body heat now. That smile had grown hungry to match his eyes and Pete felt his pussy clench against his will. Those butterflies turning into a warm liquid heat in his lower stomach.

"Reality shifting hm? That's some big magic there. You know what I have something I think could really change your perspective...in the back room."

The innuendo was clear, the offer open. Pete swallowed, shaking his head vigorously before slamming the book onto the shelf and hastily retreating from the shop., not daring to meet the man's eye again as he fled. He was not a woman, and he wasn't gay, so why oh why did this keep happening? His body was craving the touch of a man and what was worse, his mind was starting to desire one as well. He was so caught up in his own thoughts and fears he didn't even realise he'd returned until Jackie cleared her throat as he pushed open the door. His mouth went dry.

"Good, I was beginning to think you were skipping out on another night of work." Jackie said, "You have a lot of bookings tonight and I want you available for walk in clients as well, understand?"

He nodded, just wanting this conversation to be over and he continued up to his room. He'd completely blown through every lead he had on trying to learn magic today, even if that...incident at the bookshop hadn't occurred he wasn't sure it was going to be of any help. He was out of time.

In a panic he paced; he couldn't be a hooker; he just could not do it! Those confusing feeling for the handsome man the other day aside, he was straight! But Jackie was not going to take no for

an answer this time and if she kicked him out of the bordello where was he going to go? Selling off the clothes might net him a few days at a hotel but after that he would be on the street and probably have to resort to selling his body just to eat anyway.

He looked out his dusty window to the street below; searching for some kind of sign telling him what to do. He watched the men on the street enviously; what he wouldn't do to swap places with any one of them. Then, as if by fate, Pete found the sign he was looking for. It was small, barely readable from his position across the street but if he squinted, he could make it out. Pasted on the front door of the local café; closed due to the health code violations. His heart began to thump against his ribcage; this could be it. Brothels were not illegal, but they did have to adhere to strict health codes in order to stay in business, not to mention ere regularly subject to surprise inspections for drugs and other illegal substances since it was such a common side hustle in such establishments.

He rushed out into the hall, trying hard to hide the spring in his step as he made his way outside. To be safe, Pete waited until he was several blocks away before selecting a payphone and slipping a quarter into the slot. He punched in the non-emergency police number, finger hovering over the final number as he bit down on his lip. He was doing something he swore he'd never do, turn snitch. The idea of selling his boys out, even in this reality, felt wrong but he steeled himself. This was a matter of pride, of his manhood and besides, he knew there were no drugs in the brothel. Was it really snitching if you were lying about it? A tired sounded man answered the phone and Pete deepened his voice, close to his old baritone as possible.

"I'd like to report drugs in a local brothel..."

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He'd rushed back to the bordello with a cheap smoothie in hand in case anybody asked why he had left and waited. An hour passed and the clock on his wall was ticking away, getting closer and closer to the early evening when his first client was to arrive. A cold sweat dripped down his back when suddenly, the sound of an argument floated up the stairs; Jackie was arguing with an unknown, male voice and Pete felt his heart sing as heavy footsteps made their way up the stairs. He did his best to look surprised as the policeman knocked on his door, Jackie standing a few steps behind, fuming.

Pete went and stood with the other girls in the hall, trying to look nervous as the police tore the bordello apart. It lasted an age and he had to bite his cheek to stop from smiling as the clock struck five and then kept on going. By the time they were done Jackie was red in the face from yelling and police had found nothing. They left; an apology that didn't even attempt to sound sincere on their lips as they went. Their clients had likely fled upon seeing the police cars outside, their rooms were in shambles, it was certain there would be no work tonight, or the next few nights in fact. Nobody wanted to visit a brothel the police had just raided, lest it happen again. At least for a few more nights, they were out of business and Pete's dignity, or what was left of it, was safe.

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Pete had bought himself more time, fixing up the house and earning back the local trust was going to take a few days at the very least and Pete was not about to look a gift horse in the mouth. He did his part to try and 'fix' the house as best he could, constantly mislaying things to try and slow the process down and then, whenever he got a spare moment, he went out looking for the witch. He went back to the library and used the dial up internet to browse the web for clues, he even entertained the idea of going back to that little bookshop but thought better of it.

Some of the girls went out to the streets to pick men up and earn a little cash on the side. Ginger had invited him to come with and he'd managed to convince her he was making his own way while they were closed. Something he was sure Jackie didn't believe for a second. If she suspected him of sabotage, she never said but Pete did notice she was keeping a particularly close eye on her during the last few days of repair. So, when he woke one morning to hear Jackie's buoyant laughter echoing up the stairs, as well as the twittering of many other excited voices Pete knew something big must have happened. Rubbing his eyes, he stumbled down the stairs to find the entire bordello gathered around Jackie bouncing on their heels.

"What's going on?" Pete asked and Ginger turned and beamed at him.

"Caleb Hound is coming to see us tonight." She squealed.

"The head of White Nails?" He gaped.

The White Nails were the biggest gang this side of the city; they had their fingers in every pie from drug trafficking to pay for hire hits. Back in his real life, Pete had even worked for them from time to time, guarding a truck here or acting as a bouncer at one of their private parties. They were ruthless, efficient and most importantly, not too showy. While they were certainly on the police's radar, they kept their jobs discrete enough that they were rarely busted. Caleb 'the bloodhound' Hound, had taken over from his father a few years ago and in doing so, become one of the richest and most powerful men in the underground. One of the keys to his success, or so he claimed, was that he never allowed himself any attachments; no girlfriends, no kids, nobody who could be used against him. As a result, brothels got their fair share of work from him.

"He used to always visit the girls over on 53rd street but when they closed shop, he started switching around." Harriet said in awe, "if we can make him a regular, he's sure to send all his guys to us as well."

"We'll have it made in the shade." Jackie nodded with a confident smile. "That means we need our very best to impress him."

Pete felt his blood turn icy.

“The Spice Girls it is!” Ginger punched the air, running up and throwing an arm around Pete. “Between the two of us he doesn’t stand a chance.”

Jackie nodded, Harriet looked sullen, clearly, she had been hoping for the ‘honour’ of servicing Caleb. Pete wanted to tell her she could take it for all he cared.

“We have to make up for all that time we lost.” Jackie clapped her hands and fixed him with a serious look, “Pepper, Ginger, I’ll clear your schedule. You’re to give Caleb your full and total attention tonight, I want to hear than man moan the house down, got it?”

“Got it!” Ginger cheered.

“Got it.” Pepper mumbled.

Cold dread was washing over him like a wave. Jackie was looking at him with purpose, as if to say she knew he’d been avoiding work and that she wasn’t going to let him get away with it anymore. There would be no getting out of this one, he had to go through with it, a whole night spent trying to pleasure a man, with Ginger right there with him. He had never been so royally fucked in his entire life.

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Pete stood before the cupboard, eyes glazing over as he took in the sheer amount of clothing to choose from. Jackie had made it very clear that he couldn’t half ass this tonight; she wanted Caleb more than satisfied and with Ginger at his side the whole time, there was nothing he could do to sabotage or talk his way out of it. The cherry on top was that a part of him didn’t even want to. All these urges he’d been having, his sudden and strong attraction to men, his new sexy body...the truth is there was a part of him that wanted to test it all out.

With a sigh he grabbed an elastic, tying his dreads back in a sort of ponytail so that his neck and face were on full display. His dark skin and high cheek bones really were gorgeous, even without any make up; it really was no surprise he was one of the most requested whores in the house with a face like this. Pete found himself entering a sort of trance, laying on lipstick and mascara until his face was framed perfectly; lips painted dark brown and shimmering to match his outfit. A black negligee with silver trim and matching garter. When he’d seen them hanging there, he’d known instantly it was his signature outfit; Pepper to match Ginger, who would be dressed all in red. He moved to the mirror, kicking off his pants and staring at his naked form properly for the first time since he woke up that fateful morning. His figure was flawless, his skin dark and smooth; this was not the body of some common streetwalker, he truly was a proper lady of the night.

He pulled the strapless mini dress up his body, feeling the soft satin flow across his skin. The touch was light, like that of a lover and in response Pete felt his pussy moisten. He'd been deprived of sexual touch for so long and now the anticipation was building. His body was desperate for it even if his mind was still nervously lagging behind. He stepped one leg up onto his seat and gently slid the garter up his leg till it rested on his upper thigh. It was a clever accessory, not super obvious, but it implied so much simply by being there. He took in his reflection, biting down on his lip before hastily licking the lipstick off his teeth. He looked perfect and Pete honestly didn't know how to feel about it.

Ginger walked in and squealed with excitement; she was wearing an identical outfit themed in red.

"You read my mind!" She laughed, "Oh this will be so fun. Plus, if we do a good job he might even give us a little something extra!"

"Hurray." Pete muttered.

"Now, do you want to take the lead or shall I?"

"You, definitely."

Ginger gave him a quick hug.

"You're such a good friend, thank you Pepper!"

"Don't mention it."

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There was no clock in Pete's room, yet he swore he could hear one ticking; perhaps it was just his heartbeat thumping in his ears. Ginger had gone down to greet Caleb, they would be back any moment and so he was left in limbo, stretched out across the bed filled with trepidation but also excitement. His body was buzzing, nipples already semi hard in anticipation. He'd been in this body a little over a week and never given it any kind of release, perhaps that was a mistake because he felt sure the damn was about to burst.

'Please be ugly.' Pete silently begged, *'Please say Caleb in this timeline is fat or scarred up or something. Please don't let me find him attractive...'*

Footsteps were approaching, Ginger's sultry voice muffled by the tin walls. Pete bit his lip as the door swung open.

"This way, Querido." She cooed, pulling their client through the door gently by his hand.

Pete's luck had officially run out; Caleb was the man of many a girls dreams with dark eyes and a short, trimmed beard coating his sharp jawline. He was dressed in a suit that probably cost more than Pete had ever had in his life and as he loosened his tie Pete felt his nipples harden the rest of the way.

"So you two are the famous 'Spice Girls'." He mused.

"Ginger and Pepper!" Ginger replied with a bubbly smile, "Smoking hot and just like our namesakes, we linger on the tongue."

She lowered her eyes as she whispered that last part and Pete watched as Caleb's eyes dilated. He moved to the bed and Ginger reached for his belt only to be stopped.

"Not just yet, I want a little show first." He said almost dismissively, "Down on the rug the both of you."

Pete felt as though he were in a trance, a bolt of pleasure hitting him as his body moved to obey the order. He'd always been dominant in the bedroom, as any man should be but...the pleasure that came from submission was more potent than he'd ever realised. He sunk to his knees, Ginger planting herself behind him, hands on his shoulders and breasts at his back. His heart began to hammer as blood rushed to the surface of his dark skin in response.

"We're very good at putting on shows, aren't we Pepper?" Ginger whispered, a soft palm turning his chin to face her before those soft lips were on him.

Alarm bells rang in his head, he was kissing his best mate! He was kissing Juan, or at least, this universes version of him. It was so wrong and yet it felt wonderful, he couldn't help but let out a soft moan, burying a hand in his friends long hair and pulling their faces closer together, tongues intertwining. If he was really a guy deep down, there was nothing wrong with being turned on by

kissing a woman, surely? He hoped not because now that he'd started, he really didn't want to stop. He could feel a scrap of teeth against his lower lip and Ginger nibbled and the sensations left him gasping. She shifted, pressing their breasts together as she pulled him onto her lap, he had almost forgotten Caleb was present until he cleared his throat and they finally broke apart with a whimper.

Pete could see the tent in Caleb's trousers and excitement began to build in him, that empty ache between his legs flaring to life with a vengeance. Ginger crawled to him, curling herself around one leg and said with a wavering voice:

"That really got me going, can we start on you now?"

"Please."

The word slipped out from his lips before he could stop it; begging for a man's cock was shameful, emasculating even but right now, it was what he wanted.

"Well, since you both asked so nicely."

Pete crawled up onto the bed, shivering as Ginger reached for the top of his dress, ready to undress him at Caleb's demand. He sat back, taking care of his own clothing personally while he watched Ginger strip him down.

"Keep the garters." He said smugly, "but nothing else."

Pete shuddered as his breasts were exposed to the cool air and with trembling hands he lowered Ginger's own dress, revealing more dark olive skin and a mound of black hair already dripping with moisture to match himself.

"You're shaking." Ginger cooed, holding him close and pressing their sensitive bodies together, "Let me warm you up."

Pete could only moan in response as diamond hard nipples crushed against his own. He rested his chin against her shoulder, glancing down the smooth plane of Ginger's back to see the word 'Princess' tattooed across Ginger's lower back; Juan's manly dragon transformed into a tramp stamp.

"She's not much of a talker, is she?" Caleb teased, reaching out to smooth his hand down Pete's back and ass.

“She gets caught up in the feelings, overly sensitive, our Pepper.”

“I just have better things to do with my mouth than talking.” He shot back, unaware of where the quip had come from though he found himself quite proud of it.

“Oh, let’s test that out then, shall we?”

Caleb lifted his hips, removing both his trousers and boxers in one fell swoop and all self-control Pete possessed flew out the window at the sight of his length. It was bigger than his had ever been, thick and slightly curved in such a way that instantly Pete knew it would brush against his G-spot with every thrust. He whimpered with want, body crawling up the bed before his thoughts could catch up; before he knew it his face was right above that cock, lips inches away from the drop of precum on its tip. He shouldn’t want to taste it but he did, *so badly*.

His lips trembled slightly as he lowered them; he had no idea what he was doing. He’d never given a blow job before in his life! Yet, when his lips finally made contact with the warm length, he found them parting easily, cock sliding deep down into his throat with ease. It was as if he’d been made for this, even as the tip brushed the back of his throat his gag reflex didn’t rear. Caleb groaned and the sound went straight to Pete’s pussy, high in the air as he was bent over. He let his instincts take over, bobbing his head while hollowing his cheeks and swirling his tongue around the tip each time he withdrew.

“Leave some for me, Pepper.” Ginger cooed, shuffling her to the side, “Stand up Caleb, then we can both reach. Pretty please?”

He acquiesced, standing by the bed so that Pete could keep sucking while Ginger crept up behind to suckle at his balls. An unknown signal passed between them and they switched position, Pete running his tongue along Caleb’s balls before popping them both in his mouth. He couldn’t stop moaning as he did so, drinking in that salty, masculine flavour and Caleb groaned.

Then there were strong hands on his shoulders, gently but firmly raising him up so that the balls left his mouth with a pop. Caleb’s eyes were blown wide and he pulled Pete in roughly for a kiss that made melt inside and out.

“I want you first.” He whispered huskily, Pete could only whimper in response, allowing Caleb to manoeuvre his body down onto the mattress while Ginger discreetly moved off the bed to watch.

“I want you to touch yourself while I fuck her.” Caleb ordered and Ginger readily obeyed, leaning back to spread her legs so that Caleb could have a good display should he choose to look her way.

He then turned back to face Pete, their fingers intertwined as the larger man pinned him to the bed. Pete could feel his chest rising and falling, see them in the periphery of his vision, nipples brushing against the man’s smooth chest. The anticipation was building; he didn’t want to want this but the ache between his legs was unbearable and as the tip of that cock came to rest against it, he couldn’t help but quiver. There was a sense of finality, if he let this happen, he truly would become Pepper the whore. With an odd sense of determination, he made his choice, Pete raised his hips and pushed that cock inside him. Caleb did the rest of the work, plunging in fast and hard so that Pete cried out.

He knew, from personal experience and expectations, that whores often pretended they were in ecstasy while you were fucking them. Writhing and moaning as if they couldn’t stand it, just like Pete was now, except he was not acting. Sex as a woman was far more overwhelming than he had ever realised and he found himself unable to control his own body. He bucked his hips against Caleb’s, desperate for more friction. He had been right about his G-spot being teased mercilessly; it was so good it almost hurt.

“Fuck! You are as good as they say.” Caleb groaned, “So tight....fuck!”

Pete wrapped his legs around Caleb’s hips, pulling him in deeper with each thrust as his Pussy began to tighten. The pleasure grew and for a moment he was on the edge before a wave of bliss washed over his entire body and he found himself crying out Caleb’s name. A soft moan from besides them told Pete that Ginger was cumming too and that seemed to set Caleb off because a moment later there was a pulse, followed by a splash of wetness inside him. The mad shuddered, collapsing against him exhausted as they both tried to catch their breath.

Pete let himself float in the haze of post coital bliss, idly reminding himself to buy the morning after pill tomorrow. Why had he been denying himself such pleasure since this change? Even as Caleb pulled out his pussy was still pulsing with residual pleasure and he couldn’t wait for round two. Of all the lives that witch could have given him, this one wasn’t really that bad when he thought about it. Being a hooker for the rest of his life did suck a bit, but he could learn to live with it. Especially if Caleb turned into a regular customer. The man was virile that was for sure, already semi hard watching Ginger finger fuck herself through another orgasm. He reached out with a strong hand and touched Pete’s cheek.

“I think we’ll be doing that again very soon.”

Pete’s breath hitched.

“Can’t wait.”