

An American Chav in London - Part 3

For BimboBlarg

By TheSpiralledEye

A nervous American arrives overseas for the first time hoping to reinvent himself. Being turned into a trashy, wildly flirtatious and overly confident Chav wasn't exactly what he had in mind though...

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I woke up the next morning feeling *wonderful*. The sunlight was warming my body as I laid out on my back, I was tempted to just fall back into a contented sleep until I rolled onto my side and yelped in shock as I painfully squashed my side boob into the mattress. In a moment I was up on my knees in the middle of the bed, looking down at my naked body and blinking in surprise as the memories of last night came back to me.

“Oh yeah.” I gave my boob a poke just to make sure I wasn’t dreaming. “Tha’ happened.”

The address for Smythe street was still up on my phone, getting there wouldn't be hard now but now I had a new problem. What was I going to wear? The tube top and tight leather skirt from last night were still sitting on the floor of the bathroom, damp from the steam the night before.

“Ewwwie.” I sneered. “I guess Ah have ta wear some of ma old clothes...”

The idea wasn't very appealing, all I had in that suitcase were jeans and boring old T shirts that would never fit over my new tits. Plus the outfits wouldn't show off my figure at all! While I was in this body I may as well make the most of it and show it off right? It felt almost criminal to cover up such a sweet bod with boring old men’s clothing.

I didn’t have much of a choice though; so I flipped open the suitcase with a defeated sigh that immediately turned to a squeal of delight. My suitcase had been repacked,

probably by the same magic that had changed me; honestly I didn't really care what had done it, all I cared about were all the wonderful options I now had.

Dresses, skirts, hoop earrings, fake diamonds, bedazzled jeans; there were a dozen different combinations I could try! I was already half dressed in a pair of tight booty shorts and a lacy bra when I stopped myself; what the hell was I doing? I should be embarrassed as hell to be trying on slutty clothing like this! Instead I was revelling in it! I couldn't even blame my Ashleigh side, or maybe I could, it was harder and harder to tell where that line was now.

I held the lacy, half sheer crop top between my fingers, torn between putting it on and throwing it out the window.

“Okay, how 'bout a compromise.” I said to myself. “Comfy but not too revealing?”

That seemed like a good thing to do right? I had to wear something after all, I couldn't just strut down to Smythe street naked. But I could still save some of my masculinity by at least not picking the G-string (even if it was so hella tempting right now). I opted for a pair of tight, dark jeans embroidered with flowers across my butt, a plain pink crop top and cropped jacket with matching hoop earrings. There was even a spaghetti strap purse to fit all my things in so I didn't have to use my cleavage.

“Oooh make up!”

I smeared the lipstick and eyeliner over my skin without thinking about it, reapplying my bright, eye catching look from last night. I mean, it would just be silly to get dressed and not complete the look! I grinned at my reflection, admiring the glossy sheen on my plump lips; how could I have ever called them fat?

“Okay Ahslei-uh Henry! Time to get a goin'!”

I was almost sad when I passed the reception and saw a different person at the desk. I was hoping to give a wink to the woman from last night. Again that confidence inside me burned bright and hot; she would never forget me. Not as long as she lived. Linda would always harbour a secret memory of how I blew her mind. I've never been memorable before; it felt nice.

As did walking through the streets of London toward the tube station. Last night all the eyes that turned as I walked by had made me blush but now I fully embraced it and held my head high. I even jutted out my chin a little and enjoyed the sway of my hips.

Even taking the train was fun; not only for the novelty of travelling on the famous London tube system for the first time but because of the crowd. Normally I found crowds stifling and uncomfortable but in this new body they were actually kind of exciting. Squashed into the train car like sardines I couldn't help but press my body up against people. My tits and ass were pressing into people from every angle but it wasn't like I had the option of moving.

I felt a hand slowly creeping along the curve of my butt; so feather light it was barely there. Some perv was copping a feel! A strange mixture of emotions swirled in my gut; flattery and excitement but also embarrassment. I should be calling him out right? Not just letting him feel me up in public...there was something salacious about just letting it happen. His touch was so light and teasing it was starting to turn me on despite my best efforts and I couldn't bring myself to stop it.

As the crowd moved away, so did the hand and I did my best not to feel disappointment. Even if my Ashleigh side did make me subtly wiggle my hips back and forth for the rest of their trip in the hopes of enticing somebody new. I was actually sort of disappointed nobody took up the offer by the time I reached the station.

I hopped off the train and followed the directions until I saw my salvation; a tiny little street sign with the word Smythe written on it. It may as well have said salvation. I rushed to it, turning into Smythe street with a grin that immediately fell. It was a long street; a very long street, crammed with townhouses, shops, cafes and who knew what else.

"I guess Ah just start here." I shrugged, looking at the first door on the street, a little town house that looked as if it had seen better days.

I knocked on the door only to then realise I had no idea what I was going to say. I stood there, frozen in stupidity and fear as the door opened and a grumpy looking man with giant bags under his eyes answered the door and looked me up and down. He didn't look impressed and somehow the audacity of somebody not finding me attractive sort of overrode my anxiety.

"What do you want?"

"Is there a blonde chick livin' here?" I asked. "A witch maybe?"

"No." He replied. "Bye."

The door slammed in my face and I felt my blood starting to boil. How dare he be so rude?!

“Hey! No need to be an ass to a lady asking a question!” I yelled, pounding on the door for emphasis.

Across the street I heard voices and turned to see a gaggle of women dressed similarly to me, all stopping to have a sticky beak and what had to be some juicy looking drama.

“He kick ya out, love?” One yelled. “Need the girls to come show him what's up?”

I didn't know what that meant but I couldn't help but smile at their offer for help; guys never did that. The door opened again just long enough for the man to stick his head out and shake his fist at me.

“Get lost ya ugly fucking chav!”

“Oi! You wish you could have a piece of this!” I slapped my butt for emphasis and the girls across the street hollered in support.

“You fook'n tell 'im!”

“Go girl!”

“C'mere with the cool peeps!”

Without hesitation I stuck out my tongue and crossed the street to join the group of other women; I felt an odd sense of belonging with them despite having just met. One even gave the asshole across the street the finger while another threw her arm around my shoulder as if we'd been friends for years.

“Wha a fook'n legend!” She cried, “That guy is a notorious grouch, always complain' about somethin' or other. If it's fun 'e hates it. How do we not know ya yet?”

“Ah'm new in town.”: I answered mysteriously. “Just flew in yesterday.”

There was a pause before the girls started cackling.

“Yeah right! I know a London chav when I see one. You're all local girl, don't hide it.”

That actually brought a grin to my face; I was being mistaken for a local after just two days in London? That's how well I fit in now! It had been my goal, to have a clean slate and if nothing else this change had given me that. It was actually pretty fun to lean into.

“So what was the goss there?” The black haired one asked me. “Aimee, by the by.”

“Ah'm Ashleigh.” I replied, “And Ah'm lookin' for somebody. Oh shit, maybe you lot could help!”

“So long as you ain't chargn' we might.” Another blonde giggled. “Wha's up?”

“I need to find a coven. There's this witch, see and she totally cursed me last night and while I am sorta having fun with it I need to get it reversed so...yeah.”

They all blinked in surprise for a moment before Aimee clicked her fingers with a look of understanding.

“Oh I getcha, ya lookn' for magic. Is this witch called Molly by any chance?”

“Ah dunno her name.”

The look of understanding left Aimee and she shrugged.

“You ain't talking 'bout E?”

Wait, did they think I was trying to buy drugs?

“No! I mean an actual person witch.”

I heard the blonde snicker a little behind her hand in that half subtle way that meant she didn't really care if I heard. My new temper flared once more and I took a hard step toward her.

“Ya gotta problem, hm?”

“Woah, firecracker hold ya shit.” Aimee chuckled. “Look, you can be into whatever occult weird stuff ya like, no judgement. Right Chelsea?”

The black haired woman nodded insincerely and I gave her the finger which seemed to delight the whole group.

“Ya finally found ya match.” One snickered to Chelsea who actually laughed.

“I like a girl with some balls,” she shrugged, “Ya alright. Wanna come drink with us?”

“It’s not even noon.”

“So? What are you, some kinda teetotaler?”

The peer pressure made me feel like I was being squeezed by a giant snake. I knew I should be looking for the coven, after all, I had only checked one door on this massive street so far. I only had the rest of today to look but...it was early. A little day drinking couldn't hurt. That witch was probably still sleeping off last night's hangover anyway.

So I nodded and followed the girls out of Smythe street and a few blocks over where a small, trashy looking townhouse had its door open. People were strewn about in that distinctive way that told me this was just a lull in what was likely a twenty-four seven party.

“Hey losers, this is Ashleigh. We just caught her chewing out the old fella over on Smythe street.”

“Good! That fucker is always complainin’ about our music.” Some guy yelled.

Somebody cranked a stereo nearby and sent the music to max volume and Chelsea grabbed my hand. She was yelling something about dancing but I couldn't hear her over the din. She dragged me and some of the others to the middle of the room and started to bounce on her heels, pouring vodka into a paper cup as she moved. Where she had produced it from I had no idea.

The cup found its way to my hand and without thinking I downed the lot, feeling my throat burn but instead of coughing or spluttering, I simply gave a satisfied gasp and held out the cup for a refill. The alcohol burned down my throat but I didn't feel any shame getting hard wasted in the middle of the day. It was sort of freeing not to give a fuck what anybody else might think and just have fun.

My new friends and I started to dance, having fun bumping hips and swaying side to side. I could feel my body moving in the most naughty ways and I didn't even want to stop it. The music was so loud it made my ears ache and my heels vibrate. I could feel my butt bouncing along with me as I twisted and turned, copying the girls moved and fueled by the alcohol in my veins. I felt wild and out of control; *I loved it.*

This was the most fun I'd had in years! I was having so much fun I didn't notice the button on my bag coming loose until it was too late as my passport sailed through the air and landed on the ground, open.

"Ooooooh who's this then?"

Aimee picked up the passport with delight.

"Ya boyfriend?"

"Nah, he's just...some guy." I lied, "I found it, was gonna see if I could turn it in for a reward or somethin'"

"He looks boring." Chelsea said, "Like, his face is aight I guess but he looks a little milk toast."

"Yeah." I nodded sadly, "He does, don't he?"

"I'd chuck it away, there is no way any guy like that will be fun. And he certainly don't look rich enough to make his plain face worth it." Aimee chucked the passport over her shoulder and into the bin.

I watched as the passport flew through the air and landed in the metal bin with a thud. It would be sitting on top, easy to fish out and clean off. On some level I knew I was going to need it to get home once I'd changed back but...I just didn't want to. In fact, I really wanted to dump a bunch of garbage on top so it would be impossible to find.

I stared for a moment before forcing myself to reach in and put it in my bag when the other girls had their backs turned. But it was out of obligation, not want, that I placed it back inside my purse.