

Different Shades of Being - Part 1

For Halima Abdi

By TheSpiralledEye

Two white men in their thirties use a machine to create a reality where they are both sexy Indian women; a mother and daughter duo. But what starts as a fetish turns into something else as they begin falling more into their new lives.

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“Are you sure about this thing?”

“One hundred percent, after all the money we spent you can’t seriously be thinking of chickening out now.”

Henry bit the inside of his cheek. When Kayden had first shown him the videos and discussion boards online talking about the Reality Warper, he’d been sceptical. A machine that could transfer your consciousness to another reality based on your specifications felt far too powerful to be real. No matter how many videos Kayden showed him of the scientists explaining how the process worked he never quite understood.

Still, when Kayden had suggested they band together to save for one, he hadn’t been able to resist. Especially once Kayden started mentioning a certain fantasy they both shared. It had all started years ago, when Kayden had walked in on Henry at the company retreat and caught him looking at transformation videos. Henry had been about ready to die of embarrassment until Kayden had admitted it was a fetish he shared. Now, with the Reality Warper, they had the means to make those fantasies a reality.

“Come on, Henry.” Kayden held out the remote coated in buttons. “We’re just a few clicks away from the best time of our lives. We took six weeks of leave for this, do you really want to just sit around your apartment while this gathers dust?”

“I know but what happens to us while we’re gone?”

Kayden sighed heavily.

“The machine leverages the inherent uncertainty principle of quantum mechanics, accessing the vast multiverse of potential realities, creating a harmonised quantum field that resonates with specific vibrational frequencies then matching our mental signals to those realities. Removing us from this one temporarily. It's simple Henry, I have explained this a thousand times.”

”And it still makes no sense.”

“You know what does?” Kayden said deadpan, “Becoming big titted Indian women like we've always dreamed about. If you don't want to come that's fine but I spent years saving for this thing and I plan on using it.”

Henry squirmed a little on the spot, his cock twitching at the mention of his all time biggest fantasy. He wasn't sure what it was about becoming an Indian woman specifically that so appealed to him but it did; perhaps there was something beautifully exotic about the distinct look many of them had. God, it made him semi hard just thinking about it.

Kayden threw an arm around his shoulder and gave it a squeeze.

“Mate, I have never steered you wrong, you know there is no judgement from me. I've already programmed everything ready to go, we just have to slip on the headbands and we're there.”

His ultimate fantasy, his to enjoy for six full weeks. Even if this machine wasn't real he had to give it a try. Kayden was right, they'd forked over so much money it would be a waste to back out now.

“Alright, let's do this.”

“Yeah!” Kayden punched the air, “Say goodbye to the boring white guys and hello to sexy Indian ladies!”

They both slipped the matching metal rings hooked up to the remote-like device and sat themselves down on the couch. Henry bit the inside of his cheek again, taking one last glance at his reflection in the mirror by the wall; boring square features, dull grey eyes, dirty blonde hair. His resolve hardened seeing his milktoast appearance, he was more than ready to look exotic for a while.

“Ready?” Kayden held up the remote.

“Ready.”

Henry watched as his friend's thumb descended upon the button and then, there was nothing.

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Soft sheets rubbed against his legs as he shifted in bed; the fog of sleep still clinging to his eyes and mind. Had it all been a dream? He blinked, eyes feeling strangely heavy as he rubbed at them and felt something strange. His focus slowly returned and Henry realised what he was feeling was the weight of long lashes. The sleepiness was gone in an instant and he sat up in bed; only it wasn't his bed at all.

Gone was his cheap blanket from Bed, Bath and Beyond, replaced with a handmade Rajasthani quilt patterned with blue swirls and red flowers. The bedroom walls were smaller, painted pastel pink and decorated with what looked like a mixture of modern rock posters and traditional wall hangings. The floor was littered with clothing and books that had obviously spilled off the loaded desk and onto the floor.

Excitement began to build inside his chest, causing it to rise and fall. He didn't dare look down, instead he closed his eyes, savouring the weight he could feel there that hadn't been present before. Finally, he leaned back on his hands and allowed himself to behold his new body.

Henry's eyes went straight to his new breasts; huge, frankly stunningly huge just like he had always dreamed. Even wearing just a pale pink nightgown he had more cleavage than most women did while wearing a push up bra. These were the sort of breasts people simply didn't get naturally but thanks to the Reality Warper, he now did.

He pressed a hand to them, squeezing them together and groaning at the soft, pliable flesh. Natural, real and huge; he was no expert on bra sizes but whatever was three times bigger than double D is what he knew he must have. Not only that but his supple skin was a beautiful shade of dark brown. Smooth and flawless.

He jumped out of bed, giggling as he new chest bounced with the movement. Not only that but he felt his butt move as well. It was nowhere near the size of his lovely tits, but still, he ran his hands over it, feeling the softness of his nightgown brush against the sensitive skin. He couldn't resist running over to the mirror and lifting the dress up to reveal the dark peach that was his ass.

A moan escaped him, this was better than any porn, better than any story or video from the internet. Not only did he get to see those beautiful curves but experience them, he could *feel* them; they were *his*. After a frankly embarrassingly long time Henry finally let his eyes drift up his curvaceous form to focus on his face and felt his jaw drop.

New curves forgotten for a moment he turned to look at himself properly for the first time. His long dark hair was like a blanket of pure midnight that fell all the way to the small of his back. Perfectly matching his brown eyes; they were the darkest shade, almost black yet somehow warm and inviting, framed by long lashes and heavy hoods.

His new face had flawless caramel-toned skin that glowed with radiance, exuding a natural luminosity that highlights his new features. The high cheekbones and sculpted jawline added a touch of refinement to his face, while the full, soft lips, with their natural rosy hue, held an enigmatic allure. It was everything he'd ever dreamed of. He reached out a hand to the mirror, as if to touch the woman before him, not quite believing it was really him.

"Hello." he whispered, shivering as the softness of his voice.

His eyes skated over the room again, looking for hints as to the nature of his new life. The clothing on the floor was all western style and sitting on the desk he saw what looked like a graduation certificate for a Chicago high school.

"Saanvi Singh." he whispered, picking up the certificate and turning back to smile at the mirror, "Nice to meet you."

With an excited squeal he jumped on his toes, feeling his tits jiggle and dance along with him. This was so fucking hot he couldn't believe it! He was a nubile, exotic young Indian woman just like he had always dreamed of. He couldn't wait to touch himself, already he could feel a warm wetness forming between his legs. Anticipation building, he jumped back onto the bed, ready to lift the hem of his pink nightie and finally look at his new womanhood when suddenly the door burst open.

"Saanvi! What are you still doing in bed you're going to be late!"

The woman who threw open the door placed her hands on her wide hips; she was in her mid forties with the same dark hair and eyes he now had and a similar, if slightly more pear shaped, build. She wore a sly smile and Henry felt a grin break out on his own face.

"Kayden?"

"It's Soraya actually," His friend replied with a thick Indian accent, "Though you will be calling me 'mom', here."

Henry burst into laughter.

"Holy shit, you made yourself my mom?"

"You know how I feel about MILFs." Kayden shrugged, walking over to the mirror and admiring himself, "Look at this, you can tell this lady's had kids but she's no less sexy, if anything I like being a bit more bottom heavy. Like your new tits?"

"Fuck yeah I do! Now get out of here so I can play with them."

Kayden placed a hand on his heart, a look of mock horror on his face.

"Is that any way to speak to your mother, young lady?"

The two of them devolved into laughter and all of Henry's anxieties were officially gone. It was then that he realised something.

"Holy crap, are we...speaking Hindi right now?"

"Yeah, isn't it great? I programmed it so that we can speak both Hindi and English. I thought it made it more authentic, plus, we sound hot."

"Very true." Henry replied letting the foreign words roll off his tongue.

"I was serious about getting dressed though." Kayden said finally in English, still with that heavy accent. "We have to get going, the semester has just started and we don't want to be late."

Unbidden a thought, no, a memory, bubbled into Henry's mind. Knowledge of this life helpfully provided by the machine no doubt. In an instant he knew he was twenty years old again, studying at the university his mother taught at. She was studying journalism while her mother taught English, a subject she had tactfully avoided taking just to make sure she never ended up in her class.

“Good point, I’ll shower and we can go.”

“Don’t take too long in the shower, *darling*.”

“I won’t, *mom*.”

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Kayden chuckled to himself, walking through the house that was his new home. It was small, but quite cosy and familiar for the most part. There was the occasional Indian trinket here or there and a few photographs showing who he presumed to be himself as a little girl growing up in India.

His new body was stunning; he couldn't resist dressing himself in the stereotypical hot professor outfit; tight pencil skirt, blouse with the top few buttons undone with a tight updo. He wondered how many young men would approach him trying to get an easy A. That stereotype was always attributed to horny young women but Kayden remembered what he was like back in his college days. There was also a picture showing a younger version of himself, wearing a fancy red Sari standing next to a man in a traditional style suit. His 'late' husband.

When programming the machine he knew he wanted Henry to be his daughter in this new reality but the idea of having to deal with a husband exhausted him. He wanted to be free to sneak around with students without having to deal with a jealous man so having him die when their daughter was young was a no brainer. Enough time had passed that nobody would judge him for sleeping around either.

Without much more thought he passed the wedding photo and made his way into the kitchen. It smelt of spices and he stopped to admire himself in the silver reflective metal of one of the hanging pans. He took in his new shape and smiled.

How many times had he popped a boner when some pear shaped, hot as anything female professor walked past with her motherly ass swaying as she walked? He loved curvy women, not fat, but the kind of curves that came from age and experience; and now he had them himself!

He felt a quiver between his legs, his new pussy demanding attention again. His plan had been to wait, hopefully score something while on campus but the more he looked at himself; the supple dark skin, the sensual dark eyes; the more he couldn't ignore his growing desire.

Slowly, he flicked open the button to his pencil skirt, letting the fabric go lax, held up only by the curve of his ass as he slipped a hand into his silky panties. He'd selected his most naughty looking underwear; the red lace ones that were sheer all over. The idea that he could be so sensible on the outside while secretly wearing lingerie to teach a class got him so hot. It was what he'd always imagined his professors doing when he was a student.

The warmth radiating from between his legs was immense and he shuddered, pressing two fingers along the dark curly hair there. Slowly lowering them until he felt the digits sink into his warm, wet folds.

"Fuck." he swore under his breath, it felt even better than he'd hoped.

Bracing himself against the kitchen bench with his spare hand he let the other drag along his cleft. His lips were so wet there was no resistance as he began to stroke, back and forth, back and forth. Such a simple touch, yet it yielded so much pleasure. He felt his chest rise and fall rapidly as the bliss spread through him. His new nipples hardened and he groaned, feeling them scrape against the sheer lining of his bra.

"Yes, oh yes..." he hissed in Hindi, letting the sensual sound of his own voice egg him on. "I'm so f-fucking hot, ohh...ohhhh."

A finger swirled around his clit, faster and faster as the ecstasy built. He wasn't worried about Henry catching him, the shower was still running and no doubt he was doing something similar to him right now. He began to pump the fingers between his folds harder, letting his clit slide between them and squeezing.

"Hgn...hnnnn!" Kayden bit down hard on his own lips to keep from moaning but it was so hard.

Everything felt so good, he could feel his legs trembling in an effort to stay standing as the pleasure threatened to turn them to jelly. His thick, MILF thighs were jiggling thanks to the movement and they sent vibrations straight to his hole.

Then he felt it, his whole body starting to crest; muscles tightening as he finally fell over the edge. Cumming as a woman for the first time. His mouth fell open and a breathy moan escaped him as he came, hand pressing hard against his clit as it pulsed, sending wave after wave of hot liquid pleasure through his body. He'd never felt so turned on or sexy in his life.

With a gasp he fell against the benchtop, panting for breath as his mind slowly recovered from the sheer intensity of the orgasm. That had been the strongest and most wonderful orgasm he had ever experienced. A smile formed on his face realising that this was just day one of a six week sexual adventure. He still had so much more to experience.

With reluctance he removed his hand and rebuttoned his skirt before washing off his fingers. He was tempted to let the smell of his juices linger on his clothing; eager to see how his adult students would react to it but he thought better of it. He had plenty of time to experiment; best let himself get oriented. Then he could set his eyes on a prize.

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After an...invigorating shower Henry was eager to face his first day as Saanvi. He'd slipped on a pair of sexy black panties and a matching bra and now he was sorting through his new life's frankly enormous closet. He was hoping to find something a bit oriental, maybe a sari or something but it seemed Saanvi mostly wore western clothes. The only traditional items he could find were all far too fancy to be worn to a normal day of classes. No problem, with a body like this, looking sexy wouldn't be too difficult.

A jean mini skirt and a yellow tank top patterned with roses later and he was ready to go. He walked out into the kitchen to find Kayden standing there waiting with a face that was slightly flushed. To his surprise, Henry saw Kayden's face pinch into one of disapproval.

"You're going to class dressed like that?" He said, "You look like you're heading to the club, you boobs are practically falling out."

"Uh, yeah." He scoffed, "Everybody dresses like this, we can't all be super conservative professor ladies."

The words had escaped him before he could stop; they just felt like the right thing to say. He blinked in surprise at himself and he watched as a similar expression formed on Kayden's face before they both laughed.

"Wow, okay." Kayden shook his head, "I knew the Reality Warper would help us fit into our new 'roles' but I didn't think it would happen so naturally."

"Me either." Henry chuckled, "Cool though, anyway, shall we get going? I spent my first lot of university years holed up in my dorm studying the whole time, I am keen to have a real college experience."

“You bet, come along, darling.”

~

Kayden felt imposing and powerful as he walked through the campus grounds. A stack of books and papers hugged to his chest as he took long, confident steps. He adored hearing the distinctively clacking of his heels on concrete and the way his ass swayed from side to side as he walked. He could see the occasional head turn and it felt gratifying to know it wasn't just the hot young things that caught people's eyes these days.

Henry had broken off from him almost immediately when they arrived. Hopping out of the car and yelling something about not wanting to be seen arriving at school with a professor. Apparently Saanvi had a reputation to uphold and being seen with her 'lame' mother would put it at risk. Kayden snickered, for all his hesitance, Henry sure was letting himself fall into the role of the rebellious young second generation daughter.

He approached the classroom, eager to see what sort of people had signed up. He couldn't wait to try and guess which of the guys in the classroom had a thing for MILFs, maybe he could even seduce one. After all, if he got caught all he had to do was think hard enough and he'd be back in the real world able to create a new reality. The fact that there were no consequences here made risk taking so much more viable.

Still, he was rather fond of this body and life, he wanted to enjoy it to its fullest before getting kicked out so he would need to be subtle. Not that he minded, that was part of the thrill. He pushed his way into the air conditioned building and was about to round the corner to his lecture hall when he heard voices.

“Professor Singh? That can't be right.”

He froze, somebody was talking about him?

“I know right? But she's the professor for all the advanced lit courses, weird hey?”

“I'm drowning in student debt to get this degree, I just don't think it's right that they let somebody...foreign, teach English.”

A strange tightness formed in Kayden's chest as those words sunk in.

“Don't get me wrong.” The voice continued, “If she was teaching Asian History or maths or something it would be fine but I don't think it's right to be learning Shakespeare from somebody who learned English as a second language.”

That tightness got stronger and Kayden felt himself filled with righteous anger. He took several deep breaths; this wasn't his real life, he couldn't get offended. He swallowed, schooling his features into a calm expression before rounding the corner and feeling an awkward tension filled the air.

Several young students were gathered around the entrance to the hall, he paid them no mind as he unlocked the door and waved them inside, though he did make a mental note to listen carefully when taking the roll. He wasn't going to seduce any of those racist bastards, that was for damn sure. In fact, he decided he was going to give them the harshest marks he could muster come time for the first assignment.

The class itself let him relax a little, he enjoyed standing at the front of the room with all eyes on him. He even noticed a few people, women included, trying hard not to look at his chest as he walked back and forth explaining the syllabus. Fortunately, the programming filled that in for him and he didn't need to think too much. All the advanced English knowledge he needed to take the class simply filtered into his brain without issue.

The time flew past and before he knew it the students were filtering out on their way to the next class, sadly none of them lingered looking for an excuse to talk to the hot professor as he'd hoped. The same went for the next class and by lunchtime he was ready for a break.

That tightness in his chest had never fully gone away and he cursed those damn students for marring his first day as a sexy woman. He'd been dreaming about this for years and they had marred it. He wasn't even sure why it bothered him so much, it wasn't like he was actually Indian. He was so caught up in his troubled thoughts he wasn't looking where he was going and suddenly Kayden found himself smacking into something and toppling backwards.

He landed on his rump with a heavy huff, books and papers flying everywhere. He felt his cheeks turn pink in embarrassment and he quickly tried to get to his feet only to wobble again, losing his balance thanks to the high heels he'd chosen to wear. Kayden squeezed his eyes closed, ready to faceplant and face even more humiliation when two strong arms scooped him right out of the air, steadying him on his feet.

“So sorry about that!” Said a deep baritone, “I got a bit lost and wasn't paying attention to where I was going.”

Kayden looked up to see a man about his own age with olive skin and dark, slightly wavy hair. His face turned a darker shade of red for reasons completely unrelated to embarrassment.

“It was my fault.” He muttered, somewhat reluctantly letting go of his saviour's arms and dusting himself off. “Oh! My books.”

“I’ll get them!” The man was off, quickly gathering the loose papers before they could blow away and stacking them neatly between his books, handing them over with a roguish smile.

“Manuel Gutierrez.” He smiled, holding out his hands, “Professor of psychology.”

“Soraya Singh, English.” He replied, enjoying how easily his new name rolled off the tongue.

“I’m new here.” Manuel admitted, “First day teaching and I can’ even find half my classrooms. Do you know where Lecture Hall Seven is?”

“Yes, not far from here actually,” Kayden replied, thankful for Soraya’s knowledge, “Why don’t I show you the way.”

“That would be great.” Manuel said, sounding relieved, “I get lost just trying to find the grocery store, this campus is my worst nightmare. Why would they not just put all the lecture halls together?”

“It does seem a bit counter intuitive.” Kayden giggled, he liked the sound, it felt light and bubbly in his chest.

As they walked Kayden realised the tightness in his chest was gone, evaporated entirely thanks to Manuel’s presence. That and falling on his ass hadn’t exactly been part of his plan for his first day as a sexy goddess of a woman but all of a sudden, it didn’t seem so bad.

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Henry felt like he was walking on air; well, almost. It was hard to feel like air when his chest was so damn heavy! Maybe the push up bra had been a mistake, after only a few minutes of walking he was starting to feel a twinge of pain in his back. A wolf whistle cut through the air

and his head snapped to the source; a blonde, blue-eyed man who looked like he would be right at home with a surfboard and shell necklace was grinning at him. Henry watched as the man's eyes fell from his face to his chest and smiled.

Henry jutted out his chin, straightening his back to further push out his chest.

'Fuck yeah I am hot.' he thought to himself, 'what of it?'

As he preened at the attention from his admirer he heard a scoff behind him. Another woman his own age, dressed in much more sensible jeans and a jacket was looking at her with barely disguised jealousy and disgust.

"I like to flaunt what I have." Henry told her without stopping, "Don't blame me if you can't do the same."

He heard a scandalised gasp and his smile turned to a full-on grin; screw it, the back pain was worth it for all this! He'd never felt more confident in his life. He made his way into class, the introductory lesson was always a wash from what he remembered of his old college days. Just rules and criteria explanation so he was free to let his mind wander.

He focused on how soft the hair chair felt thanks to his padded bum. He wiggled his hips back and forth subtly, crushing his new rump against the seat and enjoying the way the mini skirt rubbed against his inner thighs. He'd deliberately picked a desk towards the back of the raised room, that way if somebody wanted to, they might even be able to sneak a peek at his panties. Disappointedly, nobody had yet.

The professor was a young fellow, a first-year teacher by the looks of it. Normally that would induce eye rolls from other students but Professor Herron had a charm about him that had half the women in the room swooning. He caught Henry's eye and gave him a friendly wink, he waved back casually. If he was honest, he was a bit miffed.

He had always wanted to be that hot girl in class, the one who distracted all the other students with her mere presence. He leaned himself against the desk, feeling his breasts squashed against the hard wood. All eyes were on their charismatic professor though, not his fabulous self. Why couldn't he have gotten some stuffy old windbag? Then everybody would be looking at him.

"Miss Singh?"

Henry snapped to attention, he'd gotten so caught up feeling sorry for himself he'd not noticed all eyes turning to him, including the professors.

“Sorry, what was that?” he blushed, professor Herron just chuckled.

“It’s your turn to introduce yourself, tell us why you are studying journalism.”

Had other students been talking? Crap, maybe he should have been paying attention after all.

“I’m Saanvi Singh.” He said, loving how his new name felt on his tongue, “And I am studying journalism because...”

People were whispering, he felt a cool sweat start on his back, why did Saanvi want to be a journalist again? The memory took a moment to slide into his brain.

“Because I want to see the world and work at the same time.” He said finally, nobody looked impressed.

He sat back down, trying hard to ignore the burning in his cheeks. The next person stood up and introduced themselves, talking about wanting to shine a light on injustice in the world. The person after that wanted to expose corruption in politics. Henry felt like sinking into his chair, his reason sounded so shallow compared to theirs.

He thought being a young and free college woman would be fun but suddenly he was reminded of all the crappy things he experienced doing this the first time around as a man. Chief among them, that heavy pressure to succeed and find out what he was supposed to do with his life. He’d chosen finance out of thin air, perhaps Saanvi had done the same thing with journalism.

The class ended and the professor gave him a kind smile and nod which he returned. At least he seemed nice; the last thing he needed was to make an enemy of his major teacher on the first day. The woman he’d insulted before class was suddenly besides him; he’d not even noticed she was in the same class.

“You look tense.” She giggled, “Don’t worry, with your mommy on the staff and your obvious...skills, I am sure you won’t have a problem getting an A, even with your awful brain.”

Henry felt himself smile; there was no way he was going to let this woman think she could get to him.

“Oh yes, because being a professor's kid is so easy.” he replied sarcastically, “All I need to do is ask mommy dearest and she'll give me an A. Yeah, sure, that's how it works.”

He stomped away before she could respond, holding his head high and puffing up his chest. As he walked he tried to enjoy the way his hips sashayed and heels clicked on the ground but somehow neither were as satisfying as they had been this morning.

He tried to tell himself it was fine; he wasn't really Saanvi so who cares if he'd made a bad impression on one class? He was just here for this sexy body and have an excuse to be a wild college party girl, that was it. So why could he feel tears stinging the back of his eyes?