

Samba Dancer (Man to Sexy Brazilian Dancer TG RC)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Oliver and his girlfriend Lucy are enjoying their honeymoon in Rio. But when Oliver accidentally consumes a drink meant for someone else during a vibrant carnival, he soon finds himself becoming one of the sexy local dancers, Samba outfit and all. Soon, the compulsions to play out his new role become all too overwhelming!

Samba Dancer

Oliver and Lucy were absolutely delighted. They had good reason to be. They were still in their twenties, so they were young. They were both attractive, and certainly attracted to each other. And most of all, they were celebrating their honeymoon together, in *Rio*. The city was gorgeous, lit up by one of its many festivals, the streets lined with colourful performers and dancers, mascots and floats. Bright stalls and sweet-smelling restaurants were all competing for business, and the crowds were full to bursting with enthusiasm and good cheer.

“This is marvellous,” Lucy said, leaning against her new husband. “I’m so glad we chose Rio.”

“Me too, babe, me too,” Oliver replied.

They were not the only tourists here in Rio, not by far, but they had acclimated rather well. Both were Caucasian, which wasn’t an unusual sight at all in such a multicultural city, though Lucy was quite pale and red-haired. Oliver, on the other hand, had dark hair and a handsome aspect to match his wife’s beauty.

“I love the heat of this place,” he remarked, soaking in the afternoon sun.

“Really? You always complain about sweating during summer. And you love snow! I thought I’d have to drag you here for our honeymoon.”

But Oliver just smirked, dipping his gaze down to his wife’s impressive cleavage. She was wearing a crop top and summer skirt, and her pale midriff was wonderfully bare, along with the curve of her breasts.

“Oh, you dog!” she said, smacking him playfully on his strong shoulder. “Come on. Let’s get some drinks and party. I want to enjoy this night, and then you can enjoy *tipsy* Lucy back at our hotel.”

“Mhmm, I *do* like tipsy Lucy.”

“And she likes you. She’s very frisky.”

He took her hand and led her further into the festival. Wild outfits abounded, and numerous people had glitter and masks and face paints adorning their features.

“Oh, look, samba dancers!” Lucy exclaimed. “Aren’t they amazing?”

“Very amazing,” Oliver said, grinning at the sight of the colourful women. “Like the most beautiful tropical birds in the world.” He kept his gaze fixed on them. There had to be twenty or so as part of the parade, all adorned in their ridiculous, wonderful outfits. Much of the skin and form were on display, and certainly more than a little cleavage. Oliver had the notion that some of the women were a little *enhanced*, so to speak, in that department, but he wasn’t one to judge, so long as they looked good. They shifted about, shaking their impressive Brazilian hips and shaking the feathers of their tall crowns, doing their best to entice the crowd. Several turned, waving their butts to the crowd and laughing as they sang a local song.

“Yes,” Oliver said, practically hypnotised. “Very lovely indeed.”

Another playful smack on his arm. “You pervert! It’s our honeymoon! Don’t make me put you in the doghouse!”

“Babe, I was just imagining *you* in one of those outfits.”

“Ha, yeah right!”

“I’m serious, you’d look fantastic.”

“I don’t have the nice bronze skin for it.”

Oliver shrugged. “You don’t need it; look, that one is quite pale and blonde! You’d be a beautiful tropical bird.”

“Aww, nice save, hun. I think I’ll keep you.”

She gave him a kiss, savouring it a little longer than usual for emphasis. Then she took him by the collar.

“Now come on, you can buy your new bride a drink to make up for that little staring contest!”

“Yes ma’am!”

They found a nice little bar by the side of the proceedings, one that promised ‘Strong Native Brazilian Drinks.’ There weren’t many tourists around this spot, and so the pair enjoyed the menu, which boasted that it took inspiration from the ancient recipes brought by Aztecs and Mayan peoples who travelled south in lost times from their great northern civilisations. Oliver wasn’t sure of the veracity of that, but as far as he was concerned a good drink was a good drink, and an experimental one could be just as fun.

“I’ll have the . . . sorry, I can’t pronounce the local name. The English calls it a Sunset Delight?”

The bartender, who was an ancient, weathered looking man, gave him a near-toothless smile.

“Very good choice, sir! Very good choice. Have you bought from here before?”

“No, my wife and I arrived here just two days ago.” He gestured to his wife, who was busy finding them a good seat to view the parade.

“Ah, wonderful! Well, our drinks here can do all sorts of amazing things. I like to keep on the move, so this may be your one chance to sample some magic. I have drinks that stir passion, others that stir change, some that increase luck! Normally expensive, but much cheaper for a celebration like this! All deserve to have some fun!”

Oliver chuckled and nodded. “Well, the Sunset Delight promises a nice time in the bedroom after, so I’ll take that. And for my wife, perhaps the Skintan Sweet? If it works, then she’ll love having more olive skin! She’s always complaining about her Irish heritage.”

The bartender was very agreeable to this, and took Oliver’s money. He snapped several orders to the woman who was working with him - a daughter or granddaughter - and they got to work. During that time, others placed their orders - Oliver overheard one excited and rather effeminate man keenly ask for the Samba Change, which apparently promised the most existing transformation of all - but then finally his drinks came out in disposable cardboard cups. The girl delivered them to his hands and he thanked her.

“Looking nice!” Lucy said. “What have we got?”

“Suntan Sweet for you, and Sunset Delight for me,” he said, taking a sip of his drink and she from hers. The taste was delicious, sugary, and potent. There was definitely passionfruit mixed in with the spirits.

“Wow, that’s got a kick!” she said, laughing. “Instead of sitting, let’s head up to that vantage point! I think the parade curves around there, and we could get a seat on the roof before it’s too late.”

“Great idea!” he said. He wanted to sit down; he suddenly felt oddly warm and flushed, and was scratching the back of his head. He gulped down more of the drink greedily. It really was very good.

Unfortunately for Oliver, as he and his wife passed into the crowd with their drinks, they missed something very important. The young woman who had delivered him his drink was shouting out to him from roughly forty feet away, trying to get his attention.

“Please sir!” she shouted in Portuguese, not knowing much of the English tongue. *“Don’t drink from your cup! I gave you the wrong one, I’m sorry! You have the Samba Change! Whatever you do, don’t drink it!”*

But it was already too late, and she soon lost him in the crowd. The woman bit her lip, hoping that she hadn’t made a terrible mistake that would make her grandfather furious with her. She decided instead to be silent, and simply moved back to the stall, apologised to the effeminate man, and made him a fresh Samba Change.

But Oliver himself was already changing.

It began as they ascended to the nice rooftop gathering to better see the festival. Numerous other partygoers were present, cheering and dancing by the rails, hollering to the gorgeous samba dancers bellow who were shaking their tail feathers. Lucy was still sipping her sweet drink, and just as it had advertised she was finding it easier to relax in the dying light of the sun, her skin no longer feeling like it was going to burn. Oliver, on the other hand, had finished his drink much, much quicker. His body felt strange, like it was partly on fire, albeit not in a painful way. He kept scratching at his skin and wincing at the strange pressures that were starting across his body.

"You okay, hubbie?" Lucy asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Y-yeah, I think so," Oliver replied, scratching his chest. "I just feel all kinds of itchy and weird at the moment. I'm starting to feel hot too."

"Maybe that lust drink worked after all?"

He chuckled, even though his nipples were feeling really, really weird at that moment, tensing and untensing on his chest. "Yeah, I guess it's just mosquito bites or something."

"Yeah," Lucy said. "Probably. You know, it's good to have you at a party like this, Ollie. I know you're not big into festivals and bright colours - apart from those samba dancers."

He realised he was looking at them again and smirked. "Sorry!"

"Forgiven . . . for now. What I'm saying is that I appreciate that you came to Rio for our honeymoon. It's always been my dream, not yours. I know you'd prefer to go somewhere less colourful and in-your-face, so it really shows how much you love me that you not only came here but embraced it as well. Even if, you know, you're still not going to dance."

But something was changing with Oliver more than just the physical. Even as he felt the warmth extend over his skin and a strange sizzling across his form (this was his body hair evaporating, though he didn't know it yet), other compulsions were rising to the surface.

"I can dance!" he exclaimed, beaming with sudden excitement. "Let's dance!"

"Are you - really? You never dance!"

"I feel a need to!" he exclaimed. He took her hand. "Let's join that group over there!"

There were a number of individuals back down on the street that were closer to the festival, all dancing to the beats of the music and drawing a larger crowd by the second. The sight intoxicated Oliver in a manner he couldn't quite understand. He sped up, practically *dragging* Lucy along with him, and when they reached the crowd he began to move in a way he never had before.

"Whoa!" Lucy said. "You're really into it!"

He grinned. "What can I say, *I like to dance!*"

The last part was said with a Brazilian accent, which Lucy assumed he was putting on. It had actually come naturally to him, however, just like the dancing. He began to sway and shift and move with far more enthusiasm than he ever had. More than that, he didn't stick to the outskirts of the dancing party, but instead moved further into the press of bodies. He couldn't explain to himself why, but the sight of so many young, fit, and handsome local men was starting to make him excited. He danced closer to them, ignoring Lucy as he grinned in their direction instead.

"Oliver? Oliver, honey, what's gotten into you? Hey, it's your wife! Wanna dance up on me instead, babe?"

He did . . . and he didn't. He knew logically that his wife was the one he should be attracted to, drawn to, but he instead was feeling an ever-stronger compulsion to dance even more sexually and flirtatiously with the men around him. His skin flushed, darkening gradually to a gorgeous olive tone, and his face began to soften, losing any traces of a five o'clock shadow. His eyebrows thickened, but also became styled. His cheekbones rose all while his hair began to lengthen.

"Mhmm, so many cute boys here!" he exclaimed to the nearby partygoers. "Who wants to dance? Lucy, look how cute they all are?"

Lucy's jaw fell as she took in the sight of her husband. She'd briefly lost him in the crowd, but now here he was, wearing a wig of some description, his skin covered in bronzer or something.

"Oliver, what was in that drink? Are you drunk? Drugged? Stop dancing with the guys like that!"

But it was too late, his movements were becoming something better described as *gyrations*. He shook his ass in the direction of a particularly tall and hot shirtless man, and the man grinned at the sight, clearly not seeing Oliver as a man thanks to the angle. Indeed, Oliver moaned as his ass began to balloon, growing and growing until it reached an impressive size, the kind of peachy behind that local beauties were famous for. He twerked it, shaking his rear and dancing further up against the man and his friends, who whooped and hollered.

"So hot!"

"What a great ass!"

"It really is, isn't it?" Oliver said, giggling. His lips puffed up, his voice lightening to become not just female, but that of a gorgeously accented Brazilian woman. This was accompanied by a shift across his body; his height began to melt away, and his thighs thickened. A pressure in his hips gave way, spreading them impressively far apart, all while his chest began to expand outwards. The last feeling was positively sexual, and it left the changing man moaning in a sweet voice as he continued to flirt with the guys.

“Like what you see?” he asked. “I’m b-becoming so beautiful! I bet you’d like to see me dance up close, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes, we would!” a man said in English. “Come over here! Come join us!”

Oliver moved to do so, savouring the numbness that was spreading in his crotch as it slowly started to retreat into his body. His outfit was changing as well, becoming bright and purple, slowly shrinking and altering to show more of his naked skin off. But as he moved to dance with some of the men a hand caught his and pulled him back with a stumble.

“What the hell are you doing?” he asked, before stopping. “Lucy? What are you - what’s happening?”

Lucy’s expression was one of total horror. Right before her eyes, her husband was continuing to magically change. His skin was becoming flawless, his hair long and dark, with a gentle series of waves to it. His nose had taken on an aquiline aspect, but was undeniably female, matching the rest of his gorgeous female looks. Before he could even reply, Oliver grunted, and she could see that his waist was pinching inwards at the same time as his hips were spreading outwards. It left him with a marvellous hourglass figure and a set of thick thighs that were all the rage these days. She could see all of this because his outfit had shrunk and tightened, even showing off her husband’s new breasts, which were still expanding as the v-neck of his now-purple costume lowered.

“Oliver! That drink - it did something to you, I think. I don’t know what’s happened, but you’re changing! We need to get you out of here! Do you understand?”

For a moment, Oliver’s full mind was returned to him. He looked down at his form, at the round olive breasts that were growing and ripening by the second, at his voluptuous curves and increasingly tight costume, and he panicked.

“Lucy! I don’t understand,” he said, though his voice was now accented and female, “what’s happening to me? I have all these . . . needs. I’m growing breasts. I’m turning into -”

“Hey, a sexy samba dancer! Come dance for us, pretty bird!”

The words were in Portuguese, but somehow Oliver could understand them. He turned, feeling his new breasts jiggle even as they continued to grow. They pushed out the fabric of his top, and he realised that the man was right; his costume was becoming that of a flamboyant samba dancer, complete with outrageous purple and yellow feathers extending from his shorts. No, not shorts. He was wearing bright, sequined *panties*, and his top had shrunk down to become little more than a sequined and feathered bra, one that was only just managed to accommodate his very large breasts.

“S-sorry, *what did you say?*” said the confused man in Portuguese. His mind warred with the strange compulsions and instincts, the desire to dance fighting against his need to be with Lucy. He hadn’t even realised he’d just become fluent in another language.

"I said, come dance with us! We like a good show with a good-looking woman, and you're the best looking around!"

"What are you saying?" Lucy cried. "Oliver! You're still changing - oh God, you're becoming one of those dancers. Oliver, what are you saying? What is *he* saying?"

But Oliver could barely hear her by that point. Besides, his name wasn't Oliver, and he wasn't a *he* anymore either. *She was Helena*, the gorgeous, sensual dancer who beamed with joy in response to the man's compliments. He was by far the most handsome man yet, with olive skin and dark, tousled hair, and with his shirt open she could see his impressive abs showing.

"You want a dance, do you?" she said. "See if you can keep up!"

She began to sway and move, letting her busty body (she was now easily an E-cup, if not bigger, far outsizing Lucy's own bustline) jiggle and wobble in all the right places. The Oliver part of her mind screamed in protest. It wasn't overwritten, but simply unable to fight against the delicious compulsions of this new body. None of this internal warring made it to Helena's face though; she grinned, flitting her eyelids as she shifted about, shaking her feathers and moving her hips in such a way as to entice every man who could see her. The crowd formed a parting for her, and soon she was dancing about the man, letting him look at her delectable cleavage and admire the curve of her ass and hips. He reached out daringly and gripped her ass at one point, and this only elicited a giggle from her. No, that wasn't totally true, the poor former male was shocked and embarrassed, but the intensity of the arousal and pleasure that followed overwhelmed her mind once more, and so she continued to let him do it.

"Don't stop, lover!" she said, shocked at her own words but feeling the need to express them anyway. "If you keep this dance up, I might just show you a personal dance too! A very personal one."

The man grinned, moving about her and showing off his own moves, and the crowd cheered this on.

"Oliver! You have to stop! You have to fight it!" Lucy called from the side, trying to force her body into the circle.

"I'm trying, Lucy!" Helena called. "But - ohhhhh! *Mhmmnm, I love it when you grab my ass like that.*"

Her attention went straight back to the man, who informed her that his name was Gabriel. It was a *hot* name, and along with his smooth voice it commanded her entire attention. Well, that and his fantastic abs, which she began to stroke lustfully.

"Oliver! Stop it! Oliver, please!"

But 'Oliver' could barely recognise her own name by that point. She was Helena, at least thanks to the compulsions. The magic of the drink was intended for those who *wanted*

to become a samba dancer, but given that this was not his nature at all, the end result was haphazard, resulting in a man who had all the inclinations, desires, and overriding needs of a sensual samba dancer, but still had his own personality trapped inside. He was humiliated as his body was celebrated, caressed, and held, and even more at the jiggle of his tits and the realisation that he had nothing but a pussy between his - *her* - legs.

But far more powerful than the humiliation, thanks to the magic, was the rush of bliss that came with continuing her new role. It was like an instant addiction, one that punished her when she tried to pull away from the patterns of behaviour the addiction demanded. And so, guided by these needs, she found herself rising up to embrace Gabriel and kissing him passionately on the lips, letting him put his strong arms around her bare waist. God, it felt amazing, and it left her moaning in his mouth.

"Let's go somewhere private," she said. She flicked her eyes to Lucy, trying to give an apology, trying to communicate how helpless she was to her new situation. Lucy simply stood there, jaw slack.

"No, Oliver! Don't do it! Come back to me!"

But she was blocked by the crowd as Helena giggled and ran with Gabriel, moving like a delicate dancer - albeit one with many bouncing curves - to a little hideaway spot that he already knew about. Behind several of the stalls was a wonderful location with warm grass and enough bushes and trees to hide them from view. Helena's blood rushed, her heart pounding as she realised what she was about to do here. And yet, the addiction called . . .

"Enjoy the private show, Gabriel," she whispered, beginning to dance before him in an even more sexual manner. As she did so, she removed her feathered crown in a teasing manner, followed by her bra and panties and even her heels, until she was naked and beautiful and perfect before him, and he too was clearly aroused. The new sensation of a wetness in her tunnel was deeply strange, but her needs were too strong to be weirded out. The sight of Gabriel's thick cock straining against his shorts was simply too irresistible.

"A lap dance, then?" he suggested.

"Mhmmm, *the best kind,*" she replied. She helped unbuckle his pants, and then, without much hesitation, she lowered herself down upon him. She couldn't believe what she was doing, or that she was doing it so willingly, but the magic had her in its grip forever now, and when his cock entered her moaned in pure, unbridled ecstasy. Things got even better when he squeezed her tits, and when she began to ride him. He lowered his hands to grip her amazing ass, to hold her lovely hips, to caress her thighs, and soon all thoughts of Lucy vanished from the new Brazilian woman's mind. She was here, and she was sexy, and she was being pleased by a very handsome and well-endowed man. As the ecstasy rose and

rose and her voice with it, she stopped being scared of her own changes altogether and simply embraced the Brazilian samba dancer she had become.

“S-so good!” she cried aloud. *“Wh-why is it so good? It’s n-not meant to be-”*

“Maybe you’ve just had bad lovers,” Gabriel said, obviously not understanding her true meaning. *“Trust me when I say that the women I sleep with always come away happy.”*

“I’m h-happy n-now!” she moaned. *“How am I h-happy? Ohhhhhh, s-so happy! Mhmm ! And s-so fucking close! I want you to cum in me! I want to cum with you! Let’s f-finished this dance together!”*

“That is so very hot of you to say, Helena.”

She gasped. It was hot, and she was ready to erupt. On the very edge.

“OHhhhhhhh! Yes, yes, YESSSS!!!”

When the orgasm came, it arrived like a series of revelations. She knew she was meant to be male. She knew she was meant to have a wonderful wife named Lucy. She knew this was all wrong. But with a body like hers, and a lover like Gabriel, and the sensations she was experiencing, how could it not be *utterly right?*

“Yes, yes! Cum in me! Make me a woman! I don’t want to go back!”

The Oliver part of her tried to disagree with this assessment, but its voice fell flat. The words she had spoken were the truth.

Poor Lucy never saw Oliver again, despite weeks of searching. She eventually found happiness with another man, but never forgot the bewildering experience that she swore was real. Her husband had become a sexy samba dancer, one with a very, very healthy appetite for dancing, showing off her body, and - of course - *passionate sex*. Oliver just had to get used to her new life as Helena. The compulsions were too strong to do anything but, and the sex was simply too addictive. At least she really liked to dance now.

God knows men liked to watch her dance too.

And she *loved* having them watch her. Among other things they could do to her.

The End