

New York, the big Apple, the biggest city in the country. Being from rural North Carolina, the boys hadn't had many opportunities to visit cities like this one. So, when their parents agreed to let them go on a trip for Spring Break on their high school graduation year, they immediately agreed to go spend the week in New York. Nightlife, constant buzz and nonstop party, these things were inexistent in their small quiet town, which only had one small pub, if it could even be called that. One thing the town also lacked was racial diversity, which New York has aplenty. This lack of exposure to minorities and other cultures not only left these boys with a closed mindset, but with a bias that leaned towards stereotyping. Indeed, while they were quite ignorant of minorities, they believed themselves to be quite knowledgeable with them, and already in their first night out at a bar, they were discussing amongst themselves what they expected to find in their week in the big city.



“Man, I can’t wait to myself so black pussy! Everyone knows that black chicks can’t get enough white dick!” Said Derek, taking a swig of his beer.

“Nah, I tell you, the best bitches are the Mexicans. They got huge asses and big tits, and are down to do anything you want, if you got the money, know what I mean?” Paul chuckled out loud, elbowing Vincent, who just shrugged and responded.

“I don’t know, aren’t these Latinas all just illegal immigrants that work as maintenance and cleaners?”

“All I know is, if I ever want to get with an Asian chick, I should just go to one of their special massage places and ask for a happy ending. We should totally do that tomorrow, that would be damn awesome!” The last one was Mark, who started laughing boisterously after his proclamation, the rest of the guys with him cheering loudly at his statement, all obviously drunk.

They spoke very loudly and attracted much attention to them, and while most patrons only shook their heads in annoyance, one particular person just couldn't stand by and listen to their racist comments. The bartender, who just happened to be a person of color, took their insults very personally. He fostered a very healthy and accepting community within his bar, and normally didn't have any issues with his guests, but these four young men obviously needed to be taught a lesson and get a little change of perspective along the way. Lucky for him, he had just what he needed right there at the bar. It wouldn't be the first time that he got rid of bigots this way, and while he knew that he would never rid the world of racism this way, he figured that at least he did his part, and that these four would never subject anyone else to their close-minded opinions.



So, when they ordered another round of drinks, he slipped a custom concoction in each of the drinks, specially prepared and enchanted for each of the guys. Unfortunately, this particular elixir was slow acting, as it needed to be ingested completely and digested to enter the system and do its work from there. But it would be safe to say that tomorrow morning they would wake up to drastically new bodies, new minds, new lives, as punishment, and hopefully this change of perspective will teach them a thing or two, not that they would ever go back to their white male lives ever again.

The four of them didn't even notice the creepy grin on the black bartender's face as he handed each of them their drink of preference, they were too focused on drinking, laughing, and talking loudly, creating an unpleasant atmosphere around them. Since the elixir wouldn't act right away, the other patrons would have to suffer their presence for the rest of the night, but luckily for them it would be their last time having to endure these obnoxious youths, and least in these young white male forms. The rest of the evening went by like a blur for the boys, that last drink they had hitting them hard, and a few hours later, they were all passed out drunk in an alley, the serum taking effect on their bodies.



The first to wake up was Derek. No longer in the alley, he instead awoke to a luxurious house, vast and pristine in appearance. But his location was not the only thing that changed. As he raised a hand to his face, he gasped, noticing the color of his skin.

“Holy shit! I’m a fucking nigger now!”

Checking out his body in a panic, he noticed that he not only changed skin tone, but also gender. Gone was the bearded guy from rural North Carolina, replaced instead by a sexy black woman in skimpy white lingerie that did nothing to hide his new assets, the dark areolas of his perky tits clearly visible through the sheer fabric, his pussy barely hidden by the lace on his G-string. Preferring to be caught naked than in this ridiculously feminine outfit, he tried to remove it, only to find himself tenderly caressing his new body, his movements refusing to obey his will. A voice resounded inside his head, his own voice, repeating to him his words from last night:

“Everyone knows that black chicks can’t get enough white dick!”

As if on queue, the doors to the room opened, revealing 4 tall and buff white men stepping in, wearing only sheer underwear, their large dicks very much on display, their eyes filled with lust staring at her. Destiny’s eyes went wide, recalling we she had said and what that probably meant for her. She stood up and tried to run away, but instead found herself to be headed in the opposite direction sauntering sexily towards the oncoming men, a naughty smile spreading on her face. A heat started to spread throughout her body, focusing on her pussy and her nipples. Her new body was definitely attracted and responding positively to the presence of these men. She leaned up against them, her soft hands lingering on their hard muscles and thick dicks, as their own hands wandered over her own curves, cupping her ass, grabbing her waist and squeeze her tits. She let out a long languorous moan, pleasure and anticipation running through her as she whispered in a husky tone.

“Fuck me.”



They did not hesitate one second, stripping out of their underwear, freeing the monsters inside. Deep down Derek was crying out in protest, pleading with whichever unknown entity had changed him, saying he had learned his lesson and wouldn't say anything demeaning about black women ever again. But it was too late, the magic had taken effect and there was no way to reverse it. Destiny cooed in appreciation. All these white cocks just for her! She was the luckiest black girl ever. In turn she stripped out of her own outfit, only keeping her high heels and fishnet on, she knew that guys loved to fuck a girl in heels. Soon she was on all fours, one of the studs fucking her from behind while she alternated sucking on the two cocks before her, giving a vigorous hand job to the fourth man. Only then did she feel complete. She truly felt like she was doing what she was meant to... Pleasuring white men, serving as their cocksleeve, and getting filled with their cum. Each time one of them came, in her pussy, in her mouth, in her ass or anywhere on her, she came as well, a powerful orgasm washing through her. And Derek knew that despite his disgust and repulsion towards these men, he would soon learn to love that feeling of pleasure and grow addicted to it. And that is how Destiny would spend her life from now on, desperate to be used by as many white guys as possible.





The next one to regain consciousness was Paul. Somehow when his sense returned to him, he was standing outside, the sun shining and the skies clear, clearly no longer in metropolitan New York but in some southern suburban town, the sun heating his caramel-colored skin. Shaking his head to try and clear off the headache that persisted, he felt long hair flying around, hitting his face. Confused, he reached out to grab a strand, but his hand instead found a fleshy breast on his chest, and started fondling it, feeling out its plumpness and causing Paul to look down, surprised. Instead of his masculine form his gaze was greeted but two big tits sitting on his chest, his thin waist and large hips emphasized by feminine street clothing, a large glittering piercing stuck in his navel.

“¡Qué coño...!”

He gasped once more, not only surprised by the feminine tone of his voice, but also the language he had spoken. Was that just Spanish? How did that happen? He never learned a single word of that

language... His thoughts were interrupted by a booming voice all around him, his own masculine voice.

“Latinas got huge asses and big tits, and are down to do anything you want, if you got the money.”

Paulita looked around her, trying to figure out where that voice had come from, only to see a car coming her way. Knowing what that meant she positioned herself on the side of the road, presenting her ass toward the car, her best attribute, to seem more enticing. She gave the driver a coy side look as he approached, cheering internally as he started slowing down, stopping right next to her, and rolling down the passenger window. Inside was a large bald black man, eyes glued her tits as she clopped over on her high heels, bending over, and leaning on the car to discuss with the potential client inside.

“How much for a quick fuck?”

“No mucho, only cinquenta... fifty. Culo es diez mas.” She responded in Spanish mixed with a very broken English, having only learned some basic words to make her life easier when dealing with clients who didn’t speak her mother language. The man seemed satisfied with the price as he opened the door, motioning for her to get in.



Paul was freaking out, trying to get away from the car as fast as possible, to escape and find a way to get back to his male body, his own life. But her his curvy Mexican body betrayed him, stepping into the car, and leaning against the tall black man, caressing his cock the whole ride back to his place. Paulita was all too eager to get back to the man's place and let him do whatever he wanted with her curvy Latina body, for the right amount of money of course. And she wouldn't be disappointed, as he ordered her to strip down naked, put herself on all fours, and present her large Mexican ass to him for his better view. Her well-used pussy quivered, becoming wet in anticipation as the man behind her stripped naked as well, slipping a condom on before entering her from behind, making her cry out in pleasure. She started muttering in Spanish, crying out "Si Papi, si!" He didn't seem to understand a word, but nevertheless the dirty talk from the Mexican whore still seemed to excite him further, as grabbed her hips and pulled her back roughly on his large black cock.



He smacked her ass before withdrawing, motioning for her to get up, which did obediently. He was paying her after all, she was his to use as he pleased. He laid down on his back, erect dick pointing upwards, and she immediately knew what that meant, as she crawled over him, lower herself on top of him, engulfing his dick expertly in her cunt. As she began grinding on top of him, squeezing his thick cock with her meaty cunt, he grabbed a hold of her big ass and started sucking on her tits. Paulita loved it, she loved being treated like an object, like walking tits and ass. The thought of her being bought by men and be used, then discarded, turned her on like nothing else, making her cum right there on his dick, her whole body quivering and shaking in pleasure. But inside this eager prostitute's mind, Paul was screaming in protest, stuck in the body of a lowly Mexican whore with big boobs and an even bigger butt, forced to sell his body on the streets for the rest of his life.

Vincent was the next one to regain clarity, and once again, his setting had changed. Like Derek, he was now in a luxurious house, but unlike him, he was dressed in a tight-fitting spandex pants, and white top which accented his new female breasts and large ass. Looking over his new body, he was shocked to find that he was no longer a man, but a very sexy woman of some age, definitely older than he had been. He also had cleaning equipment near him, and a broom in his hands, which were an indication of his new job.

“What is this? A broom? What am I, some kind of cleaning lady?”

His toned skin and lightly accented voice also indicated that he was no longer American, most likely someone who had moved up from somewhere in South America. He tried to drop the broom and leave to find some answers, but it was oddly stuck to his hand. Not with glue, but more like his fingers refused to obey him and release it from his grasp. Similarly, his legs refused to move him, he was rooted on the spot. As panic started to rise within him, his own male voice echoed all around him.



“Latinas are all just illegal immigrants that work as maintenance and cleaners.”

Valeria wanted to protest. This sounded like a statement, a racist proclamation. She hadn't said it at all like that, it was more of an off-hand comment, a reply to a statement her friend had made. But she found herself muted, a resigned look appearing on her face as she started to sweep the floor in front of her, determined to get the work done as soon as possible. Vincent struggled to get back in control but found that he just couldn't. He was a mere passenger now to this Latina housekeeper; Valeria having taken control. He was humiliated, having to sweep, scrub and wipe messes, but he figured things could be worst... Until someone approached. Apparently, the owner of the house had just woken up and gotten out of bed. And apparently, he liked to sleep stark naked. Valeria gasped and blushed in surprise upon seeing his naked form, but this was no accident. The man was smiling at her, his erect cock pointing straight at her.

“Come on now Val, you know our arrangement. If you don’t want me to report you to ICE and get you and your kids deported back to Cuba, there are a few extra duties you have to take care of. Now come here, I think my dick needs a good, thorough cleaning, preferably with that lovely mouth of yours.”

Valeria sighed audibly, visibly discontent with the arrangement, but having no choice, since the last thing she wanted was to be sent back to her home country with her two kids. Vincent on the other hand was screaming internally. Not only was he stuck as an illegal immigrant with a maid’s job, but he also had to have sex with his employer, and he had kids! Kids! That meant he was a mom, and a MILF apparently, as after sucking on the man’s cock for a while, he demanded that she undress completely and present her ass to him so he could have some fun with her pussy, revealing her body, which was in great shape despite her age and having had two kids. Look like Vincent would learn to respect the hardships of illegal immigrants in this country the hard way, over and over again







Finally, Mark awoke to the feeling of soft sheets and a silky robe on him. He turned around to try and go back to sleep when a lock of pitch black hair fell in front of his eyes, laying on the bed in front of him. This somehow snapped his senses back to reality as he stood up straight, in shock, his whole body feeling off. He was more lithe, and wearing heels. His suspicions were confirmed when he patted down in front of his robe, feeling his dick clearly absent and replaced by a slightly hairy cunt. His chest like wise sported small tits now, encased in a floral bra, revealed as he slid his robe down slightly. He barely had time to make sense of what had happened when he heard his male voice speaking to him.

“If I ever want to get with an Asian chick, I should just go to one of their special massage places and ask for a happy ending.”

As if on queue, the business’ door chime rang, and a man walked in. Mariko stood at attention and spoke to him in a broken English with a very pronounced accent.

“Hello Sir, how can I help you today?”

“I would love a good back massage, topped off with a happy ending, if you know what I mean.” He winked, and Mariko smiled back.





“Of course, Sir, just lay face down here and let Mariko do her work.”

She smiled as she started massaging the man’s back, her expert hand pressing on just the right places to alleviate the muscle tension and make the man groan in relief. She then instructed him to turn around on his back, slipping the towel off at the same time, revealing his hard cock, standing at attention.

“What is this we have here...” Mariko cooed innocently, while Mark screamed out in disgust and protest, unable to act like anything else than a horny Asian masseuse

But he was no longer in control, she was, and she started massaging the dick in front of her with the same expertise as she had massaged his back moments ago. She was an experienced masseuse after all. She ran her tongue all along its length, coating it in a generous amount of saliva before pursuing her task, grasping it in her hands.

She loved her job, making men feel good was her job, so naturally she loved making this man feel good. So, when he asked if it was possible to fuck her from behind, even if it was against protocol, she couldn’t refuse him. So, she climbed on the table and bent down on all fours, presenting her ass and sopping Asian pussy to him, moaning out in pleasure as he penetrated her.



And so, spread across the country, dispersed into new lives, new bodies, new nationalities and new genders, the fours guys who had insulted the bartender by uttering close minded, racist statements were now getting fucked from behind, stuck into a racist stereotype of their own creation, while the bartender smiled, knowing they would never be back at his bar again, and that he had punished them accordingly to their comments.