

TRIP TO INDIA



By Bewci

“Sir, What is your purpose for visiting India?” asked the blonde girl with spectacles on the other side of the glass counter.

“Just a vacation trip,” said Walter. “Do you have any sexual interests at the destination?” asked the girl nonchalantly.

“Wow, didn’t even blink an eye,” Walter muttered, “Hmm, why not? If girls approach me, why deny the fun?!” Walter smirked and chuckled while the girl rolled her eyes and said, “Alright, you must sign these documents. No need to fill out the form. We will have them filled.”

“That’s convenient,” muttered Walter as he looked at the document pages filled with the fine-printed text. “Gosh, who has time to read all this?! Meh, I will sign them anyway.” Walter didn’t waste time and signed all of them within a few minutes. “Ok, you have to pay the deposit at the cashier over there,” the blonde girl pointed to her right.

Walter walked in the general direction and approached the stall with the sign “Cashier” on top of it. A middle-aged Asian man with a bald head and droopy eyes was dozing at the counter. He sat erect when he saw Walter standing on the other side of the glass wall. He tapped his fingers on the keyboard and muttered, “Five thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars.”

“Fuck,” Walter whispered, “Travelling is so expensive nowadays!” He went through his wallet and pulled out his credit card to scan through the machine. When Walter was done paying for the flight and the visa, a young brunette approached him and said, “Follow me, sir. You must go

through the procedure before we take photos for your documents.”

“Procedure? What do you mean?” asked Walter.

“Oh, I’m afraid you didn’t read the documents? Well, sir, you said your trip to India includes sexual misconduct in the country, which is forbidden by Section 135 C of the Indian penal code. You must go through a gender transition by the Femco X-9000 to visit India.”

“Sexual misconduct?! Femco what?! Are you fuckin kidding me? Since when did India become a Nazi state?! I thought it was a great place for tourists!” Walter bawled.

“The new ruling government wants to uphold the Indian tradition and modesty of women. Hence they want to neutralize any man with such intentions to hamper that. It helps negate the sexual exploitation of poor women and minors by tourists. I’m sorry, sir, but you made it very clear when Sarah asked you the question,” said the brunette girl.

“Fuck this shit. I don’t want to go to India! Give me my money back!” exclaimed Walter.

“Sorry, sir, you have to calm down. And there is a no refund policy in our travelling agency. You signed the papers,” said the girl.

Walter’s eyes widened in shock as he gasped for breath. “Oh my God, five thousand dollars! Fuck!” Walter looked at them, hoping for someone to laugh and call it a prank, but that wasn’t happening.

“Sir, shall we proceed, or would you like to cancel your trip?” asked the brunette girl.

Walter looked at her with dread as he couldn't believe what he was about to say. “I would like to proceed.” A glimmer of a smile spread over the girl's face. “Alright, sir, follow me.”

Walter followed the young girl into another room, where a substantial cylindrical machine stood. Two men helped him get inside and strapped him to an inclined stretcher. “All this for a fuckin trip?!”

“Don't worry, sir. It takes less than ten minutes.”

“That's ridiculous. A complete sex change in just ten minutes?!” Walter clamoured as the glass door closed over him. Two small holes opened at the base of the chamber, emanating a pink aromatic gas. Walter's heart thumped as he realized there was no turning back. He took a deep breath of the fresh air around him before the inevitable happened.

The first sniff of the gas sent shivers down Walter's spine. His muscles relaxed, and a wave of euphoria coursed throughout his body. He tried to tighten his fist, but it was futile. He felt weak. Walter couldn't help but take more of the gas into his lungs, feeling a buzz spreading across his limbs. He looked down and saw his feet diminish to female proportions. A dusky hue similar to the Indian texture spread like wildfire all over him. His body hair was shed off, leaving behind soft skin. A loud pop in his pelvis caused him to scream in horror as he saw his hips widening further than his shoulders. Walter's clothes loosened at places and tightened at others as his height decreased, the excess mass of his muscles dissolving

into fat and accumulating in his buttocks and chest. Walter moaned, his voice breaking to a higher pitch as time passed. His helpless, growing figure writhed within the confines of the straps until the remnants of his fair masculine member withered down into a dark throbbing slit, oozing with feminine nectar. Walter arched his back and screamed as his manhood slithered into his abdomen until there was nothing but a sensuous pulsating womb.

Walter's dirty blonde hair cascaded past his tender D-cup breasts, turning raven black. He could see a faint reflection of himself in the glass door before him. His face contorted and twitched, reshaping with a slender jawline, plump lips, bigger brown eyes, and a slim nose. He couldn't recognize himself anymore, looking at his face that belonged to a beautiful Indian girl. Walter gasped in bewilderment, sensing the innate changes happening in his mind. He couldn't help but feel aroused by the two men standing in the room, in contrast to the brunette girl that didn't evoke anything else but jealousy. Walter was ashamed of the overwhelming feelings and thoughts but couldn't deny them. She sighed in relief as the gas filtered out and the chamber opened.

The two men helped Walter down from the machine, and the girl handed her a suitcase and said, "This contains all the necessary accessories you need on your trip as a woman. Anything else you may want to add, you can."

"Who paid for this?" Walter asked, bemused. "You did!" the girl said, handing him the detailed payment slip at the cashier. "Ok, now get ready for the photoshoot!"

Walter entered an empty cubicle and wore a pair of blouses and jeans. The brunette girl took out her emergency makeup kit and brushed a few quick strokes on Walter's cheeks and lips. She was speechless and embarrassed. She wanted to get this over with as soon as possible. "You look great, miss!" exclaimed the brunette after combing Walter's long wavy hair. Then, she ushered her to another room with light stands and a camera in the middle. Walter sat with a straight back as instructed and forced a slight smile to counteract the distress visible on her face. A bright flash engulfed the room, blinding her for a few seconds.

"Ok, ma'am, you will get your visa and tickets in a few days by mail. I would suggest getting used to your new pronouns and interactions to avoid inconveniences during travel and at the destination," the brunette girl said in a cheerful voice.

Walter walked back with her new suitcase to her apartment. She was relieved her parents didn't have to witness their son as a woman since they lived in the countryside. Her neighbours kept poking through doors and window curtains, wondering who the new dusky girl in the building was. Walter rushed in before anybody could ask questions and closed the door behind her. "Oh my God, how am I gonna live like this? What would I say?!"

Walter made a list of excuses she could use and went with the live-in relationship. If anybody asked where Walter was, she vaguely replied, "He is busy." To her surprise, it worked!

After three days of locking herself away from others, Walter was more than happy to receive the mail from the travelling agency. It included a passport, a visa, and her tickets to India.

“Waheeda Khannam? Age 24?!” Walter read the details. She shuffled through the envelope and found more than what she had anticipated. There was a Driver’s license and social security card, all in the name of Waheeda Khannam, an immigrant Indian Muslim. “What the fuck?! How is this legal?!”

However, Walter didn’t have time to waste on complaints and legal processes. She wanted this nightmare to end as soon as possible. Walter had already spent so much on the trip. She had to make it count. Walter packed her suitcase with her essentials and boarded the flight. Despite the traditional attire being the niqab, Walter refused to wear them. Even if it gave her an excellent way to hide her new body, Walter believed it went against her religious faith. She found manoeuvring with the narrowed vision through the veil difficult and uncomfortable. India is not Islamic, so Walter didn’t need to wear a niqab anyway. Nevertheless, she got stares from a few Muslim passengers as the Air Hostess called her by name to show her the seat. Walter laid low with as little small talk with others as possible.

After an 18-hour journey and another twenty minutes in the Mumbai airport, Walter walked out onto a busy taxi stand. It was half past nine, and the April summer had begun. The sun was blazing hot, but Walter no longer had to worry about a tan since her melanin-rich skin protected her from sunburn.

Cab drivers in white and grey uniforms surrounded her, some holding umbrellas to woo passengers into their taxis. Walter was overwhelmed by them and decided to ignore them. Walking through the crowd, she felt a hand stroke her back.

Walter's heart thumped, but she kept walking. She thought maybe somebody had brushed by mistake. However, another hand groped and squeezed her butt cheeks. Walter turned around and swung her hand at the person harassing him. "Whoa!" A young man caught Walter's hand and bawled, "Careful, madam! This is not a place to fight!

"Fuck you! You groped me!" Walter trembled in rage and fear. Never in a million years had she ever felt like this before. The utter dread of being violated and then judged by the public brought tears to her eyes. "What? No, madam, I think you have mistaken me for someone else! I didn't touch you!" The man stuttered.

Soon, a group of men surrounded the young driver. Walter was amazed by the white knight behaviour of random Indian men, ready to fight for the modesty of an unknown woman. But she noticed a man among the crowd, staring at her with a lustful look. Walter could sense his malicious intentions and realized that the man being thrashed was not her abuser.

"Stop! He's innocent!" Walter screamed in the ruckus to gather everyone's attention. She was relieved to see the young man had been able to dodge the people hitting him and had only minimal bruises on his arms. "He didn't harass me! This guy..." Walter noticed her abuser was gone. The men fighting for her so far cussed at her and dispersed back to their daily lives.

"I'm so sorry, it was somebody else." Walter rushed to help the man back to his feet. "It's ok, madam, please stay away from me. You almost killed me today!" the young man muttered. Walter was flustered with shame and guilt.

“Please, let me help you and make it up to you. You can drive me to my hotel, and I’ll pay for your medical expenses,” said Walter in her soft voice.

After a long pause, the man murmured, “Ok, yes. I haven’t had a single customer today morning. And then this happened. At this point, I’ll take anything I can get to get something good out of this ordeal.”

Walter’s heart ached for the guy. “What is your name?” she asked.

“Vicky,” he said. Walter hesitated for a second before replying, “Waheeda.” Vicky carried Walter’s suitcase despite her protests to carry them herself. Walter sat in the back seat and was on the road to Hotel Taj.

“I’m sorry, ma’am, but all the rooms are filled,” said the receptionist at the hotel. “What?! I had already booked a room with an advance payment! How can you give my room to someone else?!” Walter clamored.

“Ma’am, you were late by an hour, and according to hotel policies, our gu—z”, the receptionist was interjected by Walter screaming, “Fuck these policies!” The receptionists and the people around looked at her. Walter realized that was not so much ladylike behaviour. However, she had a long hard day too. She took a deep breath and asked for a refund. The receptionist did a swift transaction and pushed the seven hundred dollars towards Walter.

Walter took the money and walked out of the hotel. To her surprise, Vicky was there talking to his fellow drivers. He saw her and said, "Arey, Waheeda ji, any trouble?"

"Yes, they gave my room to someone else. I have to find a new place to stay," Walter murmured. She had high hopes for the five-star experience, but her trip had been a bust so far.

"Don't worry, madam. Instead of wasting so much on hotels, you can rent a room where I live! It's not five-star but decent and clean!" said Vicky.

"How much would it cost?" asked Walter.

"Not more than \$100 for a month", answered Vicky. "\$100 a month!" Walter's jaw dropped hearing how cheap the rent was compared to hotel expenses. "What, madam, you're also Indian, na? Why are you acting so shocked?" Vicky laughed.

"Yeah, I haven't been to India before. I grew up in the US," said Walter in a timid voice. It was 11 noon, and the sun was almost up, making it hell for the average person on the street. Walter was one of them. Not acclimated to Indian summer, her clothes were soaking in sweat, her throat was dry, and her eyes were heavy from dehydration. "Waheeda ji, sit in my car. I'll turn on the AC," said Vicky.

"Thanks," Walter whispered as she felt the cool breeze of the AC hit her face. "Take me to your place. I'll rent a room," she said.

"As you wish, madam!" Vicky cheered, driving the car to the destination. Walter relaxed back on the seat and deeply breathed the fragrant air-conditioned blows from the small

rectangles. Walter's clumsy hands unbuttoned a few buttons in instinct.

"Ugh, they feel so gross touching each other!" she muttered softly, looking down at her two massive orbs and cleavage. Her eyes, after some time, darted towards the rearview mirror. She caught Vicky staring towards her for a moment until he turned away in a second. Walter realized her stupid mistake and buttoned up her bosoms. "Oh my God, did he see that?!" she screamed in her mind.

Vicky continued to make small talk as if he was not being a pervert two minutes ago. Walter kept nodding and giving one-word answers until the awkward moment was out of her mind, and she was back to being friends with Vicky. They reached the building and approached the landlord, who lived in an adjacent bungalow. The old man who owned the building was quite affable and rented a room to Walter without many questions. Walter had to pay two months in advance as that was the norm.

The landlord and Vicky showed Walter her room which was not as luxurious as a five-star hotel, but it was good enough for her to stay.

"Thank you, Vicky. You saved me and a lot of my money! Now I should go unpack and freshen up!" Walter chimed.

"Ok, Madam. I should be going then," said Vicky. Walter felt gratitude for him and thought it was inappropriate of him to call her "madam" as they had become friends. "Vicky, no need to call me madam. You can call me Waheeda, ok?"

“Ok, Waheeda ji,” Vicky said with a smile. Walter giggled with admiration as Vicky still showed respect in his language. She didn’t know what was happening in her body, but she was craving something. It was making her restless and giving her waves of goosebumps. She greeted him goodbye for one last time before closing the door.

“Oh God, he almost got to me,” Walter whispered, “this arousal is different and so profound from what I used to get as a man. Hell, I should be more careful!”

Walter stripped down the sweat-drenched garments and climbed into a tub full of cold water. “Oh!” she moaned in ecstasy. “I can stay here my entire trip!” she muttered. Walter poured a generous amount of body wash and stirred it with her hands until the tub was filled with foam. She looked down at her glistening breasts and hardened dark nipples. Walter stroked them to wash off the sweat while suppressing her whimpers as her fingers crossed the delicate buttons. She was surprised she hadn’t paid attention to her body so far. Perhaps, she was too afraid to explore her new sexuality. Her dainty legs floated above the water, revealing themselves. Walter gasped as her hands brushed past the sensitive inner thighs. “With no body hair, everything feels so much more!” she whispered. Despite the tremendous urge to touch herself, Walter denied herself that pleasure.

She walked out of the bathroom and wiped herself with a towel. She was still flustered with the heat brewing in her womb. She climbed onto the bed naked on her knees and stuffed a pillow against her oozing nether. “Ahh, stop feeling so good. I can’t!” The curls of the bedsheet and pillow cover

stimulated her as she swayed her hips, making her moan so high that she snapped herself out. “Oh, God! Others may hear me!”

Walter threw the pillow away and laid back with her legs spread to avoid stimulation. “Gosh, why am I acting like this?! I’m not a woman! I have to be stronger than this. Otherwise, I may get addicted to this new body!” She grabbed her suitcase beside her and pulled out a new blouse and jeans. After wearing lingerie, she put them on and walked out of the privacy of her room. “Now I don’t have any excuses to go down on myself.”

Walter walked along the corridors to pass out the tension between her legs. She came across Vicky’s room and saw it was locked. “He must be working,” Walter murmured. She spent a few more minutes roaming within the building until she saw Vicky walking up the stairs. A smile spread on both faces. “Waheeda ji, I have brought some food for you,” he spoke.

“Oh, that’s great!” Walter cheered. “Please, I would love to treat you in my room!” Vicky said as he ushered her to his place. Vicky served her some garlic flatbread and chicken. “Mmm, this is delicious! But also too spicy!” Walter exclaimed. “Haha, Waheeda ji, you’re funny!” They both laughed. As soon as they finished the meal, Walter decided to return to her room.

“Arey, Waheeda ji, where are you going? I had something to talk to you,” said Vicky.

“I thought you had to return to your shift. Ok, what did you want to talk about?” asked Walter.

“Are you a man?” asked Vicky. Walter’s eyes widened in shock. “Oh, so you are,” Vicky said with a smile spreading on his face.

“How did you know?” Walter asked with dreadful anticipation. “I had my doubts. First, a Muslim woman with no niqab and so out of touch with her Indian roots. The government program is well-known and praised by Indians. After all, it benefits us.”

“What do you mean?” Walter gulped. “Waheeda ji, you see, now we don’t have an issue of passport bros and paedophiles coming into this country. But we get a surplus of hot, virgin women like you!” Vicky exclaimed and giggled. “Your country has already deported you.”

“What?! You’re lying!” Walter bawled. “No man who has gone through your process ever returned to his country. Countries like the US don’t want unemployed, incel citizens who are a liability since they will soon replace most human workers with AI. It benefits them as well as us.”

Walter trembled with terror in her eyes. “Waheeda ji, don’t worry. I’ll take care of you. I know you’re afraid, but soon you’ll beg me to fuck you harder,” Vicky asserted.

Walter turned around and tried to escape, but the door was locked, and she couldn’t open it in time. Vicky caught her by hand and pulled her to his bed. “No! Leave me! How can you do this to me when you know I am a man!” screamed Walter.

“Waheeda ji, look at yourself. You’re no longer a man! And I don’t consider you a man. The residual masculinity in your mind is just an aberrate that I will soon erase from existence,” Vicky muttered.

Walter screamed for help, but nobody listened. “They all know, Waheeda ji. It’s best for you to not strain that sweet, beautiful voice.” Walter’s face turned pale as she realized how brainwashed the people were. “Please, don’t do this to me! I don’t want to be a woman!” Walter pleaded.

“Did you listen to me? You don’t have a choice. What’s happening now is inevitable for you. Have you had episodes of being in heat? Those are only going to get worse. It can be dangerous for you if you fall into the wrong hands!” said Vicky as he tugged and pulled Walter’s clothes open.

Walter, being pinned down under him, couldn’t rescue herself. She clamored, “And you’re the right one? You fuckin rapist!”

Vicky looked disappointed at her and said, “Would a rapist do this?” He lowered himself down and kissed her lips. “Mmph!” Walter protested, but the weird feelings were back, overwhelming her senses. Her breath was going haywire, and her pulse was rising. The lips had been transcended by the tongues rolling with each other, and Walter’s screams were now mere mellow whimpers. “Hyah!” Walter gasped for breath as Vicky raised himself, releasing Walter from his clutches. They were both naked, Vicky standing at the bed’s edge while Walter was lying on her back. They both gazed at each other as Vicky said, “Would a rapist do this?”

Vicky went down on his knees and spread Walter's legs. Walter raised her eyebrows in shock and widened her eyes. She almost screamed in protest, but her voice came out as a choking sound as Vicky's mouth clasped onto her wet pussy. "Gyah! S-Stop... Fuck!" Walter murmured as her eyes closed and rolled up her skull. Her body shook violently in response to Vicky's rough tongue slurping and wagging within her tight walls. Images of the long thick cock she saw a few seconds ago filled her mind. Vicky raised his head for a few moments and said, "Since you accused me of being a rapist, I'm not fucking you until you ask me to do so!"

"Oh, my God! Fuck! Ah! Oh!" Walter moaned, her hips swaying in instinct. Vicky's hands reached Walter's breasts, groping and squeezing them as he continued to suck her tender folds. She cooed in his embrace, her resistance crumbling down. Her hands pushing his head away, rested beside her, grappling the pillow. Walter's remnants of masculinity, struggling to withstand the immense waves of feminine pleasure, broke down and vanished. Shivers ran down Walter's spine as she realized her rebirth as Waheeda Khannam.

"Oh, please, fuck me! I need your cock inside me!" Waheeda blurted out. "What's your name, babe?" asked Vicky with a wide grin. "Waheeda," she said, blushing. "Good girl. Now, you made me do so much hard work. I'm exhausted. Why don't you show me how much you want my cock?" Vicky said as he crashed onto the bed beside her, his dick sprung up.

Waheeda bit her lips as she rolled onto her knees, straddling Vicky. She posed with the cock against her spread vagina, the

tip of Vicky's member poking at her navel. She looked at Vicky with a lustful gaze, swaying her hips up and down, grazing her tentative folds against the veiny rod. "Goddamit, Waheeda, you are a natural!" Vicky exclaimed. Waheeda stopped teasing and impaled herself with Vicky's penis. The member slid down with ease from the prior lubrication, making her futile contractions all the more pleasurable.

"Oh... It feels so... good! I don't want to be a... I'm not... a man!" Waheeda mumbled. Her hips twerked in hap-hazard movements as she tried to gather momentum. Vicky grabbed onto her asscheeks and guided her movement. "Oh! You did this to me! I can't stop thinking about you!" Waheeda whispered as her pace increased. "That's right. Now, you know who your man is. Keep hopping," muttered Vicky.

"Ohh... Do you like it? Want me to go faster? Ahh... Yes, fuck me," Waheeda screamed as her hymen tore from the friction. Vicky's cock was smeared in red, but she kept going faster and deeper, pushing her limits until the sudden pain vanished into a deep ecstasy. She twerked as fast as she could, clapping her ass cheeks with Vicky's balls. They groaned in unison, their bodies clashing against each other in rhythm.

"Oh, I love you, Waheeda. You'll be the best wife in the world!" murmured Vicky. Waheeda leaned forward, stuffing her nipples into Vicky's mouth and whispered, "Well, hubby, why don't you seal the deal inside me?"

Waheeda squeezed her inner walls so hard that Vicky couldn't keep himself together. His member burst out, spraying cum deep into Waheeda's womb. A smile spread on her face as she felt the warm liquid coat her from the inside.

She kept hopping on Vicky's cock, not giving him a chance to grow soft. Vicky was overwhelmed by the stimulation and overpowered Waheeda by instinct.

"Oh, you want more, don't you? I'll give it to you," he said, grabbing her legs and spreading them wide. Waheeda screamed in absolute lust as her locked body under the weight of Vicky received his erect member once again. "Ohh... Yes," she muttered.

Waheeda's pussy throbbed as Vicky's cock hit a nub inside her again and again, which made her go crazy. "Oh! Fuck! Breed me!" she clamored. They both threw themselves in the passion of lovemaking, scratching and biting each other to contain themselves. Vicky shed another load inside Waheeda's vagina, but she also hit her climax this time. Her body vibrated as she shrilled with her eyes shot up. Squirts of pee wet the bed as she lost control of her orifices. "Oh, fuckin yes... Ohh."

Waheeda and Vicky fucked each other like rabbits for the rest of the day. The next day, they got married at the court. The US Embassy reported the marriage, and Waheeda soon received her new identification card as an Indian citizen, while the older cards were declared null and void. She was prohibited from entering the US again but wasn't mad about it. She had a husband to care for and now had a 3-month-old baby inside her womb. She was grateful and happy.

