

Spring Break, the moment of the year that every frat boy anticipates the most. The pinnacle of the party scene, the booze fest to end all booze fest. It was a glorious week of drinking and debauchery, the event that every party would recall as the one to remember out of all their college days. And for these four friends, they planned to make it as memorable as possible. They wouldn't be going to the party organized at the frat house, they wouldn't even be going down to the beach. They were taking a plane and taking the party down south to Mexico and spending the whole week there, taking advantage of the cheap booze, hot, easy chicks, and the blazing sun. It would be a week to remember.

Nate was the leader of the group. Shorter than the other guys, he made it up with his outgoing attitude and boisterous voice. He was also a ladies' man, bragging of conquest after conquest with his boys, keeping a tally, like it was a competition to him, to sleep with as many girls as possible, swearing to God he would never limit himself and settle down. He was going to be a bachelor for life, through and through.

Karl was the right-hand man of the self-proclaimed leader. He sported a goatee and was slightly more reserved than the other guys. But deep down he had some very rooted beliefs, and while he didn't proclaim this outwardly, even more so in today's political climate, he thought that minorities were given way too much compensation for crimes that happened decades ago, at a time were most of them weren't even alive. He muted his opinions, but still regarded immigrants as invaders who were bound to taint their great country forever. He was the one that was most hesitant about this party trip in another country, but not wanting to be the odd man left behind, eventually agreed to follow the group in their extravagant idea.

Jason was the rich kid, youngest of the bunch, he had made his place in the group by financing their extravagant party ideas and expeditions, including this one. A little more socially awkward, due to being homeschooled for a big part of his life, he tried buying his way into most of his social interactions, be it with friends, strangers, or women. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't, but it worked often enough that he kept trying it and kept using this tactic as a replacement for actual social skills. It resulted in less meaningful and more shallow relationships in his life, but he didn't seem to care, or even notice in fact, as this was all that he had known.

And last was Brian, the studious of the bunch. Childhood friend of Nate, it was pretty much the only reason that he had started hanging out with these guys, that, and the fact that he knew how to let loose, kick back and have a good time. And since Spring Break was supposed to be a time to enjoy life and forget school for a little while, he fully intended on getting hammered with the boys and enjoy the week-long party, despite being sure he would never find a girl of his particular taste down there. Brian wasn't as much into the one-night stand kind of hookup and wanted to find a girl that was his intellectual equivalent, with who he could discuss, relate, and have a long meaningful relationship with.



All in all, they were in for an epic time. All you can drink package at the hotel, with access to the pool as well as the beach, all the other guys at the Fraternity would be so jealous when they came back and recalled how awesome their week was. They could also do some tourist activities and sightseeing during the day, if they weren't too hammered and woke up at a reasonable hour, but they didn't count on that happening a lot. And for the first few days, it didn't. The party was nonstop. Drinks until morning, sleep in the hotel room they shared until late afternoon, get up and start drinking again. I was wild fun, until it wasn't. Endless flow of alcohol, loud music, and hot chicks, in the end it was all too similar to what they could have been doing back home with the rest of the guys. This trip didn't have the exotic flair they thought it would have, the novelty, the once in a lifetime kind of vibe. Until Nate came back to the group after a one-night stand with one of the local girls, bearing good news, as well as a proposition.

"Hey guys! Veronica was telling me that her village was holding some sort of celebration tonight. I'm thinking it must be some Cinco de Mayo kind of deal, party Mexican style! Who is up for an authentic experience? Change it up a bit from the hotel scene?"

Karl and Jason were hesitant, although only the latter voiced his concern.

"Party with locals? Outside the hotel? Maybe we should check with the travel agency see if its safe first..."

"Of course it isn't safe! Wouldn't be fun if it was! Come on, think of it as an experience of a lifetime, something you'll never get to do again! What do you say Brian?" Nate was very strategic, calling on Brian's intellectual curiosity to help him pressure the more hesitant members of the group in joining in.

"It could be very interesting to actually be there firsthand indeed. I have to say these hotel parties are very similar to what we have back home... Isn't that sort of thing the whole reason we came down south? To live something unique that we could brag about to everyone else?"

"See? That's what I'm talking about. If you guys want to play it safe like pussies, you can stay back at hotel while Brian and I go and have some real fun!"

Eventually Karl and Jason agreed, begrudgingly. They always did in the end, that's the effect that Nate had on people. So, they packed a few things and headed outside the hotel grounds, grabbing a taxi, and heading to the village, which was close by. It was extremely different from what they had encountered on their trip so far. The hotel they stayed at was pristine and luxurious, but this town was the opposite. Run down, poor, and overall, in a bad shape, the change was so drastic they somehow felt like they were now in some third world country, not in a town barely 15 minutes away from their hotel. Nevertheless, Veronica was enthusiastic to see them there, greeting them with open arms and a big smile.

"Welcome! I really hope you guys enjoy the ceremony, its going to be lots of fun!"

The four of them were more than a little sceptic. This wasn't quite what they had in mind when they said they wanted to try something more exotic, more local. All in all, this place looked boring, not fun at all like they had expected. Nate walked up to Veronica, voice slightly worried.

"What's this? I thought you said there was a fiesta planned here tonight. Where's the booze? The girls? The music? What kind of party is this?" Veronica hesitated. Clearly there had been some kind of misunderstanding.

"Nate this isn't a party... it's a sacred ceremony that we hold once a year to honor the earth and its bounty. There is no alcohol tonight, there is going to be a big ceremony with the village elders and everyone else. I wanted you to come because I care about you, and I wanted to share my culture with you. Didn't you say you cared for me as well last night?"

It was Nate's turn to hesitate, clearly uncomfortable at the situation. This was only made worse by the rest of the guys, who were snickering and whispering in the background, prompting a angry glare from their leader, which did nothing to stop their childish behavior.

"I did... I do care about you Veronica.... Just maybe not in a meet the whole village kind of way. Sorry if I gave you any false expectations, but I am not looking for anything long-term. It was lots of fun last night, but I think it's best we leave it at that... sorry."

With that he turned away and started walking back towards the taxi with his friends, leaving a visibly hurt girl there, too stunned to say anything, on the verge of breaking down in tears. She could faintly hear the comments of the other boys as they walked away. "What a dump." "Yeah, complete waste of a perfectly good taxi ride." "Plus, I hear tonight is going to be wild, they are bringing in a real live band!" "Hell yeah, that's going to be awesome!"

She was dumbstruck. She had just invited him to a sacred ritual, it was rare that the elders allowed any outsiders to attend, but she had convinced them, saying that he was a nice guy that was genuine and who she cared for. And they had simply turned down that offer, when it turned out not to be a party like they expected. How dare they! She ran to her house to hide away her tears and try to regain her composure before the event started. But nearby, the local witch, a Bruja, was watching the whole thing, listening intently on their conversation from afar. When Veronica had come to them to ask them to invite this stranger into their homes, to witness their most sacred ritual, she had been hesitant, and this had proven her right. These men were uncultured swine, who had hurt Veronica and broken her heart, as well as offending her people and her traditions, and they deserved to be punished. So tonight, she would harness the power of the earth and curse them into new forms, forms that would teach them a valuable lesson on life as well as punish them.



So, while the guys were partying away at the hotel, and Veronica was participating in the somber, candlelit ceremony with the elders, the Bruja was out in a field by herself, the moonlight shining over her face, which was adorned with her ritualistic makeup. She prayed to the spirits of the Earth and nature, to visit and curse these four men in their sleep, alter their life into something they would despise and hate, and make them learn humility and respect. Tonight, they would fall asleep as men, and tomorrow, they would wake to their new, altered lives, imposed upon them forever.

As they crashed back to their rooms, falling into a deep alcohol induced sleep, each of them heard a voice in their dream, clear and precise, a voice that would seal their fates.

“Nate, you are a Womanizer. You sleep around with girl after girl, breaking heart after heart, never committing. You make false promises for a night of pleasure with them, abandoning them as soon as morning comes. No more. From now on you will be in a dedicated, monogamous relationship. You will forever remain loyal to your husband, you will foster and care for him, like a good wife should. You will maintain his house, please him in bed, and raise his children. Natasha, you are now a Housewife.”



Natasha woke up in a panic. The sun was shining down on her, and she could feel someone stirring in bed next to her.

Looking down, she saw with horror that she was now sporting a female body, a very pregnant one at that. And next to her, she saw a man that she somehow recognized as her husband start to wake up, smiling at her as he did so.

“Good morning Sugar Bear. Were you thinking about making breakfast?”

She was no longer in the hotel, but in a house, her home apparently, which she shared with this man. As much as Nat wanted to ask what happened, to tell him off, to run away even, he could only feel himself smile back and answer.

“Sure thing, sweetie. And if you want, we can have a bit of adult fun before you go to work...”

She pressed herself against him, making sure that he felt her large breasts on his chest, and kissed him passionately, running her hand up his thigh and caressing his rapidly hardening dick. He kissed back, aggressively, putting a hand on the back of her head, and groping her ass with the other one. He broke the kiss just long enough to say, “Fuck breakfast!” before resuming his kissing, making her giggle mischievously. It wasn’t long before she was on all fours, pregnant belly and breasts rubbing against the soft silk sheets of the bed,

her husband ramming into her pussy from behind, making her moan in pleasure, as the man she had been screamed internally, unable to free himself from this feminine prison.

“Karl, you are a Racist. You view immigrants and people of color with disdain and unjustified hate. You may not voice your feelings out loud, but you let them affect your actions, and in doing so let them influence the world and the people around you. No more. From now on, you will know what it is to be a hard working, illegal immigrant, doing her best to get by in a country that doesn’t want her. Every night you will go to bed fearing to be deported back to your troubled home country, and every day you will work any job you can without a green card, to make a living. Carmelita, you are now a Latina Prostitute.”



Carmelita woke up as the sun was setting on the horizon. In her line of work, it was very common for her to stay with clients until the sun rose, and even later, so she often ended up sleeping away the whole day. It was almost time to go back to her corner, so she showered quickly, applying her make up and getting dressed before leaving her tiny apartment, the only thing she could afford with her limited and unsteady income. The whole time, the man she was before screamed inside, trying to fight her way back in control, but she was powerless, forced to act like the whore she now was. She shuddered in disgust upon seeing her reflection in the mirror, her tan skin and curly hair a clear indication that she no longer possessed the white heritage she had been so proud of.

But it was nothing like the disgust she felt for the rest of the night, whoring herself out to any man that would pay for her. She would act eager and ready to please, but deep down each of these men were repulsive to her, desperate lechers that couldn’t get women to sleep with them unless they paid for it. But she was forced to maintain the act, stuck in the role of the illegal immigrant hooker who did her best to stay in the country, debasing herself and selling her body like a cheap slut, because that was the only choice she had.

“Jason, you are Entitled. You have lots of money and use it to solve any and every problem you have. You take advantage of poorer people and use them for your benefit and your gain, only because you were born in a wealthy family. No more. From now on, you will know what it feels like to be at the bottom of the ladder, to be poor and to have to work hard for everything you want. You will also know what it is like to be at the service of others, rather than have everyone serve you. Janice, you are now a Maid.”



Janice woke up with a start, the bell in her room ringing loudly. She barely had time to take it in and contemplate her new room, which contained only the bare necessities, as well as her new female, black body. She got dressed in her maids' attire, putting on her usual, fake, courteous smile, and walked up to her employer's bedroom, which he was ringing her from.

“Janice! Janice!! About time you lazy girl, go make me some toast, and morning tea as well. Come on, get to it!”

The speaker was an old lady, who was evidently in a sour mood in the morning, and most likely the rest of the time as well. Her impatient tone irritated Janice, but she needed this job, so she couldn't do anything but grit her teeth, smile and answer.

“Yes, Madam Cromwell, right away Madam Cromwell.”

“And don't burn the tea this time! I swear I don't even know how I put up with you...”

Same thing here, Janice thought to herself. Of course, she couldn't say such things, lest she be fired for her insolence. She had to take the berating and insults with a smile, and perform her duties as required. Deep down, the man she used to be was fuming, enraged at being treated like this, and ashamed to be forced to perform such basic and demeaning tasks, and for such a terrible person as well. He would try to fight this, but in the end, he would spend the rest of his life serving people who all thought they were better than him.

“Brian, you are an Intellectual. You were born with an above average intelligence, and have allowed yourself to judge other people on their smarts and knowledge, despite harsh circumstances or simple lack of natural intellect. Many girls you have refused to be with simply because you felt they could not match your intelligence, disregarding them rather than teaching them and letting them grow and learn from your vast knowledge. No more. From now on, you will know what it feels like to lack intelligence. You will be vapid, shallow with a short attention span, finding reading and educating yourself tedious and boring. You will have a hard time focusing on any conversation, and your main interest in your partners will now be the body rather than the brain. Brianna, you are now a Bimbo.”



Brianna awoke naked in bed, curled up against the chest of her latest one-night stand. He was such a hunky guy, she was lucky that he chose her to bring home, whatever his name was. Not that she was surprised either, she was a bombshell after all. Still feeling frisky, she decided to give him an early morning thank you present. Smiling naughtily, she dove under the covers fishing out his limp dick from his boxers, playing with it until it hardened, then slipping her mouth over it. She heard him groan contently above the covers, his hand sneaking down to play with her long blonde hair as she gave him a morning blowjob. When he finally came in her mouth, she swallowed it all greedily, not wanting to make a mess.

“Thanks for the load, handsome.” She winked at him playfully, getting out of the covers, her perfect, fake boobs swinging freely, as she was only wearing a pair of skimpy panties.

Brianna then got dressed up and ready to go for a long day of shopping with her girlfriends, while deep down her previous male self was retching, still feeling the taste of sperm in her mouth. This had to be a nightmare, or some kind of twisted, stupid joke. At last, she would come to realize that this was no joke, this was her life from now on, the life of a vapid bimbo who would spend her time shopping, making herself look good, and hook up with man after man in a series of sexual conquests longer than Nate’s had been.