

Ghetto Booty

A TG Caption Story

By Bewci

“Hey!” you cheered, looking at your friends joining in. “Hey, man!” Ben responded. “What’s up?!” Gary asked. “Cool. I got the paycheck today!” you said. “That’s awesome, Barry!” said Ben. “You ready to spend a hefty amount on booze?!” Gary exclaimed. “Hell yeah! I’ve got more to do than just booze tonight!” you said, pointing your eyes towards thick booties jiggling on the dance floor. “That’s my man!” Gary said, gulping down his first glass of whiskey. “Alright, I’ve got to try some now,” you said, downing your shot of vodka.

You walked toward the crowd, slightly high, as the alcohol started taking effect. Your legs moved to the DJ playing the music while your eyes were busy observing the girls around you. Then, you saw a black beauty with long, thick hair and shuddering massive cleavage swaying her curves a few feet away from you. Her gigantic butt allured you closer to her proximity, and you were soon behind her, dancing like a couple. You didn’t know why but she was not interested in you. She moved away, continuing to dance as if she didn’t notice you. “Nah, she’s the one,” you whispered. You followed her and gently squeezed her asscheeks to grab her attention. “Ayo! What’s your problem?!” She turned around and screamed. “Whoa! What happened, baby?!” you yanked away. “Keep your hands away from me!” she bawled.

“Hey, I was just vibing!” you smiled. “Yeah? That’s not my vibe,” she said. “Oh, c’mon, seriously?” you were irritated, “Not your vibe? So what’re you doing in a bar, dancing practically naked?!” you came back at her.

“It’s none of your business,” she said. “Let me give you some business you can handle,” you said, taking out a stack of cash

and shoving it down her cleavage. “Now, shut the fuck up and dance for me, slut,” you muttered.

She raged with red eyes as she said, “I didn’t want to do this, but you deserve it.” Then, she closed her eyes and muttered some weird incantation. “What the fuck?” you looked around, and nobody noticed it except you. While the crowd kept dancing, the world revolved around you for a few moments before it stopped, and she was gone. “What the fuck just happened?!” you whispered, stunned and speechless. You walked back to your friends and took another shot of vodka. “What happened, man? You stood there like a pole while she walked away!” said Ben.

“Agh, I don’t know, man, she was weird,” you murmured, feeling sick in your stomach. “Shit happens. There’s more than one chick to grab tonight!” Gary chimed in. “Ugh, I think I need to go to the stall.”

“Sure, man, come back soon,” said Ben. You stagger towards the men’s room as your body gets increasingly restless. As you walk in, two guys standing near the washer walk out as they see you twitching and jolting in pain.”

“Fuckin drug addicts everywhere,” one of them muttered as he walked by. You leaned against the marble shelf holding the sinks. “Agh!” you groaned as waves of burning hot pain coursed throughout your body. You looked into the mirror and saw melatonin creeping in from your finger trips and spreading up onto your arms, turning your skin dark. “Oh, fuck!” you screamed in an androgynous voice. Nobody heard you because the speakers were blasting in the bar outside. Your fingers themselves looked thinner and more elegant,

with long nails coated in light pink. “What is happening to me?!” your voice had gotten higher, yet still in the male range. The hair on your body fell along with the progression of the dark skin tone all over your body. You looked in the mirror again, wide-eyed. You looked like a black version of yourself. “Is this the girl’s doing?!” you clamored.

“Ah!” you squinted your eyes and threw your head back. Your dirty blonde hair turned darker until it was jet black, cascading down like vines until it touched your arched buttocks. Your hands on your chest were pushed forward by incoming piles of fat. “Oh, God!” you whined in a sultry feminine tone as your sensitive nipples jutted out against the coarse fabric of your shirt. You jolted forward, bending over the sink as your thighs stretched and your butt cheeks lifted, spreading wider. You raised your head, looking back at your undulating ass cheeks in anticipation. The pants strained against the massive trunk, causing tears at various sections. Supple fat bulged out of them, showing how voluptuous your figure was. You looked in the mirror and saw your face morphing into a more effeminate-like slender jaw, pointy, round chin, narrower nose bridge, thicker eyelashes, and plump lips. Your hair to one side, floating in the air, you looked down at the deep cleavage bulging out of your shirt. “Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!” you panicked.

As an intense suction pulled inward at your crotch, your eyes almost popped. Your hands rushed down there, confirming your ominous prediction. You were no longer a man. Your puffy lips were shaved and thirsty, filling your mind with feminine urges. You stifled a moan as your curious digits couldn’t help but touch them. “Why did she do this to me?!”

your mind screamed. A fine layer of makeup manifested onto your face out of thin air. Light yellow eyeshadow and dark red lipstick coated on your visage. Your ears were adorned with earrings while the cloth on your body changed, turning black. A black corseted top pressed down on your torso, giving your DD cups the extra push they needed to make men drool on them. Your ghetto booty was wrapped in fine black floral prints as your pants receded into shorts. Your shoes flowed like melted lava, turning into black stiletto boots. You looked down and then turned back, examining your curvaceous body.

“This is nuts! What should I do?!” you whispered, frantically moving in circles. “Oh!” You were startled as two men walked into the men’s washroom. It was Ben and Gary. “Woah, look at that,” Gary whispered. “Hey, babe, what’re you doing in the men’s washroom?” Ben muttered. “I’m here because, um, like, I came here...” you stuttered, unable to frame a proper sentence in your head. “Oh my gosh, what’s wrong with me?!” you hollered in your thoughts. “I think I know why you’re here,” Gary said, getting closer. You sensed heat brewing inside your womb while your imagination ran wild. You felt the hands brushing against your arms and thighs, making you gasp and pant in arousal, giving away signs that you were susceptible and willing. When Ben closed the door and Gary pulled down your shorts, you cried, “Please, Oh, fuck!”

“Damn, this bitch is horny! Let’s give her a fun night!” Gary exclaimed, pulling out his fingers and thrusting his erect cock into your pent-up vagina. You moaned like a whore while he took you from behind. “Ben! Shut her up!” Gary exclaimed.

“Oh, yeah, right!” Ben pulled out his girthy cock and shoved it into your mouth, blocking all the noise. You gagged on it as the musky smell of his precum filled my nostrils. Then, sandwiched between the two men, you whimpered helplessly, choking on cock. “Dude, where did Barry go?” Ben muttered.

“Ah, forget him. The dude was always a sissy. Probably ran off to play some video game on his twitch channel.” Gary said, increasing his pace. Tears rolled down your cheeks as you gasped when Ben pulled out his cum-drenched cock. Drools of cum flowed down your chin to the floor. You coughed, spitting out the pungent fluid. “Haha, what a pathetic slut!” Ben scoffed. Gary took hold of your luscious hair and pulled it back, making you moan in a weird cocktail of pain and pleasure.

“Don’t listen to him. I think you’re the perfect slut I needed tonight. If you say, we can go to our apartment?” Gary whispered in your ears as he pumped his warm baby batter into you. With your instincts on overdrive, you nodded a resounding yes...

(THE END)