

Dark Inner Beauty

For MBond43

By TheSpiralledEye

A man uses a special Pleasure Pill to transform himself into a dark skinned beauty and finds the process very pleasurable.

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The box was nondescript; a simple name and address printed on brown cardboard. Nobody would know, looking at it, that it held treasure. I'd saved for months to buy from Pleasure Pills, they weren't well known outside the kink sphere but those who knew, *knew*. Pleasure Pills had started as simple orgasm pills, capable of making you cum harder and stronger than ever before but then they'd branched out into all sorts of weird, chemical cocktails.

When I saw the announcement of their latest inventions my eyes had almost fallen out of my skull. A pill to turn your body into whatever, or rather whoever, you wanted. Simply send the description and four custom pills would be delivered to your door; each one good for twelve hours in your ultimate body.

They could change your hair, your face, your height...even your sex. When I'd seen that little fantasy that I'd had all my life appeared in my mind and wouldn't disappear. So I'd saved and now, I had them.

I rushed to my bedroom and closed the door, despite living alone. I couldn't shake the taboo of somebody catching me doing this. I'd been preparing for this all week, watching the package tracking like a hawk until it arrived. I quickly stripped naked and set up the full length mirror ready to observe the change in detail before sitting on my bed and opening the box.

Inside were the usual terms and conditions that I flung away without so much as a glance, some bubble wrap and a blister pack containing four, simple heart shaped pills with chalky exteriors. My throat went dry and I swallowed nervously.

"Here we go..." I whispered to myself, pushing one out and onto my palm. "Goodbye Max..."

I took a deep breath and placed it on my tongue before swallowing it down dry. I was too excited to bother going to the kitchen for a glass of water. I felt the pill slowly slide down my throat and then...nothing. There was a slight sweet taste on the back of my tongue but other than that I felt the same as I always had.

Logically I knew things probably wouldn't start right away but I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. I was on high alert, hyper aware of my body in every way as I waited and silently reminded myself of every good review I'd seen online. They couldn't all be fake, could they?

Just as I was about to give in and pick up my phone I felt it. A warm, relaxing sensation started to flow out from my stomach. It started to fill my entire body and I felt a wave of tranquillity wash over me. It was like laying in the sun on a summer's day. I put the phone back down and sighed happily, all my anxiety washing away as I felt all my tense muscles uncoil themselves. Then, I felt my skin begin to shift and I moaned; not out of pain, but pleasure.

It was strange, I could feel my bones shifting, rearranging themselves into the perfect shape for my new body and yet I felt nothing but ecstasy as my hips widened. Most men probably used these pills to turn themselves into Adonis like men but not me. I was going to become my ultimate fantasy; a dark skinned beauty, a woman.

It started in my toes; the hair on my feet disappeared back into my skin and my toes shrank, turning dainty to match my new, long legs. My thighs thickened beneath me and I felt my ass starting to swell to match my hips as they widened. I couldn't help but roll onto my stomach to allow my ass room to breathe as it grew. I placed a hand awkwardly there and felt the muscles beneath shifting.

It felt so good, I rolled back and felt my hips raising as my butt grew and the pressure against the mattress only added to the ecstasy. If this was as far as they went the pills would still be worth it.

I stretched, feeling my spine pop and my arms shifting. I held up both my hands in front of my face and watched in real time as my pale, stubby fingers lengthened and my nails turned to neat half moons. Utterly gorgeous; but not yet perfect. Then, my skin began to darken, turning from boring white to a rich, dark colour.

The pigment continued to spread, down from my arms and up from my toes until every inch of skin I could see was that same rich colour. Utterly smooth and perfect. My shoulders sloped elegantly and I felt my face starting to tingle with pleasure as my features were sculpted and moulded to match my new complexion.

I brushed a hand over my lips and felt them growing full, then swept over my sharp cheekbones. I'd gotten so caught up in the delightful sensations of the transformation that I'd

completely forgotten the mirror. I sat up in an instant and admired my reflection; shivering as more wonderful feelings washed over my body.

My nose was now beautiful and prominent to match my more angular cheekbones. Yet the rest of my face was soft, with a beautiful heart shaped face that framed my new features perfectly. I was reminded of the beautiful Nubian art pieces I'd seen at the museum a few years ago. Now I was their equal in beauty and grace; I could hardly believe it.

My pretty new mouth formed a perfect O as a gasp escaped me; that pleasure seemed to be focusing now on two very special places; my chest and the spot between my legs. I watched, sighing and gasping as my cock disappeared and the hair between my thighs grew out to cover a beautiful mound with dark pink peeking out between the folds.

I spread my legs open wide and behold it with wonder. I could feel the blood coursing there, turning the dark folds a deep reddish brown. They were already glistening and wet from the pleasure of my change but I didn't dare touch, no matter how tempting it was. I still had so much to experience and I didn't want to do anything until I was fully formed.

And speaking of fully formed, I could feel my chest starting to press outwards and I couldn't help but squeal a little in anticipation; getting breasts was the thing I had been most excited for. Even that excitement couldn't stop me pausing in shock though. The sound that had just escaped my throat...it was so different. It didn't sound anything like me and that realisation brought a smile to my face. I locked eyes with the mirror, fluttering my heavy lashes and smiling.

"Hello, Maxine." I whispered, the sound of my voice sent a shiver down my spine.

Oh that voice, so sultry and warm, yet light and lilting. Just the sound of it made my whole body quiver in anticipation. My chest was still growing, pushing past A cups to Bs, then onward as my dark nipples grew in. God I wanted to touch them so badly but I held back and just watched the show in the mirror before me.

I felt something building, a sort of pressure in my head. It wasn't bad, more like a mixture of bliss and anticipation. I could feel something building around my skull as it reshaped itself fully before a sudden burst of orgasmic bliss exploded and flowed down the rest of my body in a rush.

Hair followed, growing out of my skull at a steady pace. My boring, mousy blonde was replaced with a rich black with a natural curl that framed my cheek bones and the sides of my head. The hair seemed to defy gravity, floating around my head like a dark halo. I reached up to pat at it and marvelled at just how soft it was. It suited me perfectly.

My body was almost complete, I felt another rush of ecstasy as my breasts finally finished growing, now heavy and full against my chest. My whole body was gaining a little

weight, not a lot, just enough to make me a fully bodied beauty. Not like those stick thin models that walked along catwalks at fashion showed. I had a natural woman's shape now and it looked utterly gorgeous. If I had been at a bar and seen a woman like this walk in I wouldn't have even tried to talk to her; I'd have no shot.

Now not only was she mine, she was *me*.

The pleasure finally slowed, seeping away like water soaking into the ground. I took a deep breath and felt my chest rise and fall. I closed my eyes and treasured the new weight there and on my rump. Just existing in this body felt so different to what I was used to. Let alone using it.

I stood up slowly, taking note of how every subtle movement felt. The simple act of taking a step was a grand new adventure. I posed in front of the mirror, stretching and smiling ear to ear as I took in every detail. I ran my hands down my sides and trembled at how smooth my skin felt; oh, the things I could do to this beautiful body. The things I could *experience*.

"Hello darling," I placed a hand gently on the glass and gazed into my eyes. "Nice to finally meet you at last."

It was like I was seeing my true self for the first time; it would have brought a tear to my eye if I wasn't so painfully turned on. Nobody had said anything about just how good it felt to transform like this; then again, maybe I was the first to use the Pleasure Pills to change my sex. I couldn't know. What I did know was that my new pussy was burning and without release I wouldn't be getting far from this room. And to stay shut inside all day instead of showing this body off to the world would be a crime.

My new body was perfect, ready and waiting for me; all I had to do now was test it. I wasn't just going to rush though, I wanted to take this slow and enjoy every subtle sensation and touch I could. I flopped back onto the bed and stretched out comfortably and enjoyed the way the sheets rubbed against my dark, smooth skin. It was strange how something so simple could feel utterly sensual now that I was a woman. I sighed and moaned happily, taking in the deep yet utterly womanly sounds with pride. The fact that I was the one making them turned me on so much; God, it was so good to be beautiful.

I let my hands explore, trailing over my skin to test how it felt in different places. My neck was utterly sensitive, even the feathery touch of a nail sent shivers along my skin, my

arms were the same, and my stomach. My new pussy clenched in anticipation but I refused to indulge it just yet, no matter how much I wanted to.

Instead I focused on my new breasts; they were even more sensitive than my neck and my nipples hardened instantly as I trailed my fingers over them. I brushed the skin and gave a shaky moan imagining they were somebody else's. A man perhaps, a big strapping man sitting across my hips and playing with my tits.

My eyes fluttered closed and imagined it; the man laying at my side, tilting my head back and teasing my full lips with his own while his hands played with me. The way he would squeeze and tweak them just like I was doing now as my pussy quivered and my body started to shake.

“Ohhhh...”

And then one of his hands would slip down my side, in a mirror of my own now. He'd rest his fingers at my entrance, teasing me as he continued to play with my body till it was trembling with need. I could feel my pussy now, just under my fingertips as I fantasised. God, this teasing was so hot I didn't want it to end, but I couldn't resist forever.

I could feel the heat radiating off my pussy as it ached with desire. For a moment I cupped it, squeezing the whole thing between my fingers and groaning. It was too much and not nearly enough all at once. I slid one finger inside and down my new slit; the intensity of the pleasure forced my eyes open again and back into my skull.

“Oh god, oh yes...”

Now that I'd started I couldn't stop. I just had to keep going, stroking up and down those velvet folds over and over again as stars danced in my vision. I explored; circling my new clit and marvelling at how something so tiny could provide more pleasure than a whole cock ever had.

The hand on my tit pinched hard, sending little forks of pleasure through me. Right down to my new pussy that was getting wetter and wetter with every stroke. It felt good, but still not quite enough, I needed more, I needed to fill that ache deep inside me that was radiating out from my new hole.

My finger pressed against it, feeling that slight pucker where the entrance was. Once again I imagined that man sitting across me and pretended that pressure was his cock slowly sliding inside. My finger began to pump, slowly so I could treasure every scrape of soft skin against skin. I pressed the digit as deep as it would go until I felt the pad on my

finger brush against...something. It was electric, double the pleasure of my clit and somehow deeper. My G-spot.

“Mmmm...”

I pressed my finger into it once again before slowly dragging it out to the first knuckle before adding another, then another. My inner walls stretched and burned deliciously. If this was how good my own digits could feel how amazing would it be to be actually fucked. To feel a man's cock pressing into me and touching that spot?

I could see him now in my mind's eye, his body bent over me as he started to pound into my pussy. The hand on my tit grabbed a handful of soft flesh and started to massage roughly, making sure to trap my nipple between the gaps in my fingers.

I could feel something building inside me; an orgasm but it was so different to what I was used to. There was no ball tightening or quick rush, instead things just kept feeling better and better, pleasure building atop pleasure until I saw white and it all crashed down around me.

I wish I'd had the foresight to set up my phone to record because the sound that escaped my lips was the most beautiful I'd ever heard. Deep, sensual and utterly erotic. I felt wetness coat my sheets as I squirted and I couldn't help but let out a breathy laugh at the release. I'd always thought girls squirting was a myth; apparently not.

I shuddered, slipping my fingers out and letting them stain the sheets with more slickness as my whole body went limp and relaxed. The aftershocks made me giggle and shiver every few seconds as tiny, mini orgasms washed over me. I experimented, rolling and pressing my legs together to trigger more and marvelling at just how long they lasted. God, this was incredible.

When they finally finished I rolled onto my back and smiled over at the little blister pack, still with three unused pills inside. Three more days in the future where I got to experience this bliss. It wasn't nearly enough, I'd have to save up for more; but at least it was something.

I got to my feet and opened my cupboard, taking out the shimmery red dress I had purchased weeks ago in anticipation, along with the matching heels, bra and panties. This pill still had a good few hours before it wore off, meaning I could enjoy being a beautiful, black woman for that time. I intended to make the most of it.

Slipping into the clothes was as natural as breathing and when I looked at myself in the mirror I could scarcely believe it. I looked like a Goddess; this truly was a dream come true. A dream I intend to make reality as often as possible from now on.