

# Yank to Chav

**For Bimbo Blaarg**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*An arrogant American accidentally runs into a chav witch who transforms him into a trashy woman ready for a double date.*

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The taxi's door creaked as I slid into the back seat, I was slightly jetlagged from the flight but I wasn't about to let that get me down. Despite the weariness, my enthusiasm for my British adventure surged within me. After striking out again and again on my home soil back in the states I'd been inspired; the key to my finally getting girls was clearly travel. People loved a foreigner, especially one who took the time to get to know the local culture. I'd extensively studied British culture, binge-watched every British TV show imaginable, and even mastered the accent.

Leaning forward, I cleared my throat and, with a confident smile, rattled off the address of the Red Lion Pub that I had meticulously noted down during my pre-trip research.

"To the Red Lion Pub, please! Right away," I exclaimed, a glint of assurance in my eyes.

I expected the driver to nod in admiration of my readiness, assuming he'd be impressed by my apparent familiarity with the local hotspots. Instead he just glanced back at me through the rear-view mirror.

"Righto, mate," he replied in a cheerful tone, pulling away from the curb and merging into the stream of traffic.

Feeling a surge of pride at the use of the word 'mate,' I took it as a sign that I was acing my attempt at blending in. Determined to engage in some friendly banter, I steered the conversation toward what I thought would be a safe topic—British weather.

"Great day, isn't it?" I remarked, peering out at the overcast sky that seemed to hang like a heavy blanket over London.

The driver chuckled softly, his tone tinged with amusement.

"Ah, you could say that, mate. Though to us, this is just another typical day in London, it is."

"I've heard Brits are quite fond of their tea, aren't they? I bet you've got your tea brewing all the time!"

He glanced at me with a knowing smile.

"Sure do, never had anybody tell me that before though."

I winced a little at his obvious sarcasm; that hadn't sounded so cringy in my head. I blamed it on the jet lag, pointing out that Brits love tea? How could I be so stupid. I gave my face a few small slaps to try and get focused; I was never going to pick up a girl at The Red Lion with that sort of talk.

Luckily, I'd only made a fool of myself in front of a simple taxi driver, not anybody important. I hopped out and paid the fare, ready to start my holiday properly. The Red Lion was an old English style pub with all the trappings, a perfect place to pick somebody up I was sure, even though it was lunch time it was sure to be busy.

I was proven right as soon as I stepped in the door; the pub was buzzing with chatter and laughter. Sitting by the back of the room were a group of ladies clearly on their lunch break; all dressed in tidy office attire and tight skirts. I smiled; surely one of them would be easy to sweep off her feet with my natural allure as somebody exotic and different.

"Hey there, ladies!" I greeted with what I believed to be a winning smile, my voice raised slightly thanks to my excitement.

The girls turned to glance at me, their conversation momentarily interrupted. One of them offered a polite smile, while the others exchanged subtle eye rolls.

"Mind if I join you? I'm new in town, you see, and thought I'd mingle with some locals," I continued, leaning in a bit too eagerly.

The polite smile wavered slightly as they exchanged uneasy glances. Nobody offered me a seat. Undeterred by their subtle rejection, I ploughed on, convinced my 'exotic' status as an American would surely make me irresistible.

"Ah, but you haven't met an American like me! I'm here to experience the British charm," I proclaimed, oblivious to the increasingly uncomfortable atmosphere.

The girls exchanged knowing looks, their discomfort becoming more evident.

"That's nice," one of them murmured.

Not the best start but I persisted, determined to charm my way into their circle.

"So, what do you think of American guys? We're known for being confident and outgoing, right?"

A strained silence filled the air, punctuated by awkward coughs and exchanged glances among the girls. It was clear they were not impressed and I felt a small amount of panic beginning to build in my veins; this wasn't how it was supposed to go, they were supposed to be throwing themselves at me! Before I could embarrass myself further, one of them spoke up.

"Look, it's really nice to meet you, but we're just enjoying our lunch together. Maybe you should find someone else to chat with?"

Realisation dawned on me, and my cheeks flushed with embarrassment as I finally registered their discomfort. My cheeks burning I walked away to the bar; I'd had two conversations since landing and both of them were disasters. I took a few deep breaths and tried to keep myself calm, I'd just set my sights too high, those ladies were probably a bit out of my league. What I needed was somebody desperate to build my confidence with, then I could go for the real hotties.

I considered my next move, heading out onto the street to try my luck at a different pub when the universe sent me a sign; an actual physical sign in a coffee shop window.

'SPEED DATING'

With today's date being held in only ten minutes, at some sort of community centre. I felt a wide grin form across my face; this was it! Only desperate people went to speed dating events, if nothing else it would be good practice!

I quickly typed in the address to make sure I didn't get lost on the busy London streets and started to hurry; I would have to move fast to get there in time. Without hesitation I cut through a thin alleyway to cut time off the commute, eyes glued to my phone as I got closer and closer to where I knew I would finally succeed-

BAM!

“Ow, wha'tcha think' walkin' round like tha'?”

The voice grated on my ears and I realised I'd slammed right into a woman. Her hair was a strange orange yellow that only came from multiple dye jobs and her lips were so full of filler I was surprised she could even speak. London gutter trash; no matter how desperate I was, I'd never stoop as low as her.

“Out of the way, I'm late.” I tried to push past her but she sneered at me, blocking the thin ally despite her twiggy frame.

“Oh I getcha, American. Rude fuck.” She scoffed.

“I said get out of my way you chav bitch.” I growled, I was so close and this asshole was blocking me.

“Ya know wha'? You could actually help me out.” She smiled smugly, “Ah was supposed to bring a friend along for a double date with ma boyfriend, you can be it!”

My mind immediately filled with images of what my date would look like; if she was this girl's friend, probably totally trashy.

“Sorry, you're not really my type.” I replied, trying hard not to smirk and failing.

“Oh don' worry, you'll be perfect soon enough.”

I wanted to ask her what the hell she was on about, was she tweaking or something? Probably. But when I opened my mouth to ask her to move again I felt something that made me stop. An odd tingling sensation was spreading from my lips down my throat; my lips began to fill and swell while something more subtle and indescribably happened inside my throat.

“Wha the hell? Agh!”

My voice was totally wrong, husky, as if I'd been chain smoking since I was fifteen and far too high pitched, it sounded a lot like...a woman's.

“Quit ya yapping, I gotta concentrate.” The woman grinned, her eyes were alight, literally, glowing with a strange pink energy that intensified as the tingling spread to the rest of my body.

It shot down my spine lightning fast and began to build in my ass, I turned and watched in horror as my cheeks began to swell. I could feel my lips going the same way but this I could see; even so I still couldn't totally believe it. I slapped both hands across my butt, trying in vain to stop it from growing but it was hopeless. My ass went from taut and square to round, then bouncy, then fat and stiff, the sort of butt that only happened with filler and cosmetic surgery. It looked awful!

“Wha are ya doin' to me!?”

Almost as awful as my voice, no matter how hard I tried I couldn't stop that chav accent escaping my lips, my rapidly swelling lips which now tasted of cheap artificial peaches. Sticky, over applied gloss made them smack wetly against each other as I spoke and even my tongue lapping at substance couldn't seem to remove it.

She wasn't done with me yet though, as fat as my butt got, my legs got thinner, my jeans disappearing and being replaced with short booty shorts that stretched almost painfully over my new rump and showed off my tatted up legs. The tattoos themselves were stretched and faded, especially over my thighs; god I looked like such a trash bag!

That tingling shot back up my spine, cinching my waist in as it went before settling on my chest. Oh no, no not that! But there was nothing I could do but groan as I felt the skin there begin to stretch and swell just like my butt had. Two round, bouncy, obviously fake breasts began to grow on my chest. They were almost perfect spheres; a most unnatural shape.

My shirt shrunk, turning into a tight fishnet singlet with only a stripe of purple fabric masquerading as a tube top covering my modesty. Thanks to the new revealing outfit I could also see how my skin was changing to a fake spray tan orange colour. A pair of gaudy red boots made of fake leather formed around my feet, pinching my toes.

“One last bit...” The woman grinned.

“No, ya gotta stop this is, how are ya even’ doin’ this?” I tried to ask but she ignored me, her eyes flashing brilliantly as I felt a cascade of something dry and scratching forming around my skull.

My hair was growing at a rapid rate, that same cheap dye job as the woman before me, but badly braided with neon plastic ties. As the hair grew out though I felt that tingling burrowing deep into my skull, right into my brain. A wave of dizziness washed over me and I stumbled slightly in my new heeled boots which suddenly felt oddly comfortable.

“All done!” The woman grinned, linking her arm through mine. “Let’s go, ya gonna love Scotty T, he’s such a hottie. If I wasn’t already with Dav, I’d date ‘im myself.”

I wanted to tell her to get lost; she’d turned me into a freak! Instead though a strange compulsion filled me and I found my body acting of it’ own accord. My lips formed a smile and I grinned at her.

“Ya! I totally need a good boning, he’d better be good in the sack!”

What the hell? What was I saying? Where was I going? I tried to turn around, to run but I couldn’t. Instead I reached into my tiny, tight pockets and drew out a cigarette which my new companion lit for me. With each puff I felt myself falling more and more into this role, her magic compelling me forward no matter how much I didn’t want to.

It was useless, I was a passenger in my own body, a slave to my own new chav compulsions as I walked, arm in arm with the strange magical woman who’d changed me toward a double date.