Ugly Until Altered

There was a firm gag on her mouth, a cup dug into her gums, the fastenings were tight against her neck, firm ropes held her to a chair. Adding those discomforts to her supressed fear meant that Ariel had trouble thinking straight.

She admittedly sucked at knots but knew a master when she felt it. Whoever tied these knew what they were doing.

No matter how hard Ariel pulled at her constraints, all it would accomplish was let the rope dig deeper into her skin.

Her vision was nothing but blackness for she felt the rough fabric of burlap over her face. The reeking odour of corn and petrol from this sack meant she couldn’t smell her surroundings.

Room temperature, her feet were touching a rough hard surface, the air was still, and she heard nothing. Ariel had not a clue where she was.

She tried to keep the fear down and wondered if she was important for a kidnapping, Dad was dead and good riddance, Mum was nobody, she worked at the bakers, so it wasn’t as if Ariel was a wealthy heiress, which meant no ransom demands which meant…

Ah.

Oh dear.

It meant that a serial killer, who had a thing for teenage girls, saw her and thought why not?

“FUCK! Why me?” Ariel thought. She was the short, stumpy, ugly girl whom nobody would look at; she was caught by a killer with low standards.

Ariel pulled from her mental rolodex dozens of kidnapped girls, trying to recall any case of a girl managing to flee her capturers and make it home safe and sound.

Only one and that girl had the strength of Pippy Long Stocking.

And so Ariel prayed to several deities, none of which she believed in for a peaceful end.

Time passed, how much Ariel couldn’t say but fear gave way to boredom and when an itch spreading from thigh to toe became chronic, the bag over her head was flung off with a swift tug.

She gingerly opened her eyes; squinting to make out her surroundings, she saw nothing but stacks and stacks of newspapers and smelt dust against concrete.

Someone’s large garage, and as she craned her neck she saw the outline of someone against a window sitting upon a pile of old magazines.

As the figure leaned down she recognised all too well the mannerisms, she didn’t need to make out his face in the gloom, she knew this guy.

It was Tommy, the grinning jackass who every girl save for herself melted like butter for.

Tommy the bastard.

He leapt down from his perch and began circling around the firmly tied Ariel with a little cockiness. No, no the son of a bitch had liquid cockiness pumping through his veins the day he was conceived.

Tommy smacked his lips and said “So you’re wondering why I did this?”

“MFF,” said Ariel on account of her gag.

She liked to think that her grunt of anger and disdain said everything.

He grinned and with a flick of his wrist removed the gag.

“This?” said Ariel “This is oh so low, not too low for you but kidnapping me because you want to give me the finger? HA!”

Tommy smiled and said “Oh but you’re wrong; I’ve got something special planned.”

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An explanation? Who was Tommy and who was Ariel?

Ariel was blessed with being fat, short, big nosed and crooked toothed but also cursed with the awareness that no matter how nice she was, nobody would like her unless she lost weight, styled her hair and all around made herself easier on the eyes.

Ariel would give the idiots the finger and feel pretty good and pretty lonely.

Sure girls poked at her bulk, boys used her for target practice and a few wicked kids would smear upon her face the contents of their noses, but Ariel had her revenge by beating everyone in schoolwork.

Oxbridge, The Ivy League, she had the goods so she envisioned a golden future, where she worked in a high class office, throwing spare change at Susie haze hopefully a homeless whore and hiring Bill Katz, the star footballer as her window washer.

Yes, her future was golden but her present was hell.

“Oh sure,” Susie, the girl who hated Ariel the most had said “we all know our lives suck, but there’s one little twit to make us feel better. Sometimes I worry about my weight but then I tune into a talk show and bingo, an obese woman’s being interviewed, she’s so big she can’t leave her house. I see her and you know what? I’m happy, compared with her I’m not too bad.”

She laughed, giving this little speech to Ariel whilst her minions had Ariel’s limbs pinned down with Susie herself sitting on Ariel’s chest, inching her lit cigarette closer and closer to Ariel’s left eye.

“And there’s you, every school needs one, a hopeless fuck up who’s the lowest thing there. If folks are feeling blue, well no matter because they can compare themselves to you! HA!”

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That was okay, school doesn’t last forever, and she was top in her year which would count for something right?

The thought kept her going, kept her sane.

And one day after sleepwalking through a test which she felt must have been made for stroke victims Ariel found that she was number two.

Who was the usurper? Who had dethroned her as head of the class? A new kid called Tommy.

Ariel wasn’t worried at first because if there was such a thing as Kama balancing it all out then he’d have to be as good looking as her.

He wasn’t, he was tall, handsome with a shapely jaw, bright eyed, with the muscles of a boxer.

And that made Ariel mad.

If you were smart you had to be ugly, if you were handsome you were stupid, sure there were folk ugly as sin and as thick as pigshit but the idea that one guy could have good looks and a high IQ was…

It was crushingly unfair and Ariel had to make herself content with the fact she had half of a good thing.

So she didn’t obsess over Tommy, as an academic rival she didn’t worry about him that much. As for him being a handsome boy and she a lonely girl? Ha!

First off she hated sex, loathed it, she even loathed her periods and save for peeing, shoving a tampon up her bleeding hole was the only interaction she had with her pussy.

And since Tommy had most of the girls in school bashfully lining up to talk to him, the boy was never going to notice her.

Besides she had hobbies, it wasn’t as if school dominated her life.

She had her chess club; sometimes she’d travel out of county or play a fellow online but a good enjoyable chess game meant being face to face with your opponent, playing with plastic pieces on a plastic matt inside a draughty and leaky building that reeked of cabbage.

Well it was to Ariel at least.

The problem was Ariel was the best there, elderly men, one a retired milk man and another an ex-army guy would look at her goggled eyed when she repeatedly beat them, flabbergasted that a girly whippersnapper had it in her to…oh dear she just played another checkmate.

A few out of towners would drop in and offer her a challenge but all in all it was more a sanctuary, a place nobody from school knew anything about and which she’d play a game or read a book and just feel safe.

And then one day a bemused Tommy turned up.

And then one day as Ariel sat in front of an empty chess board idly eating a mayonnaise sandwich and not thinking about anything in particular heard a familiar voice.

“Is this it?” said Tommy standing by the double doors, surveying the room “In Chelsea it’s a huge...”

He catching sight of Ariel snapped his fingers.

“You there,” he said as addressing her as an aristocrat would address his footman “You’re from school aren’t you?”

Tommy flung himself down on the other side of Ariel’s table and began placing pieces one by one on the board.

His brash and loud manner was noted by everyone, in fact various men who were so unanimated they might as well be covered in cobwebs and dust looked up from their tedium and frowned at such a kid.

“Let’s see how good you are,” he said to her “considering how I’m beating you in school, this’ll be easy.”

And instead Ariel proved she wasn’t number two in chess or at least the first few games.

Unless you have a passion for the game it’s impossible really to share their excitement and pains as they wrestled with their wits to spring traps and escape them, to pray silently that their opponent would take the bait and they’d yell out checkmate or then shudder as they’d fall into a snare with that sinking feeling of ignorance, when they couldn’t guess what the hell their opponent was planning.

They played six games that night, staying an hour later than Ariel normally would, and she had some satisfaction at making Tommy lean over and frown, she had changed his smirking amusement to a look of worry and then annoyance as she called checkmate.

As they concluded the evening, the unspoken result was that their victories were even numbered, had they finished with one of them scoring the higher number of wins that person could gloatingly style themselves “Chess master!”

And Tommy had shock her hand and smiling said “great game”

The next day at school, however Tommy completely ignored Ariel, paid her no heed, which…well would she want him to acknowledge her existence?

The other girls would either tear her apart in a jealous rage or fall to their knees and say “Oh wow you know the great and divine Tommy? Can I be your friend? Pretty please!”

All the same, was she slightly disappointed?

Ariel had no friends and for those insane three hours last night she was having a good time, she forgot who she was and how much life sucked.

She was…happy? Was that the right word? Was it really?

Well okay…

Tommy kept appearing in the chess club and he and Ariel tried all they could to beat each other.

There is though only so much chess you can play in a night and so between games before exhaustion or boredom took over, the pair would make small talk that grew into big talk as the weeks went by.

Plenty of hours were wasted talking endlessly about stuff that mattered not a lot and yet felt valuable. Ariel use to walk snail like back home after the chess club but now she skipped, she jumped and she hummed a little.

To those who recognise her, the sight of this melancholy kid who was now somehow carefree and gay was odd but not unwelcome.

But the damper and there was always a damper he still ignored her in school, even if she glanced his way whilst he was surrounded by dozens of his friends he gave no sign of recognition.

It was like this for a good few months and every morning on Wednesday Ariel would feel light-hearted, just happy, as she realized if she forced her way through school she’d see Tommy and have him all to herself.

It’s a strange thing being just plain old happy, just wondering why the usual sense of unease and misery isn’t there and instead there’s just contentment.

It didn’t happen often for her but now in the hours when she was with Tommy, Ariel felt at peace.

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It was at the start of November that Tommy didn’t show up, and the next week he wasn’t there, another week and another and…

Ariel soon knew why, there was a bimbo, a brainless girl who had just transferred from New Castle. What she lacked in IQ she made up for in breast and ass size, she was destined it seemed to be a supermodel.

Betty was beautiful and she demanded only the best in boyfriends. Alas boys being shallow and at the mercy at their throbbing peckers, couldn’t turn down a girl of a white smile, an infectious laugh and a humongous rack.

Tommy proved himself to be painfully male when he was seduced by her.

He went red, he gulped and spluttered and couldn’t form coherent words. All of his free time was spent with Betty.

Ariel was pretty furious. The spring in her step was now replaced with a drudge and stomp and on her face was a venomous scowl.

She was now back to square one, friendless and with Tommy gone there was nobody with the right amount of brains to be worth talking to.

Ugh, he had to be human didn’t he, he had to value his dick over his mind.

Not that she liked him, no, no he was oh so smug but…it was just that everyone else was worse so he was perhaps the only tolerable person she knew.

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A few months of Betty and Tommy as an item and Ariel smiled a little as Betty’s personality, something that could curl wallpaper was by now wearing Tommy down. T and A was all well and good in making a man happy but after a while even the shallowest of fellows has to acknowledge the woman attached to the tits.

And Tommy looked miserable.

Ariel was thinking it was only a short while before the boy came to his senses and broke it off with Betty but then…

Then something happened.

Betty was ill for a week, not turning up for school. And when she did finally turn up…

Betty the Bimbo had now become Betty the Brainy. Gone was the uniform twisted into showing off cleavage and a tight midriff instead she dressed in a more conservative way, and had taken to wearing specs. She carried herself differently, walking upright and sitting neatly at the front of the class.

But the increase of IQ was staggering. Before she’d respond to a question with a gulp and giggle “Oh silly me,” as if a cute laugh excused her ignorance.

But now…

She took notes, she asked complex questions, she cared about her education! In class she’d say things like “The sum and remainder of a right octagon are equal in value to the left side of a Pentagon, and to the power of 23 they’re equal to the sum of 89.”

And the teacher would pound away on a calculator and mutter “correct.”

Hitler was a rabbi, Satan was ice skating and Betty T. Bimbo now had more than two brain cells to rub together.

Within a few weeks, Betty was transferred to a private school never to be heard from again and no doubt she was destined for the Ivy sphere knocking shoulders with the world’s top boffins.

Tommy during all of this placed the most angelic and innocent look he could muster. When Betty was wowing the class, he didn’t show any surprise, even grinning when she recited The Tell-Tale Heart from memory in English.

Ariel suspected something, Tommy of all people should be amazed but he wasn’t. The change in Betty didn’t seem to faze, upset or surprise him.

She couldn’t prove anything but only form a vague suspicion. Tommy seemed so pleased with himself.

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Tommy returned to the chess club and seemed strangely off course, because Ariel thought if you’re nursing a secret that’s heavy on the heart, trying to conceal it wouldn’t be a success

During a chess match when he failed to make a move for a good twenty minutes Ariel said:

“You’ve lost six games in a row.”

“I’m not in my prime,” he muttered

“You’re still in school you’re already losing it?” she replied “Pish and Posh.”

She looked at him and saw that his eyes were looking through the chessboard into the centre of some black worry. Something Tommy was unable to expel.

“What’s your problem?” she asked

He gritted his teeth, and almost like a snarl said “I’m fine!” sounding not a bit of it.

Ariel had seen this in Mum’s boyfriends, none of them like sharing their problems. And if she knew anything about men, it was that they didn’t talk about their troubles, only girls and gays did that.

“Excuse me?” she said “where’s your girlfriend.”

He sucked his lips into his mouth.

“She was…”

“She was brainless,” said Ariel “I mean yeah no boy could resist her charms.”

She coughed and held her palms up against her chest hefting imaginary boobs.

“But,” she went on “I kind of expected better from you, thought you had the wits to see through her.”

Tommy didn’t move from his miserable pose but his eyes, independent from the rest of him looked up at Ariel.

“She wasn’t a viper,” he said “She was simple.”

“And then,” said Ariel with a frown “she got brainy.”

Tommy bit his lower lip to conceal something, not a grimace but a mirthful grin.

“Yeah,” he said “funny that.”

“Yes very funny.”

Silence and his mood had changed a little, it was something he was proud of, an accomplishment and since he knew something she didn’t that gave him in a childish way, an edge.

“What happened?” she asked bluntly

“Why would I have anything to do with it?” he said

“Just a hunch.”

“Well what if I made her smart,” he said “What if I gave her the brain power.”

Ariel snorted, sure she suspected something was odd but it was idiotic that he was capable of…

“Yes,” he said “I can do that. Change a person.”

This was a mad joke it had to be. But could a thick bimbo suddenly be bright if…

“The problem was,” said Tommy “she was so unbearable before I thought she might be bearable as a young Einstein but I was wrong.”

“You’re full of it,” said Ariel

Tommy shrugged.

“Perhaps.”

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Winter was getting worse with the days getting colder and Ariel disliking the bus would walk home by herself.

A girl wasn’t allowed to walk down dark streets on her lonesome, least pervy men spotted her and did terrible things to her, but being fat and ugly Ariel felt that she had nothing to fear.

Well at least in her hometown which was a peaceful and depressingly boring place. It hadn’t murders, kidnappings, arsons or anything of interest in a decade.

One evening as she passed a vandalised phone booth by St. Phillip’s Street, Ariel stopped and gazed up at the harvest moon.

She stood still for only three seconds but in that time something wet covered her mouth and nose.

A damp rag! She fought as hard as she could but the firm grip didn’t loosen at her tugs and punches.

Ariel couldn’t hold her breath for long and as she breathed in she lost consciousness.

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A tied Ariel glared at a smug Tommy.

“Why are you doing this?” she asked

Tommy sighed a little and said “Try as I might I’m human. I need a girlfriend. Betty was…a mistake.”

“And I’m your replacement?”

“Yeah,” he nodded “I hate to admit it but you’re a much better match for me than someone like her. Honestly out of all the people and goodness there’s been a lot…”

He leaned forward and said levelly to her.

“You’re the best.”

“Why this?” she said “Why the gag and the ropes and…”

“Because,” he said “whilst you were sleeping I was working.”

“On what?”

“On you.”

Ariel felt queasy, she felt as if someone had smeared garbage all over her and then bathed her in sewage. She felt very unclean.

Tommy landed a hand on Ariel’s chubby shoulder.

“I’m sorry but you’re fat, you’re yellow teethed and you’re as ugly as a camel’s asshole. When I saw you I felt…I felt I could make an exception. I’d hang around you and I wouldn’t have to worry about wanting to fuck you.”

“Oh,” said Ariel “thanks, you know how to make a girl feel special!”

Tommy suddenly leaned forward and gave her a long kiss on the lips.

Ariel felt his stubble, his breath which was a little stinky and also…strangely inviting.

He pulled away and pinched her cheek.

“So damn smooth and soft. You smell like a peach.”

He kicked the ground and Ariel was strongly reminded of her dad.

“You turn my head but I…”

He swallowed.

“If I asked you out?”

She would have said not on your nelly, get real and try something else. Because he had kidnapped her, tied her up and done things to her whilst she was unconscious, no sane girl in her right mind would…

“Why?”  
  
“You’ve got brains, and that’s not everything but hell it’s something. Shit I’ve talked to snails who were smarter than any of my so called friends. But with you, damn it! You’re bearable, you’re as smart as me. Never thought it was possible, I thought I was the only clever kid in school but then I spent a few seconds with you and I’m challenged. I’m feeling all gooey and mushy because I’m not alone. I’ve admired you more than any other girl I’ve met.”

Ariel would have been flattered, the guy cared for her, she was loved. Yay! But being bound and gagged was a deal breaker. Also she hoped that this kidnapping didn’t give her a permanent case of PTSD.

“But I don’t want to date an ugly girl. So I decided on Betty, it wasn’t as if I was thinking of you when I was with her…hell I wanted to see if I could have someone. Just to satisfy that insane craving I got when I was around you but bugger. She was so stupid so I changed her.”

“How?”

“I have my ways, I gave her brains but the higher IQ didn’t change her enough, she was still Betty. Still naïve, still bright eyed and confused with the damn world. I like a girl who’s…well you. You stood up to my bullshit, you made me laugh, you told me stuff I never ever knew and damn it I admire you. You’re worth a billion Betties.”

He flung himself on the ground and sighed.

“I broke my own golden rule, which amounts to never fall for someone. They own a piece of you and your life isn’t your own anymore.”

Rising Tommy planted another firm kiss on her lips.

“But I can’t fight it anymore. I know you’re the one for me or you will be once I’ve made a few changes.”

She gulped.

“Changes?”

“Yeah sorry about this, it’s just if I have to have you I’m going to perform a few updates, make you meet my standards.”

“No you’re bloody not!”

“Too bad, it’s already begun.”

He smiled as he knelt down by her chair and untied her ropes. Ariel tried to shot up and run for but she was surprised to find all she could manged was a shaking staggering crawl.

Her legs were plastered in sweat and she felt itchy.

But then an acute pain hit her in the stomach and she fell to the ground.

On her knees and hands, she gasped out as a pain no, no a sublime feeling was radiating between her legs. The urge, the demand, the throbbing magical feeling was too much.

One hand hastily hurled down her jeans and in frustration she torn her panties as her fingers worked on her hungry pussy.

Jeez, she had never ever felt this urge before but it felt so good.

Her face was bright pink, her breath was hot and as she enjoyed her frantic massage she began to change.

It started with the dumpy dandruff covered mess she called her hair, the ugly knots undid themselves taking on a rich and sleek tone.

Another jolt sent Ariel sitting upright and her hair which had before only reached to her neck now touched her waist.

Ariel was oh too busy trying to achieve her first ever orgasm to notice. The pleasure was intense but she flared and cursed as the demand wasn’t sated.

She made an almost choking sound as she felt a slight tightness on her teeth and spat out her retainer braces. Unseen to her, the yellow tint on her teeth had vanished and a set of straight and white pearls stood proudly on her gums.

Ariel gasped and was now aware something was wrong, her mouth felt different…

As she tried pushing back loose strains of hair against her moist forehead, her clumsiness made her flick off her glasses onto the ground.

“No!” she gasped

And then she blinked and blinked again.

Everything was in perfect focus, she rubbed her eyes and saw Tommy grinning as he gazed at her and ugh…oh…

She jumped up onto her feet and then felt her legs lengthened. The feeling of her own bones growing, adding inches and inches to her diminutive frame should hurt but it tickled. It felt so…

She had stood four feet ten inches before but now as she sprouted upwards she guessed she had to be above average at least. The change in height made the fat on of her belly and chubby limbs melt away…

Her ass then began to inflate, padding out into a soft almost spherical piece of work, along with her hips, which pushed themselves out, adding dimensions to the emerging hour glass figure.

The acne on her face and the warts on her toes were gone, the thick bushy unibrow had vanished as well, instead to be replace with thinner more feminine brows and lashes.

But her clothes were too tight.

Ariel shoved down her jeans and peeled off her jumper and T-shirt.

She stood naked, her panties had been torn by her widening hips and she wore no bra because her breasts simply didn’t exist.

Until now…

As she pitched and flicked at one inflamed nipple her breasts expanded. Rising, growing, and inflating. From cup size to cup size they showed no signs of stopping.

Her ugly, plug face was melting and changing, the nose shrank and the sticking out ears pressed themselves against the side of her head.

The face that people called Piggy or Bulldog not without good reason was now remoulded into an angelic face.

As the dams broke and her orgasm took her, the changes were completed.

Her breasts now somewhere just above the E cup range sat proudly on her chest completing her perfect body.

She gasped and fell to the ground in a satisfied purr, oh that was one of the finest things she had ever experienced and as she caressed a heavy boob she smiled to herself, pleased of having the biggest knockers in town so that…

Ariel remembered who she was and leapt up with a scream of “You bastard.”

Tommy was smirking and Ariel spied against his straining jeans, a hard on worthy of a stallion.

“You look brilliant;” he said “never suspected you’d turn out so well.”

She wanted to strangle him and as she grabbed at his chin with slender hands she found she no longer had to crane her neck to look at him, now he was just a few inches above her.

Tommy leaned forward and kissed her, the burning sensation in Ariel’s cunt flared up again.

“Yeah you’re much better then Betty.”

He grabbed her by her shoulders and began to nibble on her neck.

“Stop,” she panted.

“Don’t lie,” he said as he stepped back from her and began peeling off his clothes, “you want this as much as I do.”

She winced as she saw his chest, his muscles and ah…his cock, his erect dick was much, much bigger then she thought it was, her cunt practically ached with desire as she couldn’t help but imagine what it would feel like inside of her.

Why did he have to be so sexy?

He pulled her in for another kiss and Ariel couldn’t resist anymore. She wrapped her arms around his neck, letting her large breasts rub against his chiselled chest whilst his dick poked against her stomach.

Her legs were weak and open, his cock rested against the barrier of her virginity.

He broke off the kiss and said “We’ve all got to lose it sometime.”

And lifting her up, he impaled her upon his erection, Ariel screamed out in agony, as a fine puddle of blood collected on the floor and as he pressed her up against the wall of the garage the rough cement surface scratched her skin but all sensations save those in her pussy were ignored as he slid into her.

Ariel had always expected sex to be disgusting, gross and a little disappointing, and yeah this time it was, even sticking your tongue down a guy’s throat and having your teeth bash painfully against his wasn’t all it was cracked up to be.

And he kept caressing her boobs and pinching her nipples as if a woman’s nipple was as sensitive as her clitoris. No, no sorry to say it but that one wasn’t true so could he please stop focusing all his attention on her tits?

And yet…her hormones flared, her body purred in satisfaction and some deep seated need was slowly and surely being met.

She drove her fingernails up and down his back as they reached a steady rhythm and then Ariel sung to the heavens as Tommy unloaded every drop of seed into her pussy. As her cunt overflowed with his cum, he loosened his grip and she slid down onto the ground silently gasping for breath.

Tommy sat there admiring her with some satisfaction at what he had turned her into.

“Now,” he finally said red faced and still panting “Do you want to go home or would you like to stay awhile?”

Ariel didn’t meet his gaze but stared at the ceiling and wheezed until she managed to mutter “What do you think?”

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Tommy stood Ariel in front of his full length mirror on his bedroom wall and she gaped at the supermodel staring back at her.

“Changing me without my permission?” she sighed “I ought to…”

“Would you like me to change you back?” he smirked.

Silence hung in the air and Ariel knew he had her in checkmate.

“Well,” she blundered “maybe not yet.”

So Tommy laid back on his bed and wiggled his finger for Ariel to join him.

As she laid next to Tommy, Ariel realised just how unbearably sexy she found him and yet she still wanted to strangle the cunt for what he had done.

“Now let’s take it gently,” he said as he kissed her on the cheek.

Ariel puckered her lips, expecting more of the same but Tommy instead journeyed down south, and opening wide her legs without any warning stuck his tongue deep within her pussy. The skill in which he wiggled his muscle around had Ariel digging her toes and fingers into his mattress and gasping out “gosh” before he made her feel ten shades of bliss.

Tommy then placed his throbbing cock between the valley of her cleavage and Ariel gulped, sniffed the prick and wished she hadn’t. This smelly thing was covered in their love juice which was pretty revolting and…

“Kiss it,” Tommy pleaded in an almost whimpering way.

Ariel surprised herself by pressing her boobs together getting a tight grip around his dick. She then placed top of said prick in her mouth and let her tongue glide over the tip.

He had muttered “more, more”, making Ariel grin in encouragement and she knew deep down that she wanted to make sure he was blown away by her lovemaking skills. Okay she hadn’t any at present but she’d get better, she’d get a whole lot better. And Tommy was going to love what she’d do to him.

He came again, letting his juice splatter all over her face and hair and Ariel surprised herself by swallowing quite a lot of the stuff. She felt proud somehow, felt she wasn’t a slut but rather fucking a boy made her grown up and mature.

Just before the third hurdle, Tommy had rushed her into the bathroom, insisting they both wash up a little with soap and mouthwash before heading back to the bed.

The final fuck was him on top, gently, slowly, tenderly keeping to a steady gallop.

And whilst this sweet session commenced Ariel stared into Tommy’s eyes, and tried to tell herself he was nothing but the annoying git she knew in chess club, a pain, a jackass and yet…

As he looked at her with a warm smile, Ariel remembered him making her laugh with that joke about the girl with no arms or how he held her hand and told her she had nothing to be ashamed of when she related to him being pelted with broken glass and bricks by other kids in class.

Tommy made her happy, there was no two ways about it. He made her really happy, Ariel knew it.

It was then Ariel felt a jolt in her heart and she knew something other than lust was stirring in her.

As their steady rhythm built up, triggering their climax, Ariel moaned loudly, painfully overwhelmed by the sensations within her and she grabbed her man by the neck bringing him down to her lips.

She didn’t know what it meant, but seeing Tommy smile at her, knowing that he liked her, no, more than liked her.

Damn it, she couldn’t hate him anymore.

They lay there, sighing contentedly in the afterglow of their lovemaking, Ariel pressing herself against Tommy’s chest, holding his hand. He was hers and she wasn’t letting anyone snatch him away from her.

“So,” said Tommy “how would you like to handle this, explaining it to your mum I mean? I could turn you back to your old self and let you be like this only when we’re alone or…”

“No,” she said shaking her head “leave me like this.”

She planted a kiss on Tommy’s lips: “I’m not letting you go.”  
  
He laughed and hugged her merrily “Nor me.”

Ariel grinned a little, no longer fighting the unbearable feeling of complete joy enveloping her and now comforted by the steady beating of his heart, joined Tommy in a contented sleep.

END