

AMIN AND THE HARLOT-DOLL SKIN-SUIT

Part 1

While looking for some sealant glue, Amin froze when he saw what Maria had hidden in a box he assumed was for glues and resins, next to her workbench where she made and repaired cosplay costumes. He pulled out a box containing a HarlotDoll skinsuit.

“It can’t be...” Amin said to himself as he looked to see what else was inside the box, discovering a bottle of lubricant, wigs, earrings, and makeup. And the more things he discovered inside the box, the more he felt his anger rising. “NO! Maria... How could you...?”

He turned the box over, leaving the opening facing down, and let its contents spill out. Out of the box came a sort of controller with a small screen, and the skinsuit from the box, which was barely 18 cm long.

He set the controller on the table and, to make sure the skinsuit hadn’t been used, he held the empty skin up to his nose. But from the opening in the back, the smell of sweat and lubricant wafting out from inside was more than evident.

In a fit of rage, Amin wanted to burn that blasphemy. But just before he held the fake skin over the flame of a lighter, Amin changed his mind. He looked at the skinsuit, examining it closely. Like a tester, he began to stretch each limb, gently at first, and then as far as that elastic, magically crafted skin would allow.

And as he did so, he began to doubt the impulse driving him to do this. Maybe he should just wait for Maria to come home and ask her for an explanation, or perhaps call her now and try to sound confused and curious, rather than disappointed and furious.

But there was something about that skinsuit that compelled him to do something that went against his faith and morals.

Without waiting for Maria to return and with no intention of calling her, Amin undressed. Then he grabbed the bottle of lubricant and carefully began to spread a modest amount over his body. He soon discovered why people were so quickly drawn to sinning... It felt SO GOOD.

What’s more, his member hadn’t been this big and hard in a long time.

“Don’t think about it,” he told himself, fighting against what he felt and not wanting to admit that he liked using that lubricant. “Just become her... so that Maria faces her own shame.”

Amin, clumsy because his fingers were covered in lubricant, had trouble grabbing the opening at the wrist. But everything became easier once he managed to slip his first leg in and stretch the skinsuit with his foot as he pushed it inside the suit.

And as he did so, Amin’s mind began to calm down. Before he had his other leg fully inside the suit and stood up to pull the suit up to cover himself to the waist, his face was contorted with the pleasure he felt by wearing that blasphemy. But what he was enjoying most, was feeling the skinsuit where it had already covered him.

“I think...” he told himself, lying to himself, as he used a little more of the lubricant, “... from here on out I’m going to need more of this.”

In part, it was true, since the waist of the skinsuit felt very tight. Designed that way to gradually mold the person wearing it, before the suit was complete and let the magic begin to adjust the wearer’s silhouette to match the appearance of the HarlotDoll.

Even so, Amin used up the entire bottle, smearing it all over his torso and face, pouring lubricant directly into the skinsuit, hoping that this way it would feel even better once he had it fully on.

After managing to cover himself almost up to his chest, he slipped a hand inside and felt for the sleeve. The sublime pleasure of feeling his arm struggle against the elasticity of the skinsuit’s sleeve made his eyes roll back into their sockets, and a thin trickle of drool escaped from his mouth.

It took him to a dimension of pleasure he had never felt before. The pleasure was so intense that he didn’t even realize that, the suit had already assimilated and reshaped his body from the waist down.

As he had dressed, he had lost some height. His legs were much thinner. His feet were now smaller, at most, a size 37 (FR), with a perfect pedicure. His butt was wider, and his waist looked clearly narrower.

But where it was most noticeable was between his legs. His penis had ceased to exist, completely replaced by pink, swollen labia. Where his manhood should have been, he now had a pussy in all its glory... juicy, deep, and eager to be used.

It was beginning to connect with his nerve endings. Although Amin still didn’t understand that sensation, as it had been unknown to him until that moment. But once he had the suit fully on, it would go a step further, it would be fully functional. And that pussy’s insatiable appetite would dominate him for as long as he wore the skinsuit.



Part 2

It took Amin a tremendous amount of effort to slip his wrist through that sleeve and get his hand into the skinsuit. It was as if it were a sign telling him not to put it on. But Amin ignored this warning. In fact, when he finally managed to slip his hand into that tight, lubricant-soaked glove, it almost brought him to orgasm...

“Oh God...” he said to himself, his heart racing and his breath ragged, astonished by what he’d just felt and what he was still feeling. “This feels so damn good... I have to get my other arm in and cover my head now.”

Amin now understood why Maria had bought that suit, and also why she hadn’t confessed about it to him. Before slathering on the lubricant, Amin had been furious with her for buying such blasphemy, and he would have hated her if he’d seen her transformed into the nymphomaniac prostitute that the suit would have turned her into.

It wouldn’t just be a sin; it would be blasphemy. A great sacrilege according to his faith. And in his holy book, such sins were punished by flogging or even, in severe cases, stoning.

When Amin slipped his other arm into the sleeve, religious punishments no longer worried him, except as an incentive to keep going. Rather, it was the added difficulty of getting dressed. His arm, the one already inside the suit, didn’t feel strong enough anymore to help him pull the other sleeve on.

And besides, the manicure with long nails on the hand wearing the skinsuit wasn’t helping. It made it harder to pinch the suit and pull it, mostly because of his lack of practice with those nails. But then he instinctively helped himself, contorting and twisting his arm.

At the same time, driven by his eagerness, he started to pull at the hood of the suit, wanting to pull it over and cover his own head. “Come on, damn suit...”

Once again, the pleasure intensified, making him even more eager. He longed to have the entire suit on and then use the other things inside the box. He no longer denied it; now he wanted to be her, a Harlot-Doll named Patrice.

With that name on his mind, his hand finally slipped into the glove. Shortly later the hood finally covered his head. Thus completing the process of dressing himself, leaving Amin completely ecstatic and drowning in an orgasm, followed by another and another, letting his member unload its semen inside the suit.

And when not a single drop remained, he/she began to come with her/his new pussy, while his/her cock atrophied and disappeared; his/her orgasms camouflaged the process, making him/her scream with pleasure instead of pain.

Writhing with pleasure, arching her back as she never had before, and in a natural way, clutching her pussy and hugging her breasts with a false modesty. The breasts were still hollow, but beginning to fuse symbiotically with his chest and swell.

In that trance of ecstasy, heralded by screams of pleasure that grew increasingly feminine, reaching very high-pitched tones, she experienced a long series of even stronger orgasms, which left her first exhausted and later unconscious.

Just at that moment the only opening in the suit, which had been closing, vanished and at the same time her body finished transforming.

The opening had disappeared completely. Her back now looked like any other, as if the opening had never existed. Erasing all traces of who had been there, completely concealing Amin and leaving only a woman with the body of a goddess, named Patrice.

She was lying next to the box with its contents waiting, pressing some buttons on the skinsuit controller with her face. The controller answered with some beeps and showed a warning that something was off. Patrice did not notice anything about this.

When she woke up, the first thing she felt was an unnatural sense of calm and contentment. Next the cold floor against her skin, and then the pleasure she derived from feeling it with her newfound sensitivity.

Little by little, she sat up, her movements still clumsy, and accompanied by purrs, which grew more graceful as she fully awoke. As she sat up, her legs bent into the lotus position. At the same time, she raised her arms and yawned with a tone too high-pitched to sound like a decent girl, ending with a giggle typical of a bimbo.

Her gaze mechanically dropped during the yawn and now rested on her new breasts, and Patrice was surprised by the size of them. Driven by a new instinct, her hands clung to her new breasts, discovering many things she hadn't thought possible.

The first thing was that she liked feeling hands on her breasts. It started with a sense of satisfaction at feeling human warmth on them. The next thing she noticed was that she purred again because of it and began to love it. Both playing with her breasts and, just as much or even more, how she was reacting.

"They're so soft and so huge... mmm. I never imagined that tits could... oooh," she said between gasps, because she couldn't resist an urge triggered by the costume, which made her press her index fingers and thumbs from both hands against her nipples, pinching them, while she felt a rush of hot sensations in her stomach.

"So sensitive... aaaah... and heavy... Mmmmmh... this slut likes them soft, big, and so sensitive, and now they're mine (giggle)..."

Amin, or rather Patrice now, was surprised. Not only that she could say that, given how religious she had been before, but that she said it proudly or with a desire that hadn't been hers. Yet she felt that with every passing second, that thought and thousands of other perverse desires were becoming hers. And the main one right now was that she wanted to discover just how much more that suit would do to her.

"Naughty outfit," she said to herself with a wicked smile, enjoying what was happening to her, "you're influencing my thoughts and... OH!"

Then something else caught her attention, a damp sensation that made her look down at where she was sitting, and she saw it. Or better did not see it. Her heart began to beat faster, while she instinctively started to sensually bite her lower lip.

She didn't see a bulge or a member resting against the cold floor, just a flat, well-shaven pelvis and a glimpse of her new vaginal lips. Surrounding them was a shiny patch, caused by the juices escaping from between her lips.

"Oh shit," she said to herself, jumping to her feet with intense curiosity and rushing to the bathroom. "I need to see myself in a mirror."



Part 3

On her way to the bathroom, she almost stepped on the small control unit that came with the suit. Its tiny screen displayed a message warning that the skinsuit's safety filters had failed and that the suit was corrupting the wearer's mind. It showed that the corruption was at **34%**, but suddenly the reading changed, and the screen showed **38%**.

At the same time, Amin's cell phone began to ring; since it was inside his pants and covered by the rest of his clothes, he could barely hear the ringtone or feel the vibration.

When Patrice entered the bathroom, she automatically brought her hands to her face, as any girl would out of vanity and pride upon seeing herself looking beautiful, unable to believe the beauty she was seeing.

Although the figure in the mirror had no hair, her reflection was that of a goddess with intense green eyes and a bald head. This was due to the absence of a wig; she hadn't yet chosen any of the ones from the box.

(Controller Display: **47%**)

Little by little, she examined every part of her body from every angle, from head to toe. She loved the green hue of her eyes, which looked more naturally fitting than the brown eyes she actually had. Her lips were full, soft, almost spongy from how plump they were.

Her hands explored the long, tight curve of her waist, followed by the sweeping curve of her hips, resting for a moment on her abdomen. Before she knew it, she was leaning against the doorframe, spreading her legs, and thrusting her pelvis forward, while her hands parted the lips of her vagina.

"OMG! (giggle) What a beautiful little pussy I have. Mmmm..." she thought to herself, smitten with her new, pink pussy, feeling a rush of pleasure and excitement run down her spine and flood her mind as she said that. "Uuh! What was that... when I said 'little pussy'..." (MOAN).

(Controller Display: **59%**)

The new wave of pleasure coursed through her body, making her tremble and love what was happening to her. Meanwhile instinctively her hands closed over her pussy, and she leaned her weight further against the doorframe. She left one hand there to squeeze harder on her pussy, while the other one moved to her corresponding breast.

"Yaih!" she said to herself, starting to squeeze her breast hard and thrust her middle finger deep into her pussy. "I have a cunt... a juicy, hot one, and OH Yes... it's so tight and sensitive! Mmmm, and it feels so good to fill it with my finger... Damn suit... you're making me enjoy this blasphemy and... and... it makes me want..."

(Controller Display: **73%**)

What was left of Amin, not that there was much left, realized that as long as she wore the suit, she would no longer be Amin, only Patrice. And this Patrice, still ignorant of many things about her own self and existence, knew one thing for sure. And that was that she liked saying 'Hooker Cunt'.

"OH FUCK! I love my new Hooker cunt, it feels better than having a dick!" she said again to feel that wave of excitement and pleasure flooding her body once more, pushing her finger as deep as she could.

"Yaih! Mmm yes... I have a Hooker cunt... moan... oh god... and if I have a Hooker cunt... IT GIVES ME MORE PLEASURE THAN MY DISGUSTING DICK! Oh god, the only cock I'd have now is to fill this dirty cunt... Oh fuck... that... Ammm that... it turns me on OH YES! YES!! Oh GOD... what blasphemy, yes, yes. This is wrong, this whore isn't me, and I love it I want to be so much more than just look like a Hooker!!

(Controller Display: **81%**)

Patrice then began the inevitable; her finger started pumping inside her. Feeling her sharp nail pushing its way against her flesh, sliding faster and faster, thanks to her juices, all the way in, once, twice and again, and again, and countless times. Gradually speeding up.

Meanwhile, she discovered the pleasure her breasts could give her, as she squeezed, synchronizing the speed of her finger in her pussy with the grip of the hand clutching her tit, and her nails digging in rhythmically.

"Oh god, I'm a Hooker! YES! Change me more, corrupt my mind even further!" she screamed, and the suit rewarded her by sending an even more intense heat through her chest.

A cocktail that was no longer just boiling in her stomach, but also coursing through the blood in her veins, spreading throughout her entire body. A wave of satisfaction and pride swept over her, but left a feeling of emptiness, so she tried to fill it with more, always more.

(Controller Display: **92%**)

"Mmmmm Yaih! I'm a slut, such a whore, a bitch, insatiable, addicted to cocks, I want to lick dirty pussies, I want to be one of those who are easy to fuck, especially by bad people... who take advantage of me..."

"And I want... to be... so, so... so, so pro... Yes, (moan) I'm a (ammm) Harlot... OH I CAN'T STOP ANYMORE, I just want to sin, to blaspheme... NO... I want to be this, I want sex, I want fun, I want to be dirty, I want to be fucked, to be made to suck cocks, I want to be covered in cum, to have my pussy filled!! I want to be completely Patrice!"

(Controller Display: **97%**)

And with every word she spoke, she changed more and more, and she loved what she was becoming. Destroying the boundary that separated what the suit made her want and what her body needed. And erasing the fine line where the skinsuit ended and her skin began.

(Controller Display: **100% / Mind Modification complete**)



Part 4

Several orgasms later, Patrice walked back, with unsteady steps, to where Maria had set up her work table. It was time to continue, to become even more corrupted. She no longer cared about the plan that had led her to become who she was now. She wanted more and for that, she needed what was inside the box.

The first thing she picked up was one of the three wigs there, and to her surprise, she discovered another box containing yet another skinsuit, a different model, among the wigs.

“What? Another skinsuit?” she said to herself in disbelief. “ ‘Gold Digger Whore Doll’ ... Hmm, it seems being a whore wasn’t enough for Maria... What kind of selfish degenerate have I been living with?”

Patrice, after looking at the box in surprise, dropped it with feigned indifference and focused again on the wigs, choosing to put on the red one. It quickly adhered to her scalp, and as she decided what to put on next, she began to feel heat on the top of her head and a strange, stinging tingling sensation.

Instinctively, she brought her hands to the wig, thinking the skinsuit was rejecting it, but she discovered that the wig had become the hair of the skinsuit.

“Mmmm, this color is perfect... Looks like I’m one of the 'Dangerous Girls' now,” she said to herself with a giggle, tugging at her new hair and noticing that she could no longer pull it away from the suit, in fact, it felt as if it were really her own hair. “Now let’s get back to the clothes.”

She turned her attention back to the contents of the box, and after setting the other wigs aside, she found something that caught her eye.

“Mmmm, Crotchless Lascivia Pantyhose,” she said, opening the package of stockings, which, judging by the smell, had clearly been worn, and then she paused to look at another package of garter stockings. “Or ... some garter stockings? A sex goddess like me shouldn’t waste time on these trivial and expensive decisions.”

Patrice then put on the dirty stockings and discovered a sensation that delighted her. Feeling that fabric against her new skin was a delight. Not only did she feel it hugging and shaping her legs from her toes to her waist, but she loved feeling them with every movement.

And so she quickly pulled the crotchless pantyhose over her stockings. And the strange, wave-like sheen on the surface of the second layer seemed hypnotic to her, not to mention that they seemed to shine so much brighter that way.

“Oh fuck!” Patrice said to herself. “Where have you been my whole life?”

It wasn’t a particularly comfortable feeling. Her toes felt too tight. It didn’t feel right around her ankle either; behind her knee the folds were uncomfortable. But at the same time, feeling one layer of fabric moving over another made her forget all that and become addicted to the tights.

Now Patrice understood why so many women wore this kind of clothing. It wasn’t just to attract men’s attention. It was so much more than that. Those two simple, sheer pieces of fabric made her feel even more feminine, sexy, powerful, and alluring.

And she wanted more. She she wanted to feel not just more feminine, but to actually be it. More so than any femme fatale. And so she looked around to see what else she could wear, and then she saw them.

They were red leather gladiator sandals with a platform and sky-high stiletto heels. And she didn't understand why they were now only worn for special occasions. When she saw them she wanted to wear them as often as possible.

"Oh my God, they're wonderful," she said to herself after fastening the buckles, leaving half her leg trapped inside the straps of the sandals. "Just look how long and sexy my legs look now."

Her face lit up like a girl who was about to try on the shoes and dress of her dreams for her first prom. Knowing she'd be the center of all the attention, envy, and criticism. "And now the slutty dress."

It must be said that the dress was originally the same size as the skinsuit. But just like the skinsuit, it conformed to her figure, hugging her body tightly and easily tracing every curve. Its tight fabric and skimpy skirt struggled to contain her voluptuous behind.

The straps crossing over her chest seemed to make her breasts sway and bounce with every movement. The sheer fabric covering them did little to hide anything.

Furthermore, that dress had one final surprise in store for Patrice and all the unsuspecting women who wore it. That dress aroused her and would keep her aroused indefinitely. While wearing it, her body would never know calm. And if they wore it too much, it would become permanent.

"I definitely can't let Maria keep this," she said to herself maliciously. "She's a loser! And it looks better on me... Gods... just look at this body, just looking at myself makes me so wet."



Part 5

Patrice picked up her makeup bag from the box and went back to the bathroom. As she walked, she realized how difficult it was to walk in those heels and, above all, in the dress's very tight pencil skirt. That gold dress not only looked tight, but it was tight, and Patrice had to change the way she walked to move in it.

Taking shorter steps and swaying her hips even more. But mysteriously, she knew exactly how to do it. And what she liked most was that she was enjoying it. She loved the sensation the dress gave her, over her tights, against her skin. Something that amazed her.

She now felt completely feminine in her heels. So sexy and increasingly turned on by that dress. Nothing and no one had ever made her feel this good and powerful.

And as she applied her makeup, looking at herself with eyes growing more and more satisfied with how she looked, she didn't doubt or wonder where, or how, she knew how to apply makeup like a professional.

Every gesture and every movement was so innate, so natural. Her hands knew how to stay steady. Her mouth knew when to open to apply or blend the makeup. Her lips knew the right pose when she began applying the lipstick. Or how, from that moment on, she knew she couldn't let herself be seen without first being...

"Perfect!" she told herself after finishing rubbing one lip against the other to spread the lipstick evenly. "Ready to receive that traitor Maria (giggle). I look so... Mmmm, pretty and beautiful..."

Patrice came out of the bathroom and walked into the living-dining room, glancing at the clock on the wall. It was only shortly past seven pm, Maria wouldn't be home until about ten. So Patrice still had plenty of time to get to know herself better, to discover more about her new body and her new self.

Every step and every gesture were reasons to keep wearing that skinsuit. Reasons to be corrupted even further, and to let her most primitive impulses take control... then an idea struck her.

"Why am I going to stay here, only playing with myself, waiting for Maria?" she said to herself with a smile. "This body needs something more than I can give it..."

Just thinking about it made her pussy tingle. She needed a muscular guy, someone big, and someone who wasn't right for her, a mistake, someone Amin and Maria would hate. Someone toxic. And Patrice knew exactly where to look for him.

Biting her lip again as she adjusted her sensitive, soft breasts, she headed for the door of her apartment. She crossed the hallway, wiggling her ass and letting the marble floor announce her arrival, thanks to the distinct clicking of her heels.

Patricia thought about the consequences, and they didn't just excite her, they pushed her to do it. And so, she pressed her neighbor's doorbell, striking the sexiest pose and putting on a face that no real man could ignore.

“Hello, Cutie,” she said as the door opened, making her voice sound as playful as she could, and she saw the familiar face of the thug, with the build of an ex-con, who was their neighbor. “I’ve been such a careless slut, because I’ve lost my lucky panties... you haven’t seen them, have you...?”

“Well, well, well, look who we have here,” her neighbor said, relaxing his expression. He examined her from head to toe and began to smile as Patrice spoke to him, but he only had eyes for her body.

And after a moment of staring at her, he grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her into his apartment, making Patrice realize that she had truly made a mistake.

“We were waiting for you. GUYS, WE’VE GOT THE SLUT HERE! WHO’S GONNA TRY OUT OUR NEW MERCHANDISE?”



Part 6

Maria woke up with a splitting headache, laying on her belly on the floor, and her body felt tender, as if it were irritated. She tried to bring a hand to the source of the pain, but something was stopping her. She tried with her other hand, and she couldn't do it either.

She needed a little time doing this, so that, aside from the pain coming from the huge bump on her head, she could feel something else. And just as quickly as her sense of touch and the pain returned, Maria began to feel, first fear and then panic.

She was tied to the floor... no, she wasn't tied... something was holding her by her wrists. She noticed that her wrists were tied together behind her back. She couldn't spread her legs or stretch them out... And suddenly a terrible thought crossed her mind, and a shiver of terror ran down her spine, leaving her paralyzed.

"Oh gods!" she tried to say, realizing that, aside from having a bump on her head and being tied up like a victim in a sadistic movie, she was also gagged. "Shit... oh shit... Oh Shit!"

Then she began to hear footsteps... footsteps that couldn't belong to a man, or at least, not to the kind of thieves she imagined.

Those footsteps echoed against the floor of her apartment. They were clear and distinct. A double click. With a first loud sound and a second, immediate, lower-pitched secondary sound. Just like the sound of her own footsteps when she wore her high heels for special occasions.

"Oh! I'm so glad you're finally awake. It must have been a mighty blow," said the figure who suddenly entered the room and began to approach her. "I'm so sorry, honey. As you can tell, I've been a bit of a bad girl."

Maria looked up, and her face twisted into an expression of disbelief. She immediately recognized the face, the hair, the clothes, even the heels. The high-pitched voice was the same one as heard in the Lascivia ads. Maria let out a bewildered 'Mmpff' and looked in every direction she could...

"Relax, honey, don't worry," said the Harlet-Doll, pointing to herself. "Your husband, Amin, is still right here, but all that's left of him is just a dull memory, just as dull as he always was. Do you like how this body looks on me? I personally love it... it's changed me so much."

Maria 'Mmpffed' again and began struggling against her bonds. An unfamiliar fury began to burn inside her. How could her husband have sunk so low? How could he have worn that?

That she had to work examining Lascivia products for their religious group so they could sue the company was awful enough! But another... another thing was that her husband turned out to be a depraved sinner!

"YES! I discovered your little secret while looking for some glue to fix the handle on our little table. At first I was going to ask you for an explanation... but I don't know what happened when I picked it up and touched the inside," Patrice's voice began to grow less high-pitched and more like a purr as she recalled the moment she decided to try on the costume.

"I couldn't resist... at first it was just to try it on... pure curiosity... I think... but there's something about this suit I can't explain... something that feels so good, so tempting, so irresistible..."

Maria's eyes widened as she listened to Amin's story, and then she realised it wasn't Amin's fault, but rather her own lack of caution. And so she began to struggle harder against her bonds to free herself.

Maria looked up at the slut standing in front of her, shocked by the turn of events. She had to break free and rip the skinsuit off Amin before it was too late. Before her husband's personality was completely destroyed by the experience of the suit.

"Oh, Maria... How could you, after being this goddess, go back to being a loser married to that loser Amin? This body has so many advantages and so much to offer. It's so irresistible and has so many needs, and all of them... Ugh... they're so deliciously depraved," Patrice began to say, moving away from her and sitting on the couch, while she started caressing her breasts through the thin, soft fabric of her dress.

"Now I'm so depraved... You can't even imagine what they did to me in our neighbor's apartment... Oh God... you would never have let me do anything like that to you... But now that I'm Patrice, I can have that kind of depraved sex whenever I want, or whenever I need another fix..."

"Thanks to our neighbor, that pig, it's impossible for me to control myself now... Oh Maria, you can't even imagine the things I tried with him and his depraved friends. Why don't we ever try those drugs when we have sex? What I liked best was that they assured me that, for those drugs they gave me, there's no rehab. Don't you think that's incredible?" Patrice went on.

Maria was stunned upon hearing Amin. So much so that she could only stare at him and was no longer able to keep struggling against her bonds. Those words left her broken. She didn't even try to say anything. Not even a muffled sound escaped her gag.

How was it possible that the person who once had been her husband, honorable, stoic, a paragon of morality, and a devout believer, had become little more than a sex and drug addicted whore? In the stupor she had sunk into, she didn't even realize she was crying.

"And you know what's best? Thanks to that suit's remote control, I don't have to worry about remorse or morality anymore..." Patrice continued, pulling out the broken remote she'd been holding between her tits.

"These tits and this pussy are mine forever. You'll never see your Amin again. Because if anyone's going to be the fucking Patrice, it'll be me... now and forever! I activated the suit's seal before doing this to you, so it's useless to struggle, and now you can't take it off me.

The End?

