

THE GARAGE SMELLED OF MOTOR OIL, STALE BEER, AND SUMMER HEAT. MASON'S DAD, TOM, HUNCHED OVER THE OPEN HOOD OF HIS OLD MUSTANG, SWEARING UNDER HIS BREATH AT A STUBBORN SPARK PLUG. TOM'S SON, MASON, SAT ON AN OVERTURNED CRATE, SWINGING HIS LEGS, WATCHING UNCLE JAKE, TOM'S BEST FRIEND SINCE HIGH SCHOOL, LEAN AGAINST THE WORKBENCH WITH EFFORTLESS COOL. JAKE WAS THIRTY-EIGHT, SINGLE, NO KIDS, ALWAYS IN RIPPED JEANS AND A FADED BAND TEE, A CIGARETTE TUCKED BEHIND HIS EAR EVEN THOUGH HE NEVER LIT IT AROUND MASON. HE TOLD STORIES ABOUT ROAD TRIPS, BAR FIGHTS, AND WOMEN THAT MADE MASON'S EYES GO WIDE WHILE TOM ROLLED HIS.

"PASS ME THE TEN-MILLIMETER, MASE," TOM GRUNTED. MASON HOPPED UP, GRABBED THE WRONG WRENCH, AND TOM SIGHED. "THAT'S A TWELVE. COME ON, SON, PAY ATTENTION."

JAKE CHUCKLED. "EASE UP, TOMMY. KID'S JUST EXCITED TO HANG WITH THE COOL UNCLE."

TOM SHOT HIM A LOOK. "SOMEONE AROUND HERE HAS TO TEACH HIM RESPONSIBILITY."

THE ARGUMENT STARTED SMALL. TOM CRITICIZING MASON'S GRADES, MASON SNAPPING BACK THAT HIS DAD NEVER HAD TIME FOR ANYTHING FUN ANYMORE. WORDS ESCALATED. MASON'S FACE BURNED.

"YOU'RE ALWAYS ON MY CASE! UNCLE JAKE ACTUALLY LISTENS TO ME. HE GETS IT. I WISH I COULD JUST LIVE WITH HIM INSTEAD OF YOU!"

THE AIR SHIMMERED, LIKE HEAT RISING OFF ASPHALT. A LOW HUM FILLED THE GARAGE. TOM FROZE. JAKE'S LAZY GRIN FALTERED.



MASON FELT IT FIRST IN HIS STOMACH—A WARM, SYRUPY PULL THAT SPREAD OUTWARD. HE CLUTCHED THE EDGE OF THE WORKBENCH. “DAD... SOMETHING’S WRONG.”

HIS VOICE CRACKED HIGHER THAN NORMAL. TOM STEPPED TOWARD HIM. “MASE?”

MASON’S KNEES BUCKLED. HIS SNEAKERS FELT SUDDENLY LOOSE AS HIS FEET STRETCHED, TOES LENGTHENING INSIDE THE CANVAS. A DEEP, ROLLING WARMTH SURGED UP HIS LEGS. HE GASPED AS HIS SHINS AND THIGHS EXTENDED, CALVES CURVING, SKIN SMOOTHING TO A FLAWLESS GOLDEN TONE. HIS JEANS TIGHTENED, THEN SPLIT ALONG THE SEAMS WITH SOFT RIPPING SOUNDS AS HIS HIPS FLARED WIDE, BONES SHIFTING AND STRETCHING BENEATH THE FLESH. THE SENSATION WAS PLEASURE EDGED WITH PANIC—EVERY INCH OF GROWTH SENT SPARKS ALONG HIS NERVES.

HIS TORSO FOLLOWED. RIBS EXPANDED GENTLY, WAIST PULLING INWARD LIKE HANDS CINCHING A CORSET. MASON’S BREATH CAME IN SHORT, FRANTIC BURSTS AS TWO HEAVY SWELLS PUSHED AGAINST HIS T-SHIRT. THE COTTON STRETCHED, THIN FABRIC GOING TRANSLUCENT OVER SWELLING BREASTS—FULL, ROUND, AND IMPOSSIBLY SENSITIVE. NIPPLES HARDENED INTO ACHING POINTS, SENDING JOLTS STRAIGHT BETWEEN HIS LEGS. HE WHIMPERED, CLUTCHING AT THEM INSTINCTIVELY, ONLY MAKING THE PLEASURE WORSE.

LOWER, THE CHANGE INTENSIFIED. HIS SMALL PENIS THROBBED, SHRINKING RAPIDLY WHILE HIS TESTICLES DREW UPWARD, SLIPPING INSIDE WITH A SLICK, INTERNAL TUG THAT MADE HIS EYES ROLL BACK. SKIN FOLDED AND RESHAPED, FORMING DELICATE LIPS THAT PARTED WETLY. A NEW, HOLLOW ACHE BLOOMED DEEP IN HIS PELVIS—AN EMPTINESS THAT BEGGED TO BE FILLED. SLICK AROUSAL COATED HIS THIGHS. HIS ASS BALLOONED OUTWARD, ROUNDING INTO PLUSH, HEART-SHAPED PERFECTION THAT STRAINED WHAT REMAINED OF HIS JEANS UNTIL THE DENIM TORE COMPLETELY AWAY.



MASON'S FACE BURNED AND RESHAPED. JAW SOFTENED, CHEEBONES LIFTED, LIPS PLUMPED INTO A NATURAL POUT. HIS SHORT BROWN HAIR CASCADED DOWNWARD IN THICK, GLOSSY WAVES THE COLOR OF DARK HONEY, FALLING PAST HIS SHOULDERS. EYELASHES LENGTHENED; EYES TURNED A SULTRY HAZEL FRAMED BY PERMANENT SMOKY LINER AND MASCARA. SUBTLE BLUSH AND GLOSSY ROSE LIPSTICK APPEARED AS IF APPLIED BY INVISIBLE HANDS.

CLOTHING REFORMED AROUND THE NEW BODY. RIPPED BOY'S CLOTHES DISSOLVED INTO A TIGHT, LOW-CUT BLACK TANK TOP THAT HUGGED HEAVY BREASTS AND EXPOSED A TONED MIDRIF. DENIM SHARDS BECAME A TINY PAIR OF CUTOFF SHORTS RIDING HIGH ON WIDENED HIPS, FRAVED EDGES BRUSHING THE CURVE OF HER ASS. A DELICATE GOLD ANKLET APPEARED AROUND ONE SLIM ANKLE; WEDGE SANDALS LIFTED HER SEVERAL INCHES TALLER.

THE PHYSICAL SHIFT FINISHED WITH A FINAL SHIVER OF PLEASURE THAT LEFT HER TREMBLING. MASON—NO, THE WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN MASON—STOOD SWAYING IN THE GARAGE, CHEST HEAVING, THIGHS PRESSED TOGETHER AGAINST THE INSISTENT THROB OF HER NEW SEX.

TOM STARED IN HORROR. JAKE'S CIGARETTE FELL FROM BEHIND HIS EAR. THEN THE MENTAL SHIFT BEGAN.



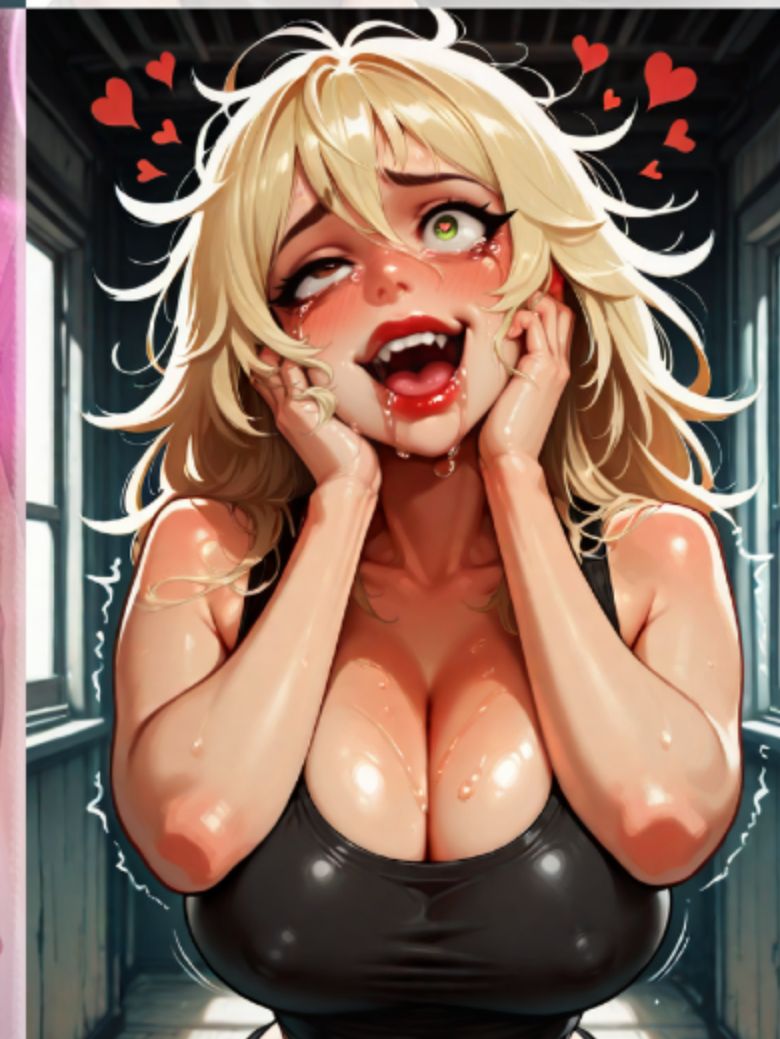
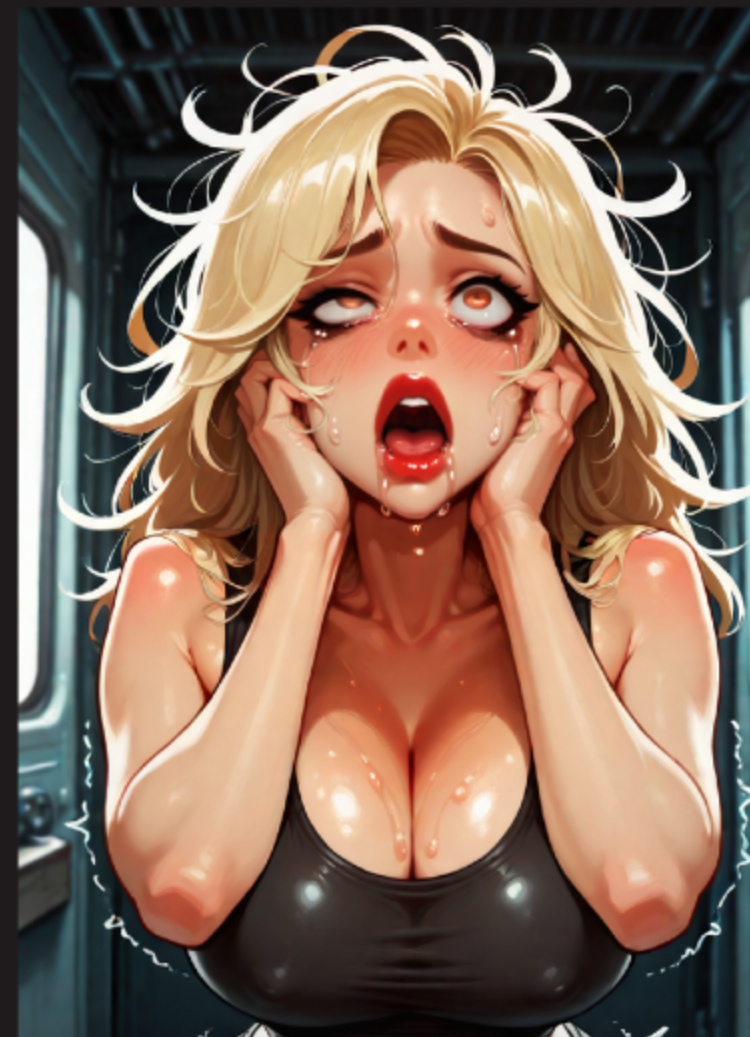
SHE CLUTCHED HER TEMPLES, LONG MANICURED NAILS DIGGING INTO HONEY-BLONDE HAIR.

“NO... NO, THIS ISN'T... I'M MASON. I LIKE VIDEO GAMES AND SKATEBOARDING AND...”

MEMORIES FLICKERED...BIRTHDAY PARTIES, TREEHOUSES, THE SMELL OF HIS OLD BEDROOM...BUT THEY DIMMED, OVERLAID BY NEW, VIVID IMAGES: COOKING BREAKFAST IN THIS VERY GARAGE APARTMENT ABOVE JAKE'S HOUSE, WEARING NOTHING BUT HIS OVERSIZED SHIRTS; SLOW DANCING IN THE KITCHEN TO OLD ROCK SONGS; STRADDLING JAKE ON THE COUCH WHILE TOM WAS AT WORK, MOANING HIS NAME.

SHE FOUGHT IT. SHAME FLOODED HER AS ALIEN DESIRE COILED LOW IN HER BELLY. THE THOUGHT OF JAKE'S STRONG HANDS GRIPPING HER HIPS, HIS COCK SLIDING DEEP INSIDE THIS ACHING, DRIPPING PUSSY—IT DISGUSTED THE FADING BOY IN HER MIND. STRAIGHT. HE'D BEEN STRAIGHT. GIRLS WERE SUPPOSED TO FEEL LIKE THIS, NOT HIM. NOT HER. SHE SQUEEZED HER EYES SHUT, CLINGING TO MEMORIES OF COMIC BOOKS AND LITTLE LEAGUE. BUT THE HUNGER GREW, HOT AND UNDENIABLE. JAKE STEPPED CLOSER, VOICE LOW. “HEY... YOU OKAY, BEAUTIFUL?”

THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE UNRAVELED HER. RESISTANCE CRUMBLLED LIKE WET PAPER. NEW NAME BLOOMED IN HER MIND, SOFT AND CERTAIN: MADISON.



MADISON'S HAZEL EYES OPENED, PUPILS BLOWN WIDE WITH NEED. SHE STEPPED INTO JAKE'S ARMS AS IF SHE'D DONE IT A THOUSAND TIMES. HER FULL BREASTS PRESSED AGAINST HIS CHEST; SHE FELT HIS SHARP INHALE. "I'VE MISSED YOU," SHE WHISPERED, VOICE HUSKY AND LOVING.

TOM MADE A STRANGLING SOUND. "MASON? WHAT THE HELL IS—" MADISON TURNED, SMILING SWEETLY AT HER FORMER FATHER. SHE SAUNTERED OVER, HIPS SWAYING, AND PLACED A GENTLE HAND ON TOM'S ARM. "TOMMY, HONEY, YOU LOOK TENSE. LONG DAY AT WORK?" HER FINGERS TRAILED LIGHTLY DOWN HIS FOREARM, LINGERING JUST LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH CONFUSION AND UNWELCOME HEAT FLICKER ACROSS HIS FACE. SHE LEANED IN, LIPS BRUSHING HIS EAR. "YOU SHOULD COME OVER FOR DINNER MORE OFTEN. JAKE AND I LOVE HAVING YOU."

TOM JERKED AWAY, FACE PALE. JAKE WRAPPED A POSSESSIVE ARM AROUND MADISON'S WAIST FROM BEHIND, PALM SPLAYED OVER HER BARE MIDRIF. "YEAH, MAN. FAMILY DINNER SOUNDS GOOD."

LATER THAT EVENING, MADISON RODE JAKE ON THE WORN LEATHER COUCH IN HIS APARTMENT ABOVE THE GARAGE. HER CUTOFF SHORTS LAY DISCARDED; TANK TOP PUSHED UP OVER BOUNCING BREASTS. SHE GROUND DOWN SLOWLY, TAKING EVERY THICK INCH OF HIM, INNER WALLS CLENCHING GREEDILY AROUND HIS COCK. JAKE GROANED, FINGERS DIGGING INTO THE PLUSH FLESH OF HER ASS AS SHE ROLLED HER HIPS.



"FUCK, MADDIE... JUST LIKE THAT."

SHE LEANED FORWARD, HONEY-BLONDE HAIR CURTAINING THEM, AND KISSED HIM DEEPLY, TONGUE SLIDING AGAINST HIS. EACH THRUST SENT SPARKS THROUGH HER CLIT, BREASTS RUBBING AGAINST HIS CHEST. SHE CAME HARD WITH A CRY MUFFLED AGAINST HIS NECK, PUSSY FLUTTERING AND MILKING HIM UNTIL HE FOLLOWED, PUMPING HOT SEED DEEP INSIDE HER. BREEDING HEAT BLOOMED IN HER CORE. SHE WANTED MORE, WANTED HIM TO FILL HER AGAIN AND AGAIN.

DOWNSTAIRS, TOM SAT ALONE IN THE DARK GARAGE, STARING AT THE SPOT WHERE HIS SON HAD VANISHED. UPSTAIRS, MADISON LAUGHED BREATHLESSLY AS JAKE FLIPPED HER ONTO HER BACK FOR ROUND TWO, LEGS WRAPPING EAGERLY AROUND HIS WAIST. LIFE SETTLED INTO DELICIOUS RHYTHM. MADISON BECAME THE PERFECT, GORGEOUS WIFE. SHE LOVED COOKING JAKE'S FAVORITE MEALS, WEARING TINY SUNDRESSES AROUND THE HOUSE, BLOWING HIM UNDER THE KITCHEN TABLE WHEN TOM DROPPED BY UNEXPECTEDLY. SHE REVELED IN THE WAY TOM'S EYES LINGERED ON HER CLEAVAGE DESPITE HIS GUILT, THE WAY HIS CHEEKS FLUSHED WHEN SHE "ACCIDENTALLY" BRUSHED AGAINST HIM. POWER THRUMMED THROUGH HER VEINS LIKE THE SWEETEST DRUG.

JAKE NEVER QUESTIONED THE MAGIC. HE SIMPLY CLAIMED HIS PRIZE, FUCKING HIS NEW WIFE IN EVERY ROOM OF THE HOUSE, MARKING HER AS HIS WHILE THE BOY SHE'D BEEN FADED TO NOTHING MORE THAN A PLEASANT, DISTANT DREAM.



BUT DESPITE EVERYTHING THAT
HAD CHANGED SINCE THAT DAY,
MADDIE STILL FOUND HERSELF
POPPING INTO THE GARAGE FROM
TIME TO TIME. FOR WHATEVER
REASON, IT MADE HER FEEL AT
HOME...

