

JAKE AND LILA, BOTH 25, STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR NEW APARTMENT, THE CULMINATION OF YEARS OF SCRAPING BY, LATE-NIGHT TALKS, AND SHARED DREAMS.

The Portal

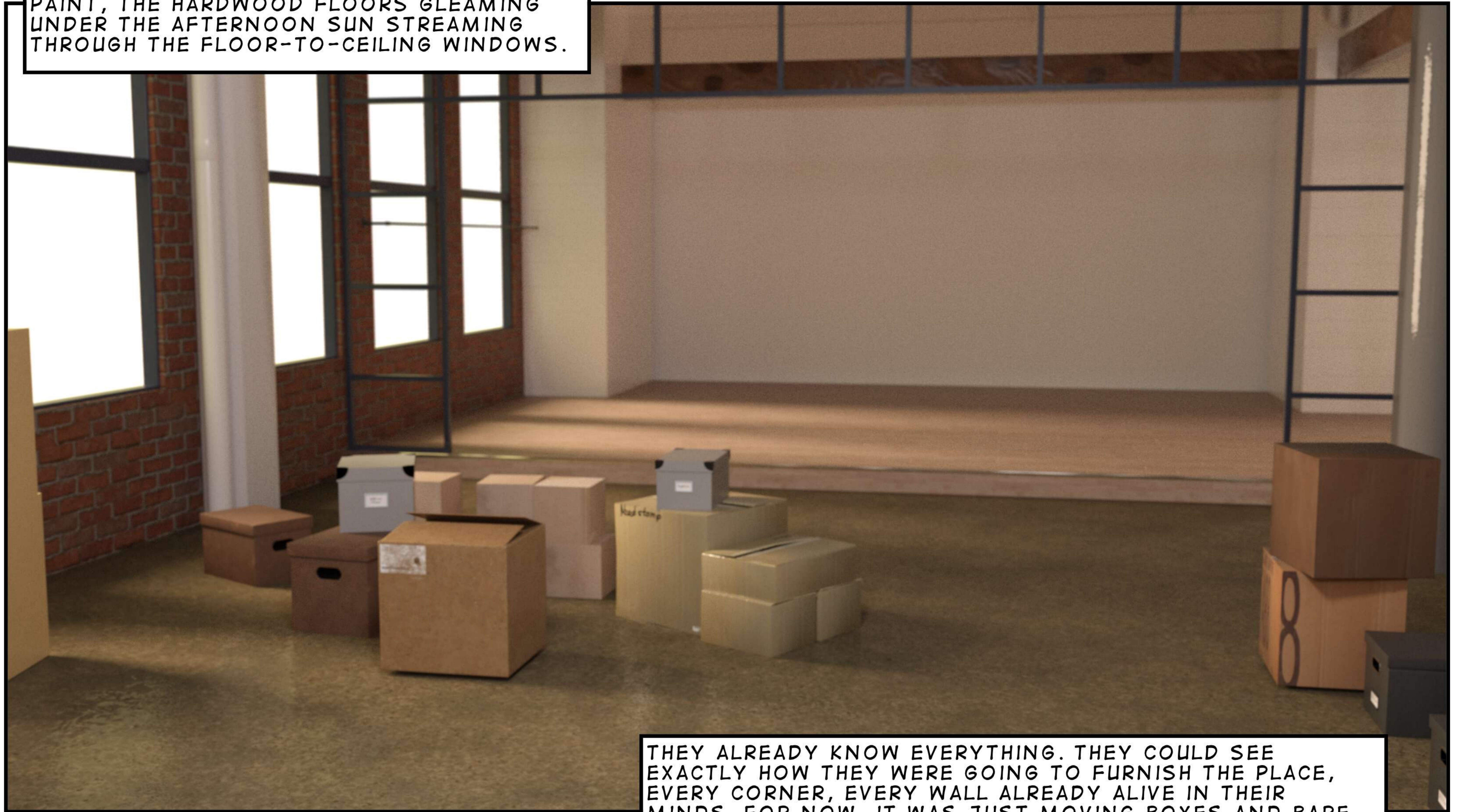
by bela04



THEY'D BEEN TOGETHER SINCE THEY WERE 16, SURVIVING HIGH SCHOOL DRAMA, COLLEGE BREAKUPS, AND WILD ADVENTURES LIKE THAT TIME THEY GOT STRANDED IN A CREEPY FOREST DURING A CAMPING TRIP OR THE NIGHT THEY SNUCK INTO AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE RAVE, HIGH ON ADRENALINE AND EACH OTHER.

THIS APARTMENT WAS THEIR WIN, THEIR FUTURE.

THE EMPTY SPACE SMELLED OF FRESH PAINT, THE HARDWOOD FLOORS GLEAMING UNDER THE AFTERNOON SUN STREAMING THROUGH THE FLOOR-TO-CEILING WINDOWS.



THEY ALREADY KNOW EVERYTHING. THEY COULD SEE EXACTLY HOW THEY WERE GOING TO FURNISH THE PLACE, EVERY CORNER, EVERY WALL ALREADY ALIVE IN THEIR MINDS. FOR NOW, IT WAS JUST MOVING BOXES AND BARE WALLS, BUT THEIR PLANS WERE VIVID AND FULL OF LIFE.

LINA HUGGED JAKE TIGHTLY, HER HEART FULL. SHE TRULY BELIEVED NOTHING COULD GET BETTER THAN THIS. WITH A PLAYFUL GLINT IN HER EYE, SHE GAVE HIM A LOOK THAT CLEARLY IMPLIED THEY SHOULD CELEBRATE RIGHT THEN AND THERE... WHEN SUDDENLY...





SUDDENLY A LOW HUM VIBRATED THROUGH THE ROOM, LIKE A DISTANT STORM. THE AIR SHIMMERED AROUND THEM.



A SWIRLING PORTAL OF BLUES OPEN IN THE CENTER OF THE LIVING ROOM. IT PULSED, CRACKLING WITH ENERGY, THE SIZE OF A DOORFRAME. JAKE STUMBLED BACK, HIS HEART HAMMERING.

LILA'S EYES WIDENED, BUT THAT RECKLESS SPARK SHE ALWAYS HAD THE ONE THAT GOT THEM INTO TROUBLE AND OUT OF IT FLARED.



JAKE, COME ON. WE'VE BEEN THROUGH CRAZIER THINGS! REMEMBER THE FOREST? THE RAVE? THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ADVENTURE!



SHE GRABBED HIS HAND, HER GRIP WARM AND SURE. JAKE'S STOMACH CHURNED. EVERY INSTINCT SCREAMED TO STAY PUT, BUT LILA'S SMILE WAS LIKE A DRUG.

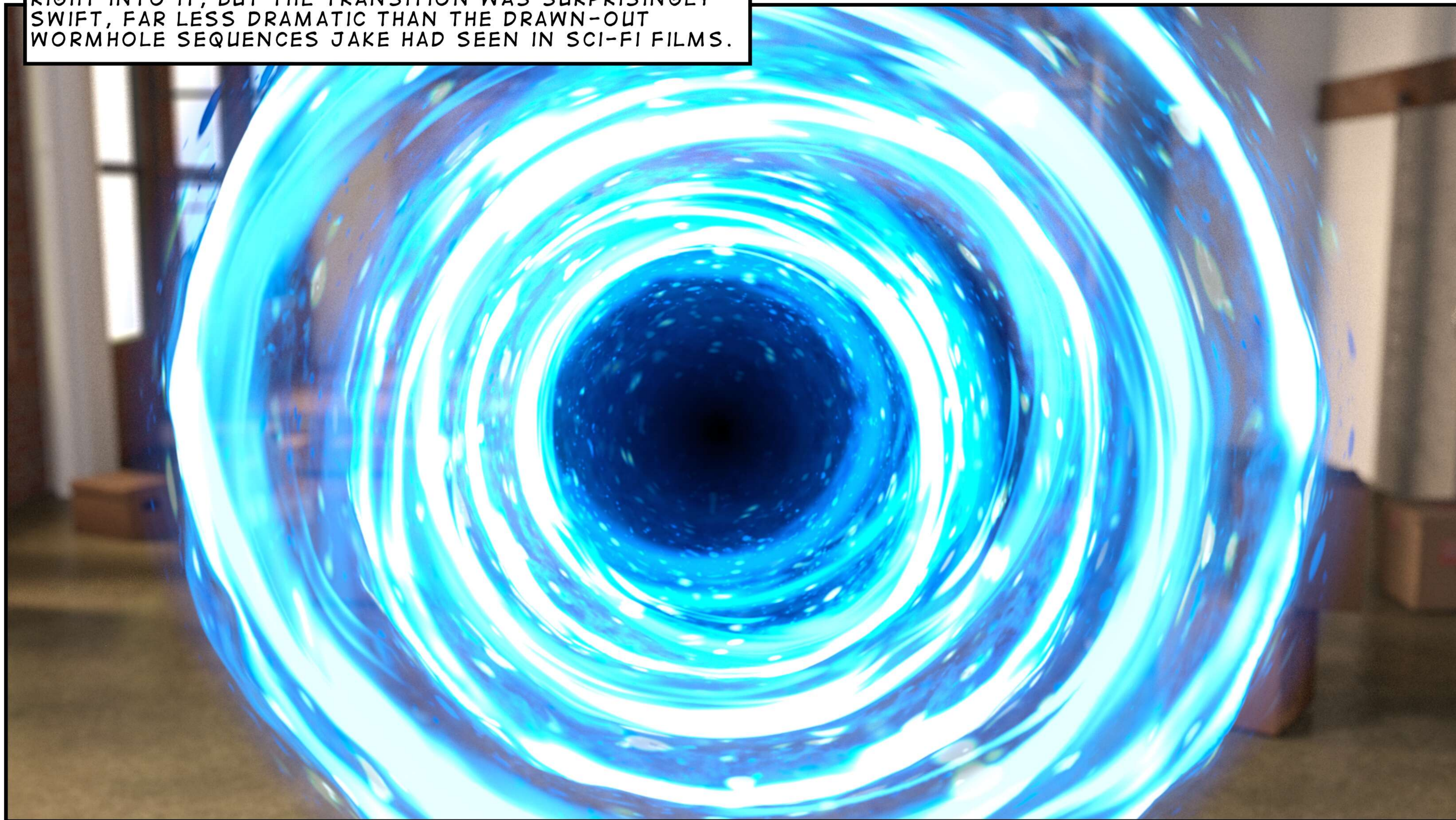
"YOU'RE INSANE," HE MUTTERED, BUT HE NODDED. **"TOGETHER, THEN."** HAND IN HAND, THEY STEPPED THROUGH.



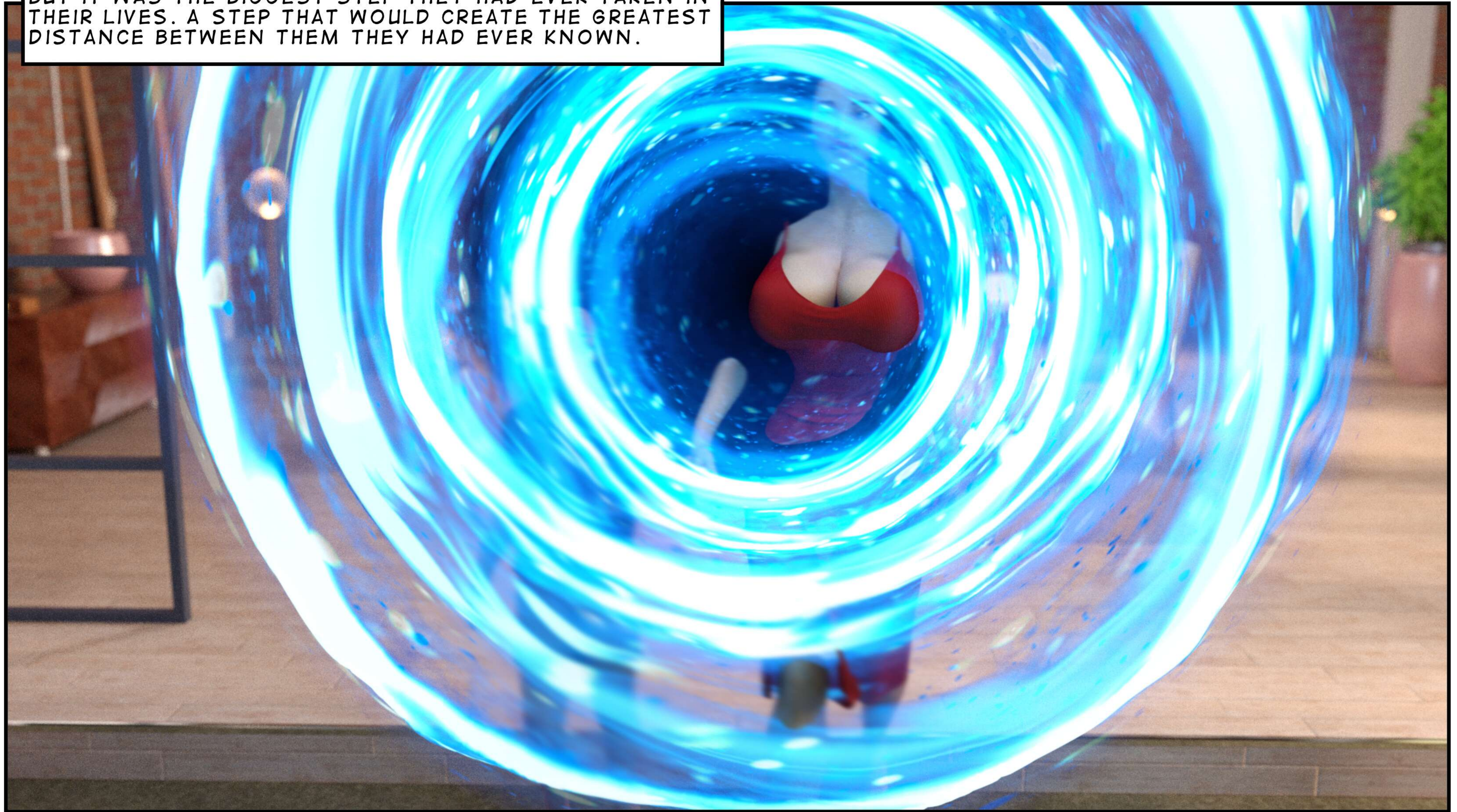
THEIR BODIES SLOWLY MERGED WITH THE PORTAL AS THEY STEPPED INTO THEIR NEW ADVENTURE, AND INTO A NEW LIFE THEY HAD NO IDEA AWAITED THEM.



THE PORTAL SWIRLED AND BUZZED AS THEY STEPPED RIGHT INTO IT, BUT THE TRANSITION WAS SURPRISINGLY SWIFT, FAR LESS DRAMATIC THAN THE DRAWN-OUT WORMHOLE SEQUENCES JAKE HAD SEEN IN SCI-FI FILMS.



IT ONLY TOOK A FEW SECONDS - A SINGLE MOMENT - BUT IT WAS THE BIGGEST STEP THEY HAD EVER TAKEN IN THEIR LIVES. A STEP THAT WOULD CREATE THE GREATEST DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM THEY HAD EVER KNOWN.



AS JAKE STEPPED OUT, HE FELT AS THOUGH GRAVITY HAD SHIFTED, DRAGGING HIM DOWNWARD AND COMPRESSING HIM INTO A SMALLER FRAME. THE APARTMENT WAS STILL THERE, BUT EVERYTHING FELT... OFF. JAKE'S HAND FELT SMALLER IN LILA'S, HIS BODY LIGHTER, WEAKER.



AS FOR LILA, SHE WAS STILL THE SAME GORGEOUS WOMAN HE KNEW AND LOVED, BUT... SHE LOOKED MORE MATURE, MORE CONFIDENT, AND HER BEAUTY HAD BEEN TURNED UP TO ELEVEN. BUT WHAT TRULY LEFT JAKE'S MOUTH HANGING OPEN WAS THE TRANSFORMATION OF HER BODY. HER BREASTS HAD SWELLED TO AN IMPOSSIBLE SIZE, STRETCHING HER NEW RED DRESS TO ITS LIMITS AND CREATING A DEEP, TANTALIZING CLEAVAGE THAT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE.

SHE HAD FILLED OUT IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES, HER CURVES NOW MORE PRONOUNCED AND ALLURING, LEAVING HIM WITH THE UNSHAKEABLE URGE TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH HER, TO REASSURE HIMSELF THAT SHE WAS STILL THE SAME PERSON HE HAD LOVED SINCE THEY WERE TEENAGERS.



THE BUZZ GREW LOUDER, THE AIR AROUND THEM THICK WITH A CRACKLING ENERGY THAT SEEMED TO PULSE IN TIME WITH THEIR RACING HEARTS. AND THEN, JUST AS ABRUPTLY AS IT HAD APPEARED, THE PORTAL WINKED OUT OF EXISTENCE WITH A SHARP SNAP. THEY WERE LEFT STANDING IN THE CENTER OF THEIR NEW LIVING ROOM, THEIR CLOTHES NOW PERFECTLY TAILORED TO THEIR ALTERED FORMS.



THEIR SURROUNDINGS, THEIR BODIES, EVEN THEIR THOUGHTS WERE CHANGING. AS THE TRANSFORMATION SETTLED IN, THE SHOCK ONLY GREW STRONGER WHEN THE TWO FINALLY LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER. YET IT WASN'T THE SAME FAMILIAR GAZE THEY HAD ALWAYS SHARED. LENA NOW HAD TO LOOK DOWN TO MEET JAKE'S EYES, WHILE JAKE COULD BARELY SEE HER FACE AT ALL, HIDDEN BEHIND HER NOW IMPOSSIBLY LARGE TITS.



THE REALIZATION HIT THEM BOTH LIKE A HAMMER, BUT IN VERY DIFFERENT WAYS. LENA'S FIRST REACTION WAS PURE DISGUST. SHE YANKED HER HAND AWAY FROM THE BOY'S AS IF SHE HAD TOUCHED A BURNING FLAME. JAKE, ON THE OTHER HAND, FELT ONLY LONELINESS.



A DEEP SENSE OF ABANDONMENT SETTLED OVER HIM, LEAVING HIM FEELING BETRAYED AND UTTERLY ALONE. HE COULDN'T QUITE PUT HIS EMOTIONS INTO WORDS YET, BUT ONE THING WAS ALREADY PAINFULLY CLEAR: HE WAS ON HIS OWN NOW.

AS THEY LOOKED AROUND, THE SHOCK ONLY DEEPENED. THE APARTMENT THEY HAD JUST PURCHASED WAS NO LONGER AN EMPTY SPACE FILLED WITH MOVING BOXES AND UNPACKED BELONGINGS. IT WAS FULLY FURNISHED, FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE LIVING ROOM, AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD BEEN LIVING THERE FOR YEARS. EVERY BOX HAD VANISHED, EVERY ITEM WAS ALREADY IN ITS PLACE, AND THE ENTIRE DESIGN REFLECTED A SINGLE PERSON'S TASTE AND PERSONALITY: LENA'S.



*"THIS PLACE... IT FEELS
LIKE HOME," SHE SAID
SOFTLY.*









"WHAT HAPPENED TO US?" HE CROAKED,
HIS VOICE HIGH-PITCHED AND UNFAMILIAR.
"WHAT'S GOING ON?"



**THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING! I'M NOT A
KID! THIS ISN'T RIGHT!**

E,"

**JAKE'S EYES DARTED BETWEEN LENA'S AND HIS
YOUNG, ADOLESCENT BODY QUIVERING WITH A MIX
OF FEAR AND AROUSAL. HE COULD FEEL HIS COCK
PULSING IN HIS PANTS, BEGGING FOR ATTENTION,
AND HE WAS ACUTELY AWARE OF THE WET SPOT
THAT HAD FORMED AT THE TIP. HE TRIED TO AVERT
HIS GAZE, BUT IT WAS AS IF HIS EYES HAD BEEN
MAGNETIZED TO HER NEW, VOLUPTUOUS BODY.**

**"WHAT ABOUT ME?" HE SQUEAKED,
HIS VOICE CRACKING WITH THE
EMBARRASSMENT OF HIS SUDDEN
PUBESCENT REGRESSION. "WHAT
THE HELL HAPPENED TO ME?"**



**THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING! I'M NOT A
KID! THIS ISN'T RIGHT!**

"WHAT HAPPENED TO US?"
JAKE REPEATED, HIS VOICE A
DESPERATE WHINE THAT
GRATED ON HER SUDDENLY
HEIGHTENED SENSES.



LENA SIGHED HEAVILY, HER EYES STILL CLOSED AS SHE TRIED TO PROCESS THE OVERWHELMING SURGE OF EMOTIONS. SHE COULD FEEL JAKE'S ANXIETY RADIATING FROM HIM, HIS BODY PRACTICALLY VIBRATING WITH FEAR AND CONFUSION. FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, SHE FELT A PANG OF PITY FOR THE SCARED LITTLE BOY WHO HAD ONCE BEEN HER DEVOTED PARTNER. BUT AS SHE OPENED HER EYES, SHE KNEW THAT PITY WAS A LUXURY SHE COULD NO LONGER AFFORD.

TURNING TO FACE HIM, SHE FORCED A SMILE THAT DIDN'T QUITE REACH HER EYES. **"JAKE, HONEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, BUT... EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE FINE."** HER VOICE WAS SOOTHING, BUT IT WAS CLEAR THAT HER ATTENTION WAS ELSEWHERE. **"WE JUST NEED TO... ADJUST."**



"WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME FOR NOW?" SHE SUGGESTED, HER TONE FIRM BUT NOT UNKIND. **"GIVE US SOME SPACE TO FIGURE THINGS OUT."**

"BUT, LENA, THIS IS OUR HOME," HE PROTESTED, HIS VOICE STILL HIGH AND UNSTEADY.



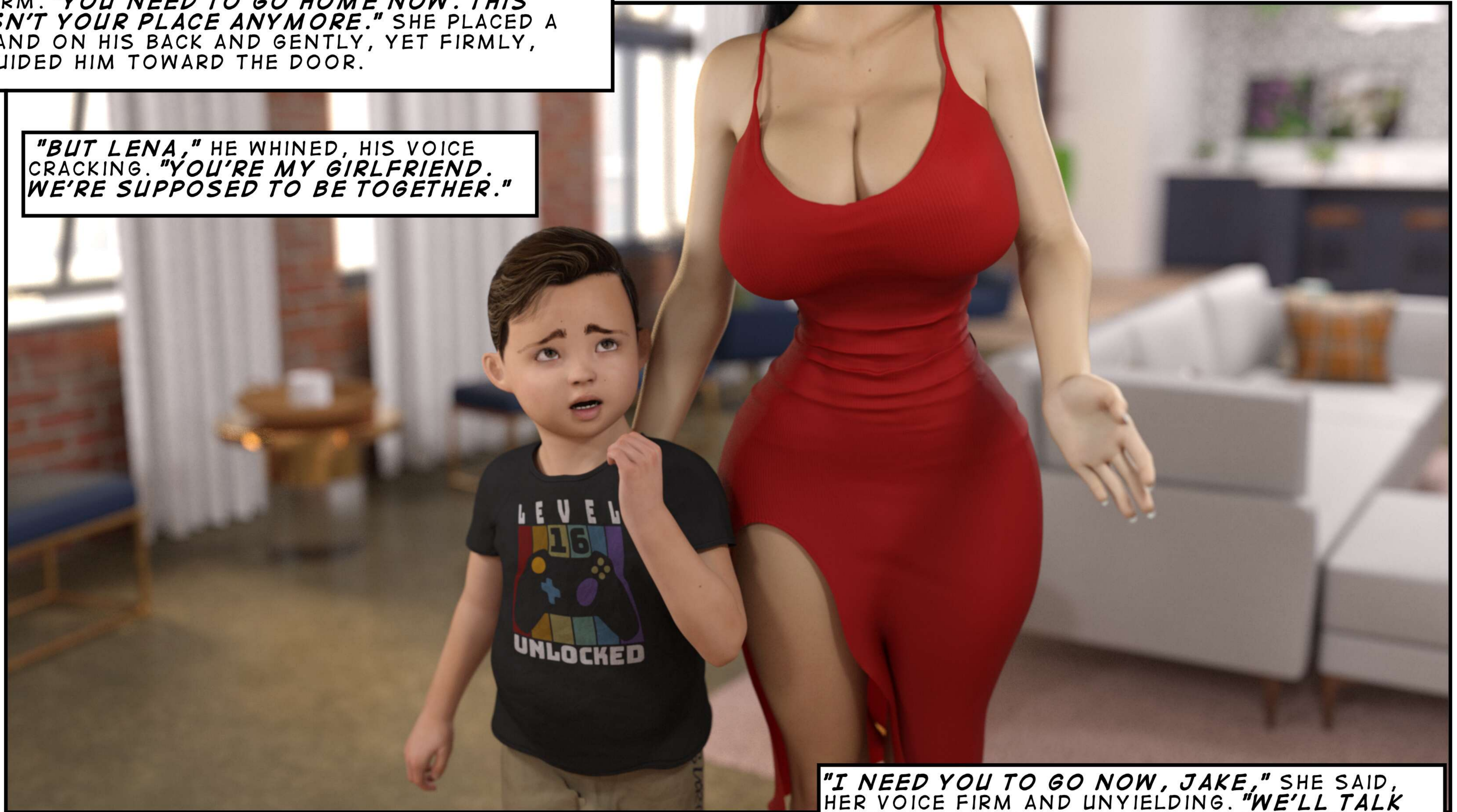
THE ANNOYANCE INSIDE HER GREW WITH EACH WORD THE BOY SAID. THAT'S HOW SHE REFERRED TO JAKE INSIDE HER NOW: THE BOY. HIS PANIC AND PLEADING WERE LIKE A DISTANT ECHO, A FADING MEMORY FROM A PAST LIFE THAT SHE WAS EAGER TO LEAVE BEHIND.



THE HOUSE FELT LIKE IT WAS HERS ALONE NOW, FILLED WITH THE SCENT OF HER PERFUME AND THE ECHOES OF HER LAUGHTER. THE FURNITURE, THE ARTWORK, EVEN THE FRIDGE STOCKED WITH HER FAVORITE FOODS EVERYTHING SPOKE OF HER TASTE AND HER LIFE, AND SHE FELT A STRANGE COMFORT IN IT ALL.

"JAKE," SHE BEGAN, HER VOICE MEASURED AND FIRM. **"YOU NEED TO GO HOME NOW. THIS ISN'T YOUR PLACE ANYMORE."** SHE PLACED A HAND ON HIS BACK AND GENTLY, YET FIRMLY, GUIDED HIM TOWARD THE DOOR.

"BUT LENA," HE WHINED, HIS VOICE CRACKING. **"YOU'RE MY GIRLFRIEND. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TOGETHER."**



"I NEED YOU TO GO NOW, JAKE," SHE SAID, HER VOICE FIRM AND UNYIELDING. **"WE'LL TALK WHEN I'VE HAD SOME TIME TO THINK."**

THE FOLLOWING WEEKS BLURRED INTO A MISERABLE HAZE. GROUNDED AND THRUST BACK INTO THE SUFFOCATING ROUTINE OF A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD, JAKE ENDURED SCHOOL, HIS MOTHER'S STRICT RULES, AND THE CONSTANT ACHE OF HUMILIATION IN HIS SMALL, AWKWARD BODY. HE TEXTED LENA EVERY DAY, EACH MESSAGE MORE DESPERATE THAN THE LAST, BUT SHE NEVER REPLIED.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE LAY IN HIS CHILDHOOD BED, FURIOUSLY STROKING HIS YOUNG COCK TO FANTASIES OF HER ENORMOUS BOUNCING BREASTS AND COLD, SUPERIOR GAZE, HIS OBSESSION DEEPENING WITH EVERY UNANSWERED MESSAGE.

AFTER HIS GROUNDING FINALLY ENDED, HE RODE HIS BIKE TO HER HOUSE IN A FRENZY OF HOPE, ONLY TO BE TURNED AWAY BY A TALL, MUSCULAR MAN WHO COLDLY INFORMED HIM THAT LENA HAD MOVED ON. CRUSHED AND BURNING WITH RAGE, JAKE RACED HOME, SLAMMED HIS BEDROOM DOOR, AND COLLAPSED ONTO HIS BED.

WITH SHAKING HANDS HE YANKED DOWN HIS SHORTS, WRAPPED HIS FINGERS AROUND HIS THROBBING ERECTION, AND BEGAN STROKING DESPERATELY, LOST IN BITTER, LUST-FILLED FANTASIES OF THE WOMAN WHO HAD DISCARDED HIM.


AS HE APPROACHED THE BRINK OF HIS OWN SELF-INDUCED PLEASURE, JAKE'S PHONE, A RELIC FROM HIS LOST ADULthood, BEGAN TO RING. THE JOLTING SOUND PIERCED THROUGH THE HAZE OF HIS FANTASY, BRINGING HIM BACK TO THE STARK REALITY OF HIS ROOM. THE RINGTONE WAS A HARSH REMINDER THAT HE WAS NOT THE MAN HE HAD ENVISIONED, NOT YET.

WITH TREMBLING HANDS, HE REACHED OVER TO THE NIGHTSTAND, HIS HEART HAMMERING IN HIS CHEST, AND PICKED UP THE DEVICE. THE SCREEN GLOWED WITH A NEW NOTIFICATION, THE LIGHT CASTING EERIE SHADOWS ON THE WALL. IT WAS A TEXT MESSAGE, BUT NOT FROM LENA. IT WAS FROM AN UNKNOWN NUMBER, WITH ONLY A LINK.

THE CURIOSITY WAS TOO MUCH TO BEAR, AND WITH A SENSE OF TREPIDATION, HE CLICKED ON IT, HIS EYES SCANNING THE SCREEN AS HE TRIED TO PROCESS WHAT HE WAS SEEING. THE LINK LED TO A VIDEO.



THE VIDEO WAS CLEAR AND INTIMATE, SHOT IN A CLOSE-UP SELFIE STYLE. LENA STARED DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA WITH COOL, PIERCING BLUE EYES, HER EXPRESSION DETACHED AND SLIGHTLY BORED. SHE WAS WEARING A SLEEK BLACK ROBE WITH PINK TRIM THAT CLUNG TO HER BODY, THE DEEP NECKLINE REVEALING A GENEROUS AMOUNT OF HER MASSIVE, OVERFLOWING CLEAVAGE.



JAKE, - SHE SAID - I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN REACHING OUT TO ME, BUT I NEEDED SOME TIME TO THINK. THE TRUTH IS, I HAVEN'T FOUND A WAY TO REVERSE WHAT HAPPENED TO US.

AND IF I'M BEING COMPLETELY HONEST, I HAVEN'T BEEN LOOKING TOO HARD.

YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE PERSON YOU KNEW, THE WOMAN WHO LOVED YOU... SHE'S GONE. I'VE CHANGED, AND SO HAVE MY FEELINGS. YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE PERVERT TO ME NOW.



I'VE MET SOMEONE. SOMEONE WHO
TREATS ME LIKE THE WOMAN I AM
NOW. HE'S KIND, AND STRONG, AND...





HE SATISFIES ME IN
WAYS YOU NEVER COULD.

I'VE ACCEPTED THE WAY THINGS ARE.
AND I THINK YOU SHOULD TOO.





DON'T EVER TRY TO CONTACT ME AGAIN.
I'VE MOVED ON, JUST LIKE MY MAN SAID
I SHOULD. FORGET THAT I EVER EXISTED.
FORGET MY NAME. FROM NOW ON I'M
JUST THE BIG TITTIED GIRL FOR YOU.

I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT YOU MEAN ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO ME IF ANYTHING, EVEN LESS THAN THAT. I HAVE ZERO INTEREST IN WORRYING ABOUT SOME PATHETIC LITTLE PERV HIDING IN THE SHADOWS, TRYING TO SNEAK GLANCES AT ME.



YOU KNOW, I CAN TELL YOU'RE PROBABLY
JERKING OFF TO THIS VIDEO RIGHT NOW.
IT'S OKAY. YOU CAN HAVE THIS LAST
LOOK, THIS LAST TASTE OF ME. BUT
REMEMBER, IT'S ALL YOU'LL EVER GET.



FROM NOW ON, WHENEVER YOU THINK OF ME, IT'S LIKE THIS THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER ME. BIG TITS, A PERFECT BODY, AND A LIFE THAT'S UNTOUCHABLE TO YOU NOW.

SO GO AHEAD, LITTLE WANKER.





MAKE THIS YOUR LAST
JERK-OFF TO THE WOMAN YOU
COULD NEVER TRULY HAVE.

YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE
BOY WITH A LITTLE COCK.

A LITTLE PERVERT WHO'S GOING
TO JERK OFF TO ME FOREVER,
DREAMING OF WHAT COULD'VE
BEEN. AND YOU ARE GOING TO
LOVE IT...

The End