



**MtF TRANSFORMATION**

**THE  
DEVICE  
*Returns***

**MWILS**

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**MWLS**

# **The Device Returns**

*MtF Transformation*

**by M. Wills**

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# **The Device Returns**

“Don’t have any parties while we’re gone,” Caleb’s dad warned as he hung out the car window, reversing down the driveway and into the street.

“I texted you Mrs. Peterson’s number and put it on the fridge,” Caleb’s mom called out. “Call us if there are any emergencies!”

“I’ll be fine,” Caleb yelled after them, just before the car disappeared behind the thick bushes fronting their house (which had been the bane of the homeowner’s association for weeks now).

Caleb’s friend, Daniel, slapped him on the back with a meaty hand. “Sure you can handle yourself all alone?”

“Naw, dude, I’ve already pissed myself,” Caleb deadpanned, tucking his long wavy brown hair behind both ears in a practiced motion.

They turned and headed back up the steps to Caleb’s front door. Caleb took the steps two at a time as Daniel plodded up each one.

“They’re gone for, like, a week right?” Daniel asked. “Plenty of time to have a party or two and then clean up.”

Caleb paused at the stoop and turned back to face his friend. He shuffled up and down with perpetually nervous energy. “Yeah, right, like you would ever help me clean up after a party.”

“I did that one time!”

“You threw away a cup of beer and then puked on my porch. Not exactly helping.”

“Whatever.”

“Besides, dad’s threatened to send me to military school so I gotta show him I’m mature and responsible.”

Daniel grabbed the door handle and tried to pull it open but it didn’t budge.  
“Front door’s locked, dude. You got the key?”

Caleb checked his pockets and his shoulders slumped. “Shit.”

“All right,” Daniel said after a brief pause, “We’ll just smash a window.”

“Are you kidding me? They’ve been gone less than a minute and you’re already gonna vandalize my house?”

“You have a better idea?”

Caleb paused, then: “Fuck.”

They walked around to the gate leading down the side of the house. Caleb easily pushed off the wall and parkoured over the fence. He dropped down on the other side in a crouch, affecting a well-rehearsed ninja stance. Daniel was tall enough that he could reach over the top of the gate. He blindly felt around for the latch before pulling it up and pushing the gate open.

Daniel loomed over Caleb, his heavy bulk blocking out the sun. Caleb stood and pretended to attack his friend with a series of karate chops that never made contact.

“Yah! Yah! Yah!” He paused with his fingers inches from Daniel’s throat. “If you were a burglar you would so totally be dead right now.”

“If I was a burglar I’d crush your fingers and toss you over the fence.” Daniel grinned. “Come on, let’s get inside. It’s hot as hell out here.”

They walked around to the patio at the back of the house. Caleb tried a few of the downstairs windows but they were all locked.

“Ah, shit, we’re gonna—”

He turned to see Daniel with a large rock in his hand, about to smash the sliding glass door. Caleb dove at him, grabbing his arm before he could throw.

“What are you doing?” Caleb yelled.

“Smashing us in, dude.”

“Don’t pick the biggest fucking piece of glass, dumbass. Smash one of the smaller windows.”

In the end they smashed the bottom pane of the living room window. Caleb reached in and unlocked it, then slid it open and wiggled inside. He landed on the floor and rolled into a defensive crouch.

“Ninja,” he whispered to himself, before standing and coming around to unlock the sliding glass door for Daniel. “We need to get that window fixed before my parents get home.”

“Right,” Daniel agreed. “That’s our top priority. Hey, now that your dad’s gone let’s check out his man cave.”

A few months ago, Caleb’s parents had remodeled the house. As part of that, they’d finished the basement and fixed it up into a man cave for Caleb’s dad. Caleb’s dad occasionally had friends over and they would hang out downstairs but Caleb wasn’t allowed to use the room. He’d only ever caught glimpses of it from the top of the stairs but he’d seen his dad furnishing it and knew there was a big screen television with a virtual reality rig set up down there.

“My dad doesn’t let anyone down there.”

“Your dad doesn’t have to know, dude. What else are we going to do?”

“All right. Two good points. Let’s check this shit out.”

The door to the basement had a doorknob on it with a little hole along the bottom of the knob that could be used to unlock the door from the outside in case of emergencies. Caleb found a paperclip and unfolded it to jam into the tiny hole. He found the lock mechanism by feel and pushed it in to spring the lock open.

Caleb flipped the light on and Daniel followed him down the creaky wooden stairs. The room they found themselves in was decorated like a teenage boy’s bedroom from the eighties. The walls were lined with expensive framed posters of big hair bands from acts like Aerosmith (which Caleb had vaguely heard of), to a girl band called Vixen. Caleb had never heard of them, but the poster featured three blondes with wild glam rock hair, each woman dressed in skimpy leather and metal outfits that revealed their tight bodies, so Caleb approved.

A big screen television took up a good chunk of the wall, with the sensors for the virtual reality rig spaced around the room and a brown leather couch against the opposite wall. Near the corner was an old pinball machine, and beside it an electric guitar sat on a stand on the floor. In another corner was a workout bench with a couple of free weights and a full length mirror attached to the wall.

“It’s like stepping into a time machine,” Caleb said, as he took everything in.

Daniel went right to the metal cabinet sitting beneath the television and slid open one of the doors. There he found the VR machine, a PlayStation and a stack of DVDs.

“Dude. Jackpot!” Daniel yelled, holding up a handful of DVDs claiming to have the “Horniest Housewives of Orange County”.

“Whoa. Gross. Let me see.”

Daniel handed him the DVDs and went digging around through the cabinet again. “And there’s more!”

This time Daniel came up with a stack of pornographic magazines in pristine condition.

“Sad,” Caleb said, flipping one of the DVDs over and checking out the hot MILFs on the back cover. “It’s like he doesn’t even know about the internet.”

“Only thing we’re missing is food. You go grab some snacks while I get these games set up.”

“I’ll see what we got,” Caleb agreed.

He bounded up the stairs and started collecting snacks from the kitchen. He’d

grabbed some chips and a big bottle of generic soda, which he was pretending was a machine gun spraying bullets around the kitchen, when he heard tires screeching outside the house. He hurried to the dining room window that fronted the street and peeked out from behind the curtain.

A car had stopped in front of the house, the front fishtailed out into the street. A man in a suit limped out of the car and hurried to the thick copse of bushes at the edge of Caleb's yard. There was a red spot on the front of his shirt and even from way back in the house Caleb could tell it was blood.

"What kind of gangster shit?" Caleb whispered to himself.

The man tossed something into the thick bushes and then made his way back to his car. He peeled out down the road and, seconds later, another car sped past. This car was black and built for speed, looking like something that should have the acronym for a government agency plastered on its side. It flashed past the house and disappeared. Caleb could hear the squeal of tires down the road as it disappeared in pursuit of the first car.

Caleb cracked open the front door and, after making sure the handle stayed unlocked, edged out onto the stoop. He looked down the road, half expecting the cars to circle back around. But there was only silence. He made his way down the driveway to the thick bushes near the street and dug around in them. He expected to find drugs, or weapons. What he didn't expect to find was a small, white, nondescript cube that fit easily in the palm of his hand.

He picked it up and looked closer at it. The cube was shiny and almost seemed to glow with its own inner light. With one last glance down the road, Caleb hurried back into the house and down to the basement, the snacks forgotten.

“Hey, I found a thing!” He cried out.

“Oh, wow, cool. A thing. Let me just drop everything,” Daniel replied.

He had the virtual reality helmet on and was swiping at something in the air that Caleb couldn't see. Daniel swore and ducked, half-turning and pulling a trigger as if firing a gun.

Caleb turned the cube around in his hands while Daniel finished his game. Now that he had a chance to look at it he saw that it resembled an oversized die, albeit one without any numbers on any side. Daniel swore and his shoulders slumped. He lifted the visor off his head and looked over at Caleb.

“What's that thing, dude?”

“I don't know,” Caleb said, before launching into an explanation of what he'd just seen outside with the car chase.

“You think this is a weapon or something?” Daniel asked, coming closer.

Daniel held out his hand and Caleb dropped it into his palm. Daniel tapped the side of it and turned it around, examining it while Caleb watched. Then Daniel stuck out his tongue and licked one side of it.

“Hmm, doesn’t taste like drugs,” Daniel said.

“Did you just lick a strange cube I found in the yard?” Caleb asked.

“You have a better idea?”

“You could...just not.”

“Here.” Daniel offered the cube back to Caleb.

“Eww, not after you licked it.”

“What do you want to do with it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Fine.”

Daniel carelessly tossed it onto the floor by the wall beneath the poster of the three rocker chicks. He was about to return to his game when he heard a series of clicks and followed Caleb’s gaze to see the cube expanding. It seemed to be

unpacking itself, sides sliding down and unfolding, growing as it did so. In seconds it was about the size of a refrigerator, solid on the three sides they could see. A red laser flashed against the wall, seeming to scan across the poster of the rocker chicks. Caleb heard something on the thing whoosh open.

Daniel slipped the virtual reality controllers off his wrist and dropped them on the couch. He glanced at Caleb, and then they both slowly approached the large white object. Three of the sides were completely smooth, but the side facing the wall seemed to have an opening. The guys grabbed it and turned it around. It was surprisingly light. The fourth side that had been facing the wall was mostly open, as if a door had slid away, and allowed them a complete view into interior, which was just as blank and white as the exterior. Above the doorway was positioned a small black circle that resembled a camera lens.

“Okay,” Caleb said, pushing his long hair out of his eyes. “That happened.”

“What is this thing?” Daniel asked.

“I don’t know, man. I’ll just Google ‘big white cube that unpacks itself’ huh?”

“Maybe it’s a rocket ship,” Daniel ventured. “Get in and see if it takes you somewhere.”

“Uh, naw, man. I don’t want to get vaporized or some shit.”

Caleb stepped closer to the entrance and peered in. He reached out his hand and

slowly passed it through the opening. Nothing happened. He turned to Daniel.

“Now what?”

“Try it from the inside,” Daniel said.

He thumped Caleb on the chest and Caleb staggered back, lost his footing and fell into the object. The door slid closed. Caleb bounced off the wall and began thumping on the inside of the door.

“Oh, Christ, sorry! Shit!” Daniel said, frantically searching for a way to open the thing up.

A gentle whirring began as the interior was bathed in soft white light. Warm prickles cascaded up and down Caleb’s body. It was oddly peaceful and for a moment he forgot about where he was and what had happened. His body changed, seeming to stretch and flex beneath him. Something soft and feathery fell down across his eyes and over the back of his neck. Then the door slid open and he fell out into the basement again. Daniel instinctively reached out and caught him and Caleb found himself clinging to his friend.

Caleb looked up at Daniel, who was staring down at him with huge eyes. “You asshole!” Caleb shouted, and clapped his hands over his mouth. The voice that had spilled from his lips was a woman’s voice with a throaty growl.

Caleb stood up and nearly lost his balance as he found he was now tottering on

high heels. He pinwheeled his arms, grabbing hold of Daniel again. Caleb looked down at himself and his eyes nearly shot out of his head. Hanging from his chest were a gorgeous pair of breasts clasped in a metallic bra. There was a gap where he could see a trim stomach, and then a pair of metal studded panties with a thick metal belt securing some fishnet stockings. And beneath that was a solid pair of legs. Woman's legs. Gauzy black material fell down his body and blonde feathered hair wafted about his neck and face.

“What the fucking fuck?” Caleb swore softly.

He regained his balance and stood up, pushing his soft hair back out of his face. Daniel was still gaping at him. Caleb tottered on his high heels over to the mirror affixed to the wall above the workout bench. His reflection came into view and he gasped.

The woman staring back at him had huge tufts of blonde hair, feathered out and billowing around her head in the style of an eighties glam rocker. Her face was made up, with ruby red lips and wide round eyes. The bra and panties didn't hide much of his body, nor did the gauzy black top that wafted about in the air. His eyes traced his light curves. His outfit seemed more like a costume than something that would be worn for comfort.

Caleb reached up and stroked his face with his slender fingers, careful not to scratch himself on the long nails he now possessed, watching the woman in the mirror do the same. He drew his fingers down over his nose, his lips, his cheeks, feeling the new contours of himself to confirm that the body he was looking at was, in fact, his.

Daniel stepped up behind him, looming even larger over Caleb from Caleb's smaller body.

“Caleb?” Daniel whispered.

“Yeah, man,” Caleb replied, still staring at his pretty face in the mirror.

In touching his face, his arms had brushed against his breasts, making them bounce slightly. They weren't massively huge, but the bra pushed them up into respectable cleavage. They certainly jiggled too much for Caleb's liking.

“You're a...you're a...” Daniel began.

Caleb met his eyes in the mirror, then glanced behind Daniel's reflection. “I'm a Vixen.”

“Well, I was just gonna say a woman but, ok, we can say vixen.”

“No,” Caleb said, turning to face Daniel and looking up at him. “The band. Vixen.”

He pointed to the poster on the wall just behind the strange machine. Caleb looked exactly like the woman in the middle of the trio, which the poster proclaimed to be the “Hottest Guitarist in Rock 'n Roll!”. He was her spitting image, right down to the outfit and the outlandish fingernails.

“Oh, shit,” Daniel said, looking back and forth between his friend and the poster. “You think the thing did that?”

Caleb gave him a stare. “Really?”

“I mean...yeah, I know it did. But I meant, you know...can it do that? Can anything do that?” Daniel gave up trying to figure out what he was attempting to say. “I mean...Jesus.”

“I gotta change back,” Caleb insisted, but Daniel stepped in his way and lightly clasped Caleb’s bare shoulders.

“Hold on, hold on. If the machine can change you back, it can change you back whenever you want. But if it can’t then you’re stuck anyway.”

“What are you trying to say?”

There was a germ of an idea in there but, as usual, Daniel had trouble expressing it. “I mean, say the machine changes you back, right? Then you’re back but it might not work ever again. Don’t you want to...I don’t know...” Daniel reddened, “Check things out first? You can always change back later.”

Daniel turned him back to the mirror and Caleb looked at himself. Now that the initial shock had worn off it was actually pretty interesting being suddenly transformed into a hot rocker chick. He slid the gauzy top off himself and looked down at his body. His eyes were drawn to his new cleavage, the supple mounds

held aloft by a bra that appeared to be made of delicate chainmail. He'd never seen breasts in real life and he reached around to unclasp his bra. He had trouble finding the clasp and soon felt Daniel grip his bra and help him. The pressure on his chest eased and he slid the straps off each shoulder and let the bra jingle to the floor.

Caleb's tits bounced free and he gaped at them. His pale pink nipples were already hard from the touch of the cold metal bra, and he took his breasts in each hand. He squeezed them experimentally. They were warm and firm, with just the right amount of give. Not huge, by any means, but a good size for grabbing. He stroked himself, tiny fingers tickling over and under each breast before he covered them with his palms and squeezed once more. He could easily cover them with each hand. His fingers dimpled his soft flesh as an unfamiliar electric charge flitted through his body.

Watching the rocker chick touch herself from within her body, her hands squeezing her tits, her mouth slightly agape in the mirror as she explored herself, made the inner spark dance through Caleb. She was hot. Her body taut and with gentle curves, at the prime of her life. A dampness gathered in his panties and he let his hand draw down across his stomach and over the metal panties guarding his new sex.

Warm hands surrounded him as Daniel hugged him from behind and clasped his breasts. Caleb jumped in surprise as his friend squeezed his tits.

"What are you doing?" Caleb asked, his voice purring with arousal despite himself.

"Your tits are awesome," Daniel said, squeezing them.

Caleb felt his friend's erection press up against his tiny bottom and was suddenly aware of the immense size difference and the seeming delicateness of his new body.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Caleb said, shrugging off his friend.

Daniel stepped back and Caleb swung round to face him, his tits bouncing on his chest as he did so. Caleb pushed the feathery blonde hair out of his eyes.

"I don't think I'm ready for...for that. But why don't you film me as I touch myself?"

Daniel hurriedly got out his phone and switched on the camera with trembling hands. By the time he was ready and aiming it at Caleb, Caleb was lying on the couch.

Caleb beckoned to Daniel to come closer, and then grabbed his breasts again. The electric charge in his body was more urgent now, and his hands moved faster across his tits, pressing them together into mounds before dropping them and letting them spill back down his chest. Grabbing the nipple of one, he slowly pulled it up, stretching out his tit and releasing it to let it snap back into place, the breast bouncing as it did so.

He was unable to stay still now, his restless toes curling and uncurling as his body called out for more. Caleb yanked his panties off, shuffling his ass in the air and rolling his panties down his legs before kicking them off into the air.

They landed on Daniel's head and they both laughed.

Caleb looked down at his naked body and ran a hand through the thick blonde bush between his thighs. She really was an 80s chick, wild and free. His fingers disappeared beneath the hair and he followed his crease by touch, stroking up and down as he grew more inflamed. He wiggled his chest and moaned softly, the charge tickling him, and now he needed to find the right touch to release it.

His fingers stroked up and down until he landed on his clit and was rewarded with a tiny jolt. His finger remained there, circling his delicate bud while his other hand played with his tits. His moans grew louder and his body grew ever more restless. Now his legs were moving, bending and straightening as he circled his sensitive clit. The charge grew ever more intense as his fingers grew damp with his juices and he cried out "oh!". It was just the tip of his need and he circled his fingers faster over his sensitive nub until he could hear the squelching his own wetness and sense the crest of his pleasure.

He wiggled his ass faster, fingers driving into his new pussy, dragging his dew up and down his entrance while his cries grew louder, faster, until he tumbled over the edge and came. His legs clapped together and he threw his head back into the couch cushions. Electricity flowed through him, making his body dance and sing with pleasure. The orgasm was just as intense as it had been as a guy but the high lasted longer and he stayed in that pleasurable moment for a breathless eternity before slowly returning to earth.

Caleb opened his eyes and saw Daniel standing over him, still recording and with his pants stretched to the limit from his erection.

"Holy shit, that was amazing," Caleb sighed.

Daniel turned off the camera, a grin still plastered across his face. “Fuck yeah, dude.”

Caleb sat up and stretched. His toes accidentally knocked the electric guitar off its stand and he reached out to grab for it, not wanting to break any of his dad’s stuff. The guitar felt natural in his hands. He lifted it in his lap and picked out a quick melody with his long nails.

“I didn’t know you played guitar,” Daniel said.

“I don’t,” Caleb replied, looking up at Daniel, then back to the guitar. He played out another quick rock melody and then some chords. Each one was perfect, like he was a master of guitar. “But...I guess I do now.”

Daniel looked up at the Vixen poster on the wall. The words “Hottest Guitarist in Rock ‘n Roll” was centered just beneath the woman Caleb had become. “I think you took on more than just her appearance. I think you got her talent, too.”

Caleb put the guitar on the couch and walked over to the poster. Daniel glanced down at his friend’s bare ass, and then back up just in time to meet Caleb’s eye. Daniel grinned bashfully.

“What?” Daniel asked. “You’re hot, dude.”

“Come on,” Caleb smirked, “Let’s change me back.”

“Okay.” There was a pause. “Got any ideas how?”

Caleb examined the hole that looked like a camera and remembered the laser light that had appeared to scan the picture.

“I think…” Caleb began, “This is a scanner. So if we hold up a picture of me it will transform me back. You got a picture on your phone?”

Daniel pulled his phone out of his pocket and flipped through it. “Got one from last week where you tried to do a ninja flip kick.”

Daniel held up his phone, which displayed a picture of Caleb nearly upside down in mid-air. Caleb took the phone and was about to hold it up to the camera when a thought struck. He opened the photo editor and plugged in some text before holding the phone up to the camera lens. A red light shot out and scanned the photo, then the door to the machine opened. Caleb tossed Daniel the phone and then stepped in.

The door shut behind him and the low whir started up again. He felt the vibrations coursing through him and now understood that it was the feeling of his body morphing. When the vibrations stopped, the door opened and he stepped out again.

He was wearing the same outfit he’d been wearing when the picture was taken

and his body was identical to that from last week except for one aspect. A huge bulge pressed out his jeans, running down the inside of his right leg and ending just above his knee.

“Holy shit,” Caleb murmured, looking down at himself. “Whatever you write on the picture becomes true.”

Daniel looked at the photo on his phone, where Caleb had added the text ‘Has a 12 inch dick’.

“Shit, dude,” Daniel laughed, “If you get a boner in those pants you’ll break your dick off.”

“I’ll pass out from blood loss,” Caleb agreed, with a coy smile. “But you know what this means? We can become anyone.”

The guys looked at the pile of porn magazines Daniel had pulled out from the cupboard. Then they dove in, flipping through the pages to find the women they wanted to try out. Daniel left his phone on the coffee table and they traded the magazines back and forth, narrowing down their selection until they’d each chosen their model.

Daniel jumped up first. He unfolded the centerfold picture and held it up to the camera. The scanner flashed and the door opened. Daniel stepped in and the door closed behind him. Now it was his turn to experience the full body vibrations as he morphed into his chosen form. He felt himself shrink and grow lighter in places, heavier in others.

When the door opened he padded out on delicate feet. He was now slightly shorter than Caleb, and Caleb grinned looking down at him. Daniel was a classy brunette, with a waterfall of wavy hair that cascaded down his shoulders and across his ample breasts. He was wearing some sexy pink lingerie, through which could be seen the curves of his body. Daniel was airbrushed to perfection, and he ran his French-manicured fingers all over his face, feeling his tiny, soft features, before looking down and grabbing a handful of his heavy breasts.

“Oh, wow,” he moaned, a soft, sultry sound that shot warm anticipation through him.

Caleb’s face turned white and he bent over, his impossibly big cock tightening beneath his jeans. “Oh, shit,” he moaned.

Caleb hobbled over to the device as Daniel watched him, his mouth half-open in dumbfounded delight. Caleb scanned in his picture, dropped the magazine to the ground, and stepped inside the machine. His body stretched and morphed, and a minute later he tottered out of the machine on huge high heels, no longer having an erection to fight.

Caleb was Daniel’s opposite. A trashy bleached blonde with long red nails and short clothes. His tee shirt stretched taut across breasts that were too perfectly round to be anything but fake. Cantaloupe sized tits that remained solidly in place as he stepped about cautiously on his high heels, yanking down his ridiculously short skirt as it inched up at every step. His hands went right to his shirt, yanking his tiny top up and spilling his breasts out. He grabbed his tits with both hands and massaged them. They were solid and silicone enhanced to perfect roundness.

“Oh my gawd,” he exclaimed in a brash voice. “My titties are awesome.” He looked up at Daniel. “Yours are, too.”

Caleb tottered over and grabbed a handful of Daniel’s natural tits, stroking them and kissing around the circumference of each one as Daniel giggled and tried to push him off.

“What’s got into you, dude?” Daniel laughed.

“I...don’t...know...” Caleb said between kisses, his hands roaming back and forth between Daniel’s body and his own. “I...can’t...stop...touching you.”

Caleb was already so wet just from fondling the two pairs of breasts. His hands moved faster, fingers clutching the soft swaying tits of his friend. Daniel moved towards the magazine Caleb had discarded. As he did so, Caleb followed him from behind, squeezing Daniel’s butt, so eager for his friend’s body. Daniel grabbed the magazine and read the caption beneath the picture.

“This shameless slut can’t keep her hands off herself or her friends.” He looked up at Caleb, who had one hand on his tremendous tits, the other was creeping up his skirt. “Ha, ha!” Daniel laughed. “You turned yourself into a slut.”

“Shut up and fuck me,” Caleb demanded, grabbing Daniel’s nightie and forcefully planting their lips together.

Caleb somehow tasted like strawberry daiquiris as his tongue darted into

Daniel's mouth. They kissed ferociously, Caleb's body already spiking with heat, his panties pooling with moisture. Daniel was taken aback at first at Caleb's ferociousness, at how his tiny body was now overpowered by the urgent need racing through Caleb. But as Caleb's solid tits pressed against his own soft flesh, Daniel got into it. He reached out and grabbed Caleb's ass, pressing him closer as his fingers dug into Caleb's tight butt.

Caleb slid his hands up Daniel's neck, finger splayed across Daniel's cheeks as he held their lips together. He moaned as he tasted his friend, his body undulating against Daniel. Caleb pulled away with a gasp, his mouth half-opened in desire as he stared down at his classy friend. Then he yanked down Daniel's nightie and burrowed his head between Daniel's pillowy breasts, nuzzling and kissing his way across each before suckling on one pink nipple. Daniel moaned as the heat from Caleb's mouth enveloped his nipple, and he dragged his hands down his own body, feeling himself up, enjoying the curves that he now possessed, the wider thighs, and the emptiness between his legs that called to him.

Caleb pinched Daniel's nipple, unable to release Daniel even as he undressed, his body so desperate for contact. He dropped one of Daniel's tits and slid his hand between Daniel's legs, pushing Daniel's hands aside to land on his friend's soaking wet slit. His fingers danced through Daniel's coarse pubic hair, gathering the slickness before sliding into his friend. Daniel moaned as two fingers slipped inside him. His velvety walls clasped Caleb's fingers tightly and he closed his eyes, crying out softly in a needy, high pitched voice as he was penetrated for the first time.

Caleb was firm, bordering on rough as he slipped deeper into his friend's pussy. He nipped Daniel's nipples harder, sending sharp pain spiking through Daniel that joined with the heat roiling his body. Caleb slid in and out of Daniel's tight hole, pausing to stroke his clit in little circles. Daniel's cries grew higher in pitch, faster, "Oh! Oh!" and the dainty sound of his feminine voice crying out in desire was enough to make him cum. He shook all over, a small orgasm causing

sparks to flash before his eyes as the warmth released him momentarily. It was just a taste of the release his body craved, and as soon as it was over Daniel needed more.

Caleb pulled his fingers out of his friend and held them up to Daniel's face. They were slick with Daniel's juices and the scent of his delicious fragrance was heavy in his nostrils.

"Taste yourself," Caleb commanded.

Daniel opened his lips and Caleb jammed his fingers into his mouth. Daniel sucked his own essence off Caleb's fingers, enjoying the musky taste of himself as Caleb looked on. Caleb's own body was on fire, the trashy woman he'd become needing to fuck. Caleb pulled out of Daniel's mouth and slung Daniel onto the couch before wiggling out of his tiny skirt and jumping on top of him, pussy to face.

Without a pause Caleb lowered his mouth between Daniel's legs and took long, luxurious licks. Daniel moaned, a sound that was muffled as Caleb lowered his pussy onto Daniel's mouth. Daniel gripped his friend's ass and pulled him down towards his face, thrusting out his tongue, twining gently through his friend's sopping wet pussy as juices pooled down his chin. The two women feasted on each other, fingers and lips sucking on their swollen clits, driving the heat through their bodies.

Caleb thrust against Daniel's face, forcing Daniel's tongue deeper inside him as he continued licking, bringing in the fingers of one hand to stroke and slide inside. Caleb's orgasm was sudden and immense, a tremendous heat cascading through him and he bucked and shook on top of Daniel, raising his head and grinding his pussy against Daniel's tongue. Caleb cried out in a strangled voice

as the orgasm washed over him, his entire trashy blonde body alight with pleasure.

It lasted a wonderful eternity, and when he came down he was finally sated. And yet, even as he and Daniel maneuvered around each other to sit up on the couch, Caleb's hands returned to his tits and he stared down at his body in wonder and awe. The satisfaction had already abated and he was getting horny again. He plunged his hand between his legs, sliding into his own wetness and fingering himself hard and fast, his other hand gripping a solid breast.

"You are a horny little slut," Daniel laughed.

Caleb couldn't respond. He was on the cusp of orgasm and soon came, body quivering around his fingers as pleasure blew through him again. His fingers drove deep inside himself, following the rhythm of his body up and then down again, until he was once again sated. But it didn't last long.

Daniel pushed himself off the couch and Caleb stood with him. But just the sight of Daniel's wonderful bouncing breasts drove his body wild again. He grabbed Daniel's tits and sucked on them again while Daniel tried to push him off.

"You need to change back."

"I...need...to...fuck," Caleb whimpered, the heat pooling between his legs again. God, he was dripping now, a veritable waterfall gushing down the inside of each thigh. His body was insatiable and, just as the words in the magazine had said, he couldn't keep his hand off himself or his friend.

In the end, Daniel managed to grab the phone and hold up a picture to the camera lens before pushing Caleb rudely inside. A few seconds later, the door opened up and Caleb stood there, looking sheepish. He ran his hands through his long hair.

“Shit. That was intense.”

Daniel loaded up a picture of himself and transformed back. It had been interesting being slender and dainty, but he was glad to be back in his brawny, oversized body.

It was getting late but neither of them really wanted to leave. Not when they had so much power at their fingertips. The only question was how to use it.

“Hey,” Caleb suggested, “Like, check it out. Why don’t we each find pics of our favorite chicks and then turn the other one into them?”

“Like, you become my girl and I become yours?”

“Yeah,” Caleb said. “But, like...you become my girl and I stay as me so I can fuck you. Then you return the favor. Tit for tat, so to speak.”

“I don’t know, dude,” Daniel said, stroking his chin. “I’m not really into dudes. What if I don’t like it?”

“You kidding me? We can change that so you are. Just write on the picture.”

Daniel agreed in the end, and returned home. That night, both of them trolled through their collections to pick out the other’s transformation.

## 2

Caleb stayed up late, ranking his choices in bracket form to determine who he would transform Daniel into. His favorite porn star had so far dethroned a few celebrities and one of the teachers from his school. She was vying for the number one slot against the local newsreader when a noise penetrated Caleb's consciousness. A car had pulled up outside, the engine running. The motor was deep and threatening.

Caleb pushed aside the curtains and peered out. The only light from his room was the blue of his laptop screen, so no one could see in. Once Caleb's eyes had adjusted to the darkness he could make out two men in suits searching through the brush in the front yard. Caleb watched them with mounting alarm. They could only be looking for the device.

After a few minutes of fruitless searching the two men conferred with each other. They seemed to be having a disagreement over what to do next. One of them pointed to Caleb's house. The other one nodded and they both turned.

Caleb pulled away from the window, his heart racing. He ran to the light switch, flicking it on. Then he ran down the hallway, turning on all the lights he could find on the way. When he got to the other end of the house he paused in time to hear a car door slam shut. The deep throb of a massively overpowered engine started up, and then he heard it disappear down the road. Clearly they didn't want to deal with anyone in the house.

Who the hell were those guys?

Caleb put the thought aside, finished his bracket, and soon dropped off to sleep.

Daniel came over early the next morning. By unspoken agreement they'd both opted to skip school. They had much more pleasant things in mind.

“You got your girl?” Caleb asked as he welcomed Daniel inside, casting a quick glance out into the street to look for strange cars. Nothing unusual. Maybe he'd dreamed those visitors?

“Yeah, dude,” Daniel said, “You?”

“I narrowed it down. Rock, paper, scissors for first go?”

Daniel telegraphed his moves and was easily beaten by Caleb. They marched downstairs, where Daniel dropped his backpack on the couch and Caleb opened up his laptop. He turned it around to show Daniel the picture that he'd doctored.

The porn star had won. In the photo she was paused in the act of stepping out of a pool. Her white belly shirt was drenched and clung to her ample breasts, the nipples already spiking out. She had a soft face, with her long brunette hair pushed back to fall down her shoulders. Her nails were long and beautifully manicured, painted a classy white. A belly ring sparkled from her navel, and her black panties were soaking wet from the pool, stretched taut across her gloriously smooth waist. Across the top of the picture Caleb had used MS Paint to write the words ‘amazing kisser, no inhibitions, tits extra sensitive, nympho,

narcissist’.

“Wow,” Daniel said, admiring the model. “You, uh, really thought this through.”

“Hell, yeah,” Daniel said, holding the screen up to the camera lens on the machine.

The red light flashed and the door slid open. Caleb gestured Daniel in. When Daniel hesitated, Caleb moved around behind him and gently nudged him inside. The door shut behind Daniel and the machine started up. Daniel felt his body changing, morphing into the picture Daniel had shown him down to the water drenching his shirt. And this time he noticed the mental changes as well. He’d been reluctant to step into the machine, trepidatious about giving in to Caleb’s desires. But his inhibitions disappeared, replaced with an absolute desire for sex.

The door opened and he stepped out, smiling as he watched Caleb’s jaw drop. Daniel’s top was soaking wet and his breasts bounced with each step. He loved the attention Caleb was giving him, and he giggled softly. His nipples bounced, brushing against the wet fabric and he paused mid-step closing his eyes and cooing softly as the extra sensitive tits he’d been gifted made him shiver with pleasure. When he opened his eyes Caleb was right in front of him and, following his desire without thinking, Daniel leaned forward and kissed his friend on the lips. It was a long kiss. Sensuous and slow. His mouth was magical on Caleb’s lips, and Caleb melted into him, his cock suddenly rock hard. Daniel enjoyed the masculine smell of his friend, his body flaring with need. He wanted it from anyone all the time.

Daniel released Caleb and happened to spy the mirror on the wall behind him. He hurried to it, each step making his tits shake and sending little jolts of pleasure through his body, where it gathered between his legs.

His eyes widened as he saw his reflection in the mirror for the first time. Was there ever anyone so beautiful in the history of the world? His narcissism made his gaze lock on his reflection and he advanced towards it, admiring the sway of his hips, the jiggle of his breasts, the way his body moved so gracefully. He couldn't drag his gaze away from himself and he brought his hands up to his tits, watching his reflection do the same. They were so big he couldn't cover them all, but just the touch of his fingers on his breasts made him shiver again with desire, a tiny orgasm heralding something bigger and more wonderful.

Daniel was so captivated by his own image he didn't even respond when Caleb came up from behind and nuzzled his neck. He just continued caressing his breasts, swaying his hips and showing off for himself. Though he shivered as Caleb nipped his neck, it was just one of the thousand feelings circling through him. Every part of his body was aflame, just on the edge of bursting.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” he whispered to himself, rolling each nipple between two fingers.

He scraped his long fingernails gently around the circumference of his tits. God, his nails were so long, painted and rounded to perfection. He dug his nails into his tits until he was on the edge of pain and pleasure.

Something hard-soft and warm slipped urgently between his moist thighs, and Caleb's groin hit the back of his plump butt. Daniel thrust back, riding the cock between his thighs until it poked out from between his legs, already slick with his moisture. He licked his plump lips and even through the fierce pleasure from the feel of Caleb's cock, Daniel couldn't break eye contact with his reflection. He wanted himself so badly. More than anything.

Caleb nudged him and he fell forward, bracing his arms on either side of the mirror, his soft, beautiful nose inches from the glass. Daniel stared at himself, tracing the curve of his nose, the plump cheeks, the little red lips parted in desire, slightly revealing his white teeth.

Daniel's tits swayed down beneath him, jiggling as Caleb grabbed his hips and slid into him. Daniel closed his eyes and moaned as he was filled with a dick for the first time. It was perfect. Like Caleb's cock was meant to be inside him. Caleb thrust inside slowly and Daniel felt the cock parting the velvety walls of his tight canal. And then Caleb was all the way inside him, hands gripping his hips as he groaned.

Daniel opened his eyes and saw his beautiful face once more, and it was like falling in love all over again. He couldn't break eye contact with the woman in the mirror. His musky fragrance filled his nose and his hips began moving to Caleb's motion. In and out, in and out. Caleb gripped his ass tighter and they moved faster, bodies humming together, a delicious anticipation winding through Daniel's body. He began crying out, begging for Caleb to fuck him harder, faster. His reflection in the mirror was total lust. He wanted that woman to cum. He wanted himself to cum. And then he did. Caleb thrust in hard and groaned, and Daniel felt himself filled with warm seed, felt the cock throb inside him and fill him.

Daniel cried out, the anticipation breaking through him like a rubber band snapping. He came, body quivering, pussy lips clasped around the cock inside him. The feeling joined together with the sight of his own body cumming and sent the pleasure soaring. He came harder than he ever had before and the world whited out with pleasure for uncountable minutes.

He came back down to earth slowly, Caleb still lodged deep inside him. The temporary satisfaction was enough to allow Daniel to tear his eyes away from the vision of loveliness in the mirror and turn back to his friend. He kissed Caleb

again, deep and longing, sharing his desire and lust and satisfaction just through the motion of his tongue and lips. Then he pulled away and grabbed his phone, even as the lust rose within him, threatening to make him return to the mirror. He knew if he did he would be locked like that all day, staring at himself while he came over and over, becoming a willing slave of Caleb. A part of him wanted it, begged for it. But he held up the picture of his former self and jumped in before he could change his mind.

When Daniel came back out as himself he was calm and collected. And big. Man, he'd missed his height and his bulk. And his girth. Because he'd taken a page from Caleb's book and written some text across the picture of himself. If he was going to have a chance at his dream girl he was going to wreck her.

“My turn, dude,” he grinned.

He rummaged through his backpack and came up with one of his vintage 1990s horror magazines. He flipped through the magazine until he found the page he wanted and held it up to Caleb. Next to a review of a horror movie (which, Caleb noted, described the movie as the most graphically sexual movie the reviewer had ever seen outside of a porn), was a still from a movie. A recent comic book to film adaptation of a sexy superhero. Her big fake tits jutted from her chest, barely hidden by a tight black corset studded with silver buttons. Matching gauntlets, a black dog collar, and skintight black leather pants completed the outfit. Her nails were long and perfect. Her blonde hair strategically windblown to fall in a golden mass down around her neck. Underneath the picture Daniel had written ‘Always horny. Takes charge.’

Caleb handed the magazine back, suddenly nervous. But a deal was a deal. Daniel held up the page to the camera and the machine scanned the page in. There was a pause this time, as though the machine were digesting some huge amount of information. Or maybe it just needed more cooldown time. Just when Daniel was thinking he should try scanning the picture again, the door slid open

with a soft whoosh.

Caleb stepped inside and the door closed behind him. The whirring of the machine seemed a bit louder than last time as Caleb felt his body change. Long hair tickled its way down his neck and two tits grew from his chest, held tight by the black leather corset that wound its way around his waist. When the door opened he stepped out with a confidence he'd never had before, and a burning desire within him.

Daniel stared at him, gobsmacked. Caleb walked towards his friend. Each step was confident, powerful, his hips swaying like a metronome. The side of his plump lips quirked up in a smile. And then when he was only one step away from Daniel, without warning, a wave of lightheadedness washed over him. He stumbled and Daniel caught him. Everywhere Daniel's hands touched Caleb's body he flared with need. But there was something more. A dark hunger for more than just sex.

"You..." Daniel gulped, the air suddenly full of a wonderfully sweet scent that brought his twelve inch cock to full attention. "...okay?"

Caleb rubbed his temples as shadowy thoughts flitted through his mind. He wanted to fuck the hell out of Daniel. No. Even more. He wanted to fuck the life out of Daniel. Drain his essence and take it for his own. Daniel's life would taste so delicious as Caleb sucked it up through his sopping wet pussy.

"Something's wrong," Caleb said, pushing away from his friend.

God, his voice was dripping with lust, making even himself horny. Daniel

couldn't take his eyes off Caleb's powerful blonde form, and he just nodded. He would do anything for the blonde goddess in front of him. Fight anyone. Kill if he had to. But he needed the woman standing in front of him, just as he needed her to command him. He didn't dare do anything unless she ordered him.

Caleb saw the strange blank gaze on Daniel's face. The feeling of overwhelming thirst surged through him again, and he fought it. Just. He stepped back to pick up the magazine.

"What did you do?" He asked.

Caleb scanned the page. There was nothing beneath the picture, but the review of the horror movie was just to the right of it. The movie was about a succubus who used her pheromones to completely entrance her victims before draining their life force. Her body could transform to fit her victims ultimate desire, drawing them in before sucking them dry like a spider. The demon was completely free and uninhibited, the embodiment of physical lust.

"I need to change back," Caleb said, his voice trembling as the need to feed grew within him.

Daniel's massive erection called to him, drawing him closer like iron to a magnet. It was all he could do to fight the urge to feed.

"Wait, dude," Daniel begged. "Don't I get a turn?"

His voice was enough to stop Caleb in his tracks. He winced in pain as he turned, and then the pain was gone. The hesitance was gone. He was in control and he would take what he wanted. He giggled.

“I’m so sorry for being selfish,” Caleb said, stroking Daniel’s chin and staring him right in the eyes.

The incredible scent grew even stronger, overpowering Daniel’s will. It was aided by Caleb’s actions as he peeled off the skintight suit until he stood naked.

“Oh, god, I’m sooo horny. Look, I’m gushing for you,” Caleb laughed.

Caleb drew Daniel’s eyes down to his thighs which were, indeed, visibly slick with his moisture. And that heavenly scent intensified as Caleb grabbed Daniel’s face and pulled their lips together. Caleb’s tongue shot out, tasting his friend’s mouth, inhaling him deeply.

Caleb pulled away. “Thank you for making me so hot. But I can sense you want me even hotter.”

Daniel nodded dumbly. Caleb’s power was its own intoxication, nearly as pleasurable as sex. As Daniel watched, Caleb’s breasts grew larger and fuller, his waist grew thinner, and he gained a few inches in height. His hair curled out, grew silky and immaculately styled until he was Daniel’s idea of perfection.

Caleb’s pheromones intensified, until it was the most amazing scent Daniel had

ever smelled, and destroyed any hesitance he had, even when Caleb grabbed Daniel's clothes and tore them off him as if they were tissue paper. Caleb howled with laughter as he did so, luxuriating in the power he now possessed, any hint of hesitance gone. He was a creature of lust now, bound by the rules of the horror magazine review.

Caleb pressed his body close to Daniel, touching as much of him as he could. Everywhere they connected made Caleb's skin sing with pleasure. He moaned just from Daniel's simple caress, and they fell to the floor in an embrace, Caleb on top of his friend. Daniel's huge cock was trapped between them, pressing against Caleb's stomach as they continued making out. Caleb's pussy dripped onto his friend and he rode the underside of Daniel's shaft, lubricating it with his moisture.

Daniel grabbed his friend's breasts. They fit perfectly within his hands, as if they were made for him. He squeezed Caleb's tits, nearly cumming right there. Caleb lowered his chest down onto Daniel's face to allow his friend to feast on his breasts. Daniel's eyes rolled back in his head and Caleb felt his cock start to pump. Quickly, Caleb reached between them and wrapped his fingers around the base of Daniel's massive cock, squeezing him tight to stop the eruption.

"Nah ah ah," Caleb grinned at the girth between his fingers and looked down between their bodies. He saw the size of Daniel for the first time and laughed delightedly.

"My, what a big cock you have. The better to eat you."

Caleb lowered his dripping pussy onto Daniel's massive cock, felt the head shove up between his slick lips. The cockhead felt so big but Caleb's body accommodated it. Just. Daniel slipped inside him with a gurgle, his mouth half

open, his only thought of desire. Caleb moaned as he sank down. The cock seemed to slip inside him for ages, his pussy rearranging itself to fit Daniel's cock like a glove. It sank deep, deep into his core, the warmth filling him, Now their bodies were as one and they moved together, Caleb controlling Daniel with his pussy, squeezing to stop his friend from cumming, all the while milking him.

Caleb pinned Daniel's arms to the floor with inhuman strength and laughed as he rode Daniel, dragging his pussy up and down the huge cock. His tits bounced on his chest and Daniel stared at them, hypnotized. Daniel's cock throbbed again, and again Caleb's pussy lips squeezed him firmly, holding him steady, Caleb's body reacting with impossible transformations to control Daniel. Try as he might Daniel couldn't cum. Every time he began to throb, Caleb's pussy constricted him. Even as Caleb howled with pleasure, orgasming again and again on that magnificent dick, Daniel was frustrated, surrounded by the perfect hot chasm but unable to reach the final release. He grew hornier and more desperate and Caleb fed on his unfulfilled desires.

Caleb was rocking fast now, pinning Daniel's arms to his tits and making Daniel squeeze his friend's luscious breasts. The cockhead filled Caleb, plunging deep through his velvety walls, pounding him hard and sending orgasm after orgasm through him. The pleasure was immense, whiting out his world, and when he finally allowed Daniel to cum the world exploded.

Daniel cried out in agonizing pleasure as he emptied himself into Caleb. Caleb took each spurt inside him and became a being of pure delight. His entire body sang with orgasm, obliterating his mind, destroying all conscious thought. The pleasure was perfect and raw and accompanied by a burst of heat as he sucked Daniel's life force up through his cock.

Daniel's eyes went wide as he suddenly realized something was very wrong. But his cock was trapped, and the trap was baited with pleasure. He couldn't fight it, and his warm life force only added to Caleb's cries of pleasure.

Caleb came for an eternity, mind empty of anything except the white hot desire of his body. The room came back to him slowly. First the feel of the cock inside him. Then the feel of his warm hands on someone's chest. He opened his eyes and stared down at Daniel.

Daniel's face was pale and he looked much older. His hair was white at the temples, wrinkles around his eyes. He'd aged fifty years.

Caleb just had time to register this, just had time to wonder what he'd done when the door at the top of the basement burst open and two men in suits ran down. One was holding some sort of device that looked like a metal tennis racket and was pointed at the machine.

"This is where the signals are coming from," the man said.

The other held a gun and he pointed it at Caleb. "Don't move!"

Caleb gathered himself in a crouching position, Daniel's cock slipping out of his pussy. The emptiness hurt. Caleb needed to be filled. He snarled like an animal at the man with the gun as he approached the bottom of the stairs.

"What the fuck?" The man cried out in astonishment.

Caleb leaped at him, propelling himself across the room with inhuman strength and landing on top of him, sending them both tumbling back onto the stairs. Caleb's body morphed as he hurled himself through the air, staying the man's trigger finger by matching his desire. By the time Caleb landed on top of the man, body to body, he was no longer a busty blonde.

His skin was a light mocha and dark wavy hair spilled down his head. His tits were huge and perky, capped with dark brown areolae, the nipples already sharp with desire. He kissed the man, tasting his soul as he tore the man's pants to bits, sending the buttons and zipper pinging off around the room. The cock was already rock hard for him. The man had dropped his gun in order to grab Caleb's ass. He groaned, opening his mouth and Caleb slid his tongue in. Caleb rode him hard and fast, welcoming the shaft inside his tight warm cunt.

Caleb gripped the man's head in both hands, forehead to forehead, rocking back and forth viciously, feeding on his newest victim. The man froze, only capable of thrusting up, of appeasing the succubus that was riding him. He drove ever deeper into Caleb, feeding Caleb's physical need but doing nothing to sate the hunger. God, it felt so good. Caleb's body vibrated with pleasure. A constant orgasm, and he howled like an animal with a voice throaty and raw with lust. His pussy gripped the man's cock and he clutched the man's head to his tits, again transforming so that his lover fit him perfectly. Caleb's body was a beautiful thing, perfect curves and raw sexuality, swaying and moving in time with his new lover, soft and supple but firm in all the right places.

The hot cum, when it spurted into him, was shocking in its intensity, filling Caleb's vision with starbursts of light. The pleasure was a physical thing, more intense and completely full bodied than any he'd ever felt. As the cock erupted within him his body burned bright with orgasm and he threw back his head and howled, the heat of the man's cum joining with the sweet taste of his soul.

Something dug into his chest. A sharp burst of pain that sent him yowling and

pushing himself off the man. Caleb's pussy was once again empty, and that made him angrier than anything. He landed on all fours, ass in the air, back arched. The other man was halfway down the stairs and pointing something at Caleb. It looked like a gun, but with an angry red light on the front. Caleb prepared to leap but the man pulled the trigger and the blinding burst of pain hit Caleb again. He thrashed and gasped, his limbs going weak and making his head crash to the floor.

He had no control of his limbs and lay limp on the floor as the man approached him, pausing to check his partner's pulse and nodding grimly. Caleb couldn't move his body but he sprayed his pheromones into the air, making the man pause and stare. Caleb's body transformed under the man's gaze, taking on this new adversary's ideal woman. His skin lightened to a pale pink. His entire body gained weight, tits and ass and legs and arms and hips ballooning out. He felt his head being lifted off the floor from the girth of his chest, and the massive weight of himself pinned him to the floor. Out of the corner of his eye he saw one of his arms, now huge and bloated. When the transformation finished he must have weighed four hundred pounds.

With an effort, the remaining man aimed the gun at Caleb and pulled the trigger, finally knocking him into unconsciousness.

### 3

Caleb started awake with gasp and sat up, his heart racing. He was in his dad's man cave, lying on the couch. His long hair spilled down his head and he grabbed it, feeling the familiar thick waves. He gazed down at his arms and fingers, all returned to normal.

Daniel was passed out on the floor, snoring loudly. He, too, looked normal, not at all like the drained husk Caleb had last seen.

The machine, however, was nowhere to be found.

“Whoa, shit,” Caleb said, rubbing his eyes. He prodded Daniel. “Get up. Get up.”

Daniel snorted and cracked open one eye. He sat up with a start and backed away from Caleb on all fours, eyes wide. He grabbed his chest and stared down at himself as if counting to make sure he had all his limbs and fingers.

“Dude. Dude.” Daniel said, trying to collect himself. “Did that happen?”

Caleb picked up his phone. The date on it showed that it had been two days since his parents had left. Time had definitely passed but there was nothing in the room to suggest that anything strange happened. Daniel pushed himself to his

feet and staggered home, neither of the guys knowing quite what to say to each other.

Two days later, Caleb had nearly convinced himself it had all been a dream. No way he'd been a succubus. It was almost laughable. And yet, the pleasure had been so visceral and real. He would have put it out of his mind entirely. Except, when he was doing one last sweep of the basement to make sure nothing was out of place for his dad's return he found something beneath the stairs that made him pause.

It was a fragment of a zipper, still partly attached to black cloth as if had been ripped off someone's pants with inhuman strength.

Maybe some things were just best forgotten.

# # #

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