

a Gal-loween tale

# FRANKENMILK

by Jessie Star



Art by Tail-Blazer

PART 3

### III.

*Thump, Thump, Thump* went Victor's feet on the treadmill. His body glistening, stuffed into the only workout outfit Amelia had owned. A pair of green athletic spandex shorts that rode up his crack and left his wide and round womanly ass cheeks peeking out and a matching sports bra that would have gone on strike if it could, barely able to contain his massive mammaries let alone keep them still. The green had mostly dissipated from his skin, maybe a faint hue on his arms and neck still showed, though they were very pale compared to his tanned face. Well, formally tanned. The color of from his jaw up had been growing paler to match his body even as his hair lengthened and changed to a dark raven black to match that of his body's. Something he wouldn't have known if he hadn't seen it naked and by now he had given in and looked. It had been three weeks since he had woken up foreverchanged, six weeks from the accident (apparently he was in a coma for a while), and it just made no sense to pretend that the dumb thing wasn't his to maintain for the time being. He clicked the control panel on the treadmill and pushed the speed up by one, his tiny sneakered feet quickening to match. "I will not just be a victim" he huffed. If he was stuck like this, he was damn well going on a diet and getting rid of some of his wobble.

On the first big family dinner he had refused to sit in Amelia's place of honor, only to find out her chair had been custom built. His new bulbous backside protested in the arms of the normal dining chair, and he found it stuck to his derriere when he stood back up. His co-workers giggled in high pitched twitters that matched the small childish bodies they had been stuck with and it only made Victor more upset. "Get this off my ass!" He pointed furiously, forced to hunch and wait for help. With the assistance of Inga, the mad scientist that had transplanted his head onto the former lady of the house's voluptuous frame and her zombie-chimp horde of helpers they wrenched the damn thing off his backside. Vick demanded E-gor, the lead chimp butler break the arms off the chair right that instant, which it did. Victor was satisfied minus two things. One, his bloated bottom hung off the sides, feeling like his butt was sagging over trying to swallow the seat, and two, it wasn't tall enough to prevent his boobs from resting on the table. Sure it was nice to give his back and bra a break as his tits sat supported like a jello mold dessert on the table top, but he was not going to eat with his plate a foot or more in front of him. So to the stupidly ornate "Lady's throne" he went. It was comfortable, tall, and made it way too easy to be the center of attention. He blinked away the frustration of the memory put the speed up another

notch on the treadmill, having to hold onto the railing with his dainty fingers, trying to ignore the swish of his hips and the memories they were racking up.

What a long two weeks it had been, even longer for “the children” as Inga described them. That meant it had been over a month since the damnable car crash had destroyed their bodies and the heads of the people in the car that hit them, leaving only one possible solution in the eyes of their mad scientist “savior”. Put all the parts together. It was truly a miracle of science. It was just uncertain if any of the three guinea pig survivors could actually be happy like this. “Would it be better if I put your head on a cheemp?” Inga spat out one night annoyed at Albert’s constant complaints about being stuck wearing little girl’s outfits in a little girl’s body. Her statement, no one knowing if it was sarcasm or if she could actually do that, hushed further complaints around Inga. In her mind she had saved them as best she could and they should be grateful. They only complained when she wasn’t around, typically at bed time when Victor would “tuck in the kids”. This was code for “plotting escape time”, or “creating a signal fire time”, or whatever else they could spitball together before bedtime huddled together in the nursery. During the last occasion Victor had to awkwardly squat in some thigh length stretchy dress made for his body but not for this position, as he physically began to tuck them in to not draw suspicion.

He wore her dresses now. Inga said there was no internet or delivery’s and Vick didn’t want to be limited to robes and skimpy workout outfits. Though the dresses were short and annoyingly low cut they felt less revealing than the skin tight spandex wedging in the back and cameltoeing in the front at this very moment. Also, Dana’s clothes didn’t fit Albert, or that was the reason she claimed he couldn’t borrow any. Albert screamed she just did that to make a fool of him. When the fight had come to Victor he rolled his eyes “I’m not your mother! Stop acting like children!” That had not only shut them up, but made them retreat to their room sulking and crying. The next day, Victor was in dresses, telling Albert they’d be in it together till they found a way out, though he would do layer after layer of pantyhose till they felt like semi-pants in thickness, with the benefit of holding his wobbly curves in place as well. Thank god for whoever invented spansks! It did seem to help Albert with his tears over wearing fluffy dresses. Sure he would turn the attention back on Vick with At-Least-I-Don’ts and I’m-Sure-Glads comparing his small dollish body to Victor’s massive form, but it was better than the fighting.

Massive form indeed, and the house was designed to showcase and draw attention to it. One

thing that had been hammered home was how vain Amelia Franc had been. Besides her seemingly endless collection of portraits as the lady of the house in all her milfy splendor, her mini gymnasium's every wall were covered in giant wall sized mirrors. There was no moving the equipment to face a mirrorless wall, there was no looking down unless he wanted a work out session staring deep into his wobbling canyon of cleavage, and closed eyes on workout machines would get him killed. So here he was, speed walking on a conveyor belt staring at himself in all of Amelia's mature womanly splendor. Fuck, it was getting hard to to keep thinking of himself as a him. Vick had grown up in a very cold, traditional family. A boy who was never boyish enough for blunt and brutish masculine father. *Don't cry, don't sulk, have a hold on your emotions!* Man would his father be upset with him now, crying every other hour and the furthest thing from masculine imaginable. Doctor Inga Chen's "solution" was doing the trick, his hair short blank ringlets with thin eyebrows to match, sitting on a brow that had smoothed and receded into his skull. Under them, long thick black lashes and wide girly eyes, his nose still a strong one, but thinner with a little dainty pointed tip. Further down, his lips, thick like full soft pillows that made it feel weird when he talked, or ate, or anything of the like. Of all the changes happening to his head they felt the most odd, even more that the reshaping of his skull and jaw, which after a day or two became the new norm. His lips, fat and cumbersome, felt filled with collagen like a beverly hills lip job pushed too far. It had started subtle and he hoped it would stay, but over the weeks they swelled like an allergic reaction never to abate. If he was the type to apply makeup, a nice red coat would make them look spectacular wrapped around a nice thick di-

*Gah! Fuck you Amelia!* Her appetites never ceased. Three weeks now and it never stopped, not even during his period the week before. Bloated, bleeding, the whole shabang and that stupid slit between his legs just wanted satisfaction. And yet, he had done little to even explore. Inga had helped him the previous week, and it was clinical and numbing and a bit helpful in distracting from the need, but whatever cooling it had done was now undone with a vengeance. Every fucking day he was so close to giving in and satisfying the damn fire in his belly. *Click click click*, his shiny nail pressed the button. "Run faster don't think about it, Run faster don't think about it!" *Pound-pound-pound-pound!* His sneakered feet were running now, wedgie cradled ass quaking along with his thighs, tits swinging up towards his chin and back down on his ribs. Nipples aching under the spandex making themselves known like bees trapped under

the material. His arm flew to his breasts to steady them, the squish sending a moan out his lips and wetness into his shorts “Just run! K-keep running”

Vick tried to think of something else, anything else. How about Dana, yes? Dana had been so helpful. At the beginning she had grumbled a lot, pushing on why Inga hadn't given her the only adult woman's body, a question Victor echoed. He had been a little boy before, that would have been a lot less adjusting. But Inga stood firm. She said with the numbers someone was going to be swapped anyways, so she went instead with pairing the heads to the bodies that were at the same level of critical condition. The “Kids bodies” were in the worst shape, Alfred's specifically and so was the little girl's. And now here they were, living very awkwardly stitched together lives with a mad scientist who would retort “You could have lost all your limbz, but you vine because you have lady bitz or different plumbing, inzane!” Dana had quickly changed after that. Vick never saw her whine or complain. She helped Victor figure out his clothing and underwear, (on top of his clothes of course) and how to manage things with his nails. They even broke down last week and tried makeup. Dana said maybe he and Albert should just try a day where they make both haves match and see if it was less awkward. They went overboard and really girly, to the point where Vick looked like a contoured older model and Albert some pageant doll. Albert had cursed a lot and talked about women and their clown makeup, but vick saw him a little later, staring into his bathroom mirror. Just staring, not in fear, or excitement, just... taking it in. Al did seem to be exploding less and less. His reactions to embarrassment were becoming more shy and weepy than angry backlash. Victor wondered if the lack of testosterone was changing that. He himself, even in his anger had seemed more blubbery (no pun intended) and less destructive. He knew he could be, and might be, but for now... it just felt better to sob over rage, even with both at his disposal.

Dana was adjusting faster than any of them. She got a little pushy when she and Albert would fight but she seemed to quickly catch herself and apologize. Now she spent many a day working on model sets and projects, reading books in her room as if nothing was wrong.

“Dana?” Victor had asked peering into the nursery just a few days ago “May I come in?”

“Sure Vick what's up?” the boyish Dana sat with her legs spread and hair tucked up into a hat.

“I was thinking” Victor looked into the outside hallway before cautiously creeping into the room and shutting the door behind him, his body wrapped in a stretchy royal blue dress with another deep neckline as always, “If we could talk.. about that escape plan we have been mulling over” He closed the door behind him.

“Oh” Dana voice dropped in tone, did his question make her unhappy?

“You still want to escape, yes?” Victor tried to walk up to Dana making the least amount of hip swishing possible. His womanly vocal chords sounding more natural than ever.

“Hmm” thought Dana “I mean... it’s still a valuable idea, Inga doesn’t trust us contacting the outside world. We know where she keeps the door controls now from playing that game with B-gor so we could... but-”

“But...what?” A but? Why was Dana putting in a but?! Victor had enough butt in his life now.

“I think... we should also consider if leaving is our best option?”

“What are you talking about, we can’t stay here! We’re prisoners!” Victor spat through his plump lips.

“Are we though? Inga is just afraid if we explain what happened to us they will put her in an asylum for her methods. Methods that saved our lives might I add” Dana slammed down her book looking very put out for such a small person.

“And you’re ok with... THIS?!” Victor motioned to his swaying cleavage, adjusting a bra strap that had begun to slide down his pale shoulder. When they slipped all the weight went to his rib cage, when they were placed right they dug into his shoulders, the damned if you do damned if you don’t titty torture sling. “She did this to us... what? Are you saying her mad science is changing you to match your gender now?”

Dana stood from her seat, strong and confident but still below Vick’s boobline at full height. “No. I don’t think gender works like that. But it’s based on a lot damn things, from what we’re born

genetically versus what we're born mentally... all shook up and complicated by years of family shit and societal shaping. Everyone is different... and I can only speak for me. But you know what I do know? I know that I was treated like shit my whole life for being a woman, and now I get a redo where I get to skip that. I've had maybe twenty more years added to my life, I can go to college and get another degree... maybe position myself to strive harder and own a company, make changes from the other side. I'm just saying... It's not the worst thing."

"Not the.. Not the.." Vick stuttered, his body quivering from his emotional tremors. "I have periods now! I never asked for that!"

"Oh cry me a river Vicky!" Dana rolled her eyes "I have had periods for almost twenty years, I never liked, I never wanted them and I sure as hell never asked for them." Dana looked over Victor's wilting response, not sure if he was hurt more by the bluntness or her suggestion that escape may not be the best option. "Do you... hate being a woman? If you see yourself as a man, it's ok to be upset."

Tears were welling in his eyes and collecting on his thick black lashes. He bit his plump bottom lip trying to form his words. "I..I don't know, Ok?! I never felt bad about being a man, and I can't say if this wasn't overwhelming as hell that I wouldn't find it interesting or even good. I.. I just can't handle things being out of my control!"

"Me neither Victor. It's why I owned my change, and when I felt no loss, I thought to myself maybe I'm not against being a man. I mean the odd bits aside you could be a billionaire if you stay, over being some schlub at a tech company? That's cool right? Maybe Inga saved us in more ways than one!"

"I didn't ask to be saved like ...like this!" tears ran down Victor's face and his voice tightened in his throat.

"And I didn't ask to have my head put on the brain dead child clone of some billionaire asshole that was meant to give him more life when he was older...but here I am, and I like my chances from here. Would... working this out be the worst? Do we have to escape? If we built up her trust in-"

“Listen” Victor cut her off, his richly toned womanly voice harsher than normal “If you want to stay, I’m not making you leave, you’re not my... “ he stopped himself short from saying child “You are your own person. And I can’t process being here like this against my will or if trying to work things out would change that, but Albert wants to leave and they can’t escape on their own. I’m sticking to the plan and that’s that Dana.”

His former co-worker looked down and stood silently for a moment, then took a deep breath and made eye contact again. “I would prefer if you called me Dan from now on Victor” Dan said as he went back to his desk. He had discovered he was a boy in his identity now after deep probing, and maybe if they had had the chance to try it earlier they always would have thought so. But in this moment under these circumstances Dan was a he. The conversation was over and so was all of Dan’s involvement in the coming escape.

The memory faded but it had greatly affected Victor. He stumbled and the speed of the treadmill threw him off like a bucking bronco. He found himself in a pile on the floor, the idea that his extra padding would prevent pain thrown out the window. He still had nerves running through said padding after all. A quick check and it was clear there was no serious damage. Even as he looked himself over B-gor and C-gor the franken-chimp minions of Inga waddled in to check on him. B tried to help him up while C turned off the treadmill, it whirred less and less till it came to a stop. The room was quiet except for the panting of two reanimated primates and the milfy pile on the floor that was Victor. He stood with B’s help, the thing was so strong it lifted him with one hand. Vick brushed himself off, thinking about how the apes did everything at their beckon call, the unlimited access he had to a mansion and billions of dollars if he just stayed. Then shook his head at how crazy that felt, all of this was crazy. He had to get them out, at least for Albert... and his own sanity. He would go through with the plan, but first he needed a shower.

Mrs. Franc’s bathroom, much like her master bedroom, was separate from her husband’s. Something Victor had become grateful for. At first he missed the presence of male items in his room, but one night switching into the other “master bedroom” ended that quickly. All the items in their were manly, but they were not his. They had belonged to another man, and man who might have occasionally run his hands and lips over the body he now possessed. A man who’s lingering cologne set off reactions deep inside Victor’s core, both of anger and arousal. That



was the last time. At least in her bedroom it smelled like him... or the new him.. or whatever.

Also like her bedroom, the bathroom was insanely ornate. White Italian marble and tile, speckled and feathered with grey and accented with solid gold faucets from the counters to the shower to the big roman tub. Oh how Victor loved that tub. The water took all the weight of his chest and body off of him, melting away his tight muscles in a hot steamy pool. His skin was extra sensitive to the heat but it felt so damn good. He could also make it a bubble bath, and while that sounded a bit girly, and smelt very flowery, it blocked his view of his buoyant breasts along with everything else. He assumed the indoor pool would give his body similar relief but shuddered at the prospect of wearing Amelia's bikinis or one pieces. Even the single piece bathing suits had cut outs everywhere. No. His weightless worry melting therapy would stick to the bath. Oh how he wished he had time for a bath tonight, but there was a very important dinner and he needed as much time as possible to get himself ready if his plan was going to work.

His delicate hand turned the shower nob and he scuttled out of the way of the deluge of freezing cold water raining down from the shower head. You would think there would be a remote for such a high end bathroom but no, he had to walk all the way into the giant glass box and risk the freezing hydro-assault instead of reaching past a cheap ass curtain and turning the nob dry and secure behind a barrier. Okay, first things first, goodbye support. Victor's long nailed fingers hooked the underside of his green sports bra getting a really good grip on the inside. Tug after tug, more and more underboob was exposed, his imposing H cup bosoms shaking further and further into view till with a final flop-smack they both surged free and naked into view. Immediately all that weight went back to his chest, tugging on his rib cage. The bra came up over his head no problem and he threw the now useless sweat rag of a bra into the corner. Victor rubbed his bare shoulders where there were grooves worn into them where his bra transferred all the weight from his heavy cumbersome breasts daily. Victor raised them up looking at his globes in the mirror, his nipples were still dark green. Fuck, all the tit flesh surrounding his areolas were a light mint to compliment, just like his finger tips and toes and... other parts of his body. The damn "solution" was still working in his body. "His body" he thought again as he hefted them up and let them drop again "oof". As they settled he noticed how firm and full they were. Week one they had been fat bags that were huge but sagged with a bit of age, shocked that such a vain woman had never gotten a boob job. But now they had swelled

back to firmness like water balloons attached to the tap. While his head was being pushed to match his body by the secret solution of Doctor Inga Chen his age seemed to be trickling down to make his body match. He hooked his thumbs into work out shorts and wiggled back and forth as they peeled off his lower half, covered in sweat and other leakage. The damn thing was always leaking, he needed to call a plumber. Victor's eyes drifted to the mirror just in time to see his womanly ass rise out of the shorts like dough from a baking pan. It was the biggest ass he had ever seen in person and now it was following him around in the most extreme and literal way possible. Ass and hips and thighs like tree trunks. And they had changed as well. What once had slight waves and dimples was solid smooth thickness. Like it had been pumped up and stretched tight. They still wobbled and shook but everything was firmer now, and at this size looking at most in his late-twenties with no sag or cellulite, he looked like he had lots of work done. He was trying so hard to lose inches and he had gained them. His tits and ass with added firmness made them stick out all the more! Vick threw the shorts in the corner to join the bra and waddled to the shower, one arm wrapped around his bosom to steady and bare the weight while the other hand covered his green mound, the sight of which made him queasy.

"GAH! What the f-" the water was ice cold, he had not turned it on to hot like he thought. Goosebumps swept over her pale feminine skin as his tits and thighs were pelted with freezing droplets. His green nipples went instantly hard and pushed into his arm, the other thin appendage flailing trying to get the hand to the nob. As soon as he turned it to hot, he backed up and waited. Shivering, pressing his arm against his firm breasts trying to press the nipples flat and ward off any aftershocks from his shiver. As plumes of white puffy steam rose into the air fogging the glass doors and room length mirror of the bathroom, Vick cautiously stepped into the heated water. Not quite scolding but definitely too hot, he didn't bother to adjust it again. He figured the heat would make up for the extreme cold. It did more than that.

Showers in this body were very, how can it be said, awareness heavy? Where as baths made Victor forget about his new form, showers drove it home. Hundreds upon hundreds of hot steamy water droplets pounding his breast like rain on a drum, every vibration working its way to his nipples just as the droplets collected, some swiveling and swerving the same direction as the tingles, some fell between his breasts and made a puddle. There was an actual puddle in his cleavage. He let go of his arms and was surprised as how loud the splash of the collected titty water was when it hit the tile. Big mistake, the jets of water went right to his now exposed

nipples. They lit up, pleasure flying up to his head like a feats of strength game at carnival, mallet smacking the target and up to the bell it goes. Though it wasn't a bell, it was his eyeballs, popping open those heavy lashes. His hand shot up to cover his mouth and it collided with his left breast sending it swaying. That ball of pleasure sunk back down his throat, past his tits and further into his belly. He felt it, that familiar blossoming heat, soon he would have the soft wet water and the slimy juiciness fighting for lubrication rights on his pillowy inner thighs. This was too much for a goddamn shower! He spun around, transferring the pressurised water to his lower back and rear, like thousands of tiny hands giving his firm butt a smack. "Victor! You have an important dinner to get ready for! Get yourself together!" He chastised himself. Hearing that voice echo through his ornate bathroom, it didn't sound like him at all. It was like some sexy woman in the shower with him, calling his name in sultry dusky tones. He clamped his thighs tightly together, knowing his body needed relief some day soon... what if he just pretended he wasn't alone? He grabbed the body wash sucking his fat bottom lip and moaning while he rubbed the suds into his soft belly. Victor closed his eyes trying to will away the knowledge that it was his belly, giving everything he could to imagine it was his hands touching the soft pillowy abbs of a female companion. That's when he let out something that really threw him for a loop.

"Oh Victor" he said.. letting it echo. So womanly, and sensual. "Mmmm Victor I love when you touch me, so gentle... mmm but so strong" He added a moan on the word strong drawing it longer. Oh man he was heating up, squeezing his thighs together as he massaged them front and back. One hand wandered behind and up giving his wide ass a lusty squeeze. It was so big his hand felt tiny on it "Yes Vick Spank me! I've been a bad girl!" He spanked himself and it had more of an effect than he expected. He snapped his eyes open as if waking from a nightmare, but there was nothing nightmarish about this. It was an insane sexual high. His body wanted to orgasm so badly he was now mindfucking himself with his own voice. He was losing his mind.

"Don't stop Victor, my breasts need your touch." That... was an odd one. Mainly for the reason that his mouth never opened. "It's okay victor, they need to be washed, it's innocent. Wash my Tits for me victor." His eyes looked down at his heavy swaying breast, water trickling down his mammaries and dripping off his nipples. He was hearing Amelia. He was imagining her talk as his shaking hands brought the soap to the sides of his titts, sudsing them up slow and methodical. "Now that's a good girl" the voice purred.

“Stop, I’m not a woman!” He shouted out loud. He knew he had to be imagining her, because he asked himself what she would reply back and-

“Oh darling, we’re all woman. You just get us clean. Scrub and lather the work out sweat away,” she egged him on as he covered his tits in foam, shivering as delicate fingers grazed sensitive throbbing nipples “Oh! Yes... no need to be gentle Victor. Massage them.. you know we need this.”

“I sh-shouldn’t. I have t-to...” he could barely get the words out as his hands groped and squeezed more and more vigorously.

“You have to do what I tell you, most of this body is mine after all, and I promise... it’s going to feel soooo good” Fuck it was like she was whispering in his ear. He kneaded them more and more, giant balls of fatty tissue shouldn’t feel this good, so big they could be seen from behind. So sensitive he was getting light headed. Girlish whimpers built up in his throat.

“I’m not a good girl!” Holy fuck he had shouted that so loudly it bounced around the marble room and out the door. The bathroom went quiet, minus the continuous water spattering tile and flesh. His mind had gone too far, he played around too much and now he was hearing-

“MMMM what then? Are you a bad girl Vicky?” Oh god, she *would* say that. This was right out of her dirty dairy smut-athons. “I think you are” his hands were squeezing his tits chest to teet, like he was trying to jack them off or... milk them! His mind screamed stop! More and more erotic groping and squeezing as he begged himself to not go any further, but another part of himself was now fully vocal “Finish it you naughty bitch!” hhnnggggg he gritted his teeth, a hand reaching back and smacking his ass cheek leaving a red hand print. He staggered and continued kneading his giant minty udders as they bathed in the spray, heating them, engorging them!

“AAAhhhh” he screamed, his girly digits giving his nipples, each larger than a pencil eraser a sensitive squeeze. He liked this! He needed this. This was more pleasure than he had felt in his entire life combined... but it was so out of his control. He was its pawn. That wasn’t right!

“That’s right Vicky, you naughty body thief. Thought you could be me hmmm? Well you’ll pay for that, I’ll never let you rest, a bitch in heat for as long as we live!” his face and breast pounded by scalding water, he found his fingers gently pinching his nipples “Make us come Vicky, you naughty slut. Come and become one”

“Eeeeeee” he pinched harder but not as hard as he knew imaginary Amelia would have.. and she agreed.

“Come on pussy, we’re a grown, sexually powerful woman, pinch our nipples like you want this.” And he did, he pinched hard and even added twisting them. His mouth opened wide, shower water turning his moan into a gargles mess. He coughed and squealed even as his hands pulled away from his chest still clamped to his nipples.

Everything went white, he could be in a shower or falling off Niagara freakin’ Falls. He could hear Amelia laughing but it could also be his own voice lost in a giddy erotic madness. Slowly things started to come back to him. His hand on the cold tile wall, his body bent over, heavy breasts swaying beneath him, trying to drag him down. The panting sounds of a woman reverberating through the glass encased marble shower. He hadn’t come. He could tell. It was right there like a cracking damn. How had he not come yet?! Victor was so glad every reflective surface was fogged up, seeing himself bent over with his giant ass in the air would have started his mind down lewder paths still. Like some big muscular man stepping behind him and grabbing that ass, taking him from behind and- welp they came even without a visual. “Vicky, do it Vicky. Do it!” her voice echoed over and over in his skull. Victor’s free hand reached for the detachable shower head like a drug addict in withdrawal scrambling for their fix. This was a fix. Amelia was in his mind, or flesh, or somewhere egging him on. He tried to lean against the freezing wall but his ass got there way before his back ever could. On autopilot he raised his leg and brought the shower head extension on a hose over his tits, down his soft tummy, and hovered above that temporarily green mound he couldn’t see past his breasts. “Do it!” it whispered.. And he did. Lowering that hot jet stream between his full thighs and against his pussy.

“Oh... OH FUCK! OOOOOOH MY G-GGGGOOD” It was the most intense thing he had ever felt in his twenty years of life. This was it, he was going to explode. A green puddle washing down

the drain. His bravery faded as his fear rose. He could die. He could get a heart attack from this much stimulus, an aneurysm. He had to let go! His body throbbing with pleasure, his fingers loosened their grip as he leaned backwards moaning into the air and gasping head upwards the ceiling. He managed to let go but it was at the same time his feet flew forwards like a banana peel comedy routine. The wall guided him down and his his ass smacked tile with a *thwack!*, legs splayed in front of him. The intensity resurged! He had sat on the shower head, once again blasting every sensitive spot from his depths to folds and probably clit to he guessed. Who knows, he had yet to search for it. This was bad. He tried to yank it out and felt its cold hose go taught, wedging in his ass behind him, no more room to yank. He tried to push it under him but he was too heavy and it just mashed it against his sensitive mound more. No, this wouldn't happen this way! He wouldn't let it! He tried to back up but the wall stopped him. This was it. This was fucking it man! He was going to have his first female orgasm, by accident, from sitting on a shower head acting as a vibrator. "Ah... Ahh Ngggg" His body convulsed and shook, the words "become one" echoed in his skull as he leaned forward, shocked at how flexible her body was. His body was. Whoever the hell's body this was because he was bent over tits on the wet tile between his own legs. Images of people putting his legs over his head and plowing him in a mating press blurred and bubbled in his mind. He was so close. About to burst and gush more till it rivaled his showerhead torturer. His eyes squinted as he tried to sit up with the last bit of strength he had, he needed... to be in control, only to fall to the side, ass raising and letting the shower head spray the walls. Fall to the side was all he had to do. He had stopped the climax.. by accident. His body did not like this. His brain did not like this. He was in heat, he was like a feral hungry animal needing its prey. He has never needed something so badly in his life as his body needed sex right now. Victor sat up and turned the water to freezing, standing on shaky feet just long enough to reattach the head into the wall and fall back down in a heap, letting the cold water put him out from lusty fires of his mind and belly... and into shock if need be. This was his night to escape, and all his body wanted to do was fuck. Well, it could go fuck it'self! Because Victor was escaping tonight.

*To be continued...*

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